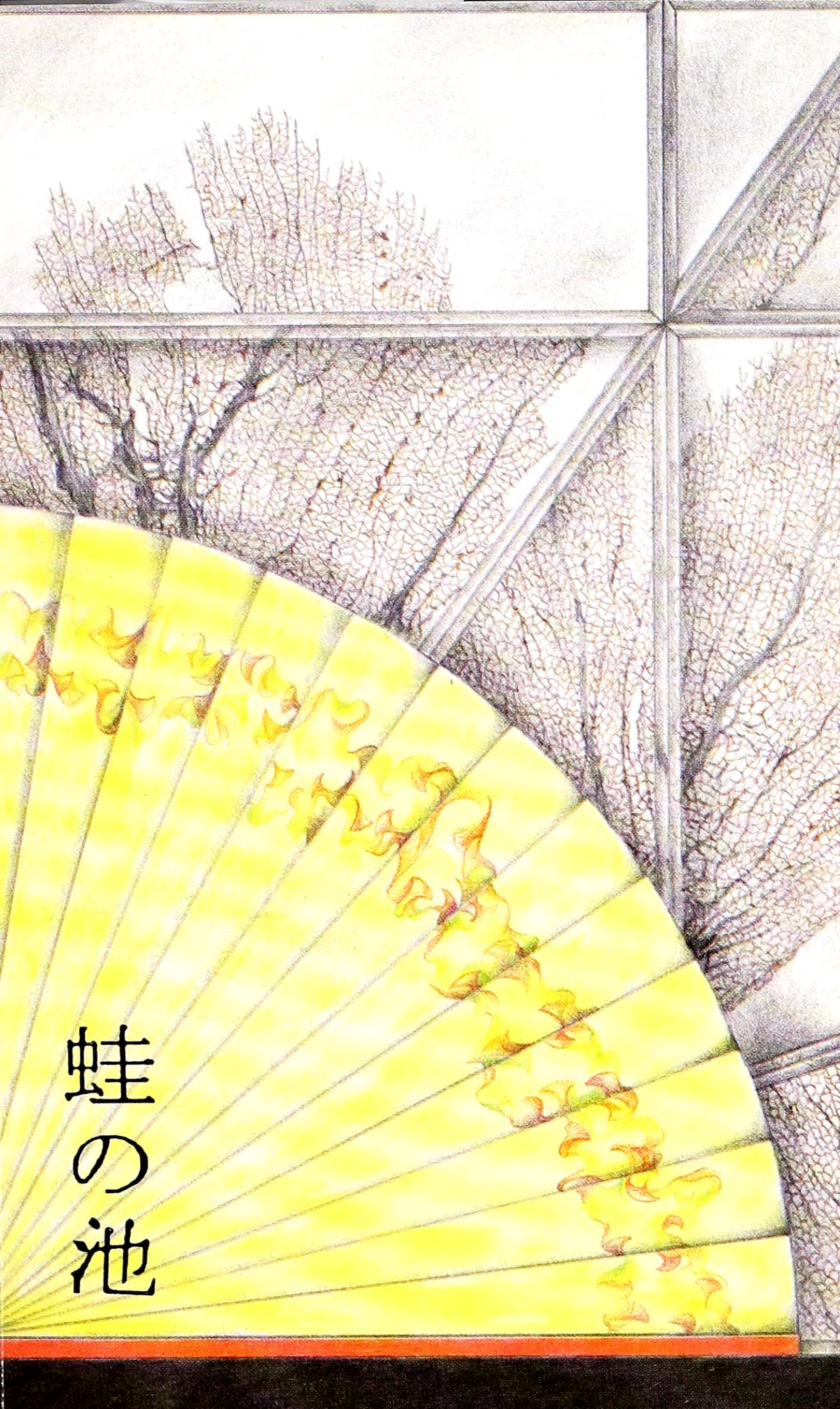


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New York, NY 10017

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MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$50 Haiku Awards from *FROGPOND XVI:1*

—*Best of Issue*—

the petals scatter  
over graves swept  
and unswept

—*Kohjin Sakamoto*

a single leaf falling  
and with it  
the morning dew

—*Kenneth Tanemura*



monarch flyway—  
over the dunes  
a long orange ribbon  
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

This morning the only sound—  
geese passing overhead  
taking summer with them  
—*joan iversen goswell*

after the sunshower,  
everything dripping  
with light  
—*K. G. Teal*

pomegranate opened,  
the wealth of autumn  
spilling with the seeds  
—*Rosamond Haas*

coming out of the woods—  
the sound of crickets,  
the empty sky  
—*Peter Yovu*

. . . the cricket  
even in hand  
his joyous song  
—*Robert H. Poulin*

This autumn,  
for the first time,  
I count the years  
—*Dave Sutter*



A wren song  
just after sunrise  
spreading out  
—*Debra Kehrberg*

ground fog lifts—  
the orange glow of  
Chinese lanterns  
—*Emily Romano*

only pumpkin tops  
clear the garden's fog—  
autumn sunrise  
—*Harvey Hess*

Late morning quiet—  
a white butterfly  
vanishes inside the fog  
—*Rebecca Lilly*

alone again,  
the ginger cat  
curls on the sundial  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

beneath the pine  
a few leaves  
blown in small circles  
—*James Salsich*

her slow, indrawn breath—  
the flute's final note fading  
into autumn dusk  
—*Ebba Story*



the neighbor's fence  
won't stop  
my mother's garden  
—*Joan D. Stamm*

with each move  
transplanting the rose  
from her mother's garden.  
—*Ce Rosenow*

a lot of hard work,  
a little fertilizer—  
life goes on . . .  
—*Regina Smith*

working a split shift  
planting daylilies  
and moonflowers  
—*Michael Ketchek*

mountain rose—  
from thorn to thorn  
a spider's line  
—*Christopher Herold*

without fragrance  
these faded roses  
in the cold air  
—*Bruce Ross*

autumn begins:  
poinsettia seedlings fill  
the florist's greenhouse  
—*Patricia Neubauer*



a boatman's song  
starts the wadi babbling—  
drought's end

—*H. F. Noyes*

trout fishing  
my son asking  
if they feel pain

—*Jerry A. Judge*

suddenly splashed  
to ripples on the pond's surface,  
my startled face

—*William Woodruff*

cool night air  
sharp smell of the bonfire  
clings to our clothes

—*Joanne Morcom*

in the evening water  
the star and leaf  
ripple together

—*Raffael DeGruttola*

still pond . . .  
a lone beaver  
dips under

—*Stephen Page*

dark waters  
the snowy egret  
having gone

—*Makiko*



the glow  
between lightning flashes—  
a treed raccoon's eyes  
—*Wally Swist*

after lightning  
long journey of the broken  
sequoia bough  
—*Virginia Brady Young*

grey birch felled by the storm  
its leaves turning yellow  
one last time  
—*Wally Swist*

after the storm—  
a sparrow drip-dries  
before take off  
—*Robert H. Poulin*

pelicans in flight  
the ocean disappears  
into sky  
—*Francine Porad*

meditating  
over and over  
the waves tumble  
—*Francine Porad*

moonless night  
wave after wave  
breaks white  
—*Makiko*



sunrise—  
the pink plastic flamingo  
sparkling with frost  
—*Darold D. Braida*

the small dog scolded  
for digging in the yard  
wags his tail  
—*L. A. Davidson*

Calling cards:  
autumn leaves  
on my doorstep  
—*Dave Sutter*

over the condos  
that stole our view  
shine the stars  
—*William Hart*

falling oak leaves—  
candles on the kitchen table  
flicker in the dusk  
—*Wally Swist*

first the cricket hides  
somewhere in the living room  
then it tells me where  
—*Frank Higgins*

whooping for joy  
babysitter welcomes  
our return  
—*Jerry A. Judge*



the sound of night rain  
falling on so many  
different things  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

cold rain  
beads of water all over  
the bare spirea  
—*Timothy Russell*

freezing rain—  
the crow's caw breaks off  
in the wind  
—*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

dripping from the gutter,  
autumn rain  
spins the bicycle peddle  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

November rain—  
long ropes of the window washers  
float in the wind  
—*Judson Evans*

an autumn drizzle—  
hornman empties the bucket  
up against the wall  
—*Lenard D. Moore*

rain all weekend:  
the patch of blue sky  
as I leave for work  
—*K. G. Teal*



light rain—  
a sprinkle of arpeggios  
from the street musician  
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

autumn in New York—  
the street singer's guitar case  
full of coins and leaves  
—*Frank Higgins*

center of the park—  
bluespeople sing blue black blues  
among falling leaves  
—*Lenard D. Moore*

at the laundromat  
an old man gently smoothing  
a faded blanket  
—*Gloria A. Maxson*

medium's parlor—  
a bead curtain sways  
in the autumn wind  
—*Patricia Neubauer*

crowded grocery store—  
carved pumpkins grinning  
at uncarved pumpkins  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

back from the market—  
the caterpillar still climbing  
up the back stairs  
—*Blanche Nonnemann*



morning walk—  
one dry oak leaf skittering  
on ahead

—*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

in fresh concrete  
the faintest print  
of a tiny bird

—*Elizabeth St Jacques*

on a quiet street,  
giving voice to the morning mist:  
the pigeons cooing . . .

—*Tom Tico*

in the musty smell  
of decaying leaves  
the mouse's squeak

—*K. G. Teal*

early autumn chill—  
the squirrel's leg slips  
on the telephone wire

—*Bruce Ross*

raking the yard  
one ant carrying a leaf  
crosses the walk

—*E. M. Pankowski*

deepening dusk—  
an old "dead end" sign  
leans against an oak

—*George Ralph*



home with flu  
watching shadows  
on an open book  
—*Joan D. Stamm*

Long winter day  
watching from her sick bed  
the empty bird feeder  
—*Peggy Heinrich*

Dad's hospital room  
his get-well balloons  
gently deflating  
—*John J. Dunphy*

the smiling doctor  
waves me into his room;  
the grey winter light  
—*Brian Tasker*

As I leave the clinic  
after testing negative—  
the sun and sky  
—*Tom Tico*

the mastectomy—  
afterwards I feel somehow  
more naked  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

the mastectomy—  
afterwards I feel somehow  
more myself  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*



Last leaf . . .  
facing the wind  
one more time  
—*Robert H. Poulin*

the last to fall—  
willow leaves aflame  
with twilight  
—*Wally Swist*

November nightfall—  
a squirrel jumps one last time  
for the bird feeder  
—*Don L. Holroyd*

the axe  
losing its edge in the stump  
autumn dusk  
—*K. G. Teal*

Day's end:  
the goldenrod  
a deeper gold  
—*K. G. Teal*

twilight—  
the autumn hills  
give up their colors  
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

a wedge of geese  
carries the last patch of sky  
into the sunset  
—*nick avis*



my wedding day:  
as I leave the house  
one last haiku

—*K. G. Teal*

billowing clouds—  
on her wedding gown  
light and shadow

—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

Into autumn—  
a hundred shades of light  
fall through her hair

—*Debra Kehrberg*

power lines down  
we listen to each other  
instead of TV

—*Diane Tomczak*

I hold my tongue  
And say nothing  
The winter wind

—*H. Batt*

avoiding the argument . . .  
a sliver from the porch door  
pierces my hand

—*Wally Swist*

at odds with me—  
your effort to speak gently  
to the cat

—*Yvonne Hardenbrook*



airport runway grass—  
watching it blow  
in all directions  
—*Jeffrey Winke*

in flight  
the airplane's wing tip  
strokes the horizon line  
—*Jeffrey Winke*

jet's shadow  
trespassing  
in fields below  
—*Paul David Mena*

flying home . . .  
no one left  
to greet her  
—*Jerry A. Judge*

thinking of mom  
i step over  
the crack  
—*Sarah Ehlinger*

in a downpour  
pulling to the side of the road—  
memories  
—*Virginia Brady Young*

From the top  
of the bamboo forest  
the autumn wind  
—*Akira Kawano*



blasted, like the boy  
beneath it, by a shell,  
a Sarajevo gravestone  
—*William Woodruff*

autumn morning;  
she lights the stove  
in the dead son's room  
—*Foley Schuler*

the day after  
his new grave  
looks old  
—*Sarah Ehlinger*

near his grave  
whistling in the wind  
throw-away bottle  
—*Nina A. Wicker*

talking with a friend  
in the town cemetery  
January wind  
—*Timothy Russell*

the carpenter  
sands his own casket  
smoother and smoother  
—*Todd Ryan Boss*

fashion magazine  
the anorexic reader draws a skull  
over each model's face  
—*John J. Dunphy*



at the academy  
cadets mowing the lawn  
neatly, in rows

—*K. G. Teal*

toy soldiers:  
how quietly they lie  
in their box

—*Edward J. Rielly*

abused child  
begs her teacher  
to keep her after school

—*John J. Dunphy*

preserved in amber  
last kick of a fly  
trying to break free

—*Margaret Peacock*

autumn light  
pulling out the shadows  
of her hair

—*K. G. Teal*

Passing a comb  
through my daughter's hair;  
the winter rain

—*Sam Savage*

dawn  
she braids her hair  
with woodsmoke

—*Peter Duppenhaler*



chilly morning  
still frightened by the dream  
I can't remember

—*Rosamond Haas*

teach me, little cricket,  
how to sing  
all alone

—*Robert H. Poulin*

sleepless night—  
without a sound moonlight moves  
from room to room

—*Frank Higgins*

Twilight taking the room  
. . . not moving  
I become the stillness

—*K. G. Teal*

Winter afternoon  
across the wooden floor  
their shadows merge

—*Peggy Heinrich*

Sunday cooking—  
just listening to the rice  
busy in the pot

—*Frank Higgins*

last ripe persimmon  
after everyone goes to bed  
—I eat it

—*Patricia Neubauer*



Grey afternoon  
the first scent of winter  
flows across the prairie  
—*Catherine M. Buckaway*

melting as it falls  
the first snow of winter  
barely touches the ground  
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

A red maple leaf  
Flutters down  
Among snowflakes  
—*Shigemi Yoshida*

our snowman  
just two days old  
only a puddle now  
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

winter stream  
a white cloudlet  
touches my hair  
—*Toshimi Horiuchi*

it brings you to mind—  
the chuckle of brook water  
under snow  
—*Yvonne Hardenbrook*

a field  
of melting snow  
her thinning hair  
—*Charles Easter*



confusing me  
with an old lover,  
I don't correct her  
—*Jerry A. Judge*

unfaithful last night  
i brush my teeth  
without looking in the mirror  
—*nick avis*

party balloons  
drift along the floor  
the morning after  
—*Cherie Hunter Day*

my dreams come true  
only to realize  
I'm dreaming  
—*Kelly Marty*

estate auction  
the boat he named for her  
sells for scrap  
—*Joanne Morcom*

The old boxer  
telling a joke  
forgets the punch line  
—*Alexis Rotella*

art class  
new nude model tries to be  
—nonchalant  
—*Stephen G. Corn*

urban sunrise—  
the garbage truck brakes  
heave a sigh  
—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

first chilly morning  
a whiff of moth balls  
on the downtown bus  
—*Ebba Story*

morning cold—  
the mongrel crosses the street,  
a rat in his mouth  
—*Wally Swist*

at the zoo  
all the monkeys in a row  
watching us  
—*Mark Arvid White*

city snowfall  
the occasional silence  
between car alarms  
—*Anthony J. Pupello*

outside the club  
two bouncers stand talking  
under Christmas lights  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

midnight walk—  
muggers part  
for her Doberman  
—*Jerry A. Judge*



autumn lake  
two ducks  
rippling the sunset  
—*Robert Tannen*

little lake waves—  
an insect rides  
the ripples  
—*Virginia Brady Young*

river nightwinds—  
a woman dips her wash  
in the rippling moon  
—*H. F. Noyes*

its mate shot down,  
the lone goose circles—  
the silence between its cries  
—*Frank Higgins*

when the leaf falls  
a golden cup  
disappears into darkness  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

Under the redwoods  
I join the moonlight  
in my sleeping bag  
—*Tom Tico*

slipping  
in and out of the moon  
shadows of geese  
—*Nika*

on the meadow  
a horse and a tree  
balance the landscape  
—*Ion Codrescu*

stand of birches—  
the snorting mare's breath  
smokes above the snow  
—*Wally Swist*

stormwatch  
the whole field of horsetails  
thrashing  
—*Robert Kusch*

A stray cat—  
the caution in each step  
fills the farmyard  
—*Debra Kehrberg*

open to the sky  
the upper window  
of the abandoned barn  
—*Bruce Ross*

whiskers frozen,  
the old horse  
waits by the gate  
—*joan iversen goswell*

full moon . . .  
a barn owl races  
its shadow  
—*Stephen Page*



winter pond . . .  
the wood thrush pauses  
in deep silence

—*Bruce Ross*

winter sunset  
in a flurry of blackbirds  
the flash of scarlet

—*Ebba Story*

Winter sunset—  
glinting from the dark toolshed  
the blade of an axe

—*Rebecca Lilly*

far from the pond  
two blue herons  
in the winter-brown field

—*Patricia Neubauer*

long before dawn  
through slanting rain  
a cardinal calls

—*Howard Hartley*

full white moon  
touching—not touching  
the top of the hill

—*Cyril Childs*

in the blizzard  
only a tree marks  
where sky begins

—*Kaye Bache-Snyder*

sunrise—  
ice-coated willow wands  
clatter the breeze  
—*Christopher Herold*

icicle snaps . . .  
from the birch's broken crown  
woodpecker rattat  
—*K. H. Clifton*

at the edge of the birdbath  
a ring of sparrows  
tapping at the ice  
—*Peter Duppenthaler*

old man with dreadlocks  
dances to the street musician;  
the ongoing wind  
—*Lenard D. Moore*

after jam session  
the bassist's face glistening—  
the chill of dusk  
—*Lenard D. Moore*

On an empty street,  
the last music of the night  
from the unseen chimes  
—*Tom Tico*

desert wind—  
whitened bones  
disappearing  
—*Emily Romano*



Christmas Eve—  
raindrops falling  
down the chimney  
—*Kenneth Tanemura*

Christmas . . .  
white poinsettias  
on his coffin  
—*Peter Fennessy*

clear December night—  
in my son's first telescope  
the moon unblurs  
—*James Chessing*

across town  
high above his roof  
this same star falling  
—*Ebba Story*

January thaw—  
inspecting my garden,  
hoping for snowdrops  
—*Don L. Holroyd*

winter ladybug—  
bright on the dark leaves  
of the jade plant  
—*Patricia Neubauer*

unexpected snow  
narcissus blossoming  
on the radiator  
—*Jim Kacian*

morning snow . . .  
the starlings settle  
on the upper branches  
—*Bruce Ross*

drifting feathers  
the hawk perched overhead  
one foot on its pigeon  
—*Doris Heitmeyer*

the tournament floats—  
down the street on New Year's Day  
a drift of petals  
—*Gloria A. Maxson*

my astigmatism . . .  
each of the snowflakes  
falls in a pair of wings  
—*Yasuko Yasui*

crystal by crystal  
snowflakes accumulate  
on the heron's back  
—*Emily Romano*

snow drifts to his knees  
the scarecrow left with nothing  
up his sleeve  
—*Patrick Lewis*

snow overnight  
closing schools  
the mother's "damn"  
—*Cathy Drinkwater Better*



waiting at the mailbox  
beside the snow-drifted road  
for sure today  
—*Ronan*

bitter cold  
out of the mailbox  
letter from a friend  
—*Jean Jorgensen*

nothing but bills—  
the unpainted mailbox  
sagging  
—*Michael Dylan Welch*

Trying to think  
what day it is . . .  
. . . the blizzard  
—*joan iversen goswell*

bitter cold—  
rose bramble tapping  
the window pane  
—*Cherie Hunter Day*

twenty below—  
only the full moon moves  
on the frozen river  
—*Frank Higgins*

waiting, waiting—  
and still  
the snow falls  
—*Joan D. Stamm*

thick snow—  
entrance to the vole tunnel  
softly closes

—*Ruth Yarrow*

the wolf's bay  
barely audible  
the deep night

—*Makiko*

forest silence—  
fresh coyote tracks  
in new snow

—*Wally Swist*

waiting for spring  
the wind trapped  
in the chimney

—*James Salsich*

almost spring  
the pantry shelves full  
with empty mason jars

—*Frank Higgins*

filling the leafless  
pear tree with gold—  
migrating finches

—*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

In the morning snow  
across our lawn  
a rainbow.

—*Alexis Rotella*



## A RAGING OF RIVERS

—John J. Dunphy

Flood of '93  
old man paddles a rowboat  
where his home once stood

a tear  
rolling down the gunbarrel  
farmer shoots his drowning livestock

makeshift floodwall  
two children build castles  
from spilt sand

swept downriver  
the mobile home  
never so mobile

aerial reconnaissance  
TV antennas sticking through  
the muddy waters

homeless shelter  
child clutches a kitten  
"we had three more . . . ."

sandbagging at 2 am  
someone begins singing  
*Old Man River*

a young farmer  
kicks at the water  
nearing his barn

tent city  
the sleeping woman's wedding album  
beneath her cot

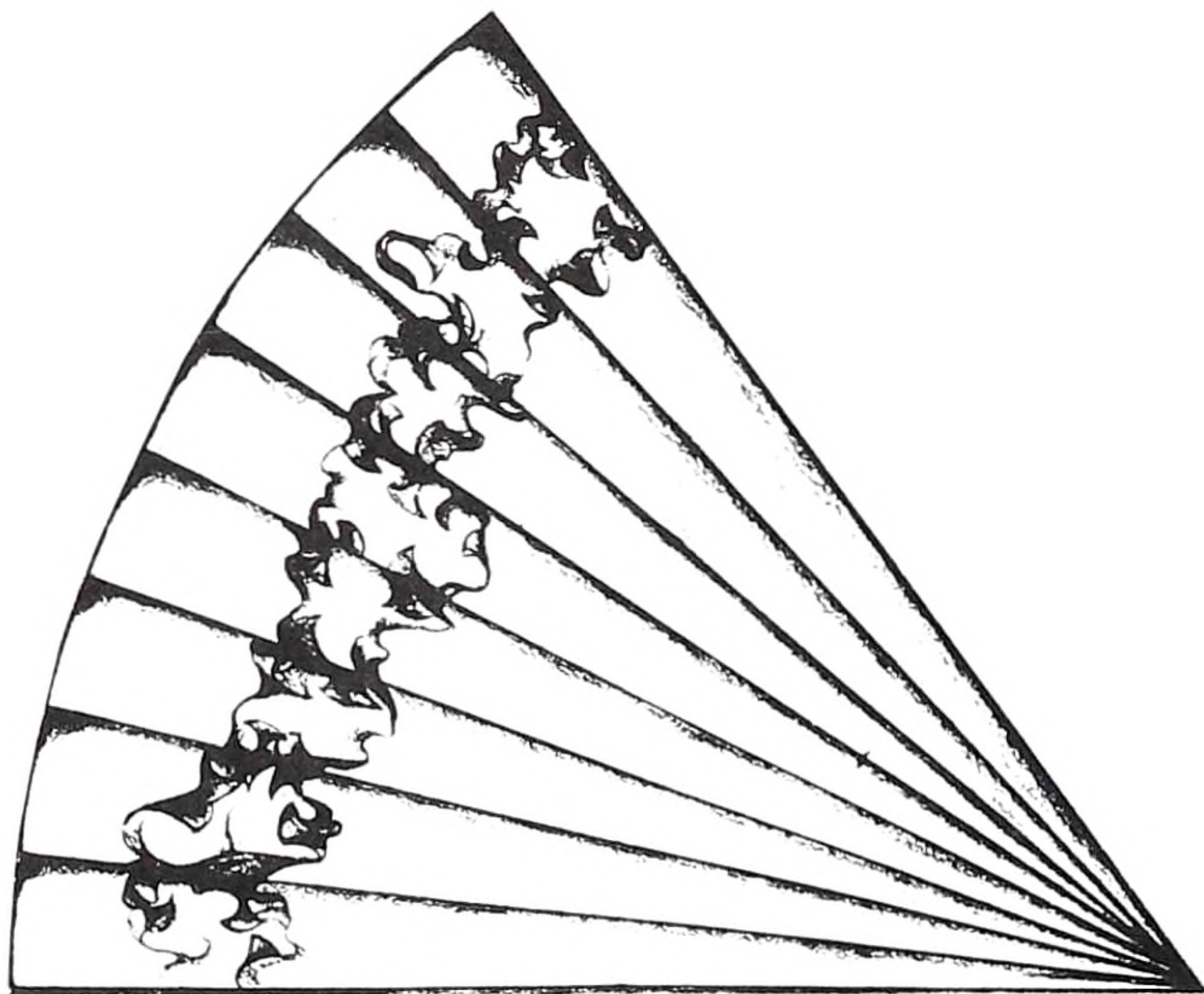
returning home  
we still wipe our feet  
before entering

my wife crying  
a glut of tadpoles  
in the bathtub

the mud-caked floors  
our footprints winding  
through each room

on the doorjamb  
where we marked our children's heights  
the watermark

*This work is dedicated to all my Midwestern neighbors who lost their homes (and/or lives) in the Flood of '93. —J. J. D.*





WILDFLOWER HONEY  
—Jane Reichhold and Minna Lerman

wildflower honey  
added to the afternoon  
    cooking apples jr  
    and on a soft breeze  
    song of the meadowlark ml  
notes from its breast  
on a lichen covered fence  
    rounding jr  
    he pastes circus posters  
    over politicians ml  
ring around the moon  
the mayor faces tigers  
    in a flaming hoop jr  
    from the Japanese maple  
    a flurry of leaves ml  
to honor his custom  
a lighted candle  
    on Central Park Lake ml  
    waters burning in the night  
    shine on the path no one walks jr  
2 A.M.  
on the freeway  
    snail glister ml  
    stepping stones across the pond  
    cloud to cloud white jr  
bus stop bench  
her head on his shoulder  
    grandmom and her beau ml  
    babysitting has new meaning  
    raging hormones of menopause jr

in the shadow of the abortion clinic		
a cat nurses her kittens		ml
the humane society		
every child a wanted child		jr
tv program		
face of a friend—		
calling the 800 number		ml
the spokes of her wheelchair		
window on a narrow world		jr
entwined in the rusty bike		
moonflower vine		
in full bloom		ml
holes leaving in the light		
night bright meteors		jr
bullets		
in stained glass red gore		
church walls		jr
sunset rays over		
snow-covered fields		ml
one white candle		
filling the frosted jar		
star-shaped warmth		jr
sudden chill		
a door left partly open		ml
overheated		
the cat races out		
for spring rites		jr
female grouse unruffled by		
the male's display		ml



his foot beats the earth  
 the whirling Dervish alone  
     in his ecstasy jr

    a single crocus  
     rises through the mud ml

splattered  
 after a rainshower  
     the sun shining jr

    first summer moon  
     fades from view ml

still humming  
 yet the slide projector  
     seems to be broken jr

    a meal for the spider  
     the yellow jacket that stung me ml

surrounding  
 the youth in the butternut tunic  
     Union brigade ml

    after the play is over  
     friends walk out arm-in-arm jr

on the promenade  
 boys one way  
     girls the other ml

    the gondolier lifts his oar  
     drops fall in rings of water jr

cherry petal sweeping  
 I shake a flurry of pink  
     over the puppy ml

    turned in long, straight rows  
     the freshly ploughed earth jr



## ONE BY ONE

—anne mckay, *British Columbia*

*Michael Dylan Welch, California*

at the mission clinic the woman's winter fingers winding gauze m  
beneath the table scraps left by the dog w  
eyes ghostgreen briefly in the streetlamp's light m  
opening the back door the wind w  
again that person from porlock breaking my silence m  
moonlight shaping the statue w  
a distant sax the artist's brush pinched to a point w  
secretly she strokes her sables m  
breath held undoing her buttons one by one w  
his face forgotten now but not the touch m  
tossed out a bronzed baby shoe with unread news w  
they wait when they should turn to journeys m  
gone with the wind the red toupee w  
clown tripping perfectly m  
high school reunion the valedictorian's straight teeth w  
vinny and I swapping sweet lies m  
home from the flea market flowers in a rusted bucket w  
scratchandwin her fifth ticket today m  
rhythm of the night sulky racers almost a mantra m  
grain by grain the sand mandala w  
this white this toosoon snow a bitter harvest m  
slow-moving train between rippling fields w  
softly and low 'going home going home i am going home' m  
rows of crosses a silver bugle w  
flaming the coldcoloured window paper poppies m  
spinning prism the newborn's waving hand w  
northward seven swans to the place of the long rainbow m  
the shiny eyes of a stuffed timberwolf w  
beneath the greenbay tree these curious prints m  
going-out-of-business sign freshly painted w  
pinned to the back wall the framing shop's first dollar w  
with his butterfly collection in winter waiting m  
all day the ice-fisherman on a yellow lawn chair w  
out of the lemon grove the bees' first flight m  
spring thunder the red and white flag folded on the mantle w  
footsteps fade into morning m



A CHRISTMAS MEMORIAL  
*for F. Bruce Lamb*

*I. A FEW DAYS BEFORE*

Christmas concert  
I sit in the seat of my  
hospitalized friend

the concert ends  
all the red sweaters  
the clapping goes on

in the chill hall  
the conductor and I speak  
of our mutual friend

Christmas packages  
all mailed—in the thrift shop  
she finds her dream

he couldn't eat  
on the medication . . . birds  
at the icicled feeder

putting together  
the thrift shop treadmill  
no time for decorating

*II. CHRISTMAS EVE*

daybreak light . . .  
the clock radio plays  
Christmas carols

nothing to do  
I leave work early  
last minute shopping

planning a visit  
to the hospital I call—  
"he's passed away"

in from the cold . . .  
she tells me he said "I'm OK—  
this is neat"

decorating the tree  
to the music of another day  
our eyes glisten

### *III. CHRISTMAS DAY*

after opening  
presents we call the children  
so far away

while she cooks  
a roast chicken I draft  
the obituary

the cat curls  
to sleep on the bright red  
Christmas stockings

visiting wife and daughter  
we discuss his last writings . . .  
winter starlight

—*William J. Higginson*





## READING BASHO: SUMMER GRASSES

—*Dave Sutter*

In *Oku no hosomichi* it is said that Basho wept bitter tears on visiting Takadachi and seeing the site of the famous battle between the medieval warlords and brothers Yoritomo and Yoshitune, in which the latter, facing certain defeat, committed suicide. . .

Natsukusa ya  
tsuwamono-domo ga  
yume no ato

Summer grasses:  
ancient warriors'  
vanished dreams

Basho, viewing the five-hundred-year-old battlefield, saw in the tall summer grass covering the high hill the perishability of power, ambition and glory. But that image also brought to mind Tu Fu's poem, *A Spring View*:

Although a country has been destroyed,  
its mountains and its rivers remain;  
time is young, the grass is green  
everywhere in the ruined cities. . .

Basho's poem, though elegiac, is also an affirmation, since time has not obliterated the remembered events but has memorialized and transformed them in the image of the tall summer grass blown by old and young winds.



## IN THE SPIRIT OF THE SAMURAI: A Reading of Shiki

—Tom Tico

### *Beauty and Death*

These two themes were the predominant concern, the magnificent obsession, of the Japanese samurai. To appreciate the beauty of this transitory world and yet to be willing to leave it at any moment — that was the ideal of the samurai. This appreciation, this love of the finite world, the samurai expressed in the arts. In painting, poetry, and calligraphy, they made considerable contributions and accounted for a goodly number of masterpieces. And as for death, when it came to meeting it bravely and with fortitude, they were without peer. In history and legend, there are countless stories of how the samurai fearlessly faced death, or overcame the fear of it. In these two areas, beauty and death, there's no doubt, the samurai shone.

Shiki, 1867-1902, was born into a samurai family, and although the heyday of the samurai was long since past, still he was raised with the values particular to that class. At the age of seventeen or eighteen he began to write haiku, and a few years later he showed the first signs of tuberculosis. As the years went by he gained in stature as a haiku poet, but his health steadily declined. He experienced considerable pain and suffering, but he bore it with a strong spirit, a resignation, and not a trace of self-pity. The realization that his life would be short seemed to heighten his appreciation of nature's beauty and intensify the power of his haiku. Like so many samurai before him, his meditation centered on the two classic themes: beauty and death.

1

Hanging a lantern  
On a blossoming bough, —  
What pains I took!

Some kind of night-time festivity is planned and the poet wants to illuminate the cherry tree, bring out the beauty of its blossoms. With this thought in mind he takes particular care not to brush against any of the delicate pink flowers, knowing how easily they fall from the branch and flutter to the ground. And perhaps as he's hanging the lantern he identifies with the blossoms and their vulnerable mortality. The highly developed aesthetic sensibility which this verse reveals is not just Shiki's, but an ingrained characteristic of Japanese culture.



## 2

When I looked back,  
The man who passed  
Was lost in the mist.

Walking along a misty lane, the poet glances at a man who passes by. After taking a few more steps he thinks that maybe he knows the man, that he might be an old friend. He looks back, but already the man has vanished in the mist. He considers walking after him but eventually decides against it. As he walks on he reflects on how this experience is symbolic of all personal relationships and even of our stay in this world. People come and go, swiftly, as in a dream.

## 3

Peace and quiet:  
Leaning on a stick,  
Roaming through the garden.

In every poem of sickness, especially by one who is terminally ill, there is always a hint, a suggestion, an indirect reference to death. Such is the case in Shiki's poems. The poet has been bedridden, or at least too sick to get out of the house, but today he awakes with a revived energy and enough strength to stroll through his garden. He is delighted to gaze upon the new flowers, to look at the fresh greenery of trees and grass, and to inhale the sweet fragrance of a spring morning. The peace and quiet he experiences is both physical (an alleviation of illness and pain) and spiritual (an expansive happy-heartedness).

## 4

In the burning sunshine  
The master cherishes  
His chrysanthemums.

Van Gogh (who admired Japanese artists and felt an affinity with them) said that one had to be willing to suffer for art. Apparently the master in this haiku feels the same way. He has such a love for the chrysanthemums that even the scorching sun cannot diminish his enthusiasm. He is willing to pay the price for the enjoyment of the flowers. Shiki could readily relate to this man (and to Van Gogh's point of view), for he too often pursued his work in haiku even at the cost of aggravating his ailments.



## 5

Roses;  
The flowers are easy to paint,  
The leaves difficult.

The luscious beauty of the flowers, and often their magnificent scent, can be (and usually are) completely captivating. Shiki, like many of us, had probably never paid particular attention to the leaves. Only when he tried to paint them did he become aware of their subtle beauty, and the difficulty in trying to convey it. But in telling us of his difficulty, he makes us realize that there is more to the leaves than generally meets the eye (or to be more accurate, is perceived by the eye). Like all great poets, Shiki expands our awareness; never again can we look at the leaves of the rose without being aware of their delicate and understated beauty.

## 6

After being ill,  
Gazing at the roses,  
My eyes were wearied.

To be in the presence of beauty is an intense experience, whether it be a bouquet of roses or an exquisitely attractive woman. And to bear intensity for any length of time requires a certain strength and endurance. In this verse Shiki is willing to experience the beauty of the roses, but they are simply too much for him. The tragedy of the chronically ill isn't necessarily pain and suffering, although naturally that's hard to bear, it's the long-term enervation which prevents the patient from participating in life.

## 7

Lighting the light,  
It has no strength;  
An evening of autumn.

A pure objective report from the pen of Shiki, and yet what an eloquent revelation of his subjective state. In the diminishing light of day, in the waning time of the year, and especially in the feeble light of the lamp, you can intuit the rapidly deteriorating condition of the poet. In the quiet objectivity of the poem you can sense a resignation, a fortitude, of heroic proportions.



## 8

The long night;  
I think about  
A thousand years afterwards.

Perhaps a wracking cough keeps Shiki awake, and the hours pass by at a snail's pace. He wonders if the night will ever end, and he continually glances at the sky and listens for the birds. Between the spasms, he wonders how much longer he'll live, knowing full well his time is short. Then he thinks about his work, his haiku in particular, and he wonders how long *it* will live. Will he be read in a hundred years? Or even in a thousand? He hopes so. That would be a kind of immortality; it would mean that his thoughts and feelings still had life and still had the power to affect others.

## 9

The scarecrow  
Plants his feet in the flood,  
Enduring it all.

With the rain pouring down and his feet in the water of the rice field, the scarecrow appears to be the exemplar of patience and fortitude. As Shiki gazes upon that stoical figure, he wishes that he too could manifest such poise and equanimity in the face of his own pain and discomfort. He remembers his grandfather, the old samurai, who told him that fearlessness and fortitude were the most important traits that a man could have in meeting the trials of life.

## 10

All the sick nurses  
Fast asleep, —  
Ah, the cold!

As Shiki's condition worsened he became completely bedridden and his sufferings multiplied. Oftentimes his mother and sister sat with him as well as his disciples. They ministered to his needs, kept him company, and tried to divert his mind with pleasant and interesting conversation. But this night they have fallen asleep and Shiki doesn't want to wake them, even though he could use another blanket. Manfully he bears the cold, a cold which is not just physical but also spiritual — the cold of lonely suffering. This poem calls to mind Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane.



11

How many, many times  
I asked about it,  
The deepness of the snow.

The poet has a deep love for nature, and he's especially enthusiastic about the snow. He can see it falling gently at the window, but he cannot rise from his bed to see how it covers the ground. Over and over again he asks his attendant about its depth, so that he can at least visualize it with his mind's eye. Each time he gets a different report of its increasing depth, and each time he imagines a different, more snow-laden picture. This verse shows not only the pathetic limitation of the invalid but also the imaginative power of the poet.

12

Only the gate  
Of the abbey is left,  
On the winter moor.

A gate, a doorway, a bridge, a stairway — all of these have a deep metaphorical meaning which suggest transition from one realm to another. Read symbolically, this poem indicates that nothing is left for Shiki except death, which, of course, is *the great transition*. The fact that Shiki chooses the gate of an abbey to symbolize his death — for certainly Shiki was aware of the symbolic implications of this poem — is interesting and provocative considering that Shiki had no religious affiliation and was generally thought to be an agnostic. Perhaps Shiki has the intuition that death in itself is somehow sacred but not the philosophical and theological trappings that so often accompany it.



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Translations are taken from R. H. Blyth's *Haiku* in four volumes and his *A History of Haiku* in two (Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 1949 to 1964)



## THE QUESTION OF WORDS IN HAIKU

*Adapted from a talk given at a Northwest Regional Meeting of the  
Haiku Society of America in May, 1992.*

—Paul O. Williams

Haiku is often a poetry written around the edges of the consciousness of the poet. And haiku helps poets extend the borders of their attention to notice what is going on at the edge of the eye. It brings such things into focus, moves them for a time to center stage. If effective, it does not represent official consciousness, demanded or conventional consciousness, occupational consciousness, though it may employ them. There is always something extra.

One might also say of it that its words are edge words, teetering at times on the brink of the fence of daring, but also on the edge of entire conventionality.

The frequent flamboyance, wit, expansiveness of much Western verse has little place in haiku. To illustrate this I'd like to quote the opening sentence from a poem by nineteenth century poet Gerard Manley Hopkins entitled "Spelt from Sybil's Leaves":

Earnest, earthless, equal, attuneable, vaulty voluminous, stupendous  
Evening strains to be time's vast, womb-of-all, home-of-all, hearse-  
of-all night (97).

That has twenty-nine syllables of adjectives, and Hopkins is just getting started.

In contrast, haiku is not in-your-face poetry. It does not gush words, and it tends to avoid such rich, or, one might even say, fudgy ones. And it vanishes like elves and mice when shouting arrives.

And yet, like some shy persons, it carries considerable power at times, and rarely, great power. Often it is the power of a whisper saying remarkable things, things easily evasive if one is not paying attention.

Because of these characteristics, we need to think carefully about not only individual words we use in haiku, but the sorts of words we use.

We have already identified some word characteristics above — conservatism, avoidance of flamboyance, reserve, modesty.

To these we might add an avoidance of sharp irony. One does not find in haiku Christ compared gracefully with a vulture, as Richard



Wilbur does in "Still, Citizen Sparrow" (150), or a thought to a gold-feathered bird singing in a palm, as Wallace Stevens does in "Of Mere Being" (169). One of the reasons for this is that haiku avoids truly noticeable metaphor, though quiet metaphor is present in abundance.

Western poetry thrives on words and images that arrest or shock, while these are largely absent in haiku. Some of these are metaphorical, as when Dylan Thomas compares time with a running grave (21) or Archibald MacLeish likens the landscape of the Midwest to a nude (77-78).

But while the borders of metaphor deserve a separate study, I think one can say that the question at issue, the absence of arresting or shocking words, relates more to another aspect of haiku than to the presence or absence of metaphor, that is, to the comparative absence in haiku of witty verbal acts. In haiku the whole poem tends to be the act, and individual words, however important, are contributive rather than arresting. None is like a raw egg dripping down a dark formal dress or a headlight on a train. The words in haiku tend to offer the whole dress, without the egg, the whole front of the locomotive, which is not hurtling toward anyone. If they bring the entire poem into focus, they tend to do that as a part of the poem, not a witty inversion of it or a play upon its focal meaning.

Yes, there are haiku that seem to turn on a phrase, but this tendency is quite rare. It is much more often some natural contrast underlying the words that turns a poem, a comparison of a butterfly to a temple bell, or a drinking mouse to the river it drinks from.

That is, images in haiku tend to be muted, and the basic reason for this may well be the muting of the ego in haiku. What we read in a haiku is an image and a reaction, offered to us as though by a dark waiter with a small, inconspicuous tray. He bows and leaves. We contemplate what the waiter offers us and often wonder where he went.

This verbal attitude contrasts sharply with general Western usage. To illustrate this, perhaps we can draw some images from Sylvia Plath's "Morning Song," a poem about a mother and her newborn child. The images in Plath's poem tend to dance in, shift, leave, make place for new and often wholly different images. All call primary attention to the person of the speaker as an active participant in the poem. Many are acts of wit, moving us a step or two back from the poem's basic images to focus on the speaker. While some recent Japanese haiku do that, unfortunately being



influenced by Western poetry (a new thing for formerly traditional Japanese poetry), that approach is somewhat aside from the mainstream of the basic art of haiku even today. While there is surely a passion in haiku, it is reserved or at least understated.

Plath says the conception of the child is "like a fat gold watch" (1) which has been set going. She compares the newborn with a "new statue/In a drafty museum," the speaker/mother with the walls. The mother then denies real motherhood, comparing herself with "the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect its own slow/Effacement at the wind's hand," in a double-leveled metaphor, the distilled mirror being something like a rain-caused puddle, its coming taken from the substance of the cloud now reflected in it.

She then compares the child's breath with a moth flickering among roses, then with "a far sea" moving in the ear. In another flurry of images, she says the baby's mouth "opens clean as a cat's." The window "Whitens and swallow its dull stars." The child's "clear vowels/rise like balloons."

The effusion, the effervescence, the plenitude of a poem like Plath's represents a strategy wholly unlike the brevity of haiku. A similar haiku about a newborn might possibly read something like this:

the first-time mother  
studies her newborn daughter —  
sparrows quarreling

This mother may have some of the same doubts and complexities of feeling that Plath's poem so vigorously illustrates, but they voice themselves simply by having the mother notice the quarreling birds, perhaps below her window in the bushes, introducing us to a note of dismay in the mother's thought.

Both poems are oblique. The words of Plath's employ more pyrotechnics, dance more jigs, play more games. Comparatively, the poem lacks reserve. It would never bow and back out of a room. It is typical of haiku to bow and back away, leaving the air pregnant with what they have just remarked.

Muting or eliminating metaphor does much to aid the haiku sensibility. The very word that would impale a modern Western poem on a point of brilliance would destroy almost all haiku.

Swarms of Western poems might be used to illustrate this. I'd like to look at one, though, because it ends in three lines that taken alone might possibly be a haiku. But the way the poem has been set



up prevents us from reading it at all as a haiku might be. This poem is James Wright's "A Message Hidden in an Empty Wine Bottle That I Threw into a Gully of Maple Trees One Night at an Indecent Hour."

Wright begins the poem by saying that "Women are dancing around a fire/By a pond of creosote and waste water from the river/in the dank fog of Ohio./They are dead" (115). At this point we realize that they are not real women but perhaps the appearance of the flames, or memories, or imaginative impressions of the person who has thrown away his wine bottle, probably having just drunk its contents.

As the poem advances, the speaker reaches for the moon that, as he puts it, "dangles/Cold on a dark vine." We cannot be sure what that vine suggests, though it perhaps is like the smoke drift from the nearby blast furnaces he describes. After more fanciful images, Wright concludes the poem by writing, "An owl rises/From the cutter bar/Of a hayrake."

Thus the complex poem ends with a 4-5-4 passage, almost a haiku. The final three lines ground the poem. But in the expressive context of the poem, they do not constitute a haiku at all. The images are not at all literal if they continue the voice the poem has set up. The words themselves are haiku-like, but the usage makes us go in an entirely different direction. Wright has piled up three images suggesting death (owl, cutter bar, hayrake). We feel the extravagance of the speaker's despair, and though the words are ordinary, the usage is wholly fanciful.

We see that the words themselves, though common enough, form figures as wide-flung as those of Plath's poem, and the initial appearance of the words, especially the final three lines, may deceive us into thinking we are contemplating something haiku-like. The context of usage, however, tells us we are out on the vulture wings of the imagination of a despairing person thinking mad, lonely thoughts.

In contrast, haiku not only narrows word usage, but word significance, keeping the poem cheek to jowl with concrete experience seen somewhat concretely.

This narrowing of word options has another result, a difficulty, which is the overuse of some words, essentially killing them and the haiku in which they are used. Well, maybe not killing. Perhaps maiming, or wounding, or squashing. But at least severely damaging.



Naturally a word that is going to be overused is a good word, often a power-emitting word. I would like to discuss two of these words — “silence” and “old” — as examples. Yes, I confess that I also have been guilty of abusing them. But I’ve become aware of it and have taken a vow to treat them decently hereafter. That is, to avoid them wherever possible.

Think, for example, of the numbers of haiku you read that use “silence” as a third line. Let’s try an example. Suppose we write,

deep in the weeds  
of the disused graveyard  
silence.

I’m sure all haiku magazine editors have had cognates of this poem submitted to them many, many times. The first time one had ever seen the like, surely the poem had power. But now it really says,

deep in the weeds  
of the disused graveyards  
I am lazy.

I am saying that freshness is a necessity for the poet as well as the reader of the poem. The writer is saying that he or she is thinking of a disused graveyard, but not very hard. As this writer thinks of being there, perhaps in a specific graveyard, perhaps one with relatives in it, an array of impressions has washed across his or her thought. The poet wants to say something but has a stomach ache from not eating breakfast and being late for lunch. So the poet says, “silence.” But there should have been a lot of thinking, a lot of rooting around among those weeds, before writing the third line. “Silence” won’t do. Not anymore. “Silence” is noisy with repetition.

Am I saying that the word can never be used in haiku? Not quite. But only with considerable provocation, and only when it is truly the exact word, the only true possible word for the poem. And only with the awareness that it is threadbare through careless usage.

“Silence” is a term implying, at least in poetic usage, an absolute, a real state of finality or non-sound. It doesn’t mean “reticent,” “reserved,” “taciturn,” “secretive,” “uncommunicative,” “noncommittal,” “quiet,” “peaceful,” “serene,” “tightlipped,” or inert.”

We know the difference we feel when one person says, “Hey, come on, you guys. Hold it down,” and another marches in and barks out, “Silence!” Immediately we see a military officer or some



other official sort. The whole aura of the statement is different. The word used not as a command but a quiet description still carries a sharp or often an ominous or portentous aura. It is not a universally applicable word for being quiet, though it is often so used in haiku.

And often in haiku the word "silence" is used when the meaning is only approximate. Something else would do better. But "silence," as we know, has that marvellous resonance, and so it gets used, used, and overused. In the process, the resonance fades to a whimper.

The surface solution, as we said, is to look for other words. But the real solution is to penetrate through to more accurate perceptions.

Another word losing power, and conveying this loss to the poems it appears in, is the adjective "old." We tend to use that too much as well, perhaps because we've discovered that young people tend not to be haikuish. That is, there is a taint of Barbie Doll in many of them. Often they lack the salt of hard experience. They haven't been buffeted, warped, gnarled, put upon. They haven't acquired squint lines. But they have lost the pleasing plumpness of the very young. They are awfully scrubbed, and are just people. We put them in haiku and see the haiku lie there like wet pancake batter. So we say, "Hmm. If I make that person old, the poem will acquire an aura." It is the same with trees, dogs, and even cherry blossoms. Oldness becomes an easy cure-all way of imparting atmosphere. Too often one feels the "old" in a poem was painted on to give the poem needed color, rather than conceptually true from the beginning.

Yes, surely poets do what they have to do to get the job done. Poe explained that baldly in his "Philosophy of Composition." And yet with the small compass of a haiku, we also know that that whole blurt of feeling, place, person, season comes out as a sphere, a whole, and one we hope is not a bubble of swamp gas. The writer has to concentrate on the envisioning of the poem, not on tricks and shifts to nail it together. It should be seamless.

Of course this is no doubt a theoretical ideal rather than a practical method of finishing a poem. Still, the theory has a functional purpose, and thinking about it surely helps improve poems.

Some may be wondering if I have contradicted myself above. That is, I began by saying that startling and unusual words and images do not work well in haiku. I continued by saying that often used, comfortable words should be avoided. (Of course I am



avoiding my favorites, especially the adjective "dark." I permit myself a "dark" now and then. But I throw it out ten times for every use just so I can think of myself as virtuous.)

What then is a good attitude with regard to word use? It is a puzzle, but I think it is one solved not by thinking primarily about words, but rather, at least at stage one, about what it is one is thinking or feeling. If that thing is seen clearly enough, and with enough penetration, the exact words will tend, often, to emerge to convey the meaning. Cliches are always approximate. Startling words are often distracting, merely witty, or focused on the writing consciousness rather than the more impersonal impression examined by the poem.

I think the fact that the fresh perceptions remain permanently fresh can be illustrated by two very old poems about a very old subject, cherry blossoms. Both are in R. H. Blyth's translation. The first, from Basho, reads,

Beneath the tree,  
In soup, in fish salad, —  
Cherry blossoms! (Blyth, II, 307)

The other comes from Roka. It is also old but fresh:

The water-fowl swims,  
Parting with her breast  
The cherry petals. (Blyth, II, 304)

What are we to make of this continuing freshness? First, both scenes included in the poems are vivid. The cherry blossoms are both central and oblique. The observer is more strongly present in the first, but observers surely are present in both, providing a human element. Even though Basho uses "cherry blossoms" alone as his last line, it isn't, if I may be forgiven, soupy. Having gone to a picnic among the cherry trees, the speaker has found the blossoms in everything. Perhaps he is charmed, or pleased, but at any rate there is also a contrary possibility of slight irritation present. This counter-emotion adds both complexity and amusement to the poem.

Roka's poem is simply a very individualized picture, clearly seen. It isn't a run-of-the-mill cherry blossom poem, but is rescued by the power of its specific perception.

To summarize, then, what I am saying is that the search for the exact word in haiku is very constrained and constraining, but extremely rewarding. Extravagance is not the answer. Nor is splash.



Nor is unrestrained metaphor: On the other hand, neither is the well deepened groove of mere common usage the way. It is a careful and quiet search, more in depth than breadth, more in spirit than in language. It demands opposite qualities sometimes — penetration and whimsy, passive waiting and mental exploration, constraint and freedom. But the writer knows instantly when it works. The whole poem settles into place like a pond when the wind departs. And that is one of the rewarding moments in poetry. Haiku invites and rewards such a search.

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## BOOK REVIEWS

Current Crop: II  
Stamm, Moore, Kirkup

To speak of a person deceased a short while ago in less than flattering terms is not commendable, but I had a curious encounter, albeit indirectly, with Jack Stamm (1928-1991), whose haiku in Japanese with his own English translations are assembled in *Haiku no Okeiko: My Haiku Journey* (Kawade Shobo Shinsha, 1993. 1,600 yen). Back in 1988, when I wrote for the *Mainichi Daily News* a review of Tawara Machi's collection of tanka, *Sarada Kinenbi* (Kawade Shobo Shinsha, 1987), Stamm wrote to the editor of the Arts page where my review appeared, demanding that notice be printed saying that the translations in my review were not his and, by way of clearing any confusion, publishing his own translations of the tanka I cited. I learned later that the publisher Kawade Shobo had selected him to prepare a bilingual edition of this unprecedented bestseller in the genre (a review of which was published in these pages).

Not long after that, I—along with many other HSA members no doubt—began receiving miniature haiku books translated by Stamm. As Kusama Tokihiko (b. 1920), founder and chairman of the Haiku Museum, makes clear in a brief essay he contributed to *My Haiku Journey*, several haiku poets, Kusama among them, commissioned Stamm to translate their haiku so that they might give away the copies “in lieu of business cards” (*meishi gawari*). An American resident of Japan for nearly three decades by then, Stamm had become a passionate writer of haiku as well as a paid translator of Japanese poems in traditional forms. It is safe to assume that this posthumous volume of Stamm's haiku came into being because the writers he translated wanted it and Kawade Shobo felt obliged to publish it.

Normally a product of such circumstances is unlikely to be of much interest, but some of the essays contributed to this collection reveal, inadvertently, one thing that would alarm most American haiku writers: the way a master, self-styled or otherwise, routinely “revises” (*tensaku*) his disciple's pieces.

Japan's traditional haiku world functions on the basis of master-disciple relations, and the master takes his reviser's role for granted. So Ekuni Shigeru (whose *Haiku Made in Japan* is one of those mini-books distributed), saying that Stamm began writing haiku be-



cause of him, makes that role clear. So does Takaha Shugyo (b. 1930), whose influence is extensive enough to spawn its own group in the United States and whose *One Year of Haiku* is another mini-book: he reports that the first time he met Stamm in a bar, in 1987, he revised, on the spot, the haiku shown him and continued to do so afterward.

To his credit, as far as Takaha's revisions were concerned, Stamm stuck to his original versions when he published his haiku in magazines. In pointing this out, though, Takaha doesn't forget to note that his efforts were wasted. Even though he politely goes on to point to what he believed to be Stamm's credo, namely, "Revision is creation" (meaning perhaps that a revised version is a newly created product), one gathers that he wouldn't have tolerated such behavior if Stamm had been Japanese.

A master's routine revision is accepted in Japan in part because haiku there is regarded not as an inspired or at least *original* act of writing, but as a variation on a given set of conventions. For example, a master can revise his disciple's piece, arguing, as Ekuni did, that *aki no tsuki*, "autumn moon," is inappropriate because the moon is a *kigo* of autumn and therefore the phrase is redundant. Or—though this time the matter concerns translation—a master might demand, as Kusama might have done if Stamm hadn't been gravely ill, that a phrase other than "autumn shower" be selected for *aki shigure* because the Japanese phrase denotes a "gloomy rain" whereas "autumn shower" doesn't suggest any such thing.

Kusama's point can turn the whole enterprise of translating haiku into a dubious one—at least from the viewpoint of some Japanese who know a bit of English. But translation was one of the two things Stamm did in haiku, so we might as well ask: how was his skill as a translator?

His translations consist of two groups: his own haiku in Japanese translated into English and the more normal "translations," such as those he did for the Japan Air Lines. Of the former, there isn't much a third party can comment on. When he translates *Chikatetsu no otomo sawayaka kesa no haru* into "New Year's Day/subways/sounding brighter," one isn't sure whether he misconstrued the meaning of the word *sawayaka*, "refreshing," "pleasant," or he decided to apply a different word, "brighter," in translation. Or when he gives "New Year's Eve/bar mirror/reflecting/the same old faces" for *Saru kao o utsushi sakaba no hatsukagami* (which might be more *accurately* rendered, on the face of it, as "New Year's bar mirror



reflects leaving faces," though the meaning of the Japanese original isn't clear), one is left wondering if Stamm was out to confuse the reader, for his own private amusement, by saying one thing in one language and something else in another. Of course, as one who studied Japanese and haiku with Harold Henderson, at Columbia, and then went to Japan as an intelligence officer, Stamm is able to give straight, ordinary "translations" more often than not. It may be that in such *bewildering* pieces he succumbed to the temptation a translator experiences in translating his own work: to give an entirely different version.

When you look at the other group of translations, possibilities for misinterpretation become more pronounced. Takaha reports a case where Stamm was deeply embarrassed by the error of giving *hibari*, "larks," as "swallows." That's the sort of blunder the best translators commit from time to time, but how about Stamm's rendition of his teacher Ekuni's *Agehibari nami-uchi nagara kienikeri*? In giving it as "larks ascend / wings beating wavelike / disappear," he seems to have gotten the picture wrong. Aside from the probability that you won't be able to see the wingbeat of a skylark shooting up into the sky, Ekuni's original seems to describe the way the skylark rises into the sky making vertically wavy motions. In another piece by Ekuni, *Oi o-cha to ganjitsu gurai ibarikeri*, Stamm gives the whole 5-7-5 as a direct quote ("hey, where's that tea? / it's New Year's Day, all right? / let me be macho"), but in the original the direct quote makes up only the first five syllables: " 'Hey, where's my tea?' This is New Year's Day and I can be bossy."

Such, of course, are quibbles discourteous to someone deceased. Not that I feel I can be discourteous, without compunction, to living writers. I was critical of Lenard Moore's earlier collection of haiku, *The Open Eye*, when I reviewed it in these pages, and I have since regretted it. It was an assemblage of carefully written lyrical pieces, but for some reason, I decided to strike a false avuncular posture and nit-picked it. And I have been looking forward to a chance to make up for my bad manners. I am troubled to report, therefore, that his new book of haiku, *Desert Storm: A Brief History* (Los Hombres Press, 1993. \$7.95), is not satisfactory.

As the title indicates, the book is a narrative of the American participation in the Gulf War. The problem is not war as the subject; the Vietnam War has been described in many haiku. It is that Moore, who was in the Army from 1978 to 1981, did not take part



in this war in the sense that his brother, Edward Jerome, SSG, did. What Moore himself did was to listen to Edward's stories, watch some domestic scenes himself (the book opens with "September sunrise/Marine leaving for the Persian Gulf/looks back at his wife"), and, probably, watch a good deal of TV. The result is a sequence of strangely mute ("quiet dusk/a Scud missile strikes/the barracks"), at times contrived ("two black soldiers/reaffirming their patriotism/thunder and lightning"; "another Patriot/rises to meet the Scud — /the smell of a latrine"), often downright conventional ("young chaplain/closing the eyes/of a dead soldier"; the concluding piece: "back home/soldier listens to birdcalls/marking sunrise"). On a backpage blurb, Sonia Sanchez, a professor of English at Temple University, says this is a "searching and sensitive commentary on the Desert Storm fiasco." Instead, *Desert Storm* strikes me—Sorry, Lenard—as a bystander's eminently equivocal, though determined, attempt to say something on which he doesn't have much to say ("soldier's sweaty face/on *Time's* glossy cover/the grin").

In *First Fireworks* (Hub Editions, 1992. 5 Pounds), James Kirkup quotes Samuel Johnson: "These diminutive observations seem to take away something from the dignity of writing, and therefore are never communicated but with hesitation, and a little fear of abasement and contempt." I can't vouchsafe for the "hesitation" part, but I can imagine many American haiku writers greeting Kirkup's "diminutive observations" with "abasement and contempt." Though he is perfectly capable of writing astonishingly orthodox pieces, in the 5-7-5-syllable, 3-line format no less ("The green torches of/small poplar trees flaming on/the dark mountainside"—on the theme of Federico Garcia Lorca's "*Verde que te quiero verde*"), what he observes in his diminutive pieces can also be utterly non-haikuesque ("the mountain/ponders its/basic assumptions"; a koan: "What were you before/your parents were born? Less than/something in the void"), and his formal arrangements range from 3-word 3-liners ("sketch/solid/illusion") to one-liners ("Nightmares—the youthful dreams of the old").

This last is from Kirkup's latest, *Short Takes* (Hub Editions, 1993. \$10), which, as the subtitle says, consists of 258 "one-line poems for dipping." Again, the observations range from typically haikuesque ("Topmost bough: one last persimmon for the winter birds") to quotes ("A man in the house is worth two in the street: Mae West";



"A dreamer is always a bad poet: Cocteau") to announcements ("I am Nijinsky and Diaghilev") to things you can comprehend only if you know what are before them ("And the stupid who repeat it," preceded by "It is the wicked who make history").

My partiality to one-liners aside, it is a measure of Kirkup's flexibility and amusement with haiku and its permutations that he dedicates this collection to Kato Koko, a promoter of conventional haiku and its appendages and says, at one point, "A one-line poem writes itself in my empty head."

—Reviews by Hiroaki Sato

*HAIKU MOMENT* (An Anthology of Contemporary North American Haiku), edited by Bruce Ross (Charles E. Tuttle, Vt., 1993), \$16.95.

### My Cup Runneth Over with Haiku

Saturday morning the two of cups appeared in my Tarot spread—although the day would be filled with anxiety, there would be an occasion to celebrate, it said.

As Robert and I sat in the Portuguese restaurant, the smell of disinfectant stronger than the garlic shrimp, a thought came to mind: *Let's stop at the Happy Booker for a moment. I want to check out the poetry.*

The same old books lined the shelves—a dozen dust-covered volumes by Charles Bukowski, everything Robert Bly ever wrote, not to mention a few *HOWLS* from Alan Ginsberg. There *were* two copies of van den Heuvel's revised *The Haiku Anthology* which I am always pleased to see—but I already know the book by heart, including the birth dates of all its contributors (What do you expect from a lifelong student of the stars?).

Near the bottom of the bookshelf, two inches from the grey carpeted floor, I spotted *Haiku Moment*. Could it be a mirage? Could it be, I gasped, the anthology edited by a fellow Cabala and Zen student, Bruce Ross, published by Charles E. Tuttle?

Yep. It was. And there I was, among its 331 pages along with 184 other North American haiku poets. But where was my promised contributor's copy? No one had even told me the book was out (that's my punishment for being a hermit these last two years).

*Haiku Moment* is indeed worth celebrating. First of all, it's an honest-to-goodness, up-to-date representation of this continent's contemporary haiku writers. Unlike other anthologies, which were



outdated the moment they hit the press, few are left out of this 850 poem collection. Oh, I'm sure there will be some offended folks out there (I know what it feels like; my work was not included in Hiroaki Sato's *One Hundred Frogs*), but the newer California writers such as Ebba Story, Kenneth Tanemura, Chris Herold and David LeCount are included as well as New York's Dee Evetts and Doris Heitmeyer. Bruce Ross calls the writers in this anthology "fourth generation" haiku writers, and one readily sees that their unique perceptions of simple things can go way beyond a world of three-dimension.

Carol Montgomery's

middle of the highway  
with bells on  
our old dog

made me want to laugh yet cry. This haiku will stay in my heart until the day I die.

Kenneth C. Leibman's

sunflowers:  
one facing  
the other way

makes me wonder if he's referring to the sunflower in Tarot Key 19, the one that is turning away from the world most people see to the one that is made of a purer, simpler light?

And having known the old master-editor, Cor van den Heuvel, for years, I delighted in his

arms folded  
I watch the crane  
standing on one leg

This is a man who really studies his surroundings, and here is our chance to study him. While Cor has written much about shadows and the dark, his more recent work is filled with light.

As I took in the many wonders offered in *Haiku Moment*, I began to feel such a deep appreciation for haiku poets, how they bless the world by jotting down on scraps of paper the things they take the time to see, to give back to the rest of us what the earth has given them. In these strange and bizarre times we live in, it's comforting to know that more and more people are turning to the simple pleasures. I want to thank every poet whose work appears in this



book for enriching my life, for showing me pieces of the world I might otherwise miss.

Cool morning  
colors slide  
up and down the spider thread

—*Peter Yovu*

The cardinal  
wipes his beak on a twig  
and takes another berry

—*Doris Heitmeyer*

Sea lions bark  
their breath comes ashore  
as mist

—*Jane Reichhold*

—*Review by Alexis Rotella*

*THE SAN FRANCISCO HAIKU ANTHOLOGY*, edited by Jerry Ball, Garry Gay and Tom Tico; Smythe-Waithe Press, 9632 Berkshire Way, Windsor, CA 95492. 1992, ISBN 0-911075-05-4, perfect-bound, 198 pp., \$11.95 plus \$1.60 p/h.

This is a fine addition to the haiku literature coming from the west coast, more specifically from the San Francisco Bay area. Fifty-seven poets are represented here with from one to twenty-one poems each. Brief biographies are included in the back of the book. A short introduction lays out the editors' criteria for their selections.

The book takes off, as it were, from the late nineteen-fifties when the Beat Poets in their explorations of Eastern religions, especially Zen Buddhism, discovered haiku and really laid the foundations of the haiku movement. Much of this activity occurred in and around San Francisco and it is good to see haiku by Jack Kerouac and Gary Snyder in the anthology. Although four haiku by Kerouac are included, there is only one by Snyder. I would have liked to see



more. And it would seem that haiku by Allen Ginsberg should have been included—something from his Berkeley Section in his *Journals Early Fifties Early Sixties or Mostly Sitting Haiku*, perhaps. It is good, though, to see James Hackett well represented here, and the less well-known Steve Sanfield. The majority of the poets are currently active in the contemporary haiku scene.

Perhaps the following selections, chosen at random, will give some idea of the richness and variety of the poems in this welcome collection.

Dusk deepens;  
a middle-aged man stops  
shadow-boxing

—*Ty Hadman*

A water ouzel  
in and out of spring river  
now and then its song

—*Joseph A. Roberts*

ripe peaches  
the heaviness tips the days  
into summer

—*Jane Reichhold*

pallbearer  
the throbbing hangnail  
on my thumb

—*Jerry Kilbride*

under the lamplight  
the color of tea  
in the old man's eyes

—*Mary Fields*

No fire.  
The cat still settles  
behind the stove.

—*Steve Sanfield*

—*Review by Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

A MOON IN EACH EYE by Charles B. Dickson, edited by vincent tripi, AHA Books, 1993, ISBN: 0-944676-95-2, 80 pp., pb, illus., \$7.00 ppd.

Only seven years before his death, Charles Dickson was introduced to haiku, but his genius for the form quickly became evident as his work gained frequent publication and earned many awards. Although he left three books of his haiku, many of us quietly wished more had been published.

Was vincent tripi reading our thoughts? It seems likely because tripi, who considered the author a friend and one of his mentors, has patiently assembled 100 of Dickson's finest haiku to produce *A Moon in Each Eye*. How fortunate we are, for here is a stunning



collection that allows Charles Dickson's bright, rich voice to once again flood our world with his special light.

This volume, encased in attractive white glossy covers with a bold black title, and embraced by striking black endpapers, presents the poems with ample white space between each — one to three per page — that are crisply printed on quality white paper. Georgia artist Sheila Whitfield's elegant, delicate illustrations add considerably to the overall excellence already found here.

Divided into four sections, this collection clearly emphasizes Dickson's love for and determination to celebrate nature, a quality he believed was lacking in many modern haiku. As a result, Dickson's work focuses not only on his beloved Georgia landscape and the inhabitants with which he so strongly identified, but contains a rich music that flows softly through his poems. In the following from "Streams and Waters," for example, note how the declared rhythm is married to each rhythmic structure:

tranquil brook  
the great trout's tail  
slowly back and forth

night wind  
the fragrance of oranges  
and sea spray

As vividly as Dickson draws the reader into the unfolding of a tender moment, when the present is coupled with the past, the reward can be absolutely breath-stopping. To illustrate, notice how effectively Dickson presents the time-shifts in these poems from "Mountains":

calloused fingers  
on a Blue Ridge dulcimer  
wind in the cedars

motionless in stone  
for forty thousand years  
a bird wing

Throughout this work, realms of wonder pulsate like small wingbeats waiting to be acknowledged as Dickson's haiku eye attunes us to the smallest of smalls, teasing our senses to explode with recognition. In "Marshes" (as in most of his work), the clarity of color and sound draws the reader deeply into the moment:

spring rain pelts the swamp;  
yellow-billed cuckoo sipping  
water dark as tea

dusk merges with night  
the old woman's sure step  
crossing the footlog

To my regret, I never met or corresponded with Charles Dickson, but I very much admired his work; it suggested a man intensely aware and appreciative of the naturalness of existence, of the way things simply are. His poems remind me that in every naturalness,



in every simplicity, there resides an amazing puzzle. An inexperienced poet might be tempted to shout loudly when discovering it, but being the professional that he was, Dickson presented it quietly—to reflect its unassuming importance—and by doing so, its value increased tenfold. To illustrate, these from “Meadows and Farms”:

backwood roads	wild grapevine
the infinity of ways	a cedar waxwing eats
old barns can lean	upside down

Since Dickson concentrated on the trueness of nature, it's forgivable that many of his haiku bow towards more sober contemplative visages, but it should not be thought he was without humor. In fact, some of his humor is quite unmistakable. Much of it is subtle, however, and might be overlooked. Particular favorites are the following, which exemplify the range of his humor:

the herb woman's shack. . .	stalking frogs,
with a hen the young cajun	the heron stretches its neck
buys a love potion	this way and that

Without a doubt, it can be said that Charles Dickson, like Basho, had a zest for life and a deep gratitude for all things in it. And because he did, he possessed—perhaps better than most English-speaking haikai—*a microscopic eye* that rewarded him with “satori,” a sudden enlightenment assumed to derive from the spirit of Zen that glows throughout his work.

The music of Dickson's language, the love for life and for his craft, is very much alive in this perfectly balanced, aesthetic collection. We are indebted to Vincent Tripi for this valuable labor of love, and to AHA Books for reuniting us with a poet whose work is treasured.

I have a feeling that Charles Dickson is looking down from somewhere on high and that he is smiling warmly, perhaps with the reflection of the moon in each eye.

—*Review by Elizabeth St Jacques*

*LAYERS OF CONTENT* by Werner Reichhold, AHA BOOKS, 1993, ISBN: 0-944676-15-4, 128 pp., pb, \$9.00 ppd.

It's safe to say that Werner Reichhold lives his work as a poet, photographer, sculptor, artist, teacher. Born in Germany in 1925,



and having studied with artists of diverse disciplines, his work has earned exhibition in Europe, the Americas, and Japan and has been published in European books and catalogues. In 1962, he carried home the prestigious Rome Prize.

Since 1989, AHA BOOKS has published four of Reichhold's books of poetry and collages of mixed mediums that reflect psychological traumas of his life in a country obsessed with war and violence. This newest collection, however, presents romantic images gleaned from his new environment of California, layered with softer memories of his homeland across the sea. All of which suggests a turning point for this author — an ability to finally leave much of the darkness behind.

Kevin Bailey, editor of *Haiku Quarterly* in England, who introduces this collection with a discerning analysis of Reichhold and his past works, categorizes these new poems as "imago-Romantic German poetry," saying "Goethe would have recognized the kinship of his poetry."

Devoid of visuals (except for the full-color collage on its glossy cover), *Layers of Content* is an innovative collection of 52 poems steeped in Zen philosophy, while their structural resemblance is to that of haiku, tanka and renga. There is also a haiku-like quality to these poems — in fact, some verses are haiku:

From tree to sun  
shaping a cloud  
green needles  
(from "Feather Do You Travel")

Slower coming in  
at dawn  
ship on the horizon  
(from "Calendar Game Rings")

However, the author's intention is not to mimic haiku and related genres, but to establish "a new structure of poetic language." Reichhold has not identified this new form with a specific insignia, but I see it as a written collage. As a result, each poem demands slow, careful consideration for full enjoyment.

Sensuous and mystical, poems here are rich with exceptionally fresh imagery, strong symbolism, and eloquent textures that buzz the senses and spin the imagination. Make no mistake: these poems are infinitely deep. I must admit that I didn't always get the drift.

Despite my inability to comprehend everything here, the uniqueness of Werner Reichhold's language and the harmonious flow throughout this collection fascinated me. As did many titles—



some are brief poems in themselves: *A Snail Spins in My Hand, Sky on String, In a Haven of Steam.*

If you are searching for a literary *rara avis* that promises to challenge and stimulate thought, *Layers of Content* should be at the top of your list.

—Review by Elizabeth St Jacques

*SHINING MOMENTS: TANKA POEMS IN ENGLISH* by Neal Henry Lawrence, O.S.B., AHA BOOKS, 1993, 144 pp, hc, illus., ISBN: 0-944676-39-1, \$12. ppd.

Rev. Neal Henry Lawrence, a resident of Tokyo, Japan since 1960 and a prominent trail-blazer in English tanka, gifts us with another (his third) thought-provoking collection. Encompassing a full range of subjects from the beauty of a simple flower to the blemishes of a society plagued by war and greed, there is enough here to keep you thinking far into the future.

The book itself is a joy to hold. In its tradition of excellence, AHA BOOKS presents this collection between pale gold hardcovers with brilliant gold lettering and overlaid with an attractive white and black dust jacket. Large, crisp print with two poems per page and ample white space make it easy on the eyes while the graceful brush illustration and calligraphy by YU (Mrs. Keiko Kaneda) add warmly to this book's overall elegance.

Opening this collection are Edward Seidensticker, Atsuo Nakagawa, Marie Philomene and Toshimi Horiuchi—respected authorities of Japanese poetry—who discuss the author and his work, followed by a seven-page commentary by Rev. Lawrence on his background, inspiration, and craft. Informative and interesting. The index, annotation, and places of inspirations are special bonuses.

While honoring the Japanese preference for tanka in the 31 syllable, 5-7-5-7-7 style that includes *kigo* (season words), Rev. Lawrence says that in 1975, when he became interested in tanka, he "could not find agreement on the definition of (an English) tanka," so he made up his own. As a result, we see an unusual blending of the Orient and the West in his work that is fresh and enlightening.

Most of these tanka are gentle to the ear, which is saying something for tightly patterned poems that can too often sound stiff and coerced. Much of this work, however, contains a rhythm that flows like a clear, sparkling brook. Images are crisp and colorful, subtly



turning the eye inward to the heart/mind, from the physical to the spiritual, to unveil its greater value.

Take, for example, these tanka that focus on flowers. Beginning with a passive tone, the author turns our attention to the hidden depth, to the power that exists in Nature, thus in ourselves:

The hallway is bare  
A long table on the left  
With only a vase,  
But all is transformed by one  
Fragrant white gardenia.

(pg. 14)

A single flower.  
A brilliant camellia,  
Day after day blooms.  
Would that we be so steadfast  
To others bringing pleasure.

(pg. 72)

As much as Rev. Lawrence is attuned to Nature and commemorates "the positive side" of life, this collection testifies that he is only too aware of world events — the Tiananmen Square Massacre and the poverty in India, for example. These poems are charged with emotion, some almost sizzling, and seem to leap off the page:

Mid crushed bicycles  
Blooded student bodies lie,  
Nearby children too.  
China's leaders fear power  
Lost if masses gain freedom.

(pg.20)

The wild taxi ride  
Through the streets of Calcutta  
Sounds fortissimo.  
people, young and old, and cars  
On the edge of survival.

(pg. 106)

As the author admits, sometimes his wording is peculiar but more times than not, its poetic-ness serves the poem well to emphasize a particular point. I found the use of periods more bothersome; some tanka have as many as three, which seem to conflict with the traditional rule of presenting "a subtle break" after the first half of the poem.

Nevertheless, considering that tanka in English (and other languages) is still in its infancy, and a complete set of hard-and-fast rules is yet to be decided upon, Rev. Neal Henry Lawrence's work is a major and important contribution that will inevitably influence the end result. Lucky are they whose libraries hold his unique tanka collections!

—Review by Elizabeth St Jacques



RIGHT UNDER THE BIG SKY, I DON'T WEAR A HAT: *The Haiku and Prose of Hosai Ozaki*, translated from the Japanese by Hiroaki Sato, foreword by Cor van den Heuvel, introduction by Kyoko Selden. Stone Bridge Press, P.O. Box 8208, Berkeley, CA 94707: 1993, 144 pps., Trade paperback. ISBN 1-880656-05-1. \$12.00.

Material on modern Japanese haiku poets available to the English-speaking haiku world is rapidly increasing. A valuable addition is this new book of translations by Hiroaki Sato. *Right under the big sky, I don't wear a hat* opens up the whole world of Hosai for the first time. There have been earlier glimpses into this world by R. H. Blyth (*A History of Haiku*, Vol. 2, 1964), William J. Higginson (*thistle brilliant morning*, 1973, U. K., 1975, Am. ed), Makoto Ueda (*Modern Japanese Haiku: An Anthology*, 1976) and Hiroaki Sato himself (*From the Country of Eight Islands*, 1981). Not until now, however, has there been a translation of such a large body of Hosai's haiku, about three-quarters of the haiku in his *Complete Works*, plus several essays.

Hosai lived from 1885 to 1926, developing his free form style and writing his most effective haiku during the last decade of his life. In the Foreword, van den Heuvel places the Japanese poet in an easily understood time frame when he notes that while Hosai was breaking from traditional rules of syllables and season words, and writing of the most ordinary, everyday events, William Carlos Williams was influencing modern American poetry in much the same way. Van den Heuvel comments on important elements in Hosai's work and gives some clues on what to look for in the poems.

Kyoko Selden in her fine introduction presents Hosai in a context of the Japanese haiku scene of his time, showing his breaking away from traditional modes when he came under the influence of Seisensui who, following Hekigodo, was developing a free-verse haiku. Selden mentions that in Hosai's focus on everyday life his work sometimes sounds "like fragments of a prose monologue," but that "his best work, from the final years, has a unique rhythm and phrasing that express an ascetic's sharp awareness of an existence reduced to bare simplicity." She sketches his life from his education in Tokyo through his years working for an insurance company in Tokyo and Osaka and then for a time in Seoul, Korea, his inability during those years to control his drinking, and finally the last years spent in various temples in Kyoto. At the time of his death he was in a temple on Shodo Island. Hosai's own prose



essays, which follow the haiku translations, give the reader an added sense of the flavor of his life.

Sato has preceded the poems with words "On Translating Haiku in One Line." This seems unnecessary since he has developed his thesis in articles and other books frequently.

About 570 haiku are in this collection. Some of those which Sato published in the 1981 anthology have been revised. All the haiku are presented in one line, usually six to a page so that there is much space around them. The one line form is very effective in these translations, as is the colloquial tone Sato uses. Some do seem merely flat, but most show a wryness and a kind of detachment as Hosai looks at himself and his simple life. At times the surface simplicity covers a quality of haiku depth underlying the words. Length varies and while there is no adherence to approved season words the natural world is very evident. Dead leaves, a cloudy day, the sea, a pine cone, cranes—these are here, as well as a wallet, old socks, a bent nail. There is often humor as well as a pervasive loneliness.

Sato presents the poems chronologically, beginning with "Early Haiku" ("Around 1905" and "In Tokyo around 1908"). The second section, "The Big Sky," contains six groups of haiku starting with "From Tokyo to Seoul, 1916-23." Haiku from the last year of his life, "At Nango-an, Shodo Island, 1925-26," end the collection.

The first two haiku below are from the early haiku, the last one is the last haiku in the book.

In winter wilderness an old battlefield spits up yellow dust  
Withered fields: a path I remember seeing  
I kick off the old socks shaped like my feet  
He said bad things to the bronze statue and is gone  
I cough and am still alone  
From behind a spring hill smoke has begun to come out

Hiroaki Sato deserves high praise for this new book. Stone Bridge Press deserves high praise for a fine publication, beautifully designed by Karen Marquardt, and very handsomely produced.

—*Review by Elizabeth Searle Lamb*



## BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

*Cricket Song*, a collection of John Thompson's haiku, can be purchased from the author for \$5.00. Send orders to John Thompson, 4607 Burlington Pl., Santa Rosa, CA 95405.

*CRY OF THE HAWK*, Hank Dunlap, Poligion Publications, Illustrated by Suzan Dunlap Fisher and Logan Dunlap, 115 pages, 110 haiku, from the author, 1228 N. Lois Dr., Prescott, AZ 86301. \$8.95 plus \$1.00 postage.

*Fig Newtons: Senryu to Go*, edited and introduced by Michael Dylan Welch. Contains 111 humorous senryu by Laura Bell, Garry Gay, Christopher Herold, vincent tripi, Michael Dylan Welch, and Paul O. Williams. Press Here, 1993, paperback, 32 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, ISBN 1-87798-09-X, \$6.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling, checks payable to Michael D. Welch. Order from Press Here, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. "For the moment, distinctions between haiku and senryu are not important; if just one poem makes you chuckle, then this book has met its goal" —*from the introduction*.

*FOXES IN THE GARDEN AND OTHER PROSE PIECES*, by Patricia Neubauer. Collection of five essays and haibun. Illustrated by the author, 32 pages, 5 x 8. Available from author, 4360 East Texas Rd., Allentown, PA 18103. \$7.00 (U.S. funds) plus \$1.00 postage U.S.A.; \$2.00 foreign.

*Haiku Poems—Enjoying them—Writing them* by Don Hoatson. A How-To book on writing haiku 72 page perfect bound paperback. Order from the author Don Hoatson 591 Via Esplanade, Punta Gorda, FL 33950. \$8.50 ppd US, \$9.50 Can.

*Met on the Road: A Transcontinental Haiku Journey*, by William J. Higginson with Penny Harter. A travel journal and haiku anthology written and compiled on a cross-country trip from New Jersey to New Mexico, with a side trip to California for the 1991 Haiku North America conference. Contains 75 haiku and senryu from 48 different poets. Press Here, 1993, paperback, 36 pages, 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 inches, ISBN 1-878798-10-3, \$6.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling, checks payable to Michael D. Welch. Order from Press Here,



P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. "We are grateful for both the opportunity to meet poets across the country, and to share haiku and thoughts on haiku with them. This book is dedicated in that spirit of sharing to our friends, the haiku poets of North America and Japan." —*William J. Higginson*.

*Morning Snow*, edited by Patricia Neubauer, Two Autumns Press, 1993, 20 pps., 5 1/4 x 8 1/2 inches. \$5.00 ppd from Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero, San Francisco, CA 94110. The fourth book to be published in conjunction with the Two Autumns Reading Series sponsored by The Haiku Poets of Northern California. This chapbook contains 12 haiku by each of the four readers: Kay F. Anderson, Christopher Herold, Tom Lynch, Patricia Machmiller.

*On My Mind*, an interview with Anita Virgil by vincent tripi, introduced by Garry Gay. Third printing, completely redesigned (to match *Raking Sand*). Winner of a Merit Book Award from the Haiku Society of America. Worth a look for the discussion on senryu alone, plus many other informative discussions on writing haiku. Press Here, 1989 [third printing, 1993], paperback, 28 pages, 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, ISBN 1-878798-00-6, \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling, checks payable to Michael D. Welch. Order from Press Here, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. "Art is a selfish mistress . . . . But, if you can apportion her some time in which to bloom, if you can afford this luxury, the results of life lived with eyes open to the world about you will show in the work you produce." —*Anita Virgil*.

*Playing Tag Among Buddhas*, 1992 Haiku Anthology by Members of the Haiku Poets of Northern California, edited by Jerry Kilbride, Two Autumns Press, 1992, 36 pps., 5 1/4 x 8 1/2 inches. \$5.75 ppd. from Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero, San Francisco, CA 94110. Contains 70 haiku, one from each member who submitted to be included. As the Editor's Note states, "The consequent anthology hints at the interconnection of everything in the universe. All things touch, interact."

*Raking Sand*, an interview with Virginia Brady Young by vincent tripi, introduced by Ebba Story. Following in the tradition of vincent's earlier interview with Anita Virgil (*On My Mind*, Press



Here, 1989), *Raking Sand* provides many anecdotes and observations about the art of haiku. Press Here, 1993, paperback, 28 pages, 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, ISBN 1-878798-07-3, \$5.00 plus \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling, checks payable to Michael D. Welch. Order from Press Here, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. "Haiku is challenging, at least for most poets. If you disagree and think it is easy to write, perhaps you are settling too soon for too little." —Virginia Brady Young.

*River: A Haiku Sequence*, by Phyllis Walsh. Pentagram Press. 32 pages, Letterpress. ISBN: 0-9629902-1-3. \$8 ppd from Hummingbird Press, P.O. Box 96, Richland Center, WI 53581.

*The Shortest Distance: An anthology of haiku commemorating Haiku North America 1993*, edited and introduced by Ebba Story and Michael Dylan Welch. Contains 51 poems by 51 attendees at the 1993 Haiku North America conference at Las Positas College in Livermore, California, July 15-18, 1993. Cover photograph by Garry Gay. Press Here, 1993, paperback, 20 pages, 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, ISBN 1-878798-11-1, \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage and handling, checks payable to Michael D. Welch. Order from Press Here, P.O. Box 4014, Foster City, CA 94404. "We are drawn together over the shortest distance—shorter even than the written forms we cherish. We meet in the moment where hearts and minds open and rejoice. There is no distance here." —from the introduction.

*Wings of Moonlight*, Garry Gay. Available from the publisher, Smythe-Waithe Press, 1275 Fourth Street, #365, Santa Rosa, CA 95494. \$5.00 postpaid. 39 pages, 5 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches.

NOTE: For future listings in "Books and Chapbooks Received," please follow the format shown above. Books sent *must* be accompanied by the appropriate typed description.

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CORRECTION: In *FROGPOND*, XVI:1, page 25, the last haiku on the page, attributed to Wally Swist, is actually the work of Jerry A. Judge.



1993 MERIT BOOK AWARDS  
for books published in 1992  
Sponsored by the Haiku Society of America  
*Judges: Francine Porad and Robert Major*  
*Contest coordinator: Dee Evetts*

First Place:

Geraldine Clinton Little, *More Light, Larger Vision*

An outstanding collection of tanka. The pattern (established by the Japanese poet Jien in 1190) is sensitively adapted to our age and culture and is a mind-enriching delight to read.

Second Place:

Brooks & Gurga, Editors, *Midwest Haiku Anthology*

A quality haiku collection. The poets' own words, providing insight into their thinking and the creative process, added an other dimension to the work and to our enjoyment of it.

Third Place:

Reichhold, Jane, *A Dictionary of Haiku*

A unique volume which not only presents a fine collection of haiku, but provides inspiration and generates ideas for poets everywhere.

Honorable Mention (in alphabetical order):

Bloch, David Samuel, *The Essence of This*

A distinct voice blending haiku, humor, blockprints and calligraphy.

Cobb, David, *Mounting Shadows*

An original, fresh haiku mind.

Codrescu, Ion, *Drawings Among Haiku*

The multi-lingual translations broaden the haiku audience that can be reached.

Olson, Marian, *Songs of the Chicken Yard*

A tour-de-force ringing many changes on the same theme, chickens; a unified whole.



1993 MERIT BOOK AWARDS:  
Judges' Comments

Thank you to all who sent books to be considered for the 1993 Merit Book Awards. We are pleased to have them as a part of the permanent Library Collection of the Haiku Society of America.

The judges had a most difficult time deciding on this year's Awards, finding each entry worthy of recommendation. Originality, high quality writing and handsome presentation were found throughout. It seemed impossible to compare twenty entries of such diversity! In addition to the awards listed above, we must mention David Priebe's calendar, *Timepieces Haiku Week-At-A-Glance 1993* (to paraphrase, a haiku a day keeps the doctor away); Pat Shelley's excellent and penetrating *The Rice Papers*; Tom Lynch's sensitive *Rain Drips from the Trees*; Sanford Goldstein's remarkable *At the Hut of the Small Mind*; the unusual novel by D. S. Lliteras, *In the Heart of Things*; and the meaty *San Francisco Anthology*, edited by Gay, Kilbride and Tico.



PUBLICATION NEWS

*Potpourri* welcomes submissions for "Haiku and Related Forms" column. Submit with SASE to Carl Bettis, *Potpourri* Haiku Editor, 1841 Pendleton, Ste. B, Kansas City, MO 64124.

FROGPOND covers (Vol. XV:2, XVI:1, XVI:2). Due to our readers' interest, a limited reprint of the cover images (9 "x 12") from the original watercolor/pencil drawings, by Sandra Olenik, is available for \$25 (\$70 for all three). Add \$3 for mailing from Printworks, Ltd., 2096 Durham Rd., Madison, CT 06443-1678, (203) 421-4867.

*Poem Slips*: Collection of haiku by Sylvia Forges-Ryan on the back of artwork by Sandra Olenik. Set of 6, each different, for \$10.50; set of 12 for \$20.50, ppd. Printworks, Ltd, 2096 Durham Rd, Madison, CT 06443-1678, (203) 421-4867.



1993 HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS  
The Haiku Society of America

First Place:            scattering his ashes  
                              the moon  
                              in bits and pieces  
                              —*Sylvia Forges-Ryan*

Second Place:        on the river  
                              of many names, one cloud  
                              floating  
                              —*Virginia Brady Young*

Third Place:         learning too late  
                              he didn't like bubinga wood—  
                              sun strikes the urn  
                              —*Elizabeth Searle Lamb*

Honorable  
Mentions:            the war memorial—  
                              migrating butterflies  
                              cover the names  
                              —*Penny Harter*

                              falling leaves  
                              the house comes  
                              out of the wood  
                              —*Jim Kacian*

                              leaving you—  
                              fog on either side  
                              of the white heron  
                              —*Leatrice Lifshitz*

                              Below zero  
                              all curled up in the woodpile  
                              the skin of a snake  
                              —*June Moreau*

*Judges:* Ruby Spriggs and John J. Dunphy  
*Contest Coordinator:* Dee Evetts



1993 HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS:  
Judges' Comments

First Place: The author and the deceased had walked under the moon, gazed at it, maybe watched it floating on water. Now it is seen through tears, broken, as the moonlight silently floats in the ashes as they become one with earth and water. I agree with John's remark, "like an onion, this has many layers".

Second Place: In this classical haiku, a single cloud floats on a river that has been labelled with many names. We cannot name each single cloud; clouds are free of human intrusion. John hears in this haiku a comment on man's interference with nature.

Third Place: The sun strikes the urn—realization! The author sees the irony in the ashes of the subject eternally dwelling with those of bubinga wood, a wood he did not like in life. This poignant haiku portrays an intense moment of awareness.

Take heart, all of you disappointed contestants. There were many other fine haiku, and it was not easy to choose the winners. Shakespeare's work was rejected for being too wordy, something in common with many of the entries we received. Many of the haiku had potential. They suggested a keenly perceived moment, but were spoiled by the arrangement of words or lines. It is not enough to have the wonderful experience of a haiku moment. That is a gift. Wrapping the gift requires work.





1993 BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS  
The Haiku Society of America

- First Place:           meeting her boyfriend  
                                  our handshake  
                                  out of synch  
                                  —*Tom Clausen*
- Second Place:        from the Holy Land  
                                  he sends a postcard of cracks  
                                  two thousand years old  
                                  —*Leatrice Lifshitz*
- Third Place:         Polaroid of her lover  
                                  coming clearer  
                                  with time  
                                  —*Makiko*
- Honorable  
Mentions:            visitor's day  
                                  buttons just right  
                                  her dress inside out  
                                  —*Peter Duppenenthaler*
- Blueberries  
                                  we show each other  
                                  our tongues  
                                  —*Garry Gay*
- battered child  
                                  . . . kicking the swing  
  higher  
                                  —*Margaret Peacock*
- a pause in the lecture—  
                                  all at once three students  
                                  cross their legs  
                                  —*Michael Dylan Welch*

*Judges:* Yvonne Hardenbrook and Barbara Ressler  
*Contest Coordinator:* Dee Evetts



1993 GERALD BRADY MEMORIAL AWARDS:  
Judges' Comments

In commenting on poetry contest entries the temptation is to detail why so many of the poems lost out. We prefer to discuss the winners. This year's first place senryu caught the attention of each judge immediately and was one of the topics of several long distance calls. How contemporary to call the awkward handshake "out of synch", and how appropriate in our current fascination with synchronicity to observe it in the breach. Even the interaction of lines and their appearance on the page is "out of synch". Just eight words to call to mind an anxious father, perhaps, his courtesy to the boyfriend recalling the ancient pledge "no weapons", yet showing uneasiness. In these times the custom of shaking hands may differ in style and approach between generations, genders, socio-economic groups, secret organizations. Any misreading affects one's timing in the act of shaking hands. However the piece is taken, we can identify with the image. However it is meant, this winning senryu is a witty treatment of human frailty in a spare but fresh turn of phrase.

The second place "postcard" uses irony on a different level—not so fraught with emotion, rather a general commentary on human behavior. Of all possible scenes from Israel, 2,000 year old cracks—in a wall? the ground? a clay vessel? Signs of the earthquake at the crucifixion on Golgotha two thousand years ago? Or perhaps a more secular interpretation? This well-crafted senryu takes a while to sink in, just as the significance of the apparently insignificant may not have been readily understood by the postcard's recipient.

The picture in our third place choice offers a more immediate analogy. Only time reveals the person behind the image. Like the Polaroid photo itself, this poem's artfulness comes clearer as time passes. Here, to borrow from Blyth's definition of senryu, "parody in the deeper sense . . . [is] concerned with the vital relation of man to woman".

The four poets whose senryu rated honorable mention deserve words of praise too. We liked the vividness of blue tongues and the camaraderie in showing them; the battered child hits us somewhere between the right and left ventricles. We enjoy the humor and multiple meanings of the students' crossed legs; we weep for the imperfections we all display, whether we dress wrong-side out or not. All seven top selections illustrate our understanding of senryu's role in contemporary verse. Handling the language sparingly, we use a humorously ironic twist to reveal ourselves in the triumphs and failings of others. Being human hurts less when one can write about it with wit and grace.

Thank you for the opportunity to read and critique these efforts.



ANNUAL FINANCIAL REPORT  
THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA, INC.

GENERAL FUND	SEPTEMBER 1992-SEPTEMBER 1993				
Income:					
Membership	\$1535.00	\$7241.00	\$1761.00	\$1882.00	\$12419.00
Samples	70.00	140.00	190.00	511.00	511.00
Interest	10.24	17.01	26.91	16.52	70.68
Donations	—	24.00	—	110.00	134.00
Contest Donations	—	50.00	—	—	50.00
Trans. to HP	10.00	140.00	10.00	30.00	190.00
Contest fees	75.00	—	35.00	669.00	779.00
Address list	—	—	1.00	5.00	6.00
Total income	\$1700.24	\$7612.01	\$2023.91	\$3223.52	\$14559.68
ANNUAL EXPENSES					
FP printing	\$1965.80	\$2078.00	\$1948.80	\$1998.80	\$7991.40
FP postage	—	612.73	69.04	452.06	1133.83
Contest Prizes	925.00	150.00	500.00	925.00	2500.00
Photocopy	145.94	251.65	52.03	48.40	498.02
Award certificates	29.90	96.67	—	30.00	156.57
Trans. to HP	10.00	140.00	10.00	30.00	190.00
Meeting room	—	80.00	—	45.00	125.00
Secr. advance	—	750.00	900.00	650.00	2300.00
Museum of Lit	—	100.00	—	100.00	200.00
Phone	—	—	—	55.00	55.00
Bad Checks	—	—	—	56.00	56.00
Bank adjustment	—	—	—	40.00	40.00
Speaker Fee	—	—	—	55.00	55.00
Stationery	173.34	17.27	—	33.50	224.11
Postage	94.98	172.73	31.60	115.66	115.66
Total expenses	\$3344.96	\$4449.05	\$3511.47	\$4634.42	\$15939.90
BOOK FUND					
Balance					\$4419.74
Income					
Prepublication sales					1042.95
Interest					79.40
				Total income	\$1122.35
				Subtotal	\$5542.09
Expenses					
Refund					10.00
Bad Check and fee					18.00
				Total expenses	28.00
				Closing balance	\$ 5514.09
GENERAL ACCOUNT					
Balance					\$ 4911.66
Income					
					14559.67
				Subtotal	\$19471.33
Expenses					
					\$15939.44
				Closing balance	\$ 3531.89

— Submitted by Karen Sohne, treasurer



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By HOTNAM  
: Agassville, Maryland  
15 FEBRUARY 1994

A committee of the Haiku Society of America has been formed to revise the following 1973 definition to reflect current practice. The new definition(s) will be mailed with the 1994 information sheet.

**HAIKU** Official Definitions, January 1973

- (1) An unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which Nature is linked to human nature. It usually consists of seventeen *onji* (Japanese sound-symbols).
- (2) A foreign adaptation of (1). It is usually written in three lines of five, seven, and five syllables.

**NOTE TO (2):**

That part of the definition which begins "It is usually written" places a heavy weight on the word "usually." We depend on that word to provide latitude for variations in syllable count and in number of lines or other external aspects of "form" *providing* they meet the primary stringent requirements expressed in the first part of the definition. Though 17 syllables is still [in 1973] the norm in English language haiku, it is more and more common for a haiku to consist of *fewer* syllables. Rarely is a haiku [in English] longer than 17 syllables.

While all Japanese classical *haiku*, as well as most modern ones, contain a *kigo* (season-word: a word or phrase indicating one of the four seasons of their year), extreme variations of climate in the USA make it impossible to put a recognizable "season-word" into every American haiku. Therefore, American adaptations are not so concerned with season-words as are most Japanese *haiku*.



