

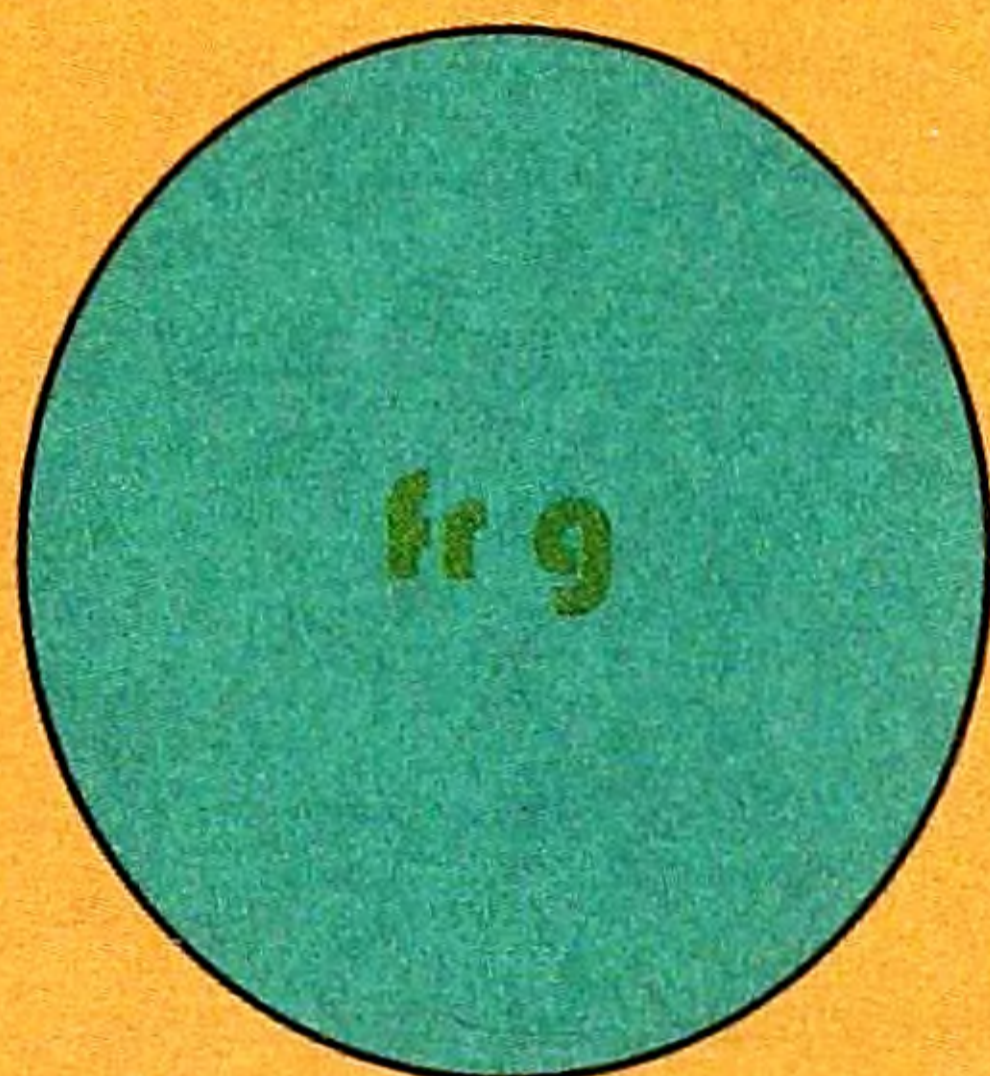
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Volume 32:3, 2009



frogpond

**The Journal of the Haiku
Society of America**



**Volume 32, Number 3
Fall, 2009**

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Frogpond Listing and Copyright Information:

ISSN 8755-156X

Llisted in the *MLA International Bibliography* and *Humanities International Complete*

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5. One (1) essay
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Executive Committee.

From Issue 32:2

bare maple
my daughter says
she'll come back

***Yu Chang*, New York**



Haiku & Senryu

summer night
the heat keeping apart
what love would bring together

Michael Ketchek, New York

sentinel trees—
a glint of sun sparks
the icy twigs

jagged rocks
pulling
the ocean

Stephen Addiss, Virginia

Far in the corner
the bent-legged spider weaves
a fly's silver shroud.

Diane de Anda, California

she slips into
the ocean the ocean
slips into

Peter Yovu, Vermont

in the dark cellar
rows of Mason jars
holding summer

shovelful of manure
caught, suspended, flung back
by the trickster wind

Ed Reilly, Maine

one umbrella our heart-to-heart

New Year's Day
the ice fishermen
in thin light

Tom Painting, New York

glare . . .
the ice that broke
my neighbor's hip

paling ridgeline . . .
saguaro-gestures jumpcut
switchback shadows

John F. Scheers, Arizona

day moon—
nursing
a stolen cutting

Helen Buckingham, England

winter holidays
notch by notch my belt surrenders
to the season

strapless prom dress
her father's glare
as you pin the corsage

Tracy Royce, California

early shinkansen
when I worry about the day
hopping sparrows

Bruce Ross, Maine

scattered leaves
trying to find the right words
after the argument

Stephen A. Peters, Washington

foreclosed mansion
from its swimming pool
sound of croaking

John J. Dunphy, Illinois

its scent
opens it:
red peony

S.B. Friedman, California

still in containers
the morning glories
start without me

Peter Newton, Vermont

working late
corrido norteño
from the elevator

balancing the checkbook
again
cold coffee

David Grayson, California

Halloween—
I give Madonna
two Snickers

James Tipton, Mexico

unrippled surface
reflecting back a stranger
exactly like me

Christopher Provost, New Hampshire

spring dawn
six trees of grackles
facing east

Susan Delphine Delaney, Texas

grazing cattle—
only the odor of dung
follows the farmer

Raquel D. Bailey, Florida

Spring stars
your voice in bed
not tired

Marcus Larsson, Sweden

other side of the pond—
my haiku would be better
if I were there

David Ash, Washington

moss in a fold of rock or round woman spring rain

Mark F. Harris, New Jersey

old lobster trap
its final catch
geraniums

Ross Plovnick, Minnesota

eyelids close
after-image of beech bark
pastel blue

Marshall Hryciuk, Ontario

I shave my beard
the stubble, too
is gray

Matthew Cariello, Ohio

just me
and a mourning dove
mild gray sky

Ann K. Schwader, Colorado

foreclosure notice
our silence around
the dinner table

Erik Linzbach, Arizona

divorce—
nobody wants
the dog

Ruth Holzer, Virginia

road weary—
motel bed bumps
in the right places

Tony A. Thompson, Texas

summer solstice
the shiny skin
on leftover stew

candlelight . . .
the duckling's egg tooth
taps again

Ferris Gilli, Georgia

slum temple—
the fragrance of jasmine
in the stench

Gautam Nadkarni, India

jasmines and rain
her death certificates
damp in the mailbox

William M. Ramsey, South Carolina

cherry blossoms' storm
has gone—
swallowing butterflies

A-bomb blast center
nice tree shade
for meditation

Yasuhiko Shigemoto, Japan

boy's
fist
frog

crescent moon
an arc of surf
catches a bikini bottom

Alan Bridges, Massachusetts

a valley of lights
twinkling
under the volcano

Wende Skidmore Du Flon, Guatemala

letter from home . . .
snow coats the deer
inside the globe

Merle Hinchee, Louisiana

the clink of a glass
at the other end of the line
winter solstice

Michael Fessler, Japan

fall foliage—
your memory
in the passenger seat

Mary Kipps, Virginia

yanking up thistles
the confession
I regret

Nora Wood, Georgia

glazed bowl in the window—
springing from stone steps
a celandine

Diana Webb, England

wine glass drop
i vacuum her voice
from the drunken floor

pregnant with vowels
her lips shape a rose

Sina Fazelpour, Ontario

afternoon sunlight . . .
the snow buddha's chant
a trickle

Stanford Forrester, Connecticut

before the touch
a tremble
of the horse's skin

Natalia L. Rudychev, Illinois

evening's end—
the realization
I'm too old for décolletage

Audrey Olberg, Wisconsin

we leave it
a small death buried
beneath brambles

Katie Nealon, California

jazz CD
my slicing knife
adjusts its tempo

Anne LB Davidson, Maine

refrigerator hum
the laughter left
with her grandchildren

Sylvia Santiago, Alberta

new wine . . .
sensing the chill
early in autumn

Michael McClintock, California

prairie wind

snow
on the bones

PMF Johnson, Minnesota

sunlit marmalade
she tells me the plan
for her ashes

wild columbine—
I confess my sins
to the creek

Tanya McDonald, Washington

heat lightning
the buckle end
of the belt

Chad Lee Robinson, South Dakota

real-life lover—
she doesn't wake up
wanting to hear a poem

John Stevenson, New York

new year's day
alka-seltzer moon
dissolving

Robert B. McNeil, Virginia

green damselfly I knew your great grandfather

Patrick Sweeney, Japan

with a cheap beach towel
I change the tide
on a distant planet

roadside daisies
a garage door
left open

Paul M., Rhode Island

wild chicory
I tell my daughter
the truth

budding oaks
another broken bird
beneath the picture window

Caolyn Hall, California

High Gothic cathedral—
blazing windows
cold feet

Scott Mason, New York

at the end
of my rope
the colt's whinny

Alice Frampton, Washington

fat raindrop
on a leaf of grass
almost

Temple Cone, Maryland

woolgathering
a lightness
in the dandelion wine

Ellen Compton, Washington, D.C.

my black eye
self-inflicted—
deer fly

in the shallow pond
thick with weed—
a frog's thin splash

George G. Dorsty, Virginia

acorns cleared away the bride's daughter wants it perfect

around her eye
the indigo
waning moon

Dan Schwerin, Wisconsin

troubled thoughts—
a gnat sinks deeper
into the beer head

Martin Vest, Idaho

after the rain
more than enough blame
to go around

Carol Pearce-Worthington, New York

late swim
the pregnant woman
dries her belly first

Mary Stevens, New York

tiger lilies
he tells her how much
he likes freckles

Susan Constable, British Columbia

muggy afternoon
the torn edges
of my paper fan

Bob Lucky, China

at the picnic
my baby's bare tummy
the main attraction

Anne Elise Burgevin, Pennsylvania

a neighbor moves out
but no one moves in
deep autumn

Jeffrey Woodward, Michigan

the teaspoons warped
by the garbage disposal
now chime in the wind

Tom Tico, California

bursting out of him
the song of the red poll
larger than he

Muriel Ford, Ontario

the rise and fall
of his breathing
crickets

Quendryth Young, Australia

soft afternoon
baby patting the stars from its cot

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah, Ghana

my lack
of social graces
the long ride home

old photos
finally seeing
you clearly

Lynne Steel, Florida

the bunker's blackness . . .
touching its depth
with my voice

Connie Donleycott, Washington

lost in thought
fern fronds coiled
in the compost

Michele Root-Bernstein, Michigan

sunlit corner—
the nape of her neck
all afternoon

Caroline Gourlay, England

lost . . .
again I drive over
the dead skunk

Carlos Colón, Louisiana

a museum of chairs
and nowhere
to sit

David G. Lanoue, Louisiana

a thousand cuts
the old cherry tree ready for viewing

Ann Spiers, Washington

migrating monarchs
a long, long row
of orange cones

Peggy Willis Lyles, Georgia

winter morning
I wake up in the future
of my dream

Dietmar Tauchner, Austria

seaside meadow
white waves of yarrow
go on and on

Catherine J.S. Lee, Maine

snow hill at dusk
sliding
 into
 night

Del Todey Turner, Iowa

one by one
a son carries out
the contents of her life

Robert Epstein, California

boarded-up hotel—
waves curl towards
the chairless beach

Bruce H. Feingold, California

Dirt cheap bright lipstick,
Which always accompanies,
A popsicle gaze.

Guy Shaked, Israel

night sweats a plum thuds to earth

between storms the worm stretches its full length

w.f. owen, California

hunter's moon
adding a marrow bone
to sweeten the sauce

Joyce Clement, Connecticut

nightfall
the blood pressure cuff
tightens its grip

silent treatment
my stomach
growling

Phil Miller, Pennsylvania

evening mist—
folding and unfolding
a crane

New York snow how cold it is between us

Dick Whyte, New Zealand

solace
the moon
sometimes

martini the quarter moon straight up

Francine Banwarth, Iowa

deep summer . . .
an old bloodhound
tracks the shade

Joan Vistain, Illinois

stump of an oak
years within years
within

in the telescope's grasp
ancient light
upside down

Ian Marshall, Pennsylvania

pregnancy test negative
snow fall
continues

Amitava Dasgupta, Texas

historic marker
scoldings from a marsh wren
deep in the rushes

sleet ticking windows—
the chemo drip
in its last hour

Billie Wilson, Alaska

high noon
a snail
dead in its tracks

first frost
the echo in the caw
of the crow

Mark Hollingsworth, California

striking a match
on the edge of my tooth
first winter night

Melissa Spurr, Texas

winter rain
minestrone specks
circle the pot

home from the office
I scrub off
my face

Rob Scott, Australia

yesterday's rain
all day

her funeral today plum scent from the smallest blossom

Duro Jaiye, Japan

skyloom twilight
the day's thread of color
come undone

Mike Andrelczyk, Delaware

hoarfrost
he answers a question
I didn't ask

day lilies
all the things
I want to do

Harriot West, Oregon

before the archeology exam
your wet footprints
leaving the bath

Scott Hall, Ontario

no interest for six months
fantastic patterns form
in window frost

LeRoy Gorman, Ontario

Where are the tadpoles
I witnessed in childhood?
just a chill day

Lenard D. Moore, North Carolina

my bottomless ache hollows fill with birdsong

long week of work a single filament of spider's web

Renée Owen, California

trying to get
all those little things done
. . . gnats in the fruit bowl

rain on kid's day the carny's blank stare

Jennifer Corpe, Indiana

fly on the wall
she prefers to make love
under the covers

milkweed seeds . . .
our children
drifting off

Jeff Hoagland, New Jersey

his childhood—
the joy
that haunts him

Heidi George, Pennsylvania

what kind of compromise? the oscillating fan

Eve Luckring, California

leaving academia—
joining my friends:
birds, trees, and wind

David Rosen, Texas

mountain shadow
how gentle a whisper
to his brother's horse

Yu Chang, New York

waiting
in the car beside the soccer field
this fly and I

Deb Baker, New Hampshire

steamed asphalt after summer storm neighbor's spat

Marnie Brooks, North Carolina

abandoned farm
jasmine covered
outhouse

Carolyn M. Hinderliter, Arizona

the froze n pond

Patricia Neubauer, Pennsylvania

the older women
avoid the mirrored wall
Zumba class

Diane Mayr, New Hampshire

tree toad . . .
the delicate webbing
between my fingers

Karen Cesar, Arizona

the dark place
where the mower couldn't reach
the first firefly

Mat Spano, New Jersey

capturing the wind
in a photograph . . .
a flag at half-mast

Collin Barber, Arkansas

i pull the sapling growing out of my palm out of my dream

becoming a clear vein of thought fallen leaf

Scott Metz, Oregon

our town in the mountain shadow

snow sounds out
each foot

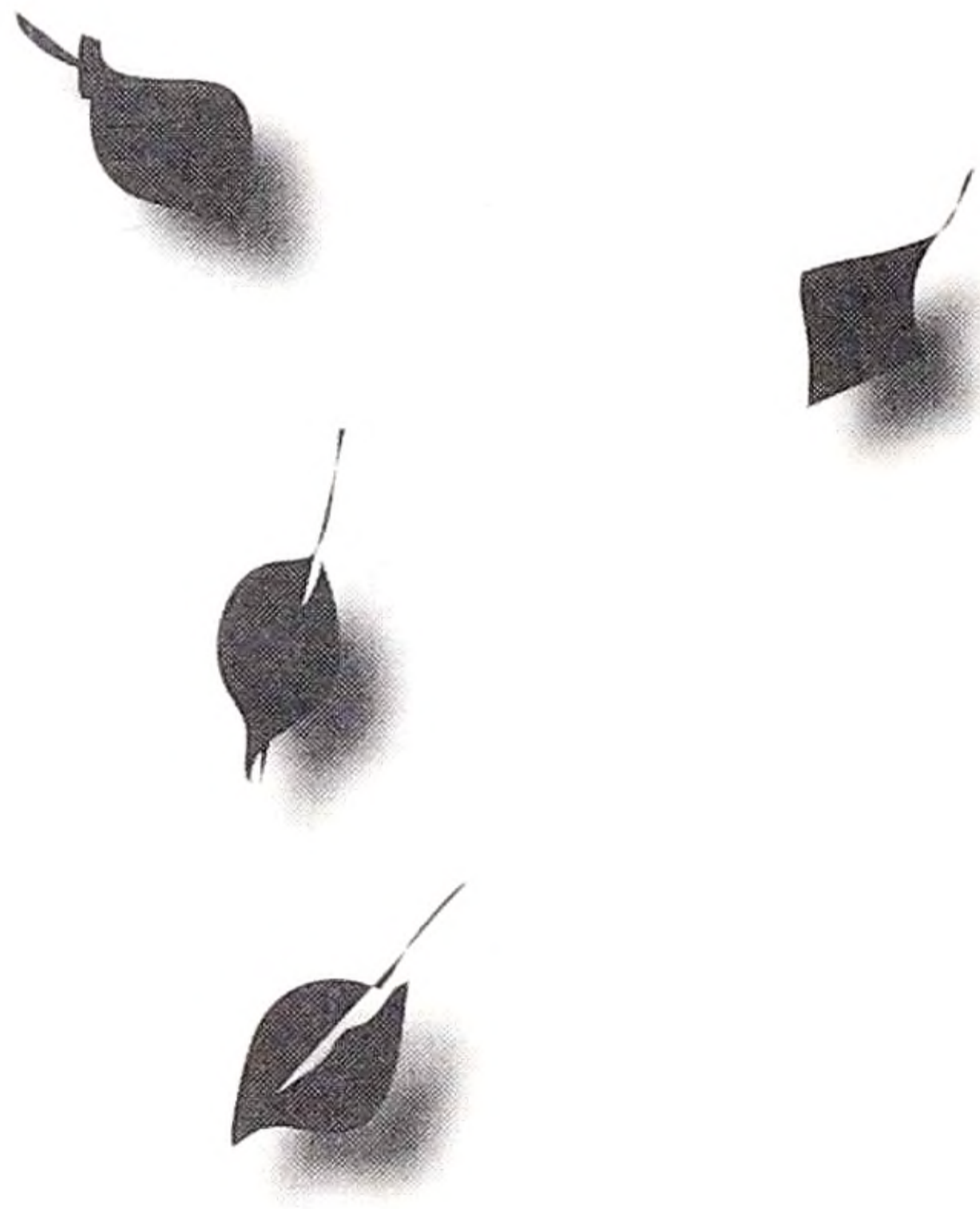
Gary Hotham, Maryland



A Found Haiku
by *Scott Metz*, Oregon

The months and days are the travelers of eternity. The years that come and go are also voyagers. Those who float away their lives on ships or who grow old leading horses are forever journeying, and their homes are wherever their travels take them. Many of the men of old died on the road, and I too for years past have been stirred by the sight of a solitary cloud drifting with the wind to ceaseless thoughts of roaming. . . .

translated by Donald Keene
The Narrow Road to Oku, 1996



Revelations: Unedited

Haiku — Take Five Brilliant Corners

by *Richard Gilbert*, Japan

Monk

Working with Monk brought me close to a musical architect of the highest order . . . I felt I learned from him in every way, though the senses, theoretically, technically (*Coltrane*). Monk was one of those musicians who added something to the music vocabulary that is so distinctive it defies our tendency to describe what music is in terms of something else (*Robbins*).

Brubeck

What he's doing now is he's literally creating his own vocabulary . . . he's not imitating what the modern jazz players are doing back east. He is really taking a vocabulary . . . and rewriting it afresh in this modern American idiom (*Gioia*). [What] Brubeck did was that he brought off what all jazz musicians want to bring off which is that he invented an individual style. That's the hardest thing to do in any art form (*Crouch*).¹

Music is natively universal in a way that literature is not; the compositions of Monk utterly rewrote the jazz vocabulary, while Brubeck creatively enriched it, and you don't need to be a native-English speaker to grasp this. As composers, both applied a unique technical vocabulary to an existing genre, both combined multi-cultural influences, and both challenged musical perceptions and prejudices. As Coltrane puts it, the genius of Monk was not only the establishment of a new vocabulary but in how he used this new vocabulary to create an architecture. Brubeck combined genre styles, multi-ethnic rhythms and bop with such palpable verve he landed on the pop charts.

The haiku genre has renewed itself in the last five years, partly as a result of a new vocabulary, and the latest *Roadrunner Journal*² seems part of a nascent renaissance, as indicated by the range of haiku within. An architecture implies a container, a home,

and more, a place of dwelling. It's yet to be seen if these new haiku vocabularies — whether they be disjunctive terminology or new-to-us aesthetic concepts from Japan (e.g., *kire*, *ma*, *ba*, *kotodama shinkô*, *katakoto*, etc.) — will find the necessary relevance and gravitas to reinvigorate and inspire our dwelling.

Neither this new inspiration nor style of haiku existed in 2004 publications, nearly without exception. At that time, a draft copy of “The Disjunctive Dragonfly” was in trouble at the *Modern Haiku* journal offices. Review the last scene of Sydney Pollack's *Three Days of the Condor* and you'll get a good sense of what was going on; it's a cold war flick. Then-editor **Lee Gurga** and I exchanged emails over two months in passionate debate. Despite the heat, Lee steadfastly championed the article and it's due to his efforts that it was finally published. It's my honor these days to call him a friend. I would have gone on writing, it's true, however this publication was a big boost and marked a beginning.

Gertrude Stein once wrote:

It is very likely that nearly every one has been very nearly certain that something that is interesting is interesting them.³

Over the last several decades critics have expressed haiku certainties and prescriptions according to their sense of tradition, and numbers of such pronouncements now appear misinformed. We have Hasegawa (in translation) and Shirane in particular to thank for improving and enriching our understanding, in this new century. To date, very little haiku scholarship has been performed in English — especially regarding those contemporary jewels existing in publication and person, in Japan. There are an abundance of books worth translating, though many living scholars have reached retirement and won't be with us for all that long, so whole postwar generations are slipping away. Unfortunately there is virtually no interest in such research on the part of academe, which means no grant funding, thus pragmatically, no research. Haiku translation is terribly difficult and time-consuming. As a result there has been too often sub-standard translation and very little of that. Perhaps the recently founded THF (The Haiku Foundation⁴), whose primary goal is

educational, will seek out more promising avenues allowing for research. It's a sad and disturbing fact that scholarship in contemporary haiku has fallen through the cracks of Asian Studies, Japanology, and Multicultural Literature, in university.⁵

In 2004, gendai poet *Hoshinaga Fumio* made a prediction concerning the future of haiku in this age:

Shinjuku Rollingstone: Haiku will be developing purely as a one-line poem (*shi*)?

HF: I think so. As a short-form poem or one-line poem. But the question of how you can infuse the very short form with *kotodama*— is the key to how much and how multi-dimensionally you can express your feeling in haiku, or short-line, or the one-line poem. I have never tried, but for example, in e-mail people might just say “send me money!” And, a short sentence (short e-mail) is sometimes enough to express your feelings in a manner equivalent to a love letter.⁶

This comment seems double-edged, as it predicts a poetic form of something very nearly like haiku (haiku in Japanese have always appeared in one line), yet also its extinction. Over a century ago Shiki too predicted the end of haiku (feeling the possibilities for permutation would exhaust themselves). In Japan the limits of the form have been tested, with genre distinction being conferred in some cases by the public at large rather than the poet (as with Santōka). Until about five years ago, the mainstream North American view was caught up in a puritan fantasy of haiku as an imagist-oriented poetics of objective realism. The issue of realism remains controversial, and concerns the historical approach and philosophy of haiku in English.

R. Gilbert: If someone wishes to expand their compositional ideas beyond pictorial realism in haiku — could you offer any advice?

HF: This is a very difficult question, so I'm not sure if I can answer properly or not. A short poem is limited as to words. So, you have to use your intelligence to infuse a lot of information, meaning, feeling. Well, adopting realism is okay, but

it was a brief, temporary movement. Although not written, if you use the energy of *kotodama*, as I said before, if you use the “double sides” of words, the surface and deep world, as in *kotodama shinkô*, you can constellate a deep and multi-dimensional message, in a short form. The short poem will continue to exist in this century, with the power of *kotodama* (*ibid*).

The “miraculous power of words,” *kotodama shinkô*, like so many Japanese haiku-aesthetic terms is a multivalent concept composed of linguistic, spiritual, poetic, and cultural elements. Psychologically deep yet also pragmatic, applied poetic techniques relating to *kotodama shinkô* can be observed and discussed. This is true as well for additional terms newly introduced into English, originating for the most part in the works of *Hasegawa Kai*: *kire* (and its types: *zengo no kire*, *ku chu no kire*, *kireji* types), *ma* and *ba*. And there is also *katakoto* (and his emphasis on restructured and multiple persona), introduced by *Tsubouchi Nenten*. The introduction of these terms has created new worlds of possibility for both composing and critically describing haiku, representing an enlargement of the genre, if we can grasp the music. As well as terminology, postwar gendai poets offer radical experiments in haiku freedom, as in *Mikajo*'s unforgettable:

mankai no mori no inbu no era kokyû

full bloom
in the forest's genitals
respiration of gills

which reads now as prophetic, radical eco-feminist vision; and her moving,

mata no ma no ubugoe megî no yami e nobi

between thighs
the birth cry stretches into
budding tree darkness

having all the deeper meaning personally, as this haiku was read to me in appreciation by her son, Kyôtarô, its newborn subject.⁷ It is difficult to overestimate the power and significance of the great postwar women gendaijin. In her career, Mikajo personified several milestones in the equality of Japanese women: the first female ophthalmologist in Japanese history, who founded a successful eye clinic, she was also the visionary founder of the Yosano Akiko Museum, among other activities.

Haiku poetry can be intuitively sensed through fragments. I first caught on to this at Naropa University in the early 80's when Patricia Donegan presented our small class with various translations of Bashô and other classical poets. Each interpretation told a story, yet each lacked something of the other. Among translations were *fin de siècle* Victorian odes, the hip stylism of a **Ginsberg** "kerplop," and uber-minimal Stryck translations. What evoked my especial interest was the literal (non-grammatical) translation — how at odds it was with all the interpretive translations. As if more was left unspoken in Japanese than had been spoken in English. Yes, what was going on in the Japanese? I may now use new vocabulary to explain that at that time I had sensed the evocation of *ma*, the power of *katakoto*, the paradoxical disjunctive dualities of *kotodama* in its (dif)fusion of "the surface and deep world." On the whole, this nuanced experience can be described as an architecture of "*ma*" — if by architecture we take as foreground *negative capacity*.

The enjoyment of *ma* is a way to talk about the enjoyment of haiku, whether as reader or writer. The aspect of *ma* in haiku cannot be precisely codified, as *ma* is neither a thing (object) nor a singular quality, but rather an experience of psychological "betweenness" (interval of psycho-poetic time/betweenness, space/gap, metaxy) arising out of the technique of *kire*:

The "cut"/"cut" of haiku: haiku is a literary form based on truncation, isn't it? So, yes, haiku "cuts" explanation: this is haiku. Haiku "cuts": scenes, actions, everything, and cuts time and language. So, though it is said that "cutting" is really omission, I think that "cutting" is at the same

time the essential proposition of haiku. And, if asked about what haiku is, there are a variety of aspects of haiku — that is, as a seasonal verse, or as a form of poetry consisting of “five-seven-five” — but the essence of haiku is “cutting,” in my opinion (*Uda Kiyoko*, forthcoming).⁸

The main element evoking *ma* is the activity of *kire*, as Uda indicates above. Renewed contemporary interest in the poetics of *kire* can be dated to a book by **Yamamoto Kenkichi**, *Greetings and Humor* [*Aisatsu to kokkei*], in 1946.⁹ Hasegawa himself utilizes haiku example, historical documents and his own commentary to explicate *ma* — that is, he creates a narrative thread of explanation over Chapters or entire books. *Hasegawa* writes,

“*Ma*”: The abyss which only instinct can overleap. It is not predictable when or in what shape *ma* appears. *Ma* hides outside of human control or operation; a condensed vacuity which cannot be converted into words.¹⁰

Following the thread of Hasegawa’s logic, for haiku lacking *ma*, the result is *garakuta haiku*, junk haiku. The thread begins:

In a nutshell, modern haiku after Masaoka Shiki has been influenced by Western realism, and as a result haiku has become an art of realism. And the outcome of haiku compositions based only upon those things you have directly seen has been — can I coin the term, “junk haiku” (*garakuta haiku*). Haiku that contain only objective material have created a nearly stagnant situation. So, the question is, how shall we overcome realism?¹¹

I feel these new terms and concepts represent a catching up with what is contemporary in haiku, in consciousness, and in approach. Though there is no precise definition for *ma*, examples can be found in particular poems — and each excellent work has its unique taste. The critical concern here is with a phenomenology of uniqueness, as opposed to a typological approach (typological approaches *must* yield to or point toward uniqueness). To give an example, faces can be sized, grouped and typed, but it’s the uniqueness of a face that makes it human, artful, poetic, capable of love. A few years ago I visited Kiev,

and was interested to see my grandmother's face many times on the street! But the grief on my grandmother's face as she discussed her family, village and culture being wiped out in the Holocaust — this is the unforgettable gift of grief to love, within the human condition. In Zen teaching there's a saying: "person-to-person": that is the path of spiritual transmission. But it is much more than that.

Depth in haiku may be about war or death, as in this memorable haiku by *Dimitar Anakiev*,¹²

spring evening —
the wheel of a troop carrier
crushes a lizard

Haiku must evoke something intimate in the reader — not just intimate, but phenomenologically unique, embodying *ecos* (consciousness and world) and *oikos* (home). For myself, the taste of this haiku is complex, but not abstract — yet the paradox of that mechanized abstraction is a universal call to the pain of those survivors who are also victims, those who must live in memory, harboring the ghosts of the unlived. This too is lineage. Dimitar, I know you doctored at the war front. There's a monograph on depth psychology that discusses the topic of uniqueness, *Egalitarian Typologies Versus the Perception of the Unique*.¹³ It is my hope that in the next five years of haiku, new poems and poets will take up this complex multicultural music.

There is always a well-known solution to every human problem — neat, plausible, and wrong.¹⁴

¹Top quotes: John Coltrane in "Coltrane on Coltrane," *Down Beat* (29 Sept 1960); Li Robbins ("The Tonic of Monk," *CBC Radio 2 Blog* (9 Oct 2008); jazz critic Ted Gioia followed by Stanley Crouch, discussing Dave Brubeck for the 2001 PBS documentary, *Discovering Dave Brubeck*, available at: <<http://snipurl.com/rdt19>>.

² *Roadrunner Quarterly Online Journal* 9:3, August 2009, edited by Scott Metz and Paul Pfleuger, Jr., available at: <<http://www.roadrunnerjournal.net>>

³ “Composition as Explanation” (1926) in *A Stein Reader* (1993), Ulla E. Dyd, ed., Northwestern UP, 495.

⁴ “The Haiku Foundation is a nonprofit organization whose aim is to preserve and archive the accomplishments of our first century of haiku in English, and to provide resources for its expansion in our next.” Excerpted from the THF Mission Statement and available at: <<http://thehaikufoundation.org>>.

⁵ I discuss some reasons for this fact in Part 2 of “A Brilliant Literature,” a recent interview with Robert Wilson, in *Simply Haiku* 7:1, Spring 2009, available at: <<http://snipurl.com/rfdl2>>. Robert has done several interviews with me, which has allowed for lengthy personal comments. He also fought for the publication of “The Distinct Brilliance of Zappai,” *Simply Haiku* 3.1, Spring 2005, and I wish to express my appreciation of his support.

⁶ *Poems of Consciousness: Contemporary Japanese and English-language Haiku in Cross-cultural Perspective*, Richard Gilbert, Red Moon Press (2008), p. 193. To order visit: <<http://snipurl.com/rdy2v>>.

⁷ As well as in *Poems of Consciousness*, Kyôtarô has written a moving tribute to Mikajo, available within: <<http://gendaihaiku.com/mikajo/commentaries.html>>.

⁸ Excerpted from “Women & Postwar Gendai Haiku: From Invisibility to Leadership,” Uda Kiyoko, Modern Haiku Association President, talks with Richard Gilbert and Itô Yûki. Transcript forthcoming in *Simply Haiku* 7:4 (Winter 2009); available as subtitled flash video at <<http://gendaihaiku.com/uda>>.

⁹ As discussed by Itô Yûki, *New Rising Haiku: The Evolution of Modern Japanese Haiku and the Haiku Persecution Incident*, Red Moon Press, 2007. Available at: <<http://snipurl.com/phus8>>.

¹⁰ This quote is from an unpublished summarized translation of *Haiku Cosmos (Haiku no uchu, 2001)*, R. Gilbert & T. Kanemitsu (trans.), some 3300 words in length, which was given as a handout

accompanying my invited talk to the Towpath haiku circle, at Red Moon Press, Winchester, VA, March 10, 2007. This text became a source point for an explorative interpretation of *ba* in Jim Kacian's 2008 talk, "So:Ba" available at: <<http://kacian.gendaihaiku.com/so-ba.html>> [Also published in four parts in *Frogpond*, 31:3, 32:1, 32.2 and 32:3] Recently at "Haiku North America 2009," Jim Kacian gave a speech with the theme of "anti-story," an interpretive extrapolation of *kire*. I think such works represent a significant development — additions to the haiku vocabulary.

¹¹ *Poems of Consciousness*, p. 71

¹² Dimitar Anakiev in *Knots: The Anthology of Southeastern European Haiku Poetry*, Prijatelj Press, Tolmin Slovenia (1999).

¹³ James Hillman. Chunks of the approx. 60-page monograph, including its first five pages, are available through Google books <<http://snipurl.com/rfel1h>>, in *Oneness and Variety*, Adolf Portmann, Rudolf Ritsema (eds.), Leiden, The Netherlands: E.J. Brill, 1980, pp. 222-280. North American publication: *Egalitarian Typologies Versus the Perception of the Unique*, Eranos Lecture Series 4, Dallas: Spring Publications, 1980, 1986.

¹⁴ H.L. Mencken, "The Divine Afflatus" in *New York Evening Mail* (16 November 1917); published in *Prejudices: Second Series* (1920).



Rengay

by

Raquel D. Bailey, Florida

Allan Burns, Colorado

Father's Day dinner
the dog hops
into dad's chair

*a Frisbee on
the pavilion roof*

mid-summer heat—
his moist lips
cool her neck

*she watches him
sleep in moonlight*

his last word
cold and clear
night

*blackberries
past the gate*



a slice of peach

by

Christopher Patchel, Illinois
Harriot West, Oregon

start of summer
we inch ourselves
into the water

*painting my toenails
a brighter shade of pale*

one more sip
before I approach her
for a dance

*vin rouge
she wraps her lips around
the unfamiliar vowels*

after *Prufrock*
a slice of peach

*my head still spinning
when the carousel
leaves town*



Guslagay

by

Saša Važić, Serbia

Tomislav Maretić, Croatia

my granddad's gusle*
hanging behind the door—
the cry of an owl

*the voice and the sound
echoing the same*

my neighbor gone
the wall of my house
rings no more

*frightening yelp
of a malamute—
memories of folk music*

bygone times . . .
the old guslar** tunes the strings

*broken chord—
the grandpa
sings on*

*gusle—a Balkan musical instrument

**player of the gusle

Breadsticks

by

Connie Donleycott, Washington
Michael Dylan Welch, Washington

different viewpoints—
we both order
the same entrée

*tasty appetizer
your foot touches mine*

endless salad
the first refill skimpy
on peppers

*ravioli di portobello—
yet again the waitress asks
if everything's okay*

we say yes, then no
to tiramisu

*reaching simultaneously,
we almost tear
the bill in half*



Tan Renga

A Sequence

by

Adelaide B. Shaw, New York
Merrill Ann Gonzales, Connecticut

buttercup field—
a black horse grazing
in the mist ABS

*even as daybreak dawns
night hides in the grass* MAG

maple viewing—
red and gold leaves float
on slow waters MAG

*in the early dusk
deer come to drink* ABS

petal fall—
the widow grows accustomed
to changing light MAG

*night after night
tracking the moon's path* ABS



A Tan Renga

by

Pamela A. Babusci, New York

Paul Smith, England

i am like
a wild violet
you cannot tame

*a surging tide sweeping
wide across the bay*



A Tan Renga

by

Paul Smith, England

Pamela A. Babusci, New York

slowly awakening
cherry blossoms swirl
in the koi's wake

*this spring, every spring
i look for your shadow*

A Collaborative Sequence

Bookish Flowers

by

Scott Metz, Oregon

the banned flag
unfurls
burnt hills

to breathe
new life
mockingbird blood

pollen
through and through
a pink mathematics

a future rose
the lightness
of a sky scraper

first touch
of midnight's dawn
all about to . . .

Paul Pfleuger Jr., Taiwan

*Come midnight
eyed
by altar rooms*

*Solitary hopes
before
the City God's abacus*

*Among bookish flowers
searching
for her girl's name*

*Thump
to thump-thump
the cooling concrete dusk*

*Thunder
instinctively
put into words*



Superfluous

by *David Gershator*, U.S. Virgin Islands

Late night, some godforsaken hour, eyes glued shut, my hard won sleep broken—baby, my baby, is crying. I pick her up. She twists and turns, wiggles and protests, frustrated by a hairy chest. I'm useless. Superfluous. Put in my place again. I hand her over to her zombie momma.

full moon
one breast
drips milk



The Nuances

by *_Kala* [*sic*], India

(Formerly in *Frogpond* as *Kala Ramesh*)

cavechested I feed you wanting to give everything I possess
my child your first gulp I follow till it reaches your stomach
almost a smile of satisfaction if giving is gaining a joy shared
your heaving bosom

pre-nursery gate
her face, in the space between
farewells

inside the beltway

by *Roberta Beary*, Washington, D.C.

on the news tonight, an expert gives this tip for those of us who might forget to take our sleeping baby out of the car-seat for an entire workday. place your briefcase or iphone or blackberry next to the car-seat; when you retrieve your power-accessory you see the baby whose existence you had forgotten.

wading pool
upside-down
in the rain



Doorstep Flotsam

(“Please Remove Shoes” — sign at Esalen, Big Sur)

by *Jodi L. Hottel*, California

Pink and lime plaid tennies
black Converse with clean, white laces
scuffed hiking boots
two pairs of Eccos — one white, one black
blue mesh, hi-tech running shoes
flowery flip-flops
next to authentic UGGs
a family of clogs in sizes Papa Bear to Baby Bear
black lace-up combat boots with a flourish of faux leopard fur
a California gathering of Birkenstocks

milky surf
bobbing heads of dark kelp—
moon shifts gears

Home

by *Christopher Patchel*, Illinois

I count fifteen addresses that I called home for a time, eight of them since moving to Chicago. There was the upstairs flat with roaches, three shared-housing scenarios, two noisy apartment complexes, the high-rise, and now a tumbly cottage. My autumn lease renewal date is coming up. I wonder if I'll stay or not.

milkweed puffs...
too old to be loading
a moving truck



SWM

by *Christopher Patchel*, Illinois

Not one who responds to personals, I still find myself browsing the faces and reading the captions: Blond ambition; Tom-boy with a feminine side; Looks like Ginger, cooks like Mary Ann; Teacher who grades on the curve; Obladi Oblada; Foxy Lady; Earth Angel...

winter night
the female voice
of my computer

Lucky Day

by *Ray Rasmussen*, Alberta

Morning started with a rainstorm, but now the sun streams through my office window. Along with the sun, I'm blessed with two emails. Mr. Tony Emumelu of the Zenith Bank of Nigeria informs me that I've inherited \$14.6 million from someone who isn't even a relative and 23-year-old Betsy Johnson has asked me to become her pal on reunion.com. Of our planet's 6.6 billion possibilities, both chose me!

After a brief struggle between greed and romance, I renounce the prospect of becoming one of the world's richest men and choose a relationship with Betsy. Why not take both? Because I wouldn't know whether Betsy wants me or my money.

On Betsy's pal site I learn that in order to consummate our relationship, it will cost \$5/month for a premium membership. So I ask Mr. Emumelu whether he will spot me the membership fee if I sign the remainder of the \$14.6 million over to him.

monthly bills
a cuckoo's egg
in the warbler's nest

Divination

by *Mark F. Harris*, New Jersey

He opens the abdomen, reaches in past sternum and stomach to a bloom of errant cells ignorant of life, purpose, plans. He withdraws his gloved hands. A comment to the nurse acknowledges a limit to his power and the life of the man on the table. He closes the wound, washes, changes his clothes, goes into a room. A waiting woman looks up and sees the answer in his face.

dust
a hawk looks earthward
pauses

The Train

by *Johnny Baranski*, Oregon

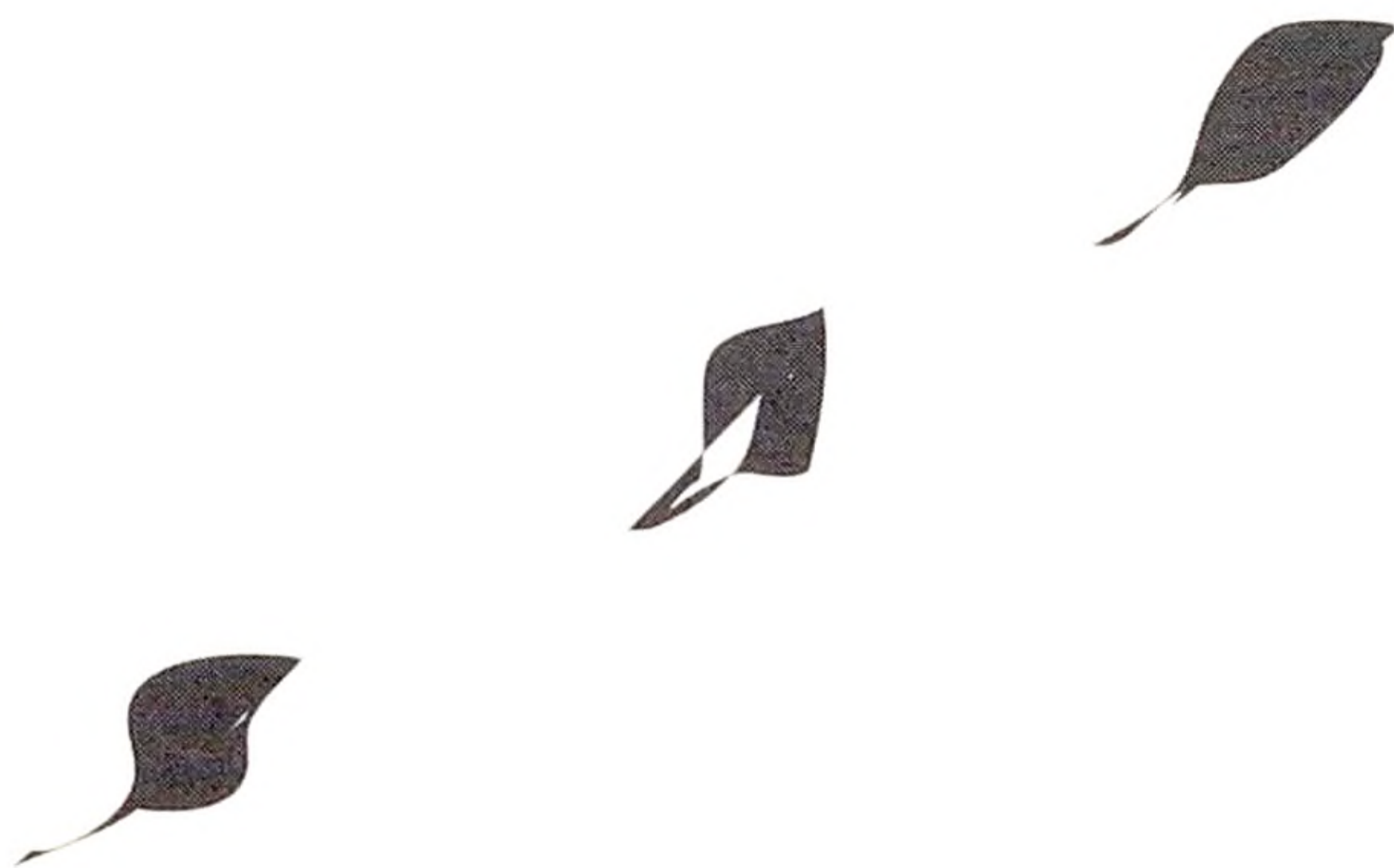
“That’s dad passing through,” said my mother as a train whistle pierced the warm summer evening air. Such was her mantra for years after my father died whenever the evening express highballed its way along the outskirts of town.

Although he made his living as a truck driver dad’s passion was railroading. For a good chunk of his life he worked toward fulfilling his dream of building a HO gauge model railroad layout. But he never realized that dream. His life was cut short one spring morning when his tanker veered off the highway, struck a utility pole and exploded in a ball of fire.

My mother never recovered from that accident either. So to keep her husband as close to her heart as she could in his absence the train became her passion.

Now my mother and father are both gone and I am an orphan.

far into the night
the long freight train stretches
its wailing horn



Dreams Wander

by *Bruce Ross*, Maine

Bashō died in Osaka while on one of his many haiku journeys. His generally presumed death poem:

sick on the journey
my dreams wander around
a withered field

reflects his indefatigable haiku spirit. He is buried in the modern town of Zeze on Lake Biwa. The narrow, neatly kept small cemetery is situated off a neighborhood street not far from a main road. While I meditated by his grave a light breeze rustled the foliage and an insistent little bird kept chirping. I composed a few haiku and left a tiny stone frog on his headstone. The woman in charge of the cemetery was worried the caretakers would remove the frog and other tributes left at the grave, so she placed it in the adjacent shrine.

The wandering dreams of *Bashō*'s death poem resonate with one of the relics in the one-room museum on the cemetery grounds.

Bashō's grave
his twisted walking stick
not far away



Tomboy

by *Tish Davis*, Ohio

still life:
Hunter's Moon on the skin
of a tipi

The bows, unstrung, are stored in the smallest tent. The men play cards under a tarp—one slaps his leg as he talks about the buck's crashing descent into the ravine; another adjusts the lamp and now, I'm able to see Father's face. After sorting through the sticks, my brother and the other boys draw circles in the freshly cleared patch of dirt around the fire.

I step away from the camp and, in the moonlight, examine the arrowhead that I found. Who was the man who shaped this stone? Did he chew the tendons from the deer's shank and use that to make his bowstring? Did he fashion his bow case from the skin of a cougar's tail? Running my finger along the tip of the flint, I wonder if he took his daughter hunting, and if she cried.

shooting star—
a blood trail
lost



Natural Healing

by *Lynn Edge*, Texas

The speaker's suggestion for insomnia is to sit in a slowly darkening room. Mind and body calm as the day ends. *Homo sapiens* did this for millennia. With sunset came an end to work: a time for telling tales, a time for listening to animal sounds, a time for love, a time to sleep.

long shadows
the lines of my notebook
dimmer and dimmer

Trees

by *Adelaide B. Shaw*, New York

We live on top of a hill with trees all around—in a ravine behind the house and in thick rows on the edges of the property. Dogwood, maple, locust, apple, oak, ash, birch, several variety of pine, and others I can't name.

They speak to me all day, every day, in voices soft and sibilant, slurred and shushing, fierce and bold. They whisper, they crash and bang. They can snap and crack when covered with ice; they can sing lullabies when in full leaf.

the summer night
in the breeze stories told
before I sleep

Icon

by *Diana Webb*, England

Picnic on my lap, I rest against the roots of Britain's tallest recorded London Plane, measured in March 1864, 123 feet high and 20 feet in girth, then likely to exceed 200 years as Victorian ladies strolled past, heads up, waists held tight.

Now all the city's plane trees spread their shade this hot June lunch time, along the banks of the Thames past all the famous bridges, Vauxhall (into the precincts of the Tate), then Lambeth, Westminster and Waterloo; through pathways to the love-in-the-grass spots of Hyde Park and all the dusty pavements with their sometimes posh and sometimes shabby cafes.

The sun through overlapping green now almost at its zenith.

rice noodles—
ripples cast on the bark
intertwine

A Hug

by *Natalia L. Rudychev*, Illinois

Phipps Conservatory runs a butterfly exhibit from spring to autumn each year. Mesh curtains and air fans prevent butterflies from escaping their enclosure. Due to a strange irony in the arrangement of the conservatory's rooms, the orchid exhibit is just across the hall. Orchids have proven to be irresistible to butterflies which do their best to reach them.

I found one of the swallowtails on the ground exhausted by the long flight with the air currents created by the fans. It was in the perfect position to be trampled by the next group of visitors. I knew that touching butterflies is not permitted and can be harmful to them. But . . . there was nothing against a butterfly touching me, so I offered it a finger. I was surprised by the eagerness with which all six of its tiny legs embraced my finger. I transported it to the nearest plant and left it there to rest. Several minutes later it disappeared into the exhibit.

Upon leaving the conservatory I felt so good that I found the courage to endure the raised eyebrows of a carousel token collector and indulged in a solitary ride on a magnificent sea dragon.

strong wind
the child hugs
a budding sapling



Indian Summer

by *Reneé Owen*, California

Heart hungrily laps up silence, deliciously void of progress's din. Orange dragonflies glide through still air, as pools of shallow river shimmer in the hot sun. Yellow maple leaves dance gracefully down to earth—messengers, one season's silent falling into another. Standing witness, ancient cypress ring my secret perch, amidst boulders on a beach of river pebbles, cool against parched skin. Glancing up from a book of Snyder's golden threads, I catch one and pull.

deep in the redwoods
even the crows
silent

Across the river, a glaring bobcat faces me. Stares pass between us. She crouches. Short river grass hardly hides her pointy ears, tawny spotted pelt, stealth advancing on muscled legs. I stand, greedy for a better view. She hesitates for only a moment, then flees across water. Just blur of fur and a splash. Gone, into the quiet, dark woods, to the anonymity of wild things.

if only for an instant
this gold light
late autumn afternoon



mimus polyglottos: the many-tongued mimic

by *Mankh* (Walter E. Harris III), New York

After the many June days of rain in the northeast, on the first sunny day i was treated to marvel of a mockingbird singing for hours, literally all afternoon and into the evening. He was often perched on the electrical wires right next to some kind of transformer. When i went out to look he would hop vertically three or four feet, then land on the wire. Mockingbirds are the jazz musicians of birds. They are also very social and quite playful, often pretending not to see me when i see them, but i know they know i'm there. Even mechanical noises do not thwart them, and automobile security system beep-beep noises, for example, may well wind up in tomorrow's medley. Mockingbirds have a band (no pun intended) of white on their wings. A bird Zen koan might read: why does the mockingbird have 200 calls?

ice-cream truck—
the mockingbird pauses
to learn a new tune



On the Big Island

by *Bob Lucky*, China

At 1600 feet, I look down the mountain toward the coast. It's about two miles away as the clichéd crow flies, about eight along the narrow winding roads. The surf is rough. If you sight two fingers to the left of the fishponds, you can see the waves pounding the rocks. I turn my gaze to some ginger blossoms and try to recall the taste of the pineapple orchid I ate yesterday. Some days the world is what it is and that is all.

late afternoon rain
chickens forage among
ripening coffee

Double Exposure

by *Joyce Hildebrand*, Alberta

We stand silent before images of Alberta's tar sands stretching the length of the gallery. The immense photographs take me back to the shoulder of the highway near Fort McMurray, head throbbing from the chemical stench, body clenched against the blasts of passing trucks. Mountains of sludge rise from liquid tailings; rhythmic cannon shots warn wildlife that this is a lake of death. Near the horizon, a sharp line separates the flayed landscape from the dark green of boreal forest.

loon song
a wake ripples
the path of moonlight

In a corner of the gallery a video plays. Asian factory workers piece together a steam iron, eyes blinking against the monotony. Children sort through a mountain of garbage, from circuit boards to car parts. The last scene takes us home: a tar sands mine fills the screen. In the credits, dim reflections of our faces.

evening news—
in the poll booths
pencils, still sharp



Handy

by *Cherie Hunter Day*, California

The restrooms are located at the back of Home Depot beyond the closet organizer kits and just before bathroom exhaust fans. The heavy swinging door opens on a woman standing in front of one of the three sinks glaring into the mirror with a pair of scissors in her right hand. Her bright red hair is neatly trimmed in a page boy cut. I don't make eye contact. I look down at the tile floor and duck into the nearest stall. I sit in the silence for a few minutes scanning the walls for graffiti, waiting for either someone to enter or for Red to leave. I hear the door close with its own mechanical sigh. I open the stall and go to a sink. In the trash on top of the scrunched up brown paper towels is a hank of hair about three inches long and a roll of two inch fiberglass tape.

ten aisles away
from the Garden Center
fresh-cut tulips



Leave a Message

by *Harriot West*, Oregon

His voice prompts me in a monotone to leave a message for Vi or Don. He didn't beat her. At least that's what she told me but she carried the smell of his cigarettes in her hair and she carried the smell of his whiskey in her bones—the way she climbed each stair—as if she didn't care if she ever reached the top. She didn't love him. She didn't even like him. But weeks after his death, he's still screening her calls.

his habits
her habits
bindweed

Imago

by *Jeffrey Woodward*, Michigan

even the shade
is stripped away
from a dead tree

Come, again, and visit me in the heat of the day, that is when you always came, that is how you always called, plainly, with your quaint manner, a bit of stone and earth from the garden rattling in your throat, the dust in the air and in the sun close behind you.

the well is deep,
the well is dry . . .
cicadas

billowing clouds
and, in the late afternoon,
a sickle's dry sound

communion—
a sunflower,
a straw hat

the cicada
that does not sing
copulates



So:ba: Part Four

by *Jim Kacian*, Virginia

Editor's Note: Part Three ends with the statement, "In brief, we had taken on Shiki's program as though it were the whole of haiku, when in fact it was an extremely minor, doctrinaire, one-time aberration in the lengthy history of haiku as art."

And we are all heirs of this understanding. The definition quest went on for some time after that, arriving finally at the following: "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*." Let's not get started on the whole *onji* thing. And only latterly, after a good deal of agitation by difficult parties, of which I am pleased to claim membership, has the HSA come to the following: "A haiku is a short poem that uses imagistic language to convey the essence of an experience of nature or the season intuitively linked to the human condition."

We still have some sort of objective nature in there, and we still have some separation of this nature from human nature, which is at the very least a debatable issue, but at least we're getting closer to what is actually being attempted in haiku. A poem, yes, and using imagistic language—as opposed to philosophical or abstract language, though these are not unheard of, in classical Japanese haiku, in contemporary Japanese haiku, in our own practices. The essence of an experience of nature—that's a mouthful, but if we consider everything nature (and how can we not?) then it means simply the insight that made us write it down in the first place.

While this is still far too prescriptive—consider again that Japanese definition—it is some distance removed from the blinkered objectivist agenda we inherited from Shiki. We, Japanese and others, still have some of the trappings of that mindset em-

bedded in our very notion of haiku behavior: consider, for instance, the ginko. The rationale of the ginko is that the poet, brought face to face with the raw workings of Nature, will be inspired to the sublimity of art. But we also know the actual results of such things: for every worthy poem produced, thousands of workmanlike, dull, imitative poems are churned out. I have no objection to ginko, and there are some few to whom it is an actual inspiration. And equally, for some it is their only opportunity and excuse to actually get out into nature, which cannot be a bad thing. But when the French composer *Claude Debussy* wrote “It is more important to see the sunrise than to listen to Beethoven’s Ninth Symphony,” was he suggesting that he took his music paper out into the fields and composed before the source? Certainly not. Exposure to nature, in as large a context as we can conceive nature to be, is certainly the source of most of what we do as haiku poets, but it’s not enough simply to be sat down before it: Haiku is not photography, a simple exact limning of what lays before our eyes. If it is an art, then it must be the selecting and ordering of words into a cogent form that helps lead another’s mind along the path that the poet’s has followed, with perhaps a similar reaction to be had at the end. And this rarely takes place before the butterfly’s wing, but usually in the roiling of the mind, consciously and unconsciously, whenever it can—for me, that often means in the middle of the night.

And yet despite this we still retain some residual disdain for what are termed desk haiku. In truth, every haiku I’ve ever written has been a desk haiku. It may have had its origins in some natural spectacle, and I may even have written it on the spot. But always, some time later and in the darkness of my mind and study, I look again. It’s this revisiting that is the actual work of art—even if I don’t change a word. “Desk haiku” is another way of saying I’m a working poet.

So it is evident that we were very unlucky in our timing in coming to haiku, that we have had a great deal to overcome to arrive at anything approaching poetry as opposed to botany or empiricism. But the Japanese have not escaped entirely unscathed themselves.

Throughout the 20th century, Shiki and his disciples held the dominant position in Japanese haiku, so that Japanese poets and scholars had similar difficulties as non-Japanese in getting more subjective, allusion-driven work published and into circulation. The model was the *shasei*, the premier publication *Hototogisu*, and the dominant organization the Modern Haiku Association. But in the past three decades this has begun to change (cultural things generally change slowly in Japan) through the work of poets such as Kaneko Tohta and scholars such as Hasugawa Kai. And these poets and scholars too have recognized the hegemony that the Shiki model has held for so long at the expense of a proper valuing of the rest of the haiku tradition. Bashō is making a comeback in Japan, and allusion is returning to the poems published and winning awards. Haiku is returning to *ba* and is the larger for it.

Nothing has been more fundamental to the historical understanding of haiku than this sense of “knowledge of the situation.” Technical issues like syllable counting and *kigo*, and content issues such as the inclusion of non-classical topics and the distinction between haiku and senryu come and go, but this issue of the so-here-we-are, this *ba*-ness of haiku, goes on and on. And the proper domain for this is, of course, not a culture or a language, but our minds. Ultimately, *ba* is the realm of mind, a subjective realm, to be sure, but not necessarily a realm in isolation. In fact, it is the cooperation of minds that makes culture and language possible. There can be no conception of objective reality without the subjective reality that underpins it, our own consciousness. And, if we can bring mind to bear on our art, then we are capable of making more of it than simply sketching from nature. In fact, we must. We are capable of understanding the *ba* out of which can be written:

from the future
a wind arrives
that blows the waterfall apart

Ban'ya Natsuishi

If we cavil, as the objectivists might, that this is not a sketch from nature, then we have missed the opportunity to dwell in that which makes us unique in nature—the imagination. And at the same time, this imagination, part of us, is part of nature as well.

Literature is capable of giving us a clue, not to what is true, but to what we think we're being true to. And while that's not everything, it's a lot, and it makes our taking pains to find *ba* and maintain it worth the effort.

So here we are. What are we going to make of it?

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Unsung Heroes

And the Question of Zen in Haiku Poetry: Part Three

by *Mankh* (Walter E. Harris III), New York

Chiyo (1703-1775) is “one of the most popularly beloved haiku poetesses although, until recently, scholars reviled her as “pretentious,” “sentimental” and “provincial and didactic,” (p. 43) according to *Faubion Bowers* who edited *In The Classic Tradition of Haiku: An Anthology* (1996). I still consider her an unsung hero (or in this case heroine) because most books and websites I’ve read will only list the four Masters.

In *The Essential Haiku: Versions of Bashō, Buson, and Issa*, (1995), *Robert Hass* writes about Bashō: “Throughout his thirties he studied Chinese poetry and Taoism, and, at least, for a while he studied Zen and practiced meditation.” (p. 3)

From the same book: “...[Buson] stayed in a number of monasteries of the Jōdo, or Pure Land sect, and, like Bashō, shaved his head and dressed as a lay monk.” (p. 76)

Hass again: “Like Buson, Issa was a Pure Land Buddhist” (p.147). And, according to *David G. Lanoue* (author of *Pure Land Haiku: The Art of Priest Issa*, 2004) “a devout follower of the Jōdoshinshū sect.” <<http://haikuguy.com/issa/about-issa.html>> (2nd paragraph)

Shiki, the fourth Master, passed away in 1902 at age 35 due to spinal tuberculosis. He was so devoted to haiku that he had no specific religious or spiritual affiliation. <<http://www.poetrylives.com/SimplyHaiku/SHv1n5/Blacklock.html>> (Paragraphs 1 & 6)

According to *Chiyo-ni: Woman Haiku Master* (1998), illustrated, with notes and translations by *Patricia Donegan* and *Yoshie Ishibashi*, Chiyo, which means “a thousand years,” (p. 26), was from the town of Matto in the Kaga region, and was thus also called Kaga no Chiyo or Matto no Chiyo. Her Buddhist name was Soen.

The following quote, (from the Preface to *Chiyo-ni*, p.17), may come as a surprise to many: “One comment about *R. H. Blyth*. Even though I feel indebted to him and he remains one of the most respected translators of haiku, his derogatory comments about female haiku poets in *A History of Haiku, Vol. 1*, ‘it is doubtful whether women can write haiku’ and ‘haiku poetesses are only fifth class,’ surely contributed to their neglect and limited translation over the years.” A wonderful story, described by *Faubion Bowers* (in the anthology cited above) revolves around the following haiku, translated by Blyth:

hyaku nari mo / tsuru hitotsu ji no / kokoro yori

A hundred different gourds
From the mind
Of one vine.

Bowers states in a footnote: “When Chiyo was asked to enter a nunnery the Zen master, who considered poetry ‘a worldly attachment,’ asked her how haikai could be Zen-worthy (i.e. have a thousand meanings from a single thought). The master was humbled by the excellence of [her] haiku, and accepted her into his order.” (p. 49)

Along with being a haiku that one can ponder for deeper meanings, it also conveys the simple wonder of realizing how many apples come from one tree, or grapes from a vine, and so forth.

This haiku-with-story parallels the one found in “Part One” of this series [*Frogpond*, 31:3, p. 72] involving unsung hero *Paul Reps’* haiku-and-calligraphy which brought a Korean official to tears, thus permitting Reps to travel to Korea during wartime:

drinking
a bowl of green tea
I stopped the war

According to Bowers (though Donegan and Ishibashi state

she may or may not have been married), Chiyo was wife of Bonchô (who was a disciple of Bashô), sister of Kyorai (one of the Ten Philosophers or Wise Men, as Bashô's disciples were called), married at 19, and was widowed eight years later. She also lost her child, eventually became a Buddhist nun and "She was known as Chiyo-jo, to indicate a married woman, and later Chiyo-ni, to show she had become a nun." (pp. 43 & 48). She was also a painter.

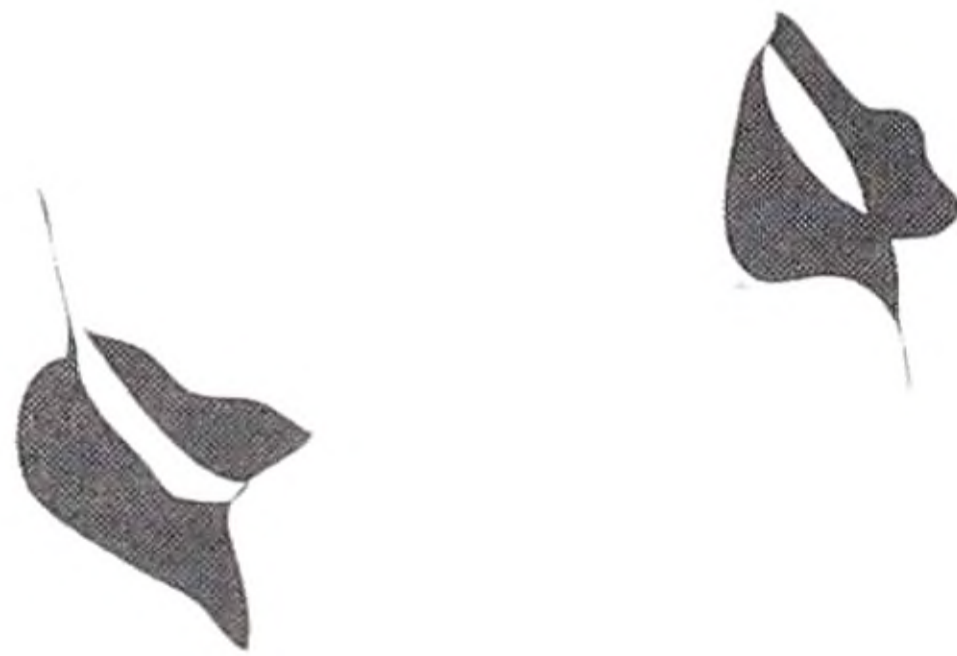
A spiritual or Zen haiku seems best when it balances a pure expression of the ephemeral moment in the face of the eternal. The following two translations of *Chiyo-ni*, by Donegan and Ishibashi, sum it up best:

shimizu ni wa / ura mo omote mo / nakari keri

clear water:
no front
no back

Shimizu suzushi / hotaru no kiete / nani mo nashi

clear water is cool
fireflies vanish
there's nothing more



**Explicating the Haiku of
Mitsuhashi Takajo 三橋鷹女 (1899-1972)**
by *Hiroaki Sato*, New York

Editors' Note: This article is based on a presentation Hiroaki Sato gave to the Haiku Society of America Quarterly Meeting in New York on June 24, 2009. Haiku translations by workshop attendees are to be found on pages 80-81.

A few years after I arrived in this city, in 1968, I was asked to tutor two American ladies on haiku. These were the happy days when people readily, innocently, assumed that anyone from another country was a cultural emissary of that country, fully informed of all aspects of that country. I was also young, being in my late twenties, and *brash*—I refrain from revealing my conjecture as to why—and so I agreed, and began *teaching* haiku, even though my knowledge of the literary genre was close to nonexistent.

The upshot was that I went to either lady's residence every week and explicated two classical haiku so they might work out their own translations. There were several outcomes to this.

For one, I learned to drink vodka. The first evening we met, the ladies took me to a French restaurant. There they asked what I'd like to drink. Because I had never experience anything of the sort in Japan, I looked lost or simply bewildered. Kindly assuming that I was shy or reserved Japanese-style, they summoned a *garçon* and asked him what drinks were available. He quickly ran down a list, which bewildered me even more, so I said the first one. That was vodka. Then when they saw my glass was empty, the ladies asked if I needed a refill. Because Japanese custom tells you never to say no, I said yes. The rest is history.

What I propose to do today is something similar to what I did in those long-gone days: to explicate a few haiku so that you may work out your own translations.

Mitsubishi Takajo 三橋鷹女 was born to Mitsubashi Jūrōbē and Mitsu, in Narita, Chiba. Her father was an executive of the famous temple Naritayama Shinshō-ji 成田山新勝寺 and deputy mayor of Narita. Her original name was Fumiko 文子 but it was later changed to Takako たか子.¹

She initially wrote tanka under the influence of Yosano Akiko 与謝野晶子 (1872-1942) and Wakayama Bokusui 若山牧水 (1885-1932). She married Azuma Kenzō 東謙三, a dentist who wrote haiku, in March 1922. Son Yōichi 陽一 was born in January 1923. Eight months later the region was struck by the Great Kantō Earthquake, killing 50,000 people in Tokyo alone; Takako, with her infant son, was buried under her collapsed house but both were “miraculously” rescued in three hours, with only one of her legs hurt.

Takako switched from tanka to haiku, in 1926, adopting the haiku *nom de plume* Azuma Fumie 東文恵. In 1928, with her husband and neighbors, she started a haiku gathering named “Waseda Haiku Quartet,” because her husband’s dental clinic was near Waseda University. She changed her haiku *nom de plume* to Azuma Takajo 東鷹女 in 1934 and published her first haiku collection 向日葵 *Himawari* (Sunflower), in 1940. When her older brother died in 1942, she, with her son, inherited the Mitsubashi name; since then she has been known as Mitsubashi Takajo.

She published her fifth and last collection 樺 *Buna* (Japanese Beech; *Fagus crenata*), in 1970, just a year and four months before her death.

Takajo’s complete haiku, *Mitsubashi Takajo zen-kushū* (Rippū Shobō, 1976), listed 2,146 haiku. Her complete works *Mitsubashi Takako zenshū* (Rippū Shobō, 1989) came in two volumes, with one of them dedicated to a selection of essays on her haiku.

¹The biographical information summarized here mainly comes from the chronologies provided in *Mitsubashi Takako zenshū* (Rippū Shobō, 1989), vol. 2, pp. 203-207, and *Hashimoto Takako, Mitsubashi Takako shū* (Asahi Shimbunsha, 1984), pp. 33-336.

For some time Takajo was counted among the Four T's, the four outstanding women haiku writers whose names started with T, the three others being Nakamura Teijo 中村汀女, Hoshino Tatsuko 星野立子, and Hashimoto Takako 橋本多佳子.² Mindful of this and also mindful that Takajo said, in the brief autobiographical note appended to her first haiku collection *Himawari*, that she felt "dissatisfaction and bleakness with traditional haiku and started to dare attempt to make adventuresome haiku," *Yamamoto Kenkichi* (山本健吉1907-1988) wrote of her:³

You can say Mitsuhashi Takajo is the most distinctive woman [haiku] writer. She entered the haiku world, enchanted by [Hara] Sekitei in his Mt. Yoshino period; but, even as she belonged to various haiku groups, she was never dyed any color, maintaining the sole Takajo tone from start to end. Nurturing dissatisfaction with traditional haiku in herself, she stood outside any of the era's currents. She was incomparable in her bold timing in seizing a momentary light-footed flash candidly and stating it in unadorned fashion.

So, let us look at three of Takajo's haiku in detail.

The First Haiku for Explication

虹消えてしまえば還る人妻に

Niji kieteshimaeba kaeru hitozuma ni

The rainbow having vanished I'm back to being a wife

This haiku comes from the 1950 section, "Like Ice," of Takajo's third collection *Hakkotsu* 白骨 (*White Bones*), published in 1953, and containing a total of 524 pieces. The title, she explained, refers to the fact that she kept writing haiku thinking of the day she would turn into bones. The collection begins with pieces describing her son Yōichi, now 18, going off to the Imperial Army's Accounting School.

² The concoction was to correspond to the Four S's: Mizuhara Shūōshi, Awano Seiha, Takano Sujū, and Yamaguchi Seishi.

³ *Gendai kushū* 現代句集 (Chikuma Shobō, 1973), p. 503.

Structure: 2 + 7 + 3 + 4 + 1. A case which, at least syntactically, renders moot the assumption that haiku consists of 5 + 7 + 5 syllables.

Word-for-word: *niji* (a recent summer kigo): rainbow; *kieteshimaeba* (compound verb): when or if (something) has completed or completes disappearing or vanishing; *kaeru*: return, go back to; *hitozuma*: (someone's) wife; *ni* (directional particle): to.

Comments: *kaeru hitozuma ni* is an inversion; normal phrasing would put it as *hitozuma ni kaeru*. As often happens, no personal pronouns are given; so who is doing the act of *kaeru*, "return," is not entirely clear.

The Second Haiku for Explication

罌粟散ってところに抱くは鳥獣

Keshi chitte kokoro ni daku wa tori-kemono

Poppies scattered my heart embraces birds beasts

This selection comes from the 1936-1938 section, "Phantom," of her second collection *Uo no hire* 魚の鱗 (*The Fin of a Fish*), published in 1941 and contains 619 pieces.

Structure: 2 + 3 + 3 + 1 + 3 + 5.

Word-for-word: *keshi*: poppy; *chitte*: scattering, having scattered; *kokoro*: heart, mind; *ni* (particle): in; *daku*: hold, hug, embrace; *wa* (particle to specify the sentence subject); *kokoro ni daku wa*: (literally), what I hold in my heart; *tori-kemono*: bird-beast. Paraphrase: "Poppies having scattered, what my heart embraces are birds and beasts."

Comments: *Keshi* is one of the words that become *kigo* only when combined with some other words; so, *keshi no hana* (poppy flowers; summer), *keshi bōzu* (poppy buds; summer), *keshi maku* (poppy sowing; autumn). Takajo was obviously ignoring that convention. Also, "poppy" here is any of the va-

rieties grown for their flowers, not for opium: corn poppy, Flanders poppy, Iceland poppy, etc. There is little to go on to begin to guess what Takajo was imagining, what she was describing.

There are two other variations of “poppies scatter”:

罌粟散るを見しより男老い初めぬ

Since seeing poppies scatter the man began to age

けし散りぬ掟は人の世に重く

Poppies have scattered with the Law heavy on human society

The Third Haiku for Explication

The last haiku comes from the 1959 section, “Strait,” of Takajo’s fourth collection *Shida jigoku* 羊齒地獄 (*Fern Hell*), published in 1961 which contains 381 pieces. In the years 1959 and 1960, Takajo experimented with *wakachigaki*, placing space(s) between words within a line.

_____ 雪をよぶ 片身の白き生き鯿

Yuki o yobu katami no shiroki iki-garei

Calling snow forth one side white the live flatfish

Structure: 2 + 1 + 2 3 + 1 + 3 + 5.

Word-for-word: *yuki*: snow; *o*: particle to specify the sentence object; *yobu*: call; *katami*: one side of the body; *no*: (here a particle to specify the subject); *shiroki* (slightly archaic): white; *iki*: live; *garei* (*karei*): flatfish. Paraphrase: “A live flatfish, with one side of its body white, calls forth the snow.”

Comments: In Japan, they make a distinction between the fish whose eyes migrated to the right side (*karei*) and the fish whose eyes have migrated to the left side (*hirame*).

Editors’ Note: Translations of Takajo’s haiku by three workshop participants occur on the following two pages.

**Alternate Translations by Workshop Attendees of Three
Haiku by *Mitsuhashi Takajo*, Japan, after Initial Transla-
tions by Workshop Leader, *Hiroaki Sato*, New York**

Haiku One

The rainbow having vanished I'm back to being a wife

Alternate Translations:

the rainbow fades
into its dark sky then
I am a wife again

Jaxon Teck, New Jersey

the rainbow
lifts me out of myself
then vanishes

Arlene Teck, New Jersey

The rainbow having dimmed I return to my marriage

Marilyn Hazelton, Pennsylvania

Haiku Two (poppy variations)

Poppies scattered my heart embraces birds beasts

Since seeing poppies scatter the man began to age

Poppies having scattered with the Law heavy on human society

Alternate Translations:

wind blows poppy leaves
my heart goes with them to find
birds and wild beasts

Jaxon Teck, New Jersey

poppies having scattered
father puts away
his war souvenir

Arlene Teck, New Jersey

When poppies scatter my heart opens for wild things

Marilyn Hazelton, Pennsylvania

Haiku Three

Calling snow forth one side white the live flatfish

Alternate Translation

With its white side the flatfish calls and snow begins

Marilyn Hazelton, Pennsylvania



Red Essay

by *Brent Partridge*, California

A forest that is made up of only one type of tree lives on a low, wide hill on a peninsula in a big bay. They are mostly seven hundred and fifty years old—red camellias. There are thousands of them. Their trunks are about the thickness of a human body, and their limbs are about the thickness of human limbs. Many of them have hollow trunks and largely hollow, or partly hollow limbs. This forest is not much tended or visited. The Japanese believe that ancient camellias, particularly red ones, are unlucky and dangerous.¹

This superstition sheds light on the meaning of a haiku by *Bashō* with my translation:

Kono tsuchi no	old mallet
mukashi tsubaki ka	which were you—
ume no ki ka ²	plum or camellia?

This haiku is a reflection on war. Long before England and Russia had their civil wars of the red and the white, Japan had one. The *Taira* (or *Heike*), with their red flag, rebelled against and fought the *Minamoto*, who had a white flag. The red camellia blossom lost the battle for the throne to the white plum blossom.

The mallet in question had been turned into a vase, and is the subject of the haibun by Bashō. The forest I refer to, though there may be others, is at the north end of Bashō's *Oku no Hosomichi*, *Deep Road to the Far North*. It's noticeable that the word *mukashi*, or "once upon a time," or "long ago," also involves the camellia and the plum.

¹Hearn, L. *The Romance of the Milky Way and other Studies and Stories*. Charles E. Tuttle, 1974, pp. 95-98.

²Oseko, T. *Bashō's Haiku*. Maruzen, 1990.

Repetition in Haiku
by *Stephen Addiss*, Virginia

Since haiku are so short, the usual proscription against repetition in writing becomes even more intense—or does it? There are times when repeating one or more words may give more focus, and even in a strange way, more variety to a poem, since it may encourage readers to use their imaginations more fully. I've noticed that over the years I've written several haiku that attempt this kind of repetition, and I offer them here. The first poem has only one repeating word, but this may help to make clear a particular emotion:

yes yes I know
Virginia's not Vermont
but the autumn leaves . . .

A second haiku also uses a single repeated word, but now it creates the first two lines of the poem to empathize the weary end of week, when a sense of human fatigue is echoed in nature:

Friday
Friday
her roses begin to droop

More positive is the ever-changing repetition of springtime growth:

one green
many greens—
uncurling leaves

More mysterious is another haiku— is it also about spring?

trees
pretending to be
trees

Moving on to the repetition of two words instead of one, this

haiku tries to bring forth the poignancy of human loss:

every night
every night
her scent fades

Taking reiteration to its full extent, a haiku may increase a feeling such as ennui by simply repeating the same words every line; is it simply redundant, or does it magnify the effect of the doldrums?

late summer rain
late summer rain
late summer rain

So far, the repetitions have primarily been utilized to reinforce a mood or feeling. A different use of restatement comes when the repeating words may take on a new meaning, such as:

the fisherman
nets
a fisherman

Is the third line really the same as the first? Is the poem basically constructed of three nouns, or does it a mini-narrative of subject-verb-object, or both? Do we intuit some special connotation when the poem circles back upon itself?

Finally, the use of repeating words is not only possible for serious themes. Repetition can also be used in senryu to point up the humor, such as this description of bureaucracy:

U-shaped table
O-shaped bodies
I-shaped words



**Thinking It Through or A Few Innocent Questions:
One Relation of Haiku to Prose in Haibun**

by *Jeffrey Woodward*, Michigan

It is often asserted that haiku within haibun must be able to “stand alone.” [1] Is this expectation of autonomy for haiku a reasonable one?

If the haiku must show autonomy, why isn't the same demand made of the prose? Why is haiku enshrined and given this prominence? Furthermore, if an individual haiku does truly “stand alone,” why encumber it with prose at all? [2]

Let us assume that the prose and verse elements respectively must both demonstrate autonomy. [3] Here is a clipping from my daily newspaper and here is an independent haiku. Let us put these two autonomous things together—prose and verse. Is the result haibun?

Is an expectation of autonomy for the haiku (or for the prose) any different than a proposal, say, that every paragraph of a short story must be detachable from the whole and capable of being presented alone?

If the haibun is one whole composed of two elements (prose and haiku), isn't the expectation of autonomy for the haiku equal to a demand that one part (prose) be subordinate to another (haiku) invariably? Isn't this to say, by implication, that the whole (haibun) is subordinate to a part (haiku)?

What of the related “rule” that the haiku, to show true autonomy, should not be capable of being “folded back” into the prose? [4] Is it possible to cite a convincing example of a haiku in a haibun that will resist every effort to rewrite it as prose and fold it back? Isn't it equally possible, in many circumstances, to rewrite a segment of prose that can be “folded out” as haiku?

Consider a design in stained glass, a simple design, such as an angel perhaps, an angel constructed of many cut portions

of glass. If I remove one unit of glass from the wing say or the face, will this glass portion stand alone? And if such a part is removed, will the entire design not be diminished thereby?

Consider a collage where some of the borrowed pieces may be fragmentary and convey little meaning, where others may be figurative and relatively whole and may bring to the composition the denotation and connotations usually ascribed to the same. Once this representational fragment is placed in juxtaposition to the other hitherto foreign elements of the collage, once it is immersed in this alien environment, the figure's denotation is constant but the connotations change. Isn't this so with haiku in prose or, for that matter, with prose joined to haiku? [5]

Tentative haibun definition #1001: Haibun is an aesthetic whole that normally consists of two subordinate parts, haiku and prose. Good haibun enshrine neither the haiku nor the prose [6] but admit the necessary peaks and valleys in both components, with sometimes the prose, sometimes the haiku stepping to the foreground.

1. See, for representative examples, David Cobb, "Foreward" to *Business in Eden*, Braintree, Essex, 2006, pp. i-ii; Ken Jones, "Ken's Corner, Part 4," *Contemporary Haibun Online* V2, N2, June 2006, at <http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com/pages22/Kens_Corner4.html>, 15June09; and w.f. owen, "Editor's Welcome," in *Simply Haiku* V4, N3, Autumn 2006, at <http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv4n3/haibun/introduction_haibun2006.html>, 15June09.

2. This latter point I owe to Linda Papanicolaou, editor of *haigaonline*, who posed this rhetorical question in response to the ongoing discussion on autonomy for haiku within haibun at Ray Rasmussen's Writer's Workshop in the summer of 2008. That discussion, in turn, was a revival of an earlier controversy in the summer of 2007 in the same workshop on the same subject. This paper is drawn from postings I made on both occasions.

3. See Cobb, *op. cit.*, p. i, where he offers as definition of of haibun,

“To be fully justified, prose and haiku need to be essential to each other and at the same time perfectly capable of standing on their own.”

4. Ken Jones, “Ken’s Corner, Part 1,” *Contemporary Haibun Online* V1, N2, September 2005, at <<http://contemporaryhaibunonline.com/pages12/kenscorner.html>>, 15June09.

5. I’m indulging here in the time-honored literary pastime of drawing comparisons between poetry and music or the plastic arts, but beyond the heuristic value of such illustrations, one must recognize that, in application, an analogy has limits. Cf. Jeanne Emrich, in an interview with Linda Papanicolaou, “Starlit Mountain—How White Space and Imagination Work in Haiga,” *haigaonline* V9, N1, Spring/Summer 2008, at<<http://www.haigaonline.com/issue9-1/feature.html>>, 15June09: “A haiga is like a cartoon, where you first see the visual rendering, then read the caption, and then look again at the visual image to re-imagine it in light of the new information gained from the caption. But in haiga, where the text is usually a haiku, there is another set of perceptions prompted by the middle step, the reading of the text.” This method of reading image and text is roughly akin to the reader’s reception of prose and haiku in haibun. The reader’s reception and the poet’s method of composition, however, are not equivalent processes.

6. One argument that seeks to preserve the unity of haibun by recognizing the subordinate role of prose and haiku is Bruce Ross’ concept of “privileging the link.” His view is dependent upon recognizing haibun and renga as analogous in structure, however, and while such a proposition is attractive at first glance, it strikes me as dubious, at best, to compare the operation of haiku and prose within haibun to the highly codified rules of linking upper and lower verses that guided renga composition. See Bruce Ross, “On Defining Haibun to a Western Readership,” *Simply Haiku* V2, N6, Nov.—Dec. 2004, at<http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv2n6/features/Bruce_Ross_feature.html>, 15June09.



Yasuhiko Shigemoto's Poetry of Witness

by *Bruce Ross*, Maine

In the biographical information for a 2006 conference "The Resilience of the Human Spirit, An International Gathering of Poets," Yasuhiko Shigemoto's participation is explained in his biographical sketch:

When the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Mr. Shigemoto was working as a mobilized student about 2500 meters north of the blast center. He was 15 years old and lucky to escape being burned by being in the shadow of a structure. Half of the children in his school were not so lucky.¹

As a poet of witness, beginning in his early 50's, he began to publish haiku almost exclusively devoted to this childhood event and its lasting memories and emotional resonance, including two volumes of Hiroshima haiku.²

His short biography makes him a *hibakusa*, a survivor of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima. The Japanese government defined the distance from the bomb's hypocenter which afforded *hibakusa* reparations as a few kilometers.³ Shigemoto notes on his website the mystified experience of a survivor: "Fortunately I did not have a burn, for I was in the shadow of a structure by chance. Thus I had a narrow escape from the jaw of death."⁴ His haiku focus on the physical hypocenter of the Hiroshima bomb, with its surviving A-bomb dome, now in the Hiroshima Peace Park, and the aftermath of the dropping of the bomb.

Part of the aftermath was the Peace Constitution of Japan. Article 9 dramatically states: "The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognized."⁵ This is not unlike the official declaration in *Romeo and Juliet*, "Abandon all hostilities."⁶ On an April 2009 visit to Hiroshima and a meeting with Yasuhiko Shigemoto at the Peace Park there was a palpable sense of tranquility among the people as if they were suspended in a bubble of grace.

Shigemoto's haiku perhaps explain this sense of peace. Hiroshima is a lovely modern city. Perhaps there is a determination to live in a way that contradicts the motives behind waging war. The poet *Marianne Moore* wrote "There never was a war that was / not inward" ⁷ Shigemoto's haiku of witness recollect the horror of war but also the possibility of redemption, even grace, even for a *hibakusa*.

Echoing the familiar phrase of Holocaust survivors, Shigemoto measures the effect of such horror:

Never say the blazing sun of Hiroshima is not endurable	Hiroshima I never grumble about the scorching sun
---	---

The objective record of shadows permanently fused to a wall by the blast and the Japanese belief that the gods are absent in the starkness of winter are referenced within the context of the witness:

The person's shadow still on the stone stair, Hiroshima Day	O God is absent! the A-bomb Dome
---	--

His memory and continued emotion become personal and existentially subjective, perhaps echoing Santôka, but relating also to the modern world's similar tragedy:

How sad—my friend's name on the Students' Cenotaph Hiroshima Day	All alone in silence at the dome, Hiroshima Day
--	---

The memories intrude on the natural world as metaphors:

A column of ants reminding me of the scene after the A-bomb dropping ⁸	The thunder head looking like the atomic cloud!
---	---

An inverse of the ant column metaphor of humans blackened

by the A-bomb blast occurs in a haiku alluding to the autumn *Bon* festival when lit paper lanterns for welcoming ancestral spirits are set on a body of water at night. On Hiroshima Day, August 6, these lanterns, symbols of the departed victims of the A-bomb, are floated down the Motoyasu River which flows beside the A-bomb Dome. As we stared at the river, Yasuhiko Shigemoto said a foreign visitor had marveled over how beautiful these lanterns were. Shigemoto's tone seemed one of dismay or incomprehension and he let a deep silence conclude his statement:

Lighted paper lanterns
floating in bands
have come into line

The A-bomb Dome has in fact been spiritualized. As at a Buddhist temple or Shinto shrine people pray or leave offerings:⁹

Hiroshima Day
chanting a sutra to the dome
for hours

Hiroshima Day
offering saké
to the A-bomb Dome

Shigemoto's memories and their emotional necessities appear in his dreams and in one case find a transformative positive correlative in the daytime world:

Mysterious dream—
fireflies are flying about
in the A-bomb Dome

Hiroshima Day
father and mother came home
alive in my dream

Yasuhiko Shigemoto and I discussed his experience of war. With his back to the A-bomb Dome, he looked across the Motoyasu River and seemed to relive that imponderable day when he was a boy. He had seen me writing earlier and asked if I had any inspirations. My haiku was of a butterfly at a blossom beside the A-bomb Dome that touched the blossom and flew away.

Shigemoto's haiku include other transformative gestures, including one on a central subject of his second collection, the

only tree to survive in the bomb blast area. Presumably such gestures continue still:

The atom-bombed tree
also starting to sprout at
A-bomb blast centre

How healthy
the soil of Hiroshima!
I plow

¹ From online conference information site, 6Apr09

² See *My Haiku of Hiroshima* (Hiroshima: Keisuisha Co., Ltd., 1995) and *My Haiku of Hiroshima II* (Hiroshima: Keisuisha Co., Ltd., 2005). All haiku are from these collections, with permission.

³ “Overseas Atomic Bomb Support Program” <<http://www.pref.nagasaki.jp/gentai/zaiqaile/survivor.html>> 6Apr09

⁴ <<http://www.fureai-ch.ne.jp/~haiku/enintro.htm>> 6Apr09

⁵ <<http://www.fureai-ch.ne.jp/~haiku/encon.htm>> 6Apr09

⁶ “Abandon all hostilities” is remembered from Franco Zeffirelli’s film “Romeo and Juliet (1968). It occurs early on after the families feud and Verona’s Prince Escalus and his guardsmen force the families to drop their weapons. The prince utters the lines then on horseback

⁷ From the poem “In Distrust of Merits,” lines 73-74, p. 138 in *The Complete Poems of Marianne Moore*. New York: Macmillan, 1981.

⁸ See Shigemoto’s website for a painting of the blackened humans just after the blast.

⁹ Shigemoto notes in *My Haiku of Hiroshima* (p.107): “Many of us feel as if there were a God or Buddha in the A-bomb dome and offer saké to it.”

Editors’ Note: Two haiku submitted by Shigemoto are on p. 13.

Reviewed

Westlake, W. *Westlake: Poems by Wayne Kaumuali Westlake (1947-1984)*. Edited by M-L. M. Siy and R. Hamasaki. Honolulu, HI: University of Hawai'i Press, 2009, 275 pages, perfect softbound, 8.3 x 5.6. ISBN 978-0-8248-3067, \$17.95 plus postage. Available from University of Hawai'i Press, 2840 Kolowalu Street, Honolulu, Hawai'i 96822-1888.

by *Randy Brooks*, Illinois

In 1979, our third year of poetry publishing, Shirley and I received a manuscript of poems from Wayne Westlake, a rising poet from Hawaii. The poems were a fresh mix of senryu and tanka or kyoka, and both of us immediately loved Westlake's playful—and somewhat irreverent—voice. The manuscript came with wonderful woodcuts by Kimie Takahashi which perfectly matched the tone of the poems. We were pleased to publish this small collection, *It's Okay if You Eat Lots of Rice*, as High/Coo Press Chapbook number 5 (see note, p. 95).

On the back cover we quoted Wayne Westlake's submission letter "I never wrote this book for no 'Literary Establishment.' I'd rather stand accused of writing like Issa or Takuboku, than be accused of writing like W.S. Merwin." His poetic goals were coming from the poets known for their ability to write with personal voice from immediacy instead of literary grandeur. In a preface to *Westlake*, gleaned from unpublished manuscripts, he writes, "My poems are autobiography—like poetic diary—moments immediately recorded that would otherwise have passed by unnoticed." (p. xi)

Here are two examples from *It's Okay if You Eat Lots of Rice*:

for the lice
living in my hair
a stormy morning

Wish I
could empty
my Mind
like an
ashtray . . .

In 1984 Wayne Westlake died as the result of a car accident. He was thirty-six. I have missed his poetry ever since. So it such a pleasure to see that thirty years after the publication of *It's Okay if You Eat Lots of Rice* the University of Hawaii Press has now published *Westlake: Poems by Wayne Kaumuali Westlake (1947-1984)*. This wonderful collection of his poetry is the result of an editing collaboration between his literary executor, Mei-Li M. Siy, and Richard Hamasaki. I am so grateful that Westlake's poetry has been gathered so that his poetry is available again, and we can recognize his accomplishments as an Hawaiian writer exploring Japanese and Chinese traditions.

In this collection we find many poetic self-portraits:

just like naupaka
i'm half
in the mountains
half
by the sea

Westlake, 4

And another written "to the spirit of ishikawa takuboku" which seems fitting as his own epitaph given Westlake's own death as a young poet:

more sad
than the cherry
blossoms blown
in the spring wind—
a poet
dying young

Westlake, 7

Westlake experimented with concrete poetry and wrote a short prose piece on concrete poetry and the Chinese written character. He enjoyed sketching and the book includes several of his sketchy poems and one haiga. He also wrote one line haiku such as:

Haiku all night she hates me for it

Westlake, 174

Her name over and over in the wind

Westlake, 174

He wrote free verse with short quick lines including haiku-like images intertwined with his characteristic cynical expression. Overall, his collection shows that he was writing a poetry journal of his life. The poems are sometimes within traditions of haiku, senryu, kyoka, tanka and free verse, but mostly they are just Wayne Kaumuali Westlake writing about insights from his life. Here are a few more favorites from this new collection:

rain-out
at work
today
i open my lunch
pail on
the beach

Westlake, 201

aah big grassy field
take off slippers
walk across
cold dew between
my toes.

Westlake, 69

mind like wood
sunset feels good
on this bald head

Westlake, 33

My thanks to Mei-Li M. Siy and Richard Hamasaki for recovering Westlake's poetry, and my thanks to the University of Hawai'i Press for publishing this important collection.

*Editors' Note: For those interested in getting the 1979 chapbook, here is the necessary information: **Westlake, W.** *It's Okay if You Eat Lots of Rice*. Battleground, IN: High/Coo Press, 1979, 32 pages, saddlestitched, 4 x 5.5. ISBN 0-913719-08-0, \$3.50 plus \$2.50 postage. Available from Brooks Books, 3720 N. Woodridge Drive, Decatur, IL 62526.*

Briefly Reviewed

Beary, R. *nothing left to say*. Pointe Claire, Quebec: King's Road Press, 2009, unpaginated, stapled, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-1-895557-26-8, 2 USD <kingsroadpress@hotmail.com>. This chapbook is the 20th in the press's Hexagram Series which features a number of other well-known poets from Canada, the U.S. and Japan. Most of the 35 haiku will be already familiar to the fans of D.C. poet Roberta Beary : *nothing left to say / an empty nest / fills with snow* and *his reasons— / after each one / the faucet drip*.

Burleigh, D. *RC*. Evanston, IL: Deep North Press, 2009, unpaginated, sewn, 6 x 9. ISBN 1-929116-16-0, 15 USD <burleigh@gol.com.>. Only the title appears on the stark white cover of this thoughtfully produced chapbook. Inside, the pages have a light-beige, drifting-sand motif. Publishing details are discreetly tucked in the bottom corner of the front flap. In short, everything in the design augments the content: an evocation of loneliness. Originally from Northern Ireland, David Burleigh has been a long-time teacher in Japan and the 28 haiku, along with spare, interspersed prose, suggest "a stranger in a strange land," but also everyone's eventual aloneness: *Staring and staring / at the distant horizon— / the Sun and myself* and *The darkening sand / that lightens each footprint to / a circle of white*.

Gordon, C. *Cucumbers Are Related To Lemons*. ant ant ant ant ant, issue ten, 2009, unpaginated, stapled, 5.5 x 8.5. No ISBN, 76 cents USD <mrcr3w@yahoo.com>. Chris Gordon is the publisher of the Oregon periodical and recently put out a chapbook of 60 one-liners by Scott Metz which was reviewed in the last issue. Gordon's 60 are all three-liners and sometimes border on the prosaic, but often enough have the same unexpected, yet resonant associations: *dusk turns gray and / hazy and breaks off into / several angry girls* and *in a small white bowl / the lentils / no one is going to cook* and *rug burns on my knees / I feel them in line / at the post office*.

Lanoue, D. G. & Deodhar, A. (translators). *The Distant Mountain: The Life and Haiku of Kobayashi Issa*. Chandigarh, India: Angelee Deodhar, 2009, 97 pp. perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. No ISBN, 5 USD. Available from Dr. Angelee Deodhar, 1224, Sector 42-B, Chandigarh 160 036, India. One of Angelee Deodhar's missions is to acquaint bilingual (Hindi-English) writers in India with the work of Japanese classical haiku masters. Towards this end, she has selected 168 haiku in English from the English-Japanese website *Haiku of Kobayashi Issa* (run by Xavier University professor David G. Lanoue), which holds over 9,000 of the poet's poems, categorized by subject. The book is organized efficiently for English and Hindi readers: Lanoue's introduction, chronology and English translations of the haiku (often with notes) occur on the left-hand page and Deodhar's Hindi on the right-hand page. A pioneering work, sure to inspire a host of bilingual Indian poets around the world.

McClintock, M. *Sketchers from the San Joaquin*. Highland Park, NJ: Turtle Light Press, 2009, 33 pp., sewn, 4.50 x 5.75. ISBN 978-0-9748147-1-1, 15 USD <www.turtlelightpress.com>. This pleasingly-produced collection is the winner of the first Turtle Light Press bi-annual haiku chapbook competition and it confirms that Californian Michael McClintock, one of the first greats of English haiku, has kept up a fruitful partnership with his muse. While it reveals that his range has narrowed somewhat—for instance, it contains no sensual gems characteristic of the young McClintock (see van den Heuvel's *the haiku anthology*, Doubleday, 1974)—readers will nevertheless be intrigued by the 41 pieces. Taken at random, here are: *rain . . . / the small mouth / a flower opens* and *tall pines— / I'll never be ready / to go home*.

MacNeil, P.W. (ed.). *The Onawa Poems 1999-2008*. Monson, ME: Ship Pond Press, 2009, 41 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-615-29449-0, 11 USD postpaid to U.S.; 13 USD to Canada; 14 USD elsewhere <<http://theheronsnest.com/books/onawapoems.html>>. The anthology features the work of ten known haiku poets—

Yu Chang, Ferris Gilli, Gary Hotham, Kirsty Karkow, Paul MacNeil, Paul David Mena, Paul Miller, John Stevenson, Hilary Tann and Paul Watsky—who were invited to visit Paul MacNeil at his home on Lake Onawa in Northern Maine. The 115 haiku, two renku and one tanka all involve the poets' descriptions of their encounters with a mother nature more raw than that found during a walk in a city park. Generally, the haiku are of the high standard expected from such a group and the two renku are both prizewinners in the annual Einbond Renku Contest sponsored by the HSA.

Montreuil, M. *Last Away Tournament: Haibun* (C. Coutou Radmore, illus.). Carleton Place, ON: Bondi Studios, 2009. 20 pp., stapled, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-9812385-1-7, 6 USD (Int'l money orders only) <mikemontreuil@sympatico.ca>. Canadian Mike Montreuil writes honestly of the nitty-gritty details of his life: children, work, writing, love, temptation, second families. The prose of the 18 haibun is conversational, easy to follow and, for the most part, the haiku go beyond mere restatement of the prose to something more: *minus twenty— / your soft skin / under the blankets.*

Owen, R. *blossoms*. Sebastopol, CA: Pig Blossom Press, 2009, unpaginated, sewn, 4.25 x 5.50. No ISBN, 18 USD <reneeowen@sbcglobal.net>. Californian Renée Owen's first collection contains only 12 haiku, but most are as fresh as new blooms. So too is the chapbook itself, which was submitted to a juried book art exhibition. Here is a sample poem: *afternoon prayers— / from blossom to blossom / the swallowtail.*

Pelter, S. *slightly scented short-lived words and roses* (J. Daniel, Intro.; I. Sharpe, cover; S. Pelter, illus.). Easton, Winchester, Hampshire, SO21 1ES, England: George Mann Publications, 2009, 132 pp., perfect softbound, 6 x 9. ISBN 9780956087430, £8 <Phone +44(0)1962-779944>. What best sums up the fourth collection of haibun by England's Stanley Pelter is a quote from *Herman Melville* used in the preface: *It's better to fail in originality, than succeed in imitation.* This thought seems to be the fountain from which Pelter's work sprays brilli-

antly in all directions: haibun with one liners, three liners, tanka; haibun with numerous font changes, illustrations integral to the text and long poems that take the place of prose, etc. The haiku and tanka components are not conventional either, always stretching metaphor distance, as in this haiku: *night actions / ruffle of shadows / sink into snow shapes*. For haibun aficionados, Stanley Pelter's collection deserves to be on the shelf reserved for those volumes worn down from much browsing as well as from serious study.

Rowland, P. *someone one once ran away with*. Green River, VT: Longhouse Publishers & Booksellers, 2009, broadsheet (both sides), folded and glued to a cover, 3 x 4.5 (4 x 11 unfolded) No ISBN, 8.95 USD (signed, 12.95) <www.LonghousePoetry.com>. An Associate Professor at Tamagawa University in Tokyo, Philip Rowland edits *NO / ON: journal of the short poem*, which specializes in publishing risk-taking work. One unfolded side of this broadsheet provides 49 one-line observations of poets, such as: *poet with hand on heart and a Panama hat*; the other side holds five haiku, for instance, *inhabiting repetition, / listening for the sound / of our listening*. This is a fun publication with synapse-sparking poems.

Rust, R. B. *In the Night Shallows: Selected Haiku of Rebecca Ball Rust* (L.D. Moore & D. Russo, eds.; D. Katz, illus.). Pittsboro, NC; Rosenberry Books, 2009, unpaginated, sewn, 9 x 5.5. No ISBN, 21.95 USD, deluxe edition; 16.95 standard edition <www.rosenberrybooks.com>. Founder of the North Carolina Haiku Society (which hosted HNA 2007) and past President of the NC Poetry Society, Rebecca Rust has published a selection of her haiku from across decades of writing. This tastefully designed and illustrated book contains 40 poems, one to a page, and divided equally according to the four seasons. Readers will be rewarded with such pieces as: *intermittent rain / she pulls her wedding band / on and off* and *frosty pumpkin / the corner of his grin / spilling wax*.

Savage, G. *Finding a Breeze*. Pointe Claire, Quebec: King's Road Press, 2009, unpaginated, stapled, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN

978-1-895557-22-0, 2 USD <kingsroadpress@hotmail.com>. The 19th title in the press's Hexagram Series and Canadian naturalist and photographer Grant Savage's fourth collection, includes 23 poems. Readers will be both amused: *SIGH multaneous*; and enlightened: *early morning pond / reflected in its stillness / everything*.

Sedlar, S.J. *Suchness* (translators S. Važić, N. Darlington & R. Wilson). Vršac, Serbia: The Municipal Library Vršac, 2008, 240 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 8. ISBN 978-86-84449-26-1, No Price <slavkosedlar.takvost@gmail.com>. Slavko Sedlar became involved with haiku in 1980, when he was in his 40s. Since then he has been a prime force in getting other Serbians interested in the form. The 253 haiku (all numbered) generally hold up well in English, which is a credit to the translation team of Saša Važić, Norman Darlington and Robert Wilson. Apart from haiku that are too dependent on knowledge of Serbian customs, history and geography, readers will find plenty of others that resonate. The book also contains commentaries by Vladimir Devidé, Đoko Stojičić and Nebojša Simin, testimony to the importance of Sedlar in his country. Examples of haiku with universal appeal are: *Don't fall down, / tulip petals. / I'm resting / my eyes* and *When I long / to see my friends—I see a lot / of flowers in the graveyard* and *Had it not taken wing, / that thrush, today it would be / just raining*.

Webb, D. *Takeaway—a Collection of Haibun*. Longholm, East Bank, Wingland, Sutton Bridge Spalding, Lincolnshire, PE12 9YS England, 2008, perfect softbound, 5 x 8. ISBN 978-1-903746-76-9, £5.5 <dianawebb01@hotmail.co.uk>. English writer and artist Diana Webb has put her 40 haibun into seven sections, such as “Reminiscence Work” and “Sacred Spaces.” Ten of the haibun have more than one haiku (up to three) and two have the prose arranged in the form of a long poem followed by a haiku. Although many of the haiku could stand alone, they also integrate well with the vivid prose, enhancing it and, in turn, being enhanced. One example of this is the haiku that ends the haibun “Beyond Price: *vanilla crystals / melt on my tongue— / spell of stained glass*.”

Welch, M.D. *For a Moment*. Pointe Claire, Quebec: King's Road Press, 2009, upaginated, stapled, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-1-895557-20-6, 2 USD <kingsroadpress@hotmail.com>. The 18th in the Hexagram Series by this press features Washington's Michael Dylan Welch, one of the great all-rounders in haiku—poet, editor, essayist and publisher. The 28 haiku are vintage Welch. Of particular interest are the two one-liners that spread across the two central pages, the ones where the staples show in a collection such as this. The first one-liner breaks where the top staple is and the second one-liner pauses at the bottom staple: *summer heat two squirrels staple] meet on wire* and *a white swan shakes her tail [staple] at last the ripples reach her mate*.



Re: Readings of Issue 32:2

Roberta Beary, Washington, D.C. on *Michael Dylan Welch*, Washington: “Haikuholics Anonymous” by Michael Dylan Welch—a breath of fresh air and genuinely funny. It made me laugh out loud. I did feel the “Author’s Note” was unnecessary as it was clear from the work that no offense was intended. Bravissimo, Michael!

Joan Vistain, Illinois on *Ce Rosenow*, Oregon and *Michael Dylan Welch*, Washington: How impressive to be listed in the MLA International Bibliography! It is exciting and heartwarming that *Frogpond* has been found worthy of presentation to the entire planet! Bouquets to Ce Rosenow and to you [George and Anita], for seizing the moment.

As a veteran support group member, I bow to Michael Dylan Welch for “Haikuholics Anonymous”—so clever, so funny, and his parody of “The Serenity Prayer” is priceless! May the Infinite Now be there for all of us!

Janelle Barrera, Florida, on *Michael Dylan Welch*, Washington: Inquiring of MDW if he could possibly shorten Haikuholics Anonymous by a syllable. It doesn’t work as a line. And on an unrelated topic, has anyone out there ever compiled a complete list of things that can stretch into their shadows?

Robert Epstein, California, on *Carlos Colón*, Louisiana: I have been writing dog barking poems for years, mostly for the purpose of venting anger or frustration. Perhaps that is why they have never truly satisfied. The sentiment ultimately falls into one or two deep wells: desperate or murderous (or both). Colón’s poem, *that moment at night / when no dogs / are barking*, was pitch perfect; it really hit the note just right, and I thank him for it. Who knows, I may even sleep better myself tonight.

Robert Epstein, California on **Racquel D. Bailey**, Florida: *open casket / the kiss / that used to wake you*. Ms. Bailey has accomplished what John Kennedy, Jr. did with an innocent salute, capturing the hearts of a nation in mourning, as the caisson carried his slain father to Arlington. This is a beautiful, poignant poem that I shall carry with me for the rest of my days. What is so extraordinary is how the poet—and the rest of us—bear the unbearable. The poem hits close to home as I am in the midst of grieving the loss of a dear colleague, who took her life. What I saw at her memorial service last weekend—a white, wooden urn containing her ashes—was painful enough. Thank goodness there had not been an open casket; I could not have borne it.

Mankh (Walter E. Harris III), New York, on “So:ba: Part Three” by **Jim Kacian**, Virginia: Jim Kacian makes an excellent point about how allusion and symbolism are sometimes a natural part of a haiku, adding depth and expanding interpretations [see pp. 70-71]. I would add that, *Butterfly / sleeping / on the temple bell* (an even conciser translation by **Robert Hass**) is one the best haiku examples of alert readiness and being-in-the-moment consciousness. While most haiku tell us what has happened or is happening, **Buson** gives us the cosmic question mark as to what might be next: (a) nothing happens and the butterfly simply awakens and flies off, (b) the butterfly wakes up, sees that the bell is about to be rung, and safely flies off, (c) the butterfly is rudely awakened yet flies off, and (d) the butterfly gets whacked (unlikely in a temple!).



Corrections

To 32:1

p. 4: The dedication page in memory of *William J. Higginson* listed him as a “founding member” of the Haiku Society of America. He was, in actuality, a “charter member” of the organization, present at the inaugural meeting in 1968. The founders, according to the HSA book *A Haiku Path*, were *Harold G. Henderson* and *Leroy Kanterman*.

To 32:2

p. 12: The haiku by *James Martin* should be attributed to *Thomas Martin* (who previously published as Thomas James Martin).

p. 14: *Doris H. Thurston* is from Washington, not Oregon



Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest 2009

Judges' Comments

by

Kristen Deming, Maryland

Bill Kenney, New York

The Finalists

winter night
cracks in the floorboards
widen

Mary Rice, 16, Grade 10

School of the Arts, Rochester, NY

In this spare and objective poem, the poet invites the reader to explore, through imagination and memory, a range of possible meanings. Is the poet alone on this winter night? Surely there is nothing like a winter night to create a sense of isolation. The winter season brings snow and ice, but it also makes itself felt in subtle, often unnoticed ways. The poet detects the presence of winter in a place we do not expect to find it: inside the home, where we feel enclosed and protected from what is happening outside. But even here, beneath our feet, the floorboards are expanding and contracting minutely within the larger flow of the seasons. Standing alone in the last line, "widen" suggests an unwanted opening through which, we imagine, anything might enter. How weak, when all is said and done, are our defenses against the elements.

quiet night
the gazebo
dressed with snow

Meredith Jeffers, 16, Grade 10

School of the Arts, Rochester, NY

In this haiku, the long vowel sounds help to create a feeling of calm, bringing us directly within the sensory experience of the poet. Looking through a window at the gazebo, we see it dressed as though it were some kind of theatrical set. The fresh snow has transformed the landscape, blending everything into an elegant harmony of white shapes against the darkness. In the absence of wind on this quiet night, the snow lies undisturbed. It is as though the scene exists entirely for our visual pleasure. It is the quiet itself that has been made visible.

saying goodbye
the river flowing
one way

Cindy Truong, 13, Grade 8
School of the Arts, Rochester, NY

The young poet clearly understands that in haiku the juxtaposition and interaction of images suggest more than is directly stated. Here the passing human moment is contrasted to ongoing nature. Saying goodbye, the poet is at the same time aware of the river's powerful current. We do not know if the parting is temporary or final. Especially when we are young, but not only then, we like to believe that no goodbye is truly final. But our poet has perceived in nature a hint of the irreversible: the "one way" flow that unites the natural movement and the human moment. How many times can we step into the same river?

tornado drill
the hallways full
of laughter

Nikki Savary, 18, Grade 12
Wahlert H.S., Dubuque, IA

The two parts of the poem form an unlikely combination. A tornado is not a laughing matter, but for young people escap-

ing class for a short time in a large group of their peers, such a disaster may seem unimaginable. The drill has become a social event. A tornado is a force of nature, but so is a hallway full of kids. And what kids have ever taken a tornado drill, or fire drill, or any kind of drill, as seriously as they should, or, anyway, as seriously as the grown-ups think they should? In this poem, we see the carefree, unbounded optimism of young people. And the elegant pivot around the single word “full” exhibits a formal control of which many an established haikin could be proud.

winter
the old man’s beard
frozen in place

Riley Siwiec, 12, Grade 7
School of the Arts, Rochester, NY

You have to like the boldness, quirkiness, and impishness of this young poet’s imagination. In lines 2-3 we find an extravagance that could easily trip up an experienced poet. But it works here because nature has its own extravagances, and they include the extremes of winter in a cold climate. A beard frozen in place? Not every day, but not unheard of, either, and that’s the sort of winter this poet is talking about. Moreover, these lines serve a further function as an imagistic definition of line 1: Haven’t we always suspected that this is what Old Man Winter looks like?

new snow
my footprints
follow me

Martine Thomas, 12, Grade 7
School of the Arts, Rochester, NY

How many haiku have gazed at footprints in the snow? Here the poet has discovered, and put into practice, an important principle of haiku: that clarity, simplicity, and freshness of vision can make

most things new. The first line points us forward, in the direction of the unbroken snow, setting up the look back over the shoulder that is the business of the next two lines. The near naivete of expression in these lines suggests a moment of pure, delighted awareness. We recognize the voice of the playful, childlike spirit, delighted in this moment to leave its mark. That we always leave a trail is a truth that may not be quite so gleefully accepted, however, as the poet grows older.

General Comments

As judges in this year's Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest, we set out hoping that we would find a new and fresh perspective, the "voice of youth," from the young poets who participated. We have not been disappointed. We have taken a look at the future of haiku, and it is working.

The number of entries, over 150, is the largest in the competition's history, but the judges were struck even more by the variety, the sharpness of observation, the richness of imagination, and the formal discipline that characterized much of what we were privileged to read. We are pained but pleased when we reflect on the quality of many of the poems that did not make the final cut.

Where our young poets stumbled, it was often out of a failure to trust in their own experience and perceptions. A forced effort at the dramatic, often edging over into the melodramatic, was a common problem. And the principle of juxtaposition central to the haiku form was not grasped with equal clarity by all contestants: some merely spread a sentiment over three lines, and a few simply offered a list of three fragments.

But, above all, the poets and their work exemplified an energy and vitality that can only portend well for the form we love. Some of these poets, we are sure, will be heard from again.

It was a pleasure and a privilege to serve as your judges this

year. Our thanks go to the sponsors of the contest and to the teachers who supported and encouraged the participants. We acknowledge and commend the energy, the spirit, and the promise of all the contestants. And we congratulate the authors of the prize-winning poems.



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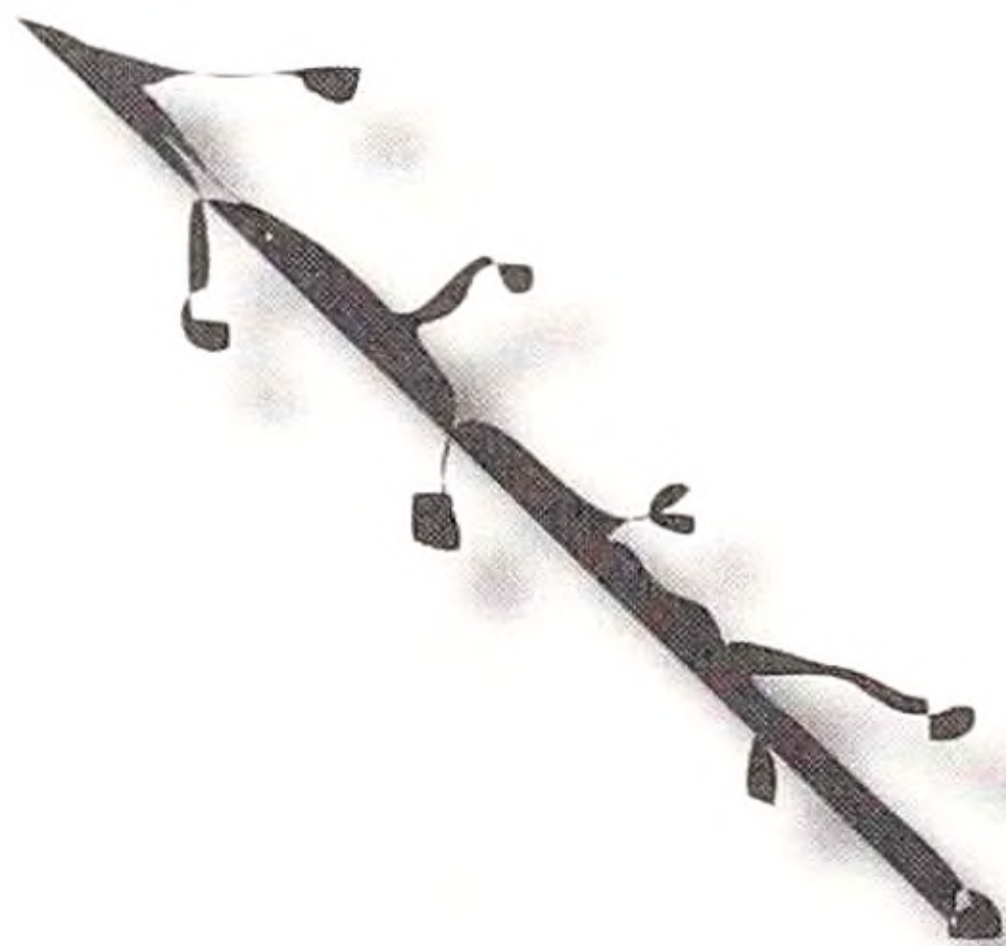
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From the Editors

In the Spring/Summer issue, we announced that *Frogpond* will be listed in the *MLA International Bibliography*. In this issue, we've yet another announcement—this journal is going to be included in a second prestigious index, *Humanities International Complete*. Now, more than ever, students and scholars around the world will be able to access the latest ideas about the haiku and its related forms.

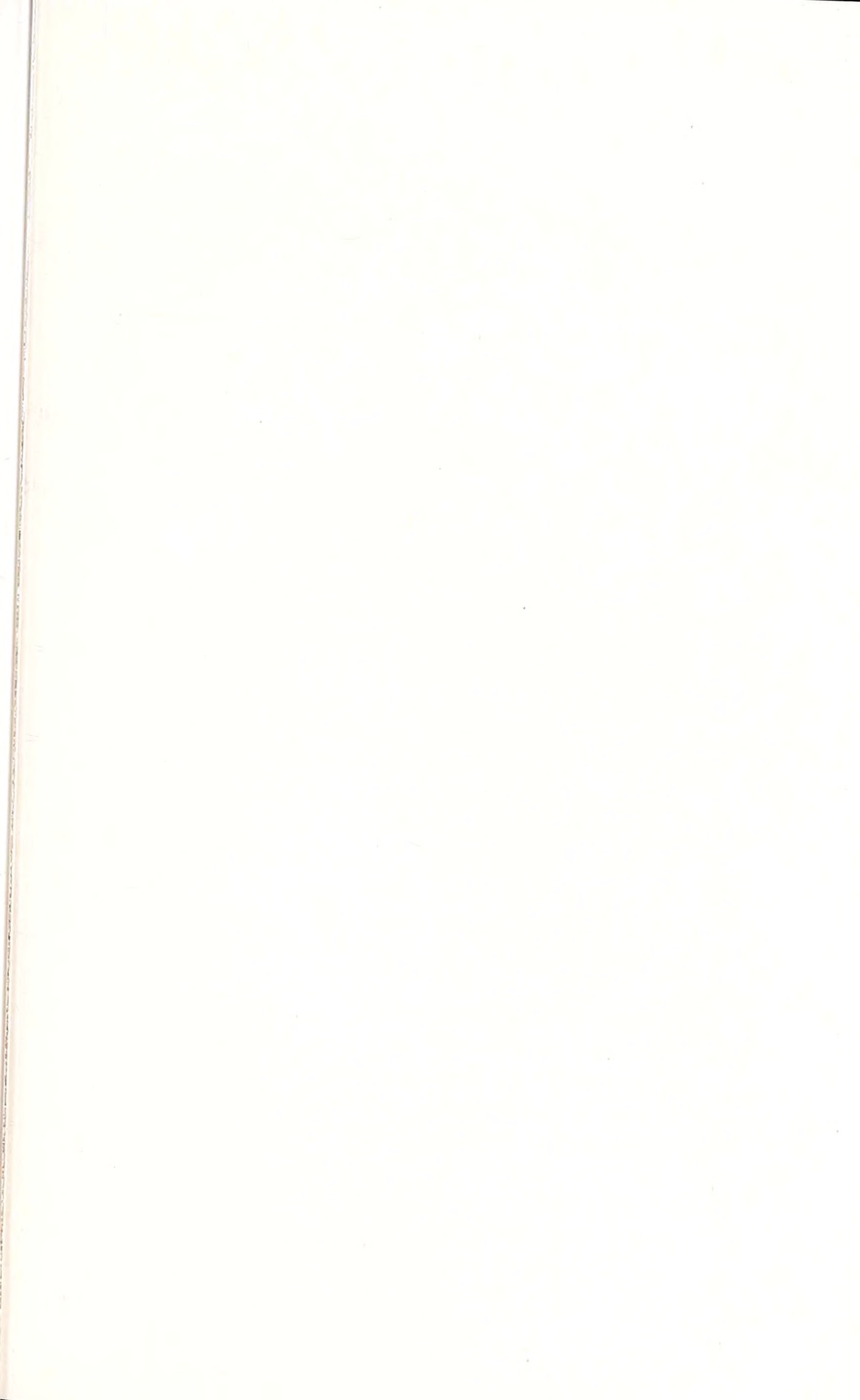
As you may have noticed, the essays we have published have adopted a variety of referencing styles. **In the future, we ask that any of the three recognized style guides for academic papers be used: APA, Chicago or MLA.**

This issue is our fifth as editors. Starting with our first, we have made a number of changes. One of the biggest was the introduction of submission periods. While subscribers know these dates by now, many wonder how soon after the deadline they can expect to receive the issue. So far, we have spent four to six weeks, depending on circumstances, to make the final selections, and to do the editing, the layout, design and proofreading. Once the printers receive the final manuscript, they prepare a “blueline,” which we also have to check page by page. It then takes about two weeks before the journal is printed and posted. These timelines mean that a new *Frogpond* should arrive in your mailbox approximately every four months: the winter issue around February 15; the spring/summer issue around June 15; the fall issue around October 15.

We wish to thank all those readers who gave us feedback for the Spring/Summer issue (32:2), both in terms of content as well as layout and design. **Finally, please note that correspondence sent to us does not appear in Re:Readings unless you specify that it should.**

George Swede, Editor

Anita Krumins, Assistant Editor



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