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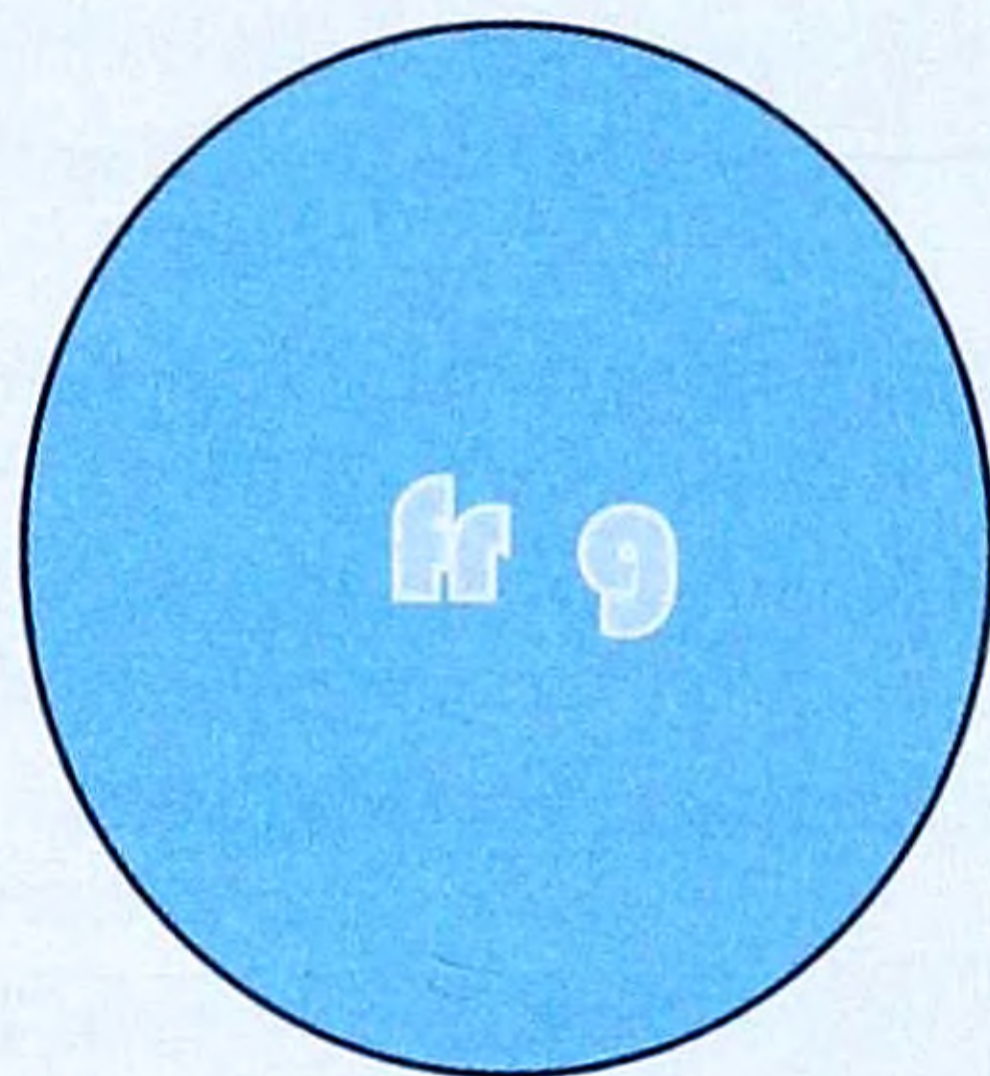
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Volume 33:1, 2010



frogpond

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



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1. Submissions from both members and non-members of HSA are welcome
2. All submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere and must not appear on the Internet prior to appearing in *Frogpond*
3. Submission by e-mail is preferred
 - (a) in the body of the e-mail (no attachments)
 - (b) with subject line: Frogpond Submission
 - (c) with place of residence noted in the body of the e-mail
4. A submission by post will receive a reply only if included are either:
 - (a) a self-addressed stamped envelope (with a Canadian stamp)
 - (b) a self-addressed envelope with one International Reply Coupon (IRC) for up to 30 grams; two IRCs for over 30 grams and up to 50 grams
5. Only one submission per issue will be considered

The Submission May Include Any or All of the Following:

1. Up to ten (10) haiku
2. Up to three (3) haibun
3. Up to three (3) renga or other short sequences
4. One (1) renku or other long sequence
5. One (1) essay
6. One (1) book review

Submission Periods:

1. February 15 to April 15 (Spring/Summer Issue)
2. June 01 to August 01 (Fall Issue)
3. September 15 to November 15 (Winter Issue)

Acceptances will be sent shortly after the end of each period

Note to Publishers:

Books for review may be sent at any time

Submission Addresses:

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Postal: George Swede, Editor, *Frogpond*, Box 279, Station P, Toronto, ON M5S 2S8, Canada

Web site: <<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/index.html>>

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Literature Award
\$100**

For the best previously unpublished work appearing in the
last issue of *Frogpond* as selected by vote of the HSA
Executive Committee

From Issue 32:3

first frost
the echo in the caw
of the crow

Mark Hollingsworth, California



Haiku & Senryu

look, a . . .
across the boardwalk
a gecko scoots

Neil Whitman, California

In the small pond
a shattering of sunlight
becomes a koi

Tomas DeMoss, Arizona

mountain chalet
the chimney smoke fades
with the fog

Bruce Ross, Maine

canyon crossing—
the rope-suspension bridge
ends in fog

John Dunphy, Illinois

visiting hours
the continual drip
of IV and words

Warren Lee Gossett, Indiana

80th birthday
he poses
for the x-ray

Gregory Hopkins, Alabama

mesquite smoke
monarchs migrating
with the wind

James Paulson, Pennsylvania

scattered leaves
hoping it didn't have
to end this way

Stephen A. Peters, Washington

Valentine blues
red satin bikini thong
on back order

Elizabeth Warren, Ontario

mountain drought
in the remaining trickle
wildflower waterfall

Ruth Yarrow, Washington

blank face
still clutches remote control—
bolts of lightning

Chen-ou Liu, Ontario

Small tree
Growing from the gutter
The delicate voice of a feline

Brenton Rossow, Thailand

sarsaparilla
the taste of mama's
reprimand

Jo McInerney, Australia

a hawk rides
the cloudless sky
strains of a sitar

Cathy Drinkwater Better, Maryland

morning tea
sunlight rests on the chair
we still call yours

Dorothy McLaughlin, New Jersey

jet lag
dreaming in the wrong
language

Aurora Antonovic, Ontario

the first bite
with my new dentures
windfall apples

Gautam Nadkarni, India

deep twilight
saxophone notes
weave the jasmine

Melissa Spurr, California

first light
a layer of frost
on the welcome mat

C. William Hinderliter, Arizona

the Buddha beholds my herniated navel

R.P. Carter, Ontario

dusk
invisible bugs drawing
the bat's flight

Tomislav Maretić, Croatia

la petit mort
the flutter
of the spider's web

Wanda D. Cook, Massachusetts

the dog's tongue
out of the dog's head
out of the car window

Andrew Shimiield, England

open a window on snowmelt in the mountains ominous

Francis Attard, Malta

the lifeline
of a pepper leaf
hail forecast

Anne K. Schwader, Colorado

lapping shore water—
the things we take
for granted

Carmen Sterba, Washington

the circumnutation
of morning glories
memories of linoleum

Michael Fessler, Japan

against azure
plume clouds
collide

Barbara A. Taylor, Australia

jam jars cooling
summer sealed
with a snap

Tom Drescher, British Columbia

forking compost
raising all the dead
to wincing light

William M. Ramsey, South Carolina

wheel ruts
deep in second growth
dappled light

Tom Painting, New York

the taste
of the peach I didn't buy—
its aroma

Merrill A. Gonzales, Connecticut

a handful of static
from the kitten's back
winter chill

Collin Barber, Arkansas

car packed and ready—
I can't locate
the GPS

Tanya McDonald, Washington

end of the year—
deer prints crisscross
in the snow

Alice Frampton, Washington

autumn stars
a moth navigates through
my memories

Dietmar Tauchner, Austria

no foot prints
in the snow
foreclosure

Bernard Gieske, Kentucky

bourbon
from a styrofoam cup—
stars above the trailer park

Mike Spikes, Arkansas

in the chrome bumper
of a parked car
the river flows

Bob Brill, Michigan

she knew
the scent of his tongue—
the cake cooled in her mouth

Teresa Layden, Connecticut

warmth leaves
my teacup—
a child's cry

Aubrie Cox, Illinois

late period—
that daytime moon
just hangs there

Jennifer Gomoll Populis, Illinois

Tuesday Tuesday Tuesday
Tuesday she died Tuesday
Tuesday Tuesday Tuesday

PMF Johnson, Minnesota

homesick upcountry
can i call you some night
to hear the foghorn

Catherine Jarl, Sweden

ancient fossil
rests on my palm
the shallow crease of my life line

still pond
the paths of the wood ducks
etched in algae

Michael Ketchek, New York

painting the sky beyond the mountains
in the blood i hang my sunset

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah, Ghana

wind-torn words
the boat rocks
from its own wake

Glen G. Coats, Virginia

our love . . .
same song
different key

Alice Mae Ward, Massachusetts

bathing beach
various degrees
of perfection

Robert Mainone, Michigan

Holding the sky
on its extended wings—
the blue heron

Edward Zuk, British Columbia

Dry and colorless
the withered leaf-fall—
my mother's hurried life

Rebecca Lilly, Virginia

aubergine
the slow curve of shadow
into night

fireflies . . .
forever she says
and believes it

Andrea Grillo, New Jersey

dry lightning
the silent pumping
of a crow's throat

Barbara Snow, Oregon

an electric pot starts to hiss—
a focus group
with animé hairdos

Fay Aoyagi, California

As I walk
stones leap into butterflies
land back into stones

Bruce England, California

dishwater sky
we walk through
the rinse cycle

Johnette Downing, Louisiana

another cross
along this stretch of road
winter fields

Billie Wilson, Alaska

all I can say is
that's a great question . . .
autumn mist

John Stevenson, New York

his infidelity
she plates her own dinner
first

Erik Linzbach, Arizona

first spam
of the new year—
Dear Firend

Barry George, Pennsylvania

country path
wild primrose colours
in your voice

frost melt
marmalade slips
from a spoon

Katrina Shepherd, Scotland

thunder storm
I listen
to the distance

Deb Baker, New Hampshire

our breath taking the air out of the wind

Gary Hotham, Maryland

she stole every cover fresh snow

Scott Mason, New York

sohumidmywordsticktogether

John Soules, Ontario

one-ness —
peeing
in the rain

Jeannie Martin, Massachusetts

dark early
a load of whites
goes to spin

Dan Schwerin, Wisconsin

obituary page . . .
my name not there
so I go to work

Bett Angel-Stawarz, Australia

woodland trail
spring moss hushes
a rocky knoll

Susan Constable, British Columbia

at the brink
wind that brought me here
goes on

Peter Yovu, Vermont

cell phone song
in the wilderness
I leave him

Linda Jeanette Ward, North Carolina

September chill—
the shock
of a ripe blackberry

Penny S. Visser, Illinois

the long a of gray
the long a of rain
the shortest day

Adam Traynor, California

a bufflehead
buzzes the river
thunder of the falls

John Barlow, England

green with envy . . .
the runner up in the
cucumber competition

retreat . . .
i think i think
too much

Jörgen Johansson, Sweden

a flash of August sun tripping into another galaxy

Eve Luckring, California

Ay!
lightning bugs
bite the night

David Caruso, New Jersey

tidepool breeze —
a Modigliani squiggle
seams the surface

H.F. Noyes, Greece

fingers that know
chords
groom a cat dreaming

Brent Partridge, California

cold coffee and eggs
the crowded diner
gets lonelier

Christopher Provost, New Hampshire

your tumescence broods
winter's cold shoulder

winter's fustiness
your mouth on mine

Margot Roessle Best, California

sunset
motorcycle's taillight
drops behind a hill

Laura Garrison, Maryland

sizzling rice
our Snake-Rabbit marriage
lasts another year

splash of rain on the pond my deep regret

Carolyn Hall, California

deep furrows
the man who wore
the scarecrow's clothes

Peggy Willis Lyles, Georgia

a small green apple
in the damp grass
you are leaving again

Anne Elise Burgevin, Pennsylvania

autumn light
we take our time
undressing

William Kenney, New York

goodbyes, goodbyes . . .
tasting the salt
in the ferry's wake

old graves by starlight
footsteps release
a scent of thyme

Ellen Compton, District of Columbia

October sunset
the bling of teenagers
on date night

haloed sun
a koi's gentle suck
at the surface

Jennifer Corpe, Indiana

the frustrations
of a tangled poem
raking the lawn again

Carolyn M. Hinderliter, Arizona

skipping stones . . .
I remember
what he forgot

winter
night
faking
it

Francine Banwarth, Iowa

spider crawling through kitchen knives butterfly morning

Patrick M. Pilarski, Alberta

starlight
moving
through the
scent of
horses

Clare McCotter, Ireland

big sky
my journal pages
blank

Rich Youmans, Massachusetts

heat wave the
scratch of a sun-
dried towel

w.f. owen, California

determined to have a bad day the four year old

Duro Jaiye, Japan

the mottled browns
of a wood thrush breast
how long, this longing

Renée Owen, California

all the poems
I've written
melting snow

Carlos Colón, Louisiana

from the web above
a last lonely glide
one dragonfly wing

Marie Shimane, Japan

menopause . . .
the sound of rain
on dry leaves

Bill Pauly, Iowa

a drip of coffee
on the table mat
one color morning

Oana Aurora Posnaies, Romania

salt breeze
over the pickleweed
marbled godwits

Deborah P. Kolodji, California

old timers
reunion
remembering sex

Joan Gleichman, Oregon

between snowstorms
we squeeze in a walk
between snowstorms

Anne LB Davidson, Maine

popcorn breakfast she has plenty to say

she's at home evening glacier

Jim Westenhaver, Washington

job hunting—
unclaimed pumpkins
in the compost pile

William Scott Galasso, Washington

lunar eclipse
alone
at her grave site

Guy Sauterne, New York

Leaves drifting down,
gold, red, yellow, saffron, rose,
so many thoughts, so many

Bill Ward, Virginia

heading due north
with a following sea
beyond politics

starfish straining
the outgoing tide
last of summer

Jim Kacian, Virginia

Increased Collaboration: Opportunities to Participate in the Haiku Society of America

by *Ce Rosenow*, Oregon

In 2008, I had the opportunity to chair the Haiku Society of America's Nominations Committee. Working with an'ya and Harriot West, I tried to find people to fill various positions on the Executive Committee and to serve as regional coordinators. I was surprised at how difficult it was to find people willing to hold office. I also detected a serious degree of "burnout" from the people who had been donating their time and effort to HSA for many years. I began thinking about the role of volunteers in HSA and asking others for their views on this topic. I discovered that many people didn't know what they could contribute to the HSA and others, while willing to volunteer, were unsure how to go about it. I am convinced of the importance of increasing the number of volunteers to help meet the needs of the large HSA membership, and I am also certain that we can create opportunities that will benefit the volunteers. The following suggestions, many of which are adapted from the feedback I have received this past year, by no means form a comprehensive list, but I offer them as encouragement for members to get more involved with the organization and help to direct its future.

The Local Level:

Traveling to national HSA events can be difficult depending on your other commitments and your budget, and not everyone has an interest in serving as a regional coordinator or Executive Committee officer. For these and other reasons, not everyone chooses to participate in HSA on the national level. Even if you do not want to participate nationally, there are several ways for you to actively participate at a local level.

One simple way is to attend the haiku events in your area. This suggestion seems almost too basic to mention, yet how often

does a two-hour drive for a weekend event or an extra commute after work to attend an evening meeting or reading seem like a real barrier? I speak from experience, having neglected to attend some of the meetings organized by Francine Porad in Bellevue, Washington because attending meant driving two more hours after getting off of work in Tacoma. When I did make it to meetings, I benefited from the camaraderie and the feedback on my poems. In the years since those meetings in the early 1990s, I have organized many large and small meetings, and I have learned first hand how much difference it makes to the organizers and to the group as a whole when people make the effort to attend events.

Another option is offering to help the regional coordinator for your area. Volunteer to assist with setting up meetings or readings or publicizing those events. If you belong to a non-HSA haiku group, consider becoming the liaison between that group and the HSA regional chapter to increase the communication between the different groups. Even sending in your haiku news on a regular basis so that the coordinator can assemble the regional report for the HSA Newsletter is a way to participate. It helps the coordinator and lets poets in other parts of the country know what you have been up to.

You can also share your skills and hobbies. If you have experience with websites, video recorders, or photography, contact the regional coordinator and offer to create and maintain a website or document haiku events. Artists or musicians can consider ways in which their talents might become part of the program for a local or regional meeting. If you have experience with desktop publishing or graphic design, participate in editing and/or producing an anthology for your region.

Your engagement on a local level adds to the mix of talents and interests in the region, thereby enriching the local and regional groups as well as the national society. In an even more basic way, the division of labor among many volunteers means that no one person or small group of people will become overwhelmed or exhausted.

The Regional Level:

Regional coordinators have a varied set of tasks before them depending on how many states constitute a particular region, the number of members, and the geographical distance between the members. Furthermore, some regions have several other active haiku organizations within them. As different as the regions are, each one is important to the success of the HSA as a whole and can contribute in key ways, especially under the leadership of the regional coordinator.

First, strengthen the unity within the region. True, the way in which each regional coordinator approaches this goal will vary for the reasons described above. Nevertheless, increased communication between the members within a geographical area will develop a stronger sense of community within that region. Having served as the Oregon Regional Coordinator, I know how easy it is to repeatedly rely on the same volunteer base. By getting to know more of the region's members, I discovered how talented and generous the poets in this state are. Coordinators should stay in contact with members, ask for help, and look for ways to forge connections with other poetry groups and organizations. The individual HSA regions are potentially one of our best means of outreach to other poets and educators interested in learning more about haiku through joint meetings, poetry readings, and other events open to the public.

Second, consider hosting a national quarterly meeting. This option may not be appropriate for all regions, but many regions are capable of organizing these meetings. The meeting dates are set well in advance, which gives the regional group plenty of time to plan. There are so many aspects to planning a regional meeting that almost everyone can find some way to contribute. Although there is no set format for national meetings, and the scope of the meeting is up to the people organizing it, many national meetings involve the following activities: deciding on a program and inviting participants; creating flyers and email announcements to publicize the event; arranging for meeting space and, if necessary, restaurants or catering for group meals;

setting up meeting rooms; organizing book tables; picking up or dropping off out-of-town guests at the airport and hosting out-of-town guests; and cleaning up the facility after the event ends. Clearly, there are ways for everyone to assist at some level. Additionally, working on national meetings is fun and rewarding, especially as this work provides a chance to get to know poets from around the country. These meetings also create opportunities to hear a variety of readings and performances, and to listen to informative papers and presentations. By making these meetings open to the public, HSA regions again help significantly with outreach and education.

The National Level:

Volunteerism at the national level requires a certain amount of knowledge about haiku, and it also involves a commitment of time and labor comparable to, and often exceeding, that of regional coordinators (depending on the level of activity in an individual region). For these reasons, it can be challenging to find people willing to undertake a position at this level; however, these positions are very important to the HSA's ability to achieve its mission statement and to support its membership.

The most obvious way to volunteer on the national level is to serve on the HSA Executive Committee. EC members commit to a fairly high level of involvement in the operations of the organization, including traveling to some of the national quarterly meetings and fulfilling very specific responsibilities as set forth in the HSA By-laws on the HSA website: <http://www.hsa-haiku.org/bylaws.htm>.

There are also opportunities to volunteer on the national level other than becoming an officer, and HSA needs people willing to donate their time, labor, and knowledge of haiku. There are also opportunities to volunteer on the national level other than becoming an officer, and HSA needs people willing to donate their time, labor, and knowledge of haiku so that some of the society's large-scale services can be accomplished. For instance, each year we need someone to

chair the Nominations Committee and we need people to serve on the committee. Additionally, the success of the annual membership anthology requires people to choose submissions and to edit, design, and produce the anthology. The many contests sponsored by HSA require qualified judges to select the winning poems and write judges' comments intended to highlight the accomplishments of the winners and to articulate important aspects of haiku and related forms.

I realize that I have outlined volunteer opportunities starting from the local level and moving up such that the local level feeds the regional level which feeds the national level; however, I want to emphasize that the reverse is also true. Volunteers at the national level have a responsibility to support members at the regional and local levels, and clearly the regional coordinators are focused largely on the needs of the members in their region. Having an organization run by a large and vibrant group of volunteers at all levels means that support will run in both directions, local to national and national to local. The result will be a well-connected membership working together for the further development and appreciation of haiku in English.

I hope that the above information demonstrates how important volunteers are to the success of the Haiku Society of America. I also hope that it reveals the wide range of opportunities to participate in ways that are interesting and enjoyable to the volunteers. Don't assume that your contributions aren't needed if you haven't been asked to volunteer. Every member, whether a new or established poet, has something to offer. Consider your interests, find your niche, and get involved. Both you and the HSA will be the better for your efforts.

Ce Rosenow's articles, poetry, translations and reviews have appeared in journals in the U.S. and abroad. She is the current President of the Haiku Society of America.

Tan Renga

by

Angela Terry, Washington & Susan Constable, British Columbia

children
at the pumpkin patch
their sunlit laughter

*on his funeral day
I pick the last marigold*

Rengay

Modern Art

by

John Thompson, California & Renée Owen, California

a future Picasso
draws lines in the sand
for waves to erase

*summer sun changes
shades of Marden's blue*

fast-fading rainbow
a sudden hungering
for Matisse

*desert mirage
the saturated hues
of Rothko's red*

during my colonoscopy
distorted dreams a la Chagall

*Rauschenberg's white panels
a long wait for
his brush*

Hunter's Moon

by

Amy Whitcomb, Virginia

Leslie Rose, California

coyote call
another
with your same hunger

*the wary circling of
the singles-bar crowd*

slipping away
the osprey leaves
ripples

*rising mists
enfold the hunter's moon
whispers in the dark*

smoke signals
from an old flame

*cold night
stirring spent ashes
in search of a spark*

* *

*

*

Dark Waters

by

Francine Banwarth, Iowa

Mike Montreuil, Ontario

he holds back
on the oars
not enough moon

*she surprises him
skinny dipping*

treading water
a dark pocket
of warm current

*errant light—
an invitation
he cannot refuse*

waves pulsing against
his Adam's apple

*close to shore
feet touch the sand—
dawn through the clouds*



Premonition

by

Billie Wilson, Alaska
Carolyn Hall, California

premonition
the winter moon
lost in ice fog

*above snowy hillocks
the glide path of a hawk*

storm's edge—
whitecaps curling
into dark water

*a red fox vanishes
amid tangled briars
frigid rain*

bone chill
raw wind tears through clearcut

*icicle curtains—
the mystery house
locked up until spring*

**

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*

Renga/Renku

Editors' Note: The renga is an older form of Japanese linked poetry than the renku. For the HSA definition of the renku, go to the HSA Web. site <http://www.hsa-haiku.org/archives/HSA_Definitions_2004.html>. For a scholarly, but clear, discussion of how the renku evolved from the renga, read the chapter "Distinctive Features of Linked Poetry" in Miner, E., Japanese Linked Poetry, Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1979, pp. 140-159. As can be seen in this section, both forms are practiced today. Of interest to readers will be that the authors of "36 Renga" have shared the template they used.

36 Renga

by

Dean Brink / Bao De-le (bd), Taiwan

Charles Chang (cc), Taiwan & *Claire Ku (ck)*, Taiwan

1. *(bd)* The withering wind
brings down the leaves—your fingers
touch my brow and eyes (winter)
2. *(cc)* Plum blossoms—the only tracks
floating away on the ice (winter)
3. *(ck)* The last snow
did not cover the lost shoe
of the fisherman's son (winter)
4. *(cc)* A north wind blows nets up high
stars fade away in the winter night (winter)
5. *(bd)* Approaching the gate
your Pekinese barking,
father's light goes on (non-seasonal)
6. *(ck)* Streamlight Stinger searching darkness,
The daffodil shadows grew still (non-seasonal)

7. *(cc)* Retiring diva
Luna removes her makeup
little by little (moon/autumn)
8. *(bd)* Out of the fog for how long
overhead—migrating birds (autumn)
9. *(ck)* Stepping off the train
heads down, a chilly wind blows
their coats open (autumn)
10. *(cc)* Quails sneaking behind the bush
are still swallowed by sunshine (autumn)
11. *(bd)* Chilled to the bone
I pedaled twice as far
as we'd gone long ago (autumn)
12. *(ck)* Fresh footprints in the mud
I follow your path alone (love)
13. *(cc)* Halfway through the woods,
beside the singing creek
nothing but your shoes (love)
14. *(bd)* Forgetting our breakfast date
my phone stops ringing at lunchtime (love)
15. *(ck)* Chirping birds drown out
the call to board the last train—
a lost traveler (non-seasonal)
16. *(cc)* Under the only light
the homeless start to gather (non-seasonal)
17. *(bd)* On a hill deep in
the forest preserve, we look
out on the first sunrise (New Year)

18. (ck) Lighting firecrackers in blowfish
washed ashore, the rich boys run (New Year)
19. (cc) Chromatic
toxic clouds follow in step
with *homo sapiens* (non-seasonal)
20. (bd) At the edge of the forest
mother still rings the bell (non-seasonal)
21. (ck) Deep-fried baby trout,
pickled radish, cheap sake
for father and friends (spring)
22. (cc) Under cherry trees, the East wind
comes along, blows off blossoms (spring)
23. (bd) While we ate fiddleheads
at the dive facing the waves—
an old couple sang (spring)
24. (ck) The drunken sailor whirling
his red scarf—the tranquil night (spring)
25. (cc) Maiko walk away
from the okuya, kimono
sweep the stink away (spring)
26. (bd) Bamboo block the view from the bridge
where we once took Polaroids (non-seasonal)
27. (ck) Crossing the dried riverbed
the tea-picking lady
goes into the hills (non-seasonal)
28. (cc) Doves fly off in the downpour—
the wood shivers in the wind (love)

29. *(bd)* Our umbrella torn,
 North Shore so far—and you say
 you love rainy days (love)
30. *(ck)* Soggy socks under my chair,
 you go smoke in the bathroom (love)
31. *(cc)* The old clock stopped—
 I count the minutes alone
 the day you went away (non-seasonal)
32. *(bd)* In short-sleeved shirts again
 our arms brushed as we walked (non-seasonal)
33. *(ck)* Last time at your house
 new tea steaming between us
 we drank in silence (summer)
34. *(cc)* Greeting the flying fish,
 coconut palms wave from shore (summer)
35. *(bd)* Boys in uniform
 corner an eel in the canal—
 hold it overhead (summer)
36. *(ck)* Bended wing hanging loose,
 a waterfowl soars upward (non-seasonal)

* *

*



center tree—a Triparshva renku

by (in order of first verses)

<i>Eiko Yachimoto</i>	(<i>ey</i>)	Japan
<i>Linda Papanicolaou</i>	(<i>lmp</i>)	California
<i>Karen Cesar</i>	(<i>kc</i>)	Arizona
<i>Bhavani Ramesh</i>	(<i>br</i>)	India
<i>Norman Darlington</i>	(<i>nd</i>)	Ireland
<i>_kala</i>	(<i>_k</i>)	India
<i>Barbara A. Taylor</i>	(<i>bat</i>)	Australia
<i>Moira Richards</i>	(<i>moi</i>)	South Africa
<i>Claire Chatelet</i>	(<i>s</i>)	England

Editors' Note: The "Triparshva" is a 22-verse renku pattern proposed (March 2005) by the Irish poet Norman Darlington. The name is Sanskrit for "trilateral." Accordingly, the Triparshva is a three-face poem comprising a six-verse preface, a ten-verse intensification, and a six-verse rapid close. For more information, go to <<http://www.museindia.com/showcurrent14.asp?id=1314>>.

1. presiding over
five weddings, the blossom
of a center tree (ey)
2. small white butterflies
perform their circle dance (lmp)
3. on an ebb-tide beach
shell gatherers' footprints
slowly fade (kc)
4. a tamer brown
her much washed teddy bear (br)
5. snuggled up for warmth
the sheen of moonlight on a pair
of sleeping twins (nd)

6. still . . . in silences
the weight of unspoken words (k)

* * * * *

7. overburdened
the donkey's legs splayed
in Giza's dust (bat)

8. these amulets
of lapis lazuli (kc)

9. on a midnight flight
sleeping with someone
I just met (br)

10. in the spring of our lives
we kiss the sky (nd)

11. first rain . . .
grandmama's field
all shot with shoots (moi)

12. screeching its tires
the getaway van (lmp)

13. to the top octave
whistling breathless
up the stairs (k)

14. *amanita muscaria* rings
a cypress pine (bat)

15. if you want to know
the moon, go to the moon:
bathe in its light (s)

16. a piercing autumn wind
on the road through Manzanar (lmp)

* * * * *

17. a moment's
hesitation on the eve
of Adam's relocation (nd)

18. melting ice cream . . .
he tries to outlick the sun (br)

19. fisticuffs at high noon
Bully the Kid meets
his match (kc)

20. shrill cuckoo's calls
from a finch's nest (b)

21. bending down
to pick a fallen champa
. . . the fragrance (_k)

22. upsidaisy!
a whale waves from the bay (moi)

* *



The Cry Of The Peacock

by

Angelee Deodhar (*ad*), India

Izak Bouwer (*ib*), Ontario & *Angela Sumegi* (*as*), Ontario

Editors' Note: The authors based their renku on an Internet essay, "Shorter Renku," in particular the section "Practical Guidelines for the Junicho Renku Form," written by Seiji Okamoto, and translated by William J. Higginson & Chris Kondo that can be found at <renku.home.att.net/shorter_renku.html>. As with a previous renga in this issue (pp. 39-42), the authors have indicated the template they used.

1. (*ad*) concert in the park—
Beethoven's Ninth
then the cicadas (season word: cicadas = late summer)
2. (*ib*) the brocade elephant
trumpets her arrival (link: trumpets—concert)
3. (*as*) meeting with fox
in morning fog—
a surprise to both (fog = autumn; fox—elephant)
4. (*ad*) the river birch unravels
under the moon (MOON = autumn; unravels—meeting)
5. (*ib*) a thin red line
lingers where the sun has set—
drone of the plane (sun—moon)
6. (*as*) lone barracuda
near the glass partition (partition—line)
7. (*ad*) winter drizzle—
the pigeons huddle closer
under the arch (winter; closer—near)
8. (*ib*) the cry of the peacock
what's love got to do with it (LOVE; peacock—pigeons)

9. (*as*) plum blossom
in his old shoes—
her sudden tears (LOVE; spring = plum BLOSSOM;
tears—cry)

10. (*ad*) spring cleaning—
mismatched socks sorted again (spring; socks—shoes)

11. (*ib*) sadhu's assistants
argue at the crossroads—
the smell of dust (argue—mismatched)

12. (*as*) fragrant rice on the table
and the murmur of grace (fragrant—smell)

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The Verse Merchants

by *Bashō & Kikaku*

Translated by

Eiko Yachimoto, Japan & *John E. Carley*, England

Editors' Note: The comments that follow have been excerpted from a letter Eiko Yachimoto sent accompanying the translation. They should stimulate readers to compare the methods of renku composition used by Bashō and his cohort during the seventeenth century to those adhered to by English-language writers in the twenty-first century, such as those whose renku appeared earlier in this issue (pp. 39-47).

A Note By **Eiko Yachimoto:** As a member of AIR, or the Association for International Renku, I have been a part of the recent blooming of English language renku. In the course of time, I clearly saw the need for fresh English translation of Bashō's renku. Mr. John E. Carley, shared my view and has been helping me through the difficult task of renku translation as an equal partner. One of the reasons why I chose "The Verse Merchants" [by Bashō and Kikaku] is that I have observed that English language renkujin tend to put a little too much emphasis on "templates" and "rules" and wanted to introduce a *kasen* which brought a breakthrough in the history of Japanese haikai with many references to Chinese and Japanese classic literature.

Editors' Note: A *kasen renku* uses two sheets of paper, each of which has a total of eighteen poems on its front and back sides (Miner, E. Japanese Linked Poetry. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1979, p. 132). To follow this convention, the typeface on the next two pages had to be reduced. But first, the *kasen* by Bashō and Kikaku begins with the following quote:

Drinking debts are found everywhere.

Longevity, beyond 70, is rare.

Tu Fu [China 712-770]

Bashō (b); Kikaku (k)

(first sheet, front)

1. a verse merchant
devours the years alike—
debts from drinking *(k)*
2. the winter lake at sunset
his horse laden with carp *(b)*
3. dull halberds yet
some brutes are let slip
through the barrier gate *(b)*
4. sansen strumming
and the demons in you weep *(k)*
5. my sleeves drenched
in moonlight, a cricket
sleeps on my lap *(k)*
6. binding the wings of a snipe
night has deepened *(b)*

(first sheet, back)

7. are they laughing
at the shameless monk?
swaying maiden grass *(b)*
8. umbrella dance:
the wretched winter drizzle *(k)*
9. his bamboo pattern
quilted kimono
dyed true indigo *(b)*
10. that drift-white game park
where he fell for his young lord *(k)*
11. number one princess
sent to be fostered
by the village head-man *(b)*
12. famous for snoring
what an odd theme to compose on! *(k)*
13. hototogisu cries
as if to
embody remorse *(b)*
14. acknowledging this life
scrawny from cold food *(k)*
15. petal scuffed shoes
such penury
a rice-straw lid for a hat *(b)*
16. look, Bashō the hut dweller
smites a butterfly *(k)*
17. what common cur
could bring itself to eat
rotten haikai! *(b)*
18. blinking, blinking
neither moon nor darkness rest *(k)*

(second sheet, front)

19. soon my intended,
the season's first blow
on the fulling block *(k)*
20. all fighting over
the kuzu knows no grudge *(b)*
21. just for a jest
Madame Komurasaki
cast in gold *(k)*
22. dark as a sea bream
Otoku's breast *(b)*
23. her wrack of hair
will coil and crack
the sazae's spines *(k)*
24. Poseidon's underling
the wave-tossed cape *(b)*
25. clasp your iron bow
and enter the fray! *(k)*
26. enfolding a tiger
this pregnant dawn *(b)*
27. chilly mountain,
the Four Sleepers lie
blown by stormy winds *(k)*
28. last embers spent
I go by finger-tip *(b)*
29. jealous come the morn
good wife shuns the moon *(k)*
30. a silk wrapped watermelon
such mean tricks *(k)*

(second sheet, back)

31. how lamentable
bush clovers blasted
on Miyagi field *(b)*
32. those far flung Ainu
wouldn't know a millstone *(k)*
33. the samurai slumbers
in his armour
I offer a pillow *(b)*
34. eightfold the horse neighs
to warn of coming snow *(k)*
35. a verse merchant
devours the blossoms all,
debts from drinking *(k)*
36. the spring lake at sunset
our verse imbued with verve *(b)*

Editors' Note: Two other renku translated by Yachimoto and Carley have appeared in earlier issues of Frogpond (27:1 and 29:1).

Haiku Sequences

Fall

by

Dave Russo, North Carolina

autumn rain
Uncle Herbert
gone to ash

*

let the snails
have the hostas
autumn rain

*

not sure
about astral projection
but autumn rain . . .

*

..

autumn rain
planting a rose
where two others died

*

great-grandmother
has few words left
fall rain

*

autumn rain
so many ghosts
dead and alive

*

such a handsome
tree frog!
autumn rain

Jazz to Get Through the Night

(a haiku string)

by

Marian Olson, New Mexico

Blue Note
Miles to go
before I sleep

Pass through the night with Ella

lonely without her
the monk
'Round Midnight

reminding us
Lulu's Back in Town
Jessica Williams

Body and Soul
even now
the sound of the Hawk

the night all wet
with Mingus love
river of stars



Slant of Light

(a solo junicho renku in musical notation)

by

Diana Webb, England

the robin's open beak
this way and that—
white blossom

her fingers on the keys
should be like petals

the faded blue sleeve
of Dad's favourite LP
La Mer

the siren sings to him
all through the night

christening their child
Aurora
Tchaikovsky's girl

haunted by the strains
of that pavane

filling up
the hot water bottle
moonlight sonata

for every leaf tint
he hears a note

cellos playing
a slant of light
across the catkins

Meredith, Hopkins, Shelley?
poems about larks

she doodles crotchets
going up the stave
then down

after their dance
the snowflakes vanish . . .

Waiting For Sophia

by

Joshua Gage, Ohio

ultrasound
beneath my wife's pulse
the baby's heartbeat

morning sickness
her ponytail tangled
between my fingers

first trimester
I clean our toilet again
at midnight

fourth month
her belly peeks
out of her pj's

heavy rain
2 a.m. run to the store
for ginger ale

sleeping in
I stroke the hair
off of her face

afternoon shower
her hand on my shoulder
as I soap her belly

second trimester
stretch marks from our first
begin to reappear

heavy comforter
my wife gets up to pee
for the fourth time

late to bed
her cold feet
find mine

a new curve
to my wife's silhouette
winter evening

third ultrasound
finding out it's a girl
by what isn't there

winter vacation
waking up to her hand
in mine

restless night
the warmth of her belly
pressed to my back

New Year's Day
feeling the baby kick
for the first time

* *

*

*

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*

Following Death

compiled and edited by

Bruce England, California

1

Flies

leave the restaurant
follow the corpse

Marrakech

2

Butterflies

follow the flowers
on the coffin

Japan

3

Graveside

our shadows join in the dark
around the coffin

California

Credits

1. "Marrakech" in Orwell, G. *A Collection of Essays by George Orwell*.
NY: Harbrace Paperbound Library, 1946, pp.180-187.

2. A restatement of a haiku by Meisetsu in Henderson, H.G. *An Introduction
to Haiku*. Garden City, NY: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1958, p. 172.



in the half-light of morning

by *w.f. owen*, California

here in Hawaii in a room which really was a garage cleaned up just enough to be livable i survey the aches from the previous long day of diving for a living and it was a good job though no health insurance or even surety of a next meal i peer out to the tatami mats strung together to hide the grease underneath now full in spots with sand dragged in from the beach just inside the door a mouse sits up on its hind legs and i think for a moment to get up and shoo it away but no let it be it adds charm to the place so I drift back into sleep eyelids closed i see the ocean floor much like i did so often when spearing fish while free diving for hours i drift and that screen plays a movie of lava rock and fish flitting i dream . . . my long-time friend with a droopy face from Bell's palsy which lasts only a week he feels it will be forever maybe a stroke but he is only in his 30s so i try to reassure him and think better of joking about the times i shot fish through both eyes they twitched at the end of the spear but that was just reflex

in tree shade i ink one side of the fish

Basketball in Mongolia

by *Bob Lucky*, China

A lone basketball hoop stands out on the steppes, fifty meters outside the *ger* encampment. Overhead, the Milky Way ambles through the heavens like a vast herd of fat-tailed sheep. The only sound is the thump-thump of a ball hitting hard ground as a young man prepares to shoot a free throw for his girlfriend.

the eagle
eyes its tether
full moon

Husky

by *Wende Skidmore DuFlon*, Guatemala

her tongue
poises for the drops. . .
sap moon

The light is blue with a slight warm glow. The sun just passed over the horizon line. We approach the first Auto Hotel—the licit place for illicit moments—along the grubby strip leading into the Capital.

I look over at the hotel to check in on the three husky guard dogs. There they are, like every day at dawn, lying on the concrete, each attached to its tiny dog house by a medium-gauge chain. It seems ironic that these dogs, known for their intelligent team spirit, are brusquely separated from each other for this stationary guard job. It is cool now in the early morning. I think forward to how they will suffer when midday in the tropics heats up.

Of the nine entrances, only three garage doors are closed. The closed door has a dual purpose: to protect the car from public identification and to signal private occupancy in the bedroom above. My eyes are drawn to lights in two of the occupied rooms; each light seems to be a single bare bulb in the middle of a small ceiling. From the road, the light is cold and jarring.

I imagine that a garage door will open soon and a car will back out with a contented couple. Somewhere in this sprawling metropolitan area, each will return to respective Wednesday activities and respective family. Each carries a secret to guard or a tale of conquest to embellish.

The three huskies look regal on their respective patches of concrete.

jaywalking
a bright bromeliad hangs
from the power line

St Cedd at Bradwell

by *Diana Webb*, England

skylark notes
along the sea margin
snail shells

He came down South by boat from the Holy Isle of Lindisfarne, almost the length of this priceless gem's East coastline, a monk already skilled in Celtic knotwork, pattern that spirals in and out with no beginning, end, exit or entrance. This place rising above cockle spit and saltmarsh, where estuary meets sea, where sudden gleam of tide meets sky.

horizon chapel
between two willows
a great tit's call

*



Australia Dreaming

by *Beverly Tift*, Connecticut

In the slanted afternoon light, I pour out beads that were stored in a film canister. I stare into that empty space at the rising fog that reveals "The Twelve Apostles" . . . blue eucalyptus haze ghosting the Dandenong Ranges . . . an American penny placed by an impossibly small Koori rock well . . . and, I trace again with my finger, the Southern Cross.

snow day
a scatter of sugar
by my cup

DNA

by *Max Verhart*, The Netherlands

The churchyard of Wedde in the province of Groningen. A sort of lawn with several centuries old tombstones. The oldest of these are lying flat and heavy under the bright sky, the later ones are less massive and standing upright. I linger at a few, saunter between them, taking pictures.

Under one of the horizontal stones Derck Haselhoff was buried in 1650 and later on, in 1679, Magdalena Saxenhausen, his *hausfrau*, as wives were called then. A little closer to the little church, under a chiseled slab just as heavy, Magdalena Haselhoff rests, granddaughter of Derck and his housewife, after whom she was named. The coats of arms and texts on both tombs have become weather-beaten during the centuries that passed by, but are still recognizable and, though with some trouble, readable.

I descend from them. From all three. In the bones that, one may assume, are resting in the soil underneath, probably some DNA can still be found that matches that of their descendant, having come here, centuries later, especially for them.

autumn colors —
here and there still some white
of a daisy

*

*

*

Cleveland Metroparks

by *Joshua Gage*, Ohio

Early June. My wife, Rosann, and I walk the shorter trails. Her hand is warm in mine. Small. I am constantly reminded of my foreignness. I do not have the words for the plants we see beyond tree, flower, grass. Fortunately, the rangers have planted small signs.

creek song
jack-in-the-pulpit hoods
wag in the breeze

Past the Nature Center, the trail rises. Last night's rain has puddled our path. Rosann lets go of my hand and presses her way up hill. I follow. The wild flowers have not begun to blossom.

lecture area
a chipmunk attentive
to the empty podium

A dragonfly hovers over the bike path. A breeze rustles the tall grass. Walking back to our car, I vow to pick up a nature guide before I return.



Beyond the Muted Trees

by *Glenn G. Coats*, Virginia

California Creek 1973. I know the farmer and ask if we can camp on one of his pastures. We set up the tent near a stream, a short distance from the barn where you surprise Homer by milking one of his cows. There is one horse with a great sway in his back who wanders through the fields.

Beyond the fields, the mountains begin to climb; roads are made of dirt. There are houses back there, most without electricity or running water. Then perch up on rocks or a few timbers—no foundations. The houses are tucked away like photographs in a drawer. No one sees them.

One boy walks down a lane each day from somewhere and talks to us slowly as if each word is picked like an apple from a tree.

We stop talking during the rain, after water bleeds through the canvas and nothing is dry. The stream is running high and fast. The water is too brown to drink. It is morning when the boy returns to our tent and stands before it like a soldier. “Are you in there Mr. and Mrs.?” he asks. Our sleeping bags are damp, our clothes moist, and we are silent for a long time before the boy turns away toward the hills, toward home.

all night rain
the smell of wood smoke
in every thread



hypnotist

by *Clare McCotter*, Northern Ireland

dinah was singing *september in the rain* down empty early morning roads where I could not avoid you the single arrhythmic thud your heart flailing in beating hands when I lifted it off the road your black implacable eye arresting in a tachycardic breast the other a crimson-rimmed depression where an eye had been then shocking in its regularity your heartbeat slowed and as I inhaled the perfect purple of that foxglove pulse somewhere a lost rhythm returned—later amid stainless steel and squat yellow smells they pronounced your eye intact I insisted it was gone—could such a vacancy fill itself? were you a miracle bird? they agreed to observe you until I returned that evening to two eyes watching waiting imminent release an account to settle: one rowan tree in the garden

mistle thrush
silent under juniper
the fog thickens

*

*

lightning bug

by *Elizabeth Hazen*, Vermont

I say to myself and to her mother and to anyone else who happens to be around, “She died of her illness the same as dad died of his.” But his was colon cancer. Hers was schizophrenia. He was 90. She was 39. He was in bed, in pain. She was, I don’t know, without wings.

moving through darkness:
full moon
and fireflies

Too Many Butts

by *Barbara A. Taylor*, Australia

alienation
blowing smoke rings
into fenced backyards

Poor old Jack, there he is, in striped pajamas outside the hospital, smoking cigarettes. At nightfall, he's fearful to be alone, his breathing crackles; the twelve steps to the bathroom, beyond his limit without a helping hand. Ironically, he's an enthusiastic outdoors chappy, happiest in the country fresh air. Jack's last fifty years have been spent working in his prize-winning vegetable plot. For him, the hospital gardens are a grand distraction. Filtered rays spear the golden maples. Jack shuffles through the sycamore leaves contented with their rustling. Red, orange, yellow a confetti trail leads him coughing all the way back to his sterile ward. After several weeks of care, he still cannot breathe too well. At ninety-nine, he thinks maybe now is the time to change his habits, make plans about his future.

a squirrel sprints
clasping winter's store
up the chestnut-oak

*

Massage

by *Lynn Edge*, Texas

Back and neck in spasms. A gentle knock on the door. "Okay", I whisper. She turns on music by Liquid Silk. Slaps the double prongs against her thigh. Ping. A hummm beneath my skull, then hummm down each vertebra until my pain recedes with the fading vibrations.

matching tones . . .
a tuning fork
to the piano wire

Flat 104

by *Doreen King*, England

I drag myself up in the heat of dawn
put on old shoes the new ones hurt

with juice can raised to my forehead
collect junk mail—menu, insurance, news of a new film
take deep morning breaths of lily of the valley air freshener

count coins into a few meals
eighth floor a cat pees

leaving early I knock the fat hedge an eager nestling's scrawny neck
discarded condoms the squirrel has a sniff then backs away
in the yard innards of a settee does for a fox

cinnamon smell from a shop last month a tyre store
the starving pigeon drinks the cloud in the gutter

caught in the crowd the tiny steps of a starling
rain stopping carefully, the cat treads around each puddle
face-painted child in the aisle a tear rolls down the lion's cheek

in the station square a beggar gives a smile
train coming the fuzzy announcement still drizzling

along the road dizzy high notes and lows
dainty squirrel runs the gauntlet of children with sticks
neat hedge billowing clouds above rooftops

last drop of lemonade gone the wasp still circles
stopped and searched yet again my back pocket keys rattle

a little dog tied to the bicycle rack
lift stuck at two the one time I see and hear nothing
spring and long before its end somewhere cherry blossoms falling

upstairs window:
before the purple night clouds
the stars of my curtain

*

*

The Passover Tortillas

by *Tad Wojnicki*, Taiwan

I listen to crunching of grasshoppers in kids' teeth. The Jews had just started their Exodus from Egypt and became nomads, swept by locusts. Three thousand years later, we all, young and old, sit at the Passover Seder table clothed with a starched white, recreating the hardships. We chew the matza, or unleavened bread, gag on the marror, or "bitter herbs," and count our blessings. The grasshoppers, representing the plague, are coated with chocolate—anything to make Exodus real.

Being homeless is what makes it real to me. I have no place of my own. I'm an urban nomad. I move from place to place. Year after year. Sick and tired, lately I started thinking of getting a house, my own house, and moving from the backyard to the front yard, and even planting my own fig tree to lie under.

Living in Burrito Complex, I easier find tortillas than matzas. But the tortillas are also unleavened, baked flat like the desert bread—and equally tasteless. I have them daily. Burrito Complex is an ongoing Passover.

a silent lightning
cracks on the wall
hit the ground

**

**

**

Hunger Cast in Bronze

by *Ruth Franke*, Germany

Larger than life, with spindly legs, it catches the eye at once: *Le Chien* (Dog). The unkempt fur hangs down in metal rags, the protruding head follows its snuffling nose and almost touches the ground. As Alberto Giacometti once said, “*Le chien, c’est moi!*” The form has been cut back to its bare essentials, yet we recognize it at once. The skinny, dainty-looking limbs enclose a void.

“Hunger cast in bronze,” is the first thing to come to mind. Bringing back memories of wartime and the post-war years – starving dogs roaming the ruins of cities, eyes down, looking for something to eat, or searching for a master buried under rubble.

In the foyer, leaving the exhibition, another lasting impression: *Femmes de Venise*, nine sculptures of women, Giacometti’s approach to the female figure. Outlandish, elongated representations of the ideal woman, some almost as thin as a needle. Motionless and in their extreme length inaccessible; human existence stripped bare in a way that creates space and distance.

lily pond
a lovely blonde
displays her curves



A Good Night's Sleep

by *Adelaide B. Shaw*, New York

Still awake... a calm lake, clear reflections, soft breezes... I drift... drift...

Still awake... I am now by the sea, waves gently lapping against rocks, the splash and gurgle...

Still awake... hilltop vistas, rolling green hills, waving grass...

Still awake...

first light
tickling the edges of sky
fly on my nose



From Comic Book Ads

by *Renée Owen*, California

I run downstairs to catch the postman before he walks up the drive, then quickly flip through the pile of mail for anything addressed to me. Bearing my treasure, I hop up two stairs at a time to my darkened room. Ever so carefully, I tear open the glued flap of the letters to reveal the contents. Tiny waxed-paper envelopes from far-away places like Africa and Croatia or the Republic of Somewhere. Bearing miniature pictures of tigers and snakes, of pharaohs and strange buildings, of butterflies and exotic flowers, words in foreign tongues embossed in red or black or gold. With the precision of a surgeon, I mount each postage stamp in the plastic pages of my album.

downstairs . . .
the sound of too much drink
or no sound at all

Trying It On

by *Ray Rasmussen*, Alberta

"I feel so comfortable with you," she says, her hand lightly brushing my chest.

Comfortable? I try wearing the word. It's like my bathrobe that long ago should have been rag-bagged. Soft and warm . . . yet so full of holes. Or like the overstuffed chair that Dad fell asleep in while watching golf on TV.

"Comfortable," I say. "Instead how about, 'When I'm with you I feel like a baby bird about to make her first leap into space?' Okay, you're not a young chick. Then how about, 'I feel like a matador dancing with a flame-snorting bull?' Or better yet, 'I love the tension I feel when you take off your biker boots revealing the cobra etched on your big toe nail?' Okay, I don't have a tattoo or a motorcycle, but that's not the point."

dusk
passing the tattoo parlor
three times

Her hand is stroking that place just below my beltline, that uncomfortable zone where my stomach bulges more than I want it to, where her dinner rests so comfortably.

fall drizzle
a motorcycle catalogue
in the mail



*

The Doctor Is In

by *Roberta Beary*, District of Columbia

“I feel” is a good place to start. Feel free to discuss anything. Remember to use non-judging words. Don’t play the blame game. Be respectful of your partner’s feelings. Listen to the voice of the child you once were. What do you hear? Imagine yourself in your partner’s shoes, then describe how you would feel. Feel your feelings. Be considerate of each other. Resist the urge to push your partner’s buttons. Practice being kind to each other. We have to stop now. Same time next week.

in the lift
the wet embrace
of umbrellas

*

*

Reality

by *Christopher Patchel*, Illinois

They weren’t fooling me. Despite appearances I knew it was not a real family, in a real home, but actors posing as my mother and father in a staged simulation. How many others were in collusion I couldn’t be sure, only that I was the subject of a long-term experiment, with scientists observing me twenty-four hours a day, recording my every action and reaction. Sometimes I would slip into hiding places out of view of the cameras, but mostly I just played along.

dusk...
my hands cupping
a firefly

In The Nature of THE BIO

by *Bill Ward*, Virginia

Sometimes seems like walking against the crowd.

No one in the family reads poetry. Have given home-made chapbooks to friends, never to hear from them again. Neighbor says: "I don't like poetry. Guess it's a macho thing." Another: "Hated it since high school." A concerned friend: "Why don't you write something significant?" Good Aunt Hettie: "You're the only poet I ever read." She gives me scented handkerchiefs every Christmas.

Yet, there are kindly notes from editors at the bottom of rejections slips: "Enjoyed the variety." "Good use of language." "Sorry." "Take more risks." "Liked Unum." "Variations came close — try us again." Confronted by a never diminishing slush pile, they find time to pen notes. Bless them!

Well, poets are a stubborn breed. They do not need sympathy. They love what they are doing. While dreaming of a National Book Award, they organize another set of mailings. 78 cents out, 78 cents and an SASE back again. They anticipate the daily mail man, a best friend. They revise with hope and revise and revise some more. And are not ashamed to say, "I write poetry."

So, I am now 80. And today the postal clerk will look at my fistful of envelopes, say once again, "More poems going out?" A smile. "Well, lots of success." Robert Frost waited 25 years for a book to be published. I've got a few years left to go on that. So here goes. Thanks for putting up with my impertinence. And love that slush pile. You never know what or whom awaits you there . . .

Bill Ward is a retired high school/college teacher who has published 16 academic books plus poems in *Bogg*, *Poet Lore*, *Spitball*, etc.

Bashō's Blueprint

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

Furu ike ya
kawazu tobikomu
mizu no oto

Bashō

The old pond—
a frog jumps in,
sound of water

trans. *R. Hass*¹

old pond . . .
a frog leaps in
waters sound

trans. *W.J. Higginson & P. Harter*²

“That’s boring,” a fifth-grader exclaimed, after I read Bashō’s frogpond haiku to an elementary school class. In a manner of speaking, he was accurate—nothing much really happens. You might as well say “a leaf fell” or “a flower bloomed” . . . all lovely and amazing, yet rather ordinary as far as a poem, right?

Not so fast!

So what is it that makes Bashō’s classic not-boring, fascinating, in fact, one of the most well-known and oft-referred-to haiku?

When I first got into studying haiku and talking about the form with other poets, I heard of how this famous one was an example of enlightenment. That made some sense to me, the frog-splash being a moment of AHA Awakening . . . yet, something was missing.

After about six years, one day it dawned on me (personal frog-splash moment) that Bashō’s haiku is a blueprint for every day, providing a means for deep connection with the natural

ings, for connecting the timeless with the present moment, and for transcending the incongruities of the modern world.

First of all, the poem is simply a lovely moment, an exciting little depiction of a nature scenario. On another level, the scene (pond) is the ancient and eternal, as well as the clear, empty mind. The frog is beingness and potential action. The water-sound (splash) is the subsequent confluence, the revelatory NOW . . . happening within, and without.

Using Bashō's Blueprint, I wrote these:

in the garden
a butterfly cruises through
without a sound

at the old folks home
a grandchild visits
the sound of laughter

Upon receiving the previous issue of this journal:

opening *Frogpond*—
the sound of
biodegradable wrapper

But does this formulaic writing diminish Bashō's, turning it into a kind of refrigerator-magnet, Mad Libs poetry? I don't think so, though I admit I typically don't try to write haiku using this format. Yet, even Bashō himself uses this blueprint:

Winter solitude—
in a world of one color
the sound of wind.

trans. by *R. Hass*³

Beyond haiku, I call it Bashō's Blueprint because it has become one of my mantras for making whole what seem like

incongruous moments or experiences. This world is ancient, and moment typically follows moment with nothing much unusual happening. However, every moment holds the possibility of something different, life-changing, enlightening.

¹ Hass, Robert, ed., *The Essential Haiku: Versions of Bashō, Buson, and Issa*. NJ: The Ecco Press, 1994, p. 18.

² Higginson, William J., with Harter, Penny. *The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Share, and Teach Haiku*. NY: Kodansha International, 1985, p. 9.

³ Hass, p. 33.

Author's Note: For more variations of Bashō, there is Hiroaki Sato's *One Hundred Frogs* (Weatherhill, 1995), which includes over 100 translations plus a number of adaptations and parodies, some of which are also at <http://www.bopsecrets.org/gateway/passages/basho-frog.htm> (11-24-09). For further commentary on Bashō's frogpond haiku, see *Bashō and His Interpreters: Selected Hokku with Commentary by Makoto Ueda*, pp. 140-142.

Mankh (Walter E. Harris III) teaches haiku workshops on Long Island, publishes a haiku calendar, and has written/edited *Haiku One Breaths*, an anthology of poems, with tips on how to write haiku.

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What-If Scenarios

by *Deborah P. Kolodji*, California

At first, science fiction and haiku would seem to be incompatible. A science fiction novel explores various imagined, what-if scenarios in fictional settings. In contrast, haiku captures a real moment in a few short lines.

Science fiction poetry has been around since Homer's *Odyssey*, but science fiction haiku, alternatively known as "scifaiku" and "speculative haiku" is a relatively new but fast-growing phenomenon. Speculative haiku is regularly printed in genre poetry mainstays such as the Science Fiction Poetry Association's *Star*Line* and *Dreams and Nightmares*.

Scifaikuest, a journal by Sam's Dot Publishing specializing in science fiction and horror haiku, has been producing quarterly print and online issues (with different content) since 2002, but haiku has been making occasional appearances in science fiction literature for more than forty years.

One of the earliest examples can be found in Philip K. Dick's 1963 Hugo Award¹ winning novel, *The Man in the High Castle*.² In his novel, Dick contemplates an alternative future where the United States has lost World War II and is under occupation by Germany and Japan. At the end of Chapter 3, an associate of Nobusuke Tagomi, a trade missionary in Japanese-occupied San Francisco, quotes Buson as part of the dialog:

Mr. Kotomichi said, "As the spring rains fall, soaking in them, on the roof, is a child's rag ball."³

Thai-American musical composer and science fiction writer, S.P. Somtow, sprinkles quotes from classic Japanese haiku throughout his 1981 novel *Starship & Haiku*⁴. The novel starts with a haiku from Onitsura used as an epigram:

Look! Skeletons
in their best holiday clothes
viewing flowers

Onitsura

and ends with this haiku:

On the sick journey
across the withered fields—
the dreams run still!

Bashō

In addition to Onitsura and Bashō, Somtow quotes haiku from Issa and Buson. He also divides his novel into four parts, the first three alluding to Bashō: “The Sound of Water,” “Cherry Blossoms,” “Summer Grasses,” and the fourth, “The Last Line of the Haiku.”

A “first contact” story published in 1981, but now best considered as alternative history, *Starship & Haiku* is set in a fictional 1997-2025. In Somtow’s novel, the alien communication is with whales, an interesting coincidence because David Brin’s 1983 haiku-quoting novel *Startide Rising*⁵ features another sea mammal, the dolphin. *Startide Rising* won both the Hugo and Nebula Awards⁶ in 1984 and is the second book in Brin’s popular *Uplift* series, which revolves around the genetic modification of non-sapient species into thinking ones. Brin’s genetically modified dolphins communicate through *Trinery*, an invented language loosely based upon haiku:

Listen—
For the swishing tail
Of the tiger shark—⁷

In addition to similar examples of the *Trinery* language scattered throughout the 500-page novel, one of Brin’s characters, Tom Orley, himself a product of mild genetic engineering, quotes two

haiku from Buson. He quotes the “rag ball” haiku that Philip K. Dick used in *The Man in the High Castle*, in addition to:

Blossoms on the pear,
and a woman in the moonlight,
reads a letter there . . .

*Buson*⁸

Brin’s haiku-like dolphin language is also featured in other *Uplift* novels, such as *Brightness Reef*⁹ in 1995 and *Infinity’s Shore*¹⁰ in 1996. He also incorporates one of his own attempts at a 5-7-5 haiku as an interlude in a non-*Uplift* series novel, *The Postman*.¹¹

Neal Stephenson and Janet McNaughton both have produced novels with haiku-writing characters. Unfortunately these characters are also writing using a strictly 5-7-5 haiku definition. Stephenson’s Marine Corporal Bobby Shaftoe’s haiku starts the 1999 novel *Cryptonomicon* and is described as “the best that Corporal Bobby Shaftoe can do on short notice.”¹² McNaughton’s Kayko Miyazaki, in the young adult novel *The Raintree Rebellion*, is attributed as the author of several chapter epigrams. McNaughton displays more of a haiku sensibility:

At dawn the crows call
the moon beyond the water.
We must leave this peace.¹³

Wren Valere, the heroine of Laura Anne Gilman’s *Retrievers* novels,¹⁴ uses haiku-like poems as magic spells. John Scalzi’s Zoe receives a 5-7-5 haiku as a PDA love message from her boyfriend in *Zoe’s Tale*,¹⁵ one of the nominees for the 2009 Hugo Award.

However, the best examples of the intersection of haiku with science fiction are not from the occasional appearance of a haiku or haiku-like poem in a novel. They come as products of the thriving speculative poetry community and are found in the varied

print and web-based science fiction, fantasy, and horror poetry journals currently being published. Names familiar to the haiku community can be found in the pages of these publications.

first snowfall
after the asteroid
no footprints

*Ann K. Schwader*¹⁶

if only
dogs could run free
on the moon

*Kendall Evans*¹⁷

face in the mirror
he still sees the wart
from his frog days

*Deborah P. Kolodji*¹⁸

Good speculative haiku is immediate and captures a real moment from an imagined scenario. Ann K. Schwader may have been walking in Denver snow and contemplating the aftermath of an asteroid collision. Kendall Evans may have been thinking of his own dogs, fenced in his Whittier, California backyard and how they'd love to roam free in a place with no fences.

There are times when a what-if scenario can recall a moment from real life even more vividly than describing the actual occurrence. Evans' poem would be far less effective if he had written, "what if/dogs could run free/on the plains" or "what if/dogs could run free/in the forest" because these versions lose the sense of utter impossibility. A city dog is fenced and cannot run free. Introducing the moon in the poem somehow better conveys its plight.

Science fiction writing at its best, examines a current problem

through the lens of an imagined society. Science fiction haiku can crystallize the essence of a real moment through an imagined landscape.

1. The Hugo Awards are presented each year at the World Science Fiction Convention. The first Hugo Award was presented in 1953 and the awards have been presented every year since 1955.
2. Dick, Philip K. *The Man in the High Castle*, ©1962, Random House.
3. In an acknowledgements section, Dick attributes the translation to Harold G. Henderson from the *Anthology of Japanese Literature*, Volume One, compiled and edited by Donald Keene, Grove Press, 1955.
4. Somtow, S.P. *Starship & Haiku*, ©1981, Timescape, Pocket Books.
5. Brin, David. *Startide Rising*, ©1983, Bantam Books.
6. The Nebula Awards are awarded annually by members of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America.
7. From *Startide Rising* by David Brin, Page 316.
8. From *Startide Rising* by David Brin, Page 454.
9. Brin, David. *Brightness Reef*, © 1995 Bantam Books.
10. Brin, David. *Infinity's Shore*, ©1996 Bantam Books.
11. Brin, David. *The Postman*, ©1985 Bantam Books.
12. Stephenson, Neal. *Cryptonomicon*, ©1999 Avon Books.
13. From *The Raintree Rebellion* by Janet McNaughton, Epigram for Chapter 21, Page 168.
14. Laura Anne Gilman has written a series of Retrievers Novels for Luna Books, including *Staying Dead* in 2004 and *Bring It On* in 2006.
15. Scalzi, John. *Zoe's Tale*, ©2008 Tor Books.

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Shangri-La: James W. Hackett's Life in Haiku¹

Part One of Two

by *Charles Trumbull*, New Mexico

An abandoned board —
shaping, sunning, becoming
a Shangri-la for bugs.²

Introduction

Among the more problematic poets associated with the beginnings of the American haiku movement is James W. Hackett. He catapulted to international fame in 1964 when a haiku of his took top honors among thousands submitted in the first Japan Air Lines haiku competition. Hackett, a keen student of Zen, learned of haiku from a book of R.H. Blyth's given to him by a friend.³ Hackett sent his work to Blyth, with whom he had begun a correspondence grounded in both men's conviction that Zen and haiku are inseparable. Blyth was impressed and included a selection of Hackett's work in his 1964 two-volume *History of Haiku*. Four years later a major collection of Hackett's work was published in Japan.

At this point, however, Hackett virtually disappeared, apparently publishing nothing and making no public appearances for fifteen years. He surfaced briefly in 1993 at the time his collection of haiku was republished in America, then submerged again for another ten years until he began to become moderately active in non-American haiku circles. In fact, Hackett early on was aloof from the American haiku community. He was never a member of the Haiku Society of America or any local California haiku group and has not published a single new haiku in any American haiku journal since the early 1970s.

What are we to make of such an enigmatic figure? Hackett was clearly one of the founding fathers of English-language haiku and was recognized as a pioneer of American haiku by figures as august as R.H. Blyth and Harold G. Henderson.

At the time of his greatest fame, in the mid-1960s, his haiku were unquestionably among the best being written outside Japan. Over the years, bits and pieces of Hackett's haiku aesthetic became known, and they have been gathered into an essay entitled "That Art Thou," which was published on Hackett's Web site in recent years. He never aggressively promoted his Zen-infused view of what true haiku poetry should be, and because of his long, largely self-imposed isolation Hackett's own haiku were marginalized. In the meantime most Western haiku poets rejected the notion of an ineluctable relationship between Zen and haiku.

In this essay I would like to bring out the high points in Hackett's biography and bibliography and discuss his haiku aesthetic. I should stress at the outset that I have never met Hackett nor have I corresponded with him. This assessment of his life and works is based on the public record—his books, journal publications, and his Web site—augmented by secondary sources and observations from haiku poets who have known him personally or worked with him on haiku projects.

Bio-bibliography⁴

James William Hackett was born 6 August 1929 in Seattle and attended the University of Washington where he earned an honors degree in history and philosophy.⁵ He later obtained a graduate degree in art history from the University of Michigan.

A serious accident in his youth resulted in a redirection of Hackett's life. Details are fuzzy, and Hackett's own descriptions move quickly from sparse facts to mysticism and even melodrama, as in this excerpt from a 2002 speech:

At this time, I suffered a life-threatening injury that profoundly changed my values and direction. This trauma was an apocalyptic experience in which I met death with each breath, and every live moment was an epiphany. In a baptism of blood I became directly aware that the Way of Zen and Tao was ever present, in a NOW that is Eternal. Having survived, I sought redemption for tak-

ing life for granted. I resolved to somehow express my new-found love of life, and to honor the omnipresent miracle of Creation. ⁶

Or again:

Spiritually reborn after a serious accident in the 1950s, my reverence for the reality of this eternal NOW led me to a Tao-Zen way of life. Finding Japanese haiku could best express my new-found love of this moment—directly perceived—I began to adapt it to English. For me, haiku has always been more than a poetic form, or even a literary pursuit, but rather a Way of living awareness—an art of Zen.⁷

It seems most likely that shortly after he graduated from college, Hackett was involved in a motorcycle accident and was thrown through a plate glass window. Severe lacerations developed sepsis and caused him to be hospitalized for a lengthy period and slightly restricted in motor skills thereafter. In any event, this event marked his turn toward the Tao, Zen, and, later, haiku.

Hackett married, probably in the early 1950s. His wife Patricia was a music teacher with interests in musical anthropology. She taught music at all levels, elementary through university, until her retirement as professor of music at San Francisco State University.⁸ They had no children, but Hackett was always surrounded by numerous pets—dogs, cats, birds, fish—that became frequent subjects for his haiku. I have found no evidence that Hackett ever held a salaried job; he seems to have been largely supported by his wife.

Hackett's residence was usually given as San Francisco in the 1950s and '60s. Later he and Patricia lived in what he dubbed a "garden house" he named "Zen View" at La Honda, California, in the Santa Cruz Mountains midway between San Jose and the Pacific. Nearby lived three other poets, Christopher Thorsen, David LeCount, and Christopher Herold. The latter worked in Hackett's garden for a period of time. After Patricia's retirement, in about 2000, the Hacketts moved to Maui, Hawaii, settling—where else?—in the village of Haiku. Among their neighbors there is poet W.S. Merwin.

Early work

Hackett was encouraged along his path into Zen and haiku by two of the founding fathers of English-language haiku, R.H. Blyth and Harold G. Henderson. Blyth especially was a strong proponent of a close connection between haiku and Zen. In the biographical sketch he provided for the first edition of *The Haiku Anthology*,⁹ Hackett wrote that he discovered haiku in 1954 through the writings of R.H. Blyth and Alan Watts. Apparently by the late 1950s Hackett had written a number of haiku and began to look for opportunities to publish them. Most likely through an announcement in the *Saturday Review*, Hackett learned of plans to publish a new journal, to be called *American Haiku* and be the first publication outside Japan to be devoted to haiku. Hackett's work was very much in evidence in the first issues of *American Haiku*: eleven of his haiku were published in the first issue and eight more in the second (both dated 1963).¹⁰ These included (in issue 1:1) these now-classic haiku that appeared in print for the first time:

The fleeing sandpipers
turn about suddenly
and chase back the sea!

Bitter morning
sparrows sitting
without necks.

and this one, which was awarded First Prize in the maiden issue:

Searching on the wind,
the hawk's cry
is the shape of its beak.

Relations with R.H. Blyth

Without question, Hackett's relationship with R.H. Blyth

was the defining influence in his writing and haiku aesthetic. Hackett began to read Blyth's books in 1954, during his early studies of Zen, and at a certain point, probably in 1959 (Hackett writes that he was "not yet thirty"), he sent a letter to Blyth in Japan inviting a critique of his work. According to Hackett, he corresponded with Blyth for five years, until the spring of 1964.

Five letters from R.H. Blyth to Hackett are posted on Hackett's Web site. The one identified as "First Letter" is dated simply "late 1950's," and the Final Letter" is dated [April? 1964]. Blyth usually addressed him formally as "Mr. Hackett" and signed his own letters "RHB." To my knowledge Hackett has not made public any of his letters to Blyth. In one place he says that according to the family, Blyth did not retain his correspondence, so if Hackett did not keep copies himself, which seems likely, they may be lost. It is not clear how many letters the two men exchanged in these five years or with what regularity or frequency.

Hackett explains why he wrote to Blyth:

Significantly, it was not Blyth's awesome erudition or his intellectual genius that caused me to contact him. I did so out of respect for his spiritual-aesthetic approach to the haiku experience. Blyth possessed an acuity and spiritual understanding I found in no other translator. . . .

After some six months of writing, I sent a collection of my haiku poems in English to Dr. Blyth, and in a cover letter told him that an unusual, Zen-revealing sentence in one of his books caused me to seek his counsel. His sentence read: "There's more significance in the sound of the nib I'm now writing with than anything I could say."

Already in the "First Letter," however, Blyth refers to "the volume you sent," suggesting that Hackett actually sent his manuscript at the very outset. In any event, in that letter Blyth proceeds to offer a rather stout critique of some of Hackett's haiku:

I feel that (the) one fault of your verses is that they contain too much material, that is, you must make them more simple. From this

point of view, the following is excessively complicated and intellectual.

A bright quiet night;
Blown by the moon, a pine branch
Rests against the wall.

The first line is unnecessary. In the following there are too many epithets.

The blocked line of ants
Broadened to brief chaos . . . then
Smoothly went round.

Later, Blyth comments on

The wise child brought me
Such a precious birthday gift . . .
This old withered orange

“Wise,” and “Such,” and “precious,” and “old” are all worse than unnecessary.

Blyth plunged directly in to the 5–7–5 discussion, observing to the young poet: “The only thing to do, it seems to me, is something revolutionary for you,—either to forget the 5, 7, 5 in English, or do what the Japanese does, pad out the verse with meaningless syllables.”

In signing off, Blyth writes, “I suppose you are going to publish your verses. If so, I will be glad to go over them one by one, mutilating and disinfecting and extirpating them.”

The second of the Blyth letters, dated 15 February 1960, that Hackett includes on his Web site suggests that Hackett had been circulating his haiku manuscript to publishers, but without success. “I too feel troubled at the fact that your works cannot be published at present. I myself believe in you and your haiku. As I have said before, I think your verses as good as, and sometimes better than those of the higher ranks of haiku poets in the past.” The last sentence of this paragraph cer-

tainly cheered Hackett. He used it in a composite of extracts from Blyth's letters as endorsements for his later books. In this letter, moreover, Blyth wrote that he was "going to put the best of the verses at the end of my 5th volume of Haiku which I am working on now." This became his two-volume *History of Haiku*.¹¹

A letter dated 31 May has "1964" in square brackets, apparently added by Hackett, but it must have been written a year or two earlier than 1964, if only because the "Last letter" — see below — was tentatively dated "[April? 1964]." This letter was sent to cover a collection, which Hackett says has not survived, of his haiku that Blyth had marked with symbols to indicate his reactions. Blyth's intention to publish a selection of Hackett's work in his *History of Haiku* was again mentioned, and an inkling was given as to why he was doing so:

I want to show people, I mean Japanese people, that there are Americans who can out-do them in their own field, when they have been shown how to play the game Or to put it another way, I would like to get rid of nationalism in culture as well as other things, and have Esquimaux play Othello and Hottentots excel in the organ fugues of Bach.

In Blyth's last letter, tentatively dated by Hackett "April? 1964," he wrote: "Your letter fortunately arrived in time to do what I suggested before, introduce your work in Volume II of *The History of Haiku*. This is all set in type, but after telephoning about it to Mr. Nakatsuchi [of Hokuseido Press], he was more than willing to have an appendix added. . . ." The chronology of publication would suggest that Hackett's final communication to Blyth was written within a few months before April 1964.

Hackett's haiku, together with Blyth's consideration of haiku and Zen in English-language poetry, appear in the last chapter of his *History of Haiku* (II:351–63). Blyth explained: "The following thirty [actually thirty-one] verses are chosen, not altogether at random, from a forthcoming book of haiku by J.W. Hackett of San Francisco. They are in no way imitations

of Japanese haiku, nor literary diversions. They are (aimed at) the Zen experience, the realising, the making real in oneself of the thing-in-itself, impossible to rational thought, but possible, ‘all poets believe’ in experience.” Curiously, the format Blyth used for Hackett’s work was different from that for the Japanese haiku in the *History*. Hackett’s were set in all small caps. Why? Perhaps to call attention to these verses or differentiate them from “real” haiku? Four of the haiku selected by Blyth were among those that had been published in *American Haiku* 1:1 and 1:2, though this was not acknowledged in Blyth’s book.

The “forthcoming book of haiku” that Blyth had referred to saw print as Hackett’s *Haiku Poetry*,¹² a 5” x 7” paperback containing 150 haiku, including all but one of those that had appeared in the Blyth appendix. The book was published in 1964 by Hokuseido Press—Blyth’s publisher in Japan—and, as made clear in Blyth’s final letter to Hackett, Blyth had clearly used his influence to gain publication, a mark of his esteem for Hackett. There was some delay in the publication (as noted in *American Haiku* 2:1), as it was advertised and reviewed in *American Haiku* 2 as to be published in 1963. The brief review said in part: “[Hackett’s] wide representation in [*American Haiku* #1] established him as one of the foremost practitioner-authorities on haiku in English” and went on to say that book was “necessary reading to anyone seriously interested in haiku in English.” The book was to be distributed by *American Haiku*.

I have dwelled at length on the chronology of the first publication of Hackett’s haiku because the events of 1963–64 caused a major rift between him and the editors of *American Haiku*, James Bull and Clement Hoyt, and probably the fledgling American haiku movement in general. In Blyth’s final letter to Hackett he consoled the young poet,

As for the foreword to your book itself, I am very willing to write one, but after reading Mr. XXX’s shocking letter, I feel that we should be imitating him if I scratch your back in public. I think

your book should stand by itself, and would be only weakened if the Archangel Michael wrote a foreword.

After I read XXX's letter, I felt miserable all day, not that I felt sorry for you, but for the fact that such a person exists. But still we know that all Kings and Emperors and Presidents and Prime Ministers and Heads of Universities and Companies and Popes and bishops and priests and even editors are liars and hypocrites and robbers, and, as Christ said, not one of these "rich" men shall set a foot into Heaven—so why feel miserable? You may say, "They all stand (or fall) together, so why should not we?" That's just the point, and just the difference between us and them. We stand each many by himself, in the style of Thoreau. (But I will write the foreword if you like, just as I sign my books for people as they like.)

The person designated as "XXX" was Clement Hoyt, who had taken over the editorship of *American Haiku* for the two 1964 issues. The recipient of Hoyt's letter is not entirely clear, but it seems that it went to Hackett, who sent a copy to Blyth. The letter may no longer exist (especially if the original was sent to Blyth), but certainly had to do with Hoyt's reaction to the news that Hackett had completed the deal to publish his book *Haiku Poetry* with Hokuseido. The manuscript had been developed in part with the help of the *American Haiku* editors, and they had agreed to publish this volume—it would have been their first book of haiku (as well as Hackett's, of course). *American Haiku* editor James Bull was deeply saddened by the experience, but Hoyt, a man known for his strong opinions and lack of reticence in expressing them, was furious at what he considered Hackett's double-dealing. Original haiku by Hackett were never again published in *American Haiku*—in fact, only one or twice were his haiku even used as examples in essays in the journal. Sportingly, Hackett's *Haiku Poetry* was mentioned among the recommended books of haiku through the 1964 issues (but as being published in 1963 by Hokuseido), and for one or two issues thereafter as being available from Japan Publications, Inc. or from the author directly.

Not only did Hackett no longer publish in *American Haiku*, with two small exceptions, (17 poems that were included

among a collection of 28 haiku in Leroy Kanterman's *Haiku West* issues 1:1, 2:1, and 2:1 (1967–69) and three haiku that accompanied an interview with Hackett in *Woodnotes* 30 [1996]), no new haiku of Hackett's appeared in any American haiku journal from 1964 on. He did start to publish again in non-American journals in the 1990s, but only after 25 years of silence.

A brief but balanced review by Gustave Keyser of Hackett's book *Haiku Poetry* appeared in *American Haiku* 3:1 (1965, 37). Keyser wrote: "Mr. Hackett successfully demonstrates that true haiku can be produced in English For the most part, Hackett adheres to the objectivity, clarity, and simplicity he advocates; but sometimes his immersion in Zen mysticism leads him astray into statements marked by cultist subjectivity."

It was this devotion of Hackett's to Zen over haiku that was the crux of the argument between him and the *American Haiku* editors. Clement Hoyt—himself a haiku and senryu poet and student of Zen under master Nyogen Senzaki since 1937—struck the next blow with a long essay in *American Haiku* 4:1 (1966, 20–28) titled "Zen in Haiku," which, without mentioning Hackett, was clearly aimed at him; rather the direct attack was targeted at Blyth. Hoyt warned against the fallacy that "weighty" scholarship had come to be understood as "profound" or "authoritative" and pointed out that of the ten books of haiku scholarship that had been published in English by that time, six fat tomes were by Blyth. Blyth's volumes were heavy with discussions of Zen in haiku, whereas the other scholars—Henderson (two books), Kenneth Yasuda, and the Japan Society for the Promotion of Science—devoted a few pages at most to the issue and generally took a very measured view of the influence of Zen on haiku and vice versa. Even Japanese Zen scholar D.T. Suzuki, a mentor of Blyth's and the person most credited with exposing the link between Zen and haiku, was not as extreme in linking the two as was Blyth. Hoyt went on to detail some of the confusing discrepancies between various of

Blyth's explanations of the relationship between Zen and haiku, such as these, which he singled out from the Preface to the first volume of Blyth's *Haiku*, with page numbers in parentheses:

Haiku are to be understood from the Zen point of view. (iii)

... the word "Zen" is used in two different ways and the reader must decide for himself which is intended. (iii)

I understand Zen and poetry to be practically synonyms. . . . (v)

... haiku is haiku (v)

[Haiku] has little or nothing to do with poetry, so-called, or Zen, or anything else. (iv)

If we say then that haiku is a form of Zen, we must not assert that haiku belongs to Zen, but that Zen belongs to haiku. In other words, our notions of Zen must be changed to fit haiku, not vice-versa. (v)

... if there is ever imagined to be any conflict between Zen and the poetry of haiku, the Zen goes overboard v)

... haiku is a way of life . . . it is a religion (iv)

Haiku is a kind of satori (vii)

Hoyt ends his essay as follows:

It is apparent that Blyth's theories about Zen in haiku do not stand up. By their very nature, they cannot endure, except as others make him the High Hierophant of yet *another* sect of Zen (there are already several sects), the Patriarch of a new haiku-religion. Blyth's monumental six-volume encyclopedia of haiku is invaluable—but *only* if the reader runs a mental blue pencil trough every line about Zen, *except* when the word is used in a historical sense. To the Zen masters for Zen; to the haiku authorities for haiku: by "weight," by authority, by plain common sense, each separate study will lead to an inescapable conclusion—forget Zen in haiku.

This essay probably followed the general outlines of the letter two years earlier that had upset Hackett and Blyth so much. Hoyt's attack on Blyth, a man whom Hackett idolized, was surely deeply distressing for the young American.

1. Shangri-La is a utopia featured in British author James Hilton's bestselling novel *Lost Horizon* (London: Macmillan, 1933; New York: Morrow, 1936). According to *Wikipedia*, for example, "In the book, 'Shangri-La' is a mystical, harmonious valley, gently guided from a lamasery, enclosed in the western end of the Kunlun Mountains. Shangri-La has become synonymous with any earthly paradise but particularly a mythical Himalayan utopia—a permanently happy land, isolated from the outside world. In the novel *Lost Horizon*, the people who live at Shangri-La are almost immortal, living years beyond the normal lifespan. The word also evokes the imagery of exoticism of the Orient. The story of Shangri-La is based on the concept of Shambhala, a mystical city in the Tibetan Buddhist tradition." <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lost_Horizon_\(novel\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lost_Horizon_(novel))> (accessed Dec. 1, 2009).

A version of this essay was presented at the Haiku Society of America Quarterly Meeting in Eugene, Ore., March 7, 2009. The complete paper, including sections devoted to "That Art Thou" and Hackett's haiku aesthetics and poetics, is available from the author at <trumbullc@comcast.net>.

2. J.W. Hackett. *Bug Haiku: Original Poems in English*. Tokyo: Japan Publications, Inc., 1968, 50. Hereinafter cited as *Bug Haiku*.

3. *Woodnotes* 30, 34.

4. Details of Hackett's life are based on various published biographical materials, notably the author blurbs on the covers of his books; biosketches in anthologies, including Cor van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology: English Language Haiku by Contemporary American and Canadian Poets* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1974); and Jerry Ball, Garry Gay, and Tom Tico, eds., *The San Francisco Haiku Anthology* (Windsor, Calif.: Smythe-Waithe Press, 1992); the biographical article by Debra Woolard Bender, "James W. Hackett (1929–)." *World Haiku Review* [Web] 2:2 (2002), <http://www.worldhaikureview.org/2-2/whf2002_prelude6.shtml>, republished on *The Haiku and Zen World of J.W. Hackett* (hereinafter Hackett Web site), <<http://www.hacketthaiku.com/>>; and conversations and correspondence with friends and professional associates of Hackett's, including Christopher Herold, Michael Dylan Welch, Gayle Bull, William J. Higginson, Cor van den Heuvel, Ikuyo Yoshimura, and David Cobb.

5. James W. Hackett. *A Traveler's Haiku: Original Poems in English*. Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 2004. Hereinafter cited as *Traveler*.

6. James W. Hackett. "R.H. Blyth and J. W. Hackett," keynote speech, World Haiku Festival, Yuwa-town, Akita, 20–22 September 2002, Hackett Web site.

7. "James W. Hackett" in Ball, Gay, and Tico, eds., *The San Francisco Haiku Anthology*, 185.

8. A short author sketch about Patricia Hackett appears on the Web page for her book *The Musical Classroom* on the Barnes & Noble Web site, <<http://search.barnesandnoble.com/The-Musical-Classroom/Patricia-Hackett/e/9780130262622>> (accessed Dec. 1, 2009).

9. van den Heuvel, ed. *The Haiku Anthology* (1974).

10. *American Haiku* was published in Platteville, Wis., from 1963 to 1968, with various issues edited by James and Gayle Bull, Don Eulert, Clement Hoyt, and others.

11. R.H. Blyth. *A History of Haiku. Volume 1: From the Beginnings up to Issa. Volume 2: From Issa up to the Present*. Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 1963–64. Hackett's haiku appear on pages 352–61.

12. J.W. Hackett. *Haiku Poetry*. Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 1964.

Editors' Note: Part Two will appear in the Spring/Summer Issue, 33:2. It will discuss Hackett's winning the 1964 JAL haiku contest, his books, his travels, his foreign connections and his recent activities.

Charles Trumbull is a haiku poet and historian of haiku, past newsletter editor and president of the Haiku Society of America, editor and publisher of Deep North Press, organizer of Haiku North America 2001 (Chicago), and editor of *Modern Haiku* since 2006.

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Reviewed

Messages from the Animated World

by *Bruce Ross*, Maine

Nakahara, M. *Message from Butterfly, Japanese/English Collection of Haiku*. Edited by James Kirkup and Makoto Tamaki. Nagano, Japan: YOU-Shorin, 2009, 250 pages, hardbound, 6 X 8.5. ISBN 978-4-89709-637-7; 3,000 JPY <younohon@fancy.ocn.ne.jp >.

Michio Nakahara (born 1951) is a Japanese haiku poet and artist living in Chiba, Japan. He has two previous haiku collections (1990, 1991) and is president of the Ginka haiku association, a member of the Japan Writers Association, and secretary of the Haiku Poets Association. Nakahara is a modern poet, with references to fax machines, beggars living in cardboard boxes, cardiograms, and so forth, working in traditional haiku, with allusions to Bashō, Kyorai, Issa, Kyoshi, and others:

Even when I scrubbed
my hand, the ink still remained
Kyoshi death day (58.2)

This large collection is organized in a traditional manner with 12 New Year, 133 Spring, 96 Summer, 99 Autumn, and 90 Winter haiku, two haiku per page, with the vertical kanji/kana original and 5-7-5 English. Two things dominate this collection: humor and a sense of an animistic universe.

The humor is directed at others through religion (here Buddhism), his own emotional peculiarities, and the human-like activities of the natural world:

If you must keep on
weeping like this, why not join
Buddha's death picture? (21.1)

After going mad
and sometimes becoming sane—
the snows of springtime (23.2)

Going to the field
to have a piss, I stopped to
pull the bird-scarer (171.1)

Two sea cucumbers
forming one wooden bar
have begun mating (193.2)

The sea cucumber haiku begins with the Japanese numeral one (*ichi*), a horizontal line, making a visual pun out of the mating creatures.

The humor carries over into the poetic reception of an animistic world:

Soul's transmigration
unfulfilled, finishes as
just a butterfly (40.2)

In *Japan, Profile of a Nation* (Tokyo: Kodansha, 1994) Japanese festivals (*matsuri*) are defined as “a basically symbolic act whereby participants enter a state of active communication with the gods (*kami*)” (pp. 222-223). Nakahara may refer directly to this cultural reality or extend it in aesthetic ways such as those presented in *Nō* or Japanese ghost stories:

Tatami all changed
replaced with new—preparing
descent of the god (188.1)

The spirits that are
not called by the medium
are turning to snow (217.2)

Animistic gestures that fill this collection, incorporate myth, dream, and synchronicity:

Kon-kon! Sound of spring—
because this is the place where
foxes may appear (104.2)

Well, now— which part of
your body do you think is
beginning to sprout? (29.2)

Waking from a nap
I feel a profound fatigue
as I drift to shore (118.1)

Flypaper— one-line
poem inscribed upon it
by all the trapped flies (127.1)

The Japanese fox is thought to bewitch people and here the poet wishes to connect with that magic in this celebration of spring. The repeated onomatopoeic sounds are how a fox's yelp sounds to the Japanese ear. These and the poem are probably a direct allusion to the first poem in the Confucian *Book of Poems* which begins with the twice repeated cry of an osprey (kuan, kuan). The second haiku, perhaps erotic, refers to the poet's own transformation in Spring, metaphoric or not, linking him to the god-infused rebirth of the world. The dream haiku underscores the otherness of this reality that it part of us and a revelator of deeper reality however burdensome. Synchronicity wittily enters a vertical strip of flypaper whose trapped creatures' alignment resembles a haiku and serves as a metaphor of haiku, inspiration from the undefined goings and comings of nature.

A good number of haiku perfectly resonate with absolute metaphor and aesthetic values of feeling recognized in Japanese and world haiku:

Under the heat of
autumn, the ink sticks are now
beginning to crack (137.1)

Still some can't be called
dead chrysanthemums among
dead chrysanthemums (202.1)

The translations are uniformly fine to my limited appraisal, except for a few typos and the lack of an appropriate article here and there, and, perhaps, a ponderous effect in some of the haiku by adhering to a predominant 5-7-5 translation. This volume includes the last translations of James Kirkup who recently died. His translations of Japanese haiku seemed always reliable and this collection will favorably add to that body of work.

This highly recommended collection, *Message from Butterfly*, even includes a kind of death poem from Nakahara but another of his wonderful haiku might equally, if not more characteristically, serve that purpose:

Alternative plan
for my death anniversary —
I want snow to fall (219.2)

Back from repairing
poetic imaginings
from snow-dappled fields (24.1)

Bruce Ross, past president of the Haiku Society of America, is editor of *Haiku Moment*, *An Anthology of Contemporary North American Haiku* and *Journey to the Interior, American Versions of Haibun*. He is author of *How to Haiku, A Writer's Guide to Haiku and Related Forms* and *If Not Higher, Lectures on the Poetics of Spiritual Presence and Absence*.

Embrace of the Human Condition

by *Nick Avis*, Newfoundland & Labrador

Gallagher, D. C. *the nether world*. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2009, unpaginated, perfect softbound, 4 x 6. ISBN 978-1-893959-81-1, 12 USD.

Frampton, A. *a gate left open*. Winchester VA: Red Moon Press, 2009, 72 pp., perfect softbound, 4 x 6, ISBN 1-978-893959-85-9, 12 USD <www.redmoonpress.com>.

These two books are excellent productions from Red Moon Press, from the high quality covers, endpapers, paper and print, to the size of the books themselves, which comfortably allow one to three poems per page. Both are divided into sections that have on the title page very fine artwork by the authors—Gallagher’s involves haiga and Frampton’s ink sketches. The titles to each section are taken from a poem within.

It is Frampton’s first full-length book of haiku, while Gallagher’s is part of the Red Moon series that is devoted to honoring the memory of notable members of the haiku community. Gallagher was a poet and an artist, widely published, the recipient of many awards, an active member of the haiku community and highly regarded. She died on 17 July 2009.

Gallagher’s *the nether world* is carefully crafted. The poems within each section read together like sequences; some as if they are stanzas of one poem. The artwork at the beginning of each section is taken from a collage haiga by the author and the sections and the poems in the book work and flow together in the same way, each forming a part of a larger concept or whole. In such a book the lighter or weaker poems still work well in context even if they do not stand so well on their own.

a gate left open is not as carefully structured, although there are poems in every section that belong and work well together. Unfortunately, many weak poems are included; a more judicious selection by Frampton or her editor would have resulted

in a volume which more accurately reflected her true ability.

A striking similarity in these collections is the fact that the poets rely almost exclusively on one rhythmic structure: one line, then two; short, then long. Thirty-four of Gallagher's 42 poems and no less than 88 (give or take) of Frampton's 104 poems follow this pattern, which does tend to be the dominant rhythm of most English haiku. In *the nether world* the editor arranges Gallagher's poems so as not to have more than five in a row and with poems of different rhythms in between. In Frampton's book there are so many poems with this rhythm that reading can at times become monotonous. If each poem is considered individually, this criticism does not matter; collectively, it most certainly does. Also, neither Gallagher nor Frampton makes enough use of variation in line length.

When I wrote reviews in the 1980s I repeatedly noted that many poets seem to get hung up on one punctuation mark and tend to use it excessively, if not exclusively; and inconsistently, if not incorrectly, although poets are not bound by "correct grammar." Nick Virgilio in his *Selected Haiku*,¹ for example, used the colon in 88 of his 130 or so poems as well as in most of his one-liners in which it is completely out of place. For Virgil Hutton, it was the semicolon. And the most frequently (mis)used punctuation mark was the dash. Twenty years later nothing has changed. Gallagher uses the dash in 36 of her 42 poems. The rest are unpunctuated. Frampton uses the dash 35 times; the ellipsis 21 times and a few colons in her 104 poems. The rest, nearly half, are unpunctuated.

In haiku, punctuation, with few exceptions, occurs at the end of a line where the lineation and the rhythm already indicate the need to pause. Since they are such short poems, any misreading that might occur is soon resolved and any ambiguity can enhance the poem. In the vast majority of haiku, punctuation is redundant except for the ellipsis because of its visual and emotive effects, and the way it suspends the reader in the line. It can have a strong, if not powerful effect, but overuse can lessen its impact.

Most contemporary haiku poets, Gallagher and Frampton included, no longer begin their poems with capital letters or end them with periods consistent with the notion that a haiku neither begins nor ends yet they still make conventional use of capital letters in the body of their poems. Visually this emphasizes such words and it is ironic that the words most often capitalized are decidedly anthropocentric. Why are words such as “I”, “Grandma”, “Mary Janes” (a commercial product), or “Independence Day” capitalized when natural phenomena such as the sun, the earth and the moon, on which “so much depends” (William Carlos Williams),² are relegated to lower case?

Both poets write senryu but they never match the quality of their haiku, especially their best, and it is here you will find the weakest poems:

checking sell-by dates
the cone breasted woman
with a tight face

D. Claire Gallagher

stilettos —
the band plays
a tango

Alice Frampton

Gallagher’s senryu reminds me of Paul Muldoon’s *Hopewell Haiku*.³ It is light, mocking in tone and the moment passes all too quickly. Frampton’s is simply not a poem at all and there are a number of these.

Notwithstanding any or all of this, both poets can obviously write excellent contemporary minimalist haiku; both make use of all of their senses, Frampton in particular; and they are good to very good and occasionally excellent with language, image, lineation and rhythm, although Frampton’s use of language is occasionally awkward. Both are really good with sound, something that is quite rare:

styling mousse
expands in her palm—
salon gossip

D. Claire Gallagher

hard rain
the sizzle of summer peppers
in the skillet

Alice Frampton

Gallagher has one, one-liner which is one of her few objective nature haiku:

a loon calls mosquitoes from nowhere

This is a marvelous haiku (all summer), traditional in content, minimalist in style and her shortest poem. It has that mysterious quality and depth to it found only in the best haiku; that unspoken communication between things natural, including the poet who also answers the call of the loon and has herself come from nowhere. I am tempted to call this quality *yugen* although I am not certain if I truly understand the meaning of that word.

Frampton has considerably more descriptive nature haiku in her collection, which are difficult to do well and can be repetitive. A number of them, such as the first poem, are rather insipid, although the second poem is first rate:

autumn ocean
the wind
in a wave

the Milky Way
after the rain
a snail unfolds

In the better haiku, the second line is pivotal and can be read

with either the first or the third line. I see this poem on the cusp of summer and autumn, a time of change and uncertainty when things begin to reveal themselves in a different way; and, of course, an allusion to Bashō's famous poem: *the rough sea — / flowing toward Sado Isle, / the River of Heaven.*¹ Frampton's is a perfect heaven and earth haiku: the vast infinity of the universe and the tiny finite life of the snail unfolding together after the rain. But unlike Bashō, who sees himself as insignificant and alone in the cold expanse of the universe, Frampton reminds us that everything matters, everything belongs, and we are far from being alone.

Gallagher's forte is the human condition and she is especially skilled at bringing us in to the intimacy of her life as if it were our own, as shown in this haiku about her mother, which contrasts well with Hekigodo's (1873-1937) haiku about his father:

pampas grass —
my mother telling me more
than I want to know

Father had known,
didn't say a word:
pampas grass in the garden²

Pampas grass (all autumn) is a beautifully ornate, tall, prolific and potentially harmful weed. The long slender leaves are razor sharp and can be bluish-green to silvery grey. The dense plume-like flowers are white and rise on tall white stems above the leaves. Once the season word is properly understood, the depth and quality of both poems is evident.³

In the last section of her book, "suspended," we learn of her ordeal with cancer. The first and last haiku are the most poignant:

chemotherapy —
paper cranes suspended
on the solstice tree

New Year's morning—
I cradle the egg a moment
before cracking it

There is great courage and hope in both, and a deep irony. The solstice is a celebration of the renewal of the light (life force) but also a time when we are suspended between light and dark. Further back in history some feared the sun would never return so the solstice for them was a matter of life and death. All cranes are in danger of extinction. The second poem is a profound acceptance of the way things are and at the same time life renewing: a kind of prayer. It is also a very fine poem on its own outside of the context of the poet's illness and untimely death.

Many of Frampton's poems also embrace the human condition and in her own unique way. She was a pre-school teacher and some very fine poems emerge from this:

gentle rain . . .
apple blossom footprints
around the teacher's desk

all the answers
in the back of the book—
summer solstice

What could be more delicate, more human, more full of life than a gentle spring rain, apple blossoms and the footprints of young children all around the teacher's desk? In the second poem the humor is perhaps closer to that of the senryu than the *hai* in haiku but the season word reminds us that the school year is intimately related to the time of year itself. I see this poem as one of those haiku-senryu hybrids and richer for it.

I enjoyed reading and rereading both of these books; many of the poems warranted and needed to be returned to, and I will return to some of them again later. I look forward to seeing more of Frampton's work and I will be sure to search out more of Gallagher's.

briefly reviewed

by *George Swede*, Ontario

Addiss, S., Yamamoto, F. & Yamamoto, A. (eds.). *Haiku: An Anthology of Japanese Poems*. Boston: Shambhala Publications, 2009, 184 pp., hardbound, 4.5 x 7. ISBN 978-1-59030-730-4, 18.95 USD <www.shambhala.com>. This anthology joins a long list of books featuring well-known Japanese haiku poets along with lesser lights in translation. Unlike many, this one is unilingual and, of the included 100 or so poets, about 25% could be considered modern insofar as they lived (sometimes far) into the twentieth century. The poems occur from two to three per page, have varying line arrangements and the translations usually work well—a pleasing introduction to haiku from the country of origin.

Antolin, S. *Artichoke Season: haiku and tanka*. Walnut Creek, CA: Spare Poems Press, 2009, 96 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 7. ISBN 978-0-615-30977-4, 12 USD <www.artichokeseason.wordpress.com>. Susan Antolin's arresting debut collection contains 69 haiku along with 12 interspersed tanka that act as mood setters for topics that deal chiefly with marriage and children. It was hard to select examples from the many good poems, so here are three picked at random: *more swim lessons— / she empties her goggles / of tears; kissing the back / of his neck— / a hair the barber missed; at the opera / I replace the lyrics / with my own failures.*

Cobb, D. *spitting pips*. Sinodun, Shalford, Essex, UK: Equinox Press, 2009, 58 pp., perfect softbound, 6 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-9517103-6-4, 7.95 GBP / 12.99 USD <www.davidcobb.co.uk>. The ageless David Cobb continues to be a fount of creativity. This time it's a collection of 21 tanka separated 10 times by a page or two of haiku, or what he calls "solitar-ies." The tanka are, as usual, interesting and possessed with his unique voice, as are the haiku: *foreign city / I flop down among pigeons / who know where they are.*

Codrescu, I. *waiting in silence*. Hertogenbosch, Netherlands: 't schrijverke, 48 pp. perfect softbound, 3 x 4. ISBN 978-90607-01-2, 8 EUR / 12 USD <max@verhart.org> / <red-moonpress.com>. This elegant tiny book contains 81 haiku in English by Romanian poet and artist Ion Codrescu. But, in reality, there are 162, for each has been translated into Dutch by the publisher (and poet) Max Verhart. The resulting four poems on each 3 x 4 inch page might have seemed crowded, but Verhart has managed to avoid this effect by using judicious spacing and a small, but readable typeface. Thus, the collection does justice to the work of Codrescu, one of the foremost haiku poets on the international stage: *the countertenor aria / a slender line / in the calligraphy; after the funeral / the sharp contrast / between light and shadow; night train— / drops meander / on the steamed-up window*.

Epstein, R. (ed.). *The Breath of Surrender: A Collection of Recovery-Oriented Haiku*. Baltimore: The MET Press, 2009, 91 pp., perfect softbound, 6 x 9. ISBN 978-193539814-1, 16.95 USD <www.themetpress.com> or 14 USD by check to the editor at 1343 Navellier St., El Cerrito, CA 94530. At the Sixth World Poetry Therapy Conference in NYC in 1978, I gave a paper, "The Role of Haiku in Poetry Therapy," (which appeared in print several times) that suggested haiku could be useful during the latter stages of recovery when clients had developed some detachment from their problems. Robert Epstein provides ample evidence for this in his anthology of over 150 haiku by (or about) former alcoholics and addicts of various kinds who have clawed their way back from, "a state of numbness to the land of the living." Only when this happens can someone write a poem that requires both detachment and immersion in a moment. Not unexpectedly, the haiku are uneven. The best work of the 38 contributors (including a prolific anon) is usually by those who have had the time to practice the craft and, in some cases, become well known.

— . *Snödroppar / Snowdrops* (Foreward by *K. Falkman*). Stockholm: Bokverket Lyrik, 2009, 79 pp., perfect softbound, 4.7 x 8. ISBN 978-91-86413-00-2, 158 SEK / 21.95 USD

<bestallningar@bokvert.com>. No editor is cited for this anthology, perhaps because of the egalitarian nature of Swedish society. Kaj Falkman, in the diplomatic service for Sweden around the world, including Japan, has a brief but illuminating foreword. Most of the haiku were written first in Swedish and then put into English. But no clue is given about who did the uniformly fine translations. Of course, it's entirely possible each poet did his or her own since many Swedes are fluent in English. North Americans will be familiar with several of the contributors, apart from Falkman: Johan Bergstad, Helga Härle and Jörgen Johansson.

Hotham, G. *Sand Over Sand*. Guilford, VT: Longhouse, Publishers & Booksellers, 2009, broadsheet, 4.5 x 3 (folded), 4.5 x 11 (unfolded). No ISBN, 7.95 USD <www.LonghousePoetry.com>. The 12 poems are what we have come, over the decades, to expect of maestro Gary Hotham: *within hearing— / new leaves / a day older*.

Ironside, H. *Our Sweet Little Time: A Year In Haiku* (Illustrator, B. Richards). Cullercoats, North Shields, Northumberland, UK: Iron Press, 2009, 150 pp., perfect softbound, 4 x 5.7. ISBN 978-0-9552450-7-7, 6 GBP / 9.80 USD <inpress-books.co.uk>. Hamish Ironside wisely chose Iron Press— noted for its high production values and good distribution— to publish his first book of haiku. (Perhaps the word “iron” in the names of both the author and the publisher played a part in the decision as to where to send his manuscript?) As the title suggests, the 120 haiku are divided into the months of the calendar year, and, in the author's case, a year with lots of highs and lows—the acme being the birth of a daughter in July: *making toy scissors / of the surgeon's knife / I cut her loose to life*. Other haiku reveal that the author can find resonance in a wide range of topics: *sun and wind— / the frisbee tilt / of a seagull; in freezing water / a duck mounts a duck / with little ceremony*.

Mankh. (ed.). 2010 HAIKU CALENDAR. Selden, NY: All-book Books, stapled, 8.5 x 11. No ISBN, 11 USD plus 2 for

shipping <mankh@allbook-books.com>. Full of interesting haiku and tanka by 25 contributors plus all kinds of fun facts, this calendar is for the year of the “Male Metal Tiger” and dedicated to William J. Higginson.

Martin, J. *The Art of Awareness* (Introduction by R. de Gruttola). Andover, MA: Wind Tree Press, 2009, unpaginated, stapled with a spine, 4.2 x 5.5. No ISBN, 7 USD <jeanniejeanne@gmail.com>. In a note, Jeannie Martin refers to this collection as her first bona fide collection, although she did publish an earlier chapbook. The booklet begins with sections that hint strongly of an educational purpose: a dedication to students, Rafael Gruttola’s prescriptive intro, a list of five “Haiku Essentials,” a list of four steps on how to write haiku and “How to read this book.” How well do the 33 haiku meet a reader’s expectations? Apart from one or two misses, most hit the target, some even the bull’s eye: *firefly— / by daylight / just some bug; winter alone / my dog’s / dark eyes.*

Pilarski, P.M. *huge blue: western canadian travel sketches*. Lantzville, BC: Leaf Press, 2009, 104 pp., perfect softbound, 4.2 x 5. ISBN 978-1-926655-02-4, 15.95 USD <www.leafpress.ca>. Partrick Pilarski is involved with two Internet sites: as co-editor of *Daily Haiku* and poetry editor for *Daily Haiga*. This is his first full-length book, and, a fine mixture of nature-themed work it is: haiku, tanka, haibun, quatrains. Here are three of its 100 or so haiku, randomly selected: *slack tide / the awkwardness / of mating crabs; trailhead— / the mournful howl / of my hip flexor; empty field / one fence post / leaning.*

Rosenstock, G. *Haiku: The Gentle Art of Disappearing*. Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars Publishing, 2009, 135 pp., hard cover, 6 x 8.5. ISBN 978-1-4438-1133-0, 39.99 GBP / 59.99 USD <www.c-s-p.org>. For Ireland’s prolific Gabriel Rosenstock, this book is a natural follow-up to his *Haiku Enlightenment*, which depicts the haiku form as a vehicle for experiencing life in the present. *The Gentle Art* suggests a further step is needed before we can feel unity with the forces that underlie our existence and that is to shed all vestiges of

our egos. To buttress his arguments, Rosenstock quotes various thinkers as well as haiku poets, both ancient and modern.

Stevenson, J. *Live Again* (Foreword by C. Hall). Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2009, 64 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 8. ISBN 978-1-893959-83-5, 12 USD <www.redmoonpress.com>. Former President and Treasurer of the HSA as well as the previous Editor of *Frogpond*, and now the Managing Editor of *The Heron's Nest*, John Stevenson has lived up to his reputation as one of the best contemporary Japanese short-form poets with this, his third full-length collection. The cleverly double-edged title is further deployed as a divider of the book into two sections: "Live" and "Again." Of the 100 individual poems, 85 are haiku and 15 are tanka. The collection also includes two haibun and one nijuin renku with Merrill Ann Gonzales that won an Einbond Award. Here are three haiku picked by opening the book at different places on the whim of my thumb: *long night— / breathing until breathing / is just breathing; dinner for one / a view / of the ocean; reversible jacket / the side / I always show.*

St. Maur, G. *Seasonings*. Edmonton: Inkling Press, 2009, 131 pp., perfect softbound, 8.5 x 11. ISBN 978-0-9810725-2-4.30 USD plus 8 for shipping <www.inklingpress.ca>. Multi-exhibited artist, much-performed playwright (stage, radio, TV), book-published poet and former university dean, Gerald St. Maur brings a formidable background to this collection of haiga. In his enlightening introduction, St. Maur depicts three levels of how painting and poetry can be brought together in the mind of one artist. He also describes how the reader should deal with the haiga in order to grasp its *gestalt*. The 54 haiga appear in nine sections, each of which is characterized by appropriate visuals. For instance, "Origins" features celestial images, while "Out of water" highlights the female nude. Most of the poems come from two previous Inkling collections: *Petals on White Ground* (haiku) and *A Well-tempered Tellurion* (tanka). Here are two of the haiku: *telephone wires: / robin singing with one eye / on the falcon's sky; departure lounge: / separating two pressed palms, / a long wall of glass.*

The World Of A Haiku Poet: Tōta Kaneko. Tokyo: Kinokuniya Co., 2009. DVD (in Japanese). ISBN 978-4-04-621486-7, 1,800 JPY / 25.25 USD <ootaki@kinokuniya.co.jp>. In this DVD biography, ninety-year-old world-haiku icon Tōta Kaneko is depicted in the expected manner: his schooling, war experiences, marriage, and, of course his writing, publishing and mentoring. The man comes across as vital and intelligent as his poetry and all this with almost no benefit of subtitles in English. I was vividly reminded of meeting the younger Kaneko while on a JAL-funded trip to Japan in 1990. One of the small number of subtitled poems is: *this orchard / an isolated island for me / in my one shirt.*



by *Bruce Ross*, Maine

McGee, M.D. *Haiku—the sacred art: A Spiritual Practice in Three Lines.* Woodstock, VT: Skylight Paths Publishing, 2009, 168 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-1-59473-269-0, 16.99 USD <www.skylightpaths.com>. This book is one in a series of “the art of spiritual living” with all the current formatting and “lite” qualities of such endeavors (McGee is also the author of *Sacred Attention: Spiritual Practice for Finding God in the Moment* in the same series). The author recommends “desk-ku” and has some questionable assertions about at least one major religion. This volume is gimmicky with typography and full of weak examples, many by the author herself. She has a Web site where she posts a quote from the Bible and asks readers to respond by writing a haiku. Bible kukai! The author tries hard and seems to think she’s got it with regard to haiku. Perhaps she needs more true haiku study.

Editors’ Note: For Bruce Ross’s bio, see p. 96.

Re: Readings

Of Issue 32:3

Joan Vistain, Illinois on *Lynn Edge*, Texas: I have long held dusk in my heart as the holiest time of day. Bouquets to Lynn Edge for capturing dusk's "Natural Healing" [p. 59] so effectively, in four sentences and a splendid haiku.

Bonnie Stepenoff, Missouri on *PMF Johnson*, Minnesota: *prairie wind/snow/on the bones* [p. 16] gave me chills and made me think of the bare winter hills in northern Missouri. I had a sudden image of the bones of a poor lonely animal lying in the snow, and I remembered the kind of cold windy day that seems to get down deep inside you, literally chilling you to the bone.

Carmen Sterba, Washington on *Chad Lee Robinson*, South-Dakota: *heat lightning / the buckle end / of the belt* [p. 17] reveals the overwhelming power of nature and brutality of humans. The flash of light in the night sky and the flash from a moving (silver or gold) buckle are a startling juxtaposition. Is the pain of the buckle like being struck by lightning? Only the experienced can know. This is an unforgettable haiku.

Carmen Sterba, Washington on *Colin Barber*, Arkansas: On the second reading, I was won over by: *capturing the wind / in a photograph . . . / a flag at half-mast* [p. 35]. We can't capture the wind, but the juxtaposition of the wind and the flag creates movement and reverberates. Who died? Was it a national hero or a local one? Either way, the sorrow is expressed subtly.

Adelaide B. Shaw, New York on *Mark F. Harris*, New Jersey and *Johnny Baranski*, Oregon: Upon reading "Divination" [MFH, p. 56], I felt the prick of tears. I fought them back, as I was in Starbucks and didn't want to make a spectacle of myself. Pushing such thoughts aside, I turned to the next haibun, "The Train" [JB, p. 57]. With my resistance already low, the tears started again. Neither haibun is sentimental, yet both are very moving. These are familiar situations, family members or

friends with incurable illness, the loss of one's parents. No matter what age a child is when parents die, and no matter what age the parents are, the loss is a sharp cut. That tie, which has kept us anchored to the past, regardless of how frayed, is finally cut lose. Both these poets have captured very effectively this feeling of loss and helplessness.

Of Issue 32:2

Marian Olson, New Mexico on *Quendryth Young*, Australia: "Bushfire 2009" [p. 47] captures the panic and fear of all living beings caught in such a maelstrom of fire, from the initial spotting of that tendril of smoke to the sparks and roar of the fire itself as it rolls over the earth like a wave, leaving in its wake the concluding hush of death and ash. For years I lived with the threat of Southern California fires—some too close for comfort—and they are terrifying, often with an aftermath hopelessly sad. Young could have stopped with the devastation, but she didn't. The bird call, small as it is, in the final line which concludes the last stanza of her sequence is a witness that every ending is a beginning. "Bushfire 2009" is a really fine haiku sequence.

Of the 2009 HSA Anthology, *A Travel-Worn Satchel*

Bruce England, California, on *Gabriel Rosenstock*, Ireland: His haiku, *Mumbai/ rags on a pavement/ a body stirs in them* [p. 92], is both poignant and sobering. It's a dark image among mostly pretty images. Most of us are fortunate to live in the first world where mud and blood has been wiped off nearly everything. From the anthology it appears that when we travel to the rest of the world, we don't record much of the fierce and stubborn poverty some people have to endure. Rosenstock went from seeing a pile of rags to seeing a human being living in them. If the theme of place is used again in a future membership anthology (and I certainly hope so), I believe it could be more satisfying, especially to the point of sadness and crying, to read some haiku about the darker aspects of the people and places we visit.

The Mildred Kanterman Memorial Book Awards for 2009

Judged by

an'ya, Oregon & *Cherie Hunter Day*, California

The First Place award is made possible by Leroy Kanterman, co-founder of the Haiku Society of America, in memory of his wife Mildred Kanterman.

First Place: *a wattle seedpod* by **lorin ford**, Post Pressed 207/50 Macquarie Street, Teneriffe, Qld, 4005 Australia, 10 AUD.

Second Place: *Empty Boathouse: Adirondack Haiku* by **Madeleine Findlay**, Single Island Press, 379 State Street, Portsmouth, NH 03801, 40 USD.

Third Place: *An Unknown Road* by **Adelaide B. Shaw**, Modern English Tanka Press, P.O. Box 43717, Baltimore, MD 21236, 11.95 USD.

Special Award for Anthology: *dandelion clocks* edited by **Roberta Beary & Ellen Compton**, Haiku Society of America Members Anthology 2008. Available from HSA Treasurer, Paul Miller, 31 Seal Island Road, Bristol, RI 02809, 20 USD in North America; 23 USD elsewhere.

Special Award for Themed Haiku Collection: *it has been many moons* by **S.B. Friedman**, Lily Pool Press (Swamp Press). Available from the author: 119 Nevada Street, San Francisco CA 94110-5722, 25 USD, including postage.

Special Award for Chapbook: *Distant Sounds* by **Helen Russell**, edited by **Connie Hutchison, Ann Spiers & Ruth Yarrow**. Available from the author: 3710 Providence Pt. Dr. SE, #320, Issaquah WA 98029, 10 USD, including postage.

Special Award for Haibun: *contemporary haibun, Vol. 9* edited by **Jim Kacian, Bruce Ross & Ken Jones**, Red Moon

Press, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661, 16.95 USD.

Special Award for Haiku Criticism and Theory: *Poems of Consciousness* by **Richard Gilbert**, Ph.D, Red Moon Press, P.O. Box 2461, Winchester, VA 22604-1661, 27.95 USD and includes a DVD-ROM.

In competition for this year's Mildred Kanterman Memorial Merit Book Awards, we received a total of 43 entries. The books varied greatly in their haiku styles from traditional to contemporary, and in their physical presentations, from the very simple to the quite elaborate. Since there were so many pocket-sized, shorter books submitted, we created a special "chapbook" category. As co-judges, reaching our end results went smoothly and we are in total agreement as to the final placements. Thank you to all the participants and congratulations to the overall winners and to the special mentions in each category.

The winning haiku collection, *A WATTLE SEEDPOD*, is only slightly larger than a CD jewel case, but *lorin ford* [AU] has packed it with sparkling haiku gems:

heat shimmer
a kingfisher's wings
answer the river

sliver moon
the sheath of a cat's claw
on the doormat

land's end
a seal returns
the dog's bark

rain!
i dance barefoot
between snails

In the foreword John Bird quotes Lorin Ford on the occasion of her hearing one of Dhugal Lindsay's haiku read aloud. Her response was "immediate—a physical quiver of recognition . . ." This is the effect of haiku. It opens us up to our original experience. There is an inherent freshness to Lorin's approach, a confidence in her choice of words as she shares experiences of her native Australia. She has a wonderful voice in this her debut collection of haiku.

EMPTY BOATHOUSE: ADIRONDACK HAIKU placed second. Everything about this collection by *Madeleine Findlay* [NH] is carefully crafted: the photographic images of a bygone era blend perfectly with the haiku. "Each page explores the spaces between words and images, both verbal and visual: the effect is haiku-squared" (from the jacket front flap). Presented as an extended haiga a new/old aesthetic emerges that honors place and time and memory. Almost all of the photographs were gleaned from her family's collection. The effect is stunning. This hardcover volume is a unique synthesis in the book arts.

The title poem is back to back with the following haiku:

filaments of light
through weathered slats
empty boathouse

the song of the thrush
within the dripping black spruce—
far away thunder

Third Place went to *AN UNKNOWN ROAD*. There is almost a palpable hush when reading selections from this book by *Adelaide B. Shaw* [NY]. It is an opportunity to slow down and reflect:

not quite dusk—
a firefly hovers
without its light

Shaw breathes deeply in quiet places:

the warmth of May
a pregnant woman
smiles to herself

Many of the selections illustrate *shasei* (sketches from life) a haiku style popularized by Masaoka Shiki. It is this quiet intensity that sets this collection apart.

The Special Award for Anthology was awarded to *DANDELION CLOCKS* edited by **Roberta Beary** [DC] and **Ellen Compton** [DC]. Last year, 2008, marked the 40th anniversary of the Haiku Society of America. Co-editors Beary and Compton, both seasoned writers and winning editors, compiled an attractive and engaging volume from the best available haiku and senryu sent from HSA members. Novice writers are featured alongside seasoned veterans for a refreshing equity.

The Special Award for Themed Haiku Collection went to *IT HAS BEEN MANY MOONS*. “The moon is always with us. Every hour, every minute ...every frog-leap of our life” —vincent tripi (from the “Preface”). *it has been many moons* is not only themed insofar as astrologically ... it is doubly-themed through the folklore and cultures of English Medieval, Native American, Celtic, Colonial American, Chinese and Neo Pagan. It is also arranged (not specifically in seasons), rather in order of the calendar months and corresponding moons. **S.B. Friedman** [CA] opens with this Choctaw haiku and closes with this New Guinea haiku:

oolong leaves unfurl
to fill the whole cup—
little famine moon

gathering the chi
of the rain & wind moon—
city sunflowers

And there are many more equally wonderful “moon moments” in this handsome, delft-blue covered, letterpress edition.

The Special Award for a Chapbook went to *DISTANT SOUNDS*. This limited edition, handmade chapbook was lovingly assembled by friends of **Helen Russell** [WA] from *Haiku Northwest* and *Vashon Island Mondays at Three* in honor of her 99th birthday—a wonderful testament to friendship and longevity. The author started writing haiku in 1996.

a century
I have lived—
the first aster

a cloud across the sun
and suddenly
I am old

The Special Award for Haibun went to *CONTEMPORARY HAIBUN, VOLUME 9* which is the annual printed installment of the best haibun garnered from the online quarterly journal, *contemporary haibun online*. This volume features 60 haibun and 20 haiga by 54 contributors from around the world and offers a wide variety of styles and subject matter.

The Special Award for Haiku Criticism and Theory went to *POEMS OF CONSCIOUSNESS*. In the words of **Richard Gilbert** [JP], the goal of this book “is twofold: to communicate some of what I have learned regarding /gendai/(contemporary) haiku in Japan; and to present theoretical concepts, structures and nomenclature as a means of potentially innovating haiku traditions occurring within the international scene.” His cross-cultural perspective has engaged some lively discussions and serves notice that haiku continues its evolution on the cutting edge of literature and philosophy.

an'ya is a world-wide published haijin; currently the editor of */moonset/* <www.moonset.us> and Oregon coordinator for the HSA. Her books are published by Rosenberry Books <www.rosenberrybooks.com> and her free “seasonal booklets” are at <www.haikubvanya.com>.

Cherie Hunter Day's haiku and tanka have appeared in journals around the world for nearly twenty years. Her award-winning, book-length collection of haiku, *The Horse with One Blue Eye*, was published by Snapshot Press in December 2006.

Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest for 2009

Judged by
Marian Olson, New Mexico & *Peggy Willis Lyles*, Georgia

We appreciated all 583 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest entries for 2009, poems with great diversity in style and content. As judges we know that haiku poets who are attentive, aware, and disciplined in their writing cut to essential truth or beauty, or both, using simple language to give a fresh perspective to the seemingly ordinary. To choose among so many fine poems was a challenge. That said we are pleased to honor the following five haiku.

First Place (\$150) *Stephen Gould*, Colorado

The house finch
has a song for it,
morning after snow

The house finch's song is radiant and light as the morning after snow when everything is intensely alive and awake, fresh and beautiful. No doubt as to how the poet feels about this sparkling new day, one too beautiful for words, but not for a finch's cheerful song.

Second Place (\$100) *Ron Moss*, Tasmania

crescent moon
a bone carver sings
to his ancestor

Carved from light, the evocative shape of the crescent moon sets an appropriate mood for another song, this one uniquely human. The second image is exotic and the bone carver's cultivation of a spiritual connection with his ancestor stirs intuitive contemplation of a debt to past generations and our place in

the cosmos.

Third Place (\$50) *C.R. Manley*, Washington

close enough to touch—
I let the junco lead me
away from its nest

Thrilled at being “close enough to touch,” the speaker knows juncos well, recognizing feigned injury as the ground bird’s instinctive ploy to lure predators away from the nest. Unable to communicate good intentions, the intruder gladly plays along to spare the bird further distress.

Honorable Mentions (In Alphabetical Order)

Bruce England, California

Blowing leaves
tempt the old cat,
but not enough

This one made us laugh. In a felicitous reversal of standard haiku technique, the poet’s “telling” effectively “shows” us the cat’s behavior—a tilt of the head, a small motion in the direction of the leaves perhaps, but nothing more. The dramas, temptations, and passions of life no longer control this cat’s behavior. He chooses to enjoy the moment without the chase.

Michael McClintock, California

ancient mountains . . .
runners clearing hurdles
on the practice field

Against the stillness of ancient mountains, the runners’ leaps seem small, but poignantly significant, opening rich layers of contrast and connection between geologic and human time.

Editors’ Note: The bios of the Henderson judges appear on p. 126.

Gerald Brady Memorial Contest for 2009

Judged by
w.f. owen, California & *Johnny Baranski*, Washington

It is always difficult judging another writer's senryu when the judge feels he has much to learn about writing senryu himself, which is why it is good HSA policy to have two judges for its annual Brady Contest. We were able to bounce our ideas off one another and help each other discern what in our minds constituted the best Western equivalents of this Japanese genre among the 364 entries submitted to this year's contest. From these 364 entries we found six to be worthy of final consideration, all of them reflecting the strengths or frailties of our human condition, some with humor or satire, and layered with more than one meaning.

First Place (\$100) *Barry George*, Pennsylvania

the stylist
rinses away
the sound of her voice

The first place senryu is not just about noise but perhaps about information overload so indicative of our twenty-first century world. On the face of it we can relate to having an annoyingly chatty hair dresser or barber drowned out by the rush of the tap. In the big picture we yearn for those increasingly rare occasions when our modern day lives are just simply unplugged.

Second Place (\$75) *Marilyn Appl Walker*, Georgia

their first thanksgiving
posing together
with the turkey

The second place senryu speaks to the newness of relation-

ships. It connotes a young couple, without children, whose next best thing is their first turkey. We imagine them home for the holiday, without a guest to take the photo, setting a camera timer grateful for one another's presence and the hopes and dreams each brings to the table as they begin to build a future together.

Third Place (\$50) *Kathe L. Palka*, New Jersey

graduation day
in the gait of our son
your younger stride

The third place senryu is about a couple with a child whose academic success represents the realization of the future they have built. They see something of one another in him as he strides toward the dais to receive his diploma. Who among us would not be proud to see our legacy in whatever form it takes live beyond our too short years of this life.

Honorable Mentions (In Alphabetical Order)

Carolyn Hall, California

Kona Wind
an ocean between me
and my worries

Bill Pauly, Iowa

new bride—
the squeak of her
sweet corn being shucked

Tony Virgilio, New Jersey

old timers' game
seventh inning stretch
the creaking of knees

We congratulate the winners for their best efforts as well as all who entered the fray (there were many senryu we liked), for it is only in entering it that we can learn a thing or two about ourselves in this sometimes harsh and dreadful but always interesting and hopeful world we live in.

w. f. owen is Professor of Communication at California State University, Sacramento. He has won the Henderson Haiku Contest (2004) and the Brady Senryu Contest (2002, 2003). His book, *small events*, won a Kanterman Merit Book Award for best haibun (2008). He is President of the Central Valley Haiku Club.

Johnny Baranski has been publishing haiku and its related forms since 1975. In 2001/2002, his *Convicts Shoot The Breeze* was a Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest winner. In 2006, his collection *just a stone's throw* appeared in Vince Tripi's Pinch Book Series.

Corrections to Issue 32:3

p. 17: The last haiku should be by *Robert B. McNeill*. As he wrote: "The second 'l' in McNeill may be silent, but it's not invisible."

p. 46: The sequence by *Raquel D. Bailey* and *Allan Burns* mistakenly began the section on Rengay. It was meant to begin the section on Tan Renga that starts on p. 50.

p. 82: In "Red Essay," by *Brent Partridge*, the word "camellia" was given an extra "l" two times and he would like to make clear that the misspelling was not his fault.

Editors' Note: Submissions in hard copy, as well as all haiku, are re-typed; hence the problem with the ls. Perhaps R.H. Blyth was right, editors are "robbers" (see this issue, p. 88). In our defense, we could say that we stole an l from McNeill, but like Robin Hood, gave Partridge two extra.

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Marian Olson is a widely-published poet and reviewer. Her collection, *Desert Hours*, won first place in the Mildred Kanterman Memorial Books Awards for 2008.

Award-winning poet *Peggy Willis Lyles* has contributed regularly to haiku journals for more than 30 years. She is an Associate Editor of *The Heron's Nest* and a member of the Red Moon Anthology staff. Her most recent book is *To Hear the Rain*, Brooks Books, 2002.

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From the Editors

In the Spring/ Summer issue (32:2), we reported on the listing of *Frogpond* in the *MLA International Bibliography* and in the Fall issue (32:3) we announced the journal's inclusion in *Humanities International Complete*. Now we have some more good news: our new President, Ce Rosenow, has arranged for the American Literature Association to add the Haiku Society of America as one of its affiliated societies. This means an increasing exposure of haiku and related forms to a wider arts and academic audience.

Some of our older readers might have wondered whether their vision was blurring while reading this issue. Others might have suspected that our printing company was scrimping on ink. Rest assured: your eyes are fine and we have all the ink we need.

In the last issue, we experimented with using gray shading for a variation in visual experience. In this issue, we have used it extensively. For most readers, the most significant change will be in the "fourth line" of the haiku—the name of the author. Some people believe that knowing who wrote the poem influences how it is perceived. Others say they want to read the haiku before they know who wrote it—and a bolded name precludes this. Editors of some journals and anthologies (hard copy and online) have printed the haiku without the fourth line, putting the authors' names elsewhere. We addressed this issue (beginning in 32:2) by reducing the size of the typeface for the authors' names; now we have reduced the intensity of the color to 60%.

Elsewhere in the issue—for instance, the Renga/Renku section—we have also used gray for initials and explanatory material in order to place focus on the poems. In the three sections dealing with awards, however, the winners' names are in bold italics for obvious reasons.

Tell us what you think. Meanwhile, we continue to congratulate ourselves for not making any feeble jokes about gray power. We hope that you enjoy this issue of 128 pages, the most of any *Frogpond* to date.

George Swede, Editor

Anita Krumins, Assistant Editor



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