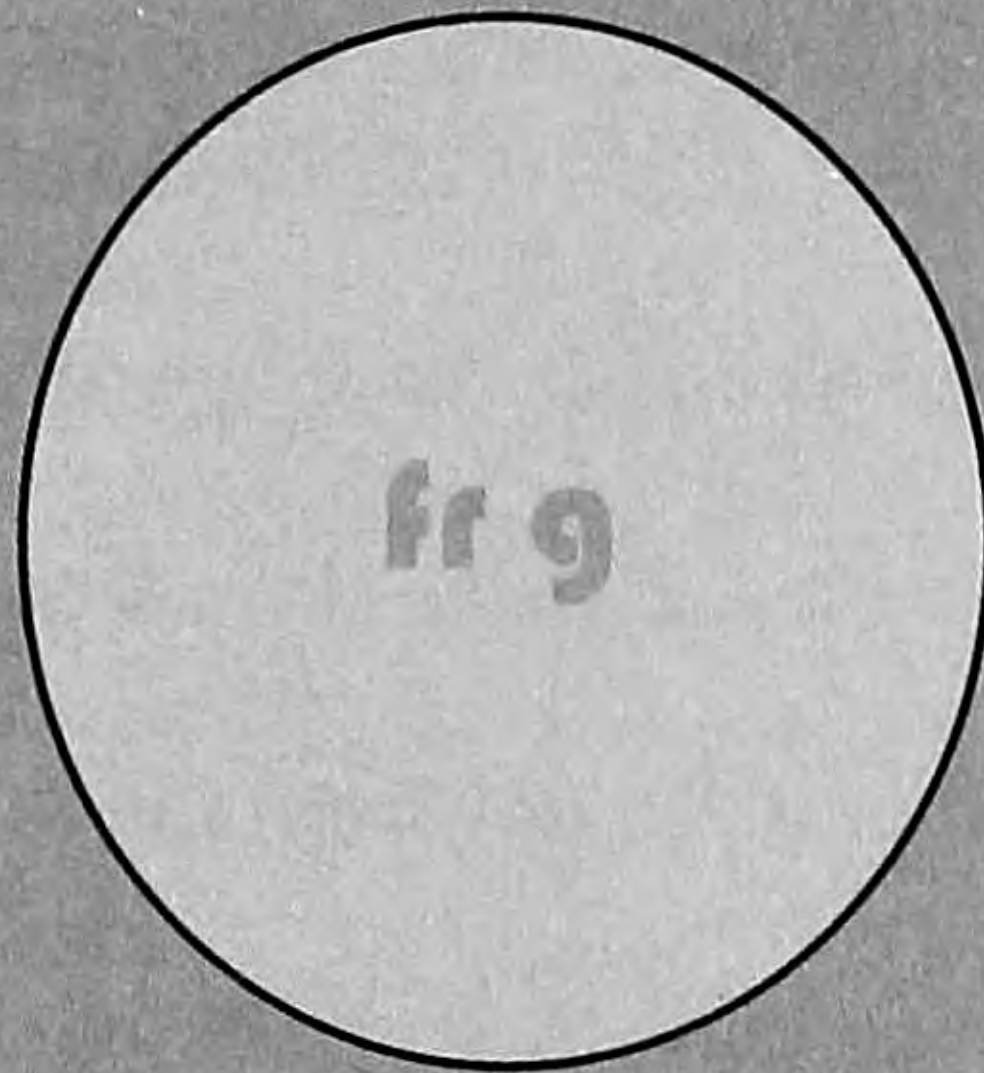


Journal
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**The Journal of the Haiku
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2. Up to three (3) haibun
3. Up to three (3) rengay or other short sequences
4. One (1) renku or other long sequence
5. One (1) essay
6. One (1) book review

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From Issue 33:1

lapping shore water—
the things we take
for granted

Carmen Sterba, Washington



Haiku & Senryu

crabgrass spreading the busybody I've become

Jeff Stillman, New York

Christmas haircut—
all around my chair
it has snowed

winter winds—
my right eye
cries alone

George G. Dorsty, Virginia

pearl-white fingers
gently interlaced—
heroin overdose

the arching desire
of her hips—
eagle's whistle

Bruce H. Feingold, California

autumn chill . . .
threadbare college blazer:
faintly her fragrance

Ernesto V. Epistola, Florida

dead of winter
the tree & I
leafless

Robert Epstein, California

so many shadows
in an old tree
crows at dusk

PMF Johnson, Minnesota

near the new grave
father's name
erased by moss

Joseph M. Kusmiss, New Hampshire

midnight moon—
shadows knit cactus
to cactus

Edith Bartholomeusz, Arizona

day moon
traces
of last night's bluster

Helen Buckingham, England

snowbound
our conversation
drifts

Tom Painting, New York

a few drops of tea
spill onto the tatami
the scent of grass

first crocus bud
I am also
who she needs me to be

Christopher Herold, Washington

salt water taffy,
the miles
stretching between us

Beverly Bachand, South Carolina

dream of coffee cake
and loss
but not of you

Miriam Sagan, New Mexico

woodland walk
my friend signs
she felt a tree fall

John J. Dunphy, Illinois

frost
on a blade of grass—
your three words

the distance between
my attic and the moon—
April rain

Chen-ou Liu, Ontario

keeping up
with the beat
in my chest

Greg Hopkins, Alabama

Midnight rumbling
thirty years of his snoring
marriage lullaby

Diane de Anda, California

Independence Day
my oldest
asks for a loan

wake of the muskrat
across the pond
scattered stars

Marsh Muirhead, Minnesota

darkness
two clocks
out of sync

Dave Kerschner, Washington

through the snow
my footprints
track me down

Michael Gallagher, Ireland

skylight to tile floor
the moon shadow
of a leaf

earth's slow turning . . .
into sea shimmer
the molten sun

Lee Giesecke, Virginia

killing fields:
the wind carries a butterfly
bone over bone

Terry Ann Carter, Ontario

still lost
the lost art
of me

Carol Pearce-Worthington, New York

Valentine's day
the untrodden snow
around the mailbox

Bouwe Brouwer, Netherlands

woodsmoke . . .
the guilt of living
on

Roland Packer, Ontario

getting acquainted
the pull of our fishing lines
with the tide

Stephen A. Peters, Washington

backlit by store lights,
her shadow cast in puddles:
rain pixelates it

in New York
Milky Way's just a
candy bar

Ellen Peckham, New York

her Valentine's card
a rainbow of raised hearts
for my fingertips

William Scott Galasso, Washington

oak stump
a snail's path
across the years

William Cullen Jr., New York

blizzard
each passerby hugs
his own misery

listless heat
dust rag
arpeggios

Daniel Liebert, Illinois

deep night skylight
the stars formulate
a new constellation

Bruce Ross, Maine

evening breeze
the spreading itch
of poison ivy

Jennie Townsend, Missouri

Veterans Day
heron standing
on one leg

Michael Fessler, Japan

a long slow death
how mellow the dandelion
in Dad's wine

Dan Schwerin, Wisconsin

end of summer—
I forget the word
for amnesia

Tanya McDonald, Washington

mud flats
the sunset split in two

leafed-out trees
the house in the woods
no longer there

Adelaide B. Shaw, New York

sleeping newborn
so perfectly
foetal-folded

Kristen Deming, Maryland

night jasmine
my pace slows
to a prowl

red dawn—
a dust storm
sweeps the world away

a cloud shadow
crosses the lucerne field . . .
rumours of you

the heat—
yacht sails dissolve
in sun-dazzle

Lorin Ford, Australia

long day
hanging motionless
the canker worm

Jeanette Blain, New York

whale songs . . .
you are miles distant
alone

Bud Cole, New Jersey

Arbutus flower trails . . .
some life change
maybe tomorrow

Rebecca Lilly, Virginia

old worry
wringing
the washrag out

Michele L. Harvey, New York

frost on fallen leaves she doesn't write back

blossom shower my loss doubled

Matthew Cariello, Ohio

sketching the Canyon rim
one raven in the draft
of another

Judson Evans, Massachusetts

puddle
freezing
over
this point of view
unfortunately
mine

not
the
whole
story
but probably enough
fresh
snow

Lee Gurga, Illinois

my mother's love
for black shawls—
the summer night

Michael McClintock, California

mating call
carpet moss quiets
the ravine

an`ya, Oregon

washing potatoes
on a grey winter day—
wet dirt smells of spring

Jo Ellen Bogart, Ontario

nape of her neck
clematis tendrils hook
beads of mist

cold church
funeral hymns
the color of breath

John Parsons, England

April breeze
the scent of rotting corpses
curdled milk

Scott Stoller, Pennsylvania

winter-golden grass
bent to the wind
to the ways of deer

Allan Burns, Colorado

slow crickets
the morning settles
into itself

floating towards first thoughts birdsong

Ann K. Schwader, Colorado

torn clouds
rain inside
the cicada husk

Rob Scott, Australia

corn flower
i can taste
its blue

Arch Haslett, Ontario

a July night
no brushstroke
to match

Natalia L. Rudychev, Illinois

summer barbecue
the scent
of singed eyebrows

troubled nights
one more question
without an answer

Glenn G. Coats, Virginia

tipitiwitchet
grinning
fly still buzzing

Muriel Ford, Ontario

worm on the move do the math

Jim Westenhaver, Washington

the spring rain settles outside
you push deeper inside me

sun-dried
tomatoes
menarche

Margot Roessle Best, California

Plump buckeye fruit
tugging down the bare-branch-end
midlife pregnancy

J. Zimmerman, California

aging lover—
he takes my hand
over the snowdrift

Jeannie Martin, Massachusetts

swaying
in and out of sunlight
needle on a strand

Richard Tice, Washington

a gap in her inner dialogue new grass

Mark F. Harris, New Jersey

leaping into
summer, boys from
the bridge

Dana J. Hoffman, Maryland

island mists
another name disappears
from my tongue

David Gershator, U.S. Virgin Islands

worn slippers the coldness in my heart

sudden squall
the thought I almost had
taking cover

Bob Lucky, China

waiting
for her lab results
the black between stars

Elliot Nicely, Ohio

hometown departure—
a whiff of the hog lagoon
in the night

Lenard D. Moore, North Carolina

about the rain again
conversations in clouds

Robert Seretny, Maine

geese lift off from a snowfield . . .
the sudden weight of my feet

Marilyn Murphy, Rhode Island

my childhood toys
kiss for the first time
in my daughter's hands

Hamish Ironside, England

just a flash, but
what a sound
light makes

Robert Henry Poulin, Florida

my father's face—
I soak my painful hands
in a wayside spring

Tadao Okazaki, Japan

again, you forgot . . .
the darkening
of a winter pear

the earth
beneath my fingernails
strawberry dreams

Susan Constable, British Columbia

cat
curled
into paisley

Alan S. Bridges, Massachusetts

it's winter now
people have stopped saying
it's winter

cross-country train the five pills I take every day

John Stevenson, New York

fog:
most bejeweled
the thistle

Ruth Yarrow, Washington

our estrangement
pearls slip away
from a broken strand

Ferris Gilli, Georgia

lightning reveals
snow on a bare branch—
signing the divorce papers

L.A. Evans, Nebraska

far from home

— — —

an odor of deep enough drawers
in the hotel room

Gary Hotham, Maryland

piano bar
the tip glass full
of morning light

Jeremy Pendrey, California

In the crowd
the conspiratorial smile
of another old man

Ken Jones, Wales

Zen retreat—
practising emptiness
in a crowded room

Stanford M. Forrester, Connecticut

nightfall
a cricket aria,
then the chorus

Dave Baldwin, Washington

tasting salt . . .
the spliced arc
of the tide

Linda Pilarski, Alberta

early darkness
sun-dried tomatoes
snipped into the stew

Peggy Willis Lyles, Georgia

forsythia . . .
everything I forgot
to tell you

Alice Frampton, Washington

my body thinner these days I hear more of the wind

Chad Lee Robinson, South Dakota

on the beach
patches of moonlight
last embers

Neal Whitman, California

misunderstanding again
deep now into the
peeled onion

Bryan Hansel, Minnesota

tall pines extending me to the sky

Dietmar Tauchner, Austria

darkening sky I eat mints the color of the universe

Mark Brooks, Texas

mother's best china
left to me—
still unused

Lyn Reeves, Tasmania

layoffs—
the indents from the chair
still in the carpet

David Grayson, California

frigid night—
the bowl of soup
becomes my universe

Mankh (Walter E. Harris III), New York

emberglow—
tasting the last drops
of summer wine

Ellen Compton, District of Columbia

receding flow
the water mark
of white blossoms

Yvonne Cabalona, California

memory loss
the way earth
receives snow

Francine Banwarth, Iowa

lost in the color wheel
the grayness
of fear

Angela Terry, Washington

drought
a dove unfurls one wing
to the first drops

Quendryth Young, Australia

divvying up
her personal effects
rock paper scissors

Scott Mason, New York

anniversary stars
your breath cloud
above mine

Deb Baker, New Hampshire

closing the lid . . .
a cloud too big
for the sky

Caroline Gurlay, England

half light . . .
using one pair of glasses
to look for another

Christopher Patchel, Illinois

skipping the cracks
on an icy sidewalk
the son I never had

Michael Morell, Pennsylvania

unbroken silence
except for the fly buzzing
in the afterbirth

Christopher Provost, New Hampshire

Mother's bossy friend
her gravesite
has a better view

Margaret Chula, Oregon

dinner party
the word i slip in edgewise
falls to the floor

David Caruso, New Jersey

old crackle
of a favorite record
lines in her face

Robert B. McNeill, Virginia

maple sapling
thinner than the bamboo stake
a chance of rain

Cherie Hunter Day, California

thick heat
thin towels
cheap motel

Robert Moyer, North Carolina

spring garden
sharing a beer
with a slug

Jeff Hoagland, New Jersey

spring's first day
all eyes rising
with the kite

Garry Schick, Nebraska

undecided . . .
a contrail divides my view
of nothing

Melissa Spurr, California

after her
his lovemaking different
wild onion

Renée Owen, California

cut grass
the clean lines
of her shadow

Greg Piko, Australia

just you
under the magnolia
in bloom

John Soules, Ontario

the winter deer
I delighted in feeding
no tulips

Julie Warther, Ohio

she dresses for Easter
a resurrection
in his pants

LeRoy Gorman, Ontario

slow deep inhalation . . .
watching my husband
topple his king

Joan Vistain, Illinois

to be made of ivory . . .
the piano player's touch

Harriot West, Oregon

my GPS
recalculating . . .
summer stars

anniversary —
the pine's reflection
deeper than the creek

Carolyn Hall, California

lingering grief
the pale morning light
stirs birdsong

Billie Wilson, Alaska

high beams deepen into autumn

Bill Kenney, New York

noon heat—
the chatter of swallows swerves
out of earshot

Christopher A. White, England

the river slows to a whisper streaks of a pipit

sea fret—
from tern to tern
the glint of a fish

John Barlow, England

fallen
with the eucalyptus—
the initialed heart

Tom Tico, California

two crows
surprised
I speak their language

Robert Mainone, Michigan

raking up
pussy willows and camellias
a haze of longing

Brent Partridge, California

late winter rain . . .
the snowman's puddle
wears a hat

Anne LB Davidson, Maine

things we did not say . . .
in the shadow of the pine
the pathway frozen

Nick Avis, Newfoundland & Labrador

killing frost . . .
bottomless black
of the rabbit's eye

David McKee, Wisconsin

swollen
with spring rain
a fairytale in the sandbox

Eve Luckring, California

Easter sunrise
kneading the song
in the bread

Jayne Miller, Wisconsin

after loving
sleep
apnea

Roberta Beary, District of Columbia

clinic waiting room . . .
one fish in the aquarium
belly-up

driftwood—
my face this fall
the shape of rain

Bill Pauly, Iowa

Laughing At Myself

by *Garry Gay*, California

Humor in haiku can be a very effective tool. Sometimes we need to make light of a serious situation to actually bring attention to it. Like many poets who write haiku, I am very concerned about the environment. Can such a small poem as a haiku truly be effective in bringing attention to such an intricate and multidimensional issue as the depletion of the ozone layer? I think so. In a way, poking fun at myself softens the environmental message, yet also frames it in a context that most people can relate to. Personal experience brings the issue from the abstract to a real moment anyone could understand.

Hole in the ozone
my bald spot . . .
sunburned

Another comment that can relate to the environment is how we recycle our used products such as plastic bottles, cans and newspapers and even our old car tires. To make our world a better place to live we need to be creative in the way we dispose of these everyday items. The following haiku was one of my solutions.

Bald tire
still getting good mileage . . .
as a tree swing

Speaking of the environment, it's interesting to compare how the world has changed over time. For example how attitudes change toward the very creatures we live with. It makes me think of the Japanese master poet Issa, who would not hurt a fly, and in fact seemed to be a protector of all tiny creatures. Perhaps he understood only too well of the suffering that can

be inflicted on us all.

Oh Issa
what would you think
of flea collars?

Sometimes the world is a very innocent place we live in. When my daughter hurt her knee, it made her feel better to also help someone else, who must surely be in as much pain as she was.

After falling down,
she asks for a band-aid
for her doll too

It is the little things in life, the small almost unnoticed moments that sharpen our awareness of how important it is to live in the moment. An inconvenience while cooking can make you think “why me?” Yet you have to laugh at yourself, when you think that this is of your own doing, and in a funny way the natural order of things.

No matter
where I stand
barbecue smoke

We grow older, but maybe not always wiser. We like to think that we all change. And hopefully for the better. Often however we find that we are really the same person that we always were. Or perhaps the world still presents challenges we can't help but be intrigued by.

30-year reunion
he still
hits on her

We are a part of our environment. It affects us every day. At best, all we can do is adjust to whatever it is Mother Nature throws at us.

Midday heat;
the ice cream melting faster
than I can lick

What is it about some people that makes you notice them? They stand out more in certain environments than in others. Some people are just out of place, no matter how hard they try to fit in.

Weight lifter
slowly lifting
the tea cup

There is humor in the very way we deal with nature. So often we want to control nature for our own use. Sunny days so we can go out and play, rainy days to grow our crops and even days we hope for snow for that weekend snow trip. Sometimes however we need to work around the natural elements just to keep our little secrets.

To cheat
the echo . . .
we whisper

We are part of nature, it is all around us, yet as we also try to understand this universe, we sometimes isolate ourselves from the very nature we are trying to understand.

Planetarium ceiling
gazing at stars
without crickets

Mother said “don’t play with your food” but nature also tastes good and sometimes we find we are affected by our environment in very real ways.

Blueberries
we show each other
our tongues

Another chance encounter with food is when I go to have a late night snack. We forget that the very essence of nature, is not only the changing seasons, but change is a part of all of nature. The food we eat comes from the things we grow and raise and make from natural products. As part of the natural cycle of life, things change and other sources of life evolve.

As if it were spring
the green mold
on the cheese

The human animal likes to play, and we invent all sorts of games to amuse ourselves. To spend time outdoors we have come up with all kinds of sports. This gives us more time with nature and a way to again interact with her, even if it's by accident.

Dodge ball
even the cherry blossoms
scatter

Another sport we love is baseball; like many sports it is a seasonal game. Some of us just can't wait for the next season. Just like season words are to haiku poets, we sometimes want to use them out of place, out of season. Humor can also throw us a curve ball.

Caught in his mitt
over home plate . . .
a fast snowball

For the most part we value nature. We live through its seasons, we grow our food, play in the outdoors and enjoy its beauty.

The weeds
I meant to pull
in full bloom

With each holiday we find a reason to celebrate nature and also find the humor in our daily lives. Or perhaps its our innocence and subjectivity of beauty and values.

She has gathered
in her Easter-egg basket . .
garden snails

Finally I find myself laughing to myself about how many times I have to explain to people what kind of poetry I am interested in. Over and over again I find myself repeating the same thing. I see no end in sight, just grin and bear it.

Family reunion—
again explaining
what a haiku is

Credits for the haiku used in this article

“Hole in the ozone,” 3rd place, HSA Brady Awards, 1989 • “Bald tire,” *Woodnotes*, Summer 1989, No. 2. • “Oh Issa,” *High/Coo*, No. 23 Feb.1982 • “After falling down” and “No matter,” *Fig Newtons*, 1993, Press Here • “30-year reunion,” Honorable Mention, HSA Brady Awards, 2001 • “Mid-day heat,” *Mainichi Daily News*, 1987 • “Weight lifter,” 3rd place Hawaii Education Association International Haiku Contest • “To cheat,” Runner up, *Still*, 1998 • “Blueberries,” 3rd place, HSA Brady Awards 1993 • “As if it were spring,” 3rd Honorable Mention, HSA Brady Awards, 2006 • “Dodge ball,” Winner, 2009 Sakura Award, Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival • “The weeds,” *Haiku North America Anthology*, 1999 • “She has gathered,” *Fig Newtons*, 1993, Press Here • “Family reunion,” Honorable Mention, People’s Poetry Contest, Toronto, ON.

Editors' Note: Garry Gay's bio appears on the next page.

Garry Gay was born in Glendale, California, 1951. He received his B.P.A. degree in photography in 1974. He has been a photographer by profession for the past 28 years. He started writing haiku in 1975. Greatly influenced by Basho's *Narrow Road To The Deep North* he has written haiku steadily over the past 26 years. He is one of the co-founders of the Haiku Poets of Northern California. He became their first president from 1989-90 and served in that position again from 2001-2009. In 1991, he was elected as president of the Haiku Society of America and, in the same year, co-founded Haiku North America. In 1996, he co-founded the American Haiku Archives in Sacramento, California. Despite these accomplishments, he is perhaps best known as the creator of the popular poetic form called Rengay (see the next section). His collections of haiku and rengay include *The Billboard Cowboy*, *The Silent Garden*, *Wings of Moonlight*, *River Stones*, *Along The Way* and *The Unlocked Gate* (with John Thompson). He lives in the northern California wine country, in a small town called Windsor, with his wife Melinda and daughter Alissa.



Rengay

The Old Pond

by

Renée Owen (California), *Jodi Hottel* (California)

Shawna Swetech (California)

indian summer
climbing on oak limbs
grandfather's knobby knees (ro)

flicker of green light
shadows on her bare arm (jh)

chill morning
in the apple orchard
we undress in layers (ss)

sign at the old pond
no skinny dipping allowed (ro)

first to float
in the afternoon sun
buckeye leaves (jh)

the ropeswing's wide arc
we fly back in time (ss)

Cornstalk Twisting

by

Michael Dylan Welch, Washington

Lenard D. Moore, North Carolina

Memorial Day—
rows of gravestone flags
waving out of rhythm

*dusty field
cornstalk leaves twisting*

sailboat
on the billboard
peeled off by the wind

*collection day
a bag drifting
over the campus chapel*

fan on high
the professor's papers scatter

*the neighbor's house
shingles strewn
where it used to be*



Spiked Punch

by

Michael Dylan Welch, Washington; *David Ash*, Washington;
Christine Nelson, Alberta; *Joy Hendrickson*, Alberta;
Vicki McCullough, British Columbia; *Merilyn Peruniak*, Alberta

seventh-inning stretch
the proposal again
on the Jumbotron

Michael

rehearsal dinner toast
his father forgets her name

David

murmurs from the matrons
the bride enters
eight months gone

Christine

the ringbearer
drops the ring

Joy

children drink spiked punch
while adults do
the chicken dance

Vicki

in lipstick on the limo
JUST MARRED

Merilyn



A Two Part Rengay

by

Ron Moss, Tasmania & *Ferris Gilli*, Georgia

Introduction by Ferris Gilli

Although the sixth verse brings “Beside the Highway” with its sense of loss to an apparent end, the theme of a life’s journey reappears in “Out to Sea,” with the emerging idea of “crossing over.” When the two poems are read in a sequence, one can discover unforeseen connections and underlying threads of meaning.

Each rengay can stand alone as metaphor for a life’s journey, or the two can flow one into the other, revealing the child who becomes a responsible adult, finding his way through life until its end, when he is returned to the sea where all life began. The hope of rebirth runs through the second poem.

Part 1: **Beside the Highway**

the sound
of tyres on gravel
whitens the fog

*last year’s bird nest
over the gas station door*

a red tricycle
beside the highway
in a cactus bloom

*human footprints
following old wagon ruts
toward sunset*

parked tumbleweeds
in the lost Motel

*in moonlight
a deer’s final breath
on broken glass*

Part 2: **Out To Sea**

*in drifting fog
petrels follow a boat
out to sea*

boys on surf boards
riding the swell

*a sailor
rocked to sleep
on the Milky Way*

with a song
the fishermen bait hooks
on the long-line

*a wine-dark egg case
ready to hatch*

scattering
a friend's ashes
the twilight deepens



Sequences

The C Word

by

Renée Owen, California

taking a break
from her chemo
coastal winds

haiga collage
with the scissors
she points to her scar

passion flower
the pulse of our bodies
on tidal time

sea kelp at dawn
I try to tell her
she won't die

how can we not trust
unseasonable warmth
this winter day

who am I to say . . .
the world disappears
in ocean fog

rising sun

by

Owen Bullock, New Zealand
André Surridge, New Zealand

the boy in the picture
flies a kite
on my wall

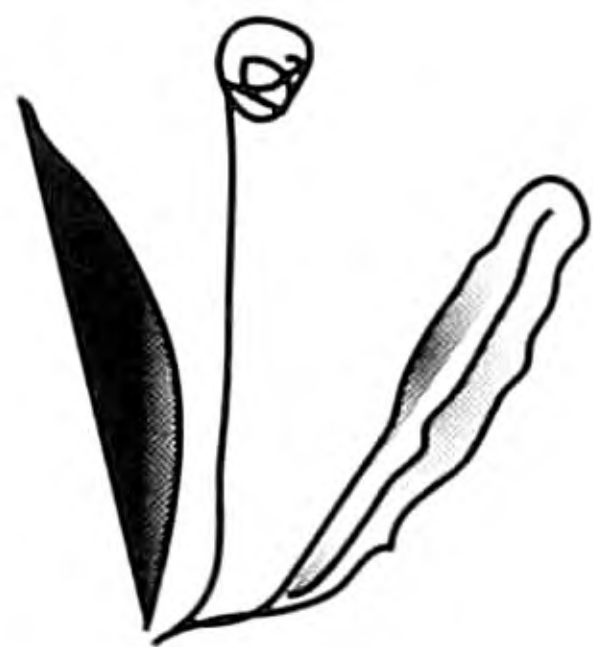
calm day
the sea ready
to be walked upon

another film?
the heavens open
again

still doing it
twice a day . . .
the farmer's grin

desires
all night long
abating

rising sun
the beep
of the breadmaker



Renku

Muddy Waters A Renkubluz

by

Paul David Mena, Massachusetts
Brett Peruzzi, Massachusetts
Rafael de Gruttola, Massachusetts

Introduction by Rafael de Gruttola

We're all musicians and we perform with different groups in and around the Boston-Cambridge area. We've been writing renkubluz for over eight years. We don't follow the Japanese renku rules completely, but add our own twenty-four bar blues choruses with every reading we do.

1. from the Delta to Chicago
the blues flow north...
Muddy Waters *bp*

2. a gypsy woman told my mother
I'd be a son of a gun *pdm*

3. hollerin' and shoutin'
I'm a hoochie coochie
kind of guy *rdg*

4. hearing my voice on Lomax's recording
I can do it. *bp*

5. I got my mojo workin'
but it just won't
work on you *pdm*

6. ah ha just watchin' her move—
MAN! *rdg*

7. Chess Records
a row of Cadillacs
parked out front *bp*
8. magnolias in bloom
I Feel Like Goin' Home *pdm*
9. Guys from England
"Who you?"
Rolling Stones *rdg*
10. slide guitar moaning
across the cotton fields *bp*
11. *I'm Ready*
but
I Can't Be Satisfied *pdm*
12. fish gotta swim birds gotta fly
when I go I wanna go hi *rdg*
13. if the river was whisky
I'd be
a divin' duck *bp*
14. 40 Days and 40 Nights
in the arms of another man's woman *pdm*
15. I just wanna
make love to you
baby! *rdg*
16. in his guitar case
spare strings and a .38 *bp*
17. "I've got seven
hundred dollars.
Don't you mess around with me." *pdm*

18. no more down home blues
life be electrified *rdg*
19. after the day job
playing all night
in the bars *bp*
20. a tortured slide solo
with a broken beer bottle *pdm*
21. my man Willie
slappin'
the upright bass *rdg*
22. late in life
playin' with the rock stars he inspired *bp*
23. "They say you can't lose
what you ain't
never had." *pdm*
24. "Gotta go to church
to get this thing in your soul." *rdg*



Life with a Three-Year-Old

by *Jennie Townsend*, Missouri

We'd played in the park, played in the house, played in the yard. As we played, I fielded the non-stop questions that comprise life with a three-year old. The stumper: "How do helicopters stay up?"

A web search led to the subsequent find of a physics forum that posted photos and diagrams on design and composition of rotors.

Rotor blades aren't just paddles but works of art—one design by General Electric was exhibited in the New York City Museum of Modern Art. These are no longer simple pieces of varnished wood or polished metal bolted or welded to motors but creations using composite materials and taking inspiration from sea creatures and geological formations, not only bird wings. Engineers sculpt rotor blades that have baffles, vents, knife-sharp edges, micro-scales, weights, and curves twisting into a hub, the rotor.

If that wasn't enough challenge, form must follow function. Will the blades lift or propel the craft or do both? Must they move through air or water? How much torque does the engine provide in operation? What is the range of physical extremes, the repeat heating/cooling cycles? Which parts will wear and at what rate

naptime—
his small fingers stained
with maple keys

Dominion

by *Duro Jaiye*, Japan

"Rule over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air and over every living creature that moves on the ground. "

(Genesis 1:28)

i wasn't an outright murderer, but i certainly put them in a bad situation. black ants in red ant territory, fireflies left in jars for days, frog eggs in the bathroom sink . . . i preach to my son about letting them live in their own way. caterpillars, grasshoppers, mantises and lizards; he can keep them for at least a day or two before returning them to where he found them. but the teeny-weeny fish, the ones he likes to catch in the shallow river by the house are an exception. he can keep them indefinitely. they seem pretty easy to take care of.

feeding time
the elephant's
last trick

Empty Spaces

by *Harriot West*, Oregon

We're drinking orange juice. Not fresh squeezed but from a can. It's slightly bitter with a metallic taste. But father doesn't notice. He's having his Kentucky style—with a splash of bourbon and a sigh from mother. As a treat for me, he is making scrapple, cornmeal mush with greasy sausage. I love it but what I love most is father cooking. For me. And I love watching mother push the scrapple around her plate. She barely eats a bite.

cabin in winter
the floorboards too
have pulled away

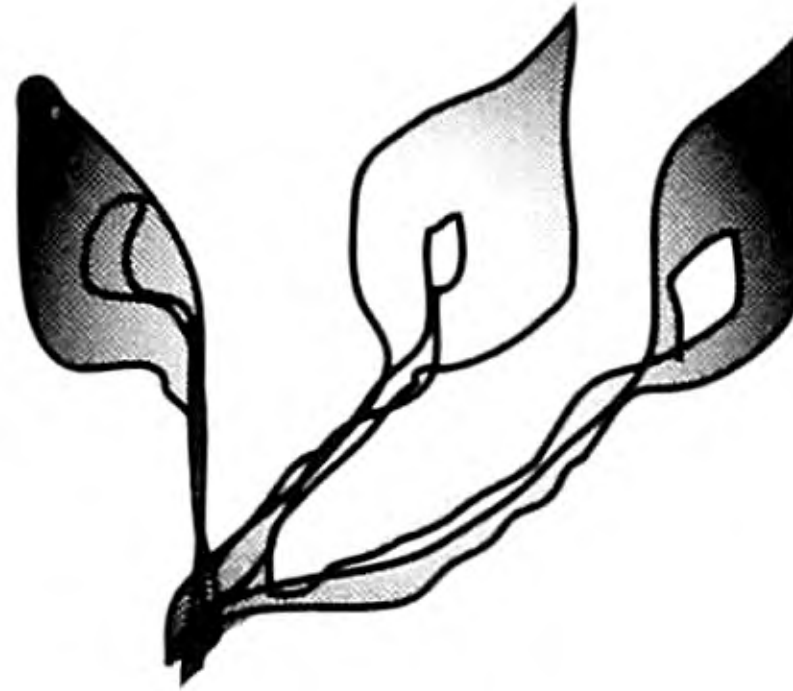
Family

by *Robert Mainone*, Michigan

in a dream
talking
with animals

Riding my bike down hill at top speed; Blackie crouches on my shoulder with his wings partly spread. Not fast enough, he launches into the air and flies on ahead. He knows the way to school. On the playground at recess, children from elementary grades offer him coins. He likes to hide shiny things in eaves-troughs and crannies. One day he appears in the open window of our 2nd floor algebra class, his throat pouch bulging with coins. After looking over the class of 30, he flies to my desk and tries to hide his treasure in the closed inkwell, unsuccessfully. I open my pocket. He inserts the coins and hops back on my desk. After minutes of admiration by teacher and class, he flies up to my outstretched arm and is sent back to the playground. At our 60-year Ravenna High School class reunion, we talk of Mrs. Goodrich's algebra class and Blackie's many adventures.

speaking softly to a passing crow autumn wind



Burnt On One Side

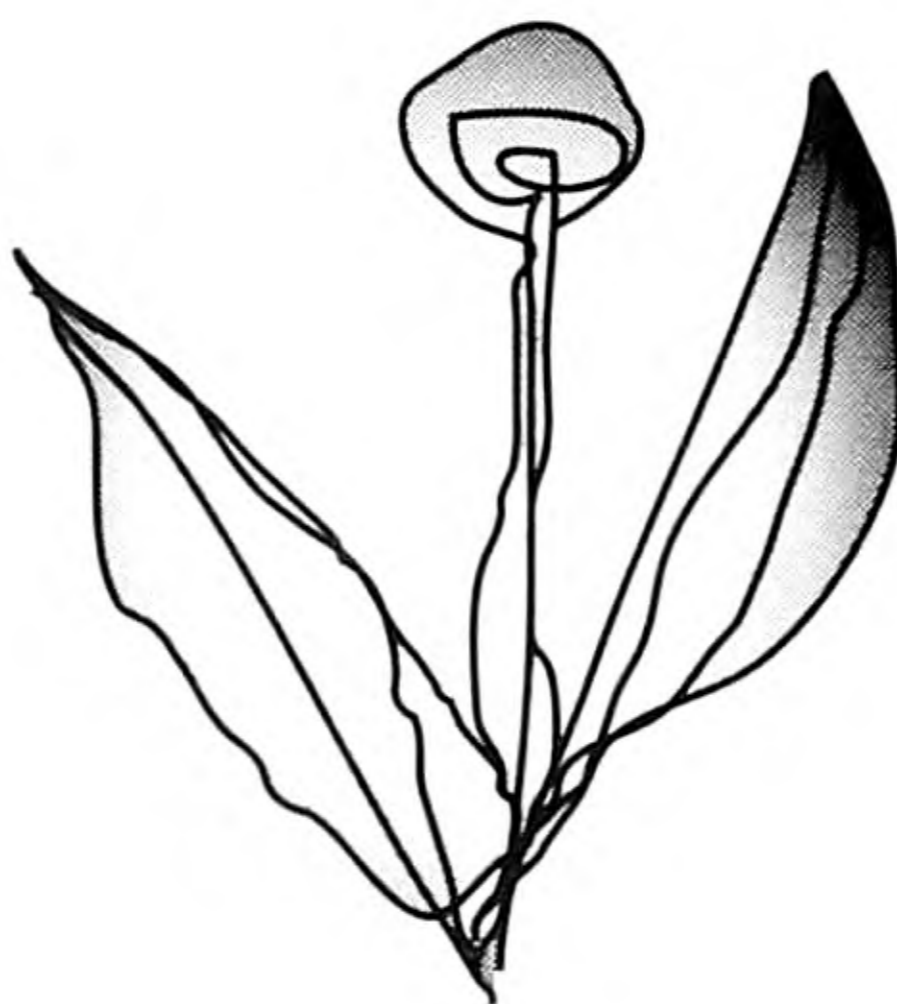
by *Ron Moss*, Tasmania

I'm sitting up on a warm vinyl chair trying to reach Mum's sugar bowl. It's about as far back as I can remember and everything is so much bigger than me. I love the patterns of the new Formica table and I trace them with my sticky fingers. The smell of brewing tea is all around me. Mum always said no matter where I was playing I would come running when a pot was being made. I used to get my hand smacked for putting so many sugars in my tea—it was a long time before someone told me I was meant to stir it.

a cup passed
from Mum's warm hand . . .
the colour of rain

A knitted tea cosy steams on the pot; I recognise the wool colours from my latest jumper. It's to keep in the heat in while the strong black tea is steeping. "Don't let it bloody stew," my Father yelled. There is enough in the pot to go round and then the biscuits appeared from Mum's battered oven.

freshly baked
we smile as we eat them
burnt on one side



Running Away Again

by *Renée Owen*, California

I put my fingers in my ears and try to pretend I'm far away. Even the noise from the window a/c doesn't drown out my mom and dad's arguing. They light one cigarette after another, clouds of blue smoke swirling in the air. The shiny surface of our kitchen table overflows with envelopes and bills, check-books, an adding machine, ashtrays and tall, sweaty glasses filled with ice and booze. From my secret hiding place under the brown sofa in the living room, I can see it all, though the stuffing dangling from the springs is about to make me sneeze. That and the concrete floor, so hard and cold pressed against my cheek, while the hot stuff mom paints on my fingernails to keep me from biting them is burning a hole in my tongue. It seems like hours since I told them I was running away and no one's even noticed I'm gone. If they don't find me soon, I might really have to leave.

cockroaches fall
from the Florida sky
summer dreams

The Good Old Days

by *Kathleen O'Toole*, Maryland

My brother's voice on the phone: "worried that I would slit my wrists?" A nervous laugh. Last time we spoke, he was still under the covers at noon—so much for Arizona sunshine. This time: talk of personal bankruptcy and short sales. He's remembering the "good old days" of 10% unemployment, when you could work three jobs and make ends meet.

autumn wind
on the front lawn—
another shingle

The All of One Room

by *Glenn G. Coats*, Virginia

I board the bus in Mars Hill and it drops me off at the foot of a mountain in Burnsville. The driver points to a road which is more like a path and tells me to follow it, tells me the Crain place is not that far, says I can't miss it.

afternoon shadows
I follow a road
worn by feet

The house is small, more like a shed coming off the side of a boulder. Smoke is rising from the stack of a metal chimney. No electrical lines, no phone lines running in. The children are waiting outside, two girls, two boys, barefoot. They are still, quiet like deer. "You the teacher? Mama says you come in."

bird song
a bar of ivory
beside the creek

Light is dim inside. A pot of something cooking on the hearth. Smells I can't recognize. "Chester can't get to school no more—too many seizures. Way behind the others."

I take out my pens and pencils, open up a notebook, the boy frozen beside me on a straight back chair. "Let's read a story," I say.

lantern light
I bend closer
to the words

Bus is picking me up at five. I am the last stop. The two girls (Rebecca, Fonda) and the two boys (Chester, Nathan) walk with me down the mountain. They like my shoes with their high tops. "You comin' back next week?" they want to know. The bus isn't there so I ask them about baseball. I tell them how one person throws a ball and another one hits it, how you run to base until you get home. I swing an imaginary bat in the air. The children stare at my pantomime. I tell them I'll bring a bat and ball next time, tell them I'll teach them to play the game.

early spring
tops of boulders cool
in the dusk

Fields to Plow

by *Glenn G. Coats*, Virginia

He had just started school when it shut down over worn-out books, unsafe buses, and little heat in winter. Teachers and students wanted the same books as the whites only school, same shiny buses, same pay for their teachers so they all walked out in hope of something better. Both schools stayed shut tight when Prince Edward County refused to integrate and Charles lost all the important years of his education.

migrating geese
the sound of wood
splitting in two

Charles learned other things while the schools were closed like loading potatoes in a truck. He learned how to feed chickens and call crows in from the field, learned how to replace a broken board on the gate and work like a man when he should have been playing like a child.

winter sun
a few lines of words
forgotten

Years passed by and when the schools did open up again, it was too late for Charles. He was too far behind and none of the teachers knew how to catch him up. Charles left soon as he could and did what he knew how to do—work.

Today Charles is nearly sixty, one grown daughter and one still in school. His wife and youngest child are outside now waiting in the truck, waiting for Charles to finish his reading lesson. They will do what it takes to support him. He is going to read and they will wait for him.

winter evening
thick fingers cover
most of the page

I am showing Charles 's. "The apostrophe is like a little backward c," I tell him, "shows that something belongs to someone, like your brother the preacher, he's good with words, people like to hear John's words." I write down *Johns words* and Charles picks up a pencil and carefully makes his first apostrophe. "I am learning something all the time," he says and I can hardly get any words out of my mouth.

frozen fields
the words he carries
into the night

Joy Ride

by *Peter Newton*, Massachusetts

It's the end of my first week on the assembly-line outside Detroit. The job—bore holes in steering columns for Winnebagos. Day-in and day-out I will thread the metal blocks in front of me. I will wear my goggles. I will be on-time. A white oily lubricant splatters everywhere. It's noisy. I don't fit in here. But I'm home from my freshman year of college with something to prove. And I need the money.

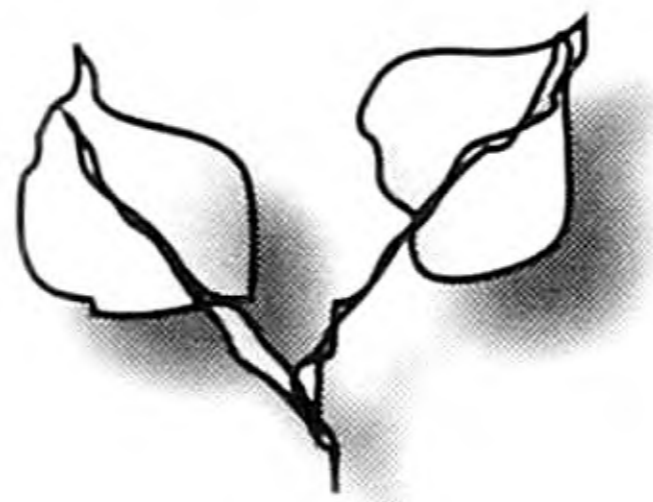
morning drive-thru exhausted sparrows

The guys on either side of me are street-wise ex-husbands with restraining orders. At lunch, they like to swap stories about their various run-ins with the law. Their B & Es alone—breaking and entering—could fill a book. And they're quick to remind me what a real education is.

Life on the street, man. They've got the scars. And like to show them off. I'm no one to them. They take turns calling me "College Boy." I am someone to look through. Talk at. Teach what tough is.

"Welcome to the joy ride," Tiny says, his gut shaking like it's full of Jello-0.

shop-talk—
the Tigers and Miss June
staring back at me



stilled

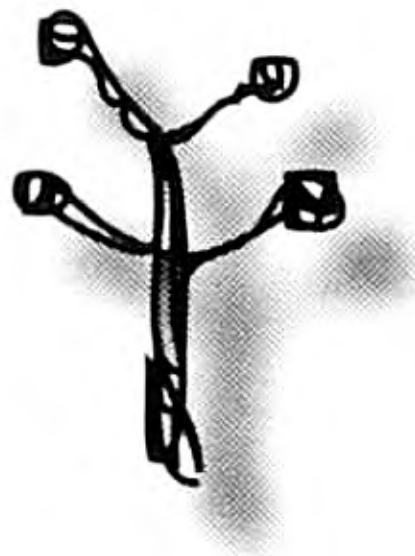
by *Ellen Compton*, District of Columbia

She tapes to a light box an x-ray
of my foot and tells me I am lucky.
Nothing's broken.

But I wonder how it is that we possess
a form so elegant, design so intricate,
within a thing so homely, so prosaic,
as a foot.

I would ask her, but I am in the moment
. . . stilled.

long way home—
the sidewalk crunchy
with acorn cups



Naming people

by *Jane Williams*, Tasmania

Outside the cinema, the gutter proverbial as ever, cradles the
body of a man asleep in patchwork of vomit and urine. Over
the phone my daughter is instructed by police—*Go and ask
him if his name's Moggy*. She has to crouch, her mouth to his
ear. Not knowing if he's alive. Moggy startles to the sound of
his name.

first light sweeping the city streets clean

on the bus

by *Doreen King*, England

She tells me about her life in Africa. She was found like baby Moses except that she was female and she wasn't brought up in a palace. Her eldest child nearly died of enteritis.

memories
of jam jars crammed
with bitter-sweet berries

She asks about me so I explain how my Dad left us, how he'd never been the same anyway since the bomb at Woolwich Arsenal.

talk of peace
by the verge
small blue flowers

"This can't be your childhood home," she laughs, as I point to a shop selling saris. It has a name I can't pronounce. I tell her that sometimes I used to dream of being the daughter of a baron. I imagined living in a palace and what it would be like not to have to worry about finding work.

mats in my dream home
just rushes
woven by wind

A little further on and it's my stop. She hugs me. I hug her too. I'm going out with her tonight and I'm looking forward to it. It isn't such a big world, or such a cold world after all.

after the moon
disappears in cloud
a star from nowhere

Buffalo Jump

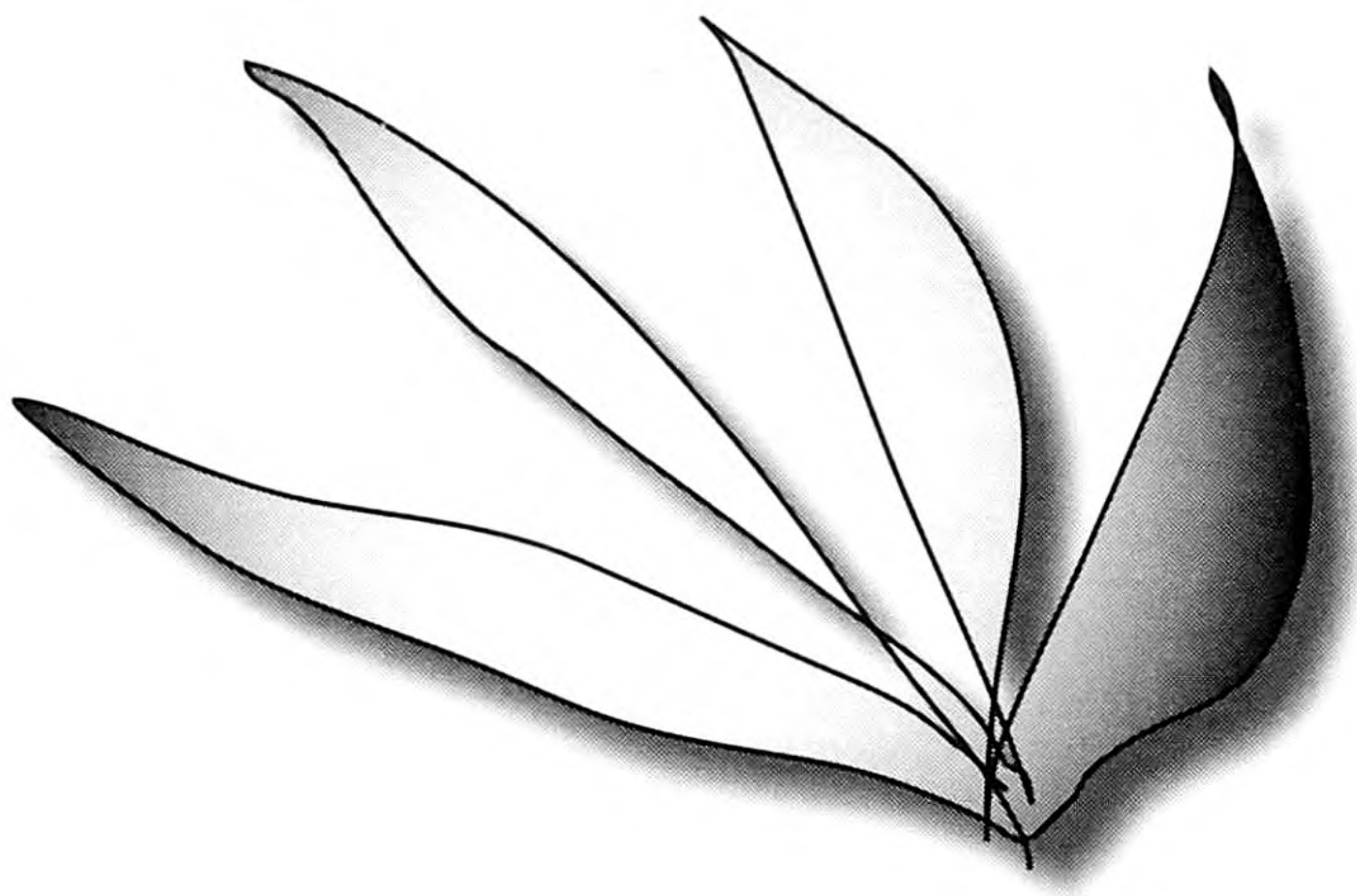
by *Shirley A. Serviss*, Alberta

A stuffed bison head mounted on the RCMP station wall beside a portrait of the queen. Both stare with their beady eyes as I wait for my security clearance—a routine job requirement.

My mind gallops across plains claimed in the name of the crown. Bison fenced into nature preserves. Bands cajoled by missionaries, corralled by Mounties on reserves. Beginning their downfall into abuse, addiction and disease as surely as if they'd been herded over a buffalo jump.

Today the Supreme Court rejected a land claim by the Papachase Band, ruled they waited too long to file and are now barred from doing so. "How far back can you go to right a wrong?"

Criminal Record Check
printed on clean paper
the colour of my skin



Just When

by *Wende DuFlon*, Guatemala

*mountain fog
i mistake house lights
for Orion's belt*

Just when I swear that I have had it; just when I am convinced that my life's work makes only a negligible difference; just when I admit that the enormity of what is needed to help people help themselves in this country actually outstrips the resources and know-how available to help deserving people get enough food, have the number of kids they want when they want them, find and keep a decent job, learn to sign their names and read and write; just when I think I cannot bear to see another glum-faced guard in an ill-fitting uniform standing at an entrance with a loose hold on a sawed-off shotgun; just when I drive by yet another gated community of shoe box concrete houses burgeoning where a pine forest scented the air a week ago; just then I see a profusion of fuchsia bougainvillea backlit by vibrant tropical sunlight that makes it seem to vibrate like a neon sign in darkness; just then I see a young woman assertively cross six busy lanes with each of her hands clutching a child's hand; just then a young bus assistant notices an old woman struggling with her basket and lifts it carefully to sit securely on her head; just then a public bus driver actually yields to a small taxi; just then my neighbor pays back the loan I made him a year ago; just then the former gang member sales clerk appreciates the generous tip I give him for carrying my two 44-pound bags of dog food to the car; just then I think maybe I can stay a little longer; just then I think maybe my life makes a little difference here; just then I wonder if it might be really weird to adjust back to the creature comforts, the relative ease and safety of daily life in the "first world" that is my lucky birthright.

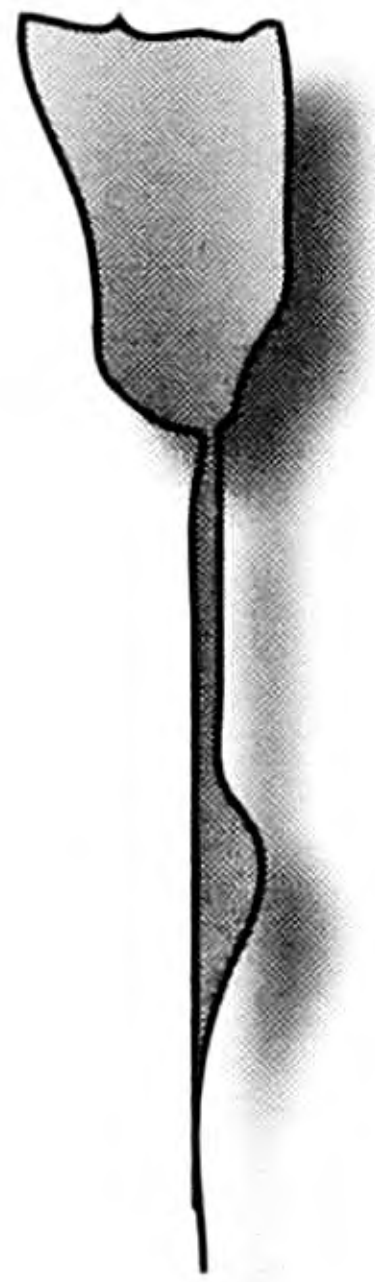
*lace curtains
a blue heron emerges
from the cattails*

October Afternoon

by *Joan McAuley*, Virginia

I was brewing coffee when the doorbell rang. We stared at each other with a familiarity that belied the quarter-century between then and now. He didn't say hello—he said he found me online. We talked for hours over coffee, just like we had a lifetime ago, when we would joke about having hit every café on four continents. He said it felt right to see me again, like coming home. For him, our meeting was a resolution; for me, it was the comfort of knowing he was fine and doing well. When we said goodbye, we both knew it was for the last time.

unexpected guest—
autumn leaves
through an open door



Roost

by *Diana Webb*, England

The tree outside the pub is strung with fairy lights, clear bulbs that cling like drops to black wires curved in shapes resembling wings. Leaves have fallen, opening gaps against the sky as it dims to a deep blue. Suddenly a high-pitched music from some other sphere, as here a touch now there a flick of white slip-slides along the edges of remaining leaves. Pied wagtails heralding the night.

almost full moon—
the cloud around it
just a feathering

Cold short days have come. The landlord tells me that the tree is due for pollarding. High up they perch, small filamented hoary prints against the rise of dark. At dawn they all disperse in ones and twos along the paving stones, the asphalt thoroughfares, the puddled places, skimming the surfaces so fast, small legs at a lick. Airborne, the odd one in a solitary wave.

snow falling—
a pied wagtail bounces
off a flake

Now the year draws to a close with a blue moon. The ground beneath the tree is splodged with droppings. Standing outside on New Year's Eve, the landlord feels a splash on his bald head. He makes a wish. Next evening every branch is empty. Soon all the signs replaced by snow that settles on each twig without a song. Slowly it melts, leaving them bare and silent. Each time I pass by after dusk I look up in the tree but only a few dark seed globes dot the boughs. And then one evening in late January, I hear them as I walk home in the twilight. Those overlapping fingernails of sound. I raise my eyes to see the small winged bodies gathering from all directions, swerving in the sky, quivering between roof slates, darting, sinking one by one into a holly tucked safe behind a nearby wall. An evergreen with all the shelter of its foliage intact. A magic tree for every season.

sharp peaks of leaves
piercing the dusk
cries from small beaks

The last one hovers, tickling the cold air before alighting among springboards of dark green.

percussion of wings
a whole bush
whirring

Then as the dark hands on the white face of the clock across the street, point, hour at five and minute twenty past, the sound subsides in seconds as if switched off for sleep.

arc of a new moon
shines—
a squeak echoes

Chestnuts

by *Ian Marshall*, Pennsylvania

I read an excerpt from Bashō's *Narrow Road* about chestnuts, where he recalls a chestnut tree in another poem, by Saigyō, from centuries earlier. Saigyō remembers that a certain Bodhisattva used chestnut wood for both his staff and the pillars of his house. In the haiku that follows his recollection, Bashō says that nobody appreciates the humble beauty of a chestnut. I think of young chestnuts in the Appalachian forests of Pennsylvania, where they were once the dominant tree. On Mt. Nittany, dozens of them grow along a trail—but only about twenty feet high. As the trees mature, their bark cracks, the chestnut blight gets in, and the tree is doomed. In *Mountains of the Heart*, Scott Weidensaul calls chestnuts the “ghosts of the Appalachians.” I suppose there is hope, though, since new chestnuts continue to spring from the stumps of the fallen.

The source of the chestnut blight, of course, is Japan. The blight entered North America over a hundred years ago, in a shipment of ornamental trees. In Asia, the chestnuts have some sort of built-in resistance to the blight, and now dendrologists are trying to back-cross American chestnuts with Asian ones, until we have a tree that is genetically 90% American but resistant to the blight.

I take a class on a hike up Wopsononock Mountain, along an abandoned rail line. After a discussion of invasive species, I show them, at the edge of the game lands, the long, serrated, spearhead-shaped leaves of a lone chestnut, its branches no thicker than an arm. There's enough of a breeze to move the leaves just slightly.

the sawtooth edge
of a chestnut leaf
it cuts both ways

nut season

by *Owen Bullock*, New Zealand

It seems like a few days ago the walnuts were fruiting. Last time I gathered them into apple boxes that sat on the porch below a leak I didn't know about. They went slimy; the bottoms fell out of the boxes and I scooped the crop into buckets and deposited it back under a tree. It was then I found out they were pickling nuts not eaters.

hard to keep my attention
on the dissolving
cloud



Winter

by *Mike Montreuil*, Ontario

They say it's coming; two days away, if its track stays true. I can imagine many events when the time arrives, such as where to hide from the paranoia of the event. And it will affect people differently; that is a given. But for now, I am bracing myself for its arrival.

Christmas Day—
the cat almost thrown out
with the wrapping paper

License renewal

by *Shirley A. Serviss*, Alberta

“Are you still five-foot-four?” the young woman behind the counter asks as she fills out the form for my new driver’s license.

“I hope so.” Is she suggesting I might have already started to shrink?

“Is that your natural hair colour?” she presses on.

“Yes.” Who would pay to dye her hair a variegated grey?

“What colour would you call it?” She holds her fingers over the keyboard ready to change the record from brown.

“Grey,” I have to say. “No, make that silver,” I amend. “Silver has a better ring to it.” She ignores my attempt at a pun.

“Silver won’t fit in the space,” she replies. “I just have room for five letters.”

I wonder whether she’d go for blond. I had blond hair until my teens and still think of myself that way.

“What’s your current weight?” I haven’t owned a scale in years, but add five pounds to the number on my previous license just to be safe.

Are you standing in line pretending to be someone you’re not?
The sign on the wall behind her catches my attention. I’m tempted to leave before I’m arrested.

impersonation
a youth in the body
of a fifty-year-old

i carry the organs of my family

by *w.f.owen*, California

wondering sometimes now that i'm in my sixties which will take me to the grave will it be the heart of my uncle who collapsed on the golf course, the lung of my father eaten away through years of smoking, the skin of several relatives stained by too much southern sun or the brain of my grandpa who could not recognize me all those last years maybe it's best not to wonder

rite of passage the boy eats the fish heart



One of the Hazards of Travel

Kathmandu

by *Bob Lucky*, China

some bad buff momo some bad buff momo, she mutters every time she runs to the bathroom and I can only agree and hope she won't be in there long

pre-dawn silence
calling room service
for another roll

an image of fly-covered jalebis floating before my eyes, I hear a knock and moan instructions to leave it there leave it there by the door

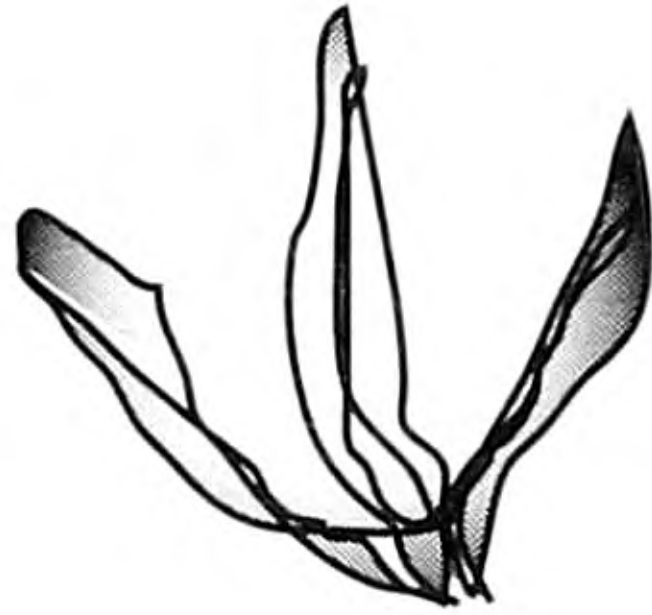
creaky hinge
beneath my eyelids
a sliver of light

Rough Spots

by *Terry Ann Carter*, Ontario

A morning that doesn't begin well. The anxiety clouding a husband's poor health. Waiting for doctors' visits. Waiting on test results. The slam of a bedroom door.

just enough
this patch of blue
beyond the pine bough



Shadow Rain

by *Daniel Liebert*, Illinois

Shadow rain pours down the bedroom wall as though a cistern of shadow overflowed. In another room an announcer's voice reads sports scores in a sing-song monotony and life goes on.

I can't remember not being sick. The ceiling fan paddles the room into twilight. Books lie open; half-read and then abandoned. Nothing interests me for long. The begonias on the windowsill—I know every gaudy leaf by heart.

bedridden—
I needn't lift a finger
and night comes

Stanworth Drive
by *Mark F. Harris*, New Jersey

the rhythms
of my sleeping wife
moonlight

There's a park here, a once grand estate. It belonged to a family destroyed by murder. The gardens have gone wild. Saplings are growing through cracks in the tennis courts. The township keeps up the house; it's popular for wedding parties. We have a favorite path that wends through blackberry brambles to a pond overhung with maples and oaks. Our daughter Laura likes to toss pebbles at the water. They make soft plunks and vanish in the murk. Last summer, a great blue heron rose from the shallows and flew over us with a rush of air. I raised my arms to shield my face. The bird flapped, neck folded, legs dangling, into the trees. Laura laughed. I took her by the hand. Easy to forget, on those quiet paths, the family that walked them not so long ago.

wind on the window
the candle flame
is motionless

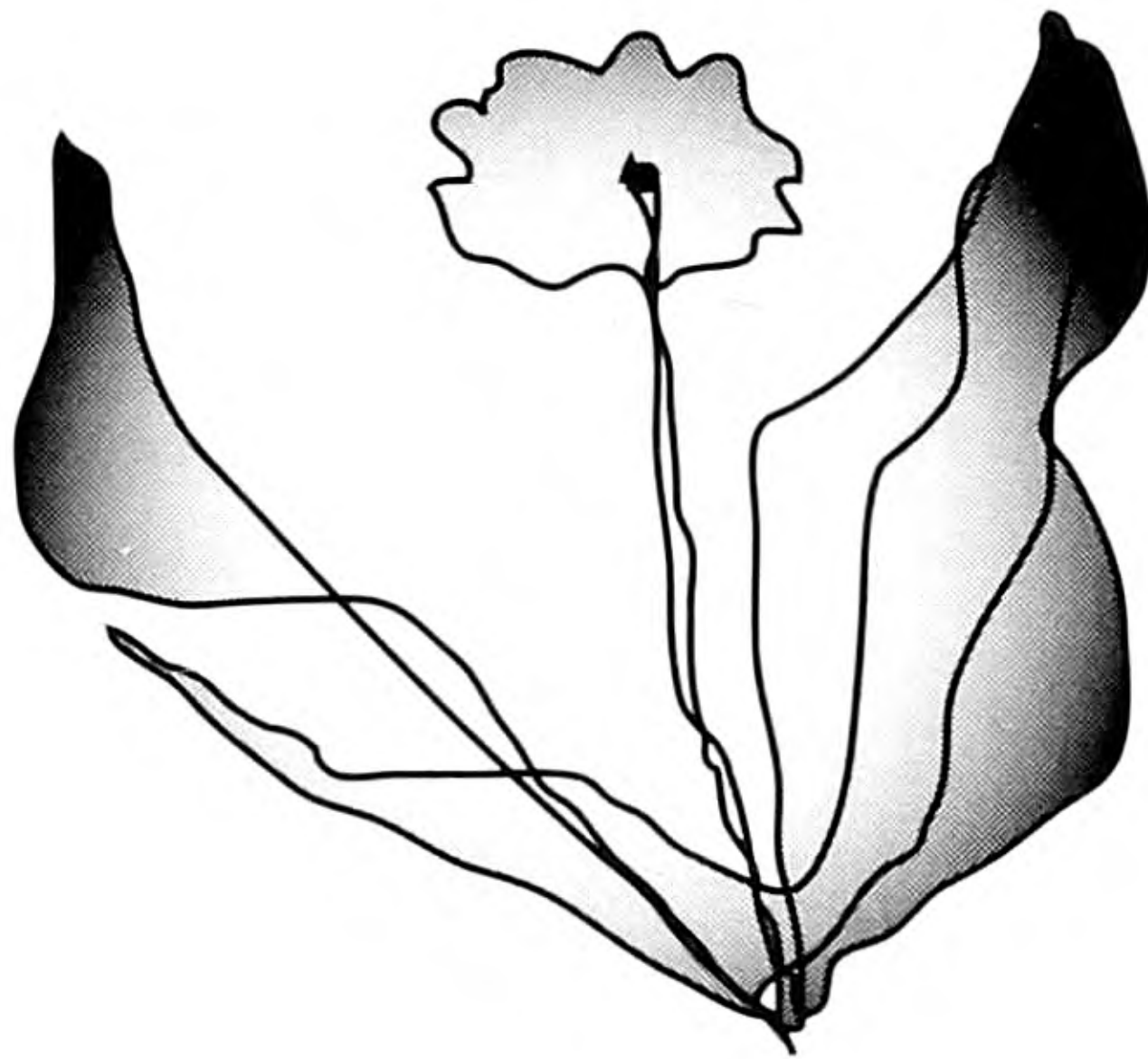


Country Auction
by *Daniel Liebert*, Illinois

Stifling August heat in an auction barn. Sweat rivulets down the small of my back. Waiting for the auction, I read newspaper that lines a dresser drawer; the small crimes of a small town don't change, only the names.

Shrewd buyers are up from Paducah to bid on a trunk of old quilts. They spread the quilts in harsh sunlight looking for rips, repairs and the faint, yellow stains of sweat and urine; semen and tears.

where we made love—
crushed primrose
bent grass



First Death

by *J. Frank Kenney*, Arkansas

As our 7th grade class gathered one Spring morning, Sister Marion nervously fingered her beads and I felt a foreboding. “Your classmate, Paul Grogan, drowned on Friday,” she announced and then marched us the block to the funeral home.

Paul lay in a casket . . . dressed in a gray suit . . . hands crossed . . . fingers clutching a rosary. Paul had been my best buddy and they now called him “dead.”

Up close, I searched his prettified face . . . rouged cheeks . . . ruby lips . . . powdered neck . . . for some sign of life. The Paul I’d known was always moving, laughing, punching. But this Paul was cold, quiet, very still.

Sister later explained: “Paul disobeyed the law by swimming in the quarry. For his sin, he will suffer the flames of purgatory for many years before he can join God in heaven.”

I could see Paul choking on smoke . . . crying in pain. Nausea overwhelmed me.

Now, 60 years later, I no longer accept Sister Marion’s view of God as a personal, punishing parent.

But Paul’s stillness remains.

falling snow
driving
drifting



The Sweet Wild Grass

by *Jeffrey Woodward*, Michigan

That's where we stood, that's where beforehand we knew we'd end up, a gang of boys, on a hot midsummer day, loitering about a low retainer wall that marked an entrance to a village cemetery—someone scuffing his tennis shoes in the gravel, someone chewing on a blade of sweet wild grass plucked from the broad field across the road, someone retelling an exaggerated tale that an uncle had told

Then the funeral party came, everybody in black, everybody wrinkled and dry like pale dust, everybody shuffling along in dead silence except for the muffled sobbing of somebody somewhere

a rote recitation
of the 23rd Psalm
and cicadas

Then a man in black suit and tie, a lean man with a shock of white hair, approached us from that party, approached with a slow but deliberate gait, and he drew near and drew with him the hush of his black flock

But before he reached that wall, before he might come so close as to brush us with his breath or tell us whatever it was he would tell, our gang jumped up and scurried over the road, each boy then looking back over a shoulder

going quietly
into the deep
grass of summer

After the Blizzard

by *Penny Harter*, New Jersey

They say when one is dying, one's whole life runs through the mind, a kind of rapid transit time-travel. But this can happen anytime. Having lost my husband, I stare out at drifting snow while memories slip through my fingers like rosary beads.

*back-yard clothesline—
diaper by diaper she grasps
the weathered pins*

Now locks of all the hair I've ever cut are falling around me—snippets from the album of my past. Baby bits that my mother trimmed bore traces of my first birthday cake. The full-length strands my scalp lets go each day have charted months of me. The two most recent inches held the sad chemistry of a year ago. I watched a young girl sweep them away.

*we count the rings
in a fallen tree trunk—
how green the lichen*

Tonight, as deep snow presses against my windows, I remember slow-dancing, my head leaning on my love's shoulder, our arms wrapped around each other. I want to dance that way again.

*mating, the monarchs
seem one butterfly—
wings upon wings*



Oh brother

(A Four-Part Haibun)

by *Max Verhart*, The Netherlands

June 25, 2008

*nine percent chance
he'll still be alive in five years—
not a cloud in the sky*

*shortening days
she comes to tell me I'll be
a grandfather*

My brother's lung cancer has gone too far to do anything but to try to buy him more time through chemo. Statistically the expectation is as the haiku expresses, but it's possible he'll not even see his next birthday.

That's what he tells me when I phone him one afternoon while sitting on a bench on the dike at the river Waal near the village of Hurwenen. There's a clear blue sky and black terns are dancing over the water.

In the evening Linda and Alex visit me at home. When I tell them the news a film of tears appears on my daughter's eyes. But shortly after that she shows me the echoes revealing she's pregnant again—now already seven weeks. Her first pregnancy ended in a miscarriage and so it's still a secret for almost everybody. But she beams.

Two messages that evoke such contrary feelings on the same day

Earlier this morning there was also that pleasant talk on a bench on the dike at the river Maas with the shepherd that regularly passes there with his flock.

*winter dike in summer
the sheep recently shaved
same as the grass*

January 14, 2010

The idea is to stop the weekly draining of fluids from my brother's belly. That's what he and his wife were told yesterday by the lung specialist. The more you remove, the more accumulates the next time, is the reasoning. What the exact consequences of stopping are they have not yet discussed. But it was decided the suction will continue four more weeks.

Four weeks—in that case he'll see his 69th birthday. Which also likely will be his last. Things will not get any better, only worse.

They phoned me. Not to tell me that news, but to congratulate me. Today I turn 66.

*the black of coots
and the white of snow
sparkle in the sun*

February 8, 2010

There's now a bed in the living room that wasn't there a few weeks ago, a hospital bed—high, broad and adjustable, with that dangling handle over the head to sit the patient up straight. But the patient is now still sitting on the couch next to it, even more fragile.

“How much did he say he weighs?” my sister-in-law asks from the kitchen, where she is making coffee.

“Seventy-five kilos.”

“Sixty-five!” she corrects. “Would you like a piece of pie with the coffee? I have two kinds.”

We talk about his illness, of course, but just as naturally about the children and grandchildren and about other matters that interest us. Every once in a while the bed enters the conversation with a soft buzzing, while the mattress vibrates. “That's against bedsores,” he explains.

The bed is for napping downstairs, but he still sleeps upstairs, he says. Getting up and down the stairs is becoming more difficult though: his power and stability are both decreasing. Oh well, everything is decreasing.

Then he bursts into a continuing coughing fit, bringing up sputum. Or is it? It seems to come from his stomach. “This happens about once in a week,” he says when it’s over.

“Well, a bit more often than that,” my sister-in-law adds.

He tires quickly and we don’t stay long.

“If there’s anything we can do, let us know,” we tell them, and say goodbye. Dejectedly we head home. What is there to say?

*hazelnut pie
my only sibling’s
last birthday*

March 15, 2010

Last night I dreamt about my brother. I don’t recall exactly what it was about, but there he was again, alive and kicking and as cheerful as ever.

So it’s true he’s still around. Just as I said three days ago at the cremation: “In my whole life there never was a day that I had no brother. He was always there. And so it will remain. You will always be there, brother. And always near.”

And not just in a dream. Yesterday he was already around. In the Emma windmill restaurant. Outdoors a chilly wind, but indoors a wood fire was burning. It was pretty crowded. A small pack of bicycle racers was standing rounds of beer at the bar. And we, brother and partner and children and grandchild, we were there too. And he was with us — brother, brother-in-law, uncle.

Of course, to drink a cappuccino or to put away a piece of pie or a roll he has to leave. And he most certainly can trust that to us. But he’s there. He’s the sensation that it’s okay, that we can do him no greater pleasure than to enjoy life together.

*still chilly, this spring
under the table the dog
close to each of us*

The Importance of Word Selection

by *Paul Miller*, Rhode Island

In a well-known psychological experiment by Brewer and Treyns,¹ subjects were asked to temporarily wait in a professor's office while he went to see if the previous subject had finished. The professor returned in less than a minute, took the subjects to another room, and then asked them to describe in writing what they had just seen in the professor's office. The goal of the experiment was to test a concept known as a "schema" which is a short-hand, mental template used by people to make sense of things—in this instance, to make sense of the professor's office. In this study, people responded with items that you would expect to see in a professor's office: a desk, chair, bookshelves, etc. A select few noted a skull that was present; and only one person out of the thirty noted a picnic basket. A third of the participants, however, listed books, despite the fact that there were none.

What this experiment showed was the strength of the "Professor's Office Schema" and how it can override reality—as in the case of the non-existent books. As mentioned, a schema is a template that people use to short-hand their surroundings. Rather than take note of every detail of an object, for example the chair or couch you are sitting on at present, people make assumptions based upon past experience. When you think of the enormous number of objects encountered daily, this is an effective way to organize the huge amounts of data into manageable pieces.

This has applications beyond psychology. It has relevance whenever we use one thing to stand in for another, such as in the case of language. As poets of a short form, a critical choice we make in each poem is the selection of words. However, words have different experiential meanings to different

people, so the use of "tree" in a poem might conjure a pine, oak, or any other species depending upon who is reading the poem. Further, in the case of haiku, our need for clarity has to be balanced by economy. Consider a poem such as John Wills' ²

the river
leans upon the snag
a moment

Words such as "river" and "snag" and even "moment" are all vague approximations. Someone with little experience (no schemas) of rivers could easily ask: what kind of river? Wide like the Mississippi or narrow like the Merced where it passes through Yosemite Valley? The poem wouldn't be nearly as effective if Wills had padded it with modifiers. We take a certain amount of pride in saying that haiku are poems of inference, and that as poets we use the slightest brush to paint a detailed mural. In that we need to be conscious of our word choices.

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Translations From Yosa Buson
Yabu-Iri: Servants' Holiday

by *Amy England*, Illinois

The following is an excerpt from a long-term project translating the haiku of the 18th century poet Yosa Buson. The collection groups the haiku according to common season words, and includes notes that attempt to make the process of translation more open to the reader. This is one of the shorter sections, haiku on the kigo *yabu-iri*.

Yabu-iri, literally "thicket-entering," is an obscure season marker in haiku for spring. On about the sixteenth of the first month, servants and apprentices were allowed to go home for a short visit. This would have meant that the holiday started with the full moon. In Issa's haiku

<i>yabu-iri no</i>	Ending the Servant's Holiday
<i>waza to kureshi ya</i>	on purpose . . .
<i>kusa no tsuki</i>	sliver moon

the final slip of moon means the holiday is over, which tells us it lasted less than two weeks (Lanoue, 1991-2009: moon, 1803). There also was a second servants' holiday on the sixteenth of the sixth or seventh month, but *yabu-iri* in haiku was codified as an early spring *kigo*. From these poems we can draw some conclusions about this cultural practice.

The returning servants here often seem to be young. Given the poems in this section, parents must have often taken their visiting children to a shrine or temple during the holiday, perhaps to ask for protection for them during the rest of the year. Buson expanded on the theme of the servant returning home in his long poem, "Kema Riverbank in the Spring Breeze."

1. Servant's holiday—
 he has stepped over the kite string
 and hurried on

2. On holiday, the apprentice
 dreams; red beans bubble
 on the hearth . . .

3. The servants on holiday,
 the mad girl is sent to stay
 next door . . .

4. Apprentice's holiday
 watched over by
 holy Jizō, Guardian of Children

5. Servant's holiday:
 indeed he is a man of
 Nakayama Temple . . .

6. Apprentice's holiday:
 a good-luck amulet
 forgotten in the grass

7. During the servant's holiday:
 admiring the doves
 at the shrine of the war god

8. Servant's holiday:
 to others' eyes,
 Atago Mountain

Notes

1. やぶいりのまたいで過ぬ几巾の糸

yabu- iri no/ matai de sugi- nu/ ika no ito

thicket entering 's/ stepped-over and passed has/ kite 's string

An-ei 7–Temmei 3 (1778–1783) (Ogata #162)

Mataide: from *matagu*, ‘bestride, stride over, step over, cross, pass’

Ika: the characters in this compound mean ‘table’ (also the radical for ‘wind’) and ‘towel.’

Nu: could either be the *shūshikei*, or final form, of the perfective suffix *-nu*; or the *rentaiki*, or adjectival form, of the negative suffix *-zu*, modifying the nominal *ika no ito*. I’ve translated the first possibility, based on the translations of Blyth (459) and Ueda (157). The second would have the servant stopping at the kite string, distracted from his journey.

2. やぶ入の夢や小豆の煮るうち

yabu- iri no/ yume ya// a- zuki no/ nieru uchi

thicket entering 's/ dream :// small beans ' / boiling within

Meiwa Era (1764–1771) (Ogata #38)

Azuki: small red beans with a sweet taste. Blyth: “In Kyoto there was a custom of giving apprentices returning home *botamochi*: rice cakes with red bean paste” (460).

3. やぶ入の宿は狂女の隣かな

yabu- iri no/ yado wa kyō- jo no/ tonari kana
thicket entering 's/ house as-for mad girl 's/ next-door ...

An-ei 8 (1779) (Ogata #63)

Kyōjo: madwomen are often the main characters in *noh* dramas, and some haiku about them evoke that atmosphere. But just as often, as in this case, they are an ordinary domestic fact, since caring for them was a necessary part of the household labor for their families.

4. やぶ入を守る子安の地藏尊

yabu- iri of mamoru Ko- yasu no/ Ji- zō- son
 thicket entering (acc.)/ guarding Child Easy 's/ Earth Treasury exalted

An-ei 7–Temmei 3 (1778–1783) (Ogata #112)

Koyasu: easy childbirth. **Jizō:** A bodhisattva, the guardian deity of children. Koyasu Jizō guards over an infant’s easy delivery and safety. Jizō is greatly venerated in Japan, which is filled with his statues, often small, always gently smiling, often wearing a red bib and hat. In feudal Japan there were many roadside shrines honoring him. He is the most compassionate of all Buddha’s incarnations, offering salvation to sinners, living or dead, who make the smallest gesture towards him, or no gesture at all—infinite, unconditional mercy—and he was therefore a popular object of worship for soldiers and others whose lives were so full of violations of Buddhist ethics that they could not imagine earning salvation. In many stories, he takes on the labor or punishment of people who appeal to him for help. He is a fluid figure, blending at times into Amida Buddha or even (as the characters of his name suggest) Emma, guardian of hell.

But Jizō is especially associated with children. Hearn said it was explained to him that children have their own purgatory, where they do penance for their small sins, piling rocks into towers. They are bothered by demons, but Jizō protects them. “All little children...must go to the Sai-no-Kawara when they die. And there they play with Jizō. The Sai-no-Kawara is beneath us, below the ground” (*Glimpses of an Unfamiliar Japan*, Chapt. 3).

5. やぶ入は中山寺の男かな

yabu- iri wa / Naka- yama- dera no/ otoko kana
 thicket entering as-for/ In Mountains Temple 's/ man ...

An-ei 7, 12th month (January-February 1779) (Ogata #42)

Nakayama-dera: Now in Takarazuka City, the 24th amulet-issuing office of the 33 Temple Pilgrimage through Western Japan. (Ogata: the temples on the route are dedicated to Kannon, Bodhisattva of mercy). The main image of Nakayama Temple is of the Kannon of Easy Childbirth, the Buddhist counterpart to Koyasu Jizō (see previous note), and the temple still attracts women who are hoping for the safe delivery of their babies.

Otoko: man, fellow, adult, male servant, etc. Change psychologically re-establishes a person’s identity. Perhaps his mother prayed at Nakayama Temple for his safe delivery before he was born, and they now revisit the temple when he is home, seeing him as being under Kannon’s care. In days past in Nagasaki prefecture, young men, regardless of status, tra-

ditionally visited their local Buddhist temple on the day of *yabu-iri* (Eder, 1952, 123).

6. やぶいりや守袋をわすれ草

yabu-iri ya// mamori- bukuro o / wasure kusa
thicket entering :// amulet pouch (acc.)/ forgotten grass

An-ei 7–Temmei 3 (1778–1783) (Ogata #40)

Mamori-bukuro: a protective sutra in a small brocade bag, the souvenir of a trip to a temple or shrine. It is surely unlucky that it has been left behind.

7. やぶ入や鳩にめでつゝ男山

yabu-iri ya// hatsu ni mede- tsutsu/ Otoko- yama
thicket entering :// doves admiring while/ Man Mountain

An-ei 7–Temmei 3 (1778–1783) (Ogata #113)

Otoko-yama: According to Ogata, this mountain is the site of the Iwashimizu Shrine to Hachiman. Hachiman is the god of war, protector of Japan, invoked for agriculture, fishing . . . in Shinto, he is the emperor Ojin Tenno; in Buddhism, he is identified with the bodhisattva Daibosatsu. Doves (*hato*) are his messengers, and therefore a kind of servant.

8. 藪いりやよそ目ながらの愛宕山

yabu-iri ya// yoso- me nagara no/ Atago San
thicket entering :// other's eyes while/ Beloved Cave Mountain

An-ei 7, 12th month (February 1779) (Ogata #39)

Atago: A mountain northwest of Kyoto and Saga. Atago was an incarnation of Buddha (Ogata). Atago Mountain houses several temple complexes. Together with the temples on Mt. Hiei in the northeast the holy site protected the capital from demons approaching from the inauspicious northern direction. The cult of Mt. Atago is multi-faceted and complex, combining Buddhism and Shinto, and centering around fire and protection from fire, but the relevant figure is probably, once again, Jizō, who is identified as the ‘essence’ of the mountain. As a bodhisattva, Jizō works for the salvation of all other sentient beings before entering Nirvana himself. What looks to us like a mountain is, in the world of the gods, Atago’s brief rest from labor. Adding to the personification effect is the pun on the suffix *-san*, for the name of a mountain, just as the title *-san* can follow the name of a person. Both here and in the haiku above, Buson’s use of the *yabu-iri* kigo is an interrogation, both humorous and reverent, of the term ‘servant.’

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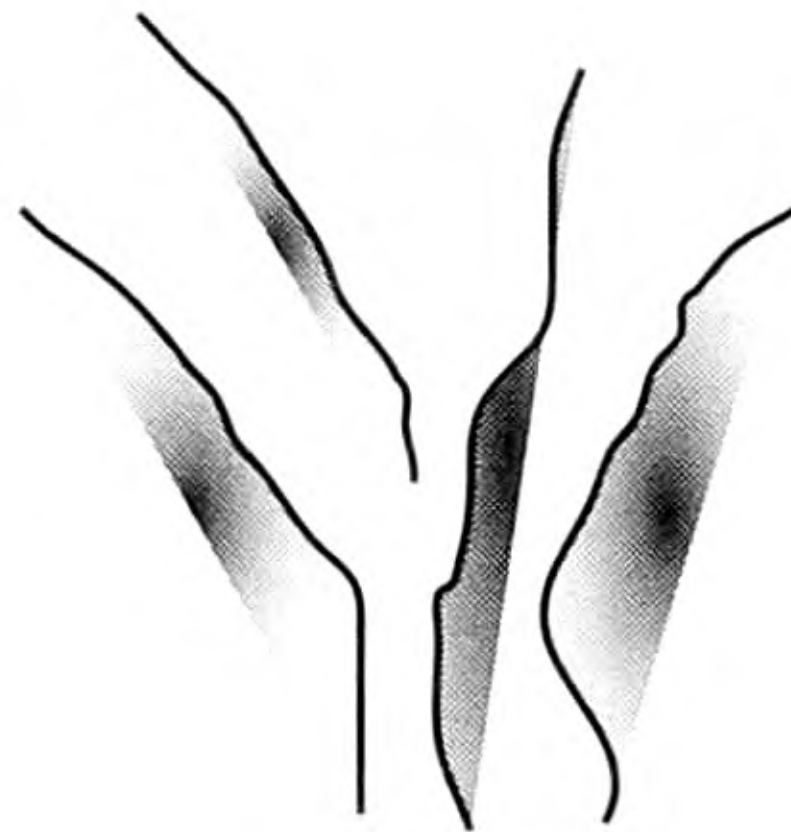
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Shangri-La: James W. Hackett's Life in Haiku

Part Two of Two

by *Charles Trumbull*, New Mexico

Editors' Note: Part One ends with speculations about why Hackett became alienated from the American haiku movement.

JAL Contest 1964

Nineteen sixty-four was also the year in which James Hackett was captured in the spotlight and suddenly became the top haiku poet in America. In that year, in connection with the 1964 Olympics, Japan Airlines organized a haiku contest in the United States. Seventeen radio stations in different parts of the country received a total of some 41,000 haiku entries from which the five best in each region were selected and submitted for a final judging. The contest was judged by Alan Watts, the preeminent Zen teacher and expert in America in the 1950s and '60s. Watts wrote in an introduction to *Haiku '64*, the JAL contest compendium that contained the 85 semi-final haiku, "Haiku represents the ultimate refinement of a long tradition in Far Eastern literature which derived its inspiration from Zen Buddhism." Clearly Watts and Hackett were on the same wavelength in terms of haiku aesthetics.

Hackett first read Watts in the mid-1950s, and the two men were acquainted through correspondence at least as early as 1963. Hackett writes that he learned of Watts from the latter's broadcasts on Pacifica radio and revealed in an interview that

[Watts] was always very kind to my work. Back in the 1960s, he read some of my haiku on his radio broadcast in San Francisco. He then suggested that haiku in English should make full use of poetic figures of speech, as is common in poetry. After the broadcast, I wrote Alan a respectful but critical letter explaining that the haiku moment, like Zen, is not a symbol of anything else, and should never be treated metaphorically or allegorically.¹³

Mention of Watts raises a larger question too: in what way

was Hackett involved in the “San Francisco Renaissance,” one of the most important crucibles of American haiku? One would assume that a young man vitally interested in Zen and living in San Francisco in the years after World War II would have been deeply immersed in the group of seekers and poets that was exploring Oriental culture and religion at the time. I can find no indication, however, that Hackett participated actively in the San Francisco Zen Center or other aspects of the Bay Area intellectual scene.¹⁴ Watts certainly knew Hackett’s work, and Watts’s endorsement appears on the back cover of several of Hackett’s books. In the biographical sketch that he provided to *The San Francisco Haiku Anthology*¹⁵ Hackett dubbed Alan Watts (and Harold G. Henderson) “friends of my work,” but it is unlikely that the two men were ever close. Thomas Merton, Aldous Huxley, and Jack Kerouac are among other literary and spiritual figures active in the period whose blurbs were used on Hackett’s books but who similarly seem not to have enjoyed a personal relationship with him.

In any event, prompted by a desire to travel to Japan and meet R.H. Blyth, Hackett entered the JAL contest. The now-iconic haiku that was the National Winner was one he had not originally intended to submit, but was suggested by his wife:¹⁶

A bitter morning:
Sparrows sitting together
Without any necks.

As we noted before, this haiku had been published a year earlier in *American Haiku* 1:1 (1963) in a more succinct (and, in my opinion, superior) version:

Bitter morning
sparrows sitting
without necks.

It also appeared in Blyth’s book in this version, but printed in small caps. Curiously, the text of this haiku that was in-

cluded in Hackett's collection *Haiku Poetry* (1964) was the prizewinning version but with the Blyth-style indentations and small caps. Over the years at least seven versions, mostly with slight formatting or punctuation changes, have appeared.

The prize for winning the JAL contest was a trip to Japan, but this proved to be bittersweet compensation for Hackett. He later wrote, "I had been planning to pay my respects to Dr. Blyth in Japan. The ticket awarded by Japan Airlines in their first USA haiku contest was in my hand, and I eagerly looked forward to sharing silent tea with Blyth in his Oiso home. However, Dr. Blyth died on October 28, 1964, the same year in which I entered the JAL Haiku Contest primarily to visit him."¹⁷ According to the very laudatory biographical sketch of Hackett published by D.W. Bender in the online *World Haiku Review* (and included on Hackett's Web site),¹⁸ on his 1965 trip he also visited "Zen monasteries and temples, and their roshi and priests. Among them were Soen Nakagawa of Mishima City, and Sohaku Ogata of Kyoto who both felt that Hackett's 'way of haiku' was one of the best means for the true spirit of Zen to reach America."

Second only to his correspondence with Blyth, Hackett values his relations with Harold G. Henderson, from whom he received some 85 letters from 1960 to 1974. Bender writes, "Hackett also corresponded with American haiku scholar, translator and author, Harold Gould Henderson for almost eleven years and together with Blyth, these three pioneering men interacted and inspired one another through their common interests," but she surely overstates their comity a bit, as Henderson and Blyth's relationship cooled in later years, probably precisely because of disagreements over the importance of Zen in Japanese haiku. Nonetheless, Henderson clearly thought that Hackett's haiku were among the best being written (not unqualified praise, however, as Henderson found most of the thousands of English-language haiku he had been sent "hopeless junk."¹⁹ Henderson included for discussion three of Hackett's signature haiku, as well as his twenty "Suggestions for Beginners and Others" in

the 1965 booklet *Haiku in English*. In a letter reacting to the news of Blyth's death at the end of 1964 Henderson also made clear that he thought Hackett to be Blyth's heir-apparent. He wrote, "Willy-nilly—his mantle seems to have fallen on you. Not that you can be the form [firm?] prop that he was. But I hope that you will be willing to try to be."²⁰ Willy-nilly, however, by the end of 1964, while Hackett's star was nearing its apogee, his influence on the direction of English-language haiku was already diminishing.

The Books

J.W. Hackett's first book, titled *Haiku Poetry* and published in Japan in 1964, contained 150 of his verses in the format Blyth had used in the *History*. As appendices Hackett included his twenty "Suggestions for the Writing of English Haiku" and a long spiritual poem, "Way Beyond Reason." The entire body of his haiku, and the appendices, next appeared in four volumes (to suggest the four volumes of Blyth's *Haiku*?), also called *Haiku Poetry*.²¹ Volumes One and Three were printed in June 1968, Volume Two in July, and Volume Four in November, not by Hokuseido but by a new publisher, Japan Publications, Inc. Volume One contains the exact same 150 haiku as *Haiku Poetry* but formatted without the small caps and stair-stepped with initial capitals and terminal periods. Volumes Two, Three, and Four each has 198 new haiku in the same format, a few of which had appeared in *American Haiku* and one of which had been among the Blyth collection. These books are subtitled "Original Verse [or Poems] in English," a point he underscored in his Preface: "The poems in this series are original creations in English and are not translations of Japanese haiku," as books of English-language haiku were still quite rare.

A notice on the back cover of his 1968 books indicated that a compilation of all four volumes of *Haiku Poetry* was to be published in June 1969. The individual volumes underwent several printings at least through October 1969, when the promised compendium, titled *The Way of Haiku: An Anthology of*

Haiku Poems, was issued.²² This volume contains all 744 haiku in the four-volume set.

Hackett's next three books were revisions and reworking of this basic corpus of work. In 1968 he selected 135 haiku, all but one published in his earlier books, and packaged them in a large format book for children with two-color illustrations titled *Bug Haiku: Original Poems in English* by J.W. Hackett.²³ This is a charming book and in many ways Hackett's best because it has a unifying theme and an integrity that his other books lack.

With the publication of *Bug Haiku* and *The Way of Haiku*, Hackett slipped almost entirely out of the public eye. He apparently received visitors at his garden home, including Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, the founders of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, an event that was documented by Teruo Yamagata, now president of the Yukuharu Haiku Society in Japan, in *Haiku Journal*, volume 3 (1979);²⁴ however I am unable to document any other public activity or publication of new work for 15 years, although it is possible that during this time he was judging American entries in some of the JAL contests which had become international, biannual, and involving only children. Twelve of Hackett's earliest haiku were included by Cor van den Heuvel in the first edition of *The Haiku Anthology* in 1974 and were continued through the following two editions.

Hackett's next blip on the radar came in 1983 with the publication of *The Zen Haiku and Other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett*,²⁵ again by Japan Publications. This is one of only a few books I know that uses "Zen" twice in the title (Blyth did so too in his collection *Zen and Zen Classics*), underlining that Hackett considers his haiku to be "Zen haiku," something to be differentiated from haiku at large. This book contains 775 haiku, only 50 of which were previously unpublished. A few of the older haiku were revised, however, some of them quite extensively; for example, this one, which had appeared in *Way*:²⁶

Each rippling wind refracts upon the streambed its pattern of light.	Winds play on the stream, designing the bed below with patterns of light . . .
--	--

["Refracts" is an apparent typo in the original and I am not sure whether "reflects" or "refracts" is intended.]

Most revisions are minor, however, and tend to improve the haiku:

Mountain meadow now is so full of spring wonders, hawk eyes turn to rocks. ²⁷	Mountain meadow now is so tall with spring wonders, hawk eyes turn to rocks. ²⁸
--	--

The cantankerous crow sleeps in a nest that's made of broken branches. ²⁹	The cantankerous crow sleeps in a nest that's nothing but broken branches. ³⁰
--	--

The front cover flap of the book sheds some light on Hackett's long silence and the rationale for bringing out a new book of old haiku: "For the past decade he has been writing longer forms of poetry: some mystical, some idyllic, and some similar to the nature poems of the Chinese." A large sampling of these longer poems is included in the book, and he appends as well his "Suggestions for Writing Haiku in English," now reduced to eighteen in number. In addition to a preface by Abbot Eido Tai Shimano of the Dai Bosatsu Zendō in New York state and Hackett's own "Author's Introduction" and "Acknowledgments," the book carries a "Foreword and Comments," the same text as appeared as a foreword in *The Way of Haiku*, plus some praiseful excerpts from letters by Blyth, who at this point is almost twenty years in his grave. Herewith, Hackett again retreated into his privacy and isolation for another nine years.

Seventeen of Hackett's haiku were included in the 1992 *San Francisco Haiku Anthology*. Hackett read from his *Zen Haiku and other Zen Poems* and signed copies at the Kinokuniya Bookstore in San Francisco, on 21 March 1992.³¹ Garry Gay's review of the event seemed restrained: "The event was espe-

cially exciting as he read many well-known and favorite haiku that are often talked about in haiku circles.” Reportedly, Hackett is a strong reader and cuts an authoritative figure at the lectern. Audio samples of Hackett reading some of his longer poems are available on his Web site. Hackett was also in attendance at the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society’s Asilomar retreat 9-12 September 1993, where he gave a talk and slide show about his visits to Japan.

Other activities in the U.S. in the 1990s included judging the Timepieces haiku contests organized by Rengé /David Priebe in Los Angeles from at least 1993 through at least 1997 and several of the JAL children’s haiku contests. In the summer of 1993 he delivered the keynote address at the second Haiku North America conference in Livermore, California. On 16 September 1995, according to a note about the occasion in *Woodnotes* 26, Hackett read some of his published Zen haiku, plus 21 new haiku, as one of the features at the second reading in the Haiku City series, at Borders Books in San Francisco. In 1995 he also gave an interview to John Budan that was published in *Woodnotes* 30 (1996) and is cited here in several places. Ten of Hackett’s haiku, all published, were anthologized in André Duhaime’s *Haiku sans frontières* Web site in 1998.

Travels and Foreign Connections

The past ten years have seen the reemergence of Hackett as a grand old man of haiku—but now in an international context. In the 1990s and 2000s the Hacketts did a fair amount of traveling. In the Author’s Note to his most recent book, *A Traveler’s Haiku* (2004), Hackett includes a remarkably ironic rendering of the platitude “travel is so broadening”: “At its best, travel helps us transcend the insularity and hubris which can distort and limit our understanding of the world.” Apart from his visit to Japan in 1965, Hackett visited China and Japan in 1993, Romania in 1994, Western Europe in 1996, and Japan again in 2002. Places mentioned in his book also include India and Nepal, Egypt and North Africa, Canada, and Mexico. He delivered keynote addresses—both of which excerpted material

from his essay “That Art Thou”—at the International Haiku Festival—Romania in Constanta in September 1994³² and the World Haiku Festival in Akita, Japan, in 2002. As he had done on earlier visits, in 2002 Hackett spent about three months in Japan visiting mostly temples. He also went to Blyth’s home in Oiso, met with members of Blyth’s family, and paid his respects at the graves of Blyth and D.T. Suzuki at Tòkeiji in Kamakura.³³

Over Blyth’s grave:
an offering of spring rain,
muddy knees, and brow.³⁴

One might observe that from the beginning the style and diction of Hackett’s haiku in many ways seemed as British as they were American, so it is not surprising that he hit it off well with the top British haiku poets. In about 1990 Hackett made the acquaintance of James Kirkup and David Cobb of the British Haiku Society, and that year he was invited to lend his name and judging skills to a new BHS haiku contest, the first of which took place the following year. In 1994 he was in London in connection with the British Haiku Society’s publication of a book of readings from Blyth, *The Genius of Haiku*.³⁵ The BHS journal *Blithe Spirit* also published a short essay of Hackett’s, “Bashō and Nature” in 1998.³⁶ At this time he also met Susumu Takiguchi, former vice-president of the BHS, who had recently founded the World Haiku Club in Oxford. The WHC organ, the online omnibus journal, *World Haiku Review*, published “A Personal Conclusion” from “That Art Thou: A Way of Haiku” in its first issue (May 2001)³⁷; an essay “Reflections,” a haiku he had selected for commentary, and one of his haiku sent to UNESCO in celebration of World Poetry Day in volume 2, issue 1;³⁸ and a long biography of him by Debra Woolard Bender in the second 2002 issue.³⁹ Hackett was named honorary chairman of the World Haiku Club and contributed a foreword to Takiguchi’s 2000 book *The Twaddle of an Oxonian*.⁴⁰

Possibly owing to Kirkup’s key editorial role in the Japanese

biannual journal *Kō*, Hackett's haiku, longer poems, and essays began to appear there in 1992 and were much in evidence through the autumn-winter 2000 issue. In 1995 a Japanese crew came to Hackett's home and recorded an interview with him about haiku in America for broadcast on Japanese TV.⁴¹ Likewise, thanks to his acquaintances in Ireland and France, two books of translations of Hackett's works appeared in the mid-1990s: *Le cri du faucon, haïkus et autres poèmes zen* (1996),⁴² in French translations by Patrick Blanche, and *30 Zen-Haiku* (Cló Iar-Chonnachta, 1995)⁴³ in English with Irish translations by Gabriel Rosenstock.

In 1992 *Kō* included his essay "Why I Entered the 1964 Japan Airlines Contest" in which he confirmed that his motivation was indeed to meet Blyth, his "mentor and friend . . . , with whom I wished more than anything to simply share tea and silence. (A rare spiritual affinity made our relationship one that could dispense with words.)"⁴⁴ — a rather remarkable statement considering the fact that the two had never met. The autumn-winter 1993 issue of *Kō* (11) printed three of Hackett's previously published haiku in holographic form under the heading "Zen View" and dedicated to Kōko Katō, *Kō*'s editor. A photo of the two of them at Nagoya station appeared too. An essay entitled "Haiku: Another Endangered Species," which was later published in Ion Codrescu's journal *Albatross*,⁴⁵ is also included. Three of Hackett's long poems appeared in spring-summer 1994 (26), autumn-winter 1995 (3), and autumn-winter 1997 (2) issues. *Kō* published several of Hackett's haiku, some of them new, in its issues in 1996, 1997, and 2002, the latter issue featuring 38 haiku.

Following his participation in the Constanta haiku conference, Hackett became a regular contributor of haiku and short essays to Ion Codrescu's international journal *Albatros/Albatross*, beginning with volume 3 (1994), and in Codrescu's later enterprise, the journal *Hermitage*. A number of Hackett's haiku from this period were published virtually simultaneously in *Kō* and *Albatross*.

Recent Activities

In 2004 a book of new haiku—new at least from his basic collection from the 1960s—was published by Hokuseido Press.⁴⁶ *A Traveler's Haiku: Original Poems in English* presents 191 of James Hackett's verses written on his world travels over several decades. They were new verses, except for 24 that were published in *Kō* from 1995 to 2000, two that had been included with the 1996 interview in *Woodnotes*, two from *Blithe Spirit* in 1998, and five that appeared in *Hermitage* in 2004. Inexplicably, this book was not reviewed in *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, or *Blithe Spirit*. In his very positive review in *Hermitage*,⁴⁷ however, Michael McClintock compares it to “a long, chatty letter from a favorite uncle.” He goes on to write:

The remarkable instrument that Hackett invented for himself way back then, to express his special haiku vision and consciousness, remains intact today and is as flexible and wide-ranging as ever. The poems unfold, phrase by phrase, like bubbling creek water, with good humor, calmness, and unhurried pleasure. The language is rich in sound and variously modulated to carry its freights of mood and tone; the imagery is full of tactile cues and physical presence: Hackett's style reaches out and touches his subject matter but never pokes or jabs at it.

McClintock explains, “I infer that this collection has been cumulated from mostly unpublished, travel-themed haiku Hackett has written over the past thirty years. They will be new poems to his readers, but they are not necessarily newly written.” He finds many of Hackett's haiku significant and memorable:

Poems like the following exert an iconic power, giving memorable expression to some of the deep problems of our time in history, and asking questions that have adhering to their substance issues that are both spiritual and practical....”

High rise construction ...
cut and roped into riggings,
the Pandas' forest

In the case of this haiku one can agree with McClintock, but others that he singles out in this passage are subverted by melodrama, cliché, and mannered diction:⁴⁸

Building a campfire . . .	Mid manicured shrubs
suddenly sent straight to hell	and designed gravel, my spirit's
by front page news	longing for the wild

Apart from *A Traveler's Haiku*, since 2002 little of Hackett's work has appeared in ink on paper. Four of his older haiku were recycled in the *Mainichi Daily News* online haiku column in 2003, 2004, and 2008, and three others were published in *Hermitage 3* (2006). According to Bender, "He has at least 1,000 unpublished haiku and other Zen-influenced poems," but it is not known whether he has any plans to publish them. Mostly Hackett continues to work on his long poetry, "That Art Thou," and his Web site.

An Assessment

So what should we make of James W. Hackett, his Zen life, and his haiku poetry? He was clearly a pioneer of American haiku, probably the first to devote so much of his life and study to the writing of haiku. After 1964, the magical year in which he won the JAL contest and had a collection of his work published with the blessing of R.H. Blyth, and for at least a decade thereafter, Hackett was also the most widely known and heralded haiku poet in the nation. The reaction of the British haikuist Stephen Henry Gill is not atypical: "James Hackett was the only American haiku poet I had heard of until late in the eighties."⁴⁹

Whether to admire Hackett for his decades-long singularity of purpose and dedication to the preeminence of Zen in haiku or to find his brand of mysticism and deliberate self-isolation from other poets and spiritual thinkers adequate cause to dismiss him as quaint, peripheral figure we each will have to decide for ourselves. In the 1960s, in very short

order, other North American haiku poets outstripped Hackett in prominence and quality of work. Ironically, these other pioneers were quite mindful of the relationship between Zen and haiku and were themselves literary and spiritual children of R.H. Blyth. All, however, took a broader view of haiku than as an art bound hand and foot to Zen, and they looked for inspiration to Japanese haikai other than Bashō. Hackett, meanwhile, was tending his garden of 750 haiku poems, absentsing himself from the tempestuous public discussions of haiku craft and practice, and grumpily complaining about the direction that English haiku, as well as humankind, was taking. Hackett concludes “That Art Thou” with “A Personal Testimony,” which includes this remarkable paragraph:

Naturally, some writers would be followers and even participate in the intellectual maelstrom if they so choose. But others would courageously follow their own star—solitary or unconventional though their way may be. Then, steeled with resolve, endeavor to take the way—come Hell (the maverick’s aloneness) or high water (the high dudgeon of critics).

In sum, I would suggest that early on James Hackett earned his niche in the pantheon of haiku, partly because he was there “firstest with the mostest,” and partly because a few of his early haiku are true classics—sparrows sitting without any necks, the fish motionless in the stream, the shape of the hawk’s cry, and my personal favorite, which I haven’t yet cited,

Half of the minnows
within this sunlit shallow
are not really there.⁵⁰

Like the minnows, however, perhaps the other half of Hackett’s presence is now not really there.

Notes

(Continued from Part One)

13. John Budan. "That Art Thou: An Interview with James W. Hackett,"

14. It is difficult to prove a negative proposition. Hackett was certainly not a leader of the San Francisco Zen students. He is not mentioned in Monica Furlong's biography *Zen Effects: The Life of Alan Watts* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1986), in Watts's autobiography, *In My Own Way* (New York: Pantheon, 1965), or in Jack Foley's detailed "A California Timeline 1940–1999" in his *O Powerful Western Star: Poetry & Art in California* (Oakland, Calif.: Pantograph Press, 2000).

15. Jerry Ball, Garry Gay, and Tom Tico, eds., *The San Francisco Haiku Anthology* (Windsor, Calif.: Smythe-Waithe Press, 1992).

16. James W. Hackett. "Why I Entered the 1964 Japan Airlines Contest." *Kô* autumn–winter 1992, 20.

17. *Ibid.*

18. 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/>>.

19. *American Haiku* 1 (1963), 2.

20. Harold G. Henderson to James W. Hackett, 25 December 1964, on Hackett Web site.

21. J.W. Hackett. *Haiku Poetry: Original Verse in English*. Volumes One–Four (Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 1968). Hereinafter cited as *HP3*, *HP4*.

22. James W. Hackett. *The Way of Haiku: An Anthology of Haiku Poetry*. (San Francisco: Japan Publications, Inc., 1969). Hereinafter cited as *Way*.

23. J.W. Hackett. *Bug Haiku: Original Poems in English* (Tokyo: Japan Publications, Inc., 1968, 50).

24. Not seen.

25. J.W. Hackett. *The Zen Haiku and Other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett*. (Tokyo: Japan Publications, Inc., 1983). Hereinafter cited as *Zen Haiku*.

26. “Each rippling wind” — *Way*, 192; “Winds play” — *Zen Haiku*, 120.
27. *HP4*, 9; *Way*, 191.
28. *Zen Haiku*, 165.
29. *HP3*, 6; *Way*, 122.
30. *Zen Haiku*, 120.
31. *Woodnotes* 12 (spring 1992), 23; *Woodnotes* 13 (summer 1992), 19.
32. “Resumé of ‘That Art Thou: My Way Of Haiku.’” *Albatros/Albatross* 4:1/2 (spring–summer/autumn–winter 1995), 5–9/9–13. See also the note of thanks from Patricia and James Hackett to the conference organizers in the same issue, 130/135.
33. See description and photos, James W. Hackett and Patricia Hackett. “Journey to Oiso and the Home of R.H. Blyth” on the *World Haiku Review* Web site: <http://www.worldhaikureview.org/3-2/jwhackett_journeytooisos.html>, and “Visiting R.H. Blyth’s Home” on the Hackett Web site: <<http://www.hacketthaiku.com/RHBlythsHome.html>>.
34. Budan, 36
35. British Haiku Society, editors. *The Genius of Haiku: Readings from R.H. Blyth on Poetry, Life, and Zen*. Introduction by James Kirkup (Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 1995).
36. James W. Hackett. “Bashô and Nature.” *Blithe Spirit* 8:1 (1998), 34–35. The essay had appeared previously in Ion Codrescu, editor. *Ocolind iazul / Round the Pond: a Romanian/English Anthology*. Translations by Mihaela Codrescu (Constanfa, Romania: Editura Muntenia, 1994), in Romanian and English, and in French in Patrick Blanche. *Le Cri du faucon* (Nyons, France: Voix d’Encre, 1996).
37. “A Personal Conclusion” from “That Art Thou: A Way of Haiku” *World Haiku Review* [Web] (May 2001)
38. James W. Hackett. “Reflections.” *World Haiku Review* 2:1 (March 2002). <http://www.worldhaikureview.org/2-1/jwh_reflectsuggest.shtml; http://www.worldhaikureview.org/2-1/jwh_selection.shtml>.
39. Bender, “James W. Hackett.”

40. Susumu Takiguchi. *The Twaddle of an Oxonian: Haiku Poems and Essays* (Oxford, England: Ami-Net International Press, 2000).
41. Budan, 36.
42. Patrick Blanche. *Le cri du faucon, haïkus et autres poèmes zen*. Montélimar, France: Ed. Voix d'encre, 1996.
43. J.W. Hackett. *30 Zen-Haiku of J.W. Hackett*. Translated into Gaelic by Gabriel Rosenstock. Indreabhán, Conamara, Ireland: Cló Iar-Chonnachta, 1994.
44. James W. Hackett. "Why I Entered the 1964 Japan Airlines Contest." *Kō*, autumn-winter, 1992, 20.
45. *Albatros/Albatross* 3:1/2 (spring–summer/autumn–winter 1994), 89–93.
46. James W. Hackett. *A Traveler's Haiku: Original Poems in English* (Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 2004). Hereinafter cited as *Traveler*.
47. Michael McClintock, "Hackett on the Road and Still Longing for the Wild." *Hermitage* 2:1/2 (2005), 184–87.
48. "Building" — *Traveler*, 1; "Mid manicured" — *Traveler*, 29.
49. *Blithe Spirit*, 2000, 10:4, 54.
50. R.H. Blyth, *A History of Haiku, Volume 2: From Issa up to the Present* (Tokyo: Hokuseido Press, 1963-64, 360).

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.

Olympic Haiku

by *Priscila Uppal*, Ontario

For many sport and poetry occupy different milieus, or even universes. Sport pushes the possibilities of the human body within highly restricted arenas, whereas poetry is an intellectual and imaginative pursuit restricted only by language itself. For those in this camp, sport poetry is an oxymoron, and perhaps some sort of perversity; a meeting of two worlds better left apart, the jocks on one side and the artsies on the other.

Yet, athletes and artists possess the same fundamental values and personalities. Both are passionate, determined and focused individuals willing to risk and sacrifice nearly everything in their lives to test their talents against others, the world, and ultimately the self. Both are deeply concerned with form, with beauty, with aesthetics, precision, and clarity, and with contributing to and even transforming their disciplines by creatively working within traditional conventions and rules.

I have argued for these correspondences over the last couple of years in a number of ways, by editing *The Exile Book of Canadian Sports Stories*, the first anthology of its kind bringing together the best imaginative Canadian fiction about dozens of sports, spanning three centuries, written by both men and women, and dealing with sport from the point of view of athletes, their loved ones, spectators, coaches, scouts, researchers of sport, and more. I was also the primary organizer of *Bodyworks Symposium: Intersections of Sport, Art, and Culture*, held at York University [Toronto] in November 2009, which brought together professional artists, elite athletes, academics, researchers, and activists to enable and encourage more discussion and collaboration between these two worlds. And recently, I had the distinct pleasure of occupying a self-designed role as poet-in-residence for Canadian Athletes Now during the Vancouver Olympics and Paralympics. Canadian Athletes Now is a charity that raises money for elite athletes to aid in their training, travel, and food costs; approximately

80% of the Canadian Team competing in Vancouver received money from this fund. For this poet-in-res initiative, I was welcomed to join the Olympic athletes, their families, and other fund supporters, at the CANFund Athlete House, a hub that included a dozen large television screens to watch all the Olympic action, plus a celebratory space including a bar and a performance stage. I wrote at least two poems per day, one of which was published at <canadianathletesnow.ca> and one of which was published along with a creative non-fiction piece at the *Literary Review of Canada* website <games.reviewcanada.ca>. I also distributed poems to the athletes and their families, and read poems aloud on the performance stage whenever one of the Canadian athletes won a gold medal.

Which brings me to the subject of Olympic haiku. When I first realized that my dream of writing poetry at the Olympics was going to become a reality, I wanted to ensure that I would be able to offer each athlete a poem about their sport category. I couldn't stomach the thought of ski jumpers or aerialists or lugers having to take second place, poetically, to hockey players or figure skaters. In addition, even though I knew I would be challenging myself to write original poems on the spot every single day of the games, I wanted to bring some finished pieces to the Athlete House for the opening weekend, so that poetry would live alongside the celebrations and competitions from the very beginning. It was a great coincidence too that Valentine's Day fell on this opening weekend. The thought came to me that I would produce poems short enough to fit on a postcard and distribute them throughout the Athlete House, handing them out personally to the athletes like valentines. The form these short poems took most often was the haiku. Several I ended up labelling "Love Haiku."

Why this form for my poetic purposes? Why for sport? While the traditional definition of the haiku, as a poem representing the poet's impression of a natural object or scene during a particular season or month of the year, and some of its other characteristics, might seem incongruent or antithetical to the

representation of something as dynamic as sport, I would like to argue for more complementarity than at first might meet the eye, if one is willing to permit the adaptation of the form to contemporary subjects and needs:

1. Winter sports are, traditionally, sports performed in natural landscapes and are dependent on nature for their character as well as for their results. While hockey and skating competitions are now held indoors rather than on ponds or canals biathlon, freestyle skiing, downhill skiing, snowboarding, cross-country skiing, and more are still wholly connected to natural landscapes and the whims of the weather gods during Olympic competition. Winter sports, like summer sports, have their distinct seasons.

2. Many who admire the haiku form, do so for its precision of expression, its clarity of vision. Sport at an elite level is also deeply concerned with precision of movement, action, and thought.

3. The body in motion is a natural phenomenon worthy of the same inspiring of awe, wonder, and mystery, as natural objects themselves. Watching sport is a meditative experience of beauty. Participating in sport is meditative as well—requiring uncommon powers of concentration—bringing together body, mind, spirit, and other objects and powers of the universe.

4. The brevity of the haiku form can acutely mimic the quickness of sport competition itself. Alexandre Bolideau earned his gold medal for freestyle skiing in less than 30 seconds. And the 5, 7, 5 syllable count gave me a restriction that was number based (as nearly all sports results are determined by numbers) and which would force me, like an athlete, to be as inventive and creative as possible within a very tight framework.

5. Haiku offer readers a glimpse of a mind capable of mental leaps—of spiritual acrobatics. The impression is a moment of

revelation, enlightenment, both ordinary and transcendent at the same time. The elite athlete experiences a similar sensation when performing. Both disciplines acknowledge the extraordinary in the ordinary, and offer us a new way of understanding that journey between those two spaces.

I also thought the haiku form would be one the athletes themselves would likely have encountered in school or in the general culture, and therefore, while the pairing of poetry and sport might at first seem foreign, exotic, amusing, even disorienting, the athletes would certainly recognize the subject matter and hopefully also the poetic form. As the competing Olympic athletes are also mostly young people, I also saw this as a way to engage a younger audience in reading poetry in a non-threatening and appealing way. And so, I started writing sport haiku, determined to express something essential about each sport practice that the athletes themselves had either never been able to put into words or which gave them a new way of understanding their sport. The poems would be short enough that, if they found them inspiring or affecting, they could memorize them, share them with friends and teammates, even print them on T-shirts (which some tell me they'd like to do).

The athletes' response to the poems, including the haiku postcards as their initial entry into sport poetry, has been overwhelmingly positive. Let me share with you some of their favourites:

Luge Haiku

Because physics should
not be theoretical,
I experiment.

The athletes of all the sliding sports (luge, skeleton, bobsleigh) told me this haiku captured the nature of their personalities to risk, dare, calculate, and even fail spectacularly.

Ski Jump Haiku

Because I once asked
my science teacher if you
could make the sun laugh.

One of the ski jumpers told me a former coach, who had since passed away, always told him to think of stretching out in the air as far as possible to greet the sun. He would have loved this poem, the athlete said, I think of him every time I read this. He took several copies for teammates.

Speed Skating Love Haiku

We are very pleased
to inform you the size of
the blade does matter.

The speed skaters loved this poem. Even their parents loved this poem. Whenever I overheard laughter and saw a group of people with postcards in their hands, I knew they were reading either this poem or the “Luge Love Poem” (which was simply I luge you./I luge you not./I luge you.).

Bobsleigh Love Haiku

Two by two chasing
adventure—you drive, I’ll
figure out the brakes.

Those who had never understood the appeal of bobsleigh told me this poem made the sport now seem sexy and inviting.

Curling Love Haiku

Against all sound love
advice, I remain a stone,
you sweep around me.

I think everyone in the Athlete House was in love with a member of the Men's Curling Team. In curling, like in love, technique and grace under pressure is everything.

I went on to write more haiku over the course of the Olympics, including Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medal haiku, as well as more haiku about the various sports. And I couldn't stop myself from writing more about the aboriginal sports I encountered at the Arctic Games in Grande Prairie, Alberta, and then more for the Paralympic Games. Here is an example of each:

Stick Pull Haiku

Ravens into wolves
fish flip & squirm & fumble
into our tight hands.

Sledge Hockey Haiku

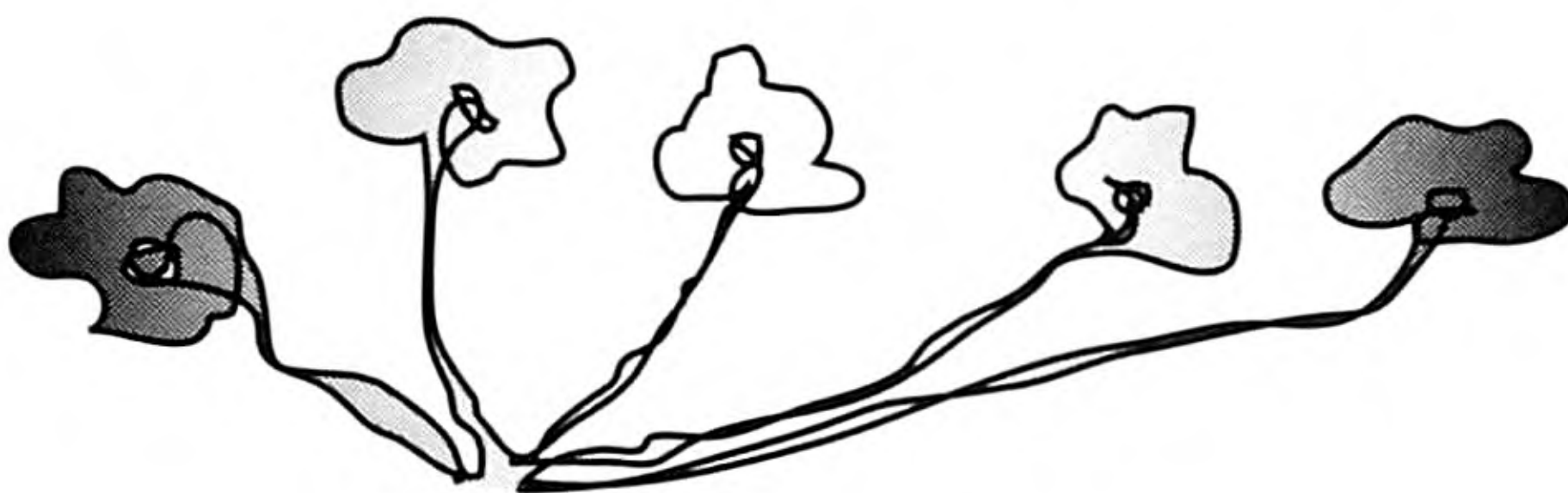
From my angle, ice
is infinite horizon,
eternal sunrise.

CBC radio recorded a number of the poems, including many haiku, which were aired during the Olympic Games. At several of the live sporting events I attended, including women's hockey and speed skating, other fans and spectators, spotting me in my Team Canada jersey, which was covered in Olympic signatures with POET stitched on the back, asked me if I was that poet they had been listening to on the radio. Some called me "that Haiku poet," amused that anyone could write a poem about luge or aerials or bobsleigh at all.

As part of my goal was to bring poetry to a new audience, I feel I have made a dent in the road to that goal. Athletes, other young people (and older people too), told me how much they were enjoying the poetry and that it made them

want to read more. I'm hoping I will have the opportunity to write more, this time on summer sport, during the 2012 London Olympics and Paralympics. Our passions, our lives, may be simple, but they are rarely simplistic. The subject matter of sport spoke to the athletes' deepest loves, to the way that they have experienced nature, their bodies, science, and the spectrum of human emotions involved with winning and losing, dealing with heartbreak and celebrating achievement. Which is, arguably, what the best poetry does as well.

Priscila Uppal is a Toronto poet, fiction writer, editor, critic, and York University English and Graduate Studies professor born in Ottawa in 1974. Among her publications are seven collections of poetry, most recently *Ontological Necessities* (2006; shortlisted for the \$50,000 Griffin Poetry Prize), *Traumatology* (2010), and *Successful Tragedies: Poems 1998-2010* (Bloodaxe Books, U.K.); the critically-acclaimed novels *The Divine Economy of Salvation* (2002, Doubleday Canada, Ambos-Anthos Netherlands, Modern Greek Times Publishers) and *To Whom It May Concern* (2009, Doubleday Canada, Penguin India); and the study *We Are What We Mourn: The Contemporary English-Canadian Elegy* (2009). Her work has been published internationally and translated into numerous languages, including Croatian, Dutch, Greek, Korean, Latvian, and Italian. Her works as editor include the anthologies *Red Silk: South-Asian Canadian Women Poets*, *The Exile Book of Poetry in Translation: Twenty Canadian Poets Take on the World*, and *The Exile Book of Canadian Sports Stories*. She is on the Board of Directors at the Toronto Arts Council, and was recently poet-in-residence for Canadian Athletes Now during the 2010 Vancouver Olympic and Paralympic games. For more information visit <priscilauppal.ca>.



Reviewed

Rosenow, C. *Pacific*. Hillsboro, OR: Mountain Gate Press, 2105 N.W. Glencoe Road, 97124-2040, 2009, 57 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 7. ISBN 978-0-9643357-2-1, 14 USD.

by *Nick Avis*, Newfoundland & Labrador

Ce Rosenow is a poet, editor, critic, publisher and translator. She writes reviews, articles and essays, and her work has appeared in journals across the US and abroad. She has authored several books and chapbooks, and she is currently President of the Haiku Society of America.

This is a very well-produced book and maintains the high standard of quality set by haiku presses today. The cover notes by Leonard D. Moore and the introduction by Michael Dylan Welch are fair, balanced, descriptive and insightful.

Rosenow is very good at her craft: her poems are lyrical; she varies line length, rhythm and cadence; she is very good with sound; and the poems read well together. Her style, form and content range from traditional to modern and contemporary. She takes risks and succeeds most of the time.

The work is divided into our four seasons and the poems and the stories they tell are generally enhanced by this relationship. There is an attempt to have the poems within each season flow diurnally which is very difficult to do with this many poems. Throughout the sequence there are narratives and recurring themes woven together. All of these qualities combined make this a book of poetry in western poetic culture rather than a mere collection of poems.

Most of the poems are one to a page, centered and one-third of the way down. Visually this works very well with poems written on the ocean's edge, often when on a beach looking

at the sea or the sky; and the pace of reading them is like the timeless steady motion of waves. If this presentation had been maintained throughout, it would have unified the work and solved other problems. For example, the eagle haiku (below) appears at the bottom of a page with another haiku above it! All that needed to be done was to remove eight poems or increase the number of pages by four; and since there are a number of weak poems and a few that do not work well in the sequence, removing poems would have been the best solution.

The unsuccessful poems are those that are merely descriptive, do not include enough detail, are too obvious or just do not fit: *hungry too/black bear and cub/so close to town; fish camp – / on the wooden table / worn initials.*

Rosenow writes some fine traditional haiku like this outstanding one which is one of her few experiments with form. What makes it a spring poem is the nature of the wind as seen in the eagle's flight and the gnarled trees:

cliff-top krummholtz
an eagle glides
with the same wind

As a result of the (re)arrangement of the lines you can see the eagle gliding on the page and the line arrangement accurately reflects the way the poem is read. Krummholtz are those elfin evergreens at or near the edge of a cliff that have been stunted, twisted and distorted by the wind, like natural bonsai. And yet “with the same wind” an eagle, a powerful, sacred bird and symbol, and a spirit messenger soars majestically to any height it wishes, hovers, twists, turns and glides to wherever it wants to go. This is an extraordinary heaven and earth haiku with deep metaphorical, philosophical, and metaphysical implications.

Rosenow is, with few exceptions, good to very good at sequencing:

spring break
the beach covered
with ♥s (6)

so young . . .
lovers add a shell
to their pail (6)

we return
they return
gray whales at Depoe bay (7)

a year older
I brace myself
against the undertow's pull (8)

The first poem (love) is dangerously close to being trite and is quite weak; the second (love), more like a senryu, is touching, so very human and considerably stronger; but it is their juxtaposition with the first-rate haiku on page 7 (memory) that gives them both an added depth they otherwise lack. We are also presented with three stages of life in the same moment on the beach and over time as the poet looks back and reflects on her life (memory and ageing). Then, when we turn to page 8, another dimension is added to the theme of ageing and the life cycle found in these four poems.

There is throughout this sequence from time to time a deep sense of unfulfilled longing, something most would naturally feel when next to the ocean. This haiku by Rosenow on the left reminds me of a favorite of mine by Tomizawa Kakio (1902-1962) in which there is also an allusion to Icarus:¹

longing for something—
an unknown seabird
soars out of sight

A wandering horse
turning into a longing
for home, vanishes

We see here Kakio's more radical modern style in which the human element is dominant, with thoughts and feelings

directly expressed; the season is less relevant, if at all, and the natural world only a reflection of the poet's inner state rather than something with its own independent existence that may also reflect the poet's inner state. Around a third of Rosenow's poems are written with elements of this style though not quite as radical, except perhaps for this haiku which comes very close.

In addition to capturing and revealing moments from nature, the principal theme of this book is the human journey with its recurring themes (like waves) of love, loss, longing, loneliness, separation, memory and ageing, and all the emotions associated with them. Yet, as Michael Dylan Welch accurately points out in his introduction, notwithstanding the apparent darker side of this work, "Acceptance, ultimately, is a central stance of this book, welcoming what is received, to the point of celebration." Something that is evident in the first and last haiku of this book:

a bit of sea foam
in my open hands
gratitude

so many stars
so much I don't know —
winter night

Source

1. In Ueda, M. (ed./trans.), *Modern Japanese Haiku*. University of Toronto Press, 1976, p. 243.

Editors' Note: The bio for Nick Avis appears on p. 117.



Heinrich, P. *Peeling an Orange* (Photographs by John Bolivar). Baltimore: Modern English Tanka Press, 2009, 82 pp., perfect softbound, 6 x 9. ISBN 978-1-935398-12-7, 11.95 USD.

by *Nick Avis*, Newfoundland & Labrador

In her thirty or so years as a haiku poet, Peggy Heinrich has been widely published and has received a number of awards. On the cover notes to this finely produced book we are told that the poems in this collection “can only be written by a master poet” and this book is “like an *enso*,” literally meaning “circle” and a symbol of Zen enlightenment.¹ In her very self-conscious preface, Heinrich sees haiku as a spiritual journey in which she is following in Bashō’s footsteps. In her introductory poem, “Conversation with Bashō,” Bashō is an avatar who arrives as “a four-pointed star” and passes on to her the esoteric, mystical and secret teachings of the art of haiku. She says “Haiku is a stopped frame, capturing the moment when a detail in a particular scene catches the eye and a word like *wow!* or *aha!* explodes in the brain.”

Almost no book of poems can sustain the weight of such authority or meet such high expectations. Heinrich’s views on Bashō are romantic, fictional, misleading and inaccurate. She limits haiku to the sense of sight and appropriates her description of the haiku moment from Yoshino and Yasuda. Yoshino calls it a “nuclear explosion . . . in the mind”² which is a gross exaggeration; Yasuda, a moment of “ah-ness”³ which is overly simplistic and tends to reduce haiku to a singular subjective moment of insight.

The following are typical of around a third of the poems in this collection, in which the poet’s subjective moment of insight is not conveyed to the reader in what is often only mere description:

overturned rock
hundreds of ants scurry
in the sudden light

restless sparrow
flitting from branch to branch
making them sway

Bashō supposedly once said that “The masters of the past took such care in composing [haiku on natural scenes] that they created only two or three in their lifetime. For beginners, copying a scene is easy.”⁴ Shirane adds that “there has been a strong modern tendency to read Bashō’s haikai only on the level of the scene.”⁵ Heinrich, and others, have the same strong tendency to write haiku only on the level of the scene. In some of his best known haiku Bashō presents less than half the poem’s subject matter,⁶ but in these haiku half the poem’s subject matter is missing. Similar problems exist with Heinrich’s senryu and all but one, like some of the haiku are trivial:

opening race
the riderless horse
comes in third

crack of a bat
the hot dog boy
ignores my wave

In the rest of the book there are some fine poems and some excellent ones. On the even numbered pages there are black and white photographs by John Bolivar which the cover note describes as “stunning,” and many of them most certainly are. The poems and photographs work well together although there are some pairings that would be greatly enhanced by having only the matching poem opposite the photograph it relates to. In my favourite pairing the photograph is taken from the floor of a small sheer rock canyon looking straight up at three tall redwoods that loom over the top of three rock faces; above is an arc from a solar halo, the sun being barely out of sight. On the opposite page is the following haiku, which is just one example of how good Heinrich is with sound:

deep in the woods
shoots from a fallen redwood
aim for the sun.

There is the darkness of the deep woods below and the sunlight above, the tiny shoots and the towering redwoods, the forest floor and the sky; the shoots and every other form of life living on the dying tree: a complete life cycle in one simple image. The interpretation of the poem similarly has more than one dimension whether literal or metaphorical, interpreted on its own, in context or juxtaposed with the photograph.

Below are a haiku from early spring and the last three haiku in this book, all of them first-rate poems and a marvelous way to begin and end this collection which is a kind of journey in which we are brought full circle:

in the pond
new circles touch
with each drop

there, just ahead
those woods once seemed
so far

fresh snow on the walk—
passing a child's bootprints
heading the other way

around the fire
the widening circle
of silence

The image in the pond poem is an acute observation, evocative and well beyond mere description. It is perfectly written, overflowing with the abundance of early spring seen in something small and simple. Whenever the word “pond” appears in a haiku, it potentially carries with it a symbolic and cultural significance, here and in Japan, and the richness of this poem stems from being just what it is, its implications on the human level and the wealth of allusions found in it.

The fire poem not only connects with the two haiku that precede it on the final page of the book but also with the much earlier pond poem. The sequencing and placement of these three poems toward the end of a (life's) journey and at the end of winter enrich them collectively and individually, although such narrative associations are not intended very often in this book in which the poems are independent and only loosely connected through the season in which they occur.

All this book needed was an editor and the resulting collection would have been so much better. As for poets writing their own prefaces, explaining oneself is usually a bad idea. Let the poems speak for themselves.

Sources

1. Seo, A. & Adiss, S. *The Art of Twentieth Century Zen*. Boston: Shambala Publications Inc., 1998, pp. 33, 134, 148, 186-187, 190.
2. Yoshino, Y., Gurga, L. & Miyashta, M. (eds/trans.). *Tsuru*. Evanston, IL: Deep North Press, 2001, p. xvii.
3. Yasuda, K. *The Japanese Haiku*. Rutland, VT: Charles E. Tuttle Company, 1981, pp. 30-34.
4. Yasuda, p. xviii.
5. Shirane, H. *Traces of Dreams*. Palo Alto, CA: Stanford University Press, 1998, p. 51.
6. Ueda, M. *Matsuo Bashō*. Tokyo: Kodansha International Ltd., 1982, pp. 53-55.

Nick Avis has been publishing haiku and related poetry internationally for over three decades. He was president of Haiku Canada for six years and has written reviews for *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *Inkstone* and the *Newfoundland Quarterly*. He has also published a number of papers on haiku and is currently writing a series of articles entitled "fluences" for the Haiku Foundation.

An American Wandering Monk

By *Bruce Ross*, Maine

Wangchuk, K. T. *Shelter/Street, Haiku & Senryu*. Port Townsend, WA: Minotaur Press, 2010, 36 pp., stapleback chapbook, 8 5/8 X 5 1/2. No ISBN, 10 USD.

Ex-Buddhist monk Tenzing Wangchuk is a modern Santoka, the last “wandering monk,” whose collection of 84 haiku and senryu focus in a distinct Whitmanesque voice on *sabi* depth and enlightened joy of willful poverty. His mentors are appropriately Bashō, Issa, and Santoka (Mann Library’s “Daily Haiku”) and his motto “as long as you have your haiku you have everything” (personal email).

The projection of Buddha self onto Buddha icon are offered in several poems:

doing nothing—
the stone buddha
hard at it (19)

losing weight
one grain at a time—
stone buddha (20)

Issa-like compassion and identification with little creatures occur also:

little sparrow—
eating, shitting, chirping . . .
me too! (17)

a little sparrow
takes a puddle-bath . . .
wish I could join him! (24)

Tenzing’s senryu often deconstruct their wry critique of human nature or offer common folk wisdom in a new way:

Farmer’s Market—
fruit flies point out
the ripe ones (27)

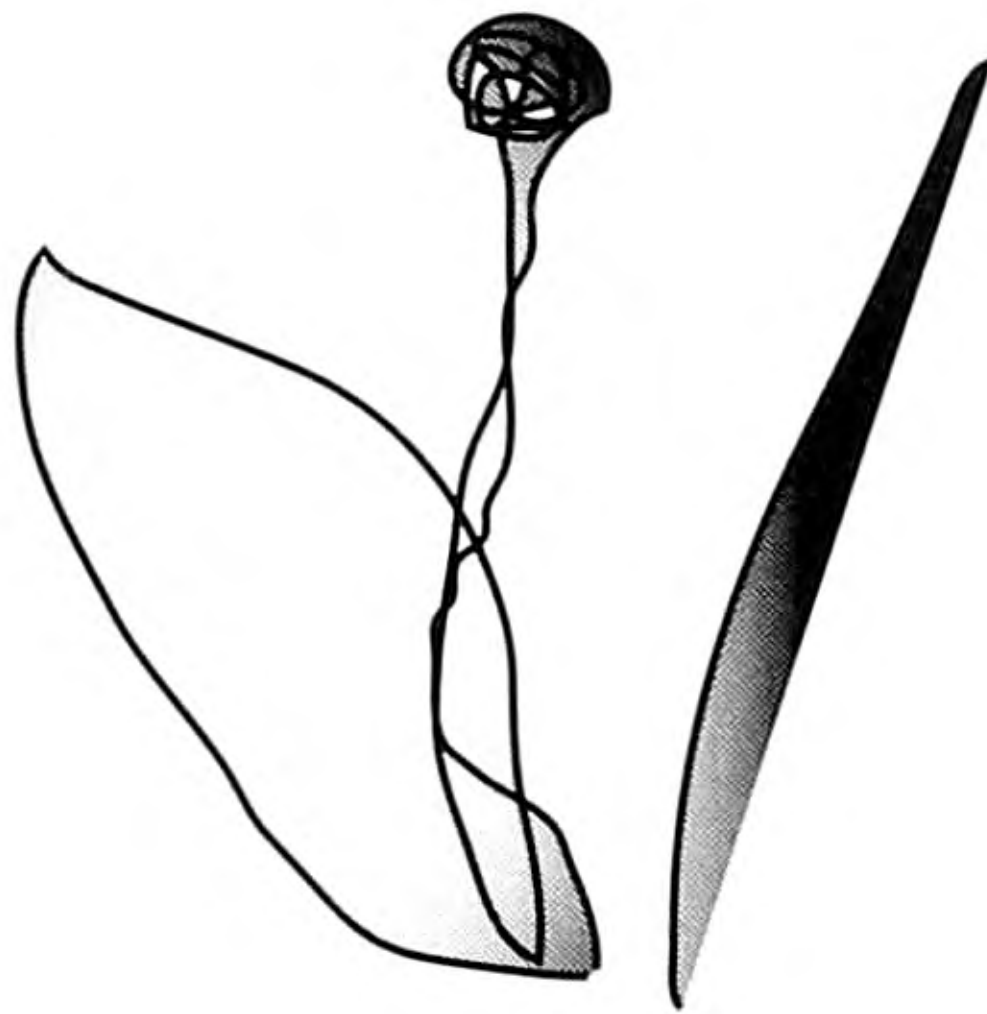
on
rich
and
poor
alike
it
falls
seagull
poop (17)

Tenzing faces life in a death poem or his loss of loved ones
with existential Buddhist honesty:

where the body will drop no matter (16)

no parents
left to shame now
—winter rain (30)

Santoka had sake. Tenzing has haiku, sunbathing, sparrows,
compassion, and social comment. Recommended highly.



Editors' Note: The bio for Bruce Ross appears on p. 124.

The One True Mind: A Buddhist Approach to Haiku

By *Bruce Ross*, Maine

Bouwer, I. & Sumegi, A. *Go To The Pine, Poetry in Japanese Style*. Ottawa: BuschekBooks, 2009, 91 pp. (plus CD ROM), perfect bound, 9 x 6. ISBN 978-1-894543-56-9, 17.50 CAD, 15.00 USD < <http://www.buschekbooks.com/titles.html> >

Only one koan really matters: yourself. (Ikkyu)

Somewhere Ikkyu suggested that the key to a Buddhist understanding of the conundrum of reality is to be found in one's own consciousness. Find Buddhist consciousness within yourself and you will attain clarity in relation to that consciousness and to the burgeoning forth of reality itself. The authors of this fine introductory collection which takes a Buddhist approach to haiku are practicing Buddhists, Bouwer a Rinzai Zen Buddhist and Sumegi a Tibetan Dzogchen Buddhist, linked in their distinct spiritual approaches by the "one mind of direct experience." (80) The Rinzai school seeks this Buddha Mind through exploration of *koan* (Japanese, "public case"; Chinese, *kung-an*). In effect, *koan* study is an extended meditation on the nature of consciousness and reality, in Ikkyu's terms, yourself. That a good argument (as has been done) can be made that haiku derived from the *koan* can be illustrated by examples from Isshu Miura and Ruth Fuller Sasaki's *The Zen Koan* (1965):

Though the frog leaps, it can't get out of the bushel. (90)

Lovely snowflakes, they fall nowhere else! (113)

In the introduction to their section on haiku, Bouwer and Sumegi, relying on R.H. Blyth, accordingly point to such terse classical Chinese writing used in Zen monasteries:

Sitting quietly doing nothing.
Spring comes, grass grows of itself. (25)

By slowly absorbing the “metaphysical” truths embedded in such writing (as opposed to the instant enlightenment claimed by Soto Zen) one is drawn to haiku “to express the Zen state of mind” by “activating a resonance between facets of nature and one’s own ‘Buddha nature,’ thus an appreciation of the ‘suchness’ of things.” (25) The authors claim that this traditional process dating from the entrance of Zen into Japan, reached a zenith with Bashō and has continued on in the great Japanese haiku masters and, as they suggest, into the present. (25) If “suchness” (Sanskrit *tathata*), experiencing absolute reality in a moment of illumination (where nirvana, transcendence, and *samsara*, the perceived world, are one) is found in a haiku, then the authors claim becomes approachable.

Bouwer, a retired mathematics professor, and Sumegi, an assistant professor of religion at Carleton University in Ottawa, have organized their book to accommodate the two more accessible claims for the derivation of the haiku as a poetic form: a splitting up of the 5-7-5-7-7 sound units in the 5-phrase waka/tanka as in tan-renga practice and the separating of the 5-7-5 sound units in the 3-phrase first stanza (hokku) of a renga/renku. Thus there are three main sections, each with a short instructive introduction: tanka, haiku, and renga, with original examples by the authors. Additionally, there is an original haiku sequence by the authors responding to Padmasambhava, traditionally attributed with bringing Buddhism from India to Tibet in the 8th century, and his eight main manifestations, including a short introduction and a painting of Padmasambhava and his manifestations. Sumegi’s essay "Seeing into the Nature of Mind" and Bouwer’s essay "A Personal Guide to Writing Haiku," and a references section complete the volume proper. Finally, there is an included CD-ROM that contains: haiga by Museki Abe, Angelee Deodhar, and Debra Woolard Bender, with haiku by the authors; a photo-tanka by Bouwer; a 12-paged photo-ku on a visit to Japan by Bouwer; three art calendars (2004, 2005, 2007) by Abe with haiku and tanka by the authors; the Padmasambhava sequence again with 10 images; and the authors’ photo.

The overall quality of the original poetry is good with an accent on lightness of treatment in the haiku. The sections on tanka, haiku, and renga, as well as the “devotional” haiku of the Padmasambhava sequence, offer examples directly connected to spiritual practice.

Bouwer offers two haiku on meditation practice, one the matter-of-fact practice of a seasoned monk and the other a delicate image for the God of Compassion, while Sumegi offers a wonderful haiku on *enso* (Japanese, circle), a Buddhist symbol of enlightenment, and an example of “suchness” with perhaps a nod to the first transmission of Zen when Buddha held up a flower to exemplify this state:

blizzard—still
the white-haired monk
sweeps the porch (27)

meditation walk—
the dragonfly still
on Guan-Yin’s wrist (28))

spring haiku
the master draws
a perfect circle (48)

Buddha nature—
this half-opened blossom
in my hand (50)

Of the three included collaborative renga, 12-stanza *Driver In The Next Lane* is particularly sprightly. Stanzas 9-12 exemplify this while moving from explicit Buddhist allusion (“one-pointed” and “diamond cutter” are common images for Buddhist clarity of mind and “soap bubbles burst” is a paraphrase of Buddha’s metaphor for the emptiness of thoughts) to the transparency of everyday “suchness,” including human behavior:

9/ib one-pointed
 amidst the screeching—
 the diamond cutters

10/as soap bubble burst—
 the tiniest sound

oil slick
inside the garage—
rainbows on the floor

12/ib she wanted to tell them
but they said we know we know (77)

Yet the majority of the original poetry is not overtly connected to spiritual practice, appearing transparently when it occurs. Both Bouwer and Sumegi exhibit the economy of words they stress in their introduction to the haiku section. Here are eight registering the seasonal feel and resonance one looks for in a haiku:

curious about
this fellow on the bench
little sparrow? (34)

spring morning—
the hazel
of her eyes (37)

October fog
cannot hide
the maples (44)

the littlest twig
also with its load
of snow (45)

sipping tea
as persimmons ripen—
ah! (55)

first light—
the servant stops
to pray (56)

winter moon—
the white plum blossom
hangs closer to earth (57)

last burst
of the butter lamp—
evening snow (58)

The CD of haiga, including photo haiku, leads off with Angelee Deodhar's wonderful black and white "naïve" drawing of a fawn, two hanging branches, and the moon against a background circle of black that also appears before the book's short foreword and accompanies Bouwer's haiku:

for you too, fawn
is each step a step
into the dark? (5)

Also included are Debra Woolard Bender's two Klee-like playful paintings for the authors' poetry. Museki Abe's month-by-month calendar art appears in two styles, wonderful floral photos and lively patterned abstractions in bright colors to accompany one haiku or tanka by each author for each month. The photos include well-known Buddhist temples and the gravesites of R.H. Blyth and D. T. Suzuki.

Altogether the volume is an inviting collection, with many facets of poetic value, including Bouwer's guide to writing haiku with its simply stated and useful suggestions.

The title, cited at length in the book, is from Bashō, and suggests that we should experience reality at an authentic (Buddhist) level. In the introduction to the haiku section the authors also cite Bashō's comment that "his attachment to poetry . . . was keeping him from enlightenment." (26) The authors' book modulates between the indications of Buddhist practice and the way of haiku. But perhaps these paths are not so far distant after all.

Notes

1. Schiller, D. *Zen Page-A-Day Calendar 2010*. New York: Workman Publishing, 2009.
2. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1965.
3. The comments on Buddhism are culled from my Buddhism study and teaching. They are very basic issues which a good introduction to Buddhism, such as Tom Lowenstein's *The Vision of Buddha* (London: Duncan Baird Publishers, 2000) would confirm.

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 the 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*.

Forrester, S.M. (ed.). *seed packets*. Windsor, CT: bottle rockets press, 2010, 193 pp., perfect bound, 5 x 6.5. ISBN: 978-0-9792257-4-1, 17.00 USD < <http://www.bottlerocketspress.com/ordering.html> >

by *Angela Leuck*, Quebec

In the Japanese art of flower arranging a central concept is that of *hana no kokoro* or flower heart. The ancient ikebana masters believed that time spent among flowers led to a growth in gentleness and compassion. In *seed packets*, the fifteenth title in the *bottle rockets* series of books, editor Stanford M. Forrester has clearly been working hard to develop his own flower heart. Here is one of his own haiku which reveals not only his love of flowers, but his belief that there is much more to them than superficial prettiness.

moving my reflection
out of the way—
planting water lilies

This anthology contains 266 flower haiku from 126 poets. Forrester avoids the obvious pitfalls of sweetness and sentimentality; instead, he has selected poems which probe deeper subjects—transience and spirituality—and a more complex range of emotions.

While roses, sunflowers, blossoms and wildflowers have their own sections, the anthology is chock full of less common species, such as daphne, osmanthus, heliotrope and devil's paintbrush, that may send the serious reader scurrying for a field guide. Yet it is ultimately not the flowers themselves that are as important as the poets' interactions with them.

gladiolus
flames snuffed out at dusk—
the temple gong

H.F. Noyes

carried to the hospital
the lilies
grow heavier

Stephen Addiss

Forrester does have various sections which focus on scent and colour and insects, but it is primarily the deeper significance of flowers that interests him. This does not make for heavy reading—these are flowers after all! There is much joy to be found in these pages:

god or no god
does it matter
wild blue flax

Marian Olson

coming home
flower
by
flower

Jane Reichhold

Many fine one-line haiku are included, such as this one by S.B. Friedman:

dandelion puff the wind makes my wish

The book also contains considerable humour, as in these poems by Friedman and Winona Baker:

hung over—
who could tell yarrow
from queen anne's lace?

prize sweet peas
where the outhouse was emptied
last spring

Some of my personal favourites are this haiku steeped in Japanese tradition by Margaret Chula:

they bloom
to please no one
mountain cherries

And the following by Michael McClintock and Sylvia Forges-Ryan respectively:

high autumn days
the morning glories open
to whatever comes

Blue twilight
falling from wet branches
the scent of lilac

The poems are of consistently high quality. There is a good mix of established poets and those whose work I have not previously read.

Being a romantic at heart, I noted that Forrester did not include a section on love. The closest he comes is in the following two haiku by Glenn G. Coats and Carolyn Hall:

tiger lilies
my sister's marriage
lasts the summer

lilac
the familiarity
of his nakedness

The book is attractively designed with a glossy cover and a sparing use of decoration. The focus is on the poems themselves, which are presented from one to three per page. Forrester does not divide the book into formal sections, but allows the poems to move easily from one grouping to another much like thoughts surfacing then falling back again.

seed packets has all the ingredients of a classic and should find a place on every haiku poet's book shelf. It is also an ideal gift for gardening friends. They will find here much good gardening wisdom,

new stones come up before flowers

john martone

planting annuals
this year the morning glories
all volunteer

Kathe L. Palka

They will in the process also stumble across other earthy gems:

Easter rain—
the garden
resurrected

Johnette Downing

Life is short
life is long
two daylilies

vincent tripi

Angela Leuck has edited numerous anthologies and is the author of *Flower Heart* (Blue Ginkgo, 2006), *Garden Meditations* and *A Cicada in the Cosmos* (inkling press, 2010). Her blog "A Poet in the Garden" can be found at <www.acleuck.blogspot.com>.

George, B. *Wrecking Ball and Other Urban Haiku*. Lexington, KY: Accents Publishing, Spalding Series, 2010, 33 pp., perfect softbound, 4 x 6.5. ISBN 978-0-9844118-2-5, 5 USD <<http://www.accents-publishing.com>>.

by *Michael W. Thomas*, England

It may seem tactically ill-advised to invoke an accomplished poet in the same sentence as household cleaning materials. The matter of insult may figure also. The fact remains, however, that *Wrecking Ball* is an homage to absorbency. Shunning anything more long-winded, Bob Dylan spoke thus about his writing practice: "I keep my eyes and ears open." So does Barry George. His other senses are on the alert, too, as is his capacity to—that word again—absorb fragments of speech, behaviour and mannerism from all around him. The results are most impressive. Japanese short forms are his chosen poetic methods, but the uses to which he puts them can take the reader far from the realms of sickle moons or river-borne aromas. He is a lyricist who compresses lyrical power, making it all the more forceful in consequence. Nor is his choice of subject any less engaging. Of the English poet Stevie Smith, Philip Larkin remarked that she saw things moving in the poetic undergrowth, things often unregarded by those on the hunt for more obvious (and, alas, often tired) themes. She took a pot-shot at them and then held them up, showing that, yes, they were worth pursuing after all. Though a different poet from Smith and Larkin, Barry George shares their appetite for the wry, the unexpected. Above all, he shares their compassionate curiosity about how the world disports itself, the face it wears to greet you when you open your front door.

It is fitting that the title haiku of the collection should be:

floodlit sky—
the wrecking ball swings
in and out of darkness

The other haiku so often perform in just that way: swinging

from flocks in an autumn field to garrulous dentists to bedraggled Santas in the windows of adult bookstores. Barry George is adept, too, at freezing frames, pinpointing the nature of an established situation before the poem speaks:

asked *how long*—
the general's hands spread
wider

There has clearly been much hand-widening here: much reluctant acknowledgment that some questions are unanswerable ("at this moment in time," as the sultans of spin are wont to say).

Faces and scenes recur in the collection, but always differently: now viewed from the left, now from the right, each time revealing a new sadness, a fresh vulnerability. A homeless man "is rich in umbrellas" after a storm; several haiku later, he is "older" but "wearing glasses now." Together, these haiku suggest a sequence yet to be written, in which—though it may require geological slowness—time will show the dispossessed becoming as rich as Midas.

In the end, reviews pivot on one phrase and one word. Buy it. Don't. *Wrecking Ball and Other Urban Haiku* merits everyone's attention. Its haiku wear their craft with just the right measure of lightness. Words and phrases are striking because they are so right, not simply because the compression of form pushes them forward. This is masterly work—read it, please. Delight in it. Go back to it. The homeless man, the stylist who *rinses away / the sound of her own voice*; the gull that *stalks / roof puddles* at an anonymous hotel—all will richly repay your attention.

Michael W. Thomas is a poet, novelist and dramatist. He has published several poetry collections, the latest being *Port Winston Mulberry* (Littlejohn and Bray, 2010). He is poet-in-residence at the annual Robert Frost Poetry Festival, Key West, FL. Website: <www.michaelwthomas.co.uk>

Briefly Reviewed

by *George Swede*, Ontario

Bartholomeusz, E. *Into the Sun* (Illustrator, C. Drinkwater Better). Eldersburg, MD: Black Cat Press, 2009, 80 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 5.5. ISBN 0-9766407-9-1, 12 USD <blackcat_press@yahoo.com>. This well-designed, hand-sized book is a fitting debut for the first collection by well-published Arizona poet Edith Bartholomeusz. It contains 40 haiku and 16 tanka and includes an interesting prologue by the author in which she describes, by means of a fable-like story, the arduous process of learning how to write a poem. Here are three of her haiku selected at random: *road to Reno / turkey vultures / scan the freeway; white walls / white pills . . . / another day; lone hiker / the trail ends where sky / and desert meet.*

Elsberg, J. & Greinke, E. *Catching The Light: 12 Haiku Sequences*. W. Somerville, MA: Červená Barva Press, 2009, 32 pp., stapled, 5.5 x 8.5. No ISBN, 7 USD <www.cervenabarvapress.com>. Both Maryland's John Elsberg, the editor of *Bogg: A Journal of Contemporary Writing* since 1980, and Michigan's Eric Greinke, a six-time Pushcart Prize nominee and winner of the 2008 *Muses Review* Award for Best Poem of the year, have published numerous collections and appeared in a wide range of journals. Not surprisingly, Elsberg describes this collection as "Two older poets exploring the possibilities of the haiku form within the context of English Western poetics" (personal note). And, a wonderful success it is! To illustrate, here are four consecutive stanzas from the sequence "Ribbons": *in her tilted garden / faded flamingos / hot tulips // the deep silence / of a top button / buttoned or not // neon shorts / she drafts on early spring / blowing by // loose ends / as beautiful bows / a fragile warning.* Note that no separate authorship is indicated and this is the case for all 12 sequences. Elsberg and Greinke have decided on a collaboration where each link has input from both—something that should be tried more often.

Fuller, J.B. *28 Blackbirds at the End of the World*. Phoenix: Bandersnatch Books, 2009, 31 pp., perfect softbound, 4 x 7. No ISBN, 8 USD <www.bandersnatchbooks.com>. According to Louisiana poet J. Bruce Fuller, the inspiration for this collection of 28 poems came from three sources: the comforting yearly winter arrival of huge flocks of blackbirds despite the chaos and uncertainty wreaked by Hurricane Katrina; the poem “Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird” by Wallace Stevens; and the collection *Crow* by Ted Hughes. In a distinct break from mainstream haiku, Fuller’s interesting poems fall into one of the two crossover categories, scifaiku, e.g., *man’s last refuge / a ship flying starward / blackbirds stowaway*; and horror-ku, e.g., *world burned black / the hearts of men are black / blackbird’s eye is black*.

Westenhaver, J. *long enough*. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2010, unpaginated, stapled, 5 x 8,. ISBN 978-1-893959-90-3, 7 USD <www.redmoonpress.com>. All 27 haiku in Washington’s Jim Westenhaver first collection are one-liners and 20 have fewer than 10 syllables. Thus, their brevity sometimes poses a challenge for the reader to find a deeper meaning: *up close she takes off her wig*. But, often they work to create unexpected ripples of association: *she’s at home evening glacier*.

Winke, J. *I’ll Tell You So: A flash story/haibun collection* (foreword by N. Blei). Ellison Bay, WI: Cross + Roads Press, 2010, 102 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-1-889460-23-9, 12 USD <www.norbertblei.com>. Readers will certainly concur with Jeffrey Winke’s “Author’s Statement,” about his collection of 84 haibun, all one page or less:

[They] capture the inane, remarkable, or imagined episodes of everyday life. The flash prose or brief personal recollection becomes a pivot point for a concluding haiku that is consistent in tone—not an extension or explanation—to the story.

Most readers will also wholeheartedly agree that Winke has achieved his stated goal that each “haibun chimes true . . . like a Tibetan tingsha bell being rung on a misty Spring morn.”

Re: Readings of Issue 33:1

Editors' Note: When sending feedback, please indicate whether you want something published in this section. For example, we received a number of comments regarding the gray shading, mainly positive, but only printed those designated for *Re:Readings*.

Brent Partridge, California, on *Eiko Yachimoto* and *John Carley*: This [renku] is a masterful translation of Bashō & Kukaku's "The Verse Merchants." Throughout their translation is great evidence of their skill in dealing with the understated elegance (*shibumi*) of the light-hearted humor of the original. The literary allusion most striking to me was in link 16, look, *Bashō the hut dweller / smites a butterfly (k)* referring to what I remember as Kikaku's own most famous haiku, *a butterfly asleep on a temple bell*.

Michael Fessler, Japan, with a number of comments: The essays by *Trumbull* (on Hackett) and by *Kolodji* (on scifaiku) were enlightening, one looking back, the other forward, so to speak. *Rosenow's* comments in "Revelations Unedited" were presidential and needed to be said. *Ward's* essay was touching. I especially favor the personal essays—when people open up about their haiku/poetry lives. The issue contained outstanding haiku by *Sterba*, *Johnson*, *Hotham*, *Angel-Starwarz*, *Davidson*, and *Kacian* (*heading due north*). I was also happy to see the "36 Renga" [by *Brink*, *Chang & Ku*] and "The Verse Merchants" *kasen* [by *Yachimoto & Carley*]. Both sequences provide historical heft and give us a sense of the tradition(s) in which we are writing.

Joan Vistain, Illinois: I applaud the light gray "fourth line." Knowing the author and the state/country are important to me, but I want the work to grab me first!

Alice Mae Ward, Massachusetts, on a number of contributions: This issue was so good. The haiku by *Mark Hollingsworth* certainly deserves the award! Wow! "36 Renga" — wish I could *someday* do one. So many [links] were good, i.e.,

#3 “The last snow” [by *Ku*] so sad. The “death poems on p. 56 [by *England*]*—*perfect! All the Haibun worth reading. The long article on James W. Hackett [by *Trumbull*]*—*worth reading—another opportunity for me to educate myself. Thank you.

Robert Epstein, California on the haiku of two contributors: *Tuesday Tuesday Tuesday / Tuesday she died Tuesday / Tuesday Tuesday Tuesday* by **PMF Johnson**. With the death of a loved one, time comes to a screeching halt. Time freezes with death. PMF Johnson’s heart-rending poem freezes this frozen moment of sorrow and anguish. The repetition of the word Tuesday exquisitely reflects the mind’s frantic, inadequate efforts to make sense of a loved one who is no more. When my father died eight years ago, I took up pen and paper and wrote for hours, days on end, trying to catch hold of every fragment of a memory of him that I could. That first Sunday in June, 2002 stretched like an unending, desolate beach of timelessness. My heart goes out to the poet. [And] *all the poems / I’ve written / melting snow* by **Carlos Colón**. I am instantly reminded of the song Van Morrison sings, “Carrikerfergus,” wherein he laments that all his friends are gone like the melting snow. We befriend our poems—certainly those we believe are well-written; they may even be seen to reflect some essential part of ourselves. And yet, as the Buddha taught, all things are impermanent: moments arise and pass away, even aha moments of enlightenment or realization; we ourselves are born, grow old and die. In the Japanese tradition of death poems, snow and snowmen are symbols of this transient world. I honor the poet for facing his own and his poem’s transience.

Roberta Beary, District of Columbia, has a novel take on the haiku by **Bill Pauly**:

menopause . . .
the sound of rain
on dry leaves (BP)

andropause . . .
an inchworm nuzzles
the rainspout (RB)

Corrections to Issue 33:1

p. 18: *Gary Hotham*, Maryland, writes:

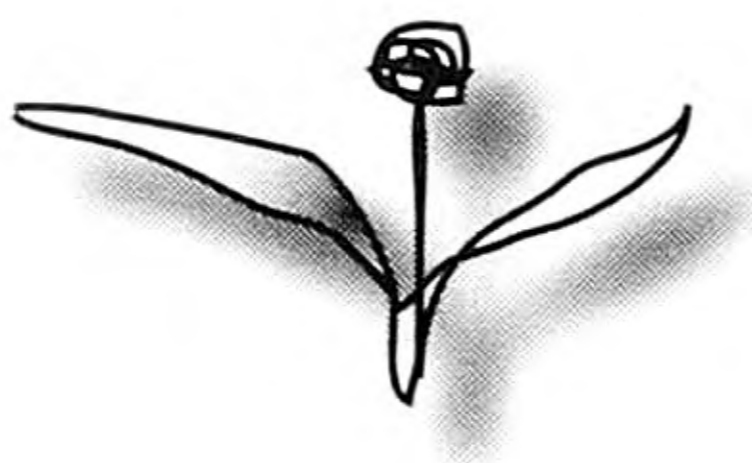
When I read my haiku in the current *Frogpond*, I was a bit surprised. I thought—have I been writing one-liners? I can see looking at your e-mail what might have been the confusion. I meant "our breath" to be part of this haiku:

under the cherry trees
a day's worth of petals

our breath taking the air out of the wind

But it was all reformatted by the mail tool. Umm

Well it is an ok haiku as a one liner. But I think I like what the other lines did with it.



p. 25: *w.f. owen*, California, writes:

My poem . . . is not in the format in which I sent it. It should be one line, to read:

heat wave the scratch of a sun-dried towel

As it is printed on page 25 reveals the problem from ancient times of lineation. That is, how to break an original one-line poem into component two or three line (or more) formats.

According to Hiroaki Sato in his book *One Hundred Frogs* (pp. 136-137):

Before the middle of the nineteenth century, when modern printing techniques began to be used in Japan, hokku and senryu, despite their syllabic patterns of 5-7-5, were printed in one line, although they were broken up in various lines when they were written on fans, tanzaku (oblong poem cards), shiki-shi (more or less square poem cards), as part of haiga (haikai painting), or for other aesthetic presentations.

He goes on to cite “free rhythm” (free form) haiku which ignore syllable count, use various punctuation and, I would say, sometimes ignore seasonal references.

Now, of course, there is more to this issue, but the way my poem was put into a three-line format breaks the content of the poem at the wrong points. It is printed this way:

heat wave the
scratch of a sun—
dried towel

I’m sure it is an innocent mistake, but obviously this three-line version is about as awkward as it could be. To be sure, this and other poems I (and others) have written CAN be put into other lineations. My own view is that readers should be drawn into poems to find the pattern.

Better said, the better poems allow multiple patterns and meanings to be found by multiple readers.

When I started this e-mail, I did not expect to do a dissertation on it, but I found it an interesting exercise.

Editors' Note: Both changes were indeed accidental; however, they have led to an interesting examination of lineation

The HSA Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Competition 2009

Judged by
Jerry Ball, California and *Patricia Machmiller*, California

Of the seven renku for the contest we chose three as best of those submitted. Grand Prize was awarded to: **Circles of Strangers**. Honorable Mentions went to: **Streaks of Dawn** and **Gunnysack**.

Criteria for selection were five: adherence to the renku form; quality of the opening and closing sequence; quality, originality, and variety of verses; variety in tone, rhetoric, and person from verse to verse; and effectiveness of the links.

Circles of Strangers was awarded a Grand Prize because of the consistently high quality of its verses, the variety of subject matter which gives a liveliness to the poem, and adherence to the renku form.

Honorable Mentions go to **Streaks of Dawn** and **Gunnysack** as follows: **Streaks of Dawn**: Good quality of verses and an effective ending sequence (verses 34 through 36). **Gunnysack**: This renku has an exceptionally strong opening sequence (verses one through three) and a good variety in subject matter.

Jerry Ball is a founder of Haiku North America and the Southern California Haiku Study Group and has been President of the Haiku Society of America for two terms. He has published five books of haiku, the most recent being *Pieces of Eight* (2005).

Patricia Machmiller is a past president of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, and a columnist for its journal *Geppo*. She has published a book of her own haiku, *Blush of Winter Moon* (2001), and together with Fay Aoyagi translated *Kiyoko's Sky: Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi* (Brooks Books, 2002).

Grand Prize

Christopher Herold, Washington & *Carol O'Dell*, Washington

Circles of Strangers A Summer Kasen Renku

1. campground fires
small circles of strangers
under a vault of stars CH
2. I watch a ladybug
walk along the table CO
3. she inspects
the leaves of all the plants
in the arboretum CH
4. matched pink pearl earrings
behind a thick glass window CO
5. moonshine
splits the inky darkness
of Half Moon Bay CH
6. another long, sleepless night,
he takes a pen and starts to write CO
7. how relaxing
the scent of chamomile tea
from a clay mug CO
8. “grandma’s deaf
so we don’t have to be quiet” CH
9. the rhythmic thump
of our silken headboard
against the wall CO

10. through her hand into my hand
each quick kick from her belly CH
11. as I slice
bananas into the trifle
the Jell-O wobbles CO
12. airport security finds
plastic explosive in his shoes CH
13. rabbit tracks
hidden by shadows
cast by the moon CO
14. snow-blind and frostbitten
the team descends to base camp CH
15. Papillon
puffs on the cigar
offered by a leper CH
16. they watch ragged clouds
billow across the sky CO
17. without wind
the cherry blossoms fall
straight down CH
18. children and their ribbons
dance around the Maypole CO
19. on TV
a parade of tanks, etc.
files past the Kremlin CH
20. paths, lanes, streets, roads, avenues
boulevards, turnpikes, highways . . . CO

21. an official
from the public works committee
lobbying for funds CH
22. two months before retirement
she applies for a passport CO
23. in a vivid dream
I see a flock of egrets
land on a palm tree CH
24. Ann & Sue have been friends since childhood,
so close they're like white on rice CO
25. another evangelist
rants about the evils
of same-sex marriage CH
26. nothing fills us with more joy
than our baby's smile CO
27. this afternoon
my teen introduced me
to her Goth boyfriend CH
28. at the assisted living home
just one man willing to dance CO
29. the bright autumn moon
in every drop that drips
through the IV tube CH
30. a puddle of dew
on the seat of a deck chair CO
31. she mended the tear
in the scarecrow's pants
with a leather patch CO

32. it seems the mediator
had a bit too much to drink CH
33. what more do you want
in your Dagwood sandwich?
Maybe some bologna? CO
34. the vegan convention
will meet on April Fool's Day CH
35. tourists arriving
from all around the world
to see the tulips CO
36. we change our voices
with helium balloons CH

Honorable Mention

Allan Burns, Colorado, *Christopher Herold*, Washington,
Ron Moss, Tasmania

Streaks of Dawn

A Winter Kasen Renku

1. streaks of dawn
Christmas tree needles
between floorboards AB
2. far out on the snowy plain
the train rails come to a point CH
3. approaching shore
a lantern swings back and forth
in the captain's hands RM
4. eyes on the birdbath, the cat
thwacks the carpet with its tail AB

5. I devour
an entire meatless pizza
by moonlight CH
6. a boy and his dad
in the scarecrow's shadow RM
7. an autumn breeze
through the mail slot
startles the widow AB
8. the scent of sagebrush
fills a narrow gorge CH
9. after the date
she puts roses out
with the trash RM
10. he recalls the hem
of her floral dress AB
11. old friends in stitches
as they learn details about
our wedding snafu CH
12. a glitter of broken glass
where the rivers meet RM
13. clouds part
and a night-heron flies
across the moon AB
14. ribbons flutter from the fan
as it swivels side to side CH
15. the flash
of heavy artillery
lights up a bunker RM

16. a cobweb rises slowly
toward the sooty ceiling AB
17. on tiptoes
the boy shakes plum blossoms
into their picnic lunch RM
18. friends yelling EARTHQUAKE
on April Fools' Day CH
19. as you wait
a butterfly's reflection
rippled by carp AB
20. in the zendo meditating
on Chuang Tse's dream RM
21. a young concubine
tries to get the eunuchs
to flirt with her CH
22. after the YouTube song
they dance to the bedroom AB
23. on the cabin wall
two pairs of old skates
feathered with frost RM
24. as the woodpile grows
the ax blade loses its gleam CH
25. shouldering a keg
a burly Scotsman
takes the high road AB
26. with each broad stroke
the cobalt blue sea appears RM

27. his coma persists
despite another dose
of thrombolytic drugs CH
28. she slaps down her last
Uno card with relish AB
29. from the firelight
sparks spiral toward
a blood moon RM
30. my dew-drenched sleeping bag
dries out beside Crater Lake CH
31. through the fog
the smell of simmering beans
and fresh-brewed coffee RM
32. the guest bewildered
by a hieroglyphic AB
33. this fossil
from the Eocene epoch
is a missing link CH
34. grandma's up late
polishing her gold coins RM
35. on the bus from D.C.
cherry blossoms
in the rearview mirror AB
36. remember how we loved to chase
soap bubbles across the lawn? CH



Honorable Mention

*John Stevenson, NY, Hilary Tann, NY,
Paul MacNeil, Florida, Yu Chang, NY*

Gunnysack

A Summer Nijuin Renku

1. a gunnysack
by the kitchen door
autumn dusk JS
2. moonlight from the lake
caught up in the pines HT
3. wild cheering
for the World Series
home team PM
4. four fortune cookies
left untouched YC
5. the recording engineer
accepts her last take
with reservations HT
6. limo, show,
and hotel shower JS
7. a long blonde hair
exactly like
my wife's YC
8. lion tails denote
tribal authority PM
9. the sign that says
"thin ice"
is half-submerged JS

- | | | |
|-----|--|----|
| 10. | surprise gift
of an overcoat | YC |
| 11. | a thundersheet
accompanies
the <i>deus ex machina</i> | HT |
| 12. | cloud shadows
graze the mountainside | JS |
| 13. | Will the wine
and chocolates
be enough? | PM |
| 14. | they eloped
on Independence Day | HT |
| 15. | after the fireworks
we walk back
with the moon | YC |
| 16. | a crow's hop
changes to strut | PM |
| 17. | finest grade
of sandpaper
in Geppetto's shop | JS |
| 18. | distant relatives gather
for her confirmation | HT |
| 19. | apple blossoms
are coming into view
beyond the fallow fields | PM |
| 20. | choosing a high spot
to fly a kite | YC |

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Index of Authors

- Addiss, Stephen, 125
Angel-Stawartz, Ben, 132
an'ya, 17
Ash, David, 45
Avis, Nick, 35, 110-113, 114-117
Bachand, Beverly, 7
Baker, Deb, 29
Baker, Winona, 126
Baldwin, Dave, 25
Ball, Jerry, 136
Banwarth, Francine, 28
Barlow, John, 34
Bartholomeusz, Edith, 6, 130
Bashō, Matsuo, 115, 124
Beary, Roberta, 36, 133
Bender, Debra W., 90, 98
Best, Margot Roessle, 20
Blain, Jeanette, 15
Bogart, Jo Ellen, 17
Bouwer, Izak, 120-124
Bridges, Alan S., 23
Brink, Dean, 132
Brooks, Mark, 27
Brouwer, Bouwe, 10
Buckingham, Helen, 7
Bullock, Owen, 49, 68
Burns, Allan, 18, 140-143
Buson, Yosa, 82-87
Cabalona, Yvonne, 28
Cariello, Matthew, 15
Carley, John, 132
Carter, Terry Ann, 10, 71
Caruso, David, 30
Chang, Yu, 132, 144-145
Chula, Margaret, 30, 126
Coats, Glenn G., 19, 58, 59, 127
Cole, Bud, 15
Colón, Carlos, 133
Compton, Ellen, 28, 61
Constable, Susan, 23
Cullen Jr., William, 12
Davidson, Anne LB, 35, 132
Day, Cherie H., 31
de Anda, Diane, 9
de Gruttola, Rafael, 50-52
Deming, Kristen, 14
Dorsty, George, G., 5
Downing, Johnette, 127
DuFlon, Wende, 64
Dunphy, John J., 8
Dylan, Bob, 128
Elsberg, John, 130
England, Amy, 82-87
England, Bruce, 133
Epistola, Ernest V., 6
Epstein, Robert, 6, 133
Evans, Judson, 16
Evans, L.A., 24
Feingold, Bruce H., 5
Fessler, Michael, 13, 132
Ford, Lorin, 14
Ford, Muriel, 19
Forges-Ryan, Sylvia, 126
Forrester, Stanford M., 25, 125-127
Frampton, Alice, 26
Friedman, S.B., 126
Fuller, J. Bruce, 131
Galasso, William Scott, 11
Gallagher, Michael, 9
Gay, Garry, 37-42, 93-94
George, Barry, 128-129
Gershator, David, 21
Giesecke, Lee, 10
Gill, Stephen Henry, 98
Gilli, Ferris, 24, 46-47
Gorman, LeRoy, 32
Gourlay, Caroline, 29

Index of Authors

- Grayson, David, 27
Greinke, Eric, 130
Gurga, Lee, 16
Hackett, James, 88-102
Hall, Carolyn, 33, 127
Hansel, Bryan, 27
Harris, Mark F., 21, 72
Harter, Penny, 76
Harvey, Michele L., 15
Haslett, Arch, 18
Heinrich, Peggy, 114-117
Hendrickson, Joy, 45
Herold, Christopher, 7, 137-140, 140-143
Hoagland, Jeff, 31
Hoffman, Dana J., 21
Hollingsworth, Mark, 132
Hopkins, Greg, 8
Hotham, Gary, 25, 132, 134
Hottel, Jodi, 43
Ikkyu, Sojun, 120
Ironsides, Hamish, 22
Jaiye, Duro, 54
Johnson, PMF, 6, 132, 133
Jones, Ken, 25
Kacian, Jim, 132
Kakio, Tomizawa, 112
Kenney, Bill, 34
Kenney, Frank J., 74
Kerschner, Dave, 9
King, Doreen, 62
Kolodji, Deborah P., 132
Krumins, Anita, 152
Ku, Claire, 132, 133
Kusmiss, Joseph M., 6
Larkin, Philip, 128
Leuck, Angela, 125-127
Liebert, Daniel, 12, 71, 73
Lilly, Rebecca, 15
Liu, Chen-ou, 8
Luckring, Eve, 36
Lucky, Bob, 21, 70
Lyles, Peggy W., 26
Machmiller, Patricia, 136
Mainone, Robert, 35, 55
Mankh, 28
Martin, Jeannie, 20
Martone, John, 127
Marshall, Ian, 67
Mason, Scott, 29
MacNeil, Paul, 144-145
McAuley, Joan, 65
McClintock, Michael, 16, 197-98, 126
McCullough, Vicki, 45
McDonald, Tanya, 13
McKee, David, 35
McNeill, Robert B., 30
Mena, Paul D., 50-52
Miller, Jayne, 36
Miller, Paul, 80-81
Miura, Isshu, 120
Montreuil, Mike, 68
Moore, Lenard D., 22, 44
Morell, Michael, 30
Moss, Ron, 46-47, 56, 140-143
Moyer, Robert, 31
Muirhead, Marsh, 9
Murphy, Marilyn, 22
Nelson, Christine, 45
Newton, Peter, 60
Nicely, Elliot, 22
Noyes, H.F., 125
Okazaki, Tadao, 23
Olson, Marian, 126
O'Dell, Carol, 137-140
O'Toole, Kathleen, 57
Owen, Renée, 32, 43, 48, 57
owen, w.f., 70, 134-135
Packer, Roland, 11

Index of Authors

- Palka, Kathe L., 127
Painting, Tom, 7
Parsons, John, 17
Partridge, Brent, 35, 132
Patchel, Christopher, 29
Pauly, Bill, 36, 133
Pearce-Worthington, Carol, 10
Peckham, Ellen, 11
Pendrey, Jeremy, 25
Peruniak, Merylyn, 45
Peruzzi, Brett, 50-52
Peters, Stephen A., 11
Piko, Greg, 32
Pilarski, Linda, 26
Poulin, Robert H., 23
Provost, Christopher, 30
Reeves, Lyn, 27
Reichhold, Jane, 126
Robinson, Chad L., 26
Rosenow, Ce, 110-113, 132
Ross, Bruce, 12, 118-119,
120-124
Rudychev, Natalia L., 19
Sagan, Miriam, 8
Sasaki, Ruth Fuller, 120
Sato, Hiroaki, 135
Schick, Garry, 31
Schwader, Ann K., 18
Schwerin, Dan, 13
Scott, Rob, 18
Seretny, Robert, 22
Serviss, Shirley A., 63, 69
Shaw, Adelaide B., 13
Shirane, H., 115
Soules, John, 32
Spurr, Melissa, 31
Sterba, Carmen, 4, 132
Stevenson, John, 24, 144-145
Stoller, Scott, 17
Sumegi, Angela, 120-124
Surrige, André, 49
Swede, George, 130-131, 152
Swetech, Shawna, 43
Stillman, Jeff, 5
Tann, Hilary, 144-145
Tauchner, Dietmar, 27
Terry, Angela, 28
Thomas, Michael W., 128-129
Tice, Richard, 20
Tico, Tom, 34
Townsend, Jennie, 12, 53
tripi, vincent, 127
Trumbull, Charles, 88-102,
132, 133
Uppal, Priscila, 103-109
Verhart, Max, 77-79
Vistain, Joan, 33, 132
Wangchuk, Karma Tenzing,
118-119
Ward, Alice Mae, 132-133
Ward, Bill, 132
Warther, Julie, 32
Watts, Alan, 88
Webb, Diana, 66
Weidensaul, Scott, 67
Welch, Michael Dylan, 44, 45,
113
West, Harriot, 33, 54
Westenhaver, Jim, 19, 131
White, Christopher A., 34
Whitman, Neal, 26
Williams, Jane, 61
Wilson, Billie, 33
Winke, Jeffrey, 131
Woodward, Jeffrey, 75
Yachimoto, Eiko, 132
Yarrow, Ruth, 24
Young, Quendryth, 29
Zimmerman, J., 20

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From The Editors

The 2008 spring/summer issue was our first as *Frogpond* editors. It had 96 pages, six of which were section dividers. This issue, our seventh, has 152 pages with no dividers. It is by far the largest in the journal's 33-year history. The prior record holders were the 2010 winter issue (33:1) at 128 pages and the 2009 fall issue (32:3) at 116 pages.

The main cause of the growth is easy to spot—the haibun section. It went from thirteen pages in 33:1 and 32:3 to twenty-six pages in this issue. So many good pieces were submitted that we wanted to publish them all. Added incentive was the fact that 41% of these contributors had never submitted haibun to us before.

The second cause for the increase was the essay section which went from 14 pages in 32:3 and 21 pages in 33:1 to 29 pages in this issue. Two of the four contributors are new to the journal.

We suspect that the growth of submissions to *Frogpond* is due partially to its listing last year in the *MLA International Bibliography* and *Humanities International Complete*, both of which reach large numbers of scholars and writers. This upward trend should continue because this spring we added the journal to another prestigious index, *Poets and Writers*.

Since becoming editors, we have published work by writers from 44 U.S. states, five Canadian provinces and 35 other countries. Haiku and its related forms have truly stimulated imaginations worldwide.

George Swede, Editor
Anita Krumins, Assistant Editor



Contents, Volume 33:2, 2010

About HSA & *Frogpond* / 2

Submissions Policy / 3

Museum of Haiku Literature Award / 4

Haiku & Senryu / 5-36

Revelations:Unedited / 37-42

Linked Forms / 43-52

Haibun / 53-79

Essays / 80-109

Reviewed & Briefly Reviewed / 110-131

Re:Readings / 132-133

Corrections / 134-135

Einbond Renku Competition 2009 / 136-145

HSA Patrons / 146-147

Index of Authors / 148-150

HSA Officers & Regional Coordinators / 151

From the Editors / 152