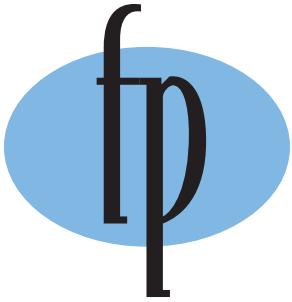
Volume 36:1

frogpond



Frogpond

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Submissions Policy

(Please follow the submission guidelines carefully.)

1. Submissions from both members and nonmembers of HSA are welcome.
2. All submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere and must not be on the Internet (except for Twitter and Facebook) prior to appearing in *Frogpond*.
3. Submission by e-mail is preferred
   (a) in the body of the e-mail (no attachments)
   (b) with subject line: Frogpond Submission + the kind of work sent
   (c) with place of residence noted in the body of the e-mail
4. A submission by post will receive a reply only if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope with sufficient U.S. postage to reach your destination.
5. Only one submission per issue will be considered.

The Submission May Include Any or All of the Following:

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

Submission Periods:

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

Acceptances will be sent shortly after the end of each period.

Note to Publishers:

Books for review may be sent at any time.

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Museum of Haiku Literature Award $100

for the best previously unpublished work appearing in the last issue of *Frogpond* as selected by vote of the HSA Executive Committee

From Issue 35:3

The vote resulted in a tie and the award is shared by two poets featured in the autumn issue.

new love the up and down of her teabag

w.f. owen
Antelope, California

dawn swim—
making a butterfly of water
of light

Kristen B. Deming
Bethesda, Maryland

Haiku & Senryu

porch swing my feelings come and go

icy wind
pinwheels spin
at the child's grave

Ce Rosenow, Eugene, Oregon

winter chill—
the canal boat lowers
into the lock

wet beach stones
gathered in my palm—
a fading rainbow

Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, Washington

autumn colors fade
hoping to find something
in the consignment store

crescent moon
and a speck of mud
the observation car

John Stevenson, Nassau, New York

clouds across the morning moon
pretending to be
someone I'm not

the Ferris wheel
edges backward—
a chance to reconsider

Angela Terry, Lake Forest Park, Washington

sandstone strata—
a lizard's tail straddles
a million years

pothole—
I promise
I'll visit

paul m., Bristol Rhode, Island

winter arrives early
I tie Mom's shoes
with double knots

autumn morning
the surgeon's face
unevenly shaven

Susan Antolin, Walnut Creek, California

morning glory
his daughter takes it
to heart

warm muffins
the words I find to keep her
in bed a little longer

Randy Brooks, Decatur, Illinois

mistletoe . . .
an old lover's name
on the tip of my tongue

Billie Dee, San Diego, California

many hearts
one beat,
the startled finches

William Campbell, Waynesboro, Virginia

her clear eyes
her clear desires . . .
starlight

Thomas Dougherty, Ambridge, Pennsylvania

country church
the bleating of sheep
between hymns

John McManus, Cumbria, England

morning sun
too low to shine
on each world

Nu Quang, Seattle, Washington

tidal shift—
flowers from
my daughter-in-law

Carolyn M. Hinderliter, Phoenix, Arizona

evening drizzle
she heads for the field
with a pot of slugs

Thomas Powell, Armagh, Northern Ireland

out of sorts
out of season
the robin's rain song

Mary Frederick Ahearn, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

latch of the newborn dawn

Roland Packer, Hamilton, Ontario

walking half awake
my whole life
a dream

Robert Mainone, Delton, Michigan

the shells of snails
who've spent their lives . . .
morning-long mist

honesty pods
prised by the wind . . .
ghost of a moon

John Barlow, Ormskirk, England

yard sale—
a yoyo unwinds
a string of memories

Christine L. Villa, North Highlands, California

calculating
the lift required
harvest moon

another bird dream probing the tenderness under a wing

Melissa Allen, Madison, Wisconsin

rowing
together a current's
truce

Susan Diridoni, Kensington, California

at the bottom
of the old well
a mummified moon

Fay Aoyagi, San Francisco, California

leaf fall—
asking him for colors
he says brown

in wee hours cicadas or night peepers or whatever . . .

Janelle Barrera, Key West, Florida

midnight awakening
an echo
together

P M F Johnson, St. Paul, Minnesota

her empty apartment
the waxing moon
trails Venus

writer's block . . .
a sparrow waits
for crumbs

Joe Kirschner, Evanston, Illinois

this wall
of worries
no haiku for now

miriam chaikin, New York, New York

all-day rain
unstrung pearls
in a velvet box

Terri L. French, Huntsville, Alabama

my hands
scented with oregano
church bells

Carole Johnston, Lexington, Kentucky

a meadowlark makes the prairie sing

Jackie Hofer, Longmont, Colorado

genes altered not
to open outright
spring's approach

a discussion about chromosomes
a void in autumn
passes

Scott Metz, South Beach, Oregon

visibility
down
to the dark tones
behind yellow leaves

Marshall Hryciuk, Toronto, Ontario

praise music
bass beating from the inside
out

Julie Warther, Dover, Ohio

budding lotus—
when did I become
who I am

Chen-ou Liu, Ajax, Ontario

middle age I believe the azaleas' pink lies

Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, California

my girlfriend's red lips
she colored
outside the lines

Martin Cossio, Los Angeles, California

holding on to summer
the slender spikes
of lavender

Debra Fox, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

childhood home
the oyster shell driveway
still crackles

Michael Blottenberger, St. Michaels, Maryland

estate sale
a jar of baby teeth
for 25¢

John J. Dunphy, Alton, Illinois

pressed flower
trying to remember
her favorite perfume

Johana West, Pittsburg, California

dusk
birdsong pulls you
closer

Owen Bullock, Katikati, New Zealand

pampas grass
flights of gray geese call
near the darkening lake

Margaret Anne Gratton, Canby, Oregon

summer's end
a train whistle blows
heading straight into the past

David Caruso, Haddonfield, New Jersey

dementia
she gets to be
a girl again

LeRoy Gorman, Napanee, Ontario

first red leaves
time to put away
childish things

Maxianne Berger, Montreal, Quebec

city wind
the tiny feathers
of the dead sparrow

John Ziemba, Boston, Massachusetts

spring again
I help my mother
sit up

Ernest Wit, Warsaw, Poland

new shoots on the yew
the pull of a distant
baby's cry

Katrina Shepherd, Dublane, Scotland

towhees feeding
the lone cowbird—
false spring

Charles Shiotani, Watsonville, California

spring breeze
something with a tiny chirp
chirps in the wheatgrass

Billie Wilson, Juneau, Alaska

how it feels at home
the worm
in the apple

Tom Rault, Oss, The Netherlands

the way a mango
feels so heavy . . .
her breast in my hand

Greg Piko,Yass, Australia

throbbing stars
the tilt
of my pelvis

moonlit sea
surging to the brink
of words

Eve Luckring, Los Angeles, California

a smile in the corner of her mouth just in case

Virginie Colline, Paris, France

morning light
one of her sequins
stuck to my thigh

Ian Thomas Wheeler, Richmond, California

lovemaking—
the universe
in a single sigh

Diana Teneva, Haskovo, Bulgaria

the zipper also had an unsuccessful marriage

observing the waxing and waning of the moon the baby's navel

Lee Gurga, Champaign, Illinois

here at the edge
of a spiral galaxy
swirling leaves

Mark E. Brager, Columbia, Maryland

spider
in not of
its web

Matt Dennison, Columbus, Missouri

full moon waves curling into white sound

Susan Constable, Nanoose Bay, British Columbia

After 2 a.m.
just this heart
stamped on my hand

Bruce England, Santa Clara, California

store lights out—
mannequins all dressed up
with nowhere to go

Patrick Leach, Portland, Oregon

costume party
another chance
at myself

Peter Newton, Winchendon, Massachusetts

gray autumn sky
the way my underwear
hangs

Ignatius Fay, Sudbury, Ontario

cold morning
a strand of last year's tinsel
behind the woodbox

Kevin Hull, Paso Robles, California

creases in my cowboy boots old horizons

Chad Lee Robinson, Pierre, South Dakota

finchsong
cattail fluff
in all directions

Brent Partridge, Orinda, California

sunrise—
the morning enters
without a knock

Pravat Kumar Padhy, Odisha, India

waking up
to no one beside me
waking up

David Gershator, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

promenade café
the chairs in each
other's laps

Grace Galton, Somerset, England

a Cornell box—
sparrows trapped
behind the store window

Mark Forrester, Hyattsville, Maryland

autumn sun
the leaves and I
lying on the ground

Marcus Larsson, Växjö, Sweden

the twinkle in his eyes
flecks of mica
in granite
for my friend Ray

Alan S. Bridges, Littleton, Massachusetts

into the evening
flanked by reddish Johnson grass
trees fading homeward

Alessio Zanelli, Cremona, Italy

biting into
the sweet soft bruise
fallen apple

Robert Moyer, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

solar eclipse—
cicadas in the bay
stop singing

Tomislav Maretić, Zagreb, Croatia

a talk with my son
about things that don't matter
long distance

Bill Kenney, Whitestone, New York

airport lighting
everything in
the present tense

dusklight the horizon pulls away

Jim Kacian, Winchester, Virginia

revealing a keen eye
for contrasting colors
the produce clerk

Tom Tico, San Francisco, California

nothing rhymes with it Agent Orange

Christina Nguyen, Hugo, Minnesota

dislikes purple of the moonflower Sunday date

Francis Attard, Marsa, Malta

new bedroom—
placing her picture
where the mirror was

Mike Spikes, Jonesboro, Arkansas

one long peel
from the apple—
my ex's initial

George Dorsty, Yorktown, Virginia

morning frost—
the fields and her silence
no longer golden

James Weaver, Cairo, Georgia

imaginary
canoe trip
  no sight of you

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, California

bougainvilleas!
the hen escaping
from the rooster

Barry George, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

now the ears
to mature . . .
corn moon

the loss of our farm land keeping the moon

Dan Schwerin, Greendale, Wisconsin

dream scrap
on a bookmark
the sound of rain

Jack Barry, Ashfield, Massachusetts

in the closet
half the day searching
for my winter self

Robert Epstein, El Cerrito, California

lopsided moon tweaking the cover letter

Jeff Stillman, Norwich, New York

fire ring ghost story
an owl's
perfect timing

Marsh Muirhead, Bemidji, Minnesota

from the mountains
the cooling rain . . .
I lean on my shovel

Michael Fessler, Kanagawa, Japan

The lone meadow pine
circled by calling crows—
my monkey-mind

Rebecca Lilly, Charlottesville, Virginia

ripples on the pond
the moon
reassembles itself

Simon Hanson, Allendale, South Australia

quieter now
than before it came
first snow

Paul Chambers, Newport, Wales

from the Alps
a pale mist rising
my mother's death

Bruce Ross, Hampden, Maine

the void
empty peanut butter jars
filled with moths

JM Scott, Philipsburg, Pennsylvania

news of drought
I sip some water
before reading further

Raj K. Bose, Honolulu, Hawaii

limited time offer
today's linen sale
and this life

Bill Cooper, Richmond, Virginia

morning
a green apple
in a child's hands

Robert Witmer, Tokyo, Japan

the sound of fledglings
in the willow
sunlight on water

kate s. godsey, Pacifica, California

school bags all packed—
summer taking turns
with fall

Tony Burfield, Boulder, Colorado

dentist office window:
the jack-o-lantern's
toothless grin

Elliot Nicely, Amherst, Ohio

chestnut moon
no need
to smell the cork

Ernesto P. Santiago, Solano, Philippines

hard on the heels
of the bright chrysanthemums
the barbarian winds

Bill Wilson, Huntsville, Alabama

melting ice . . .
the bones
of other mammoths

Jo McInerney, Victoria, Australia

all alone in the dark
after the storm
the moon

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, New York

the light
from a long dead star
my fake smile

Chase Fire, St. Claire Shores, Michigan

stuck a couple words mouthing the sea horizon

flamegolds out of the pink slipping

Paul Pfleuger, Jr., Chiayi, Taiwan

dwindling light
the crushed spider
pulls in its legs

Brandon Bordelon, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

cloud sun cloud my restless shadow

Annette Makino, Arcata, California

waiting up . . .
the rain's rhythm
becomes a prayer

Ferris Gilli, Marietta, Georgia

another death
to accept
gently falling leaves

turn of the tide
my mother leans deeper
into my arm

Michele L. Harvey, Hamilton, New York

twilight
the drift of rose
petals

Berenice Mortimer, Westlock, Alberta

nearly there
the mist of rain
on my sleeve

Patrick Sweeney, Misawashi, Japan

ghost stories
campfire embers drift
and disappear

Marilyn Appl Walker, Madison, Georgia

mostly air
the first meal
after her last breath

a whispered answer
against her mother's leg
sweet potato vine

Joyce Clement, Bristol, Connecticut

nativity play:
the star of Bethlehem
loses its way

reading the night sky
I pause at a comma-
shaped moon

Julie Bloss Kelsey, Germantown, Maryland

long hard rain my compass your true north

Alan Summers, Wiltshire, England

pressed in his file
of Treasury statements—
a lock of my hair

Ruth Holzer, Herndon, Virginia

one red rose petal
spins on a spider's thread—
summer's end

Kathe L. Palka, Flemington, New Jersey

writing you—
the pen
warms in my hand

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff, Dubuque, Iowa

sorting through
last night's promises . . .
morning moon

S.M. Abeles, Washington, D.C.

fall sunrise . . .
thoughts sipped
from our teacups

Richard J. Barbalace, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

ferry horn—
steep plunge of the island
into the sound

Ruth Yarrow, Seattle, Washington

she never lets me
finish my sentence
sideways rain

Seren Fargo, Bellingham, Washington

lake-effect snow
getting the cold shoulder
from my boss

Beverly Acuff Momoi, Mountain View, California

cobweb
torn by a breeze
his touchiness

J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, California

the night before Christmas—
father & son
reconciliation

Metod Češek, Zagorje, Slovenia

snow flurries
my half-filled tracks
urging me home

C. William Hinderliter, Phoenix, Arizona

Christmas rush
opening the door
to the bakery shop

Gregory Longenecker, Pasadena, California

sunlight through blackberry vines
the part of my childhood
I thought I forgot

Stephen A. Peters, Bellingham, Washington

first snow . . .
    all my books
crossing the Rockies

Terry Ann Carter, Victoria, British Columbia

lost
in a blizzard
.....

Kirsty Karkow, Waldoboro, Maine

black ice
the question
behind her question

autumn sun
painted turtles lined up
by size

Christopher Patchel, Mettawa, Illinois

traffic jam—
trimming a haiku
to fit the syllables

Kash Poet, Durgapur, India

heat lightning
the hot pepper's
cluster of seeds

Mike Andrelczyk, Strasburg, Pennsylvania

stock report
wild potato blooms
in needle rain

Ellen Compton, Washington, D.C.

Memorial Day
a flag flutters above
its shadow

Robyn Hood Black, Gainesville, Georgia

I iron fine linens my mother's hands

Patricia Nolan, Colorado Springs, Colorado

asphodels our ancestors many-tongued

Lorin Ford, Melbourne, Australia

phlebotomy lab
spilling my secrets
to strangers

Dorothy McLaughlin, Somerset, New Jersey

long night—
too late to take back
the e-mail

Patricia J. Machmiller, San Jose, California

cupped
half in, half out
primavera

Mark Harris, Princeton, New Jersey

discarded flowers on the sidewalk new moon

Scott Glander, Glenview, Illinois

making its way between the houses this afternoon

Sara Winteridge, New Forest, England

off-shore passage
stars I thought I made up
in childhood

Pris Campbell, Lakeworth, Florida

on a tour
of the half-sunk trawler
a school of dolphins

changes to the decor
only we will notice—
spring in our steps

George Swede, Toronto, Ontario

Austrian holiday
we climb
every mountain

Mary Kipps, Sterling, Virginia

spring morning
the sound of stirring
my coffee

Rob Dingman, Herkimer, New York

. . . the dead man's cheery voice on the answering machine . . .

Martin Kirby, Augusta, Georgia

raw breeze
only the lilacs
on key

Ann K. Schwader, Westminster, Colorado

dementia unit
the old therapy dog
remembers everyone

Joan Prefontaine, Cottonwood, Arizona

falling snow
i watch
a silent movie

Pamela A. Babusci, Rochester, New York

blackout—
nothing between me
and the night

Adelaide B. Shaw, Millbrook, New York

on the shelf
of the moon
his eyeglasses

Guy R. Beining, Great Barrington, Massachusetts

open page
  shadow of the poem
    leans forward

Karen DiNobile, Poughkeepsie, New York

the day of your death—
a drop of rain clings
to a golden leaf tip

Susan B. Auld, Arlington Heights, Illinois

autumn field . . .
the crickets
almost incidental

winter walk
the sunny side of me
shivers at the turn

Jennie Townsend, O'Fallon, Missouri

she leaves . . .
snowflakes touch
my cheek

Arch Haslett, Toronto, Ontario

a secret
you refuse to yield
winter deepens

river of stars
I can't even explain
myself

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

I've been down for awhile ruffled feather

Joey Russell-Bridgens, Omaha, Nebraska

just when you can't stand any more wild violets

pin drop night where my wings used to be

David Boyer, Stamford, Connecticut

spring peepers . . .
rolling down the window
turns up the sound

John Quinnett, Bryson City, North Carolina

always
a sharp comment
cactus wren

Jeff Hoagland, Hopewell, New Jersey

election day
fishermen cast
their nets

John Soules, Wingham, Ontario

mime fight
the sound of one
hand slapping

Haiku Elvis, Shreveport, Louisianna

harsh winter
moonlight pales
her daughter's cheek

Seánan Forbes, London, England

september light in each face time

Dietmar Tauchner, Puchberg, Austria

the feeling I missed out October rain

David Jacobs, London, England

after the fall
now showing
squirrel nests

Joan Vistain, Antioch, Illinois

stuffed bird
the shadow
  full of flight

Kala Ramesh, Pune, India

editor's desk—
a spider mends
her web

Barbara Snow, Eugene, Oregon

In Memoriam

Robert Bauer

(1953 ~ 2012)

Associate Editor, *The Heron's Nest*

Secretary, Shiki Monthly Kukai

Groundhog Day
I spit out the seeds
from a faraway fruit

Shiki Kukai, February 2012

tooth marks
in the sharp cheddar . . .
the long night

The Heron's Nest VII:1

rutting season—
a streak of cinnamon
in the applesauce

A New Resonance 5

Catherine Michaels

Longtime HSA Member

Jackson Heights, New York

In mid-September 2012, *Frogpond* received a hand-printed note from Catherine asking that her haiku be considered for publication. In keeping with the editors' practice of responding to submissions after the closing date of the submission period, sadly Catherine's letter was not opened until after her death. We share her poems in her memory.

the tapes
of my mother's voice
now mine

pigeons coo
on the sill
their backs to me

snowmelt
becoming one
with the river

Rengay

Travelin' Blues

Allan Burns, Colorado Springs, Colorado
Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia

slivers of dawn
crawl across
the plane's cabin

gone down at sea
a flare's orange glow

just a drizzle
her 747 vanishes
in a cloud

the sonic boom
in a night sky
full of stars

after takeoff
farmland geometry

the old Spitfire
banks away to the sounds
of "We'll Meet Again"

Where There's Smoke

John Thompson, Santa Rosa, California

Renée Owen, Sebastopol,California

wisteria vines
in the rusted barbeque
a fresh green smell

the fisherman in fatigues
his smokes in a paper sack

stolen firecrackers
stashed in a hollow stump
the 3rd of July

vets in wheelchairs
torch a tattered flag
stench of kerosene

in tiny prayer-clasped hands
she cups her first firefly

from a tenement window
votive candles flicker
early dawn

The Cube Root of Twelve

A Solo Rengay

Charles Trumbull, Santa Fe, New Mexico

half a melon each
for the frustrated lovers—
cantaloupe

yeast dough doubling in size
the smell of raisin' bread

on their daily rounds
the dogs sniff at the garbage:
lettuce, turnip, and pea

vichyssoise:
somewhere here in the fridge
a leek

a dozen diced carrots:
$\sqrt[3]{12}$

kitchen accident
our supper gone up in flames!
only chard remains

Haiku Sequences

Six Degrees of Seeing

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, New York

a balmy day
at the county fair
locals begin to Bruegel

sudden cloudburst—
Mona Lisa in chalk
turns expressionist

Seurat's cafe singer's
piercing C
raises the paper's tooth

the sea lettuce
on my face mask
a late Matisse

tide pool at dusk . . .
a scallop shell surfaces
beneath Venus

the night watchman
whistles
Whistler's *Nocturne*

"sudden cloudburst" was previously published in *Frogpond* 32:2.
"the sea lettuce" was previously published in *Frogpond* 33:3.

Guatemala

Ruth Yarrow, Seattle, Washington

waking to soft light
on our interior wall—
sun gilds the courtyard

motorbike
over sun-warmed cobblestones
her bosoms jiggle

she slaps rhythm
into her tortillas—
hoofs on cobblestones

monastery:
cascading toward the fountain
bouganvillea

poor end of town—
between rusted roof ridges
streams of silver rain

tour guide's violent tale—
through the shutters, faintly
marimbas

Antigua at dusk—
among the cobblestones
glass shards glitter

barefoot in velvet dark
only a whiff of woodsmoke . . .
and smooth cool tiles

Sickles and Scythes

Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, California

chaff in his hair—
the difference between
sickles and scythes

setting a new string of barbed wire milk moon

drought
the thick calluses
on my father's hands

acre of alfalfa the hot metal seat on the John Deere

old calendar
Dad's finances totaled
for July

summer rain roughness of the barn cat's tongue

timothy hay
ready for harvest . . .
a family of daughters

Threshold

James Chessing, San Ramon, California

bedside singing
a gentle breeze ruffles
gauze curtains

the smells of the sickroom
the diaphragm feels
both heavy and light

autumn twilight
harmonies hover
between worlds

in the dimming light
he lets the music
move his lips

comatose
the music of angels
pours into deaf ears

curtains stirring
after the last song
the patter of rain

Threshold Choir <www.thresholdchoir.org> is a nonprofit organization primarily of women who sing *a capella* in groups of two or three at the bedsides of those on the threshold of death.

Call to Supper

Cor van den Heuvel, New York, New York

heavy snowfall
he gazes at his fielder's glove
hanging on the bed post

baseball card
the blue of the sky
above the pitcher's head

late February
stuck to the tree, a snowball
in the strike zone

melting snow
back and forth in the puddle
a baseball

sun-baked basepaths
the runner on first sticks
close to the bag

shaking off the sign
he waits, nods, adjusts his cap
and starts his windup

sunset streaks the sky
the stillness of the fielder waiting
for the long, high fly ball

"baseball card" was previously published in *Suspiciously Small* (Spring Street Haiku Group, 2010).

"one more inning"
fireflies blink on and off
in the outfield grass

getting darker
a mother's call to supper
from the back door

looking for the ball
at the edge of the woods
whip-poor-will

haiku in 3

Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia

rock
sinks under
snow

river
slices into
sound

moon
slips over
stars

à la Tohta

Fay Aoyagi, San Francisco, California

大き帆船厠の窓に月ひと夜　金子兜太

in a large sailboat
from the toilet window
a night moon　　Tohta Kaneko

night kitchen
she raises a cup of cold sake
to his photo　　*Fay Aoyagi*

水脈の果て炎天の墓碑を置きて去る　兜太

the disappearing wake—
leaving behind the scorched fire
of unmarked graves　　Tohta

in her white dress
she kneels at the grave
with nothing but his name　　*Fay*

死にし骨は海に捨つべし沢庵噛む　兜太

bones of the dead
throw them into the sea!
chewing pickled daikon　　Tohta

drying plums—
she sings a lullaby
to the baby she never had　　*Fay*

湾曲し火傷し爆心地のマラソン　兜太

among the twisted and charred
marathon at
Ground Zero　　Tohta

how she decided
to become a sunflower . . .
Ground Zero　　*Fay*

手術後の医師白鳥となる夜の丘　兜太

a doctor after surgery
becomes a swan
hills of night　　Tohta

in the bottom drawer
of her three-mirror dresser
that summer　　*Fay*

岬に集る無言の提灯踏絵の町　兜太

on the cape
lanterns of silence gather—
a village of *fumie*　　Tohta

Nagasaki Anniversary
she blames the ocean
for its betrayal　　*Fay*

冬森を管楽器ゆく蕩児のごと　兜太

through winter woods
a brass band passes, libertine
as if　　Tohta

this organ is
a war orphan, too . . .
evening fireflies　　*Fay*

果樹園がシャツ一枚の　俺の孤島　兜太

fruit orchard only one shirt　　on my solitary island　　Tohta

the island country
she lives as a spinster
green apples　　*Fay*

English translation of Tohta Kaneko's haiku by The Kon Nichi Translation Group, from *Kaneko Tohta: Selected Haiku Part I, 1937–1960,* Red Moon Press, Winchester, VA.

Nocturne

David Gershator, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

garden party—
the ants
in the punch

nibbling
on her earlobe
the perfume bitter

heat lightning
her tongue flicking
across his lips

she comes back
for her shoes
before sunrise

on hold
keeping the music
at a distance

married
to the same story
miles apart

Renku

Mackerel Clouds

Triparshva Renku

Composed at The Renku Group, September 2012
Tzetzka Ilieva, Marietta, Georgia
Elizabeth McFarland, Karlsruhe, Germany
Richard St. Clair, Cambridge, Massachusetts

Side 1 (*jo*)

fragile written twice
on an old cardboard box
mackerel clouds — Tzetzka

between layers of tissue
bluebells for the garden — Elizabeth

the farmer's almanac
hit it on the button
early frost — Richard

undisturbed in a bucket
the strawberry moon — Tzetzka

drinks on the terrace
with a slice of lemon
in every glass — Elizabeth

the bouncer says
you've had enough sir — Richard

Side 2 (*ha*)

back at the precinct
they took his fingerprints
the old-fashioned way — Tzetzka

numerous as the stars
and every one unique — Elizabeth

after the hurricane
myriad nuggets of oil
coughed up on the beach — Richard

she pretends not to notice
his svengali eyes — Richard

deciding to wear
the old pocket watch
from your mum's sewing box — Elizabeth

the diet is working
I add a new hole to my belt — Richard

at the end of the row
the winter moon concealed
as a streetlamp — Tzetzka

a whack on the head
by a well-aimed snowball — Elizabeth

wrenched out of the circle
the sumo wrestler
crushes a camera — Richard

with the night, mice crawl
in the harvested field — Tzetzka

Side 3 (*kyū*)

an intriguing vial
in the wine-tasting kit
labelled *wet dog* Elizabeth

I'm symptom free
but still they're drawing blood Richard

eighty thousand
miles unused . . . where was
that children's globe? Tzetzka

finding the old suitcase
shaking out the sand Elizabeth

memories flood back
as I'm greeted by the scent
of new lilac blossoms Richard

tattered wings outspread
to catch the early sun Elizabeth

The Triparshva is a 22-verse renku pattern proposed (March 2005) by the Irish poet Norman Darlington. The name is Sanskrit for "trilateral." Accordingly the Triparshva is a three-face poem comprising a six-verse preface (*jo*), a ten-verse intensification (*ha*), and a six-verse rapid close (*kyū*). (Definition from *Simply Haiku,* Summer 2005, http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv3n2/renku/Triparshva_notes.htm.)

Tan Renga

w.f. owen, Antelope, California
Yvonne Cabalona, Modesto, California

retirement
skeleton
in the dark classroom

the doctor pressing
where it hurts

w.f. owen, Antelope, California
Leslie Rose, Shingle Springs, California

first warm day
missed notes
at the piano

between the headstones
a freshly dug grave

J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, California
Mimi Ahern, San Jose, California

Returning
to my gloved fist
the buzzard's strong grip

his insistence
on a prenup

Philomene Kocher, Kingston, Ontario
Marco Fraticelli, Claire, Quebec

lace shadows
on the kitchen table
an open window

two canaries
in separate cages

Haibun

free-floating
Roberta Beary, Bethesda, Maryland

my heartbeat wakes me. it's 2 a.m. is the baby okay? i run to check. the baby's room is empty.

my eyes scan the compass points: north, no white crib; east, no changing-table; south, no goodnight moon; west, no mister bear.

my mind computes. a few years back we turned the baby's room into my study. it seemed so important once. i can't remember why.

dead of night
thoughts the lamplight
illuminates

Cow Boy
Johannes Manjrekar, Gujarat, India

The small boy is without a stitch of clothes. In a patch of sunlight he squats beside a brown cow. Between the boy and the cow is a blackened pot large enough for him to sit in. As he strains to push the pot towards the cow, it bends forward and the shadow of its head falls on the boy.

Sunday afternoon
the silence heavier
after the barking

Green Thoughts

Catherine Nowaski, Rochester, New York

I feel free when I'm a tree. Stretching from half moon to mountain to tree, I leave the heavy shadow of my mind and become the solitary pine on the moonlit path. I bend left foot to thigh . . . right foot rooted, digging toes into the spongy yoga mat . . . lifting from the rib cage, the core . . . arms arched above with hands in prayer. And I am free—free from stiffness, free from thoughts of tomorrow, free from the body image of the plump fourth-grader with her horn-rimmed glasses and piggy charm bracelet reminding her to watch what she eats.

released
from melting ice
the scent of pine

The Day Doesn't Go as Planned

Bob Lucky, Addis Ababa, Ethiopia

I notice a wasp slipping in and out of the abandoned brick BBQ pit in my mother's backyard. Whenever I look up from my reading to gaze out the window and daydream, I see it hovering on its way in or zipping on its way out. Curious, I go outside to look. As soon as the wasp leaves, I slide the heavy metal cover to one side and peer into the darkness. Every wasp in the world is there, but one.

watching clouds morph—
an icy bottle of beer
against my neck

Out Loud to No One
Peter Newton, Winchendon, Massachusetts

He writes each morning in his head caught up in the sidewalk crowd. Sometimes a slow shuffle sometimes a race always one long stream-of-consciousness commute head down as if turning each phrase on a lathe like his father tried to teach him once into a sentence that disappears with the grain of what he is trying to say. Out of nowhere a memory of discovering that secret compartment the hidden door in an antique desk where everything that matters is at arm's length and safe.

At the corner he waits for the signal to walk again. A few pigeons pirouette in place nearby. All he can think is what he says out loud to no one: "Nothing is more beautiful than the birds clearing their throats."

The light changes and the stream of strangers floods around him like he is the one stone in the river nothing can change. There is no one to talk to but himself. This puts his mind at ease. And he steps back into the parade.

may day after may day rescued by birds

First Date (Again)
Alexander Jankiewicz, Wamego, Kansas

It's our first date alone together since being married. We finally trust ourselves enough to trust a babysitter. We agree not to talk about the baby while we talk about the baby.

waves on a beach
under moonlight rushing in
her kisses

Borderland

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

It's a wonder he's gotten this far. The air is thick with mist; the rock outcroppings slick as silver. When he slipped and took a tumble, I gave him a score for degree of difficulty and artistic merit. We've yet to mention his ex.

backcountry
trail blazes mark
the divide

Pheasant Feather

Zinovy Vayman, Allston, Massachusetts

Boston Airport boasts a new display of banned items to bring in or out of the USA: the snow leopard's fur, the ocelot coat, the African elephant hide, the cheetah dermis. The remains of sea turtles, polar bears, and walruses are not allowed in or out . . . butterflies, pythons, caviar, corals are prohibited too.

I peer into the primate's scull encrusted by the large turquoise pieces. I examine a carved tooth of a sperm whale. Again and again my eyes focus on the American black bear gall bladder used in the Asian medicine . . .

This zebra rawhide, this seal leather, these stuffed puffins . . .

I am riveted to the Reeves pheasant feather and some spasm passes through my chest. My exotic partner for life is not with me waiting for an overseas plane. My highly moral wife does not want to travel anymore. She is not for export or import. She is forbidden to me.

separate springtimes:
every last minute with her
becomes a novel

Rhapsody in Black and White

Steven Carter, Tucson, Arizona

Who was Rosemary? Looking somehow contemporary, a tennis racket perched on her shoulder, she gazes past the camera, smiling at something or someone I can't see. The photo is dated 1925, eighteen years before I was born. Only her name accompanies the date written in a spidery handwriting on the back.

Rosemary showed up in a packet of pictures recently sent from my 85-year-old Uncle Dick, the last surviving member of my family on the maternal side. She might've been one of my great-aunts, but Dick hasn't a clue. My mother never mentioned her, and she spoke of her family often.

Rosemary is beautiful and, as I say, could've stepped out of the pages of today's *Seventeen* magazine—except that she's cuter, more voluptuous, than *Seventeen*'s drearily perfect human manikins.

Rosemary must've died young, because she doesn't appear in any other family photos from the years that follow. Maybe she was a family friend, though somehow I doubt it. Thing is, I *want* her to be related to me. Why? Because, irrationally, the knowledge of mutual DNA softens the sting of the nettles of desire pricking me as I gaze at her—moments when, equally irrationally, I remember a physicist telling me, "Time travel is theoretically possible."

soft yellow flames—
the fire
knows only one thing

Ephemeral

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

We're lying in the tall grass when I go Zen on her and start talking about the impermanence of things: a cloudless sky, a flock of starlings turning inside out and she brings up our engagement.

goldenrod
I hold back
a sneeze

Another Name

Mary Frederick Ahearn, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

"What if there were a hidden pleasure in calling one thing by another's name?"

~ Rae Armentrout, "Versed"

On this morning's walk, the sky's the blue of a Fra Angelico fresco, but scudding along the horizon are banks of multi-layered clouds.

I blurt out "Look at those waves!"

Where did *that* come from? Brain hemispheres colliding? Early signs of dementia, an altered moment sliding into an aphasic one? Vision versus word?

Who knows, but it brings me joy, these elements of air and water, real clouds, perceived waves; both rolling in, retreating, drifting, and finally, shattered and spent.

Named or unnamed.

swimming
alone in the ocean
my dream of flying

Essays

Ensui's Granddaughter

Jeff Robbins, Fukuoka, Japan
Assisted by Sakata Shoko, Fukuoka, Japan

Even with 884,647 words of Shakespeare in print, we know almost nothing of his personal life and thoughts.[1] He left us no letters, no diaries or essays, just one passage from the historical play *King John:*

> Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,

in which scholars believe Shakespeare was mourning for his 11-year-old son Hamnet who died the year the play was written.[2] For Matsuo Bashō, the bard of Japan, however, we have one hundred essays, five journals, a two-week diary and, most significant of all, we have 229 letters confirmed as authentic.[3] Many of these letters are longer than one page. This is a vast—yet mostly unexplored—pool of information about Bashō's life and thought. In the letters to his brother and close friends, we get the opportunity to travel around inside his mind, learning his concerns, his hopes, and his joy. In this article I take a look inside two letters that celebrate life rather than mourn for death**.** *Translations of the letters by Sakata Shoko and myself appear in this cursive font, and are cast in lines, as free verse;* **poems by Bashō in boldface,** and my commentaries in ordinary print.

Ensui was the poetry name of Bashō's childhood friend Shichiro who grew up as a prosperous merchant in their hometown of Iga (Mie-ken, southwest of Nagoya, east of Nara). His family business, called Uchi no Kami, the "God Within," was a wholesaler of Chinese medicine.[4] In 1689 he retired from the business and shaved his head to become a Buddhist monk living at home. Ensui was four years older than Bashō. I am guessing that he

was in some way Bashō's mentor. Bashō's older brother Hanzaemon was only about 18 when their father died and he became head of the household, too busy to hang out with 12-year-old Bashō. Ensui became sort of a "big brother" at this time—maybe. Or maybe not. In any case, Bashō and Ensui must have had fun together in those days. The only evidence I have for this supposition is the depth of feeling in Bashō's letters to Ensui. To know Bashō, the warm affectionate Bashō, read these letters.

For New Year's of 1693 (in this year, the lunar new year began on February 5th by the Western calendar), Bashō in Edo (present-day Tokyo) received a letter from Ensui with a haiku telling of the birth of Ensui's first grandchild, a girl:

New Year's Day—
still emerging from the bud
plum blossom[5]

The phrase "emerging from the bud" (*katanari*) is from the *Tale of Genji* where Genji's young daughter, the Akashi Princess, is described:

The Princess so pure emerging from the bud,
we can only guess how her life will go[6]

The Akashi Princess grows up to become Empress. Ensui apparently thinks highly of his granddaughter. The following is from Bashō's letter to Ensui, dated April 9, 1693:

The plum blossom 'emerging from the bud'
shall be all the more treasured.
I am happy you have a grandchild,
my joy as great as yours.

The "plum blossom" may be the little girl whom Ensui will treasure or the "plum blossom emerging from the bud" may be Ensui's verse, which Bashō will cherish; Japanese always allows for multiple interpretations. Whichever way you read

it, Bashō is giving importance to the female, appreciating her in a way few other men did in patriarchal feudal Japan. I will discuss the historical and anthropological significance of this at the end of the article.

Bashō's letter continues:

We know your wife shall be thoroughly consoled …[7]

Ensui's wife—this old woman who has for three decades been the life support system for his childhood friend—did the work and suffered the hardship of raising the child who is now a parent, so now she will be consoled by seeing her granddaughter. Bashō looks beyond the doorway curtain to see the wife, acknowledging her existence, honouring her.

The spring of 1693 passed, as did summer and autumn and winter. For the New Year of 1694 (February 13), Bashō sent another letter to his oldest friend:

In the spring of last year the scent of plum blossoms
I heard of still 'emerging from the bud'
this year gradually shall become fragrant and colorful,
so I guess how much you love her.[8]

In his first letter Bashō suggested that the infant's immaturity just meant the best was to come. A year later he prays that the whole tree will become gorgeous and fragrant, as Ensui's granddaughter, now able to stand by herself, goes out into the world. In the first letter, Bashō spoke of joy; here, of love. This 49-year-old Asian man, usually considered to be an austere Buddhist monk-like figure, writing to his childhood friend, says with complete and utter clarity: cherish the female as well. We cannot read these letters without feeling the warmth in Bashō's heart. He expresses it so clearly. This, I believe, is the real Bashō.

The following haiku is not in the 1694 letter to Ensui—though it was written the same spring, probably after Bashō mailed the

letter but was still thinking about his friend's granddaughter.

Plum blossom scent—
so round the sun rises
on mountain trail[9]

Early February is the coldest time of the year, early morning the coldest time of the day, and the mountains colder and windier than anywhere else, yet plum blossoms are colorful and fragrant. In the original haiku the onomatopoeic *nōttō* (as in English "note toe") is often translated as "suddenly"; however, there is an alternative definition—"prominently." In reality the sun does not rise suddenly; it emerges at a slow stately pace, prominently. Bashō scholar Haruo Shirane, with his native Japanese ear, says *nōttō* has a "warm roundish sound."[10] This I seek with the word "round" and the prominent double alliteration of "r" and "s" sounds in the middle segment.

Of course this haiku is fine by itself without referring to Ensui's granddaughter; many people both in Japan and in the West are familiar with the verse while the letter is everywhere unknown. If, however, we look at the haiku along with the letters to Ensui, remembering that the major symbol for the entire nation is the rising sun, and that in Japan the Sun is a Goddess, Ameterasu, "Heaven-shining," the haiku beckons us to a feminist interpretation. (Even if Bashō did not think of the verse this way, we can.)

We note that both Ensui and Bashō praise the life of a female newborn, this in Asia, a part of the world where traditionally the female is considered less than the male. In 1990, Nobel Prize–winning Indian economist Amartya Sen shocked the world with his article, "More Than 100 Million Women Are Missing." Although Professor Sen is modern, the conditions he describes are ancient:

> In most of Asia and North Africa . . . the failure to give women medical care similar to what men get and to provide them with comparable food and social services results in fewer women surviving than would be the case if they had equal care.[11]

Nowadays in Japan, gender discrimination is rampant in employment and politics, though not in infant feeding and care; however, in Bashō's time, historians and feminists tell us, males got the best of everything. The constant message from both Buddhism and Confucianism was that the male is boss and the female a servant. The ideal family is a girl first, then a boy (*ichihimeni taro*); the girl always there to help mama, and the boy, the future heir to the household, always with someone to take care of him—and so we imagine Ensui would be disappointed if his little plum blossom was not followed by a brother to take over the household and business from Ensui's son. Consider this provocative bit of linked verse from Bashō:

Plump and healthy
the young son sitting
on the lap[12]

The Japanese does not merely say "child" and we assume a boy; no, it clearly says *musuko,* "son." Japanese linked-verse scholar Miyawaka Masahito expresses the standard Japanese interpretation, that the verse represents the ideal condition, the male prospering. Shoko has difficulty seeing how this verse could be construed as "sexist." I do not think Bashō's verse is condoning or advocating preferential treatment for male babies, but rather photographing conditions as he saw them. From his photograph we are given the chance to judge.

When I read Bashō's letters to Ensui, and also "Blessings Unto Kasane," his prose poem to a newborn baby girl,[13] I feel certain that in the following verse Bashō meant either boy or girl:

Nursing on her lap
What dreams do you see?[14]

Notes

1. Bill Bryson, *Shakespeare: The World as Stage*. New York: Harper Collins, 2007, p. 19.
2. Ibid, 119; Judith Cook, *Women in Shakespeare.* London: Harrap, 1980, p. 70.

3. Kon Eizō, *Bashō Letter Anthology (Bashō Shōkan Taisei),* Tokyo: Kadokawa Gakugei Shuppan, 2005.
4. Retrieved December 14, 2012 from <www.jlogos.com/webtoktai /index.html?jid=7367227> (in Japanese).
5. Kon, *Letter Anthology,* Letter 161, note #1.
6. Passage from *Tale of Genji,* cited in Kon, *Letter Anthology,* Letter 161, note #1; in Japanese, *Nihon Koten Bungaku Zenshu,* v. 22, pp. 113–14.
7. Kon, *Letter Anthology,* Letter 161. In his *Letter Anthology* Kon presents the letters in their original Chinese orthography, incomprehensible to most Japanese (although Shoko has no problem with them); in his *Bashō Chronology* (*Bashō Nenpu Taisei,* Tokyo: Kadokawa Shoten, 1994, p. 361) Kon translates the letters closer to modern Japanese.
8. Kon, *Letter Anthology,* Letter 182; in modern Japanese in Kon's *Bashō Chronology,* p. 392.
9. Kon Eizō, *Bashō Kushu.* Tokyo: Shinchōsha, 1982; Haiku #841. *Ume gakani / notto hi no deru / yamaji kana*
10. Haruo Shirane, *Traces of Dreams: Landscape, Cultural Memory, and the Poetry of Bashō.* Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1998, p. 204.
11. Amartya Sen, "More Than 100 Million Women Are Missing," *New York Review of Books* 37:20 (December 20, 1990).
12. Linked verse is from Ogata Tsutomu, *Shinhen Bashō Taisei*. Tokyo: Sanbyōdo, 1999; "plump and healthy" is renga 281 on p. 300, stanza 13; *Yōkoeta / musuko no suwaru / hiza no ue*
13. "Blessings Unto Kasane" can be read online in English or in Japanese on my homepage; it truly complements the letters to Ensui.
14. In Ogata, "nursing on my lap" is renga 218 on p. 268, stanza 12, *Chi o nomuhizani / nani o yumemiru*

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Jeff Robbins has studied Bashō's poetry, prose, letters, and spoken word for thirty years, and hopes to publish three volumes of Bashō's positive, life-affirming works. The first, What Children Do: Young and Alive with the Poet Bashō, *is now complete and will be self-published this year. All royalties will be donated to World Assistance to Cambodia to build and maintain rural schools, which prevent the trafficking of Cambodian girls from poverty-stricken homes for sexual and labor exploitation. Sakata Shoko, a certified instructor in Japanese language, helps Jeff discover the meanings in Bashō only a native speaker can recognize. Homepage: <www.basho 4women2youth.join-us.jp>.*

Word Choice in English-Language Haiku: The Uses of Roots

David Grayson, Alameda, California

morning shower—
finding just the word
I was looking for ~ Carolyn Hall[1]

Word choice stands at the center of the practice of writing. This is particularly true for poetry, and even more so for haiku. Simply put, the choice of a word can make or break a poem. Choosing the right word entails a myriad of considerations. Etymology can be a useful part of this process: Words originating in different periods have different properties and reflect unique states.

For English-language haiku poets, a useful starting point is distinguishing Anglo-Saxon (Old English) words from those descended from Latin (Middle English). It's estimated that half of the commonly used words today have Old English roots.[2] These words are older and often shorter, and contain few syllables. Typically they include the first words that native speakers learn as children*: good, bad, hot, cold, eat, sleep,* and so forth. As such, they possess a strong visceral resonance. When you compare these words with their Latin-derived synonyms, the differences are readily apparent:

Old English	Middle English
eat	consume
dead	deceased
dog	canine
rain	precipitation

The Old English-descended words are simpler and more direct, imagistic, and colloquial.

first frost
the echo in the caw
of the crow[3]

Mark Hollingsworth's poem (which won *Frogpond*'s best of the Fall 2009 issue) contains the Old English–derived words "first," "frost," and "crow." These words produce an austere and spare feeling that underscores the scene.

the sack of kittens
sinking in the icy creek,
increases the cold[4]

In this classic by Nick Virgilio, the Old English words—"sack," "sink," "creek," and "cold"—paint a sharp picture that is multi-sensory. The reader can feel the cold and the wet, and imagine the muffled cries of the kittens.

As is apparent in these two examples, Anglo-Saxon words offer several benefits. Because they are more visual, they can better evoke a scene. Because they are shorter, not only can they be accommodated in haiku, they can actually contribute to the compression of the poem. Additionally, Anglo-Saxon lends itself to alliteration; in fact, alliteration was a notable attribute of Old English literature.

In contrast, Latin-derived vocabulary from Middle English tends to be used in formal communication. It predominates in scientific and medical terminology, as well as in the legal and academic fields. Some writers and teachers recommend avoiding Latinate terms altogether because the vocabulary has been used to remove "subjectivity" from prose.

But a wholesale rejection of Middle English is unwarranted. This vocabulary is an indispensable part of everyday English. Sometimes it makes better sense to use a Latin-derived word.

sunflowers
the tube of cadmium yellow
squeezed flat[5]

Claire Gallagher's poem is comprised of rich words, but I think that "cadmium" is the key one. "Cadmium" is from the Latin *cadmia,* itself from the earlier Greek *kadmeia.*[6] The word has a complex set of sounds. It's unusual and stands out, granting uniqueness to the poem.

abracadabra—
the hairy tarantula
waves his arms at me[7]

There are two key words in this haiku by Patricia Machmiller. The word "tarantula" is of Latin origin and is a relatively recent addition to English, from the sixteenth century.[8] The other word, "abracadabra," is also Latin-derived. The poem is playful and unnerving at the same time, and both words fit the mood.

These distinctions also play out with *kigo,* or season words. The effectiveness of a *kigo* is based not only on its meaning and history but also its sound. As mentioned above, the formal scientific terms are typically Latin-based, while the common usage is from Old English. Poets of course largely use the common terms, but occasionally the rarer form makes sense, as in this Kiyoko Tokutomi poem translated by Fay Aoyagi and Patricia Machmiller:

Where my mother lives
standing there
towering cumulus[9]

The word "cumulus" is bigger (that is, longer) than the alternative "cloud" and evokes the expansive setting and "towering" body. "Cumulus" is also more open-ended than "cloud," which is short and ends with a hard "d" sound. The translators' choice better matches the wistful and meditative mood of the poem.

It's useful to remember that the Anglo-Saxon vs. Latin dichotomy is not always cut-and-dried, however. Sometimes, a word can surprise you, as in Gary Snyder's poem:

Pissing

watching

a

waterfall

(*the Tokugawa Gorge*)[10]

Without resorting to the dictionary, we might reasonably assume that "piss" (vs. "urinate") would be of older lineage in English. It denotes a basic bodily function, is one syllable, and is of common (even vulgar) usage. But it's of Latin (French) origin. So, there are exceptions.

Awareness of etymology can be a useful guide to finding the right word or confirming why one does work so well. It is as useful for non-native speakers of English as for those for whom it is their mother tongue. Of course, English is a wonderfully layered and still-evolving language. But a knowledge of its Anglo-Saxon and Latin foundations is essential, even if—as Carolyn Hall observes—we don't always alight on the perfect word:

autumn dusk—
a word that will do
for the one I can't find[11]

Notes

1. Carolyn Hall, *Water Lines: Haiku and Senryu,* ed. John Barlow. Liverpool: Snapshot Press, 2006, p. 20.
2. *English Club,* retrieved October 5, 2012 from http://www.englishclub.com/english-language-history.htm.

3. Mark Hollingsworth, *Frogpond* 32:3, p. 29.
4. Nicholas Virgilio. In *The Haiku Anthology,* ed. Cor van den Heuvel. New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1999, p. 259.
5. Haiku Poets of Northern California, retrieved October 5, 2012 from http://www.hpnc.org/past-contests/2004-haiku-senryu-tanka-rengay-contests-result.
6. Merriam-Webster, retrieved October 5, 2012 from http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/cadmium.
7. Patricia J. Machmiller. In *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki,* eds. Anne M. Homan, Patrick Gallagher, & Patricia J. Machmiller. San Jose: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2010, p. 64.
8. Ibid.
9. Kiyoko Tokutomi, *Kiyoko's Sky: The Haiku of Kiyoku Tokutomi.* Trans. Fay Aoyagi & Patricia Machmiller. Decatur, IL: Brooks Books, 2002.
10. American Haiku Archives, retrieved October 5, 2012 from http://www.americanhaikuarchives.org/curators/GarySynder.html.
11. Carolyn Hall, *How to Paint the Finch's Song.* Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2010.

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David Grayson's haiku and essays have been published widely in haiku journals. He was featured in A New Resonance 6: Emerging Voices in English-Language Haiku *and currently writes a feature entitled "Religio" (devoted to the intersection of haiku and religion) for The Haiku Foundation.*

The Hawker's Goose: In Translation*

John Carley, Manchester, England

the hawker's goose is forlorn indeed, the feast of Ebisu[1]	Bashō	振賣の鴈あはれ也ゑびす講
falling in fits and starts drizzle at the eaves	Yaba	降てはやすみ時雨する軒
a carpenter with his oak saw tugging away at a knot	Ko'oku	番匠が椵の小節を引かねて
to see the moonrise over the bare mountain!	Rigyū	片はげ山に月をみるかな
gourmet rice cakes still in good supply, the autumn breeze	Yaba	好物の餅を絶さぬあきの風
firewood's cheap in a land of frozen dew	Yaba	割木の安き國の露霜

* * * *

the net-fisher draws close, from the boat a voice calls out	Rigyū	網の者近づき舟に聲かけて
not a star in sight— twenty-eighth of the month	Ko'oku	星さへ見えず二十八日
hunger above all is a serious matter for the troops	Bashō	ひだるきは殊軍の大事也

*Translated by John Carley, November 2012. The source text and commentary upon which this translation is based are those held by the Yamanashi Prefectural University, Kofu, Japan.

in the fleeting snow no idle talk allowed	Yaba	淡氣の雪に雑談もせぬ
as day grows bright the lanterns of the palanquin extinguished	Ko'oku	明しらむ籠挑灯を吹消し
a bathhouse plaster wraps his shoulder strain	Rigyū	肩癖にはる湯屋の膏藥
thoughts elsewhere she minces dried herbs for the larder shelf	Yaba	上をきの干葉刻むもうはの空
a day off for the horse, there's romancing indoors	Bashō	馬に出ぬ日は内で恋する
the yarn-skein man[2] comes calling around four, belt cords jangling	Rigyū	紿買の七つさがりを音づれて
the gateway in the wall fifty courses high	Ko'oku	塀に門ある五十石取
on this island even kids clasp hands, moon and blossom	Bashō	此嶋の餓鬼も手を摺月と花
warmth seeps through the sand, the green grasses	Yaba	砂に暖のうつる青

* * * *

a new field's muck settles through its top dressing of snow	Ko'oku	新畠の糞もおちつく雪の上
blown right off I can't quite catch my hat	Rigyū	吹とられたる笠とりに行

wading a river
in waist-high water
carries certain dangers

Yaba 川越の帯しの水をあぶながり

a lowland temple
sparsely hedged with brush

Bashō 平地の寺のうすき藪垣

the laundry all set out to dry
in the sunny spot by the fence[3]

Rigyū 干物を日向の方へいざらせて

she unwraps the salt duck
and lets it soak

Ko'oku 塩出す鴨の苞ほどくなり

they calculate
just how they can get by
those city dwellers

Bashō 算用に浮世を立る京ずまひ

an unexpected birth
my daughter pleased

Yaba 又沙汰なしにむすめ産 <ヨロコブ>

in the hurly-burly
of New Year's Eve, at last
four bells ring out

Ko'oku どたくたと大晦日も四つのかね

the ignorant man's letter
jumbled up[4]

Rigyū 無筆のこのむ状の跡さき

one good thing
about friendship is
the lack of need for debt

Yaba 中よくて傍輩合の借りいらぬ

with next door's racket
sleepless, evening moon

Bashō 壁をたゝきて寐せぬ夕月

* * * *

the autumn breeze
having died down
a gull lowers its tail

Rigyū 風やみて秋の鴎の尻さがり

the clapper rope on the carp alarm gets tugged	Ko'oku	鯉の鳴子の綱をひかゆる
scattered individuals make their way back to the rice wharf	Bashō	ちらばらと米の揚場の行戻り
coming to Meguro[5] the company blathers on	Yaba	目黒まいりのつれのねちみゃく
in every place high season for the third month's blossom	Ko'oku	どこもかも花の三月中時分
the spring winds cleanse a round of charcoal dust[6]	Rigyū	輪炭のちりをはらふ春風

[1]Ebisu—a Shinto deity associated with commerce and good fortune. After making an offering to the god it was common for merchants to host a lavish feast for clients and associates. The street hawker, by contrast, cuts a figure almost as pathetic as his goose which, if only it can be sold, is destined for the table. Given here adjectivally as "forlorn," the source text has the word *aware* [あわれ].

[2]Yarn-skein man—it was common for the women of a rural household to earn extra income by weaving small textiles. The yarn-skein man [紿買] was a kind of factor cum wheeler-dealer who supplied the necessary materials on account. Given the context of the accompanying love verses, and the image of skeins of yarn bobbling suggestively from the cords at his midriff, there is an unmistakable air of lewdness to this verse strongly reminiscent of the "back-door man" of blues legend.

[3]Distich—parsing 8/8 mora (see p. 83, note 4) rather than the expected 5/7/5, the source text is highly anomalous. In this instance the English is therefore rendered on two lines rather than three.

[4]Jumbled up—the protagonist cannot write; his letter has been jumbled by a scribe almost as illiterate as he.

[5]Meguro—a Buddhist place of pilgrimage.

[6]A round of dust—charcoal specifically intended for the tea ceremony was made into rounds. With this classic closing verse Rigyū sees the last traces of the composition carried away on the wind.

The Hawker's Goose—Beyond the Sense of Renku

John Carley, Manchester, England

"The Hawker's Goose" [振賣の鴈] was written in 1693 by Bashō and Edo disciples Yaba, Ko'oku, and Rigyū at his Fukagawa retreat on the Sumida River, now a part of greater Tokyo. It was published in the anthology *A Sack of Charcoal* [*Sumidawara* 炭俵] in 1694, the year of his death.

This seminal collection, edited by Yaba, embodies Bashō's principle of "lightness" [*karumi* かるみ], a quality Bashō considered to be "like seeing a shallow sandy-bedded brook. The shape of the verse, the very heart of the linkage, both are light and refreshing."[1] Of this most important of aesthetic principles Haruo Shirane remarks: "For Bashō, it meant a return to everyday subject matter and diction, a deliberate avoidance of abstraction and poetic posturing, a relaxed, rhythmical, seemingly artless expression."[2]

Whilst *karumi* is readily understood in terms of style, Shirane's astute comments also serve to illuminate Bashō's attitude to form. Early English-language scholarship has tended to treat Edo period *haikai no renga,* and by extension modern renku, as a highly formalised literature closely derived from medieval renga. It is therefore characterised by a plethora of rules. However, the 36-verse kasen, as written by Bashō, represents a radical simplification of the earlier genre. Few requirements are retained beyond the inclusion of the seasons, the emblems of moon and blossom, and a nod in the direction of love, albeit often in wry or disturbing contexts.

"The Hawker's Goose" is accordingly liberal in structure. And it is far from alone. A revealing article by Dick Pettit examining Bashō's actual distribution of fixed topics against the theoretical demands of form demonstrates that, in the twelve sequences sampled, "Very few of the seasonal positions were completely regular, and none were sacrosanct. The players put in Winter, Summer, and Love verses where they pleased, as part of the playful variation of different kinds of verses and

links."[3] Autumn and spring, he notes, tended to be more regular, moon and blossom likewise, but all conventions were subordinate to the demands of expression—moulded or discarded as necessary. It is no real surprise, therefore, that at one point in the present sequence both moon and blossom appear in the same verse, a phenomenon which, by more conservative reckoning, is purely and simply *wrong*.

If Bashō's attitude to form was radical, his contribution to linking technique was little short of revolutionary. He discarded the earlier predilection for "abstraction and poetic posturing"—not to mention large dollops of inter-textual flummery—in favour of a quantum leap in the direction of outright juxtaposition between stanzas. It is not unreasonable to identify his advocacy of the imagist and empathic notion of "scent linkage" [*nioi-zuke* 匂い付け] as the precursor of much contemporary haiku technique; henceforth the relationships between contrasting elements would be implied rather than stated, the reader cast as interpreter. But perhaps less well understood than this conceptual innovation is the significance of Shirane's "relaxed, rhythmical, seemingly artless expression," and its demands on the translator.

Haikai no renga, renku, is decidedly odd. If it were music half the audience would walk out. Therefore, when weighing the compromises a translation must necessarily make, it is surely reasonable to focus on the meaning of each verse and the semantic relationships between them. To do so tends to generate an unevenness of phrasing, and it can be hard to resist the temptation to include additional, explanatory information in the text, but at least individual verses and the transitions between them *make sense*.

But poetry is not the art of meaning, it is the art of utterance, and in Bashō's linked verse the hair-raising potential to spin out of control with the addition of each stanza is countered by factors which calm the senses and bring the reading experience back into synch. These spring in no small measure from what Ezra Pound called "euphony," from verbal correspondence, both within and between verses, and from the beat of regular cadences. Assonance. Consonance. Alliteration. Onomatopoeia.

Long verse follows short verse, follows long verse, follows short. If our translation seeks only to make sense, and is written simply as free verse, much that is essential to the original is lost.

Accordingly, for the purposes of this and other translations, the present author has elaborated a supple prosody which seeks to accommodate both the sense and the sensibility of the source text whilst bearing a tangible resemblance to the 5/7/5 and 7/7 syllable patterns which underpin it.[4] The English metre is based on a coarse measure of seven stressed syllables for the long verse and five, occasionally six, for the short verse. The broader rhythm relies on a sensitivity to syllable length and pause structure, this latter controlled via line breaks and punctuation. Where possible, both the image order and phrasal segmentation of the source text are retained.

"The Hawker's Goose" is notable for its limpid evocation of Edo period lifestyles and the subtle wit of the participants. Neither simply free verse nor exactly fixed form, it is hoped that this translation will allow the reader to gain a more compelling impression of the momentum of the source text, whilst the rising wave of English-language renku poets might find a paradigm for their own writing.

Notes

1. Bashō (according to Shisan) from the foreword to Betsuzashiki, *Shomon renku.* Trans. Yachimoto and John Carley. Publication pending, 2013.
2. Haruo Shirane, *Traces of Dreams*. Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1998, p. 269.
3. Dick Pettit, "Four Seasons and Love." simplyhaiku.com. Retrieved from http://simplyhaiku.com/SHv6n3/renku/four_seasons_love.htm. Autumn 2008.
4. The minimum unit of scansion in Japanese poetics is more properly termed the mora.

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John Carley comes from the hill country north of Manchester, England. A linked-verse specialist, he has led or participated in hundreds of renku sequences, in various languages, and, in recent years, has worked on the translation of a number of classic Japanese kasen. He is the author of the website www.renkureckoner.co.uk.

Reviewed

Anatoly Kudryavitsky (ed.). *Bamboo Dreams: An Anthology of Haiku Poetry from Ireland*. Tralee, Co. Kerry, Ireland: Doghouse Books, 2012, 91 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 7.5. ISBN 978-0-9572073-2-5, €12, available postage-free, inquire at <www.doghousebooks.ie>.

by Roberta Beary, Bethesda, Maryland

My father Patrick would never come to the phone when his cousin Tess O'Neill called him, claiming he was too busy to talk. Tess and my father were first cousins, each the only child of two sisters who emigrated from Co. Cavan, Ireland in 1907. It was left to my mother, whose parents were born in Sicily, to speak with Tess and find out the latest family news of the O'Neills, which she in turn would relay to my father. My mother loved all things Irish because she loved my father.

I thought of my mother during my most recent visit to Ireland in October 2012, when I was welcomed in Dublin by members of Haiku Ireland, who presented me with a signed copy of *Bamboo Dreams: An Anthology of Haiku Poetry from Ireland,* edited by Anatoly Kudryavitsky. I was not familiar with the book, but I immediately understood that the first "Anthology of Haiku Poetry from Ireland" need not be edited by someone with an Irish name.

Editor and artist (his artwork, titled "Bamboo Dream," graces the book's cover), Kudryavitsky is also a founder and, according to his short bio at the back of the anthology, the chair of the haiku group IHS. I suspect that I am not the only parochial-school-educated reader who immediately thinks of the abbreviation for *Iesus Hominum Salvator* (Jesus, savior of [all] men), when seeing "IHS" mentioned in this anthology. However, because my own work has appeared in the IHS

journal *Shamrock,* I know that IHS stands for Irish Haiku Society, and Kudryavitsky is the editor of *Shamrock*. Since the short bio did not tell me what connected him to Ireland, I turned to that virtually bottomless well of information, *Wikipedia.*

It did not disappoint. Kudryavitsky's entry states in part that his "mother Nelly Kitterick, a music teacher, was the daughter of an Irishman from County Mayo who ended up in one of Joseph Stalin's concentration camps. . . . Having lived in Russia and Germany, Kudryavitsky now lives in South Dublin. . . . After moving to Ireland in 2002, Kudryavitsky has written poetry, especially haiku, predominantly in English, but continues to write fiction in Russian. . . . Kudryavitsky started writing haiku in Ireland. In 2006, he founded the Irish Haiku Society with Siofra O'Donovan and Martin Vaughan."[1] It appears that in addition to being haiku poets, Kudryavitsky and I share the bond of an Irish grandparent.

Ireland has long been a hospitable country for writers, including writers from abroad. So there is nothing unusual in finding Russian-born writer and haiku poet Kudryavitsky deciding to make his home there. But what led him to edit an anthology of haiku poetry from Ireland? I did not find the answer in his introduction to *Bamboo Dreams,* titled "Haiku in Ireland," but I came away with an understanding of the history of haiku there as seen through his eyes. I learned of two Irish haiku organizations, Haiku Ireland and the Irish Haiku Society, when they were founded, and how many members each organization boasts. (Full disclosure: I am an overseas member of Haiku Ireland.)

In the introduction I also learned that around 1965–1967 the well-known Irish poet Patrick Kavanagh wrote a single haiku, "evidently not even suspecting that was a haiku—and a worthy one!" Kavanagh's haiku appears in the anthology on page 32:

corn-crake
a cry in the wilderness
of meadow

A poem by Seamus Heaney, arguably the most famous haiku by a Nobel Prize winner, appears on the same page, with Kudryavitsky's own variation in line two:

dangerous pavements . . .
but this year I face the ice
with my father's stick

The introduction also informs the reader that both these haiku appeared in a different version when first published. In Kavanagh's haiku, the first line is actually the title of the poem. Perhaps that is why Kavanagh did not realize he had written a haiku since haiku are not known for having titles. Similarly, the Seamus Heaney haiku is also titled in its original version, which appears this way in Heaney's collection, *Seeing Things*.[2]

1.1.87

Dangerous pavements.
But I face the ice this year
With my father's stick.

How this version of Heaney's haiku changed into the version included in *Bamboo Dreams* is a question for another day.

A more important question is which poets were included in the anthology. Kudryavitsky tells us in his introduction that "this book offers not a compilation of poems 'about' Ireland but rather the most evocative haiku written by poets born or residing here. We don't claim that we included haiku by every poet who practices the genre in this country, let alone visitors and short-term residents. However, our aim was to make this anthology inclusive. We found room for a few haiku by Irish mainstream poets, as long as their texts were convincing."

Whether or not these are the most evocative haiku written by poets born or residing in Ireland must rest with the reader. Reading *Bamboo Dreams* introduced me to the impressive poetry of Juanita Casey, whom the editor praises in his introduction as "the first Irish poet to write haiku as we know

them." I was quite taken with all four haiku by Casey that *Bamboo Dreams* offers the reader:

burning leaves . . .
the face once again
feels summer

the pickers
have left one plum—
hey wind

why rage if the roof
has holes?
heaven is roof enough

under the bridge
the stream—
the leaf and I,
travellers

This last haiku meets my standard of "evocative haiku," a poem that resonates strongly with the reader, especially since the anthology's introduction and biographical notes describe Casey as "a travelling woman born in England of Irish parents." For those readers not familiar with the term "traveller" as used here, its meaning encompasses "a traditionally itinerate people living especially in . . . Ireland."[3] *Bamboo Dreams* also contains haiku in the original Irish with English translations, including works by Gabriel Rosenstock and Séan Mac Mathúna. In reading and re-reading their work and that of others, I found these poems to be especially noteworthy:

empty house
soft brown apples
under the tree

Patrick Gerard Burke

late August stillness
long I gaze at the pear tree
one hand on the gate

Jessie Lendennie

her bony back
against my palm—
Mother's Day

Maeve O'Sullivan

in the bowl
that survived last night's earthquake
I place my wedding ring

Gilles Fabre

troubled sleep
the half of the moon
I couldn't see

John W. Sexton

While there are exceptional haiku in *Bamboo Dreams,* the inclusion of many haiku by a single author too often sacrifices quality for quantity. This is not the first haiku anthology to suffer from this malady. Kudryavitsky includes 12 of his own haiku in *Bamboo Dreams*. He bestows this same honor on 15 of the 77 poets included here with one or two additional poets coming in at 10 or 11 haiku. Good editors must be ruthless in separating the wheat from the chaff. For example, while I found these three haiku of Leo Laverty's very fine:

I shut the history book
and the shooting
stops

blackbird
still peddling
its old sweet song

sewing cobwebs
in its corner—
the old Singer

Haiku such as:

on the piano
dusted yesterday
dust

left me wondering why they were included.

The anthology truly would represent the highest quality of haiku poetry from Ireland by limiting the number of a single poet's haiku to those that are outstanding. In most cases three or four.

An anthology of haiku poetry from Ireland is long overdue. Kudryavitsky deserves credit for helping define the landscape of haiku in his adopted country with the release of this pioneering work. The haiku of Juanita Casey alone are worth the price of admission.

Notes

1. "Anatoly Kudryavitsky." Wikipedia: The Free Encyclopedia. Wikimedia Foundation, December 3, 2012. Retrieved January 11, 2013 from http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Anatoly_Kudryavitsky.
2. Seamus Heaney, *Seeing Things*. New York: Farrar Straus Giroux, 1991, 22. (First published in 1991, Faber & Faber.)
3. Retrieved January 11, 2013 from http://www.thefreedictionary.com/traveller/ citing *The American Heritage ® Dictionary of the English Language*, Fourth Edition, Houghton Mifflin, 2000, 2009.

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Jack Galmitz. *Views.* With an introduction by Beth Vieira. Allahabad, India, Cyberwit.net, 2012, 230 pp., perfect softbound, 5.4 x 8.4. ISBN 978-81-8253-314-1. US$25. (*Views* is also available on Scribd.com: http://www.scribd.com/doc/103908441/Views-PDF-for-Cyberwit.)

by Johannes S.H. Bjerg, Højby, Denmark

". . . our world wholly mediated by language . . .
the constantly shifting meanings implicit in language."

~ Jack Galmitz, *Views,* 2012

Reviewing *Views* by Jack Galmitz is a task of some impossibility and yet. . . . The book falls into three sections: "Interviews," "Reviews," and "Views," each providing in-depth analysis of writers and their works with insights from modern language science, philosophy, sociology, and other disciplines, each expanding the reader's appreciation of same. And I do mean expand. The poetry Galmitz touches on in this book becomes larger, deeper, more profound, more connected than it was when I read it the first time. So this review will be not as much a "valuation" as a "taste" of how I read his book.

Haiku is, like poetry in general, always in process of becoming. Haiku in the West is in the process of becoming Western—if it wasn't already by the "necessary" adjustments made to make it fit the Western reading mode (top left to bottom right and cut up in three "separate" lines, etc.). If it isn't already. Or, to be more correct: Some haiku has become Western; that is, it is no longer imitating or pretending to be a branch of Japanese culture in diaspora. Furthermore, thoroughly Western haiku has discarded the methods, subjects, and schematics in which much of so-called modern haiku as a whole seems to have gotten stuck.

Through the years some writers of haiku (some of whom are represented in this book) have managed to make the form /genre so much their own that it comes across as true poetry and not a replication of what has already been done. As

featured in *Views,* these Western writers include paul m., Peter Yovu, Chris Gordon, John Martone, Robert Boldman, Marlene Mountain, Grant Hackett, Richard Gilbert, Dimitar Anakiev, Mark Truscott, and Fay Aoyagi. These poets have gone through the process of internalizing the "rules, aesthetics and tools /techniques" of haiku, have made them part of their "fabric," and now their haiku show the *universality* of haiku. The poetic form has been churned in the writer and is now re-emerging as something original, genuine, and different. Western writers are Western, and being Western we have a different background, another soil of culture, language, aesthetics, and history (and with that another "consciousness") than do Japanese writers.

Let me get this off my chest: this book is to me a liberating one! It doesn't go into explaining anything about haiku. It doesn't line up a specific view on the history of haiku. It doesn't promote a certain kind of writing. It promotes writing. Galmitz sets out from the assumption that the reader knows what haiku is and that haiku is haiku and recognizable in the language and imagery independently of definitions/descriptions. In only a few instances the haiku/not haiku distinction is made and that rests on his interviewees or the writers of the works he lays out for us and on writers who have made a different "kind of poetry" from the roots of haiku. Even though some of them don't see themselves as writing haiku, Galmitz does. He has a brilliant eye for spotting the haiku root and spirit in their work.

Interviews

The book opens with a most interesting and exhilarating series of interviews with writers (i.e., paul m., Peter Yovu, Chris Gordon, John Martone). These have beyond all doubt arrived at a place where they have made haiku their own. This is sort of a peek into the alchemist's workshop in the sense that we get a glimpse of what moves the writers to write, how they think, and what they think about (their) "writing"—insofar as they are able to articulate what is at the root (the drive/inspiration) of their writing. Ideally—and really—the writing IS. What can be said is said "around it," so to speak. Galmitz's approach to the work of his interviewees is based

on Western thinking, using a Western philosophic, theoretical, and analytical set of tools, which to me suggests and demonstrates that (some) haiku now has found its Western feet and can be treated and read within our own cultural sphere. The "haiku basics" have been learned, absorbed, and there really isn't a reason to start treating Western haiku in any other way. It isn't necessary (or necessarily meaningful) to read these poets in any other way, from any other (cultural) sphere, with any other set of aesthetic values. Galmitz interviews *haiku poets*.

Each of the interviewed poets has his or her distinct style and tone and Galmitz approaches them with respect and an insight that I from time to time sense might have been overwhelming for them. I guess it lies in the nature of the interview situation as such. The writer writes what is inevitably so, what might not be different. The poem is the outcome of a more-or-less conscious process rather than a deliberate construction (at first; later, of course, revisions and alternative versions might have come into play). The poem and the words chosen, the arrangement of lines, if any, the composition, the life of it when it is printed or spoken, all of this is a unity that maybe couldn't turn out otherwise. The interviewer with a strong analytical mind and (wonderful) sensitivity "sees" the poem from the outside, reads it with another mindset, and to the reader of *Views* opens doors into the inner workings of the poems on quite another level. To me it's like the old "heart and mind" conversation: the intuitive, the sensed, the created is spelled out and illuminated from other angles that make me want to pick up the mentioned books again and reread them with yet greater appreciation. Galmitz's "flame of insight" lights up aspects of the poems that to me were hidden. And I'm grateful for that.

Reviews

Part 2 of the book consists of reviews of two books, Ban'ya Natsuishi's *A Future Waterfall* and Tateo Fukutomi's *Straw Hat,* and an essay about Tohta Kaneko's "Poetic Composition on Living Things (*Ikimonofūei*)." The entire section deals with Japanese poets only. My guess is Galmitz put them here because he sees these writers and their works as creating a

"link" between Western and Japanese writing. Or maybe he thinks these poets have such weight that we should listen to them. Indeed they add splendid rooms to the house of haiku, which becomes even more lively.

I'll let Galmitz himself speak about these poets. First, Ban'ya Natsuishi:

The reissue last year (2004) of *A Future Waterfall: 100 Haiku from the Japanese,* by Red Moon Press, seen in this perspective, is an event of singular importance. It signals the success of the work. This signals that the reshaping of the past in terms of the present as performed by Mr. Natsuishi has struck a chord—atonal and sometimes discordant—in a wide audience. The question remains, though, as to what accounts for Mr. Natsuishi's widening influence in the world of modern poetry.

Though it is not the centerpiece of the book, or its best poem, the following poem might well stand as the book's credo:

I came away, abandoning
the Thousand-Year-Old Cedar
dandled by the storm (p. 98)

And on Mr. Natsuishi's promotion of keywords rather than *kigo,* Galmitz has this to say:

A slippery sex organ
and another
give birth to gold

This poem without a seasonal reference is a good example of how Mr. Natsuishi's aesthetic of using keywords—here sex—in its place can be used to creative ends. This poem can almost be said to be a meta-haiku, for the poem is about adding two elements and arriving at a third, which the poem utilizes in its construction. The adjective "slippery" is well-chosen: it gives the impression of seals swimming, of moist living beings playing together, and by association is indirectly associated with the waters of spring and life. The finale is fine, like alchemy. Out of our love, sloppy wet or not, comes the most precious element, gold. And, out of his devotion for this art of joining two elements till they fire into a third, Mr. Natsuishi is the archetypal alchemist. (pp. 99, 100)

Similarly, Galmitz's review of Tateo Fukutomi's *Straw Hat* begins by laying some philosophical groundwork:

The world should not lie useless. It should be scooped up in the hands and sifted through the fingers and scored with the ridges of the palm. The whole world is fertile, even the world of memory, even the world of the departed. That is what cultivation serves: it enriches the soil and the self in one fell act. In the art of cultivation, a man eventually takes on the contours of what he has lovingly touched, until it is impossible to say where the world begins and the man ends. A man whose life has been devoted to preparing the field finds himself disappearing into the earth only to be returned by the earth to himself. He knows kinship with the things of the earth. He finds that the world of spirit springs from the soil. If he should travel, he finds he has never really moved. If he should die, he finds that he has never left home. (p. 104)

And later:

A stone bench for no reason
dark falls
among cypresses

Perhaps, the single most important function of cultivation is to show us the beauty of the world at rest. After the work is done, after the simple stone of the field is hewn into the human universe, it resumes its proper place once more in the world as a stone. It was always a bench and a stone and now that cultivation has lifted it out of the prima materia of the universe uncreated, we see it in its pristine nature. It has "no reason," except what we imagine and build. Having lifted it out of primal unity and given it distinction, then all distinctions arise as unity once more. The meaningless cool, dark stone slab is darkness and cypresses. They unite in dark beauty for the mind of light. (p. 108)

With regard to Tohta Kaneko's *Ikimonofūei,* Galmitz takes care to address the "haiku-philosophy" of one of Japan's "most important literary and cultural innovators of postwar modern haiku":

splendid field of gravestones
labia uncovered
the village sleeps

What is central to this poem is its sense of what Mr. Kaneko calls *shakaisei haiku* (social consciousness/awareness in haiku) and *taido,* the importance of an author's "stance" in relation to society. (See Dr. Richard Gilbert's Introduction for further elucidation.) For Mr. Kaneko, haiku that lacks social awareness and an author's stance vis-à-vis society is simply a vapid product, worthless, untrustworthy. Of the many points Mr. Kaneko makes in his address, this is one we as English language practitioners of haiku do well to bear in mind, because for the most part we have viewed these terms as too polemical, too ideological to be included in our haiku . . . (pp. 110, 111)

Views

The third and last part of the book is a collection of reviews of books and oeuvres. Here Galmitz goes into the works (poetry and methodology) of Robert Boldman, Marlene Mountain, Grant Hackett, Richard Gilbert, Dimitar Anakiev, Mark Truscott, and Fay Aoyagi. As is apparent from this list he is dealing with a very wide range of writers and very different approaches to haiku. Yet he treats every writer with utmost "singularity"; that is, he/she has his full attention and is analyzed with a specific "set of tools" and not after the same scheme. It seems to me that meeting one writer's work sets off a line of thought specific for that writer. The meeting with another writer's work sets off another line. This demonstrates an exceptional open-mindedness that is free from resorting to the easy way: having a fixed set of "aesthetics and opinions," he can "adapt" to the particulars of each person and each work.

Galmitz shows an enviable openness in treating/analyzing these works on their own premises. He doesn't want them to be anything other than what they are. He isn't fixed in a certain perception of what haiku is and is not (which also shows in his own writing; Galmitz is an author of a large number of haiku collections and other books of poetry and he keeps exploring short-verse poetry in various forms).

To say that this book is important is probably an understatement. To say it's a "model" for future works of this kind is not

giving it enough credit. In my view Galmitz has offered us a book that in the very way it works deepens one's (my) understanding of haiku as poetry. It doesn't come with a search for things to disapprove of. Here is no need to criticize any genre, form, or approach. Galmitz has chosen works and writers that prove that haiku has become Western. Accepting this fact is liberating. It is possible to write meaningful haiku within the framework of the Western cultural sphere. And why shouldn't it be? The everyday life, language, culture, and "world" of the Western writer provides as good a soil as that of the Japanese writer. In Galmitz's *Views,* Western haiku is a real thing in and of itself.

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Johannes S.H. Bjerg is co-editor of Bones, *a journal for contemporary haiku and author of three books of haiku:* Støv *(Danish, Books On Demand, Denmark, 2010),* Penguins/Pingviner—122 haiku *(English and Danish, Cyberwit.net, India, 2011), and* Parallels *(English, yettobenamedfreepress, England, 2013).*

Chad Lee Robinson. *Rope Marks.* Ormskirk, Great Britain: Snapshot Press, 2012, 28 pp., free. *Rope Marks,* one of the 2012 Award Winners of the Snapshot Press eBook Contest*,* may be downloaded for the reader's personal use only, at <www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm>.

by Bob Fritzmeier, Sioux City, Iowa

About three years ago David Allan Evans, the poet laureate of South Dakota, gave a reading at Briar Cliff University in Sioux City. In the Q & A session afterwards he was asked whom he considered the up-and-coming poets. He mentioned Chad Lee Robinson, a former student of his at South Dakota State University. Now I've had the opportunity to put that valuation to the test.

In a recent essay in these pages, poet Scott Mason rightly contends that "an effective haiku engages its reader on an emotional basis."[1] Consider Robinson's

stars at dawn
the clatter of small change
on the coffee shop counter

The image of the "coffee shop counter" by itself stirs up a host of memories in me: I can smell the aromas of hot chocolate and fried eggs; I can hear the repartee in a rural town café. I remember, too, the sadnesses shared there and the friendships formed. How could I forget the mysterious stories of quirky farm machinery that were so fascinating to me, a city boy? The sound of "small change" may denote the apparent unimportance of this remote place. Yet when it is contrasted with the cosmic wonder evoked in the opening line, that "clatter" gains in its power and immediacy. Indeed, change has taken place in this reader.

Robinson definitely passes Mason's emotional test for me.

Mason also identifies the thin line that a good poet travels

between too much obviousness and too much obscurity.[2] When I read the following I wondered what it meant:

without the crows
just a weathered barn
lost in the fog

After mulling the poem over for a few days, I realized that the author once knew this barn, or another barn like it, when it was teeming with life. He associates life on a farm with crows, which make their presence known in so many ways. Now that they are absent the lostness of the old building is greatly deepened by the fog.

Another poem that was initially obscure to me became clearer after I consulted a couple of friends, who informed me that dry conditions can bring on nosebleeds in the equine world as well as in the human one:

dust storms
a trickle of blood
from the horse's nose

So, for the most part obscurity was not a problem in this eChapbook. Nor did I find any facile rendering of the author's experiences that would subject him to the charge of excessive obviousness.

I also use what I call the Mystery Index to evaluate a writer's work. This index is comprised of two parts: first, how much does a poem illuminate the experience expressed and, second, what good question or questions does the poem raise?

Let me give an example of what I mean about questions raised. I've been to a rodeo and really enjoyed the irony and clash of symbols that Robinson elicits in

Fourth of July
a rodeo clown
carries out the flag

The chief question that is raised by this poem is, What emotion does the flag elicit? For me it brings on a feeling of cautious reverence: reverence because one of my uncles died in the horrible winter of 1944–45 somewhere on a Bulge battlefield in Belgium; cautious reverence because I'm constantly reminded by a still, small voice not to worship the flag. Robinson's holiday construct re-poses the question: How, in a quiet way, might I enjoy the humor of the moment with my hand over my heart?

Now let me give you examples of what I mean by a poem illuminating experience. Another rodeo poem has a quality of the heart about it, too, but this time it is heart-pounding:

8 seconds . . .
the bull rider opens
a hand to the sky

Robinson makes me more acutely aware than ever before of the risk and exhilaration in the seemingly small gesture of a rider throwing one "hand to the sky" while holding on for dear life with the other.

Horses being the most prevalent animal subjects among the poems, it's no wonder the author drew his title for the book from

rope marks
on the mustang's neck
spring wind

Trying to tame the untamable becomes the ongoing endeavor.

Robinson has a command of what Shakespeare called "a local habitation and a place." Living as he does in an expansive landscape, Robinson puts it in front of us unadorned—and clarified by his special sense of irony:

the big empty—
half grass
half sky

His poetry is a tremendous complement to such gifted midwestern painters as Keith Jacobshagen and Ann Burkholder.

On a scale of 1 to 10, then, I give Robinson a 9 on the Mystery Index. Every time I delve into *Rope Marks* some new question or insight occurs to me. To my mind, this is the true hallmark of a work of worth. To add to his credit are the many awards he has received for poems in this book from such prestigious publications as *The Heron's Nest*.

Robinson's work is further enhanced by teaming up with Snapshot Press. John Barlow's design of brown, textured backgrounds on every page lends an excellent presentation to these works from the northern plains. Dawn Emerson's moving cover artwork adds to the quiet dynamism of the book. For a 60-something reader like me, the large print set in Adobe Caslon Pro adds just that much more pleasure to the experience.

I heartily second Professor Evans's assessment of this poet, and I highly recommend Chad Lee Robinson's latest achievement to all readers who are seeking the unexpected.

Notes

1. Scott Mason, "Song of Himself," *Frogpond* 35:2, p. 96.
2. Ibid., 98.

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Bob Fritzmeier is the dad of one son, Edwin, who also lives in Sioux City. He lives with his friend, Patty Wood, and two dogs and two cats. His tan renga have been published in Frogpond. *One of his other enjoyments is driving a bus for a living.*

Marian Olson. *Sketches of Mexico*. Northfield, MA: Lily Pool Press, 2012, 110 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-934714-40-2. US$20 (includes shipping & handling); order directly from author: Marian Olson, 2400 Botulph Road, Santa Fe, NM 87505.

by Scott Mason, Chappaqua, New York

With the 2008 Kanterman Award-winning volume *Desert Hours,* Marian Olson established herself as one of the haiku world's premier poets of place. That collection introduced readers to the unlikely, and spellbinding, natural life of New Mexico's high desert as experienced through the soul of a kindred inhabitant. Olson now takes us across the border in her very different but equally vibrant *Sketches of Mexico,* inspired by decades of sojourns as a visitor to our country's southern neighbor. The nature of Olson's relationship with Mexico is signaled in the epigraph of this latest book: *See with the heart first—*

There is much indeed to see. It all begins (and—spoiler alert—ends) with color: the kaleidoscopic hues of a stylized jungle scene by Karen McClintock grace the cover. The poems themselves paint a veritable rainbow.

ocean fog—
in a patch of blue
an island drifts by

orange pink yellow
dahlia skirts
swish in the dance

luxury hotel
gold crystal malachite
first floor only

happy hour
Zihuatanejo cliffs glow
red with flowers

Nor does Olson scant the other senses. She shares with us the heady tastes and aromas of her culinary discoveries; the jocund din of the streets and cantinas; and physical pleasures, both simple and sybaritic.

sailing
I drag my hand
through cool water

I try a raw oyster
to please you
then ask for another

At their very best, Olson's haiku present Mexico, in all its contrasts and complexity, as a piquant dish.

the child licks
a candy skull
Day of the Dead

beggar's cup
layers of gold
gild the cathedral

sunset . . .
the artist's fingers
wet with lead paint

Or perhaps Mexico is a great big serape, where the warp of its florid landscapes and the woof of its colorful and teeming humanity both combine and compete for our attention and affections. Here the relationship can be complicated. While Olson twice in her introduction characterizes Mexico as "generous," that quality can become strained in a populace whose impoverishment works against its capacity for largesse. Beggars figure in no fewer than eight haiku. Many more poems portray locals employing an assortment of stratagems with visitors to make ends meet.

gift of a yellow rose
to bring her back
Pepe's flower stall

table serenade
the singer looks at his tip
and waits

hand-drawn chain
blocks each car
ten pesos to pass

Then there are the tourists. (The author would doubtless—and I think justifiably—consider herself a returning guest.) With no excuse for less than gracious behavior, these folks receive Olson's most withering gaze.

Good Friday procession
a gringo steps in
with the biggest candle

no place to escape
the tour-boat bullhorn
uneasy seals

Gucci bag knockoff
the tourist buys three
just because

A handful of poems give us a tantalizing glimpse of Mexicans uninvolved with, or seemingly oblivious to, the tourist and hospitality trades. I found these the most heartwarming and refreshing of all.

stiff-legged children
mimic street clowns
on stilts

family-held blanket
a girl steps out
in a bikini

s*eñoritas*
wrinkled men on the beach
cease their talk

Start to finish, *Sketches of Mexico* is like a piñata. Crack it open and a new world pours out in all its colorful, complex, sensual, edgy and, ultimately, intoxicating glory.

agave its sharp edges tequila

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Scott Mason's haiku have received the top honor in more than a dozen international competitions, including the 2012 Harold G. Henderson Memorial Award from the Haiku Society of America. He currently serves as an associate editor with The Heron's Nest.

Bruce Ross. *Spring Clouds: Haiku.* Bangor, Maine: Tancho Press, 2012, unpag., perfect softbound 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-0-9837141-1-8, US$14.95.

by John Zheng, Itta Bena, Mississippi

Bruce Ross's *Spring Clouds* is a collection of 133 haiku with a short preface and a haiga by the author himself. In fact, the collection contains only 132 haiku because one haiku, "my emptiness," appears twice. Some of the haiku, a few as part of haibun, were previously published in haiku journals, newspapers, websites, and newsletters including *Asahi Shimbun, Contemporary Haibun, Frogpond, Haibun Today, Modern Haiku,* and *Shamrock.*

To have a thorough understanding or appreciation of this haiku book, a reader needs to read Ross's preface first. Ross, who says he is a "sometime practitioner of T'ai Chi, Reiki, and Zen Buddhist meditation," provides a brief discussion of Bashō's use of *zoka* (nature) in the creative stages of his haiku writing:

> [Bashō] moved away from an early mentally constructed poetry of wit, not unlike a more earthy form of English metaphysical poetry, to a renewed aesthetics of depth from medieval Japan, *sabi* (a deep connection with nature), and finally to a simple style of seeming commonplace expression at the end . . .

Ross also cites Bashō's well-known comment on the use of nature, which concludes with the admonition to "follow *zoka* and return to *zoka*." A Zen master himself, Bashō holds with this idea which seems a reflection of the sutra by a Chinese Zen master about the three stages of Zen enlightenment:

> Before you study Zen, mountains are mountains and rivers are rivers; while you are studying Zen, mountains are no longer mountains and rivers are no longer rivers; but once you have had enlightenment, mountains are once again mountains and rivers again rivers.[1]

Applied to haiku writing, the three stages of enlightenment become the three stages of writing apprenticeship. In the first

stage the novice shows interest in haiku for its freshness and uniqueness and fills the 5/7/5 pattern with images that may be just objects; in the second stage the poet, after obtaining some half-knowledge about haiku and writing skills, may write better haiku, but these may lose the naturalness of the original images; in the third stage the poet, with a full awakening into haiku nature, can create haiku with images that present both naturalness and personal insight into nature.

Most poets remain in the second stage because they cannot detach their mind from self. Only those who fully understand the gist or nature of haiku know how to detach their mind and enter into *zoka* so as to reach the realm of naturalness in a seemingly simple style. In other words, they see deeply into nature and their self-nature as well. Thus, what they see into and beyond achieves oneness of self and nature or a unity of life and art. And this unity surely reflects a style of naturalness and lightness in haiku creation.

Ross, a haiku poet influenced by oriental philosophy and Bashō, has gone through this process so thoroughly that he can see more deeply into nature and connect his feelings to nature in his haiku. He understands, as he states in the preface, that haiku writing is "not a mere collection of objects in the world, but a process out of which these objects emerge. . . . This is a truly phenomenological construct based on a poet's sense of this process, connection to it and to the Tao or the One." Take, for example, one of Ross's moon haiku:

from icy branch
down to icy branch
the distant moon

The moon in Chinese and Japanese poetry is an image of loneliness and companionship, as in Li Po's "Drinking Alone Under the Moon":

I lift my cup to invite the bright moon
for a party of three with me and my shadow. (Translation mine)

The same sense of loneliness, both the distant moon's and the viewer's, seems to linger in Ross's haiku. The poet chooses a spare view and a plain image to create a distilled haiku moment that alerts the reader to the depths of nature and feeling.

Winter and moon are central images in Ross's collection, which contains at least 34 haiku about winter or moon. The poet, who is especially fascinated with these images, says in the preface, "The moon is endlessly fascinating, compelling our meditation on its changes and uniqueness, a good metaphor for process and mystery. Up in Maine where I live winters and first snow are dramatic events, drawing us into their process. I return to these images, moon and winter, because of their existential impact on my perception." With these words in mind, read the following haiku:

for a moment
all the frogs stopped
bright orange moon

Or this winter haiku using an image of snow:

light snow
falls upon settled snow
a cold morning

This last haiku reminds me of a statement by the English Romantic poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "Advice is like snow: The softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind."[2]

Ross's fascination with winter reveals other aspects of his sensibility as well:

deep winter night
the oldest tree filled
with stars

This haiku presents a feeling of delight in and a connection to nature, just as the following displays the poet's sensitivity to its tranquil moments:

a bare branch
centered in the full moon
this fine stillness

The poet's sensibility is also presented through his realization of oneness with nature:

I listen more
and become them too
small lake waves

Upon reflection, this haiku also presents all three stages of the poet's involvement with nature: at the beginning he is just a wave-listener; then, in the listening process, he gradually becomes a wave, which indicates a process from self to selflessness. The final stage is an attainment of oneness with nature, which displays the poet's understanding of Tao. As Ross says in the preface, "All things are in the sway of process, ultimately arising from and connected to the Tao or the One which sustain them. The true poet and artist are also in the sway of this process when they do their poetry and art."

A few prominent characteristics of Ross's haiku also deserve attention. One is synesthesia. The poet uses this artistic technique to express his sensibility in an impressive way. For instance,

a sudden tinkling
of the wind bell
winter stars

The stimulation through the auditory image of a tinkling bell evokes the sensation of the visualization of the stars. The following, which bears the title of the collection, is another good example:

the slight clink
of the chime's white disks
spring clouds

This haiku, initially used in a haiga, must be one of the poet's

favorite poems. It presents beautiful sounds pleasant to the ear through the repetition of the vowels "ai" and "i" in each line.

Another characteristic of Ross's haiku is his simplicity, which reflects the influence of Bashō. For example,

summer solstice
and at its very end
fireflies

The delightful surprise of seeing fireflies is presented through the "simple style of seeming commonplace expression," as Ross comments on Bashō's haiku. Another prominent example that shows a trace of Bashō's influence can be found in

petrified forest
a lone cricket penetrates
the desert

which echoes Bashō's cicada haiku (閑さや岩にしみ入蝉の声 "shizukasa ya / iwa ni shimiiru / semi no koe"):

How quiet—
locust-shrill
pierces rock.[3]

Bashō's haiku focuses on the sound of the cicada that penetrates the rock to deepen the stillness of nature. In the same way, Ross's cricket penetrates the stillness of desert where the petrified forest, an image of stillness too, deepens such an effect.

To conclude, haiku in *Spring Clouds* capture the impact of moon, clouds, stars, snow, frogs, and fireflies on a unique sensibility. If an assemblage of these images presents beautiful scenes of nature, it also presents the poet's aesthetic experience in, attitude toward, and fusion with nature. In other words, these images are not beautiful by themselves but through the poet's understanding of nature and his feeling connected to it or hidden behind it, or through his

visualization that mountains are still mountains. In all, Ross is a poet who knows how to haiku and how to follow nature and return to nature.

Notes

1. Fritjof Capra, *The Tao of Physics: An Exploration of the Parallels between Modern Physics and Eastern Mysticism,* 4th ed. Boston: Shambhala, 2000, p. 124.
2. Brian Backman, *Persuasion Points.* Gainesville, FL: Maupin House, 2010, p. 87.
3. Matsuo Bashō, *On Love and Barley: Haiku of Bashō*. Trans and intro. Lucien Stryk. New York: Penguin, 1985, p. 40.

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John Zheng is author and editor of The Landscape of Mind, The Other World of Richard Wright: Perspectives on His Haiku, *and four haiku chapbooks. A recipient of awards and grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the Mississippi Arts Commission, the Mississippi Humanities Council, and the Fulbright Programs, he is also editor of* Haiku Page, Poetry South, Valley Voices: A Literary Review, *and* The Journal of Ethnic American Literature.

Scott Metz. *lakes & now wolves.* Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2012, 61 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8. ISBN 978-0-9741894-9-9, US$15 <www.modernhaiku.org>.

by Francine Banwarth, Dubuque, Iowa

I have always been drawn to the haiku of Scott Metz. I admire the imaginative awareness of language through which he experiments inside and outside the boundaries of the art form:

lakes
& now wolves
entering Pegasus

To begin, I want to enter this poem through the words and how they are arranged on the page: five words, one ampersand, ten syllables, each carrying its own weight. There is nothing extra here and nothing is wasted. There is rhythm in the lines, and with that rhythm, conveyed emotion, something I can sink my teeth into. But what does it mean, if a poem should mean? Why lakes, why wolves, hinged on that ampersand, and why are they "entering Pegasus"? Pegasus is the winged horse that, by definition in Merriam-Webster's, "causes the stream Hippocrene to spring from Mount Helicon with a blow of his hoof."[1] The image portrays power, fluidty, the life-giving essence of water. A second definition given for Pegasus is "poetic inspiration," the wellspring of creativity. And a third tells me that Pegasus is "a northern constellation near the vernal equinoctial point," *vernal* referring to the season of spring. On the literal level, are lakes and wolves preparing themselves for the advent of spring? On the subliteral level, is the poet himself entering a season of rebirth, of awakening, of a new awareness and opportunity to explore his inner and outer landscapes?

Interesting, too, is the fact that this collection is arranged in three parts: *lakes*, *&*, and *now wolves*. In an enlightening introduction by Philip Rowland we learn that the first section "lakes" features more conventional, season/nature-oriented haiku:

end of summer
pressing her body against
the sea wall

the fox returns
with my answer . . .
autumn leaves

Each of these contains a seasonal reference (summer/autumn), a creature presence (her/fox/my), and a symbol of the human and natural worlds (sea wall/leaves). Each portrays and conveys a sense of longing, of seasons and relationships. What does one do with the summer body when summer ends, and who is doing the pressing here? What are the universal questions we seek answers to as one season gives way to another?

Part two opens with "&" and its reflection, as if we are seeing it mirrored on the surface of a lake. Rowland suggests that the poems contained herein might be considered "transitional in the progress of his work, or as an interlude of sorts." Thirty-six of the forty-five poems are delivered in one line, a form that allows for "sudden disjunction and the play of ambiguity."

meadow speaking the language she dreams in

spring night the pines share something private

under my skin a pasture with one tree

am i the one who's darkening plums

I find in these lines a complexity and an intricacy in juxtaposition. One word leads us to another, and another, until the poem comes out whole, true to experience and conceptualization. Real or imagined, these moments resonate with me in the light and in the darkness contained within, and I sense a seamlessness and circularity there in the spirit of play that Rowland suggests: *under my skin a pasture with one tree under my skin . . .* ; *am i the one who's darkening plums am i the one who's darkening . . .*

Seventy-three poems in the last section "now wolves" continue to stretch our haiku sensibilities and, as Rowland suggests, "deviate further from the norms of syntax, punctuation and lineation." In the progression of this collection, we enter a transition in which "it is important to note Metz's growing interest in Japanese modernist and cutting-edge, comtemporary (*gendai*) haiku. . . ." Poems of this caliber, with roots in

classical and modern Japanese haiku poetics, often challenge the reader to expand his or her haiku horizon, to expect allusion and intrigue, to enter with an open mind and heart, and to experience the power and mystery of word and image:

where my squid-hearts
beat
pale, fragile blossoms

like a mosquito
or an old empire
city night

from last week but that only happens inside stars.

Read these lines out loud to feel the rhythm and pace, to hear the richness of the language. Explore the associations. In the first haiku, for example, squid ink is used to draw tattoos, poems are written in ink, blossoms will bear fruit if pollinated, the heart is quickening. Could the poem represent a time of fragility and possibility in the artist's life?

There are haiku in the last section that connect us with nature through fresh and surprising imagery:

spring

like
a scale that's come off

in the basement
of a snowflake
blackbird and i

earth

And those that connect us with wolf nature, political and anti-war poems:

the double
image of

a
small
cocoon
held

here's a feather
stuck to the sky or
is it your blood

@ gunpoint

the war awakens the face of an insect in the mirror

Often when we are reading haiku we can't look up from the page and ask the poet why certain words and images were chosen, what the true intent was in writing the poem, or what the poet hopes the reader will take from the poem. But if we can gain insight into a poet's creative process and what lies behind the scenes of his or her passion for the craft, we may more fully understand a poet's body of work.

In 2007 *Modern Haiku* published "The Haiku of Scott Metz" in its "Spotlight" feature.[2] He began writing haiku in 1997 and ten years later was asked to share his poetic view:

> I was attracted most by their brevity, their oddness (of subjects and images), and their sense of darkness and loneliness as well as their ability to convey the deeply subjective within the objective (from and out of images). . . . Two aspects of haiku especially interest me, free verse or freestyle haiku and haiku of the imagination. . . . I'm also interested in the playfulness of language in haiku, those words and phrases and slang that make English unique and that can be used to engage the reader.

Metz's haiku are not crafted according to any one definition of the art form. His poems fall all along the bell curve of haiku, with language and images that resonate out and beyond that curve. *lakes & now wolves* is a collection to be read, studied, and savored, one that will awaken, inspire, deepen, and broaden our haiku sensibilities.

certain now i am somewhere among the dawn bird notes

Notes

1. *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*, 11th ed., p. 913.
2. *Modern Haiku* 38.3, pp. 81–82.

Briefly Reviewed

by Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, Michigan
& Francine Banwarth, Dubuque, Iowa

Clare McCotter. *Black Horse Running.* Uxbridge, UK: Alba Publishing, 2012, 78 pp., perfect softbound, 5.75 x 8.25. ISBN 978-0-9551254-6-1, US$16. Order through info@albapublishing.com.

This first collection of haiku, tanka, and haibun by the Irish poet Clare McCotter offers a recondite yet rewarding journey through human and animal worlds. There is a glossary of foreign terms at the back of the book; readers may also need an English dictionary by their side. McCotter's haibun are especially imbued with a dazzling, language-driven lyricism that both challenges and captures the suchness of things. At its best, her style delivers a palimpsest of pure sound and image that resolves into clear-eyed insight. In "earth raven," the grave of that "svelte sweven"

. . . bleeds a geography of shy migrations beak blood bone and bone's soul rising through sap to bole a tree's breath delirious transpiration

here other
than wind's lamentation
nothing is

McCotter's haiku, in one and three lines, in two or three images, range from the intellectual to the emotional, the enigmatic to the edgy. Intensely personal or deftly universal, they nearly always illuminate. *evening in the library / waiting with Freud / for the pigeons' return; if only she had been buried wild crimson cyclamen; the mare's eye / still water / stillborn prayer*. ~MRB

Stella Pierides. *In the Garden of Absence.* With an introduction by the author and an afterword by Michael Dylan Welch. Neusaess, Germany: Fruit Dove Press, 2012, 76 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 7.75. ISBN 978-3-944155-00-5, US$10. Order at http://fruitdovepress.com.

In this first collection Stella Pierides offers micropoetry, haiku, and senryu inspired by her participation in NaHaiWriMo, a daily prompt Facebook community created and coordinated by Michael Dylan Welch. Forty-seven or so poems give form to childhood loneliness, adult aloneness, and the presence (and creative presents) of absence. In Pierides's meditations, imagination takes center stage, as do imaginary gardens, real toads, and their negative space:

plum blossoms
the stone toad dressed
in pink

The result is a welcome début in which the reader will find much to admire. *even if / they are made of mud . . . / dolls; on the clothesline / three skirts four blouses / missing you; granny's cushion— / pulling the darkness out / pin by pin.* ~MRB

Irene Golas and Ignatius Fay. *Breccia: Haiku and Related Forms*. Sudbury, ON: Author-published, by Lulu.com, 2012, 208 pp., perfect softbound, 6 x 9. ISBN 978-0-9809572-2-8, US$17 from the publisher at http://www.lulu.com.

The poems featured in this collection are deeply influenced by a sense of time and place, of geographical location as well as family dynamics and day-to-day living in a mining community. Haiku, senryu, tanka, and haibun were selected by the authors from their collective years of writing and carefully arranged and integrated into an organic flow they refer to as "a poetic breccia." Roughly 1.85 billion years ago the area

of Sudbury, Ontario, was impacted by a large meterorite, and breccia, an angular composite rock, was formed: *learning to map / the Sudbury Breccia / black flies* (Fay). European immigrants in search of a better life gradually relocated on the land and worked the mines: *nickel town . . . / the tang of sulfur / on the breeze* (Golas). Moments of family life and loss are documented with poignancy: *broken promises / a thistle takes root / in mother's heart* (Golas); *dad's fedora / as if he were still here / autumn again* (Fay). A lighter touch is interspersed throughout, including a section called "Tattoo Poems": *choosing a design / for our family tattoo / February thaw* (Fay); and poems of the seasons hit their stride: *cold rain / all at once / the leaves let go* (Golas). All in all, an interesting and satisfying body of collected works. ~FB

Stephen Addiss. *The Art of Haiku: Its History Through Poems and Paintings by Japanese Masters.* Boston & London: Shambhala Publications, 2012, 370 pp., hardcover, 6.25 x 9.25. ISBN 978-1-590308-86-8. US$24.95 from booksellers.

In a comprehensive and in-depth look at the history of haiku, Stephen Addiss discusses the craft (the art) of this poetic form, as well as the art (paintings and calligraphy) that often accompanied traditional Japanese poetry. Addiss explores the lives, works, and influence of masters Bashō, Buson, Issa, and Shiki, along with a host of other Japanese poets into the twentieth century. The nearly 1,000 haiku and tanka included in this publication are translated by Addiss, a scholar-artist who has authored or coauthored a number of books about East Asian arts. In addition to an insightful introduction that discusses the question "What Are Haiku?" the haiku enthusiast will find discourse on the tradition of renga, hokku, haiki, and haiga and a chapter on senryu and Zen. It is difficult to describe the scope of this text in a few paragraphs or pages, but holding the book—the weight of it—one realizes it is not just another haiku history book. *The Art of Haiku* is a journey, and one worth taking. History comes to life on these pages in the prose, poems, paintings, and calligraphy.

Through his explication and the work of the masters, Addiss informs us that "The purpose of haiku was to use the mundane while exceeding the mundane, to discover a moment of oneness in the diverse or to discern multiplicity in the singular. Haiku can find an inner truth from an outward phenomenon, and ultimately use words to go beyond words." These are words to keep in mind as we strive to create our own haiku in this modern world. ~FB

foolishly in the dark
grabbing a thorn—
fireflies

Bashō

white chrysanthemums—
the scissors
hesitate

Buson

autumn evening—
a hole in the paper door
plays the flute

Issa

after killing the spider
it gets lonely—
cold evening

Shiki

◊◊◊

Call for Designs

Help stock this pond with frogs! We welcome frog designs in black and white for inclusion in the pages of this journal. We hope to choose a different frog design for each issue, so please email your submission of high-quality .jpeg or .tiff files to the editors of *Frogpond* at frogsforthepond@gmail.com.

Re:Readings

From *Frogpond* 35:1

Charles Trumbull, Santa Fe, New Mexico, on his article "Research Note: Shiki and Buson—A Case of Déjà-ku?"

Paging through Steve Addiss's new book, *The Art of Haiku,* I discovered (Chapter 8, note 6) a reference to a translation by R.H. Blyth of the "two autumns" haiku. For my "Research Note: Shiki and Buson—A Case of Déjà-ku?" in *Frogpond* 35:1, I had searched Blyth's works but missed this reference. In his *Haiku,* Vol. 4, page xxx, Blyth translates the haiku

I go;
Thou stayest:
Two autumns

and comments, "the whole of life is given here, our meetings, our partings, the world of nature we each live in, different yet the same." Blyth's translation, from about 1951, predates that by Henderson (1958), so our suggestion that Henderson "got a wire crossed somewhere" is clearly wrong, and evidence seems to point to Buson as the original author of this text. Shiki's version (the Japanese text is identical) is presented in English by Blyth (*History of Haiku,* Vol. 2 [1964], 97) like this:

I going,
You remaining,
Two autumns.

with the note, "This was written in the 2nd year of Meiji, upon parting from Sōseki on the 19th of October, at Matsuyama, when leaving for Tōkyō. It is a kind of existentialism."

I'm back to thinking this may be a case of déjà-ku on Shiki's part—or possibly a deliberate recycling of Master Buson's haiku on a similar occasion, parting from a good friend.

From *Frogpond* 35:3

Robert Epstein, El Cerrito, California, on two haiku:

eulogy . . .
through the open window
a breeze gentles me

Charlotte Digregorio, Winnetka, Illinois

As anyone who is half awake knows, there is no hiding from grief and loss. The pain is there, waiting to be faced . . . if not now, another day. If one's heart is open, Nature extends a helping hand. Charlotte knows this in the depth of her poetic spirit, and so finds a breeze through the open window "gentles" her. I pray that, when the time comes, my broken heart may too be gentled by a breeze, baby's smile, or a plum blossom brushing my shoulder by a deceased friend à la Chen-ou Liu.

tsunami—
her eyes search
for yesterday

Raquel D. Bailey, St. Andrew, Jamaica

Almost all of us are conditioned to turn (or pull) back after disaster or adversity strikes. We desperately want to recover our beloved past. The poet knows this and poignantly conveys the impulse with eyes that search for yesterday . . . for that which is invisible, because it no longer exists. Do we turn to the future—also invisible—when we are unable to locate the past, or to the present moment, wherein the possibilities lie: faith, healing, recovery.

Corrections

From *Frogpond* 35:3

p. 75

In Ellen Compton's haibun "She Tells It Again" the last word of prose, *stayed,* should be italicized.

p. 126

In the review of Mark Harris's *burl,* his last haiku should read:

all spirals
these larch cones
we turn to face the sun

p. 140

Apologies to judges Paul Miller and Yu Chang for failing to include their biographical notes in the 2012 Einbond Renku Competition results:

Paul Miller has served as treasurer of the Haiku Society of America since 2004. In addition, he sits on the boards of the Haiku Poets of Northern California as well as Haiku North America. This spring he will become the editor for Modern Haiku. *His most recent collection,* few days north days few *(Red Moon Press, 2011), was the recipient of a Touchstone Award by the Haiku Foundation.*

Yu Chang has enjoyed participating in writing renku for more than ten years. Some of his collaborative work with David Giacalone, Hilary Tann, John Stevenson, and Paul MacNeil can be found in the Einbond renku collection on the HSA Web site. He is the editor of Upstate Dim Sum, *a biannual anthology of haiku and senryu. His first haiku collection,* Seeds, *was published by Red Moon Press in 2009.*

2012 HSA Haibun Contest

Judge
Roberta Beary, Bethesda, Maryland

"My idea of good company, Mr. Elliot, is the company of clever, well-informed people, who have a great deal of conversation; that is what I call good company."

"You are mistaken," said he gently; "that is not good company; that is the best."

~ Jane Austen, *Persuasion*

As I read over the haibun submissions in the second year of the HSA haibun awards, these words of Jane Austen came to mind. In deciding what elevates haibun from "good company" to "the best," I tried to let the haibun speak and heard some wonderful words. I set a very high bar, giving equal weight to the title, prose, and haiku. Many submissions remained "good company." In deciding what distinguished "the best company," I looked for a title which added texture, risk-taking prose that stepped away from the mundane, and haiku that illuminated the prose. I spent many weeks with the submissions and read each one several times. The winning haibun all include a strong title, exceptional prose, and luminous haiku. I am grateful to the winners for allowing me to spend some time in "the best company."

First Place ($100) ~ Tom Painting
Atlanta, Georgia

Phases

Forty years ago, right after the breakup, I cut her out of the photo and then rounded the edges to make it appear complete. The other day I showed it to my students. One said he bet I had a lot of girlfriends. Yeah, but not the one I wanted.

nightcap the hazy moon

In a few short sentences, this haibun achieves remarkable depth, capturing the sense of loss over young love and, on a deeper level, a remembrance of things past and how that past affects the present. The title, "Phases," can be interpreted in at least two ways. There is the phase of young love, "he/she is just going through a phase"; there is the phase of the moon, which is also echoed in the haiku. The prose is succinct and straightforward; it weighs down neither the title nor the haiku, flowing between past and present, moving from room (where the photo is cut) to room (where the photo is shown). The haiku places the writer in a third room, which contains a view of "the hazy moon," deepening the sense of mystery through a somewhat surprising ending. Is the hazy moon the result of a nightcap, or does the hazy moon, "cap the night"? At the end of the day, "Phases" is subtle and nuanced haibun.

Second Place ~ Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan

Say Summer

And there passes in front of my inner eye a bird's view of the backyard where I grew up. In the early 1950s my parents purchased a small concrete home in a new subdivision built on the former estate of a grand Philadelphia family. At the top of our road stood the towering entrance gates to the mansion that lay crumbling on a farther hill. Between those two pillars of decayed opulence, I inhabited another wealth, the kind a child makes of a small rectangular piece of land, limned by chain-link fence and honeysuckle vines. Say summer and the cut grass stains the feet green. Say summer and bees buzz in the clover. If only I had a bee of my very own, I might live just there on the rolling cusp of its drawn-out drone. I hunker by the pinkest white clover I can find, ready with a small plastic tub to trap the plumpest bumblebee, ready, too, for the chance of its sting.

thunderstorm
safe beneath the picnic table
the lightning in me

The alliterative title of the second-place winner, "Say Summer" leads the reader into the haibun. From there the prose draws the reader in deeper. Grammar rules do not apply here. The writing flows and takes the reader along for the ride. There is nothing pedestrian in this writing: We are on a journey, one that is both emotional and physical. All our senses are on alert. The past merges with the present, leaving the reader somewhere between those two worlds. The haiku is a surprise, a tone shift that completes the prose but does not repeat it. The freshness of the haiku, along with its ambiguous perspective, gave this haibun an edge over most other submissions.

Third Place ~ Terri L. French
Huntsville, Alabama

Dragons Live Forever

My father reclines in his La-Z-Boy, the afghan pulled up over his head like a burial shroud. His lighter, ashtray, cigarettes, inhaler, and oxygen tank are within reach. His nicotine-stained fingers—the color of sausages gone bad—twitch as he dreams.

He is 8 years old, behind the barn with his cousins Donny and Marvin in Yale, Michigan. Donny, three years his senior, clumsily rolls a cigarette, mimicking the moves of their grandfather. He licks the paper and pulls a piece of tobacco from his tongue, flicking it to the ground. Donny hands the gnarled thing to Marvin, the second oldest, who lights it. He takes a puff but doesn't inhale. He hands the cig to my dad who inhales deeply, filling his 8-year-old lungs. He doesn't cough. He exhales slowly and smiles.

My father awakens, turns off the oxygen tank, and reaches for his cigarettes. The smoke fills his 72-year-old lungs. He exhales, coughs, and reaches for his inhaler.

autumn mist
mom changes the ending
of the fairy tale

When I read the title of this haibun, I immediately remembered the song by Peter, Paul, and Mary, "Puff the Magic Dragon" with its refrain, "A dragon lives forever but not so little boys." The haibun's prose transports the reader from folk song fantasy to the cold reality of oxygen tanks and nicotine addiction. There is no sentimentality here. The little boy in this haibun is 8, and he is the writer's father, now age 72. The time shift juxtaposes the father's first smoke (written in the present tense) with his current illness (again in the present tense). This makes for effective writing, with the haiku linking the title and echoing the sense of finality in the prose. It reminds us that although we do not live in the realm of fairy tales, haiku, and by extension art, can provide a sense of solace. In "Dragons Live Forever" the title, prose, and haiku complement one another. Nicely done.

Honorable Mention ~ Mark Smith
Keyser, West Virginia

Pining Ground

still-born sister
the moonlight
in her room

So you have come again called by the soothing carve of marble to make presence before my headstone's edge. Far off the stars, faint pulses, hallow this husk of a moon, but move towards me now, my pining ground. A patient sister I wait for you, walk catacombs of earth and air, prepare for your leaving breath when I'll tell, brother, my story of being still-born. This plot where you kneel soaks in more memory, more snow, but keep close, listen, cup in your hands this night of chilled silence, small acreage of my dying.

winter moon
the loneliness
of every stone

reading old headstones
crow caws carried
on the wind

winter's shifting wind . . .
the words
I didn't say

Visual creativity sets this haibun apart from other submissions. It is shaped like a cross, with a haiku at each of its four sides. The title establishes the place as well as the overall feeling of the haibun. Each haiku presents a point of view. While I found the prose somewhat mannered and the haiku a bit familiar, I commend the writer for taking the risk.

◊◊◊

Roberta Beary is the haibun editor of Modern Haiku*. Her book of short poems,* The Unworn Necklace *(Snapshot Press, 1st hardcover ed. 2011), was named a Poetry Society of America award finalist and a Haiku Society of America Merit Book Award winner. <www.robertabeary.com>*

2012 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest

Judges
Mark Harris, Princeton, New Jersey
Peter Yovu, Middlesex, Vermont

In discussing the poems at hand, we agreed that the haiku we value most are layered—that they do not just direct awareness to one area of experience—pleasant or painful memories, for example, or to what is easily grasped (and discarded)—but lead us into depths, into recognitions we did not know we had until the poem drew us in. It is not so much a matter of innovation, of making something new for the sake of it, but more an understanding that there are senses and sensibilities within us that ordinary discourse does not reach.

Richard Gilbert, discussing the work of Kaneko Tohta, has this to say:

> Haiku at their best arise unbidden as new countries (planets, landscapes), deepening surface consciousness. One thinks of Huidobro's Altazar, falling through history, suspended by his parachute—a freefall collision or collusion of graceful language with grace. Extended 'moments' occur introspectively and intimately in poems that pursue reality at an angle, possessing the power to abruptly twist or cut in layered paradoxes which enlarge consciousness, breathing us into the new.

Each of the six chosen haiku opened unexpected layers of awareness and understanding in us, ranging from physical sensation to some kind of psychological or spiritual insight.

These haiku represent writers who clearly feel that this almost impossibly short genre is capable of embodying wonders "deepening surface consciousness." Do they represent haiku at its "best"? You will be the judge of that.

~ First Place ($150) ~

no escaping
this moonlight—
Pompeii

Scott Mason**,** Chappaqua, New York

~ Second Place ($100) ~

river mud
the shape
of boys

Jayne Miller, Hazel Green, Wisconsin

~ Third Place ($50) ~

somewhere becoming rain becoming somewhere

Jim Kacian, Winchester, Virginia

~ Honorable Mentions (Unranked) ~

desert twilight
a map with many creases
nailed to a cross

Garry Gay, Santa Rosa, California

we huddle
over mother's open grave—
lawless winter

Anita Curran Guenin, San Diego, California

a long bus ride
the prophetic language
of the stops

Michael McClintock, Clovis, California

2012 Gerald Brady Senryu Contest

Judges
Susan Constable, Nanoose Bay, British Columbia
Susan Antolin, Walnut Creek, California

It was an honor to be asked to select the winners of the 2012 Gerald Brady Memorial Awards for the best unpublished senryu for the Haiku Society of America. As judges who have never met in person, it was also an added pleasure to work together and get to know each other through our many exchanges during the selection process. In reviewing the approximately 350 entries, we were pleasantly surprised how easily we settled on the first-place poem. The other poems fell into place as well, but not until we had each called the other judge's attention to poems the other might have overlooked. We were drawn most to poems with originality and understated language, as well as poems that caused us to take a fresh look at something we thought we knew well. We hope you will enjoy these winning poems and appreciate, as we did, the way in which these senryu (in the language of the official HSA definition) "highlight the foibles of human nature."

~ First Place ($100) ~

death watch
she dies peacefully
in their sleep

Julie Warther, Dover, Ohio

On our first and every successive reading, this poem came to the top of our independent lists. The strong first line sets the scene and emotional context, while line two offers us some comfort in a painful situation. With the one unexpected word in the final line, however, the poem becomes very ironic and

deeply poignant. It's not uncommon for a loved one to die while we are out of the room or have dozed off from mental and physical exhaustion. This senryu captures this profound human experience without resorting to either sentimentality or exaggeration. It's a poem we'll remember.

~ Seccond Place ($75) ~

rain gauge
the pastor talks
about grief

Michele L. Harvey, Hamilton, New York

The second-place senryu almost escaped us on first reading. However, its resonance increased every time we came back to it—a sign of a good poem. Although unintended, it is a fitting follow-up to the winning verse. Line one shows us a way of measuring rainfall, but the following lines suggest it may also measure tears. The pastor, or others who talk empathetically about grief, must also act as a gauge and measure their words carefully while speaking with the bereaved. Some readers may classify this as a haiku, but we decided that this poem fit the senryu label applied by the poet.

~ Third Place ($50) ~

waiting room—
a fly climbs the stairs
on an Escher print

Terri L. French, Huntsville, Alabama

With wry humor and an Issa-like focus on a fly, this senryu captures the helpless feeling of a seemingly endless wait. The person waiting and the fly climbing the never-ending staircase of the Escher print share this suspended moment. Without overt emotion the poet brings our attention to the fly and allows us to discover the irony and range of possible emotional reactions—from anger or frustration to a Zen-like

acceptance—in that moment of waiting. A classic senryu, to be sure.

~ Honorable Mentions (Unranked) ~

my third glass of wine
the mosquito
comes back for seconds

Terri L. French, Huntsville, Alabama

The humor in this senryu is unmistakable. There's a lovely play of words between the ordinal numbers, and an amusing assumption as to why the mosquito comes back. However, the poem also raises an interesting question. Does a mosquito become inebriated after ingesting alcoholic blood? Perhaps we need to do a little more research . . .

philosophy class
I talk myself
into a corner

Tom Painting, Atlanta, Georgia

The self-deprecating humor in this one is appealing, as is the play on words in the third line. Presumably we study philosophy to find answers to life's many questions, but here the poet ends up in a metaphorical corner.

Old Faithful
the crowd arrives
right on time

Jim Kacian, Winchester, Virginia

This senryu pokes fun at the assigning of human characteristics to natural phenomena. The geyser, nicknamed Old Faithful, erupts every 91 minutes, and, like clockwork, the tourists also arrive to observe this predictable geographical feature. Which is truly faithful, the geyser or the tourists?

Mark Harris serves on The Haiku Foundation's board, and chairs the Touchstone Awards Committee. Burl, *his first book of haiku, was published by Red Moon Press in 2012. He is a specialist in the maintenance and display of art museum collections.*

Peter Yovu lives with his wife and two cats in Vermont. Sunrise *(Red Moon Press, 2010), his second full-length collection of poetry, is still available.*

Susan Constable's Japanese poetry forms have been published in over forty online and print journals, as well as in numerous anthologies. She was the Spotlight poet in the Fall 2012 issue of Modern Haiku *and her tanka sequence, "The Eternity of Waves," is one of the 2012 winners of the eChapbook Awards, sponsored by Snapshot Press. She is currently the tanka editor for the online journal,* A Hundred Gourds.

Susan Antolin has served as the president of the Haiku Poets of Northern California, newsletter editor for both the Haiku Society of America and HPNC, as well as editor of Mariposa *for several years. She is now the editor of* Acorn: a journal of contemporary haiku. *Her collection of haiku and tanka,* Artichoke Season, *was published in 2009. She posts on Twitter @susanantolin.*

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The Haiku Society of America Annual Contests

Thank you to all of the judges and contest coordinator, John Stevenson, and congratulations to the winners of the 2012 HSA-sponsored contests.The 2013 in-hand deadlines are:

- Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Contest: February 28, 2013
- The Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards: March 31, 2013
- HSA Haibun Contest: August 31, 2013
- Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest: August 31, 2013
- Gerald Brady Senryu Contest: August 31, 2013

Please visit the HSA Web site for further details:
www.hsa-haiku.org

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From the Editors

To be interested in the changing seasons is a happier state of mind than to be hopelessly in love with spring.

~ George Santayana

We find much to reflect on in Santayana's words about our constant and shifting relationship with a tilting world. He tells us to be present where and when we are and urges us to attend to the full gamut of experiences and emotions that come our way. Without cold there is no warmth; without winter there is no spring.

Of course, he speaks to the poet's level of immersion in life as well. To engage with all the changing seasons suggests the need to abandon painting what we see with the most obvious palette, and to notice and convey the colors that lend volume and depth to a thing, a time, a place. It suggests the need to forsake the obvious or sentimental and to come at things slant.

When we take time to be interested in a thing, large or small, we are inspired by it. What inspires us? Do we *make* time to be inspired? Is there a pace and rhythm to our days, or are we spread thin, multitasking, barely finding a few moments to reflect, to notice the small workings of the world around us?

Sparrows are constant companions through the seasons. How do they survive the frigid days and nights of winter? After observing them for a few minutes, it becomes apparent that they are completely in tune with each season. They are aware and, somehow through instinct, able to interpret the presence or absence of light and wind, of snow and rain, and how these and other elements of nature impact their survival. Nothing excites them more than a handful of seeds tossed onto the snow in the dead of winter or a trickle of meltwater. Perhaps Santayana is telling us: Be like a sparrow. Notice the small things and be nourished by them.

We hope that you find creative nourishment in the winter issue of this journal. We begin 2013 by bidding farewell to three officers of the HSA executive committee: Ce Rosenow, president; John Stevenson, second vice president; and Susan Antolin, editor of *Ripples*. We are grateful and indebted to them for their service to the HSA, and pleased to include haiku from all of the officers who served through 2012 (see pp. 5–7, up to and including Randy Brooks).

Thank you to our artists. Chris Patchel delights us once again with his exquisite cover design. The image "Snowflake" leaves us breathless and draws us into the chrystalline beauty of winter. It should inspire a haiku moment in each of us, while the delicately crumpled tissues on the back cover remind us of the human side of the season. Bob Root-Bernstein's "f-r-o-g" marries word and image. In this and other pictonymns he uses the letters in the name of a thing to draw it, and like haiku itself, synthesizes sense and sensibility. We are grateful for assistance from Charlie Trumbull and Bill Pauly, whose sense and sensibility helped us catch errors before sending this issue to print, and to Noah Banwarth, who continues to tutor the editor in the workings of the design program.

What becomes obvious in our work as editors is that the creative process is the lifeblood of each and every season; it is what sustains us and keeps us connected to each other and to the mysteries of this world, as well as the universe. Please send your best haiku, senryu, linked forms, haibun, essays, and reviews to *Frogpond*. Thank you for entrusting us with your work.

Francine Banwarth, Editor
Michele Root-Bernstein, Associate Editor