

FROGPOND

THE JOURNAL OF
THE HAIKU SOCIETY
OF AMERICA

VOLUME 38:3

AUTUMN

2015



About HSA & *Frogpond*

Subscription / HSA Membership:

For adults in the USA, \$35; in Canada/Mexico, \$37; for seniors and students in North America, \$30; for everyone elsewhere, \$47. Pay by check on a USA bank, by International Postal Money Order, or PayPal. All subscriptions/memberships are annual, expiring on December 31, and include three issues of *Frogpond* as well as three online newsletters, the members' anthology, and voting rights. All correspondence regarding new and renewed memberships, changes of address, and requests for information should be directed to the HSA secretary (see the list of officers, p. 138). Make checks and money orders payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Single Copies of Back Issues:

For USA & Canada, \$14; for elsewhere, \$15 by surface and \$20 by airmail. Older issues might cost more, depending on how many are left. Please inquire first. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. Send single copy and back issue orders to the *Frogpond* editor (see p. 3).

Contributor Copyright and Acknowledgments:

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *Frogpond*. Neither the Haiku Society of America, its officers, nor the editor assume responsibility for views of contributors (including its own officers) whose work is printed in *Frogpond*, research errors, infringement of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

Frogpond Listing and Copyright Information:

ISSN 8755-156X

Listed in the *MLA International Bibliography, Humanities International Complete, Poets and Writers*.

© 2015 by the Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Francine Banwarth, Editor Michele Root-Bernstein, Associate Editor

Cover Design and Photos: Christopher Patchel, Green Oaks, IL.

Pond Frogs: John Parsons, Norfolk, England. Ink drawings.

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 All submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere and must not be on the Internet (except for Twitter and Facebook) prior to appearing in *Frogpond*.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/senryu
2. Up to three haibun
3. Up to three renga 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 after the end of each period.

Note to Publishers:

Books for review may be sent at any time.

Submission Addresses for *Frogpond*:

E-mail: frogpondhsa@gmail.com

Postal: Francine Banwarth, Editor, *Frogpond*, 985 South Grandview, Dubuque, Iowa 52003 (USA)

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



**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 38:2

braiding my daughter's hair—
just enough tension

Carol Ann Palomba
Wanaque, NJ



Haiku & Senryu

song of the deep
a humpback breaches
the light

Mark E. Brager, Columbia, MD

Hiroshima Memorial
a thousand cranes
never fly away

Lidia Rozmus, Vernon Hills, IL

mala fide—
taking another look
at the moon

Stella Pierides, Neusaess, Germany

starry night
enough crumbs in the jar
to be a cookie

Bob Lucky, Jubail, Saudi Arabia

southern cicada
my brother returns
the rust-tooth saw

Ron Scully, Manchester, NH

aspen leaves
trapped in the eddy
our tête-à-têtes

Marilyn Fleming, Pewaukee, WI

summer night
the ache of typing
bad love poems

Kyle Flak, Grand Rapids, MI

fever flowers—
in my chest the flutter
of black butterflies

Kristen Deming, Bethesda, MD

no cut, no *kigo*
autumn crows
squat on a branch

Perry L. Powell, College Park, GA

knock knock
an unknown caterpillar
on a common weed

Carolyn Coit Dancy, Pittsford, NY

late September
the umpire's pink
bubblegum

Lee Giesecke, Annandale, VA

fresh and crisp
the autumn wind
so red delicious

Angela Terry, Lake Forest Park, WA

courthouse wall—
O'Keeffe's flower
hangs crooked

Andrew Punk, Perrineville, NJ

old balcony
pieces of her life
falling on lilacs

Carole Slesnick, Bellingham, WA

mousetrap—
the stars stealing in
through a skylight

Gautam Nadkarni, Mumbai, India

the dog and I
inch closer to the fire . . .
dark spots on Pluto

vague shapes beneath the kudzu songs of unknown birds

Ferris Gilli, Marietta, GA

photo of herons
this year's birthday card
for the prodigal

Thomas Chockley, Plainfield, IL

wind

through holes
in my father's sweater

Robert Witmer, Tokyo, Japan

tide pool stars
the universe expanding
in his daughter's eyes

Stewart C Baker, Dallas, OR

sunflowers
you'll levitate when
you no longer need to

vanishing point hummingbird

Michelle Tennison, Blackwood, NJ

an old crow perches
in cattails by the quay—
kayaks drifting home

Gary Sloboda, San Francisco, CA

rain of leaves . . .
waiting for hummingbirds

waiting

Valorie Broadhurst Woerdehoff, Dubuque, IA

late middle age
the last wisdom tooth's
twisted root

J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, CA

winter morning
the tip of a tree
spreads its wings

Mark Dailey, Poultney, VT

swirling leaves
the gas station attendant
blows in his hands

Rick Tarquinio, Woodruff, NJ

waiting room
whether to complain
or weather

LeRoy Gorman, Napanee, ON

graveside service
the widow wipes away
a raindrop

John J. Dunphy, Alton, IL

funeral service
the comment of an infant
fills the church

William Hart, Montrose, CA

late night
the widow sleeps
with the televangelist

Tina Crenshaw, Charlotte, NC

blowing smoke rings
her last fling
tainted with moonlight

Charles Baker, Mineral Point, WI

the way open
in all directions
wild snapdragons

Allan Burns, Colorado Springs, CO

a tufted titmouse
keeps nominating
spring

Anne Elise Burgevin, Pennsylvania Furnace, PA

sand flea
the mountain path along
a whale fin

Bill Cooper, Midlothian, VA

between ribs
of the rattlesnake
Indian pipes

Judson Evans, Holbrook, MA

before the blackbird and after the white noise of rain

Lorin Ford, Melbourne, Australia

all my poems
dead on arrival
late-rising moon

Alanna C. Burke, Santa Fe, NM

ornamental grasses
frozen in one direction
winter wind

John J. Han, Manchester, MO

pet scan . . .
a penny carries my wish
moon deep

Sandi Pray, Lake City, FL

the wind plays
every needle—
pitch pine

Nicholas Berardo, Mahopac, NY

a pintail out of eclipse lifting mist from the river

John Barlow, Ormskirk, England

the black rook
takes the white knight
autumn evening

Ernest Wit, Warsaw, Poland

a flash of Pan
in the goat's eye
barn shadows

Mary Frederick Ahearn, Pottstown, PA

quarter's end
the operating margin
of sunflowers

Dog Star
a shadow's diary
declassified

Fay Aoyagi, San Francisco, CA

drought—
a crow drinks from
Escher's clouds

Angelee Deodhar, Chandigarh, India

cramped dacha
a satellite dish
full of grapes

Alexey Andreev, Moscow, Russia

blackout siren—
the toddler's grip
tightens on my breast

Arvinder Kaur, Chandigarh, India

clip-on tie
the unseen order
of things

procrastinating
i edit the bag
of m&m's

Ben Moeller-Gaa, St. Louis, MO

fly . . .
from noun to verb
and back

David J. Kelly, Dublin, Ireland

ray of light—
dust motes break
against my hand

Edward J. Rielly, Westbrook, ME

on his daughter's cheek
a snowflake melting
the war

Steve Hodge, White Lake, MI

wedding kiss
my mother somewhere
in the wings

Roberta Beary, Bethesda, MD

waiting for word from you last summer's lavender

Robert Piotrowski, Mississauga, ON

brown leaves cover
dormant iris bulbs
grandmother's quilt

Susan Beall Summers, Hutto, TX

such a thing as too clean the wind's incision

Matthew Moffett, Mt. Pleasant, MI

one ant drags another
I block a friend
on Facebook

Mary Stevens, Hurley, NY

desert winds
father's voice barely
a whisper

Bruce H. Feingold, Berkeley, CA

going to a beautiful place the canyon screensaver

Ann Schechter, Edmond, OK

centering my mind
in the deepest night
small distant moon

Bruce Ross, Hampden, ME

hiking without a phone the subtext of maple

Bill Deegan, Mahwah, NJ

the quiet
after an argument—
scraping carrot skin

Nicholas Klacsanzky, Kyiv, Ukraine

a finch at dusk
without the woman
who feeds him

I think I'll convert
to wild sunflowers
by the river

Dan Schwerin, Waukesha, WI

first hot day
a white butterfly
takes the sky

Carole Johnston, Lexington, KY

rearview mirror
her good-bye still
leaves me

Nishant Mehrotra, Surat, India

pine needles
burned in a bundle
alone, not alone

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, CA

sturgeon moon—
another river
loses its voice

the hoyá's nectar
on the tip of my finger
summer dawn

Susan Constable, Nanoose Bay, BC

ebb and flow
shorebirds
forth and back

Jyothirmai Gubili, Rochester, MN

autumn drizzle
the wireless icon
pulsates

Phillip Kennedy, Monterey, CA

cracked teapot
our habits go
their separate ways

Lynne Steel, Hillsboro Beach, FL

summer tryst—
his hand on the back
of her sway

Sondra J. Byrnes, Santa Fe, NM

wilderness trail
he wanders off the edge
of his map

butterfly effect
the children stop
to watch

Dave Read, Calgary, AB

winter woods
the geometry
of falling snow

Elizabeth Black, Arlington, VA

the box of age-darkened tinsel almost nothing

the antique doll's face a day older winter twilight

Dan Liebert, Maplewood, MO

new apartment—
moving in our own
scents and sounds

Barbara Snow, Eugene, OR

her relationships
the flowers she loves
all make her sneeze

two aspirin
still the ache
of life

Michael Ketchek, Rochester, NY

blazing firewood . . .
we drink cider
with a bite

Jo Balistreri, Genesee Depot, WI

the small hours like crystals into birdsong

gather broken branches to spell her name

David Boyer, Stamford, CT

sweet corn stand
teenagers stretch out
in a pickup truck

Tim Happel, Iowa City, IA

the baseball rolls
towards the tall grass
evening star

Mike Dillon, Indianola, WA

ice cream truck—
the swing swings
by itself

Mary Ann Gaebler, Marion, IA

summer night
the moth fans
a paper moon

Cherese R. Cobb, Maryville, TN

peace crane—
children adding colors
to the story

Kanavu Nila, Bangalore, India

disappearing dew
no time to discuss
an old love

Ajaya Mahala, Pune, India

chill wind—
the weaver bird's nest
swings empty

Lysa Collins, White Rock, BC

low tide
I lie awake
mindcombing

Dan Curtis, Victoria, BC

fallen leaves . . .
the way the trail
takes us back

Padma Thampatty, Wexford, PA

skeins of yarn
the calico kitten
knots and purrs

Margaret Chula, Portland, OR

antique shop
I hold the watch
with no hands

his dumb jokes
I pull the mosquito net
closer

Jeannie Martin, Arlington, MA

an old flame
darkness closing in
on a lump of wax

Richard Tice, Kent, WA

worm moon
the rescued dog
runs away

J. Brian Robertson, Berlin, Germany

early nightfall
more creases in the binding
of *War and Peace*

Julie Riggott, Glendale, CA

autumn wind—
bee wings
in the dustpan

the white belly
of a frog on the window
summer rain

Brendan McCormack, Sierraville, CA

refrigerator magnets
all the places
her friends have been

Patty Hardin, Long Beach, WA

faraway whistle
of the night train . . .
mother's lullaby

Chen-ou Liu, Ajax, ON

estate records—
sorting through my parents'
sorrows

Gregory Longenecker, Pasadena, CA

morning star
crow fledglings call out
on their first flight

wind-shaped gorse
the rise and fall
of a lammergeier's cry

Sonam Chhoki, Thimphu, Bhutan

first telescope
my father and I standing
light years apart

Kyle D. Craig, Indianapolis, IN

winter chill—
high in the trees old nests
absorb the drizzle

Diana Webb, London, England

housebound—
deeper and deeper
into my cupboard

Linda Aherns, Arlington, TX

meteor shower
my mother refuses
her pain meds

hydrangeas
our underclothes
tumbling in the dryer

Sharon Pretti, San Francisco, CA

anniversary . . .
more leaves piling up
in the courtyard

Marisa Fazio, Melbourne, Australia

anchored boat—
a seagull searches for fish
in empty nets

Tomislav Maretić, Zagreb, Croatia

winter doldrums
I begin to read
large-print books

Gary Simpson, Fairview Heights, IL

dark pearl
the wet tongue
of an oyster

Anna Cates, Wilmington, OH

absent heart
the broken egg inside
a wren's nest

he taps me on the bum quarter moon

Jade Pisani, Victoria, Australia

a beetle leg twitches golden the quiet

a hint of lost
 pear estrogen

Eve Luckring, Los Angeles, CA

the same hole in our hearts
white chrysanthemum

Anna Maris, Tomelilla, Sweden

incense curls . . .
a past life
tugging

Vivian Hua, Mountain View, CA

out of grief
the morning sun
on my shoulder

stumbling on my vertiginous dream

Helen Buckingham, Somerset, England

plums in his eyes the sweetness his mother loved

Susan Diridoni, Kensington, CA

holes in the red dragonfly's wing shortening days

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, CA

poetry class—
she clicks her pen
again

Carmel Lively Westerman, Yuma, AZ

musk turtle
the hook in its mouth
catches the sun

the whale's eye
it looked right at me
we all say

Ian Willey, Kagawa, Japan

moonrings pushing back the dark space for rain

Matthew Caretti, Flushing, NY

collection agency
his wedding ring
in the ashtray

six bullets the absence of color

Jim Warner, Knoxville, TN

withered daffodils
I resurrect
an old feud

John McManus, Carlisle, England

bedside vigil
the faintest pulse
in the fontanelle

high heels on the piazza
the slowing click
of dominoes

Lew Watts, Santa Fe, NM

our last night in Paris croissant moon

Bryan Rickert, Belleville, IL

dark dreams
the rivers
i escape to

painting the house numbers Pluto a planet again

Michael Blottenberger, Hanover, PA

still here
the haiku i wrote last year
in the attic dust

Jörgen Johansson, Lidköping, Sweden

she spins the globe
to show how the earth wears it
blue saree

Kath Abela Wilson, Pasadena, CA

after sunset
mountains become the sky
a muezzin's call

Kala Ramesh, Pune, India

working with the time
he's got left
sand sculptor

eyes closed
riding a heat wave
of beach roses

Peter Newton, Winchendon, MA

full moon . . .
my shadow playing
the air guitar

Roman Lyakhovetsky, Maale Adumim, Israel

a flicker's hammering
echoes from a hollow trunk—
shadbush in bloom

Wally Swist, Amherst, MA

Bataan Day
feeling sharp stones through
my shoes

Paul MacNeil, Ocala, FL

winter sky
hawk tears cartilage
from bone

tea service
all the flavors
I'll never be

Aubrie Cox, Knoxville, TN

screw pine bloom—
my skirt too short
for his mom

Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy, Birmingham, England

choral concert:
the elaborate arrangement
of “Simple Gifts”

ticking of the clock
the IV drips
out of synch

Charles Trumbull, Santa Fe, NM

waiting room
we all look up
when the rain arrives

alone
the lamp
least used

John Stevenson, Nassau, NY

wolf moon
marking the bay
a coyote howls

pausing
halfway down the stairs—
dead zone

Charles Shiotani, Watsonville, CA

at the bar
wishing she were a C note
he could spend

turning her cheek
for him to kiss
ex

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, NM

bit of gossip . . .
overpruning
my roses

prayer candle
at wick's end
dawn

Lesley Clinton, Sugar Land, TX

after Mom . . .
Kleenex
in the lint catcher

Dad learning his way
around the kitchen—
first crocus

Tanya McDonald, Woodinville, WA

daydreaming . . .
I lean against
the lean-to

Robin White, Deerfield, NH

chess match
another leaf falls
in slow motion

Maria Tomczak, Opole, Poland

deep in the woods
a swallowtail
takes the lead

Brad Bennett, Arlington, MA

folding my son's clothes
the way dad did
uneven seams

Noel Sloboda, York, PA

new tablecloth—
first Thanksgiving
without the extra leaf

Julie Warther, Dover, OH

birthday candles
his wish swirls away
with the smoke

Duro Jaiye, Singapore

her soft breath
the sound of rain
less urgent now

Joseph Robello, Novato, CA

small talk
wading in and out
of the shallows

dl mattila, Oakton, VA

witness waiting room
a hairline crack
runs along the wall

Olivier Schopfer, Geneva, Switzerland

trail of footprints
all the ways
it could have gone

Elliot Greiner, Washington, D.C.

last day of spring
a click of his lighter
as he walks the dog

Jeanne Cook, South Bend, IN

no place to be
a wide puddle mirrors
the ways of the wind

James Chessing, San Ramon, CA

convalescent home
the familiar grasp
of nostalgia

Elizabeth Crocket, Burlington, ON

rising from
the summer garden
thyme-scented rooks

Marie Louise Munro, Tarzana, CA

shopping for paint—
the mourning dove's breast
in sunlight

Phyllis Lee, Sebring, OH

winter dusk
lighting my shadow
with a candle

Vishnu P. Kapoor, Chennai, India

after the stroke—
the tea in his cup
trembling

P M F Johnson, Minneapolis, MN

a touch of snow
the last gift wrap
goes as kindling

Alan Summers, Wiltshire, England

the sound of an axe
echoes through the valley—
winter loneliness

Bob Oliveira, Bonita Springs, FL

where the tables meet
balancing a glass of wine
our nine-year marriage

Ali Fasano, Liverpool, NY

far from home
the wide stance
of a newborn calf

sudden shower
no one predicted
I'd be the eldest

Joe McKeon, Strongsville, OH

summer paddle
keeping pace, more or less
with the current

surrounded by a pine tree woodpecker hole

Alan S. Bridges, Littleton, MA

wild plum
the sweetness inside
september

a spruce and a fir
from the same nurse stump
my brother never calls

Aron Rothstein, Toledo, OR

my complaints
adding up
mackerel sky

conflicting wishes
I ease a lit lamp
into the Ganges

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, CA

coffin display
the various prices
of absence

funeral service so many dying flowers

George Swede, Toronto, ON

rosemary
for potpourri
day of the wake

wings of the luna moth
closing closed
hospice night

Ellen Compton, Washington, D.C.

spring rain
the sea song
in a hawker's call

gibbous moon
somersaults
in my belly

Yesha Shah, Surat, India

chiseled initials
mine, his
in separate hearts

Jennifer Thiermann, Glenview, IL

jacket weather
feeling the colors
of fall

Karen DiNobile, Poughkeepsie, NY

autumn light
the archivist unfolds the letter
with gloved hands

Patricia J. Machmiller, San Jose, CA

no telling
where it ends
her serpent tattoo

night vigil
mother requests
warm milk

Tom Painting, Atlanta, GA

first bloom
 taken too soon
 summer wind

Leslie Johnson, Seattle, WA

still waters
the lost dog watches
my reflection

Charmaine Chircop, Attard, Malta

“Battle Symphony”—
from the neighboring seat
scent of camphor

Klaus-Dieter Wirth, Viersen, Germany

wind chime
sotto voce
night heat

Roland Packer, Hamilton, ON

could lose
a few
pounds
my body
of work

Haiku Elvis, Shreveport, LA

life slows
i have
a third leg

Arch Haslett, Toronto, ON

rose garden
another stab
of envy

failing light
the frayed hem
of her nightgown

Rachel Sutcliffe, Huddersfield, England

scrimshaw
on the ivory
moon

Paula Gieseeman, Dubuque, IA

campfire tales the time within time

you and i the separating conjunction

Jim Kacian, Winchester, VA

kids playing
outside
the sandbox

Ken Olson, Yakima, WA

wild waves
the cheeky tilt
of a buoy

spinnaker
the wind trying
to get there first

Quendryth Young, Alstonville, Australia

a mooring rope
loosely coiled on the dock
spring's first moon

evening cool . . .
crushed violets
in the deer bed

paul m., Bristol, RI

hailstorm—
my dogs shelter
under a bare tree

Lydia Lecheva, Sofia, Bulgaria

flat streets
of a midwestern town . . .
idle talk

Charlotte Digregorio, Winnetka, IL

Monday morning—
sledgehammers busting up
the way in and out

Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, CA

Easter night
just-hemmed suit pants hang
above the stairs

between the garbage
and recycle bins
spring moon

Lenard D. Moore, Raleigh, NC

lost city
each wildflower
a story

Sanjukta Asopa, Karnataka, India

corn harvest
a Ferris wheel stirs
the sultry air

Carol Pearce-Worthington, New York, NY

every bit as black
as the plumage of the crows—
their strident cries

Tom Tico, San Francisco, CA

The burn pile's smoke
threading through leaf-scatter—
not yet shaking despair

Sound of ice-fall
in woods, when her suicide
was just a thought

Rebecca Lilly, Port Republic, VA

glint through a cornfield
all the angles
of summer's passing

billowing curtain
filling with the first
of late afternoon

Burnell Lippy, Danville, VT

poetry reading . . .
on that singular phrase
a glottal stop

William Scott Galasso, Laguna Woods, CA

since they haven't come
I write myself
some hummingbirds

onion skin
I open myself
to the rain

Bill Pauly, Asbury, IA

tree pose
held an extra breath . . .
first hummingbird

Pleiades at dawn
a wet nose nudges me
back to earth

Robert Gilliland, Austin, TX

mist from melting snow
drifting downstream
witch hazel in bloom

Brent Partridge, Orinda, CA

early morning
the chickadee
on speakerphone

patchy fog . . .
dozing
whil I re d

Joy Reed MacVane, Portsmouth, NH

lunar dust wearing her down with his reasons

Jo McNerney, Victoria, Australia

no thoughts
light filters through
the shape of glass

how many
become one
sound of rain

Jacob Salzer, Vancouver, WA

frosty morning
I freeze
my final decision

Pravat Kumar Padhy, Odisha, India

old stone wall
a cranny
for your thoughts

her hoop earrings
tigers leaping
to mind

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, NY

dark shadows spring mourning cloaks

Beverly Acuff Momoi, Mountain View, CA

concertina wire
spring snow
muting it

a prisoner
too tough to tame
the autumn wind

Johnny Baranski, Vancouver, WA

first day of school
tying the vines
to the trellis

Jessica Malone Latham, Santa Rosa, CA

in one sound
the river passing
by

on paper
our breaths
add up

Gary Hotham, Scaggsville, MD

lip gloss
to lipstick
spring buds

gazing at stars
the footsteps
that linger

Stephen A. Peters, Bellingham, WA

shade garden
belladonna blends
into dusk

Michele L. Harvey, Hamilton, NY

rolling cumulus
the shape of the calf
in the cow's belly

Claire Everett, North Yorkshire, England

Voyager . . .
the space between
our ears

afterglow . . .
what will
and won't

Christopher Patchel, Green Oaks, IL

morning sunbeam
a cicada replies

Alzheimer's
the delicate catch and release
of a daddy long legs

Joyce Clement, Bristol, CT

parched earth
sadness doesn't
become a poem

Mark Levy, Oakland, CA

fog tendrils . . .
the nothing I have to say
filling the canyon

Autumn Noelle Hall, Green Mountain Falls, CO

backstory
in the winterhouse
we talk the fire cold

Barbara Tate, Winchester, TN

shanty town
the violet door
into decay

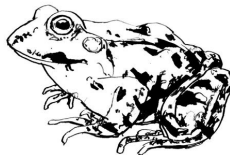
half moon
the sound of an approaching
dream

Dietmar Tauchner, Puchberg, Austria

in the quiet
of my own mind
the poems of others

the forest disappears into itself new moon

Michael Rehling, Presque Isle, MI



Rengay

Stuck in Traffic

Angela Terry, Lake Forest Park, WA
Julie Warther, Dover, OH

caught
between two worlds
spring thunder

*just under her ribs
a tiny heel*

stuck in traffic—
the same song
on every station

*moonflowers . . .
the wiggle
of a cocoon*

as if the stars
could escape the sky

*between mountains
and the moon—
breaching whales*

Earworm

Johannes S. H. Bjerg, Højby, Denmark
Shloka Shankar, Bangalore, India

Northern wind
I whistle “All you need is love”
out of tune

*practicing alaaps
all the last notes end-stopped*

Sa Re Ga Ma Pa . . .
a pneumatic drill drowns
the rest of Bhairavi

*almost dawn
the layers of longing
in birdsong*

by the first note the door
to any-(t)here opens

*earworm
every song reminds me
of that one song*

Hand in Hand

Michael L. Evans, Shelton, WA
Connie Donleycott, Bremerton, WA

quilted sky
on Valentine's Day
we remake the bed

*choosing a fabric
for our reclining loveseat*

hand in hand
we walk these woods
talking of tomorrows

*paddles in sync
across the bay
colors of autumn*

old burger joint
our initials still there

*strolling the pier
we share an order of fries
with the seagulls*

Red Devils

Simon Hanson, Allendale, Australia

Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia

howling wind
filling the sky
with sparks

*the eyes of night birds
embers in a flame tree*

over the hilltop
orange tongues leap
into darkness

*black moon
the drone of cicadas
unsettling the stars*

deep in the heartwood
a white hot glow

*red devils
spiral in the fire front
lightning flashes*

Haiku Sequences

shy of autumn

Marlene Mountain, Hampton, TN

a perfect place where the crow's met its shadow
touch and go on the boneset the hummer
heavy dew a chickadee returns from hawk eyes
forsythia breezed the great blue heron

Sleight of Paw

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, NY

so happy to see
and be _____
Cheshire Cat

the road not taken
taken (or not)
Schrödinger's cat

chewed-up scenery
after Act II . . .
Macavity's not there!

Renku

The Magpie's Nest

A Spring Jūnichō

Patricia Prime, Auckland, New Zealand

Vanessa Proctor, Sydney, Australia

Dick Pettit, Nordborg/Als, Denmark (*sabaki*)

Francis Attard, Marsa, Malta

first blue sky
the delicate sheen
of a magpie's egg

Vanessa

white butterflies
neither more nor less

Patricia

returning late
is that a figure moving
in the shadows?

Dick

votive candles burn in heat haze
at the hilltop shrine

Francis

over the Sumida River
each new volley of fireworks
bigger and brighter

Vanessa

the source a little trickle
coming from a tussock

Dick

freezing nights
listening to the *Pastoral*
on the radio

Patricia

leaves the flower shop
wolf-whistles for a taxi

Francis

a Sloane Ranger
the boyfriend's standing lunch
at the Savoy Dick

kicking off her heels
at the front door Vanessa

garden thistle
but hidden in its mystery
blossoming time Francis

shrouded in mist
the flickering moon Patricia

Mirror Labyrinth

Shisan Renku

Maria Tomczak, Opole, Poland

Gabriel Sawicki, Wroclaw, Poland

campfire gathering—
constellations of stars and
fresh mole holes Maria

lights jumping on
the old pond surface Gabriel

one more brush touch
to overinked leaves
of sumi-e bamboo Maria

her panda eyes wearing
yesterday's make-up Gabriel

in mirror labyrinth
from every side
my different ego Maria

dusted porcelain dolls
at the tea table Maria

gentle smell
of roasted chestnuts
all the way home Gabriel

her dried lips in
Indian summer redness Gabriel

rolling eyes
she turns the Kamasutra
upside down Maria

the hourglass that
s o m e t i m e s slows down Gabriel

on an ancient battlefield
silent snow covering
the fennel skeletons Maria

one last ride
on the Devil's Mill* Gabriel

*Ferris wheel

Haibun

Disarticulation

Nancy Carol Moody, Eugene, OR

Sneakers are washing up on the beach—that's nine now in the space of two years—and here's the gag line: the shoes are found with the feet still in them. Nothing suspicious, the authorities assure an anxious public, the riddle solved with Forensics 101—bodies having leapt from bridges or tangled with a propeller plus a shoe's natural buoyancy plus the sea's voracious microorganisms all add up to the likelihood of a foot or feet washing up randomly on a beach. Enjoy the water, we citizens are advised. Our summers are short enough as it is.

Camp Clearwater in July
how tightly Mother sewed
my name in my socks

Our First Place

Crystal Simone Smith, Durham, NC

There's only a tan sofa bed and trays we fold open for TV dinners. I pretend to eat the symmetrical sections of meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and vegetable medley, but my mother knows. On the pay phone, she tells my aunt we need pans for cooking, that I only eat the desserts from the frozen meals. At night, the only light is the flicker of television. I'm in first grade, last in everything. I don't know shapes, numbers, or colors. I know meatloaf is the worst color ever.

dandelions—
I hold her
tight grip

“Urgent Message”

Fay Aoyagi, San Francisco, CA

Dear Valued Customer

All other dragons living in Japan have already purchased their package to the Sky Garden Palace. It includes a round-trip ticket by Cloud Express and a private slumber room. I hereby remind you that the sale will end a day before Spring Equinox.

Kindly regards,
Reservation Manager

PS: I hope you still remember this marvelous tradition even though you have been away from home for many years.

hermit crab finds
my passport expired
sent from my iPhone

Neuroplasticity

Michael Fessler, Kanagawa, Japan

Rollins likes to make an issue of my age. He corrects me when I use out-of-date terminology. Not long ago he mentioned that he had seen me at a coffee shop. I'd had a window seat and was facing inward. The way he put it was: "I recognized you from the back." Everyone laughed. The rear view. I said, "You can change your mind but not your head." On the contrary, he answered. And he launched into an explanation of neuroplasticity and physical changes to the brain caused by habitual actions and impulses. In other words, if you modified your thinking patterns, you could indeed "change your head."

so old now
I don't need a mask
on Halloween

Blue Feather Farm

Glenn G. Coats, Prospect, VA

Easter. The boys are in and out of the house as if it is a train station. “Kick off those shoes,” my daughter says. It is early afternoon, lots of sunshine, and I ask my grandsons to go for a walk.

We poke around the tobacco barn where light illuminates the dust. One of the boys mentions a creek on the far side of the farm. Another says there could be salamanders or chubs and he knows where to find a net.

The five of us set out across the first pasture. The cow follows us to the fence line where we climb over the metal squares. A wind blows patterns in the grasses.

The narrow creek cuts through the red clay. It is shallow and clear as a bell. The boys jump for logs and rocks. They ask if they can take off their shoes and socks, roll their pants up and wade in the water.

They tiptoe through water still cold as snow, fill their pockets with freckled stones, and search pools for minnows. Their pants are soon soaked to the waist. “We’re going to get in trouble,” one of them says. I tell them there is plenty of time to dry before we get home.

dusk fills
the empty places
early spring

Fractals

George Swede, Toronto, ON

Roots in good earth with a skyward trajectory and a branching
out to engage in countless tropes with the sun and the wind . . .

century-old maple—
an ant in the still-moist
center of the stump

Station twenty-four: Kanaya For Her Lover She Would Wear Only Silk

Terry Ann Carter, Victoria, BC

Because I would never split an infinitive. Because the dress-
ing gown is red and made in China with flowers woven into
it. Because you place your hand in the small of my back.
Because it is raining.

arc of hibiscus
against the blue sky—
morning moonset

Low Tide

Tom Painting, Atlanta, GA

I arrive thinking I'll find her bound up in grief, but instead
she greets me with a buoyant smile. The end of a once happy
marriage is no excuse to stop living she tells me. I think of my
own happy marriage and have to wonder why I've agreed to
meet her. It is certainly not to catch up on the years she spent
with the man for whom she left me in the first place.

beachcombing the way of the turnstone

The Vanishing

Autumn Noelle Hall, Green Mountain Falls, CO

A last hummingbird kiss tucks delphiniums into seed, and the resonance of deeper chimes roots in, bedding down for winter. Amidst chokecherries transmuting into bear fat, the fool's gold of aspen leaves quakes into veined creek lace. The string of summer caravans threads its last mountain switchback, even as velvet antlers reveal their rutting bone. With each day, one less wink of sunlight, one less Windhorse ferrying mantras to the gloaming's blue . . .

autumn drey
the prayer flags disappearing
one by one

that place

Claire Everett, North Yorkshire, England

where a little is dangerous but a wealth is no guarantee of safety where we're each in our own world yet we say I am his and he is mine coming back as I knew we would and will again it's everything I remember nothing I can put my finger on

soul-searching
a snipe on a fence post
sees what I cannot

days like this of mist and mizzle when it is hard to tell figment from nugget and the terrain between waymarkers seems nigh on impassable were it not for that X for which we said we were bound and a voice and a step not my own I could be forgiven for thinking we'd wandered clean off the map

Rookhope Valley
the clank of a cattle grid
miles away

For my brother David, stillborn in 1945

Steven Carter, Tucson, AZ

A few years ago anthropologists stumbled on a set of prehistoric footprints in a riverbed bisecting Africa's Serengeti Plain.

Mom cradles the urn

—Six in all, four are from adult hominids, and two—the footprints in the middle—are those of a child. One “outside” set is a tad smaller than the other—a female. It's inexpressibly moving—mother, father, and the protected child probably holding its parents' hands.

like a newborn—

When I remember this recent discovery I think of you, David, and the strands of DNA we share with our ancestors, bonds of gravity and grace, death and love: the keys of the kingdom.

—The kingdom? The darkling plain you and I, and the hominids, are heir to.

shadows on shadows

Autumn Light

Bruce Ross, Hampden, ME

It is harvest time. There is a taste of pungent daikon in the sprouts. All the cabbage pickers bend down to the field at the same time. A crow fluffs up and fluffs back down nearby. The bamboo forest's top is wavering above deep stillness. Pampas grass is shining in the joyful brightness. Surely we were born to realize this.

Inland Sea farm
almost lotus position
to sort the beans

Again, Spring

Matthew Caretti, Flushing, NY

Where is the dark seed that grows the forget-you plant?
Sosei asks.

He answers for the muted students: *Searching, now I see it grows in the frozen heart of one who has murdered love.*

As I read, my lips too remain silent. But the mind moves. Recalls and connects. Wonders. Is this dark kernel's weed ever in season? Still I tether past to present, I am slow to sever the ties to winter. To thaw.

moon smoothing
the furrowed field
cock's first crow

The Honey Room

Sabine Miller, San Rafael, CA

My mother's boyfriend and my brother vote to leave it in the parking lot garbage can. I agree to call it "Dead" but insist on bringing it home.

My mother puts some sugar in the water and makes a cardboard box-nest in the screened-in porch at the back of the house flanked by an overgrown tropical garden.

And I am a happy child. A few days later, I come home from ballet class to find my pigeon flying around the porch to the diminuendo of a young evening.

the door left open—
every lit blossom
my dove

The Line

Patrick Doerksen, Victoria, BC

We slip into a rhythm up the mountain, some sort of groove between air and thought. We find ourselves not needing to comment on bluebells and catkins and new, interesting bird sounds. Perhaps it's that we tread the very line between the observer and observed. Slowly, below us, the vista expands, each step the tick of a clock taking us imperceptibly further—into time, into height.

shortness of breath
where the cloud and its shadow
merge

He says you're dangerous in a dress.

Aubrie Cox, Knoxville, TN

As a childhood tomboy the only danger you thought you'd be in a dress was when you snagged your stockings on the Sunday school window, climbing out after the preacher's kids.

Now, you shop for lip shades such as "Audacious," "Unapologetic," and "Shanghai Sizzle." Now, you hold your breath to get into that skirt.

You've hung your heart on a boy whose eyes are like shadows on the sun. You're so happy you don't understand why it hurts.

first kiss—
penny welded
to cement

True Love

Roberta Beary, Bethesda, MD

After giving the dog a bath in the basement tub he comes to me with his arms open wide. Smelling of wet dog, he plants a sloppy kiss on my left breast. Followed by a kiss where my right breast used to be. Now I smell of wet dog.

tangled bed
the blue moon
on hold

Cat Heaven

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, CA

An out-of-town trip to visit my mother before she passes. One exhausting late night after another. Sleep, slow to come, and with it, restlessness and a vivid dream—sitting on wooden bleachers, I watch a soccer game. In my arms, a sleeping cat, old and sick, dead weight. Cradling it like a baby, I press the soft fur against my chest, try to ignore the crowd's stares. After the dream, an almost drugged sleep. Waking to a clouded sky, I make my ritual cup of tea, then peer from the B&B's second-story porch to the patio below. Laid out on a table, next to a shovel and a freshly dug grave, not the white cat of my dream, but a lifeless, grey tabby.

last breath
the pale white
of her sheets

It's that time again . . .

Sonam Chhoki, Thimphu, Bhutan

Bare poplars mesh a curdled-milk sky. The wind skitters across the frozen lake. Birds rustle in the thicket as they forage in frenzy. A herd of cows grazes in strobes of light through bamboos edging the field. On such a day, the sun plays with the remains of another year.

“It’s all over, ” peak after peak seems to echo.

Why this persistent impulse for regret? What shifts the invisible border between what might have been and what is not?

winter sunset
the blue pine slope
littered with shadows

First Impressions

Adelaide B. Shaw, Millbrook, NY

Any place is a good place to watch people, but cafés are my favorite. There’s time to observe appearances, voices, mannerisms.

Today I concentrate on a man with steel-rimmed glasses. Heavy lined red face, a jutting chin, long and shaggy dull brown hair, a wattled neck. Dressed in faded jeans and plaid shirt, worn tan hiking boots, bomber style leather jacket. He looks around the café, then out the window, then another swivel around the room. In between these movements he pauses to write something.

watching me
watching him
pencils poised

Exhibit A

Sidney Bending, Victoria, BC

studio open—
the taste of red
in hibiscus tea

At my sister's art gallery in Toronto, someone threw a rock through the window and stole her computer. So she added the rock to her current exhibition, displayed it on a white pedestal. Her label said "found object, artist unknown."

A Long View

Mary Frederick Ahearn, Pottstown, PA

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

~e. e. cummings

It's often said that we would be wise to take life one day at a time, live in the moment, and seize the day. But some of us are dreamers, looking back, looking ahead, and only occasionally looking straight at life. We live at sea, needing those long views and horizons, those holy places where sky and sea meet—where the land's just ahead or just behind.

wave after wave
this floating world
we call home



Essays

Writing Haiku: The Two-Line Form

David Grayson, Alameda, CA

The majority of English-language haiku published today is, of course, written in a three-line format. One-liners have comprised a smaller (but increasing) share in recent years. But two-line haiku remain rare. For instance, in a recent issue of *Frogpond*, there were four two-line haiku and senryu out of a total of 197 poems. Similarly, a recent issue of *Modern Haiku* featured two out of 268. In *Take-Out Window*, the 2014 Haiku Society of America members' anthology, only four appeared in a collection of 291 poems.¹ These numbers prompt the question of why two-line haiku remain, in fact, “unicorns.”²

Since the introduction of haiku into English the three-line form has predominated.³ Much early scholarship defined haiku as a three-line poem. Kenneth Yasuda wrote that haiku is a “one-breath poem in three lines.”⁴ James Hackett recommended that haiku poets “write in three lines . . .”⁵ The early translations by Blyth, Henderson, and Yasuda were composed in this form. The Beat poets mainly wrote three-line haiku, which includes Jack Kerouac's popular work.

The weight of tradition is not the sole cause, however, for the persistence of three lines. Over the past century, English-language haiku poets have migrated from other established conventions, such as a strict seventeen-syllable count, for example. So what does account for the dearth of two-line haiku? While it seems unlikely that this format, which sits between the two preferred options, would be especially demanding, the two-liner does feature unique constraints. Simply put, the key qualities of English-language haiku are more difficult to achieve in a two-line structure.

A basic challenge of the two-line structure is rhythm, or meter. In English-language haiku, a short-long-short pattern predominates. This was true for the five-seven-five syllable count of early decades and for the more prevailing compact form today. Of course, a short-long-short pattern fits organically into a haiku that is composed of three discrete units (lines). This is not the case with a two-line structure. Indeed, even when this pattern is present, it may not be as noticeable:

after the quarrel . . .
a singed peanut's lingering scent

The second line in this haiku by Jennifer Corpe⁶ is fairly long, being composed of eight syllables. It does not feel unnatural to read the line with a pause between “a singed peanut’s” and “lingering scent.” This reading brings the poem closer to the three-unit standard.

Sometimes the sounds in a line are prolonged so that they prompt a slower-paced reading:

first breath of spring
harrRRRRLEYS

The onomatopoeic word “HarrRRRRLEYS” accentuates the second line. Font size and letter case divide the line into two parts. Although not resulting in a strict short-long-short structure, the poem by Del Todey Turner⁷ nevertheless feels longer overall than the total number of words (just five) would suggest.

Another common attribute of haiku, the pivot word or line, lends itself more to a three-line structure. Lee Gurga defines the pivot as “a word or phrase that combines with the forgoing text in one way and with the following text in another.”⁸ The second line often functions as (or contains) the pivot. In each of the haiku above, two images are present. In the first haiku, the images are “the quarrel” and “the singed peanut.” In the second poem, the images are “first breath of spring” and

Harleys. However, a pivot is absent in both of these. This is common in the two-line format, as also seen in this poem by David Reynolds:⁹

same old argument
rusty yo-yo

Due to space limitations, *kigo* and seasonal references are often treated differently, too. In a standard haiku, it is not unusual for a *kigo* to fully occupy one of the three lines. In a two-liner, this practice leaves the poem with only a single line for other material. This limitation can be addressed by using *kigo* that provide sufficient information:

october loneliness
two walking sticks

In Vincent Tripi's haiku,¹⁰ the seasonal element "October loneliness"¹¹ conveys an experience of aging and disability. "Loneliness" underscores the association of autumn. If Tripi had omitted either word, readers would likely miss the full, rich meaning.

It's also helpful if the other line (without the *kigo*) is developed—suggestive enough—to shoulder the weight of conveying the experience:

a quiet kind of love
autumn crocus

In this haiku by Greg Piko,¹² "a quiet kind of love" points to the subject with "autumn crocus" as the *kigo*. A reader doesn't need additional context. But this approach carries a risk of saying too much or being heavy handed:

Slug trail on the porch . . .
now, I understand my life

In David Rosen's haiku,¹³ the image of the "slug trail" anticipates the insight expressed in line two. However, the second

line verges toward being too declarative (for a haiku). Rosen explicitly connects the image to the meaning for the reader.

The experience of cutting and the usage of a *kireji* (a cutting word) are different in a two-liner. Punctuation like ellipses and dashes, which can be substitutes for *kireji* in English, are used (as in Rosen's haiku earlier). But there are other techniques—for instance, extra spacing—that are economical in a compact space:

Deep in the smell of
childhood comic books winter rain

In this poem by Scott Terrill,¹⁴ an extra space is inserted between the words “in” and “the” in line one, and “books” and “winter” in line two. If these additional spaces were not present, there would only be one option for the cut: the end of the first line. The spacing has produced two new potential cut points that compel the reader to pause. This results in a rhythm that feels unique when compared to many other haiku.

Another hallmark of haiku is its open-ended character. When Eric Amman considered the two-line form, he argued that “the two lines balance each other, tending to ‘close’ the poem.”¹⁵ While this assessment may be too categorical, it is true that an additional (third) line, especially when employing a *kigo* or a seasonal reference, can create a sense of space and also accommodate a shift between two parts. Jim Kacian observes: “One or three lines has offered a more flexible handling of material without losing the music, asymmetry, surprise . . .”¹⁶

Beyond this range of haiku-specific challenges, another notable constraint of the two-line poem is that it leaves the poet with less material to develop. By reducing the number of lines to two, the poet surrenders one-third of the units to work with. This limits the opportunity for lineation (enjambment and end-stopping).

The differences inherent in the two-line haiku add up: varying rhythms, restrained pivoting and cutting, less room for a seasonal element, and less opportunity for lineation. When combining these factors, it's apparent that the two-line form is unique and sometimes unforgiving. Even if a two-liner is successful in working with these constraints, that success may still feel very different from the haiku that readers are familiar with and expect.

Considering these handicaps, why resort to the two-line haiku? What benefits does this structure offer? There are, in fact, several qualities that make it a useful option. The first of these can be termed "proximity." As illustrated above, the absence of a pivot or another transitional element has the effect of joining two images. There is a risk of tying the images too tightly, and losing the shift between them. However, if well executed, the result can be a potent concentration of images:

deserted tennis court
wind through the net

In this haiku by Gary Hotham,¹⁷ the two images are presented sequentially and with no mediating element. Each conveys emptiness and loneliness. The first image does so of its own accord (through the use of the word "deserted"). With this context set, the second image adds to the feeling.

By leaving out more concrete description than the three-line format, the reliance on suggestion may be even stronger. In this poem by Karen Sohne,¹⁸ the background is wholly absent:

androgynous stranger
winks at me

An additional line might provide detail such as a setting or a season. As it stands, the reader is left with only a snapshot of an interaction, and nothing more.

Two-line haiku also afford the opportunity to compose longer lines, as in this poem by Robert Boldman:¹⁹

Death camp in the photograph
the little girl's hair will always be blowing

The first line contains seven syllables and the second contains eleven syllables, for a total of eighteen. In these terms, this poem is longer than is customary in haiku today (whether in two or three lines). The second line is able to accommodate an adjective (“little”) and the present participle “will always be blowing” (rather than the present tense “blows” or “blowing”). A two-liner can afford the poet an opportunity to experiment with longer lines while conforming to the traditional overall word volume.

The opposite is true as well. Two-line haiku can approximate the shorter feel of the one-liner. Jörgen Johansson's poem is an example:²⁰

a ladybird
b5 to c4

In this haiku, the two images are presented with no intervening component. Because it is composed in two lines, the reader pauses at the end of the first line. However, it's easy to imagine this poem as a one-liner: “a ladybird b5 to c4.” The result is a quicker read but not radically different from the original.

English-language haiku has grown more diverse over time. It remains to be seen if two-line haiku become more common or remain sparse. If poets do produce more two-liners, they may discover new strengths of the form and overcome some of its constraints. As it stands, haiku poets will benefit if they consider the two-line format as a viable option when composing their work.

Notes

1. *Frogpond* 38.1 (Winter 2015) and *Modern Haiku* 46.1 (Winter-Spring 2015). I tallied the poems in the “Haiku & Senryu” sections of each journal. *Take-Out Window: Haiku Society of America 2014*

Members' Anthology, Gary Hotham, ed. (New York: Haiku Society of America, 2014). In "Editor Comments," Hotham notes the paucity of submissions of two-liners (1).

2. My examination excludes two-liners that appear in linked forms like *renku* and *rengay*. In such cases, two-liners belong to a larger context and perform different or additional functions (e.g., stanza transitioning) than stand-alone two-line haiku.

3. There were exceptions. For example, Basil Hall Chamberlain translated into a two-line form. Refer to "Bashō and the Japanese Poetical Epigram" in *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, Vol. XXX (Tokyo: Rikkyo Gakuin Press, 1902), 243–362. Google Books digital version. Accessed June 15, 2015.

4. Kenneth Yasuda, *A Pepper-Pod* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1947), xv.

5. James Hackett, *Haiku Poetry: Original Verse in English, Volume One* (Tokyo: Japan Publications, Inc., 1968), 51.

6. Jennifer Corpe, *Frogpond* 34:1 (Winter 2011), 31.

7. Del Todey Turner, *Modern Haiku* 42.3 (Autumn 2011), 22.

8. Lee Gurga, *Haiku: A Poet's Guide* (Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2003), 78.

9. David C. Reynolds, *Modern Haiku* 45.2 (Summer 2014), 101.

10. Vincent Tripi in *The Haiku Anthology: Haiku and Senryu in English*, Cor van den Heuvel, ed. (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1999), 227.

11. The Yuki Teikei Haiku Season Word List. <http://youngleaves.org/season-word-list/>. Accessed August 9, 2015. The *kigo* listed is "autumn loneliness."

12. Greg Piko, *Modern Haiku* 42.3 (Autumn 2011), 76.

13. David Rosen. "Your Daily Poem" website. http://www.yourdaily-poem.com/listpoem.jsp?poem_id=1848. Accessed June 6, 2015.

14. Scott Terrill in *Fear of Dancing: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2013* (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2014), 74.

15. Eric W. Amman, *The Wordless Poem: A Study of Zen in Haiku* (*Haiku Magazine*—Special Issue, Vol. III, No. V), 37.

16. Jim Kacian, "Identifying UFOs," *Modern Haiku* 45.2 (Summer 2014), 48.

17. Gary Hotham in *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years*, Jim Kacian, Philip Rowland, and Allan Burns, eds. (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 2013), 40.

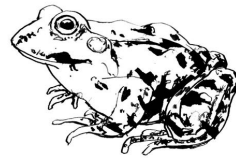
18. Karen Sohne in *The Haiku Anthology: Haiku and Senryu in English*, Cor van den Heuvel, ed. (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, 1999), 187.

19. Robert Boldman in *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years*, Kacian, Rowland, and Burns, eds., 87.

20. Jörgen Johansson, in *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years*, Kacian, Rowland, and Burns, eds., 252.



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. In 2014, he served as editor of The Half-Finished Bridge, the 25th installment of the Two Autumns reading series.



**Piercing the Mountain:
An Interview with Ruth Yarrow**

Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, WA

Imagine hearing a haiku about a water ouzel or a loon, followed by whistling or whooping in imitation of that bird's sound. Imagine the poet's pursed lips, trilling tongue, or occasionally flapping arms. Imagine poem after poem recited this way, each one dramatized with precisely imitated birdsong. Poets in the Seattle area have had the privilege of witnessing this performance numerous times. They have heard a haiku poet who knows her birds, and knows her nature: Ruth Yarrow. Her poems about plants and animals or hiking in the old-growth forest of the Pacific Northwest—which Margaret Craven called “the greatest forest in the world”—demonstrate not just a deep knowledge of the earth and its flora and fauna, but an irrepressible love and respect for it, too.

Ruth Yarrow's passion for haiku and the natural world has unfolded for more than forty years. This passion extends to activism, working for peace, justice, and environmental causes. She has written remarkable essays focusing on the intersection of haiku and senryu with socially significant subjects, such as labor, war, and nuclear disarmament. She's lived in Ghana and Costa Rica, and in places closer to home such as New Jersey, upstate New York, and Seattle, where she has influenced countless others on two coasts—and worldwide through her haiku publications—with her quiet dedication to careful seeing in her natural world. That seeing has included her family and personal relationships, too, and she's written some of the best motherhood haiku yet written in English.

Ruth and I knew each other before we both moved to the Seattle area, and for decades I read her poetry in the leading journals. I recall a memorable day in San Francisco when I played tour guide for her and her two children when they were visiting from New York. I vividly remember more recent nature walks she led at the Seabeck Haiku Getaway—including the way she had

us arrange a set of autumn leaves by color on black pavement or showed us insect marks on the bark of a tree, or uncommon mushrooms under forest duff. I also recall workshops she gave at the Haiku North America conference and elsewhere, her nature-focused watercolor paintings and exhibits, and her gracious commentary on haiku shared at monthly meetings of the Haiku Northwest group in the Seattle area. Occasionally she asked to use a poem of mine in an essay, or wrote to offer an appreciation for this poem or that. I know she made connections like this with many other poets and environmentalists as well.

For all of Ruth's love of haiku and the people who write them, what matters more is the earth they celebrate. When Haiku Northwest was given the opportunity in 2008 to perform haiku at the renowned Pacific Rim Bonsai Collection near Seattle, she spoke up against it with polite vigor because the collection is owned and operated by the logging giant Weyerhaeuser, whose environmental practices she opposes—her principles came before haiku. Indeed, beneath her soft-spoken exterior lies a fierce pacifist, a thoughtful activist who finds haiku to be an extension for her beliefs about the natural world.

Nor is she afraid to paint dark pictures as well as light. In "Ruth Yarrow: American Haiku Master," a story in *City Living Seattle* published in 2010, Mike Dillon quotes Ruth as saying, "There's a danger writing a lot of sweet haiku, to . . . think one can't encompass the whole human experience."¹ In a 1999 *Frogpond* essay on environmental haiku, Ruth states that "the power of haiku in helping us focus on natural beauty is one reason the form attracts so many adherents in this time of environmental crisis. . . . But if we only cling to the unsullied nature we want to see, our haiku can become naively romantic."²

On July 12, 2015, the American Haiku Archives advisory board (which I'm on) appointed Ruth Yarrow as its nineteenth honorary curator, a richly deserved honor. This appointment recognizes not just the strength of her realist haiku, but her essays, commentary, workshops, and gentle leadership in haiku circles. In late 2014, before this appointment was

deliberated, I thought to interview Ruth about her history with haiku. She may seem like a quiet poet, but she's been a steady one, a poet whose work deserves to be more widely appreciated. In 2013, that appreciation was given a boost when she was a featured poet in the landmark anthology, *Where the River Goes: The Nature Tradition in English-Language Haiku*. In describing her work, editor Allan Burns says that Ruth is "among the most acclaimed haiku poets of [her] generation." He notes that, because most other anthologies have featured her domestic haiku, "Yarrow's nature-oriented work has not typically been emphasized in her selections in anthologies," and that, "As a result, there has probably been less recognition of Yarrow's achievements as a first-rank nature haiku poet than might be expected."³

In 2004, the Seattle Office for Human Rights, the Seattle Human Rights Commission, and the United Nations Association of Seattle honored Mike and Ruth Yarrow as "Distinguished Citizens for Human Rights." For Ruth and her husband, haiku has been an extension of deep-seated beliefs that can move mountains, even if haiku can't. Ruth Yarrow, now in her 77th year, is a poet who is pierced by mountains—and pierces them in return, becoming one with her environment.

Michael: How did you first come to haiku?

Ruth: I do write poetry in other forms, but I've written many more haiku. I got hooked when I was teaching a course at Stockton College in southern New Jersey in the mid '70s on how cultures around the world express their attitude about the environment in their literature. I realized how little I knew about the literature of Asia, and because I had a vague recollection that haiku was a poetic form including nature, I delved into it. Since I asked my students to try writing haiku, I had to try too—and didn't stop.

M: Do you remember your first haiku, or at least an early one? How about your first published haiku? Please talk about these poems.

R: Two of my first haiku were:

evening sun through reeds:
shadow rings slip up and down
at wind speed

moonlit okra leaves
floating in blackness
no one sees the stems

These were observations from a local marsh and my backyard garden where we were living in northern New Jersey. I was struck by the mysterious feeling of the sliding rings and invisible stems. I was tickled when they were chosen to go in the “Watersounds” section of the second volume of *Frogpond* in 1979.

M: What were some of the most influential books you read on haiku, both very early on in your practice of haiku, and more recently?

R: Back in the early 1970s I assigned Harold Henderson’s *Haiku in English* to my students, and depended heavily on it myself. Then I found Cor van den Heuvel’s first edition of *The Haiku Anthology* and was very excited to read that a new haiku magazine, *Frogpond*, was being launched. I marked which poems I thought were good submissions to *Frogpond*’s “Croaks” section, waited eagerly for the next edition to see which of the judges agreed with me, and submitted my own efforts. More recently I still value Cor’s revised anthology. Makoto Ueda’s work has stretched my concept of what haiku can be.

M: You’re well known in haiku circles for also being a naturalist. Please describe your background as a naturalist. How has this informed your haiku?

R: In the 1950s I attended and taught in a rigorous nature study camp in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia. That led me to choose Antioch College for its strong environmental education program (as well as its leftist politics, co-op job program, and wild folk dancing!). I taught science with the

Peace Corps in Ghana, and then earned a Masters degree in ecology from Cornell University. That enabled me to teach field ecology at the college level and to work as a naturalist in environmental centers. People of all ages light up as they recognize the call of the tufted titmouse or predict where sensitive ferns will be growing, and I thoroughly enjoyed helping them connect with the natural world. I find when you're attuned to the natural world you connect it more easily with your own emotions, and that helps haiku happen.

M: What advice do you have for haiku poets who are not naturalists? Is it still possible to write strong nature haiku without being schooled in botany or zoology, or being an avid birdwatcher?

R: Of course! It's the awareness that's key, not whether you know the species name of a frog or the sex life of green algae.

M: Tell us about your books, and how they came to be. Do you have more in the works?

R: My first book, *No One Sees the Stems*, 1981, was chosen as a High/Coo mini-chapbook. My second book, *Down Marble Canyon*, 1984, from a wonderful raft trip with family in the Grand Canyon, was selected by *Wind Chimes* as a minibook. My third haiku collection was requested by a poet connected with Crossing Press, to form a blank book titled *A Journal for Reflections*, 1988, where every other blank page featured one of my haiku. My fourth, *Sun Gilds the Edge*, 1998, was chosen in the Saki Press contest. My fifth, *Whiff of Cedar*, I put together with the help of a local printer in 2007, alternating wilderness haiku with Seattle-inspired ones. Eventually I'll work on a collection of my strongest haiku. I have usually done my own calligraphy and, except for *A Journal for Reflections*, have illustrated each of my books with line drawings or watercolor.

M: You are also known as an activist for causes relating to peace and environmentalism. How does haiku connect to these causes?

R: I believe haiku can connect to every aspect of our lives. That's why I keep writing articles that I hope will nudge people to write haiku about their experiences and emotions around issues beyond the usual, including work, environmental concerns, economic inequality, the threat of radioactivity, and war.

M: Is it ever appropriate for haiku to have an agenda, such as promoting world peace or saving the whales? What is the best way for haiku to do that, if at all?

R: Having emotions about an issue shouldn't be written off as having an agenda. I think it's just as appropriate in haiku to share your feelings about climate change as about cherry blossoms. However, I don't think it's easy to write effectively about issues that people label as political, especially in this country. Writing haiku is not the same as creating a bumper sticker. A good haiku about an issue that people might feel is political is one that subtly conveys your feelings while linking it to your experience. Here are a few examples.

About working and economic inequality:

dirt farmer's wife
at the screen door—
no tractor sound Randy Brooks, *Midwest Haiku Anthology*, 1992

About the environment:

standing on a stump
the land developer
in green shades Peter Yovu, *Haiku Compass*, 1994

About nuclear weapons:

a newsman explains
the neutron bomb's effect
 supper cools
 Michael Dudley, *Counterbomb Renga*, 1983

About the U.S. war in Iraq, experienced through photos, by
Dean Summers, 2003 (privately published):

a woman's anguish
in her arms
something bundled up

bright spring morning
in the rocks above the village
a sniper adjusts his scope

M: Tom Clausen, your fellow Ithacan, has said he discovered haiku after reading an article about you in the *Ithaca Times*. Please tell us that story, and anything else you can about Tom and his haiku. He has emerged as one of the standout poets writing haiku in English today, and he owes much of his poetic beginning to you. How does that make you feel?

R: Tom says the article was a profile about me around 1988 after the *Reflections* book was published. I am pleased that he says my haiku

after the garden party the garden

was an instantaneous awakening for him that a very short poem could be powerful. He immediately checked out and bought books on haiku and his early efforts grew into a lifelong interest. I don't claim to have mentored Tom, but greatly appreciate his work, and now that I've moved back to Ithaca after eighteen years, I've enjoyed reconnecting with him again. I find his work especially impressive because he's a person who finds it really easy to speak and write a lot of words and yet he is fine poet of this succinct form.

M: Who has mentored or influenced you over the years? What are good ways to learn haiku, both for yourself and others?

R: Geraldine Little invited me to her home when I first began to publish and was wonderfully supportive. A bit later Elizabeth Searle Lamb did the same. Like hoards of other haiku poets,

I thrived with the gentle rejections (“almost!”) and wise suggestions (“could you omit this word?”) of Bob Spiess. I’ve led numerous haiku workshops and hope they have helped people enrich their lives by being more aware of those momentary fleeting emotions. The best way I’ve found to learn haiku is to read a lot, think about which haiku you like and why, and keep a small pad of paper nearby so you can jot down those juicy small experiences. Then write, share, send some poems in for publication, and don’t be discouraged when they get rejected. (My card files are full of the notation “rej” for rejected.) It also helps, as in the Seattle area, to have folks like Francine Porad, you, and others who have energetically organized groups of haiku poets so we can share our appreciation and suggestions with each other and enjoy the humor and camaraderie that result.

M: In 1997, you moved from Ithaca, New York, to Seattle, Washington, a radical change of scenery. What prompted your move, and what do you appreciate about the Pacific Northwest for the sake of haiku?

R: When our daughter Delia graduated from high school, and our son Matt from college, we had an empty nest. We’d always loved backpacking in wilderness, especially the mountains in Washington State, so in our late 50s we landed jobs in Seattle. I worked for Washington Physicians for Social Responsibility, educating the public about the dangers of the contamination at the Hanford Nuclear Reservation, and my husband Mike for Western Washington Fellowship of Reconciliation, organizing for peace and justice. Mike launched and we helped lead a Peace Activist Trainee Program for high school students for fourteen years, graduating more than ninety terrific young people. And now I’m back in New York. When Mike died in 2014, both our children and their families had already moved back to Ithaca, so the pull of family and old friends and now a new granddaughter lured me to join them.

M: Mike was a peace and justice activist, although not as prolific a poet as you. Please talk about Mike and what haiku meant to him.

R: Mike wrote some haiku about the world of Appalachian coal miners and I wish he'd written more. Here's one:

lighted Pepsi sign
old miners basking
in the dim glow

Mike Yarrow, *Modern Haiku*, 1982

Mike started me on another kind of poetry project. His dissertation was based on more than 200 interviews he and I (mostly he!) completed with Appalachian coal miners, men and women, and their spouses. Before he died, he started finding free verse in some of the interviews. I've continued that work when I'm not caring for our delightful nine-month-old granddaughter, and this September Bottom Dog Press published our book *Voices from the Appalachian Coal Fields: Found Poems*.

M: What sort of legacy would you like to be remembered for? What issues are on your mind?

R: I hope to be remembered for being a good friend with a sense of humor, and for helping to organize and connect people working for peace, justice, and a healthy planet. These issues are definitely on my mind. When our baby granddaughter is my age, it will be 2090 and I can hardly imagine the challenges the planet's inhabitants will face then.

M: Robert Major, a fellow Pacific Northwest Quaker, published the following poem in *The Heron's Nest* (4:8, August 2002):

silent Friends meeting . . .
the sound of chairs being moved
to enlarge the circle

Could you talk about your religious or spiritual beliefs, and how they relate to haiku and activism in your life? What are some of your most important values?

R: Fine haiku of Bob's! I believe that there is a Great Spirit or whatever you call it in each person, and that the earth that sustains us should be treated with love and respect. This makes

it imperative that we work to end war and inequality and the plundering of the planet. In short, we need to treat others as we would like to be treated, and the earth as we would treat our own future generations, because they will be part of it.

M: Do you see haiku as a Zen art, or does that not matter to you? Why or why not?

R: Haiku is a Zen art to many people. I certainly don't know enough about real Zen practice to say that my haiku comes out of that tradition. As a Quaker, I meditate. As a watercolor artist, I especially revere the beauty of the natural world. So I guess I share some of the approaches and values of Zen practitioners.

M: Please pick a few favorite haiku by other poets and comment on those poems.

R: The waves now fall short
of the stranded jellyfish . . .
in it shines the sky

O. Mabson Southard, *Marsh-Grasses*, 1967

This poem seems to capture the beauty of a natural death. The waves so subtly recede; the sky reflects in the jellyfish in a soft way.

distant thunder—
the dog's toenails click
against the linoleum

Gary Hotham, *Against the Linoleum*, 1979

I love the drama of the (I assume small and nervous) dog reacting to an approaching storm, through the contrast of the deep rolling sound of far-off thunder and the sharp click of the dog's toenails underfoot. For some reason I can't explain, the word linoleum is so much more evocative than just the word floor.

toll booth lit for Christmas—
from my hand to hers
warm change

Michael Dylan Welch, *Frogpond*, 1995

It crossed my mind not to pick your haiku, Michael, because you're interviewing me! But I've always loved the many contrasts in this haiku—the lighted booth in a dark December night, the cold of winter and the warmth of the change from her hand, my assumption that this person might be of color, so coins from a dark hand to a whitish one, the special connection we feel in this season even in a mundane exchange like this, and the hope in this season that hints at a warm change in the tensions of the world.

M: How do you distinguish between haiku and senryu? To what extent does this matter?

R: I find senryu give you that jolt of emotion, often humor at the human condition, while haiku resonate longer and more deeply. But I don't think it's worth spending much time trying to categorize our work.

M: What advice on haiku might you have for beginners? What do you wish you had known early on that you didn't learn until later?

R: Enjoy reading, writing, and sharing haiku! Know that dry spells happen, sometimes for quite a while, and then the inspiration will come again.

M: What advice on haiku might you have for experts, or those further along the haiku path than beginners?

R: The same as for beginners!

M: To wrap up, please pick ten of your own haiku that you think of as your favorite or best and say something about how they came to be, or why they're special to you.

R: Five older ones, from the incredible experiences of having children and of backpacking in wilderness:

warm rain before dawn:
my milk flows into her
unseen

snowmelt:
the toddler stirs her reflection
with one mitten

a marmot's whistle
pierces the mountain
first star

canyon:
at the very edge
riversound

touching the fossil—
low rumblings
of thunder

These haiku almost wrote themselves. The warm rain and my milk seemed to resonate, as did the marmot's sharp whistle and the star pricking through the night sky. A friend asked me about the connection between the fossil and the thunder and I couldn't clearly explain. It is something about the drama of evidence of life from so long ago and the drumroll of thunder—it happened just like that. Our little daughter squatting over a puddle moved me because she was so lovable. The Black Canyon of the Gunnison was so steep and deep that I kept trimming words to capture that.

Five from our years in the Pacific Northwest:

I step into old growth:
autumn moon deeper
into sky

planting peas
the earth curves under
my fingernails

against the wind
we hold the peace banner—
our spines straighten

food bank line—
a pigeon picks up crumbs
too small to see

crowded bus through fog—
someone singing softly
in another language

Old growth is truly majestic and creates an environment that seems to expand in every direction. Crouching to plant peas, I could feel the curve of the huge earth under me and see it echoed in my grubby fingernails. If you are looking for haiku that you could say have an agenda, you might put the last three in that category. But I hope they feel deeper than bumper stickers.

M: I'm glad you shared that early poem about the marmot's whistle, among so many other memorable poems. Did you know the marmot poem was one of two poems you wrote in my haiku autograph book on August 26, 1992 when you were visiting San Francisco? In having people sign that book, I always asked them to pick a favorite or best poem. Why is that poem so important to you, and still significant to you now?

R: I wrote the haiku about the marmot's whistle on one of our early mountain backpack trips, on a clear evening, just as the first stars were pricking through. It was a moment when I felt jolted into connecting the sharp sound and the sky-piercing star. It's the kind of moment when you feel really alive, one of the joys in being in wild places.

M: What's an ideal day for you? An ideal life?

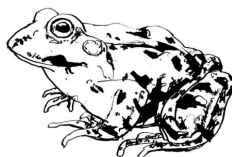
R: I'm having some pretty ideal days, taking hikes in wildflower-carpeted woods with an infant granddaughter in a front pack and my family close by. Good grief, Michael, an ideal life in a sentence? How about a life on a planet that is cared for, not raped for profit or power, and with everyone in our species having enough to eat and wear, sufficient healthcare, housing, education, and community? That would be an ideal life.

Notes

1. Mike Dillon, "Ruth Yarrow: American Haiku Master," *City Living Seattle* (October 2010), 12.
2. Ruth Yarrow, "Environmental Haiku," *Frogpond* 14.3 (Autumn 1999), 23–24.
3. Allan Burns, ed., *Where the River Goes: The Nature Tradition in English-Language Haiku* (Ormskirk, United Kingdom: Snapshot Press, 2013), 172, 394.



Michael Dylan Welch lives in Sammamish, Washington, with his wife and two children. He has served as an HSA officer for many years, and just completed a second term as poet laureate for the city of Redmond, Washington, where he also curates two poetry reading series. He started National Haiku Writing Month (www.nahaiwrimo.com) in 2010, and his personal website (www.graceguts.com) in 2009. He has edited Woodnotes, Tundra, and Cascade poetry journals, and continues to edit and publish occasional haiku and tanka books with his press, Press Here. His haiku have won numerous awards and have appeared in hundreds of journals and anthologies in twenty languages. Recent books include True Colour, Becoming a Haiku Poet, and Fire in the Treetops: Celebrating Twenty-Five Years of Haiku North America.



Reviewed

Roberta Beary. *Deflection*. Lexington, KY: Accents Publishing, 2015, 29 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 7 inches. ISBN 1-936628-33-9. US\$8 plus shipping from www.accents-publishing.com.

by Penny Harter, Mays Landing, NJ

Deflection, Roberta Beary's new book, may be a relatively slim volume, but its contents have an impact that equals, or goes beyond, the work in many longer collections. Stylistically, Beary's poems vary in format from evocative haiku sequences to haibun that consistently stretch the genre, both in content and form. Many of the haibun are free verse with haiku interspersed between or after stanzas. In other instances, the prose portions adhere to the traditional paragraph format or a more contemporary single-sentence format.

Beary's poems are always starkly honest, startling the reader with her skillful rendering of very personal, and often harsh, moments of her experience. In just her first four poems, we find a free-verse haibun about the waning of a woman's attraction to a lover ("57 Varieties"); a sequence consisting of three-line haiku interspersed with one-line haiku about adultery ("Afterglow"); a haibun about her mother's downhill slide into dementia ("Around Here"); and a combination haiku/tanka sequence about her son's coming out as a gay man ("Before the Outing").

To open a collection with such powerful poems is daring, and in Beary's masterful hands, it works. The reader is already compelled to read on. Beary's skill in using specific details to suggest widening circles of meaning is certainly evident in "Afterglow." Here's the entire piece:

Afterglow

rose petal saké—
my crazy is not
his crazy

jasmine scent of the other woman is me

daymoon
grass stains
of original sin

broken vow the gin bottle's vacant blue

the way he says
consensual
mauve sunset

The first two lines of the striking third haiku in this sequence, “daymoon/grass stains,” lead readers to wonder whether the narrator, “the other woman,” and her lover lay down on the grass—and then Beary leaps to “stains/of original sin,” a powerful juxtaposition!

Several poems later, in two deeply moving haiku sequences, “Caretaker—I” and “Caretaker—II,” Beary shares the weighty responsibility of caring for one's parent. Here are some sample verses from “Caretaker—I”:

in the wheels
of mother's chair
wet leaves

autumn moon
her brain a tangle
of white string

And these from “Caretaker—II,” which moves beyond caregiving to the aftermath of her mother's death:

resurrection sky
mother somewhere between
here and there

bone dry
mother's hand
in mine

forsythia
the funeral
unfolds

on the church steps
a mourning dove
with mother's eyes

Having lost my mother, far away in Texas shortly after Bill and I had moved back to New Jersey from Santa Fe, these detailed and haunting verses make me both grieve with Beary and wish I could have been at my mother's side when she died. Again and again, not just in these verses but throughout the volume, Beary impresses with her juxtapositions. I, for one, find "a mourning dove/with mother's eyes" to be an extraordinary coupling of images, which also evokes the echo of a mourning dove's cry, a repetitive, sorrowful sound. In "Nighthawks," Beary describes the moment of her mother's death, culminating in a closing haiku I find equally memorable and adept:

autumn coolness enters a hand long held in mine

I could go on and on, quoting from nearly every piece in this collection, for threaded throughout these poems are works that return again and again to the shock of her mother's decline and loss. Immediately following "Caretaker—II" is the title poem of the volume, the haiku sequence "Deflection." Here, Beary focuses on the ways she tries to deflect the intense pain of loss at her mother's death. Two haiku from this sequence:

mother gone
my urgent need
for a new coat

The new coat—something to wrap around her, hug her as a mother might, button up to the chin, warm her out of the shocking cold of loss.

radiant heat
one free upgrade
to orphan

Even the warmth of radiant heat cannot compensate for the chill of finding herself an orphan.

In the remaining poems of this strong collection, Beary moves out into more wide-ranging subjects. In the haibun “Free-Floating,” she describes waking at 2 a.m. thinking she hears “the baby,” runs to check the child’s room, then wakes to the realization that there is no longer a baby in that room—it has become her study. Here’s the opening to that haibun, and its closing haiku:

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

dead of night
thoughts the lamplight
illuminates

For any of us who have been parents, the memory of listening in the night for the slightest cry from the bassinet or crib still lives in our memory, especially when we have lost a parent and are once again babies ourselves.

And harking back to her own childhood, in “Irish Twins,” Beary evokes the childhood horror of witnessing the abuse of her sister. Then later, in “The Offer,” although she does not name the character, she sees the man who “used to scare [her]

to death” having become a needy old man, demanding her attention, blaming her for banging his cane so hard “a crack forms on the ceiling.”

And in the poems that mix free verse with haiku, like “On the F Train,” “Philantha,” and “Snow Bird,” Beary revisits other poignant, former relationships. In “Snow Bird” she re-creates the memory of her attraction, when she was only 15, to an older boy (man?), which ends with the lines:

My toes feel the silky weave.
Of the net he cast.
I know what was caught.
And released.

Although the poems that refer to Beary’s memories of childhood abuse, relationship, divorce, and marriage never overtly mention sex, there is an implied sensuality in them that is even more powerful than if she had spelled more out for us.

Deflection closes with the enigmatic, narrative haibun “What Remains.” The images strike the heart. Throughout the haibun, and particularly in the ending, we are dealing with the loss of a child. Here is the middle prose section, followed by a haiku and the closing prose:

I always thought we would have time to repair the old grievances. I never thought I would be the recipient of your story told over and over. Words that never change: “Imagine losing your only son. Imagine.” What remains after the words are gone?

a blue cat roams
the empty hours . . .
cold winter moon

You leave us with one last story. It is 4 o’clock in the morning. A police car sets its revolving light on a mother’s house. The shadow of two men appears. The front door opens. One man is a policeman. This is where the story ends. The other man is a priest. This is where the story begins.

It is impossible to read a collection like this one without relating to it personally. I, too, have been both parent and caretaker, have lost a mother and father, gone through a divorce and remarriage, then lost my second husband, the love of my life. Like Beary does in this collection, I had to write my way through all of these hard rites of passage, the varied seasons of my grief. As writers, it is the way we struggle to make sense of it all, to define what we are feeling, and to release those feelings into words, hoping for healing as we do so.

In her extraordinarily skillful haibun and haiku sequences, Beary offers us pivotal moments of her life, gives us the universal in the particular, and helps us to understand that we are not alone as we navigate our own often challenging paths. These poems are a blessing, and this collection a necessary one. Thank you, Roberta, for daring to share these facets of your journey!



Penny Harter's recent books include The Resonance Around Us (2013); One Bowl (2012); and Recycling Starlight (2010). A featured reader at the 2010 Dodge Poetry Festival, she has won three fellowships from the NJSCA; the Mary Carolyn Davies Award from the PSA; and two fellowships from VCCA (January 2011; March 2015).



Dan Schwerin. ⊕RS. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2015, (unpag.) 80 pp., perfect softbound, 4.5 x 6.5 inches. ISBN 978-1-936848-35-5. US\$12 from www.redmoonpress.com.

by Charles Trumbull, Santa Fe, NM

From the very outset the reader of this book, Dan Schwerin's first collection of haiku, is confronted with a multilayered conundrum, both how to pronounce the title and how to understand it. "⊕RS" is a triple and perhaps even quadruple entendre. At its simplest one might read it ORS, suggesting that the book comprises poems with alternative interpretations. However, the painting used for the cover (artist unnamed) is of decoratively painted OARS against a black background, suggesting another meaning: a journey across stygian darkness.

I make my peace
behind hogs on a truck
moon-viewing

the oars at rest
where I am
becomes clear

The circled plus sign has a meaning in logic, as is explained in the preface: "⊕ is the logical operator for exclusive disjunction, when A or B but not both are true, a juxtaposition that points beyond." Seen as a cross in a circle, the sign resembles a Celtic cross, evident in many pagan, Native American, and, of course, Christian traditions and symbolizing a wide variety of things. This is quite appropriate for Schwerin, whose day job is United Methodist minister.

becoming less
little by little
the cattail winters

Lent is over
a bartender flips
a coaster

Many layers of meaning here. Very much in the haiku mode.

These are not easy haiku, certainly not hearts-and-flowers verses or classic Kyoshi-style “flower-bird-wind-moon” haiku. They are mostly mood pieces, I’d say, in which Schwerin demonstrates an uncanny skill in evoking the emptiness, loneliness, and isolation of the landscape, physical and psychic, that stretches from where we are to the distant horizon and on into the boundless:

home hospice
a prairie sky
at the window

you let it go
too far
winter stars

the loss of our farm land keeping the moon

The poet imparts a sense that things happen in this world without our ken or control, for example, these two related haiku:

all the changes
while we prayed
snow covers the lot

while she works the flakes taking her street corner

A master of juxtaposition, Schwerin can eloquently imply one thing by specifically mentioning another:

Sunday’s bread
in many little pieces
slowly falling snow

stage four
his boys put up
a snow fence

About a quarter of Schwerin's haiku employ Christian images, usually in novel and audacious ways:

what a snake did between us still original sin

a casino table bolted to the floor Lenten evening

Clearly, these are serious haiku. Humor and double entendre are not prominent in Schwerin's work but are not entirely absent either; for example:

the poison surprises some monkshood

bee in a daisy
the tattoo relationship
behind her

and, probably, the "flakes" haiku cited earlier as well.

Though well grounded in the classics, Schwerin's recent work veers toward the *gendai* in enigmatic and even surreal verses. Of the 55 haiku in $\oplus RS$, another quarter are one-liners in the now fashionable mode, for example:

a cornered raven in my chest Sunday night

not as green as the grass has been saying

No ifs, ands, \oplus but: Dan Schwerin's fine collection will reward a deliberate reading. Stop and burrow deeply into each haiku; you'll be amply, delightfully rewarded.



Charles Trumbull is retired from research, writing, editorial, and publishing positions at the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty, and Encyclopædia Britannica. He is past president of the Haiku Society of America and retired editor of Modern Haiku. His chapbook Between the Chimes was published in 2011, and A Five-Balloon Morning, a book of New Mexico haiku, appeared in June 2013.

Nobuyuki Yuasa and Stephen Henry Gill, compilers.
Genjuan Haibun Contest Decorated Works 2012–2014. Osaka, Japan: Hailstone Haiku Circle Publications, March 2015, 122 pp., 17 illustrations, perfect softbound, 5.75 x 8.25 inches. ISBN 978-4-9900822-7-7. 1,000 ¥ in Japan; \$13 cash (includes package and airmail) from elsewhere. Request from Hailstone Haiku Circle Publications, c/o Hisashi Miyazaki, 54-16 Hamuro-cho, Takatsuki-shi, Osaka-fu 569-1147, Japan. Email: kamechany8@yahoo.co.jp.

by J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, CA

Genjuan Haibun Contest Decorated Works 2012–2014 is a landmark anthology that includes the prize-winning haibun for the first three years of the Genjuan International Haibun Contest, the only international haibun contest held in Japan. This anthology contains twenty-nine of the selected haibun, together with invaluable comments of the contest judges. It also includes four classical Japanese haibun, a haibun by each judge, and seventeen illustrations. Any haibun writer wanting to learn about international haibun, especially if they intend to enter the contest, should read these excellent haibun and the gifted tutorials on what the judges desire to see.

This annual contest began life in 2009 with a different title: the Kikakuza International Haibun Contest. In 2012 it changed its sponsorship and correspondingly changed its title to the Genjuan Haibun Contest, retaining its judges (Nobuyuki Yuasa and Stephen Henry Gill), officers, and rules. The name Genjuan is “the name of the cottage near Lake Biwa where, in 1690, Bashō lived for a time. His residence in this ‘Vision-Inhabited Cottage’ was probably the happiest period of his life, and it was there that he wrote his most famous short haibun.”¹

The objectives of the contest, which attracts international participation, are:

first, to open a truly international arena for haibun writers all over the world, and second, to revive the tradition of haibun in Japan, for writers have been neglecting it ever since Shiki and his followers began to emphasize the importance of independent haiku.²

Each year a single Grand Prize is awarded to one haibun. Two or three entrants receive the *An* (Cottage) Prizes. About half a dozen are given an Honourable Mention.

In 2012 the Grand Prize winner was “Jackdaws” by D.J. Peel (U.K.), a humorous and descriptive work about interactions between humans and jackdaws. Its third sentence (though I wish it were its first) is:

From the dark density of a nearby yew tree comes an incessant racket of clacks and clatterings as if all the world’s fishwives with their sharp tongues and knives were bantering and berating each other whilst butchering the fish.³

An Prizes for 2012 were awarded to Kala Ramesh (India), Cara Holman (USA), and James Norton (Ireland) while five haibun (from poets in Bhutan, New Zealand, U.K., and USA) received Honourable Mentions.

Yuasa commented for the 2012 entrants that:

human affairs must coexist with natural descriptions to form a satisfactory piece of haibun. A mere sketching of natural phenomena tends to be little more than reporting, which is not haibun. On the other hand, subjective accounts of human affairs alone run the risk of falling into sentimentalism, which is equally dangerous to haibun. . . . I believe that Western writers tend to be centered on human affairs, while haibun by Japanese writers tend to be filled with natural descriptions. In either case, what is important is the balance between the two.⁴

In 2013 the Grand Prize winner was “Towards Burry Holms” (a narrative poem set by the ocean) by Jane Fraser (U.K.). It ends with this haiku:

conch pressed to your ear.
will you hear me calling you
across the sea's divide?⁵

An Prizes for 2013 were awarded to David Cobb (U.K.) and Doris Lynch (USA), while seven haibun (from poets in Bulgaria, Japan, New Zealand, U.K., and USA) received Honourable Mentions.

In 2014 the Grand Prize winner was “Well of Beauty” (a travel and historical reminiscence) by Margaret Chula (USA). The final paragraph and haiku of this winning haibun are as follows:

I feel the darkness of Ono no Komachi's heart as I descend the spiral of stones leading to the water in her Well of Beauty—
imagine leeches clinging to her milky white skin, ghost lovers
entering the cavity of her heart.

from the mountain forest
I hear the cuckoo's call—
its blood-red tongue⁶

Judge Yuasa commented: “I could not be completely impartial to this haibun because it reminded me of my own visit to this temple [Zuishin-in] years ago.”⁷

Stephen Henry Gill gave a concise summary of why this haibun is so successful:

In Margaret Chula's exemplary haibun, *Well of Beauty*, the relationship between the prose and the haiku is extremely well wrought. The piece begins with a rooting in the present moment and place. There follows a famous but succinctly told story, which is necessary for comprehension of the final poem. The paragraph that refers to the Hanezu Festival helps to widen the gap between the story and the final verse, adding a little brightness for effective contrast. Then, back to the present moment and on into the imagination of the author. . . . Another break, and we read the haiku, so assured both in its imagery and in its cadence.⁸

Prefacing those comments, Gill observed:

One point, however, came up several times during the judging process: it is generally better *not* to describe too fully in a haibun. Many pieces were written captivatingly, even brilliantly, but perhaps rather too comprehensively, as if no detail was going to be allowed to slip away. We were looking for gaps or leaps in the narrative in which the reader's imagination could go to work.

The comments of Hisashi Miyazaki, a third judge appointed in 2014, included:

Chula's prose elegantly tells this story [of Ono no Komachi], mixing past and present states of the well [at temple Zuishin-in] with her own deep emotion, finishing with an excellent haiku. The gap she has left between the end of the prose and the subsequent haiku poem is quite effective: neither is the poem too close nor too far in feel from the prose.⁹

An Prizes in 2014 were awarded to Sonam Chhoki (Bhutan), Margaret Dornaus (USA), and John Parsons (U.K.), while six haibun (from poets in Australia, Bulgaria, Japan, India, U.K., and USA) received Honourable Mentions.

The anthology includes four classical Japanese haibun, to give context to the modern haibun. The selections comprise an excerpt from Matsuo Bashō's *Saga Diary*, Mukai Kyorai's "Record of the House of Fallen Persimmons," Yosa Buson's "A Visit to Uji," and Kobayashi Issa's "Haikaiji Temple: an Account of Its Poet-Priest."

Haibun by the three judges close the main portion of the book: Yuasa's "Wartime Evacuation," the three-part "A Visit to Ghandrung" by Gill (writing as "Tito"), and Miyazaki's "Scarecrow." Each shows by example how to link the haiku to the prose delicately.

Gill completes the book with his "Postscript" written in Kyoto:

all three of us [judges] feel that there is still an enormous amount of work to be done, both here [Japan] and in the West, in order for haibun to begin to find its place in English literature and to re-establish its credentials in the land of its birth. . . . Life is full of small wonders . . . and we need their stories told.¹⁰

The book is beautifully presented on pale ivory paper. It is enriched with seventeen illustrations, including art in the classical *nanga* (or *bunjinga*, i.e., literati painting) and haiga styles by Buson, Bashō, Taiga, and Goshun.

I recommend this illustrated collection of award-winning haibun amply elucidated by experienced judges who have the wisdom and confidence to mix criticisms that we can learn from with praises that we can celebrate.

(Go to the Icebox website: <https://hailhaiku.wordpress.com/> for contest results, guidelines, and publications information.)

Notes

1. Stephen Henry Gill, “Genjuan International Haibun Contest 2014 Guidelines.” Retrieved Sep. 11, 2013 from <http://hailhaiku.wordpress.com/genjuan/>.
2. Nobuyuki Yuasa in preface to *Genjuan Haibun Contest Decorated Works 2012–2014* (Osaka, Japan: Hailstone Haiku Circle Publications, 2015), 5.
3. D.J. Peel, *ibid.*, 7.
4. Nobuyuki Yuasa, *ibid.*, 20.
5. Jane Fraser, *ibid.*, 32.
6. Margaret Chula, *ibid.*, 65.
7. Nobuyuki Yuasa, *ibid.*, 83.
8. Stephen Henry Gill, *ibid.*, 90–91.
9. Hisashi Miyazaki, *ibid.*, 95.
10. Stephen Henry Gill, *ibid.*, 118.



J. Zimmerman was a selected poet for A New Resonance 8, 2013. For four weeks in 2013 and 2014 her haiku were featured at the international DailyHaiku website. In 2014 she was the inaugural Poet in Residence for the international Cabrillo Festival of Contemporary Music, where her new e-chapbook, the poetry of music, is downloadable at <http://cabrillomusic.org/guestartist/2014/j-zimmerman/>.

Briefly Reviewed

by Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, MI
& Francine Banwarth, Dubuque, IA

Lenard D. Moore & Dave Russo, eds. *Learning to See the Truth*. Pittsboro, NC: Rosenberry Books, 2014, unpaginated, hand-bound softcover, 9 x 6 inches. No ISBN. US\$20.95 from www.rosenberrybooks.com.

This hand-bound chapbook, with stab binding, cotton cover stock, and silk flyleaves, serves up a visual and tactile treat from the North Carolina Haiku Society, commemorating their 35th Haiku Holiday Conference. Featuring some 43 haiku, 25 or so poets, and more than a dozen illustrations by Diane Katz, this small collection reveals hidden depths to the writing of haiku in regional community. *after the burial . . . / my father's smile / on so many faces* (Curtis Dunlap); *lover's moon / the tide between / our toes* (Chase Gagnon); *breezy afternoon / children chasing children / chasing leaves* (Maria Tadd). ~MRB

Rick Tarquinio. *Mostly Water*. Self-published. Unpaginated, perfect softbound, 4.5 x 7 inches. ISBN: 978-1-63110-158-8. US\$12 + shipping from www.amazon.com or <https://ricktarquinio.bandcamp.com/merch>.

In this first collection comprising nearly 120 previously unpublished poems, Tarquinio displays his thorough command of all that is fine and spare in contemporary English-language haiku. He captures moments “interesting, significant, beautiful or humorous” with surprisingly slant juxtapositions, sonorous sound values, and effective re-visions of conventional metaphoric thought. In his hands, the simplest of observations dig deep: *twilight stars / a boy with a bucket / rescuing tadpoles*; *mackerel sky / a dead branch dips / a dove's worth*; *new leaves / a breeze turns / them over*. ~MRB

Chad Lee Robinson. *The Deep End of the Sky*. Arlington, VA: Turtle Light Press, 2015, 40 pp., perfect softbound, 5.25 x 8 inches. ISBN 9780974814759. US\$12.50 from www.turtlelightpress.com.

Winner of the Turtle Light Press Haiku Chapbook contest for 2015 (judged by Penny Harter), Chad Lee Robinson's third chapbook is a quiet, unassuming, and nearly perfect work of art. To say that the 47 poems arranged in four parts chart the seasonal round in the rural prairie world of South Dakota is both to understate and overstate the case. Robinson's articulation of the "suchness" of spring, summer, autumn, and winter is so subtle and fresh, one feels drawn to the weather, the farmer's work, the moss on gravestones as if for the first time. And yet, these seasonal rhythms do not take precedence in a collection that is about so much more: the equally sacred rhythms of daily life, shared community, and generational devotion to place—to the land, certainly, but to the heavens as well, for Robinson's masterful articulation of the particular creates startling moments of penetrating consciousness:

night fishing
the gentle pull
of the nearest star

As if to say, this is what we have, this place, this infinity, the collection begins and ends by juxtaposing poems picturing prairie with poems evoking what lies just "beyond":

at
the
deep
end
of
the
sky
prairie

meadowlark—
all you'll ever need to know
about sunrise

ponies a pasture beyond
the last known color
in the twilight sky

a farmer sets
the curve of his cap
prairie skyline

There is poetry here: the “grunts” that break axles, the shake of harness bells on a snowy night, the “scattered sun of dandelions.” But most of all, there is a poet and a voice:

what I did with my time wheatshine brightens and dims

I highly recommend this chapbook for its poetry, quiet and true. ~MRB

Lee Gurga & Scott Metz, eds. *Haiku 2015*. Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2015, unpaginated, perfect softbound, 5.25 x 4.25 inches. ISBN 0-9741894-7-2. US\$8 plus shipping from <http://modernhaiku.org/mhbooks/>.

This chapbook is second in a series of yearly supplements to the 2011 anthology *Haiku 21*, an enterprise meant to scout out the forward-looking in contemporary English-language haiku. The 100 poems by 100 poets gathered here display what the editors take for breakthroughs of one sort or another—that is to say, these ku embody some novelty of form or purpose or content in combination with effective communication and meaningful expression. A brief introduction describes this year’s touchstone idea, the “poetic spell” characterized in a 2010 article by Martin Lucas and Stuart Quine. Thus it is that Gurga and Metz set themselves to watch for originality in season phrase, word order, and “cut” position; for language that flirts with irrationality, ambiguity, and uncertainty. It only remains for the reader to taste, devour, digest the ku gathered here for poetic originality that matters. *cello solo the owls in my bones* (Tanya McDonald); *through eyes of rain leaf light* (Ann K. Schwader); *whale song / I become / an empty boat* (Michelle Tennison). ~MRB

Terry Ann Carter. *On the Road to Naropa, My Love Affair with Jack Kerouac: A Haibun Memoir.* Edmonton, AB: Inkling Press, 2015, 80 pp., perfect softbound, 5.25 x 8 inches. ISBN 978-1-928147-24-4. \$15 from www.inklingpress.ca/.

Author of four collections of lyric poetry, five chapbooks of haiku, and some haiku primers, Terry Ann Carter is a poet to be reckoned with. In this memoir, composed of haibun and a couple of tanka sequences, bits and pieces of her life link and shift together to create a strong chain of associations and meanings that hold strong throughout. With perceptiveness and poignancy, she writes in loose, yet compelling manner of the “random moments that we remember”: the spray of a garden hose against the ten-year-old’s bare legs; the satin dress she wears to her first piano concert; the painting she purchases on her honeymoon; her son’s “hot dog” twist of a lacrosse stick; the rediscovery in an old box of a grandmother’s fox neckpiece. One quibble: Carter notes in her preface that “[s]omeone once said that it was absurd to write a life in chronological order.” This is to beg an obvious question, for she does just that, emphasizing the passage of time by titling each haibun or series of haibun with the date. These range from 1946, with one entry recounting her birth year, to 2013, with seven entries ranging over the existential crises, moral callings, familial concerns, and artistic passions that have filled the life lived in between. True, there are flashbacks and flashforwards, and it is this fluidity of memory that suggests how time which defines and confines us may be transcended, if only momentarily. In the last haibun of the collection every-thing circles, recircles, and flows together:

Satori. Something cracks open. The cumberbund [a word the poet has just seen chalked on the sidewalk] is an enso circle. Great om of the universe . . . Darkness of Jack Kerouac’s alcoholism and early death. Roman candles of his life. My brother’s schizophrenia and disappearance. A husband’s failing health. Friends to hold me up. Capturing the moment in haiku. Like Jack. I know it won’t last.

snow lions
melting
in sun

~MRB

Marshall Hryciuk and company. *Petals in the Dark, 15 renku.* Carleton Place, Ontario: Catkin Press Ontario, 2015, 76 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 7 inches. ISBN 978-1-928163-02-2. US\$20 postage paid from Marshall Hryciuk, 30 Laws St., Toronto, ON M6P 2Y7 Canada. Contact imagorediron@gmail.com.

Marshall Hryciuk has been leading renku sessions around the world for nearly 25 years. And with Hryciuk at the helm extemporaneous and collaborative composition of linked verse becomes a happening party, far less concerned with polished craft than it is with the “doing” or “committing of poetry.” What matters, the introduction to this welcome chapbook suggests, is attentive listening and uninhibited response. As *sabaki* or leader of the session, Hryciuk steers course towards a loose, intuitive style based on an “abbreviated renku outline handout” of guidelines derived from contemporary Japanese practice. Readers will consequently find in this selection of pieces written between 2003 and 2012 any number of interesting deviations from classical form (if there really is such a thing) as well as numerous instances of linkage that are very fine, indeed. From “November Sunlight,” the opening *hokku* (head verse) and *wakiku* (second, supporting verse):

November sunlight
some ginkgo trees
still green (Marshall Hryciuk)

we talk about buying
two pairs of tabi (Lenard D. Moore) ~MRB

Peter Butler. *The Trouble with Mona Lisa, A Haibun Collection.* Uxbridge: Alba Publishing, 2015, 60 pp., perfect softbound, 5.75 x 8.25 inches. ISBN 978-1-910185-17-9. US\$15 from www.albapublishing.com.

For anyone who wants more from haibun than the usual round of nature writing, travelogue, memoir, or, simply, personal essay, this collection, Butler’s second, may be just the ticket.

“Having spent my working life as a journalist and editor,” he writes in the preface, “I was looking for alternative forms of expression.” Note the word, alternative. After a turn with traditional poetry, he found haibun, all the more appealing for its lack of “fixed rules.” Indeed, there is as much fiction in the pages of this book as “faction,” as much imagination running free as artistic control, as much sci-fi as historical fantasy. Butler leaves it to his readers to decide which is which. Whether the poet inhabits the mind and voice of Leonardo da Vinci cajoling Madonna Lisa to sit still, or a man and a woman crossing paths in a bus stand, or the left boot of a British soldier killed at the Battle of Ypres in 1916, or a voice the reader may only hope is the real Peter Butler, the result is a joy ride beyond the edges of haibun territory and back:

Have You Noticed?

Trees speak with different accents in the wind. Have you noticed? Bird song comes in different shapes. Water growls when rippling on uneven stones. Car engines pitch an octave higher in the drive. Words, softly spoken, taste of marshmallows. Pedestrian crossings smell of elderly shoes, kids’ shirt tails, sweaty collars. Kerbs jolt, fences splinter, cycles skid. The blind see things differently. Have you noticed?

conversing in sign
the blind men
lean forward

~MRB

Ellen Compton. *Gathering Dusk*. Ormskirk, U.K.: Snapshot Press, 2015, 80 pp., perfect softbound, 5 x 7.5 inches. ISBN 978-1-903543-33-7. £9.99 from www.snapshotpress.com.

This fine first individual collection by Ellen Compton gathers seventy previously published and award-winning haiku from 1996 through 2014. (She has co-edited four member anthologies for the Towpath haiku group and the Haiku Society of America.) *Gathering Dusk* is dedicated to the memory of her parents, and the poems throughout are rich in images that appeal to the senses. The reader enters into her world, past and

present, into the dusk and into the light, and all that falls between. The opening haiku guides us gently in:

gathering dusk . . .
a ripple in the meadow
where the fox goes

The theme of dusk is portrayed in the time of day and season as well as through imagery of human suffering and loss:

grating ginger; the day-end voices of katydids	must be thousands on Arlington's hill fireflies
--	---

But there is light reflected, also, albeit broken at times:

kaleidoscope
the little sound of a star
shattering

When one is able to master the interplay of emotion, imagery, and language, as Compton does (every word matters), the writer and reader are richly rewarded. ~FB

Marilyn Appl Walker. *Listening to the Sky*. Madison, GA: Appl Tree Haiku, 2015, unpag. (52 pp.), hardback, 5.5 x 7 inches. ISBN 978-0-692-32933-7. US\$20 in USA, US\$25 overseas, from Marilyn Appl Walker, 1060 East Avenue, Madison, GA 30650.

The author introduces her first book of haiku as “reflections of my young life on the farm.” It is a solid collection of forty haiku rooted in her growing-up years on the family farm in Wichita County, Kansas, “in a period of time at the threshold of unimaginable change.” The poems, many of them published and award winning, come alive with homegrown imagery:

suppertime the corner hay bale props up the sun	barn party autumn leaves do-si-do
---	---

Walker brings to the pages the agrarian lifestyle of the 1940s and 1950s, an era when family farms were passed down from generation to generation. The workday is long and life sustained with the harvest of field, home, and family relationships: stallions in the pasture, wheat rustling in the wind, father in the fields, mother in the garden and kitchen, grandpa whistling in twilight, grandma's bread dough rising. And there are moments when time slows and seems to stop altogether:

the longest day
he stills the tractor
at twilight

dog day afternoon
we take turns moving
the garden hose

This collection took me back to my growing-up years and time spent on my grandmother's farm in western Illinois. When I hear the wind moving through the pines or the trill of a red-winged blackbird, I am a child again on the rope swing at the edge of her garden. That poems so small have this much power is reason enough to practice and celebrate the art of haiku. ~FB

Caroline Gourlay. *Across the Silence*. With paintings by Sara Philpott. Knighton, U.K.: Five Seasons Press, 2015, 72 pp., hardback, 7 x 9.25 inches. ISBN 978-0-947960-69-8. US\$25 from books@fiveseasonspress.com or gourlaycm@gmail.com.

The inspiration for *Across the Silence* was the shared landscape of the Welch border country, where Gourlay spent her childhood and Philpott visited in her twenties. For each, this country has been and is home, a land they deeply appreciate and love and "wanted to share with others for whom it might still be unexplored territory." Gourlay is the former editor of *Blithe Spirit*; this is her fifth published collection of haiku. Philpott, painter and print-maker, exhibits her work in London and Welch galleries. One expects the work to be extraordinary and it is! There is more here than simply the recounting of moments and scenes through words and painted imagery. The land is living, breathing, with varying seasons and moods, which are interpreted by author and artist in 49 haiku and 21 paintings. There is discovery in the layers of what is unsaid:

dawn meditation
a trout breaks the surface
of the hidden pool

a trap springs . . .
the rabbit's footprints
fill with snow

and in layers left to the imagination as each artist interprets the landscape through her own state of mind. As we read the haiku and study the paintings, we realize a subtle shift from landscape to dreamscape, from a sense of beauty and belonging to one of concern for the threat of climate change:

dream
almost forgotten—
first spring walk

melting ice floes
bluer and bluer
the scorched flower

Across the Silence is an inspired, and inspiring, collaboration, one that weaves intricately between the light and shadows each artist brings to the pages. ~FB

Ellen Peckham. *Arrested Ephemera: Haiga*. Guttenberg, NJ: Paper Crown Press, 2015, 132 pp., hardback, 8.5 x 12 inches. ISBN 978-0-985200-0-2. US\$28.50 from peckham@atelierae.com.

An exquisite collection of contemporary haiga with haiku interpreted in etching and collage, “each designed with a base paper, two plates . . . and two forms in chine collé (fine papers melded with the base paper).” The forty-five haiga prints and collages were originally set in three limited-edition volumes, revised (each image reflects rather than copies the original), and gathered in this new edition. Peckham has honed a personal aesthetic to match her artistic vision, a style that focuses on form, color, and placement of imagery to convey an “abstract visual expression of the words.” The artistry is impeccable, alive on the page, multidimensional, with fine attention to every imaginable detail. The haiku range in subject matter and syllable count and, like the collages, seem to capture and preserve that which is ephemeral: *in New York / Milky Way's just a / candy bar; backlit by store lights / her shadow cast in puddles— / rain pixilates it; the last white roses / now antique ivory against / the new-fallen snow.* ~FB

THE HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA AND *FROGPOND*

The Haiku Society of America, created in the winter of 1968–69, was the first formally structured organization devoted solely to Western haiku, and it remained the only one for a number of years. On the evening of Oct. 23, 1968, twenty-three men and women met at Asia House in New York City. Harold E. Henderson, with help from Leroy Kanterman and encouragement from the Japan Society of New York, was responsible for the meeting. Kanterman was chosen to head the group that was known at first simply as the Haiku Society. Regular monthly meetings were scheduled, and these were usually held in rooms of the Asia Society or at the offices of the Japan Society. Simple bylaws were drawn up and adopted at the April 1969 meeting. With this, the group became the Haiku Society of America, with membership open to all interested in haiku upon payment of nominal dues. Henderson was named honorary president and he took an active and dedicated interest in the group until his death.

HSA Frogpond, Volume I, Number 1, made its appearance in February 1978. Society officers for the year were Cor van den Heuvel, president; Yasko Karaki, vice-president/treasurer; Emiko [Mimi] Manning, membership/correspondence secretary; and Lilli Tanzer, named as editor/recording secretary. Considerable discussion had gone on about broadening the scope of the Haiku Society and making membership of more immediate value for the growing numbers of members living outside the New York area who were unable to attend meetings. The name *Frogpond* (the “HSA” was dropped before long) was chosen in a contest, and the first issue listed in addition to Lilli Tanzer as editor Yasko Karaki as consulting editor, and Stephen Wolfe as correspondent in Japan. It was Lilli Tanzer whose vision shaped the magazine and gave it a strong beginning. In the early issues it more or less incorporated the “Minutes” of earlier days, reporting on meetings, updating the membership list with address corrections and the addition of new members. An early “*HSA Frogpond* Information Sheet” stated that “*Frogpond* prints all haiku submitted by its subscriber/members.” This policy was almost at once found to be infeasible, and the exclusion of material by non-members was soon eliminated, opening the magazine to haiku, senryu, linked verse (*renga*), essays, and reviews by members and non-members alike.

Charles Trumbull, “The American Haiku Movement—Part I: Haiku in English.” *Modern Haiku* 36:3 (autumn 2005), 33–73.

Re:Readings

From *Frogpond* 38:2

Adelaide B. Shaw, Millbrook, NY, on S.M. Abeles's haiku:

In his book, *The Disjunctive Dragonfly*, Richard Gilbert explains disjunction in its many forms and how it enhances a haiku. His definition in part is "The . . . principle impelling juxtaposition, superposition . . . and techniques which irrupt habitual consciousness and concept; . . ."

S.M. Abeles's one-line haiku is a good example.

petal by petal the yellow rose on her inner thigh

Each phrase in this haiku brought me to a different image and meaning. With "petal by petal" I thought of a man or woman pulling petals from a daisy. "He loves me. He loves me not." How often have we played this game?

With the phrase "yellow rose" I see that the man or woman, lacking a daisy, uses a rose. He or she wants to know the future, and pulling petals from any flower will do.

When reading these two phrases quickly I can also imagine the petals falling at the end of summer, being blown by the wind and rain.

The third phrase, "on her inner thigh" pulled me up short. This is not about an unsure lover, but a woman getting a tattoo. The entire scene is changed, from a garden to a tattoo parlor. I cringe at the imagined discomfort. But, that scenario changes. The woman already has the yellow rose tattoo, and her lover is tracing it with a finger, "petal by petal."

This haiku has gone from a playful game, to the end of a season, to discomfort, to eroticism. Quite an accomplishment for only ten words and fourteen syllables.

2015 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest

Judges

George Dorsty, Yorktown, VA
Tom Painting, Atlanta, GA

Put two aging haiku poets, both of whom happen to identify as men, in a room. Give them 657 previously unpublished haiku. Instruct them to choose a winner and not to come out until the task is complete. In the process their conversation drifts to include the Beats, the '60s, Transcendental Meditation, and Whitman's "Song of Myself." They conclude that beauty is in the eye of the beholder. But, since each fancies himself a teacher, they say this in a more eloquent way and soon the task is done. And, from the many fine haiku submitted for the 2015 Henderson Haiku Contest, they have agreed on six. Days later, they emerge with the winner, but not before discussing the merits of the other finalists.

So it all comes down to this: if we shuffle the deck, choose two other judges, the result will in all probability be somewhat different.

To all of the haiku poets who entered this year's contest we extend our appreciation. The task of judging was enlightening and inspiring. Taking a deeper look at each of our final selections we uncovered nuances and subtleties that further delighted us as readers.

~ **First Place (\$150)** ~

stone cairns
a faded cap drifts
downriver

Debbie Strange, Winnipeg, MB

Take our first-place winner “stone cairns” for example: In ancient times piled rocks were called “stone men.” So cairns can also be seen as human effigies. In our time, cairns are mostly used to mark trails for hikers. But what of the faded cap drifting down the river? On a symbolic level, the hat is to the cairn’s permanence what the river is to transience. As the philosopher Heraclitus said, “You can’t step in the same river twice.” So the human-made trail markers are contrasted to the meanderings of the river, which is part of the natural world.

The success of the haiku “stone cairns” lies in the contrast between the permanent and the transient. The hat reminds us that human beings, while we may appear permanent, like the “stone men,” are really transient and always changing like the river. This comes close to interpretation of the poem, but we must remember that for the poet the connection was “felt” rather than reasoned. Her/his task was to place the three—cairns, river, and faded cap—in juxtaposition so that we as readers might be able to make the same felt connection. And, maybe that’s enough. The rest, as Shakespeare said in another context, is “dross.”

In her new book, *Voices in the Ocean*, author Susan Casey says this regarding the great religions: “Even the great religions, with their millennia of wisdom, are more like gateways to unknown journeys than roadmaps of an entire terrain.”

~ **Second Place (\$100)** ~

jasmine beyond
the honeycombed lattice
a call to prayer

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, NY

Our second-place haiku “jasmine beyond” perfectly illustrates Casey’s point. The fragrance of the jasmine, geometry of the lattice, and resonant voice of the petitioner create an ethereal quality. The poem allows for each of us to contemplate matters of the heart.

~ **Third Place (\$50)** ~

sand dunes
by morning
a different dream

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, CA

“sand dunes” reminds us that our journey into consciousness is often preceded by a time of shifting awareness as we sleep. As the physical world takes shape, so do our desires and intentions. Abstractions become tangible and provide landmarks upon which we often stake our future hopes and dreams.

**Honorable Mentions
(Unranked)**

early morning
mist reunites
the hills

Kevin Goldstein-Jackson, Poole, England

the underside of leaves
her back story
changes everything

Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, MI

snow crocus
my grandson asks
if I have dreams

Joe McKeon, Strongsville, OH

(See judges' bios on p. 126.)

2015 Gerald Brady Senryu Contest

Judges

Gayle Bull, Mineral Point, WI
Jerome J. Cushman, Victor, NY

Before reading the 400 senryu entries, we reviewed various discussions of what makes a senryu and ended with the HSA definition: “A senryu is a poem, structurally similar to haiku, that highlights the foibles of human nature, usually in a humorous or satiric way.” The notes go on to refine the definition.

We looked for senryu that had resonance and relevance, and not just a clever turn of phrase or humorous observation. We enjoyed reading the efforts of many fine poets and quickly agreed on our favorites.

~ First Place (\$100) ~

grass trampled
by demonstrators
Earth Day

paul m., Bristol, RI

What comes to mind is the irony that our earth is so fragile, that even when we are showing our support for it we can cause damage. This senryu reminds us that our actions can be in conflict with our intentions and cautions us to be ever more careful. Or perhaps there are those who think Earth Day is not relevant and they are deliberately trampling the grass to show their contempt. Whatever the case this senryu made us reflect on how “the best laid plans . . . can go astray.”

~ **Second Place (\$75)** ~

Independence Day parade
a child marches
in the wrong direction

Jay Friedenber, New York, NY

Maybe this child will always “march to a different drummer.” That doesn’t mean she/he is wrong, just different, unique—perhaps will always be so and wants us to know it. Or maybe the child is just lost and looking for something or someone she/he can’t find. Maybe this child will always be lost and always be searching. Here the irony is that it is Independence Day and the child appears to be headed in the wrong direction. But then, isn’t that what the British thought about the Americans back in 1776?

~ **Third Place (\$50)** ~

sleepless and alone
I search for new friends
on Facebook

Margaret Chula, Portland, OR

This is a good example of the way the modern world seems to be functioning. Instead of going out to find and interact with real people, this person is doing so electronically in a virtual world. This senryu brings to mind the issues with social media. Will she/he find a relationship that can work or is it doomed from the beginning? Will she/he be looking again within a short period of time for another new friend? We feel there is real pathos in this senryu.



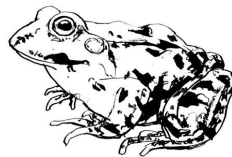
George Dorsty is a Long Island haiku poet, currently residing in Yorktown, Virginia, where he continues to write and publish in his chosen genre. He teaches courses in writing and Walt Whitman and the Beats at Christopher Newport University, and spends his free time playing ukulele, kayaking, and hiking park trails in Hampton Roads with his Keeshond companion Samye.

Tom Painting first flirted with haiku twenty-three years ago when a girlfriend gave him a subscription to Brussels Sprout. But it wasn't until he spent a year as a stay-at-home dad with his newly born daughter Sarah that he grasped the importance (between bottle feedings and diaper changes) of the haiku moment. Tom currently teaches junior high at the Paideia School in Atlanta, watches birds, and hikes out-of-the-way places.



Jerome Cushman has been studying haiku/senryu since 1963 and has had articles published in Frogpond and haiku/senryu published in bottle rockets and Frogpond. He has presented at HNA and Haiku Pacific Rim conferences. Amidst is the title of his chapbook. He was instrumental in the formation and functioning of the Rochester Area Haiku Group and the Cradle of American Haiku Festivals in Mineral Point, WI.

Gayle Bull has been involved with haiku since 1963 when her late husband Jim Bull and Don Eulert started American Haiku. She hosts several workshops every year at her bookstore, The Foundry Books. She also hosts The Cradle of American Haiku Festivals and haiku retreats in alternate years. She has had haiku and senryu published in Modern Haiku and Frogpond.



2015 HSA Haibun Contest

Judges

Marsh Muirhead, Bemidji, MN
Marjorie Buettner, Chisago City, MN

~ **First Place (\$100)** ~

Directions

Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, MI

In the rearview mirror I watch myself watch my daughter say when she grows up she wants to be just like me, while her younger brother kicks the back of the car seat, mute protest that, hey, we're all belted in whether we like it or not. Hang on, I say, taking a chance taking the turn, everyone's life happens for the first time.

fledgling finches
every which way the wind
blows thistle

MM: The best writing guides the reader to the unexpected, gives the reader joy, and does it well. Such is the case with our winner, "Directions." The writer had me for good at "we're all belted in whether we like it or not. Hang on, I say . . ." The prose and the haiku were a perfect match, "every which way the wind" suggesting both the specific and the universal.

MB: I love how this poet takes a mundane event in life and expands it to the extraordinary. The haiku in this haibun is perfect as well in the intent and content. The last line of the haibun, though ambiguous, is exquisite and full of gratifying possibilities.

~ **Second Place** ~

Untitled

Rebecca Lilly, Port Republic, VA

There's a moment of clarity in the quick of a footstep crunching through leaflets, in the white-out of clouds against mountains, an erasure of pocks and stubble on the ground by branch shadows casting in wind for pollen—such clarity seeps in, sunlight in a droplet, so thought diminishes and life stirs, a frog's eye poking from mud, and the day is long.

Weeds in fog extend
the forest into fields—
leaving home for good

MM: Rhythm, phrasing (“quick of a footstep,” “erasure of pocks and stubble”), both clear images and mystery, and just the right balance and distance between the prose and the poem made this one a very close second place.

MB: I cherish the sense of immediacy in this haibun. Not only is it well written, it is full of mystery. The poet takes you along, sharing insights and awareness. We are enticed into following.

~ **Third Place** ~

The Call

Renée Owen, Sebastopol, CA

In a daze one phone at my ear the other's harsh ringing her voice blares across miles an echo a scream that won't stop says she can't breathe oxygen won't help they left her alone she can't sleep those pain pills will kill her he wet the bed they both have to be at the doctor I can't do it all you have to come if anyone asks me to do one more thing don't even mention him helping he's incompetent say it and I'll hang up awake at 3 to give shots back at 9 I can't think straight write this down send me the notes med-alert button not ready for pick-up he can't take a shower she won't let them bathe her the new nurse

can't figure out meds he needs groceries I can't be in two places at once you get down here and help I've had it do you hear me I have to hang-up he doesn't know how to do it he won't qualify he needs help now not in a week who's going to do all this you get down here and do it I'm fed-up you expect me to talk I'm driving you listen to me they're both dying I can't believe you won't come you try to do all this I don't think you could I have to go I don't have time to listen to you. Click.

in the fallow fields
a red-tailed hawk
each day, this small death

MM: Among several unconventional styles found in this year's entries, this worked really well. As Marjorie notes below, this is best read out loud, and the haiku is the perfect match—the chaotic and frustrating stage of our common humanity set against the reassuring indifference of the natural world.

MB: The form of this haibun caught my eye and ear. This is a piece that needs to be read out loud in order to really enjoy it. I was pleased with its creative energy and fast pace. I think the haiku is perfect.

Honorable Mentions (Unranked)

Ritual

Margaret Chula, Portland, OR

RITUAL

is meditation bowl, candle, incense, and a Buddha statue that I bought at a temple market in Kyoto. Every week, I place a seasonal flower into the miniature vase. Today it's a camellia, red as blood, as fire, as energy that has drained from me into its petals.

I rearrange everything on the altar to make room for the black lacquerware box. Inside is a Ziploc bag of Mother's ashes.

When I first held them, weeks after she'd died, they still felt warm. I want them to smell like the cedar ashes of my incense or like Mother's baby-powder skin. But they're just crushed bones, acrid remains scraped from the belly of the incinerator.

After cremation in Japan, families pick out a few bones of their beloved with long-stemmed chopsticks. They are searching for the throat bone, a tiny bone inside the Adam's apple that looks like a Buddha, to bring home and place on the family altar.

collecting dust
on the window sill
last year's wish bone

MM: Such an appealing story, centered on the unforgettable image of the throat bone (that looks like a Buddha!), and the idea of a wish bone (and all our wishes) collecting dust made this a strong honorable mention.

MB: I was impressed with the silent questions hidden within this haibun. This touching haibun gives me pause wondering, too, if that promise of "eternal life" is feasible or are we all just the dust of ashes, collecting on the window sill.

Assisted Living

Beverly Acuff Momoi, Mountain View, CA

As we settle her into her new place, my mother folds and refolds the tissues. It is her habit lately. To smooth wrinkles in unwrinkled sheets, fix the creases in a letter, imprint the lines in a map. We ask her where she wants the pictures of Grandmother, if she can reach the phone from her armchair, if she is looking forward to making friends. She has just one question: How long can we stay?

wabi sabi
the solitary turn
toward age

MM: With the line, “How long can we stay?”—heartbreak so simply and beautifully expressed, the departing note of the haiku, just the right resonance.

MB: This haibun touches us all in a visceral way. We are all making that “turn toward age” which colors our days.

Swish

Rich Youmans, North Falmouth, MA

Projects playground—
jump shot arcing
from star to star

Evening shadows steal across the low concrete buildings, the cracked-slab courtyards, over fast-food wrappers and bottle shards. He feels the air on his face, moist and cool, as he looks up at the day’s last colors: Crimson streaking thin clouds, pale blue fading to violet, soft as smoke. His basketball, like a low-hanging moon, rests beneath his palm. He closes his eyes, imagines it again: the court, the tiered crowd, the ticking clock, the ball rolling off his fingertips and rising over every shout and whisper, every wide eye, rising and rising and then falling falling falling into that final sound of entry, passage, deliverance . . .

longest night—
a boy’s chalk outline
facing all the stars

MM: A very contemporary “story” haibun, framed by the stars and all that they might suggest.

MB: This haibun has wonderful action to it and intense sense impressions. The final haiku sets the stage for the tone of the whole piece.



Marsh Muirhead, occasional dentist and flight instructor, lives on the Mississippi River in northern Minnesota. He is the author of a haiku collection, her cold martini, and Key West Explained—a guide for the traveler (available on Amazon). His haiku and haibun have been published in most of the major journals since 2007, his poetry and fiction in Rattle, The Southeast Review, Carolina Quarterly, and elsewhere. His poems and haiku are heard regularly on community radio station KBXE, and can be listened to any time by accessing the archive at KAXE.org (“programs—The Beat”) online.

Marjorie Buettner lives and writes in Minnesota. Her newest book of haibun, Some Measure of Existence, published by Red Dragonfly Press, 2014, won first place in the 2015 Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards for books published in 2014. This collection was also nominated for an award through the Northern Minnesota Book Awards.

The Haiku Society of America Annual Contests

Thank you to the judges and contest coordinator, Charlotte Digregorio, and congratulations to the winners of the 2015 Henderson, Brady, and HSA Haibun contests. The deadlines for HSA-sponsored contests are:

- Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Contest: February 28, 2016
- Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest: March 25, 2016
- Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards: March 31, 2016
- HSA Haibun Contest: July 31, 2016
- Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest: July 31, 2016
- Gerald Brady Senryu Contest: July 31, 2016



Correction

Our apologies to kjmunro, whose haiku on page 53 of *Frog-pond* 38:2 should read:

two sides
to every argument—
arriving at departure bay

HSA Patrons

Our thanks to these members who have made gifts beyond their memberships to support the HSA and its work.

Sponsors

(Gifts of More Than \$100)

Donna M. Bauerly • Sydney Bougy • David Boyer • Peg McAuly Byrd • Tom Clausen • Mollie Danforth • Kristen Deming • Mac Greene • Carol Hansen • Steve Jensen • Jim Kacian • Leroy Kanterman • Bill Kenney • Henry Kreuter • Carole MacRury • Scott Mason • Renée Owen • Trilla Pando • Thomas Paul • James A. Paulson • Ellen Peckham • Daphne Ashling Purpus • Michael Roach • David H. Rosen • Bruce Ross • Ellen Ryan • William Seltzer • Kelly Smith • Steve Tabb • Charles Trumbull • Harriot West • Billie Wilson

Donors

(Gifts of More Than \$50)

Francis Attard • Edith Bartholomeusz • Mike Blottenberger • Gayle Bull • Kenneth Carrier • Diane Hirabayashi Carter • Ellen Compton • Jeanne Cook • Wanda D. Cook • Jerome J. Cushman • Susan Diridoni • Ernesto Epistola • Johnathan Ericson • Bruce Feingold • Abigail Friedman • William Scott Galasso • Dianne Garcia • Kevin Goldstein-Jackson • Merrill Ann Gonzales • Carolyn Graetz • Carolyn Hall • Merle D. Hinchee • Liga Jahnke • Oleg Kagan • Bill & Joann Klontz • Michael Kozubek • Gregory Longenecker • Diane Lynch • Doris Lynch • C.R. Manley • Lynn McLure • Robert B. McNeill • Robert Moyer • Audrey Olberg • Roland Packer • Tom Painting • Marian M. Poe • Lisa M. Porter • Joan Prefontaine • Edward J. Rielly • Ce Rosenow • Patricia Runkle • Frances Salo • Jacob Salzer • Marilyn Sandall • Belle Shalom • Yasuhiko Shigemoto • Charles E. Smith • Sherryl Smith • Sheila Sondik • Jeff Stillman • Debbie Strange • Lee Strong • Celia Stuart-Powles • Cor van den Heuvel • Victoria Witherow • Rich Youmans

Friends
(Gifts of More Than \$35)

Dennise Aiello • Gretchen Graft Batz • Martha Blue • Lesley Clinton • Karen DiNobile • Michael Fessler • Steven Greene • Patty Hardin • William Hart • Doris Heitmeyer • Connie Hutchison • Diane Katz • Howard Lee Kilby • Michael Henry Lee • Renée Leopold • Roger Mandel • Lauren Mayhew • Tanya McDonald • Laureen McHugh • Buddy Niederhoffer • Bill Pauly • John Quinnett • Julie Riggott • Joseph Robello • Michele Root-Bernstein • Teena Seckler • Tracy Siler • Angela Terry • Deborah Thom • Del Turner • Marilyn A. Walker • Nancy Wells • Irene Wilson • Kath Abela Wilson • Klaus-Dieter Wirth • Ruth Wise • Ruth Yarrow

***** **HSA MEMBERSHIP** *****

Thank you to all who have renewed your membership for 2015. The HSA and *Frogpond* appreciate your support. **Please remember** to renew for 2016 by December 31, 2015, so that you receive *Frogpond* 39:1 and the online newsletters. Please see page 2 for membership information.

**New Submission E-mail Address for *Frogpond* 39:1
September 15–November 15, 2015:**

frogpondhsa@gmail.com

Index of Authors

- Abeles, S.M., 120
Ahearn, Mary Frederick, 13, 73
Aherns, Linda, 26
Andreev, Alexey, 14
Aoyagi, Fay, 14, 64
Asopa, Sanjukta, 47
Attard, Francis, 60–61
Baker, Charles, 11
Baker, Stewart C, 9
Balistreri, Jo, 21
Banwarth, Francine, 115–118,
139–140
Baranski, Johnny, 51
Barlow, John, 13
Beary, Roberta, 16, 71, 96–101
Bending, Sidney, 73
Bennett, Brad, 36
Berardo, Nicholas, 13
Bjerg, Johannes, S. H., 56
Black, Elizabeth, 20
Blottenberger, Michael, 31
Boyer, David, 21
Brager, Mark E., 5
Bridges, Alan S., 40
Buckingham, Helen, 29
Buettner, Marjorie, 127–132
Bull, Gayle, 124–126
Burgevin, Anne Elise, 11
Burke, Alanna C., 12
Burns, Allan, 11
Butler, Peter, 114–115
Byrnes, Sondra J., 20
Caretti, Matthew, 30, 69
Carter, Steven, 68
Carter, Terry Ann, 66, 113
Cates, Anna, 28
Chessing, James, 38
Chhoki, Sonam, 26, 72, 108
Chircop, Charmaine, 43
Chockley, Thomas, 8
Chula, Margaret, 23, 107–108, 125,
129–130
Clement, Joyce, 53
Clinton, Lesley, 35
Coats, Glenn G., 65
Cobb, Cherese R., 22
Cobb, David, 107
Collins, Lysa, 23
Compton, Ellen, 41, 115–116
Constable, Susan, 19
Cook, Jeanne, 38
Cooper, Bill, 12
Cox, Aubrie, 33, 70
Craig, Kyle D., 26
Crenshaw, Tina, 11
Crocket, Elizabeth, 38
Curtis, Dan, 23
Cushman, Jerome J., 124–126
Dailey, Mark, 10
Dancy, Carolyn Coit, 7
Day, Cherie Hunter, 46
Deegan, Bill, 17
Deming, Kristen, 6
Deodhar, Angelee, 14
Digregorio, Charlotte, 46
Dillon, Mike, 22
DiNobile, Karen, 42
Diridoni, Susan, 29
Doerksen, Patrick, 70
Donleycott, Connie, 57
Dornaus, Margaret, 108
Dorsty, George, 121–123, 126
Dunphy, John J., 10
Evans, Judson, 12
Evans, Michael L., 57
Everett, Claire, 52, 67
Fasano, Ali, 39
Fazio, Marisa, 27
Feingold, Bruce H., 17
Fessler, Michael, 64
Flak, Kyle, 6
Fleming, Marilyn, 6
Ford, Lorin, 12
Fraser, Jane, 106–107
Friedenberg, Jay, 125
Gaebler, Mary Ann, 22

Galasso, William Scott, 48
 Giesecke, Lee, 7
 Gieseeman, Paula, 45
 Gill, Stephen Henry, 105–109
 Gilli, Ferris, 8
 Gilliland, Robert, 49
 Goldstein-Jackson, Kevin, 123
 Gorman, LeRoy, 10
 Gourlay, Caroline, 117–118
 Grayson, David, 74–81
 Greiner, Elliot, 37
 Gubili, Jyothirmai, 19
 Gurga, Lee, 112
 Haiku Elvis, 44
 Hall, Autumn Noelle, 53, 67
 Hall, Carolyn, 41
 Han, John J., 12
 Hanson, Simon, 58
 Happel, Tim, 22
 Hardin, Patty, 25
 Hart, William, 11
 Harter, Penny, 96–101
 Harvey, Michele L., 52
 Haslett, Arch, 44
 Hodge, Steve, 15
 Holman, Cara, 106
 Hotham, Gary, 52
 Hua, Vivian, 29
 Hryciuk, Marshall, 114
 Jaiye, Duro, 37
 Johansson, Jörgen, 31
 Johnson, Leslie, 43
 Johnson, P M F, 39
 Johnston, Carole, 18
 Kacian, Jim, 45
 Kapoor, Vishnu P., 39
 Kaur, Arvinder, 14
 Kelly, David J., 15
 Kennedy, Phillip, 19
 Ketchek, Michael, 21
 kjmunro, 132
 Klacsanzky, Nicholas, 17
 Krishnamurthy, Shrikaanth, 33
 Latham, Jessica Malone, 51
 Lecheva, Lydia, 46
 Lee, Phyllis, 38
 Levy, Mark, 53
 Liebert, Dan, 20
 Lilly, Rebecca, 48, 128
 Lippy, Burnell, 48
 Liu, Chen-ou, 25
 Longenecker, Gregory, 25
 Luckring, Eve, 28
 Lucky, Bob, 5
 Lyakhovestsky, Roman, 32
 Lynch, Doris, 107
 m., paul, 46, 124
 Machmiller, Patricia J., 42
 MacNeil, Paul, 33
 MacVane, Joy Reed, 50
 Mahala, Ajaya, 23
 Maretic, Tomislav, 27
 Maris, Anna, 28
 Martin, Jeannie, 24
 Mason, Scott, 51, 59, 122
 mattila, dl, 37
 McCormack, Brendan, 25
 McDonald, Tanya, 35
 McInerney, Jo, 50
 McKeon, Joe, 40, 123
 McManus, John, 30
 Mehrotra, Nishant, 18
 Metz, Scott, 112
 Miller, Sabine, 69
 Miyazaki, Hisashi, 108
 Moeller-Gaa, Ben, 15
 Moffett, Matthew, 16
 Momoi, Beverly Acuff, 51, 130–131
 Moody, Nancy Carol, 63
 Moore, Lenard D., 47, 110
 Moss, Ron C., 58
 Mountain, Marlene, 59
 Muirhead, Marsh, 127–132
 Munro, Marie Louise, 38
 Nadkarni, Gautam, 8
 Newton, Peter, 32
 Nila, Kanavu, 22
 Norton, James, 106
 Oliveira, Bob, 39
 Olson, Ken, 45
 Olson, Marian, 35
 Owen, Renée, 29, 71, 123, 128–129
 Packer, Roland, 44
 Padhy, Pravat Kumar, 50
 Painting, Tom, 43, 66, 121–123, 126
 Palomba, Carol Ann, 4

Parsons, John, 2, 108
 Partridge, Brent, 49
 Patchel, Christopher, 2, 53
 Pauly, Bill, 49
 Pearce-Worthington, Carol, 47
 Peckham, Ellen, 118
 Peel, D.J., 106
 Peters, Stephen A., 52
 Pettit, Dick, 60–61
 Philpott, Sara, 117–118
 Pierides, Stella, 5
 Piotrowski, Robert, 16
 Pisani, Jade, 28
 Powell, Perry L., 6
 Pray, Sandi, 13
 Pretti, Sharon, 27
 Prime, Patricia, 60–61
 Proctor, Vanessa, 60–61
 Punk, Andrew, 7
 Ramesh, Kala, 32, 106
 Read, Dave, 20
 Rehling, Michael, 54
 Rickert, Bryan, 31
 Rielly, Edward J., 15
 Riggott, Julie, 24
 Robello, Joseph, 37
 Robertson, J. Brian, 24
 Robinson, Chad Lee, 111–112
 Root-Bernstein, Michele, 110–115,
 123, 127, 139–140
 Ross, Bruce, 17, 68
 Rothstein, Aron, 40
 Rozmus, Lidia, 5
 Russo, Dave, 110
 Salzer, Jacob, 50
 Sawicki, Gabriel, 61–62
 Schechter, Ann, 17
 Schopfer, Olivier, 37
 Schwerin, Dan, 18, 102–104
 Scully, Ron, 6
 Shah, Yesha, 42
 Shankar, Shloka, 56
 Shaw, Adelaide B., 72, 120
 Shiotani, Charles, 34
 Simpson, Gary, 27
 Slesnick, Carole, 7
 Sloboda, Gary, 9
 Sloboda, Noel, 36
 Smith, Crystal Simone, 63
 Snow, Barbara, 21
 Steel, Lynne, 19
 Stevens, Mary, 16
 Stevenson, John, 34
 Strange, Debbie, 121–122
 Summers, Alan, 39
 Summers, Susan Beall, 16
 Sutcliffe, Rachel, 44
 Swede, George, 41, 66
 Swist, Wally, 33
 Tarquinio, Rick, 10, 110
 Tate, Barbara, 54
 Tauchner, Dietmar, 54
 Tennison, Michelle, 9
 Terry, Angela, 7, 55
 Thampatty, Padma, 23
 Thiermann, Jennifer, 42
 Tice, Richard, 24
 Tico, Tom, 47
 Tomczak, Maria, 36, 61–62
 Trumbull, Charles, 34, 102–104,
 119
 Walker, Marilyn Appl, 116–117
 Warner, Jim, 30
 Warther, Julie, 36, 55
 Watts, Lew, 31
 Webb, Diana, 26
 Welch, Michael Dylan, 82–95
 Westerman, Carmel Lively, 29
 White, Robin, 36
 Whitman, Neal, 18
 Willey, Ian, 30
 Wilson, Kath Abela, 32
 Wirth, Klaus-Dieter, 43
 Wit, Ernest, 13
 Witmer, Robert, 8
 Woerdehoff, Valorie Broadhurst, 9
 Yarrow, Ruth, 82–95
 Youmans, Rich, 131
 Young, Quendryth, 45
 Yuasa, Nobuyuki, 105–109
 Zimmerman, J., 10, 105–109

HSA Officers & Regional Coordinators
The Haiku Society of America
P.O. Box 31, Nassau, NY 12123
<http://www.hsa-haiku.org/>
Established 1968
Cofounders: Harold G. Henderson & Leroy Kanterman

HSA Officers

President: David Lanoue, 1921 Joseph Street, New Orleans, LA 70115 • davidlgerard@hotmail.com

1st Vice President: Mike Montreuil, 1409 Bortolotti Cres, Ottawa, ON, K1B 5C1, Canada • mikemontreuil@sympatico.ca

2nd Vice President: Charlotte Digregorio, PO Box 25, Winnetka, IL 60093 • c-books@hotmail.com

Secretary: Mollie Danforth, 4016 Harris Place, Alexandria, VA 22304 • Hsasecretary2014@gmail.com

Treasurer: Bill Deegan, 110 Indian Hollow Court, Mahwah, NJ 07430 • hsa.treasurer@yahoo.com

Frogpond Editor: Francine Banwarth, 985 South Grandview, Dubuque, IA 52003 • fnbanwarth@yahoo.com

Ripples Editor: Adrienne Christian, 10645 N. Oracle Road., Suite 121, #229, Oro Valley, AZ 85737 • adrienne@adriennechristian.com

Electronic Media Officer: Randy Brooks, 3720 N. Woodbridge Drive, Decatur, IL 62526 • brooksbooks@sbcglobal.net

HSA Regional Coordinators

Northeast: Wanda D. Cook, PO Box 314, Hadley, MA 01035 • willowbranch32@yahoo.com

Northeast Metro: Rita Gray, 785 West End Avenue, 12C, New York, NY 10025 • ritagray58@gmail.com

Mid-Atlantic: Position Open

South: Carlos Colón, 185 Lynn Avenue, Shreveport, LA 71105 • ccolon423@comcast.net

Southeast: Terri L. French, 1901 W. Tupelo Drive, SE, Huntsville, AL 35803 • terri.l.french@gmail.com

Midwest: Julie Warther, 1028 Winkler Drive, Dover, OH 44622 • julie@wartherwoodworking.com

Plains & Mountains: Position Open

Southwest: James M. Applegate, 601 Fulkerson Drive, Roswell, NM 88203 • japple@dfn.com

California: Deborah P Kolodji, 10529 Olive Street, Temple City, CA 91780 • dkolodji@aol.com

Oregon: Shelley Baker-Gard, 1647 SE Sherrett Street, Portland, OR 97202 • sbakergard@msn.com

Washington: Angela Terry, 18036 49th Place NE, Lake Forest Park, WA 98155 • HSA-9AT@comcast.net

Hawaii / Pacific: Brett Brady, 15-2724 Welea Street, Paha, HI 96778 • brettbrady@gmail.com

Alaska: Billie Wilson, 1170 Fritz Cove Road, Juneau, AK 99801 • akwilsons@gei.net

From the Editors

I have no fancy ideas about poetry. It doesn't come to you on the wings of a dove. It's something you work hard at.

~Louise Bogan

I believe that producing pictures, as I do, is almost solely a question of wanting so very much to do it well.

~M.C. Escher

As we look back to our inaugural issue of *Frogpond*, published in June 2012, we remember the quote by Eleanor Roosevelt that preceded our first letter: “You must do the thing you think you cannot do.” In that letter we shared our hopes and vision for the journal with our readers:

As we look to the future, what we do know we can—and want to—do is assemble a *Frogpond* that reflects the multifarious nature of haiku practice, whether in solo poem and prose or collaborative sequence. We want to make room for many voices: the new as well as the familiar, the near as well as the far, the young as well as the old. We want, as well, to represent the full range of our community’s thoughts and reflections in insightful reviews and concise essays that touch on process, purpose, and possibility. The root word of essay means, after all, to try, in essence to dare ourselves to experiment, explore, and grow—something Eleanor Roosevelt obviously knew a lot about.

For this, our last issue, we’ve chosen two quotes that speak to our tenure as editors: we wished above all to reflect the haiku community in our work and to do it well, to work hard at it. This is also something we wish for our readers in their writing. And something we wish for ourselves as poets, too. Thank you for allowing us the privilege to serve as your editors; thank you for your patience, your cooperation, your excitement on being published, your willingness to try again when your submissions were returned. Your passion for the art has fueled ours. We’ve read thousands of haiku and related forms from around the world, and far from jading our appetite, the experience has whet it. Your voices reaffirm that haiku nourishes all of us, gives us hope in a precarious world, allows us to share our shortcomings and dreams, and celebrate our successes. This is the haiku community we have come to know and appreciate during these past four years.

We are grateful for the support of the HSA, for its officers and editors, past and present. As we readied pages for print, we were saddened to learn that Leroy Kanterman has passed from this world. He was a cofounder of the HSA in 1968 (see p. 119) and was still writing haiku. He sent his last submission to *Frogpond* in 2014. Our deepest sympathy to his family and friends. We are especially indebted to our proofreaders, Charlie Trumbull and Bill Pauly, who picked the bones of each issue and returned pages of corrections to us with humor and wit. Behind the scenes, Noah Banwarth directed and guided the workings of the design program, and when the motherboard in the computer failed while working on this last issue, he got us up and running again! We simply could not have not succeeded without his patient expertise. Our deep appreciation also for our families who supported us and cheered us on when we all but disappeared under the workload. Thank you to all of our essayists and book reviewers who went an extra mile to add their perspectives to the pages of *Frogpond*. And kudos to our “frog artists” who brought a measure of whimsy to the pages, including the delightful pair by John Parsons in this issue.

On this journey we call an editorship, it has been our greatest pleasure to collaborate with each other, to respect each other’s strengths, to value each other’s work ethic, and to become good friends in the process. We made a team, along with Christopher Patchel who took our breath away with each and every one of the covers he designed—from the very first three leaves, which spoke so eloquently of the autumn season and of haiku form, to the origami snowflake, which reminded us how simple operations such as folds or juxtapositions might achieve profound complexity, to our final cover here in your hands. We are especially delighted with this issue’s rusted keys and their mottled blue patina, an oblique statement surely that haiku, for all its ancient provenance, still works to open our hearts. For so many of us, writing and reading haiku provide the key to a life lived with attention, even should our key be the one pointing in its own direction! Our *Frogpond* immersion has been such a key, and we look forward to testing it in new locks.

Francine Banwarth, Editor
Michele Root-Bernstein, Associate Editor

