

frogpond



Volume XI

Number 3

Published by the Haiku Society of America

August 1988

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA
333 East 47th St., New York, NY 10017

OFFICERS

President: Adele Kenny, Box 74, Fanwood, NJ 07023.

Vice-President: Clark Strand, 322 East 81st St., #1RW, New York, NY 10028.

Secretary: Doris Heitmeyer,
315 East 88th St., Apt. 1F, #42, New York, NY 10128.

Treasurer: Ross Kremer, RD 2, Box 609, Ringoes, NJ 08551.

Frogpond Editor: Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 970 Acequia Madre, Santa Fe, NM 87501.

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FROGPOND
Quarterly Haiku Journal
Vol. XI No. 3 August 1988

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WORD FROM THE EDITOR

ESL

Celebration of this 20th anniversary year of the Haiku Society of America continues, with exciting events to come. We all look forward to publication of the special anniversary book, and to haiku events in New York City and elsewhere to mark the year. The general interest in haiku continues to grow and HSA membership is increasing at a steady pace.

As for *Frogpond*, there is not slackening of interest, support, and submissions (3500 haiku/senryu since the year began). I am grateful. Unfortunately, though, I have allowed the backlog to build and for the moment am accepting very little. And I ask for patience from you whose work I am holding. Nevertheless, I am *always* eager for exceptional material which will make an exciting, varied, quality haiku publication. The provocative article by Rod Willmot in the May issue has brought much comment, most of that sent to *Frogpond* favorable. A provocative response appears in this issue.

Special thanks go to Dr. Kazuo Sato and the Museum of Haiku Literature for an increase this year in their donation for *Frogpond* awards. In addition to the haiku award there will be a \$25 editor's-choice award for a sequence or other longer haiku-related piece.

May haiku continue to bring you joy!



... frog?
some kid
skidding rocks

Barry Goodman

a conch to his ear
the citykid hears distant
rumbles of the El

Tim Hoppey

MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE (TOKYO) AWARDS

\$25 Awards for previously unpublished material

Haiku (*Frogpond XI:2*)

Last night's fading dream . . .
On the blue teapot birds drift
beyond the willows

Ann Atwood

Sequence (*Frogpond XI:1*)

"Wintering Over: New York Haiku"

by Doris Heitmeyer

Sequence (*Frogpond XI: 2*)

"Snohomish County Jail Haiku"

by Johnny Baranski

august afternoon
cattail reeds bend
over the still perch

along the golden river
quiet leaves cover
dead salmon

first sharp frost
the redder leaves
the sweeter fruits

wet leaves
whipped cross the asphalt
highbeams in the deer's eyes

first snow in the hills
a thousand feet
above my woodpile

William Schmidtkunz

dragon kite in tree
lifts and settles . . .
lifts and settles . . .
breath of August

Christopher Conn

bluejay
at the tip of the balsam bough
bluegray haiku

Selma Stefanile

In this summer heat,
only the morning-glories
retain their coolness

Tom Tico

overcast
the petals of bee balm
unsettled

whirligig beetles stirring pollen / the old pond

James C. Sherburne

old hill town ball field
clover grown over
the base paths

the hum at twilight:
clusters of goldenrod
thick with bees

Wally Swist

muggy evening—
on the cement driveway
a resting toad

Richard Straw

Rising suddenly
through Cassiopeia
the summer moon

Ben Pleasants

ruffled gulls
bobbing in the island shadow:
Alcatraz

getting scammed
in San Francisco
then Muir woods

Muir Woods:
canyon full of
kami

Lee Gurga

Crumbling cabin
we wake to sunshine
one crack wide

Ronald G. Rice

white sky at dawn
i found a marrow spoon
in the estuary

my shadow walking
through the shadow of a cypress
startles the monterey newt

Matty Kinsella

cliff edge
fingers deep in pungent
juniper roots

Suezan Aikins

OXFORD IN AUGUST

red butterfly
flicking blue stained glass
outside the chapel

high fringed spires . . .
she tilts her fuschia umbrella
shedding raindrops

Cromwell's death mask
in the museum glass case . . .
children whispering

an unlocked bike
against old iron fencing . . .
a graveyard

boy in blue jeans
kneels on the wildflower grave
reading its tombstone

Grace Gubernick



crossing over
the bridge on The Thames
whistle of swan's wings

Ruby Spriggs

a silver lining in the empty milkweed pod

Alexis Rotella

Distant city noise—
hammering the empty side streets
cicadas at noon.

(Beijing)

Sabine Sommerkamp

Beijing
curved clay roofs

white
with the breath of winter

Martha Stainsby

only one leaf
not shaking on the moon-tree
a sleeping bird

Zhu Hao

on one branch in the golden leaves two crows perch

Ruby Spriggs

river plants floating
on the Nile pass our boat—
the muezzin calls

where there are camels
there are flies, Abu Simbel smiles
at tourists fanning

Jack Bernier

on the old bus
a bag lady sits
mumming magic spells

Mary Wittry-Mason

HAIBUN
July 5, 1986

Loren Mattei

South Dakota is hotter than I had expected.
I'd thought of it as a cold place. It isn't.
It's soft and warm and the dust settles on
the trees. The country is full of tiny yellow
daisies. Everywhere, they creep upon the earth
and beside the trails. At night when the moon's
out I gaze at the highway and let the truck
lights fall through my hair. But the lights
can look ugly and white as they sink down into
the weeds. When the morning comes the daisies
take on their fragrance, lifting me into a sun-
filled wonder. But only for a moment. Then
the gray highway wires lose their shadows, and
the familiar white wash takes the earth with its
blossoms open.

true parting—
summer daisies
deepened cloud

INCENSE CEDARS
Renga

Helen J. and Ed Sherry
1987

Incense cedars
encircle the valley
hawk overhead hjs

 awaking dawn
 a dormant meadow es

under one tree
half of the herefords
bells clang hjs

 on a checkered oilcloth
 faded flowers es

bright night
watching the fireflies
find each other hjs

 footsteps on the path
 a frog stops, mid-croak es

skipping stones a blond-haired boy touches the sun	es
last row of knitting a month of mistakes	hjs
torn horizon pierced by mountain peaks solitary pine	es
the dark lane turns light with luminarias	hjs
a silent shape emerges from the shadows mule deer fawn	es
from the cliff's edge his shout echoes . . .	hjs
parched grass among the boulders rumble of thunder	es
in the view-finder he moves the moon	hjs
cloud image cloned in the still water a fish leaps	es
stenciling in ink another snowflake	hjs
first frost the riot of color suddenly subdued	es
a bluebird whistles on her designer teapot	hjs

a hole deep in the sequoia stuffed with night	hjs
the cheese is gone another escape	es
that tiny space in the eucalyptus for hummingbird feet	hjs
on the stair tread yesterday's laundry	es
by a dirt road miles from nowhere grave markers	hjs
initials in the tree look familiar	es
his message in her wedding band "for keeps"	hjs
abandoned mine mica still sparkles	es
where the lake rippled a year ago cattle graze	hjs
dust devils spin in the white heat	es
the sheriff still in sunglasses twin moons	hjs
crossroad diner— country style pizza	es

linked together
on the desert march
high tension towers

es

ivy creeping up
under the overpass

hjs

sun spills gold
over the canyon rim
aspens

es

rafting the rapids
free for senior citizens

hjs

fallen giant
gnarled roots expose
a slender seedling

es

from his hiking boot
a weed-fluff soars

hjs



On silent cables
the lift chairs hang,
—a rush of wind.

Meditating,
I tune my “ohmm’s”
to the stream’s harmonics.

Elizabeth Nichols

coming to Marin
the coastal range rising,
the fog rising over

tall building tops
floating on fog—
nearby a cricket

only the fog
or something beyond?
the fog's shadow. . .

Paul O. Williams

Open window
foghorn's breath
moves the curtain

Jim Boyd

Circling together
meeting and parting, two birds
vanish into the haze

Doris Heitmeyer

On the dark lake
Milky Way haze
a fisherman's lantern

Heaven's River
mists the sky's
moonlessness

Ronan

a moose
is smoking a cigarette—
the tick in his nostril coughs

hey monks,—ladybugs
beat you guys to the shaved head
and patched orange robe

Your mosquitoes, Lord—
but when You sleep, do they hum
around *Your* ear?

Robert Spiess

tiny eggshell by my foot . . .

from my shadow head
bursts a shadow bird

hummingbird shell
now empty
now a raindrop brimming over

Karen Kay Tsakos

collecting bullrushes
suddenly surprised, a leech
hidden in the stem

purple finch
lustily singing
used car lot

Doris Ash

Drouth-cattails rattling—
muskrat tracks crisscrossing
the pond bottom

K.H. Clifton

wisps of smoke
rising from a cigarette
in the dry grass

Mark Aroid White

burning the cane—
cries of birds circle
through the smoke

slender red peppers
dry in the summer sun—
again a dragonfly darts near

the hawk—
its cry casts
a shivering shadow

Ross Figgins

Noon—
Only a sliver of shade
For the sleeping dog

The plane's slow curving hum
Over our tent . . .
Afterwards silence

Joel Richards

a swallowtail
settles
on the prize-winning quilt

Alexis Rotella

Summer Fair:
hog-calling winner
buying a prize orchid

Eye to eye
so quickly gone
the elephant on parade

Virginia Egermeier

Chinatown:
the dragon raises his head
above firecrackers

Fireworks!
three drunks sing
the *Stars Spangled Banner*

Garry Gay

Independence Day:
on a worn wall the portrait
of Ché Guevara

Greyhound at midnight:
a man looks at his black book
cover to cover. . .

Ty Hadman

thin strand
following the orb weaver
into hiding

reading the note
left on the door for us—
the firefly and me

Patricia Niehoff

AT THE FIREWORKS DISPLAY

Her scent in the crowd—
rose-attar. Flowers bursting,
smoke in the sky.

A single firefly—
these brief glimpses of her face
filling the silence.

“I want you” —
even these words
separate us.

Peter Fortunato

midnight half-moon rising

my hand on her breast,
water reflecting moonlight

M. Kettner

Sunrise in Elsay:
both field and sky the same pink
a distant rumble. . .

Nancy H. Wiley

small town. . .
spitting into the same crack
again and again

Donald McLeod

Advancing over wheat fields
shreds of lightning

Mike Taylor

Outside the market
two umbrellas pause
to gossip

Saturday night. . .
farmer's wife washing her hair
in rain water

Patricia Neubauer

mud puddle
its surface
the sky

Craig W. Steele

heavy rains
ruining the white petunias
—anniversary eve

Carol Montgomery

WALKING HOME ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON

summer afternoon—
the priest takes a blue pencil
from the blind man

coming up through
a gap in the city bridge. .
a checkerspot butterfly

backfire—
a checkerspot in its sound
shifts direction

dog coming out
with the cathedral crowd. .
tail upward

half way home
pole shadows reach across
the widening road

train whistle—
two jets wrap the sky
with mist

a block from home
a pair of rain drops find
my haiku notes

Frederick Gasser

HAIGA

by R.W. Grandinetti Rader

From 2-part sequence "Late Morning,"
an excerpt from Part I
"Birthing," dedicated
to Jason.

newborn:

taste



of warm champagne

wash basin --

bathing my new son



Gulls
hovering on the wind
over Lake Huron

The old lighthouse
historical marker in front—
“Halfway to the Pole”

Washing the beach
silent swish of breaking waves
and the stars

On the lake’s horizon
winking through bobbing boats
Chicago’s lights

George Jaramillo-Leone

Among the poplars
in a sudden stir of wind
a white owl cries out

C.M. Buckaway

short cut through a bog
bear tracks fresh in the mud
sun sinking

bending above the stream,
hesitating over minnows. . .
drinking

Clifford S. Johnson

dawn light
the flower halfway up the cliff
still tossing in the wind

a cloud on the water;
I float, half-submerged
with the frogs

a quiet afternoon;
the old turtle is drying out
beside the still water

Larry Gates

sunset
sliding into
the whirling gnats

Linda Marucci

Outside looking in:
my face reflected
in the glass

Sunset:
reflection of shadows
through a spider's web

Sharon Gunkel

Pinned
on the far end of the road—
brilliant disk of the sun

Zhanna P. Rader

HORSE SENSE

by

Anita Virgil

I can't help remembering when the Wizard of Oz had his drapes jerked aside by Toto. There he was—the little man—dialing dials, bellowing away pompously and self-righteously, shooting up smokescreens, jets of color, projecting himself larger than life on the screen for all to behold and admire and be confounded by. . . .

The scene changes to Quebec, Canada in the spring of 1987. Alan Pizzarelli presents a paper called "Modern Senryu" to Haiku Canada because he and others are fed up with more hocus-pocus by Rod Willmot in his February 1987 "Essay on Haiku."¹ In it, Willmot weaves incredible fabrics of pseudo-intellectualizing in order to cloak his own poems like "humiliated again/ bar-smoke in the sweater/ I pull from my head"² with an aura of innovativeness—as though it and other poems like it point a new direction for the haiku! In clear language Pizzarelli shows that, contrary to what Willmot has been saying, the new direction North American haiku poets of the 1970's and 1980's are leaning toward is the senryu, 17th century in origin, but a more comfortable genre for the forthright expression of human emotions, behaviour and the human condition. That direction is thus a continuation of and an improvement upon an existing genre of poetry. Lately, Willmot has tried to convince poets that the haiku can be the catch-all for most intensely felt emotions/experiences of a poet. It can't. In poem after poem one discerns that the haiku presents, with studied detachment, man's interrelatedness with Nature, with the tangible world outside himself. That focus serves the haiku well. But the focus on self and human foibles is the dominant thrust of the senryu. How natural then that those of the Me Generation need to express this in their poetry. The senryu has been there all along, ready to contain these "intimate exposures" (Willmot's own description to me of his bar-smoke 'new haiku' in 1982); human-centered, funny, satirical, often sad/funny, they emphasize that "the world is tragic, the world is comic,—not alternately, but simultaneously. . . ."³

The inaccurate assessments of Pizzarelli's article in Willmot's *Frogpond* article⁴ are inexcusable and hardly reflect the enthusiastic Canadian reception of Pizzarelli's ideas. Willmot's horse thing is blatant retaliation against those who disdain his inventions, the psychological-, spiritual-, metaphysical- and political-"haiku." Indeed! Too bad he doesn't just write his own often fine poems about his emotional states "no matter how turbulent or despicable."⁵ He can call them "Intimate exposures"⁶ which they are—until such time as he pauses from pontificating long enough to study the senryu. He presumes to speak for everyone: "You must understand that we North American poets are very serious; we don't have much interest in senryu."⁷ This statement made by the same man who told me he is not interested in senryu! There is a place for brief poetry about people

and their feelings—in senryu. What there is not a place for is Willmot's McCarthyism—his damnation by innuendo and the twisting of other's words, also in the name of a 'good' cause. Historically though, such spec-ters recur and someone must speak out against them to remind us we must go to the sources to make informed decisions. So I admonish those who read "In Praise of Wild Horses" to carefully read W.J. Higginson's *Haiku Handbook* (pp. 223-233 on senryu) and Pizzarelli's short paper "Modern Senryu" [available from Haiku Canada] and compare them with what Willmot says they say. The difference is telling.

What rankles most about Willmot's attitude is the across-the-board presumptuousness of it and the distortions of reality it presents. I, for one, would be grateful if he would just write his poems and let the rest of us figure out how to write our own. His glaring need to become spokesperson for North American haiku poets (many of whom also create haibun, renga, senryu, tanka—as did their predecessors) is apparent. But there is no such position available. Even if there were, the oppressively provincial mind-set of anyone who could cluck: "Imagine what sort of verses would be written in cafes, bars and taverns. . ." need not apply. As for the image of wild horses—the only thing that makes me uncomfortable is what they leave behind!

FOOTNOTES

1. Rod Willmot, *Haiku Canada Newsletter*, (Feb., 1987).
2. Willmot, in *The Haiku Anthology*, ed. Cor van den Heuvel (New York, Simon & Schuster, 1986), p. 292.
3. Cover of *Japanese Life and Character in Senryu*, by R.H. Blyth (Japan, Hokuseido Press, 1960).
4. Willmot, "In Praise of Wild Horses," *Frogpond*, Vol. XI No. 2, (May, 1988), pp. 29-33.
5. Personal communication from Willmot to Virgil, June 9, 1982.
6. *Ibid.*
7. Willmot, *op. cit.*, *Haiku Can.*
8. Willmot, *op. cit.*, *Frogpond*, p. 31.

"MODERN SENRYU" by Alan Pizzarelli is available from Haiku Canada. Send \$0.50 + \$0.50 postage (or \$1. ppd) to: Rod Willmot, Haiku Canada Publ. Coordinator, 535 Duvernay, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada J1L 1Y8.

after hearing
of the old woman's death—
buying her poems

Edward J. Rielly

city sycamores
linking shadows in the heat:
cicadas in sync

all the short night long
looming on the sick room wall:
shadows of the moon

Nick Virgilio

surgery
scheduled tomorrow
we talk of flowers

"Something is wrong!"
he mutters in his sleep—
the dog's howl

Francine Porad

home from the hospital;
making the payment
on the family plot

Denver Stull

In the evening light
flowers turned black and gray
old widow goes to mass

George Swede

in bus fumes
in front of La Guardia
a man smokes

Samuel Viviano

cheap motel
it takes three knocks
to get the manager

change falls
as the creases bend
to the hanger

Jeffrey Winke

the kids swarm
blade gleams summer night sidewalk
old Frank goes down

Rob Simbeck

village heat
two men walking arm-in-arm
. . . handcuffs

in the mirror
the teen-ager practising—
haven'twemetsomeplacebefore

the black hole. . . .
a streetwalker
eyeing the teen-ager

Barry Goodmann

a whorled shell;
into the roar of the surf
a plover's cry

hiked this long beach
only to watch sandpiper tracks
disappear in the surf

Daniel Marcus

Birds at the surf's edge
pecking something in the foam
jumping now and then.

A wave-bleached bird skull
lying on the sandy beach
so white in the moonlight.

Earle J. Stone

heat lightning
the night
jumps silently

Rainfrogs
spreading misleading rumors
No rain tonight
No rain

David Gershator

watching our reflections frog and i

W.S. Apted

cicada-being-born,
my eyes turn just a moment—
you've flown!

shadows on the lawn—
flying pigeons brush
over the dead one

Melissa Cannon

Apricots fall
into the pasture:
the cows' slow chewing

Diane Webster

apart from the herd
one cow
watches the road

a week of rainy days
tonight
the moon

Gloria Cunningham

Sitting among the gravestones
a small child
sucks a blade of grass

Flash of firefly
small fingers closing
on
nothing

Rebecca M. Osborn

AFTER THE DIVORCE

the waterfall
where he proposed
drowns out her crying

driving home alone
he watches the waves
breaking

Bob Gates

increasing heat
locusts and the neighbors
raise their voices

Karen Sohne

crying upstairs
louder than the rain
at the bus stop

“who was she?”
my wife’s only comment
on the poem

Allan Curry

After the movie,
full moon—
walking home with my shadow.

The withered path—
saying goodbye
to the stone buddha.

Yoshio Imakita

out of the grave
the sinking casket
pushes the light

Jane Reichhold

the back meadow
could it be greener now
strewn with his ashes

timing my breath
to hers—
full moon shadows

Don Beringer

still dark
on her back a mole
i never noticed

Rex Leatherwood

side street—
my deaf friend running
from silence to silence

alone now
she turns up
her hearing aid

Christopher Suarez

Over the fence,
our old neighbor asks
where summer has gone

Elsie Pankowski

RUNNER'S HAIKU

Running the Maine Coast
7.3 miles round Cape Crozier
my pounding heart

The downhill dropoff
through rocky, coastal harbors
taking it all in

My muddy Pumas
on the gravel uphill slope
startle a young buck

Struggling through the pine
one last hill before the beach
20 gulls take off

Mind wants to quit
reaching back into myself
body gets it done

Mind disconnected
up the last three hills
the exquisite pain

Running the Maine Coast
I begin to know myself
fog floats through sunlight

Ben Pleasants

Sunrise—
cropduster circles
over the house
seven times

David K. Antieau

holding hands . . .
until we reach
the blackberries

mule deer
pokes his head up—
combine in the wheat

Randy Brooks

summer cricket's drone . . .
a thumping of darts
from the hayloft

thunderstorm passes
funnel of sunlight
touches the wheat

Donald McLeod

prairie heat
barbed wire
sags

W.S. Apted

Talking of fresh corn,
a big man with farmer's hands
picks at his fast food

Ken Harrell

KILAUEA: PHASE 32

restless tonight
cattle stir beneath their tree
the ground quivers

in distant darkness
the foggy sky grows red—
and pulses slowly

sunup—
the lava fountain dying
spewing bursts of black cinder

Miriam Sinclair



scuba lead belt
on my brother's floor
the curtain stirring

the night nurse
stays to talk
her blue mascara

Tony Quagliano

empty wine bottles
littering an alleyway
catch the rays of dawn

John J. Dunphy

The deep thunder—
a cool wind
darkens the skyscrapers.

John Ziemba

BOOK REVIEW

in the house of winter by anne mckay, Pulp Press Book Publishers, 1150 Homer St., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6B 2X6, and Wind Chimes Press, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, Md., 21061, 74 pp. (unpaginated), \$7.50 ppd.

Reviewed by L.A. Davidson

The uniquely beautiful, evocative, sometimes tantalizing haiku of anne mckay continues to please in this, her third book of haiku. More substantial than . . . *sometimes in a certain light* and . . . *still dancing* (Wind Chimes minibooks No. VIII, 1985, and No. XIII, 1986) it is perfect bound and attractively printed with plenty of white space and a soft patterned blue cover. A *haiku canada sheet* also appeared in 1986.

Throughout all and in frequent appearances in current magazines, haiku and other, her style is akin to music and distinctly her own. Without straining, she weaves words to make them sing. She also uses them without regard to picayunish "rules."

She has said privately that she differentiates between poetry and haiku. Of *in the house of winter*, she says it is a book of haiku and longer poems, but in the longer poems there is often haiku, and in the haiku there is that expanding quality that makes of a nugget a gold mine. Unfortunately the book is not paginated for easy reference or for returning to favorite pieces. In longer poems, one finds:

Humming her own green songs
 . . . stirring kettles of sorrows
 and plum chutney

or: a rook in a nave of light
 the weave
 of a night river

And who would stop there on reading:
 . . . and she
 kneeling beside the little death
 unaware of snow falling

or: for the fourth time
 rearranging the roses . . .
 he will come soon

She uses verses freely from previous publications or from personal letters which are in themselves a sort of singing. One is never quite sure whether the illustrative haiku in her letters is from a work in progress or is an original that will later appear in print. In a letter to Ruth Yarrow, she admits that as a reader she is delighted with an 'aura of mystery' while recognizing the fine line between the obscure and mysterious, and says that it lets her bring something to the reading and permits her to take from it what she needs and wants. This bears out the old theory of a haiku being half author and half reader.

The book is put together subtly but carefully, in the author's words: "a woman's journey from young to . . . *in the house of winter*." And she adds, "my life is there . . . it is a woman's journey in a woman's words. It tells what my life was/is (facts are boring and irrelevant) i think it is the poetry and only the poetry that matters . . . yes." There is much emotion in this book, some irrelevant to certain readers while deeply moving to others. It is a book from which the reader can harvest and continue to glean again and again.

From the longer poems with no attempt at haiku, these two excerpts from a four-part poem are fair examples:

he just bent
down and took my mouth

and my mouth
just went

i love a fiddler
and oh i love to dance

but you can't dance
with the fiddler

From the haiku: . . .and yes to this wild rain
this april rain
tempered with tulips

and his touch in the morning
so different
. . .tentative

goldenandgone leaves
spinning and spending
on a last lark of summer

at the mission clinic
the woman's winter fingers
winding gauze

I look forward eagerly to anne mckay's fourth book, now in progress if not already published. In her own words:

"for me
making poems is my way of being
alive
. . .a kind of singing"

The paper birch
leaves all still—except one
fl_u t t e r i n g

Beneath the full moon
a field of white daisies
a deer's silhouette

R. Dirk

Chippewa canoes
swing 'round the bend, then circle. . .
my ceiling mobile

gliding down Bear Creek
the dead deer turns gracefully,
is lost in shadows

on the desert path
bones among the prickly pear
burning in the sun

Bruce Curtis

in a hoofprint
a spider's web
glistens with morning dew

light sumi strokes
across smooth sand—
grassblades in the wind

Patrick J. McNierney

the garden overgrown
in mid-air. . .
a feather

yellow light
through the leaves
a stray cat blinks!

Melodee Unthank

'flick'
and still a raindrop
on the cat's ear

Colin Shaddick

summer ends
butterflies spiral
into the willows

last day of summer
a cricket's plaintive cry
from a closed suitcase

Nina A. Wicker

full moon
from the freshly mown field
scent of garlic

Philip Miller

August moon—
I share a birthday toast
with my shadow

(after Li Po)
Anthony J. Pupello

leaving the woods
to late summer's
cicada sounds

Gloria H. Procsal

from red maples
one leaf at a time
summer's heat leaves

Ruby Spriggs

The school bus pulls away
on the porch swing
Raggedy Ann one red leaf

J.A. Totts

Orange and red the sky
The trees are a festival
The geese are honking

September sunset:
the sun husks itself boldly
Sparrows swim to you

John J. Soldo

Far from England
yet tonight
a Turner sky

After the torrent
the all-clear
cicadas

Caroline Banks

BITS & PIECES

CONGRATULATIONS to the Grand Prize Winner of the Japan Air Lines Haiku Contest: Bernard Lionel Einbond, professor of English at Lehman College in the Bronx, New York, a longtime member and former president of the Haiku Society of America. His haiku was chosen from among over 40,000 haiku; 200 haiku were cited as runners up. Congratulations to those 200 poets also. For a list of the 201 winners (the haiku and their authors), send SASE with 50¢ postage to: JAL HAIKU CONTEST, P.O. Box 7734, Woodside, NY 11377.

PUBLICATION NEWS

Congratulations to Editor Francine Porad and Guest Editor David LeCount for a fine first issue of *Brussels Sprout* in its west coast reincarnation. The first issue of *Mirrors*, a subscriber produced quarterly "in the spirit of haiku," has been sent out by Editor Jane Reichhold. An interesting publishing concept and a goodlooking magazine. \$12 a year (\$16 overseas), \$4 a single copy. Write to *Mirrors*, PO Box 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, for submission requirements.

Haiku Headlines: a Monthly Newsletter of Haiku and Senryu is another interesting newcomer, edited and published by Rengé/David Priebe, 1347 W. 71st St., Los Angeles, CA 90044. This is \$15 a year (Canada \$16; overseas \$18), a single copy \$1.25. Much of Priebe's own work included along with submitted material.

Already noted in *HSA Newsletter*, the North Carolina Haiku Society is publishing *Pine Needles: Quarterly Newsletter of the NCHS*, with Richard Straw, Editor. For membership in the Society, write to Rebecca Rust, NCHS Chairman, 326 Golf Course Drive, Raleigh, NC 27610. A subscription to the Newsletter is \$5. Non-members may submit. Write for information or send material to Richard Straw, 312 Trappers Run Drive, Cary, NC 27513.

Best wishes to all of these publications. Remember to enclose an SASE when you write.

THANKS to Patricia Neubauer for this issue's cover art.

CONTEST NEWS

Winners of the 1st Annual Haiku Contest of the Kaji Aso Studio in Boston have been announced as follows: 1st Prize, Vincent Tripi; 2nd Prize, Kris Kondo; 3rd Prize, Raymond Stovich; 'Local Winner', Lawrence Rungren. 20 Runners Up: Eve J. Blohn, Dianne Borsenick, Donald D. Braida, Marsh Cassady, Dorothea L. Dunning, Nelle Fertig, Esther L. Harris, Ernie Hayes, Christopher D. Herold, Vanessa Brook Herold, Elizabeth Searle Lamb, Matthew Louvière, Margaret Molarsky, M.M. Nichols, H.F. Noyes, Charles Rodning, Sydell Rosenberg, Alexis Rotella, Clark Strand (2).

The Hawaii Education Association announces its Twelfth International Haiku Writing Contest. Deadline: Nov. 12, 1988. For rules write to: HEA Haiku Writing Contest, 1649 Kalakaua Ave., Honolulu. HI 96826.

The New Zealand Poetry Society has announced its 1988 International Poetry Competition. Again this year, there is a Haiku Section, with prizes for best individual haiku and for best haiku sheet (of up to five unpublished haiku). Deadline is (before) November 30, 1988. For rules send self-addressed envelope and two IRCs to: Poetry Society Competition, 140 Atawhai Road, Palmerston North, New Zealand.

The 1989 contests of the Poetry Society of Virginia will again include the J. Franklin Dew Award for a series of three or four haiku on a single theme. Deadline: postmark no later than midnight January 15, 1989. For rules of this and the other categories, send SASE to Joseph P. Campbell, Contest Chairman, Poetry Society of Virginia, P.O. Box 773, Lynchburg, VA 24505.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS RECEIVED

Listing new books is for information and does not imply endorsement by the magazine nor the Haiku Society of America. Future issues will carry reviews of some of these titles.

Up From The Deep by Ruth Eshbaugh. Wind Chimes, P.O. Box 601, Glen Burnie, MD 21061. Wind Chimes Minibook XV. 1988, 16 pps., \$1.50 ppd.

The Eyes of Moji: haiku by Roger Ishii. Amelia, 329 "E" St., Bakersfield, CA 93304. 1988, 10 pps., \$4 ppd./\$5.95 Japan (U.S. funds).

Beyond The Boxwood Comb: Six Women's Voices From Japan by Geraldine C. Little. Sparrow Press, 103 Waldron St., West Lafayette, IN 47906. Sparrow Poverty Pamphlet No. 54. 1988, 32 pps., \$2.50 plus .50 p/h.

Tigers In A Teacup: Collected Haiku by Jane Reichhold. AHA Books, P.O.Box 767, Gualala, CA 95445. 1988, 344 pps., \$12.95.

New and Selected Speculations on Haiku by Robert Spiess. Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701. 1988, 60 pps., \$5. ppd.

Summer Grasses: Illustrated Haiku for Children by Carolyn Thomas. From author/illustrator at 285 Countrywood Lane, Encinitas, CA 92024. 1988, 18 pps., \$5. ppd.

GARY BOTHEM
LAUREL, MARYLAND
15 OCT 1988

HSA 20th ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

The weekend of November 4, 1988 has been set for the HSA 20th Anniversary Celebration. It will begin with a book publication party Friday evening at the Armory in New York City. Plans for Saturday and Sunday activities are being made now, and information will be forthcoming. Mark November 4, 5 and 6 on your calendar now!

REGIONAL CELEBRATION

An event to celebrate the 20th anniversary of the HSA will take place at Principia College in Elsah, IL, on the beautiful Mississippi palisades above St. Louis on Saturday, October 15. Special Guest Speaker will be Paul O. Williams. For information, please contact Dr. Mary Lu Fennell, Principia College, Elsah, IL 62028.

