



frogpond

XVII:2 SUMMER 1995

HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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Subscription/Membership US\$20 USA and Canada; \$28 overseas by airmail only, in US dollars by check on a US bank or International Postal Money Order. All subscriptions/memberships are annual, expire on December 31, and include 4 issues of *frogpond*. Single copies (except 1992-3) US\$5 USA and Canada, \$6 overseas; 1992 & 1993 double issues US\$10 each US & Canada, \$12 overseas. If xeroxed copies of out-of-print issues are NOT acceptable, PLEASE SPECIFY when ordering. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. and send to Editor at his box number.

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Cover art by Robert T. Malinowski

ISSN 8755-156X

frogpond

Summer was a day
fifty years ago
I still remember

Dave Sutter

Vol. XVIII, No. 2 Summer 1995
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Museum of Haiku Literature

\$50 for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

leaving the park—
glimpses of cherry petals
on the soles of shoes

Ebba Story

FROM THE EDITOR

The many meanings of summer are explored in this issue, starting with rain, rain, rain! What else? Visits to the seashore, in haiku and in Robert Malinowski's cover illustration of sundrenched beach dunes. Insects, especially butterflies, fireflies, crickets. Riots of flowers, berries, fruits. Outdoor activities. Yet the usual activities of life go on: day by day we get older, we suffer diminishment. But inbetween times we make love, we have children, we befriend pets . . . and we lose our loved ones. Summer is a time of travel, both in our homelands and to far places; poems from or about Canada, South America, France, Australia, New Zealand, India, Nepal, Japan are here. Catastrophes are remembered: an earthquake in Kobe, a bombing in Oklahoma City, a war in the former Yugoslavia. Still, the spiritual quest goes on; poems here are concerned with Buddhist, Christian, Hindu, Native American, Native Australian, Shintō, Tao, and Wiccan approaches.

Thank you for your bouquets and brickbats on the Spring issue—each has been cherished. But I need more! Tell me *precisely* what you like and what you don't about this issue, and in the latter case how you think the problems could be solved (if possible, without creating others!). In no way can I please everyone, but I can juggle your ideas in terms of the possible, the practicable, on occasion even the acceptable. To get to the Center, one must often go in circles.

Kenneth C. Leibman

CONTENTS

Theme Haiku: Dave Sutter	1
Museum of Haiku Literature Award: Ebba Story	2
From the Editor	2
Haiku and Senryu	4
Earthquake Haiku	27
Catastrophe: Oklahoma City Sequences by Marian Olson and John J. Dunphy	28
Pieces of Time: Sequences by Marian Olson, Phil Howerton, and Geraldine C. Little; Concrete Haiku by Carlos Colón	30
Twenty Swallows: Sequence by William Dennis	32
The Departure of Dear Companions: sequence by Wally Swist; Haiku by Dianne Borsenik	33
In Memory of Claire Pratt, by Elizabeth Searle Lamb	34
In Memory of Herb Barrett: Haiku by Elizabeth St Jacques ...	35
Rengay Clarified: Essay by Michael Dylan Welch	36
Summer Haiku by Yosa Buson, translated by John Peters	39
HSA Merit Book Awards	40
Book Haiku by Jeff Witkin, Liz Fenn, and Emily Romano	41
Phonetic Verbiage: Essay by William J. Higginson	42
Poems from the 1995 Museum of Haiku Literature Calendar, translated by William J. Higginson	44
Endlessness in a Small Frame: Readings by Tom Tico	45
Haiku of War	
Haiku by John J. Dunphy	49
<i>War Haiku</i> , edited by Marijan Čekolj	
Reviewed by Michael Dylan Welch	50
Books Received	53
Announcements	
Contests	54
Publications	55
Erratum	55
Author Index	56

another dream beside me in your own

Jeff Witkin

Early morning . . .
sparrow's chirps
entering my dream

leone

tea, our silence, and the hot still morning garden

chris gordon

summer sunrise—
a distant voice
fades to silence

Cyril Childs

no thoughts . . .
just rocking and holding her
in the morning sunlight

Wally Swist

Dandelion lawn
Nothing on their clothesline
but all-cottons

Carol Purington

dawn sound of the barking owl retreats into mist

Janice M. Bostok

silence before rain
a rusty tin can rolls
off the trashpile

red dawn
preparing for the storm
a robin fluffs its feathers

Jeff Learned

dusky smell
of the snuffed candle
thunderclap

the wet day—
a strand of spanish moss
touching the tombstone

Lenard D. Moore

how
plump
the first
few raindrops
just before splattering

Carol Conti-Entin

umbrellas ^{up} and down
to see which bus
in the rush hour rain

Margaret Peacock

downpour
unearthing
a cat's eye marble

Stephen Hobson

Torrential rain
on the courthouse lawn
automatic sprinklers

Nancy H. Wiley

steady rain
and the cow
chewing her cud

June Moreau

wooden trout weathervane
swollen
with rain

Emily Romano

Skunk skull
the smell
of a summer shower

Garry Gay

summer drizzle
suddenly the mockingbird
has nothing to say

Margarita M. Engle

comber of light
rolls over the valley floor
mountain storm breaking

Kaye Laird

nightfall
in this cube of light
above and below
rain

Susan Stanford

in the dark, all I can do is listen to the rain

Tom Hoyt

Gaggle of girls
overcast sky and
puddles to boot.

Edith Mize Lewis

rain in the puddle
falling
into itself

Paul O. Williams

After the last storm,
even in the rain puddle—
blue sky & white clouds

Tom Tico

hot afternoon sun
erasing its reflection
along with the puddle

Dorothy McLaughlin

A willow
embraced by its reflection
bends over the pond

Joyce Austin Gilbert

obscured by splattering raindrops,
the dark cloud
beneath the lake's surface

William Woodruff

dusk deepens
water sound
laps the shore

Joette Giorgis

under the vanishing fireworks
the lake darkens
unnoticed

Kohjin Sakamoto

Lily pond
with one step the snowy egret
moves the moon

Matthew Louvière

the blue heron
finding the pond frozen
flies further on*

Phil Howerton

*Inadvertently omitted from Spring issue

a breeze
that whispers leaf to leaf . . .
morning glories close

Peggy Willis Lyles

Fourth of July—
whispers of the flag
as the breeze shifts

Mildred Williams Boggs

sitting by the window
the breeze shifts direction
from pizza to chow mein

Paul Mena

in ocean wind
little sandfalls
down the dune's lee side

Ronan

hot, still air—
waiting by the train tracks
for a passing breeze

Addie Lacoë

home alone
a wind for one
cools me

Makiko

bamboo stirs
any second now
the coolness

Michael Fessler

darkening plaza—
a breeze dissects
the morning news

Cyril Childs

open windows . . .
awake in the August dark
listening for wind chimes

Helen K. Davie

warm night—
my hand searching something
loosens the music box lid

Yasuko Yasui

a turn in the trail—
the rush of the creek
is treetop wind

Christopher Herold

fork in the woodland path
I take the right
but the left?

Stephen C. Corn

Pausing on the trail
the hiker adjusts
his Walkman.

Jeff Learned

ocean rocks—
can't save the smell
on my camcorder

sea crashing on rocks
jogger listens
to her Walkman

Carolyn Archibald

the ocean keeps
the water
she wades in

Gary Hotham

the backwash of a summer sea
swoops me away
from underfoot

Kohjin Sakamoto

pecking
at their own reflections
—the pied stilts

Catherine Mair

After the train
the blue silence of the sea
again

Mike Dillon

to every step of mine
the plover's
hundred

Peter Yovu

the gull's cry—
the shape of the wave
before it curls

as it flies off the cliff

the folding
of the sea gull's feet

Michael Dylan Welch

sudden silence—
rings on the water
where the coot went under

Marianne Monaco

in a down-swooping eagle's
rising reflection,
a fish swimming

William Woodruff

The white dove
arrives this year
alone

Tim Happel

wind dropping
a skyful
of sparrows

George Ralph

sparrow alights . . .
the sunflower bending
beneath her

Ellen Compton

Still crane . . .
twilight gathers
in the rushes.

Chris Linn

he swims slowly—
waves of light crumple against
the coot's dark breast

Paul O. Williams

under the tree
repeating my mantra
the hawk's cry

Stephen C. Corn

eye on the sparrow,
a young priest crisscrossing
mission shadows

Gloria H. Procsal

raspberry season:
shooing purple finches
from the clothesline

Cherie Hunter Day

lime cave
a sparrow flying
from day to night

Christopher Suarez

centered in ripples
a turtle sinks
rises sinks

Ellen Compton

skimming
across the pine's shadow
a waterbug

Peter Duppenthaler

Riding the spray
of the breaking wave . . .
dragonfly

Antoinette Libro

a dragonfly
was on the lily pad
before that swallow

Winona Baker

green pond—
a frog floating,
legs in its lotus

William M. Ramsey

bobbing up and down
in the duckweed
—frog's eyes

joan iversen goswell

Sultry afternoon
colors drain
from a rainbow trout.

Alexis K. Rotella

dusk
carrying the koi's colors
into the night

Marie Forsyth

bullfrogs
punctuating the night's
passage

Donald B. Hendrich

Still writhing
last night's fish
new moon
(thanks to Krishnamurti)

Sydell Rosenberg

two white butterflies—
the hills form a backdrop
just for them

Catherine Mair

white butterflies
drifting into heat waves
become translucent

Joyce Austin Gilbert

flyswatter broken
the fly and I
wring our hands

Kaye Laird

on the dark porch
slowly now and then
one firefly

(for J.W.)

Bruce Ross

acres of darkness
outside, inside
then a firefly beckons

Angelee Deodhar

Lightning bug
tearing a hole
in the night

Alexius J. Burgess

seaside
eucalyptus
one
monarch
drifting
down

Cherie Hunter Day

heat beads hover
one tobacco fly clings
to the elm

Nina A. Wicker

light warm rain—
mosquitoes drift up
through wisteria and dusk

chris gordon

first firefly
rising up
to the stars

Elizabeth Howard

no stars tonight—
I watch
the fireflies come out

Suzanne Williams

on my pillow of sweetfern,
hops and moonbeams—
I sleep alone

June Moreau

blue day
knowing what I know
about purple loosestrife

LeRoy Gorman

Oxcart Trail
stopping to put sweetfern
in my shoes

the broom that
swept the hills
on this hill too

Lee Giesecke

heather
strolls over the moors
into the fields

Flori Ignoffo

yellow-crowned mullein
a daddy longlegs shelters
between leaf and stalk

Hayat Nancy Abuza

science exhibit—
the wings of a cricket
blur into song

Ebba Story

after the storm
from somewhere in the darkness
a cricket chirps

Elsie O. Kolashinski

purple dawn
barely, barely
a lone cricket call

Marian Olson

with no moon to light us
just we two sit together
with one cricket's song

Robert Henry Poulin

mid-beat
stops the
crick'

Donald B. Hendrich

wild sunflowers
greet the sun
every which way

Keiko Imaoka

the mystique of this daylily still in its sheath

Pat Shelley

while being picked the flower's aloofness

Pamela A. Babusci

deserted farm's
crop of dandelions
ready for wishing

Ronan

touching . . .
not touching your aura
white trilliums fading pink

Pamela A. Babusci

trekking through forest
unexpectedly finding
five new trilliums

Sheila Hyland

The weight of the pack
lightened by the wildflowers
that border the trail

Tom Tico

Thrashed by winds
slender pine needles
hold fast

Fred Donovan

lightning stab
the cemetery poplar
riven

Winona Baker

masked by tree branches
the street light
can only flicker . . .

Paul Mena

in cornrows at dawn
i snake my way with a hoe—
molting sleep

William M. Ramsey

picking blueberries
too sweet
to drop into a pail

Ronan

pale straw basket
beside the kitchen sink—
old pears and new tears

Marian M. Poe

old white porch
the pillars propped
by roses

Margarita M. Engle

the house
behind the eucalyptus—
two colors of peeling paint

Donna Gallagher

moving day:
my arms around
the ancient oak

Rick Kuntz

through the hole
in the tip of one glove
blackberry thorn

Christopher Herold

plump figs
your half-closed eyes
with each bite

Marian Olson

a wet evening—
the chill of the cherries is
part of their flavor

Brent Partridge

growing ivy leaves—
the deserted house's windows
peering out

Yasuko Yasui

sumac rooted
in the cracked wall's
graffiti heart

Judson Evans

moving day
fresh petunias left
on the gerbil's grave

Jean Jorgensen

his coffin lowers to notes from the bush warbler's song

Janice M. Bostok

Heartsease

at the grave site
again this year

Eloise Barksdale

This year, from red dirt,
yellow-white daffodils grow
around his gravestone.

Marian M. Poe

pampas

paler than moons
feathering the river's edge

. . . and a flowering almond
there
where aaron drowned

(from *at mull river*, work in progress)
anne mckay

years after she left
the southern wind rocks her chair
my old grandmother

Dennis Davidson

Sea . . . son . . .
walking on the beach
alone with memories.

Edith Mize Lewis

crying, she smiles—
her husband's name
was David also.

Cheryl Collier Manning

stone heat
the hiss of raindrops
on a nameless grave

Gloria H. Procsal

four parents dead
we stumble into
another generation

Edward J. Rielly

39th birthday . . .
eating peanut butter
from the jar

Joanne Morcom

50
curriculum vitae still
only two pages

Caroline G. Banks

a day over sixty
and yet I feel not a day
over sixty

Paul O. Williams

Job hunting
in today's mail
"Welcome to AARP" card

Caroline G. Banks

smallest mallard
sharing an elderly man's
ham sandwich

Margaret Peacock

city square:
an old man sits alone
at the checkerboard table

Rebecca M. Osborn

rickety pier
the homeless fisherman
at home

Margarita M. Engle

From my childhood room
the neighbor's crabapples—
fortieth birthday

George Skane

50th birthday bouquet
the rose drops
its last petal

Too lazy to die
will she linger on to start
a new century?

Kam Holifield

iseñorita!
I turn, yes?
forgetting my age

Marian Olson

park bench
a homeless man gasps—
and the black king falls

rainswept streets—
homeless trumpeters wail
"Over the Rainbow"

B.H. Feingold

mine unlit
eyes open
close

John Means

newly blind . . .
she practices finding 0
on her telephone

Carol Conti-Entin

my friend listens
unable to hear
Beethoven's Ninth

Marian Olson

the long, long hallway . . .
in the creak of my crutches
my mother's walker

Ebba Story

bedridden again
all day jackhammers batter
the cardinal's song

Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

waiting room—
the reflection of my watch
trembling on the wall

Peter Yovu

slow morning
even the emergency room
empty

Ken Hurm

my wife washes her face
the woman in the mirror
looks on with dread

Phil Howerton

looking from the mirror
an old woman . . .
it's me

Idella L. Rowand

man at the bus stop
muttering to himself
what must be said

Ronan

Night came
and so did
the pain

Darren B. Rankins

the high grass
where she lay
still bowed

Paul M.

out of the rain—
her clothes, my clothes
tumbling in the dryer

Peter Yovu

afterglow
the sprinkler's whisper
penetrates

Peggy Willis Lyles

shooting star
cuts the sky
his faded tattoo

Dianne Borsenik

she rises from sleep
moonlight sliding down
her naked back

Janice M. Bostok

Out of deep sleep
you awaken lazily
one nipple at a time

Warren Lane Molton

dog yapping downstairs
but too late to save her
from being my lover

Andrew Grossman

enfolded in your arms
under the night sky—
meteors fall uncounted

Helen K. Davie

cutting quick bright slits
in the night sky,
a meteor shower

William Woodruff

The pleasure of breasts—
those we love
no season*

Pat Shelley

*An allusion to the title poem by Nobuko Katsura in *A Long Rainy Season*, trans. and ed. by Leza Lowitz *et al.*: a collection of haiku and tanka by women poets of Japan.

summer holiday
visiting imaginary friends
the only child

family photos
cousin Ann discovers
she's adopted

Nika

two year old—
the fascination
of a flashlight

Emily Romano

three-year-old
scolding the puppy
with her mother's tone

Naomi Y. Brown

warm porch breeze—
on tiptoes, the child peeks
into the old man's mouth

Nina A. Wicker

weaving through the sounds
of children playing war games
mourning dove's call

Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa

Daughter's puzzle . . .
she hands me the last piece
of blue sky

Patrick Sweeney

summer twilight—
from behind the maple tree
a child's voice . . . counting

Helen K. Davie

empty bird's nest
on the windowsill
of the old nursery

Edward J. Rielly

The light still on
in the upstairs bedroom:
my childhood home

Mike Dillon

toweling off—
the cold nose
of a kitten

Carlos Colón

summer thunder—
cat's outline
under the cover

Jerry A. Judge

more rain
huddling with us at the door
cats

M.L. Harrison Mackie

back pain—
a friend from Moscow suggests
i sleep with a cat

Jeff Witkin

the molasses settling
in the mason jar
summer stars

Lenard D. Moore

eclipse . . .
shadow of the moon
crosses mine

Mark Arvid White

birdbath teetering—
the cat's whiskers holding
sundrops

Nina A. Wicker

at the open door
cat tasting midnight rain
shapes shift in the fog

J.A. Totts

homeless dinner—
the priest puts
the cat out

Anthony J. Pupello

midsummer
moonlight enters
the doll's house

Stephen Hobson

lunar eclipse
a passing cloud
erasing it

Ken Hurm

the rock
cracked
by silence

Laura Kim

on the rock wall
two black snakes entwine—
I pass by alone

Helen K. Davie

abandoned tracks
a pair of sandlizards
zip down hot rails

Nina A. Wicker

river smooth stone
skips five times
jumping fish

John Hudak

cascades—to see the sound
I never lean far enough out
for whiteness

Andrew Grossman

the underside
of the willow lit—
the river moves

Jim Kacian

white graffiti
disentangled from the rock
by a morning moon

Judson Evans

mountain trail
the snail's claim to this stone
stronger than my own

Brad Wolthers

country stroll—
the S's of the snake
ahead of us

Marian Olson

trail ride
the packhorse carries
a butterfly

Margarita M. Engle

white water
along this river
. . . another birthday

Dianne Borsenik

moonless night
gradually the outline
of the woods

below the dam
boulder shadows lengthening
on cracked mud

Marianne Bluger

abandoned missile site:
poison hemlock stalks
rustle in the fog

Donna Gallagher

tree trunk circles
on the sawdusted lawn
under empty sky

Winona Baker

those rings
on the oak stump—
our years together

Blanche Nonnemann

on the door
of a fire-gutted shop,
a Closed-Please-Call-Again sign

William Woodruff

A second star
divides the sky . . .
loneliness.

Watha Lambert

the remains
under roadside pines
of someone's Mclunch

upwind
the treatment plant
—scentless these roses

William M. Ramsey

Clear cut
throwing the Frisbee
around stumps

Garry Gay

A planted tree
“Exotic,” the ranger says
and rips it out

Edward Grastorf

power outage—
the dark TV reflects
a candle flame

Donna Gallagher

with night quiet
I hear my neighbor's footsteps
back and forth with mine

Robert Henry Poulin

marsh dawn—
egret & fisherman
the same shade of mist

Rich Youmans

two fishermen
almost as still
as the herons

Paul O. Williams

lying in my tent . . .
a night fisherman's outboard
taking me to sleep

Kevin Christianson

i know
a bird's life isn't easy
but still . . .

Robert Gibson

mountain road—
which of my car windows
will next frame the moon?

Donna Gallagher

the full moon
coats the dark lake—
boarding an empty bus

chris gordon

moonlit shadows:
white paint peels
from a stucco wall

James Chessing

window washing—
arc of my paper towel
broken by the moon

Ebba Story

old friends
watching the full moon shine
in and out of clouds

Leatrice Lifshitz

this quiet darkness
the adventure of knowing it
wide awake

Ronan

Wet cement the possibilities.

Alexis K. Rotella

garden tour—
a bouquet of parasols
beside the fountain

Patricia Neubauer

after our argument
a bouquet
of snapdragons

Carlos Colón

solstice dancer—
from driftwood bonfires
smell of musk

Ellen Compton

city summer
jazz club and cigarettes
defining us

Jamie Breuer, O.P.

fresh-laid cement
the old lovers' initials
in the dumpster

Doris Heitmeyer

Deserted garden—
bright fidget of hummingbirds
colors the silence

R.L. Schaeffer

Giggles and chatter
in the Degas room
ballerinas in blue jeans

Barry Dordick

Elders' tent at the
Corn Dance—I remember
my dead mother

Jean Nealon

soon the stars will appear silent sparrows

Pamela A. Babusci

summer—
calendars
50% off

Ralph S. Coleman

drive-in movie . . .
letting my friends out
of the trunk

Alan Dow

Yosemite . . .
crowds look at Ansel Adams
photographs

Nancy Henry Kline

pens in a row—
as I close the drawer
thoughts scatter

Marianne Monaco

in a tizzy
she races out the door
late for meditation class

Helen K. Davie

introducing
a classmate to a lizard
named after her

David Nelson Blair

Yanking out
the old fence post
the dentist I avoid

Elizabeth St Jacques

while proposing,
the actor
forgets his lines

Jerry A. Judge

last day at the spa—
leaving without
the fat lady

Mildred Williams Boggs

(he must have been
a beautiful baby)
curls below the bald spot

Francine Porad

surprised by a camera
her face becomes
unnatural

Ion Codrescu

originating
your deepest dreams, the you
of a butterfly's dream
(after Chuang Tzu)

William Woodruff

early morning
the small town's church bells'
Sundayness

Ronan

Japanese garden
the empty space
where Buddha sat

Sue Stapleton Tkach

Sacsahuamán
the shadow of my hand
on pre-Inca stones
(ruin near Cuzco, Peru)

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

Two stencilled hands
on ochre rock—
I pray.

(Carnavon Gorge, Australia)

Clarissa Stein

walking to escape
my thoughts—
the shadows follow

Suzanne Williams

A black currawong's *cree*
shows the lonely walker
to a place of myth

Amish buggy
on the covered bridge
. . . this quiet river

Robert Kusch

Haiku from the Himalayas

The boy herding buffalo
indifferent to
snow-capped peaks

Red and white Coca-cola sign
framed by
snow-capped Himalayan peaks

Donatella Cardillo-Young

leaving at dawn—
cow paths trail
into mist

facing sunset
a naked man prays
in the river
(Kerala, India)

humid night
the tobacco stall's
hissing lamp

Kim Dorman

the south of France
filling the tour bus window
with wild red poppies

Naomi Y. Brown

cherry blossoms
more fragrant in the street
than in the castle grounds
(Hirosaki, north Honshu)

Brent Partridge

At Ryoanji . . .
a pebble
in my boot

Patrick Sweeney

night tremor
in the winter earth . . .
crows' uproar

Kohjin Sakamoto

first tremor
the still life knocked
from the wall

Jim Kacian

tolling for each
of Kobe's earthquake victims—
the bell for the dead

Wally Swist

CATASTROPHE

April 19, 1995

The Way It Is

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

a woman gardens
tanned hands raking
weedy spaces brown

lizards bask
so green the eyes
of the tom

a butterfly wobbles
into the warm breeze
and splits in two

earth rocks
a neighboring county
hot coffee slops

temples of clouds
beginning to fuse—
a distant siren

crying under bricks
a child bleeds . . .
dead people stare

TV in rubble
silent neighbors watching
life and death

Marian Olson

Oklahoma City

in the debris
a teddy bear
its smile torn away

after the phone call
she drives to church
to snuff out a candle

opposite the site
young people stand holding
a child's framed photograph

"my mom worked there"
teenager points to
the fourth floor

returning home
rescue worker watches
his children sleep

2am
victim's father reads the Book of Job
again

memorial service
box of tissues
passed up and down a pew

another body recovered
the next morning
another bouquet opposite the ruins

new widower
clutches a piece of rubble
knuckles white

(dedicated to the families of the victims)

John J. Dunphy

PIECES OF TIME

July Picnic

sprawling sycamore
the fragrance
of crushed clover

sun through haze
our wicker basket leaning
on a white linen cloth

roses on blue china
crystal for Spätlese, and crab
packed in ice

time parting
like the red sea
for you and me

Marian Olson

I
T \ . M
|
E

Carlos Colón

nursing home

from her wheelchair she watches graceful goldfish
once owned 400 acres he now farms a potted plant
old woman cries; cannot remember her daughter's name
every TV ad: have fun be young
her son visits; he glances repeatedly at his watch
birthday balloons tied on his wheelchair everyday
her calendar compliments of a funeral home
jigsaw puzzle each piece to pass a piece of time

Phil Howerton

Canonical Hours: Long Beach Island, New Jersey

- Matins* moonlight stabs me
 awake through the screened window
 slap of the sea
- Lauds* a firetruck screams by—
 half-dreaming, I remember
 your comforting thighs
- Prime* on the deck, alone,
 I ponder waves washing
 the jetty's dark stones
- Terce* a surf fisherman
 casts his line once again—
 the hope-arc-ing span
- Sext* oiled bodies glisten—
 an ice-cream truck bell summons
 parishioners: *listen!*
- Nones* ebbing tide—
 in the leftover pool, creatures
 and dreams collide
- Vespers* day trippers leaving
 I wander among shells—
 lifeless, yet so alive
- Compline* quiet dark beach—
 a sense of holiness
 in the sea's long reach

Geraldine C. Little

TWENTY SWALLOWS

First swallows what will they eat?
The swallow peaks and pauses between mosquitoes
Who can tell the boy from the girl but here come more swallows
Two swallows meeting in the hot air twitter
The young swallow pokes its rump out of the nest
In the nest young swallows hating the cat
Swallows cutting visible lines in the air
Swallow's wings work so hard for gnats
Swallows it's the shape their shape
A swallow sipping from a wide V
Drinking—the swallow sends a ripple over the whole pond
Young swallows out of nowhere swarm around the mower
Done imitating swallows mockingbird flaps off
Tree swallows is it so late?
Twenty swallows seeking the right wire
Fearless—the wren ignores the fearless swallow
Swallows hungry enough to be eating bayberries
For swallows zig-zag—a million miles to Mexico
Swallows first frost leaves the air so empty
Swallows gone mosquitoes hum

William Dennis

THE DEPARTURE OF DEAR COMPANIONS

Opening into Sky

(in memory of Cider, 3 April 1983 - 13 February 1995)

stinging winter wind:
our old labrador falls
down the stairs again

having to hold her while she pees
 the porch light pooling
over the snow

clouded pond ice—
the milkiness of the cataract
in our dog's blind eye

lifting her up
the stairs to the vet—
her tail wagging

praying to Jesus for her
 the morning star
burning above the meadow

my dog gone—
a fox sparrow pecks at a pile
of her frozen stool

taking me with it
 the field we walked
opening into sky

Wally Swist

sudden gust
slamming the door
—the absence of his bark
 (in memory of Nickolas)

Dianne Borsenik

IN MEMORY OF CLAIRE PRATT, 1921 - 1995

The fog has settled
around us. A faint redness
where the maple was.

A ferris wheel? The rack?
Beyond this bloody cough . . . the free
and undulating hips.

Haiku, 1965

overcast day
 glowing in the dark field
 white asters

starless night moving out the undertow

The Undertow (no date)

Claire Pratt

Claire Pratt—an accomplished artist with one-woman exhibits of her wood engravings in Europe, the United States, and Canada; a recognized editor who worked for the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, MA, and at McClelland and Stewart in Toronto; a haiku poet whose work helped lay the groundwork for English language haiku, especially in Canada. Born in Toronto in 1921, she battled throughout her lifetime with the crippling effects of polio (from the age of 4) and osteomyelitis, in almost constant pain. Yet, as Nicolaas van Rijn wrote in *The Toronto Star* (April 10, 1995), “Miss Pratt escaped with her mind to conquer the heights of the arts, gaining international repute as an artist, poet, and editor.”

Illness forced her to give up her editorial career in the mid-60s and even the art was then impossible. She had stayed away from poetry—her father was the noted Canadian poet, critic, and professor, E.J. Pratt—but now in the hospital she was introduced to H.G. Henderson’s *Introduction to Haiku*. Haiku soon became more than a diversion.

Haiku, published in 1965, was the first book of English-language haiku to appear in Canada. It is a handsome 4½ × 7½-inch, 32-page chapbook printed on fine ivory paper. The cover is one of her own colored wood engravings. In *Haiku* Vol. II No. 1, the reviewer (presumably Eric Amann) wrote, “Moving beyond season word, nature and Zen, the poet uses haiku form to convey her feelings in a language of stark, often violent expressionism. . . . this book will be a landmark.” In 1979 the Haiku Society of Canada reprinted it.

Claire Pratt was indeed a pioneer in the field of English-language haiku. She played an important role in the development of haiku in Canada, was active in the Haiku Society of Canada (now Haiku Cana-

da) and was an Honorary Member. Her haiku have not appeared too frequently in the magazines, but she is well represented in numerous haiku anthologies in Canada and the United States, and in critical writing on western haiku. "The Artist as a Haijin: An Interview with Claire Pratt" by Bruce Meyer [in *Milkweed: A Gathering of Haiku* (Marshall Hryciuk, ed., 1987)] presents an enlightening view of her philosophy. Her publications include *The Silent Ancestors* (1971), *Music of Oberon* (1975; a boxed miniature of 'shell' quotations and poems she compiled and illustrated), *Black Heather* (1980), and *The Undertow* (undated).

Claire will be remembered—for her art, for her haiku and her influence on the entire world of haiku in English, and for the courage she displayed. I am grateful to have known her; I shall truly miss our occasional exchange of letters.

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

In memory of

Herb Barrett

August 17, 1912 - May 18, 1995

Editor of *Tidepool: Annual of Haiku and Short Poetry*

harpist's last notes
drift into silent
celtic twilight

after the storm
the silence ominous
as thunder

Herb Barrett

this broken moon
and one shimmering star . . .
news of his death

Elizabeth St Jacques

RENGAY CLARIFIED

Michael Dylan Welch

It appears from Higginson and Kondo's article, "Shorter Renku," in *Frogpond* Vol. XVII, No. 4 that the new poetic form of rengay needs clarification. If one's business is to champion the renku form, rengay might be perceived as a threat, especially when the HSA renku contest has generated relatively few entries each year (only five in 1994). Whether rengay threatens anything or not, it seems necessary to reaffirm what rengay is and to clarify its relationship with renku.

As with any literary development, indicated even in the above-mentioned article, new growth can come about when writers or critics identify a problem, meet a need with a new poetic form, or simply when writers become especially creative. As much as I and other active poets enjoy writing renku (especially more free-form renku), the results too often remain uninspiring and unmemorable. I have many times enjoyed renku composition—and the challenge of following traditional rules is certainly no obstacle to me and other keen haiku poets. But sometimes the reading of other people's renku is unrewarding—the product does not always match the value of the process. Rengay seeks to address this frequent imbalance.

Indeed, rengay intends to assert a new poetic form (based initially on renku—with linking, but *not* such radical shifting) that seeks to solve several problems. While the "Shorter Renku" article focuses primarily on the relatively superficial problem of renku length, it misses the crucial concern: the rules for traditional kasen renku are too convoluted, technical, seemingly arbitrary, and/or culturally dependent to be of significant or universal relevance in the English language, let alone much fun. The rules for "shorter renku" are also convoluted, and although shorter, are likely still a turn-off to many readers.

Yes, diversity and progression may be renku hallmarks, but perhaps they also limit the rewards of writing renku. Higginson and Kondo hit the nail on the head when they say that the rengay "may be enjoyable and useful in itself." That's it—the *reasons* rengay are rewarding and enjoyable point up the problems and limitations of renku (and also short-form renku). Why, I might ask, did the Japanese themselves invent the short-form renku if there weren't problems with the full-length renku? If even the Japanese experience frustration or limitations with some aspects of renku, surely in English, where the logic of

Japanese renku traditions is even farther removed, the need for rengay (or something like it) is obvious. The development of “shorter” renku in Japan should illustrate at least one need fulfilled in English by rengay, that renku are often too long and complicated, and take too much time to write. Quite simply, we need something shorter and more accessible.

But that’s not the only concern. Many problems were addressed in the original article (“Introducing Rengay,” *Frogpond* Vol. XVII, No. 3), and all are neatly solved by rengay. These issues include the need for or benefit from thematic unity (intentionally abandoning “diversity” and “progression,” knowing that a clear focus is also good and rewarding), cultural relevance, greater brevity, quicker results, greater likelihood for publication, and other benefits, including social ones. As Garry Gay put it, “Here’s to writers who can work out the details between themselves!” This is not anarchy, but valid poetic self-assertion. It shows rengay to be—potentially—an intriguing new poetic development, just as shorter renku forms may have been in Japan.

Higginson and Kondo may dislike the term “rengay” because of its verbal derivation from “renga.” They assert that rengay “bears little relation to renku” (or renga, I should presume). But that was never intended. What’s more, for Garry Gay to name the form after himself and the word “renga” is the inventor’s prerogative; he could have even called his creation a “higginson.” To dismiss the rengay as just a “collaborative sequence of haiku- and senryu-like verses” is to miss two points: that rengay *does* retain the linking concept of renku (plus the idea of alternating verses between collaborating poets), and usually consists of complete haiku or senryu—not just some sort of diminished “haiku-like” or “senryu-like” verses. Call it a “collaborative sequence” if you want, but the rengay is still fun and easy to write, and has many other benefits, many of which renku lacks. What’s more, I take delight from the word “gay” in its established meaning of “joyous,” “lively,” and “lighthearted,” for that is exactly how rengay can be. I have rarely felt a renku to read like that. It just takes a different kind of energy to tackle a full-blown or even a “short-form” renku. The rengay is to renku (and other collaborative verse) as the nosegay is to a flower garden—small, intimate, accessible, and typically lighthearted and joyous.

Speaking of enjoyment, I’d like to say a few words about rengay writing process. My experience with one or two other poets has *not* been to simply offer a starting verse and see where it goes. Rather, rengay seem to be more effective if the participants first decide on a

theme. The theme could be a time of year (such as Christmas), a location (a baseball game or a pub), a narrative idea (moving day), a concept (moments of spiritual awareness), or a focus on one of the senses, on a single color, or a single mood, for example. From then on, each verse seeks to convey, in objective poetic specificity, an element or step in the chosen theme or narrative. The participants can discuss and refine each new poem and image, making the product *and* process truly collaborative rather than just alternating. While many of the best rengay I have seen tend to be written in person at a specific place (taking on the energy and authenticity of the location or event), successful rengay have also been written through the mail. Either way, a simple agreement on theme among the participants beforehand adds direction and is all you need to start. Then the fun can begin!

I should hope that no one perceives rengay to compete with renku. That is hardly rengay's intent. What happens with rengay and also with renku, in English and other languages, is up to the poets. I assert and trust the democracy of haiku and agree with Harold G. Henderson that haiku in English will become what we poets make it. I myself will still write renku—and may even enjoy the process, especially if the rules are relevant and non-arbitrary and tend toward cultural universality. But then again, I may not enjoy some renku, especially with such hoop-jumping as suggested even for the short-form renku shared in the Higginson/Kondo article. Rengay—its very spirit—*runs quickly* away from this sort of codification, chart-making, technicality, and over-restriction. That is the *point* of rengay. It is linked and it is collaborative—and in this regard it derives from renku. But it is also distinct, simple, and accessible, and should be evaluated on its own terms, not just in relation to renku. It is *meant* to differ from renku. It is meant as an addition to it, yes, but also as a relief from it. After all, haiku (and renku) need not be elitist. To apply Harold Henderson's wisdom, rengay will become what poets make it—or rengay will die a natural death if it remains ignored. I should like to thank Higginson and Kondo for the attention they have found the rengay worthy to receive, and for helping to clarify renku's differences from rengay. It seems, though, that rengay isn't dying. I know why *I* enjoy rengay, so it pleases me that its popularity is growing!

Whatever anyone's pontifications—theirs or mine—the new poetic form of rengay has indeed taken on a life of its own. Whether this trend of increasing popularity continues or not is out of even the inventor's hands. More and more poets are trying rengay and saying that they enjoy it. Letters and email have reached Garry Gay and me

from across the United States and from such distances as Europe and Australia, attesting to rengay's growth and attraction. As a sample of the many rengay that have been written, a growing number have been published in *Albatross*, *Frogpond*, *Mirrors*, *Raw Nervz*, *Woodnotes*, and elsewhere, and many more are ready for publication, to be sure. I find rengay to be most enjoyable when written in person to commemorate a special event or get-together, but rengay have even been written on CompuServe, America Online, and other online computer services, and frequently through the mail. What's more, the Haiku Poets of Northern California, in response to this splash of interest, is now sponsoring a rengay contest for 1995, offering a \$100 first prize. But whatever happens to rengay is up to the poets. Rengay is not renku, and is not in competition with renku, but if one form attracts more poets than the other, that trend says something important about the pleasure, accessibility, and cultural relevance of the more popular form. As for me, I see no reason why I can't enjoy and understand both.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The rengay contest referred to in this article is escribed under "Contests" at the back of this issue.

SUMMER HAIKU BY YOSA BUSON

Translated by John Peters

yukaze ya mizu aosagi no hagi o utsu

evening wind
water laps
the blue heron's legs

mijika yo ya asase ni nokoru mizu no tsuki

brief night
moonlight lingers
in the shallows

suzushisa ya kane o hanaruru kane no koe

coolness
the bell's voice
separates from the bell

1995 HSA MERIT BOOK AWARDS
for books published in 1994

First Prize: Ion Codrescu, editor, *Ocolind Iazul/Round the Pond*

For being perhaps the first haiku-oriented international Western anthology of articles, commentary, letters, autobiography, and original haiku, haibun, and renga. This bilingual collection (Romanian/English) was created to commemorate the tercentenary of Bashō's death. The collection nudges us, if we consider lyric and Imagist elements, to answer "Yes!" to Ion Codrescu's question in his insightful "Forward": "Will haiku be, after three hundred years since Bashō's death, a catalyst for Western poetry . . . ?" The volume allows us to share what major (and other) figures in modern international haiku and haiku studies, such as Marijan Čekolj (Croatia), Elizabeth St Jacques (Canada), Kōko Katō (Japan), James Kirkup (England), Gunther Klinge (Germany), Humberto Senegal (Colombia), and Makoto Ueda (U.S.A.) think about the form. The views and insights of the collection both converge and diverge but all are clearly heartfelt and, when coupled with the solicited original haiku that are appended to most entries, the volume offers both delight and instruction in the perhaps shortest and certainly one of the most vital poetic forms practiced worldwide.

Second Prize: Nick Avis, *footprints*

A selection of haiku and "eye-ku" by one of our most gifted haiku poets, here in the Hexagram Series edited by Marco Fraticelli. There is an exquisite subtlety in the internal compression of the images in these haiku and a tenderness of expression in evoking the emotional exchange of love and longing that is one of the volume's major subjects.

Third Prize: Tom Clausen, *Autumn Wind in the Cracks*

A first collection by an extraordinary haiku poet. For the consistently delicate tone of these collected haiku and senryu that have delighted many of us as they appeared in the haiku journals.

Honorable Mentions (in alphabetical order by author):

Sam Savage, *Trawlers*

These 21 haiku unify very well the experience of commercial fishing, often with a deep, moving tone.

vincent tripi, *white*

For the evocation of winter, nature's moment-by-moment creation, and childhood's wonder. And for regardful allusions to American haiku masters.

We wish to thank all entrants to the 1995 Merit Book Awards and for their contributions to the HSA Library. 1994 was dominated by the publication of *A Haiku Path*, an impressive history of HSA, which will receive a special award of recognition. There were also many fine volumes of translations, particularly of the classical Japanese masters. In addition, several volumes dominated by English-language tanka appeared. The "charge" of a haiku or other form, translated or not, was a major criterion of judgment. And the competing volumes of haiku seemed superior in this year. 1995 was a difficult year to judge the Merit Book Awards. Perhaps the division of the Awards into distinct categories is in order. Our research, furthermore, led us to realize the impressive stamina of haiku and related Japanese forms in both traditional and innovative directions.

Bruce Ross and Alfred H. Marks, judges

clocks ticking—
the still order of books
piled on shelves

Jeff Witkin

falling asleep
over a book of saints
the fan hums on . . .

Liz Fenn

new haiku mail—
Boston lettuce
wilts on the counter

Emily Romano

PHONETIC VERBIAGE

William J. Higginson

In his latest pot shot at me Hiroaki Sato, in “Current Crop III”,¹ wastes a full page of the magazine to claim that I “muddy the picture” when I say, “The Japanese word *onji* . . . means ‘sound symbol’.”² He goes on to apparently agree with James Kirkup, who—as quoted by Sato—cites, translates, and discusses a definition of *onji* from a Japanese dictionary.

Kirkup (Sato) goes on to say that *onji* are “also called *hyō'on moji* and *onhyō moji*”. He explains that *hyō'on* or *onhyō* both mean “phonetic” and that *moji* means “character” (I suspect the dictionary actually said “*hyō'on moji* and *onpyō moji*”; not sure whether the typo is Kirkup’s or Sato’s). “Phonetic” means “of or relating to spoken language or speech *sounds*”, and the appropriate meaning for “character” is “a graphic *symbol*”.³ It seems that *hyō'on* or *onpyō moji* means “phonetic character” means “sound symbol” means *on-* (“sound-”) *ji* (“symbol”). In fact, *onji* is just a contraction of *onpyō moji*, etc. So, *onji* does mean “sound symbol”; what next?

One of the more puzzling problems in writing is what to quote when one wishes to argue with another writer’s position. Since I do not have James Kirkup’s book, I cannot say much about it. But Sato’s comments in his “review” fail to recognise that the real thrust of my discussion of *onji*² has to do with the normal English-language understanding of the word “syllable”; indeed, many Japanese words and many Japanese haiku contain more *onji* than they do syllables. “Haiku” itself is a good example: two syllables, three *onji*.

Even if the counts are the same, the Japanese haiku is usually shorter in duration than one with the same number of things counted in English. In fact, as Sato and I have each independently said, somewhere around “twelve” or “ten to twelve” syllables seems the appropriate length if one strives to approximate the length of a traditional Japanese haiku.^{2,4}

What Kirkup at Sato’s hands appears to claim is that *onji* means “syllable” on the semantic level. Though one might dispute that, doing so would ignore the real point of my argument, as Sato so deliberately does in his piece. Simply stated, I mean that the common English notion of “syllable” does not equate to the Japanese *onji* on a practical level with respect to duration or haiku meter. I know of no one who has discredited this assertion.

In Japanese discussions of haiku one probably does encounter the term *on* (“sound”) most commonly; *ji* (“character”) appears in such phrases as *ji amari* (“too many characters”—that is, overlong); *moji* (“written character”) has a more literary tone; *onji* is certainly the most technical of the four in Japanese. All this I readily grant.

However, as readers of *A Haiku Path*⁵ may note, the term *jion* appeared in the Haiku Society of America’s definitions—and was incorrect. Tadashi Kondo had spent several years in Kyoto living and working with a traditional Japanese renku master. In 1976 Kondo, then an officer of HSA living in the New York metro area while attending graduate school, wrote his letter offering a correction.⁵ As both *jion* and *onji* appear in the Society’s definitions, Kondo continued using *onji* in his letter. This is most appropriate, since *jion* and *onji* are rather technical terms, and Kondo’s letter maintained the level of discourse.

In writing *The Haiku Handbook* I simply chose to use a term that had already appeared in an appropriate context in English, and used one of the translations supplied in Kondo’s letter, “sound-symbol”.⁵

The argument over *jion* and *onji* is long over; I may very well shift to the more common Japanese terms *on* and *ji* for the discussion of these matters in *The Haiku Handbook*, if an opportunity to publish a revision comes about. But my point still holds: haiku in English and other languages with consonant clusters, diphthongs, and the like are overlong when composed in seventeen syllables—when compared with traditional Japanese haiku.

I hope that if Hiroaki Sato continues to attack me in print and on the podium he will do so directly and to the point, rather than waste time and space with an irrelevant and misleading aside that delays getting to an otherwise interesting article or talk.

¹*Frogpond* vol. XVIII, no. 1, p. 39 (Spring, 1995).

²Higginson, W. J., with Harter, P., *The Haiku Handbook*. McGraw-Hill, New York (1985); Kodansha International, Tokyo (1989), pp. 100 ff.

³*Webster’s Third New International Dictionary* (italics added).

⁴Sato, H., *One Hundred Frogs*. Weatherhill, New York (1983), p. 136.

⁵*A Haiku Path*, Haiku Society of America, New York (1994), p. 84.

Editor’s note: With this reply, the debate on this subject in this journal is terminated, unless someone other than the disputants can shed new, efficient light on the matter (in the physical sense in which heat production decreases the efficiency of a light emitter).

POEMS FROM THE 1995 CALENDAR
OF THE MUSEUM OF HAIKU LITERATURE
(continued from Spring issue)

Translated by William J. Higginson

April:

<i>tōdai wa</i>	the beacon tower
<i>hikari no yakata</i>	is light's own palace
<i>sakura no yo</i>	cherry-blossom night

Seishi Yamaguchi

[*Tōdai* here means "lighthouse" but can refer to other kinds of beacon as well.]

May:

<i>amatsubu ga</i>	the raindrops
<i>ama-ashi to naru</i>	become sheets of rain—
<i>yamabōshi</i>	mountain dogwood

Atsuko Ōhashi

<i>ko ni gogatsu</i>	May to a child—
<i>te ga hana ni nari</i>	the hands become flowers
<i>tori ni nari</i>	become birds

Hitomi Okamoto

June:

<i>kakkō no</i>	in back of
<i>koe no ushiro ni</i>	the cuckoo's voice
<i>shinano no ne</i>	the peaks of Shinano

Masae Izawa

<i>katarai no</i>	a chat suddenly
<i>futobi ni fureshi</i>	turns delicately touching . . .
<i>tōbotaru</i>	a distant firefly

Shō Hayashi

(to be continued)

ENDLESSNESS IN A SMALL FRAME

Readings by Tom Tico

“Endlessness can be addressed in a small frame.”

Anne Hollander, *Moving Pictures*

The author of the above quotation was referring to paintings—but the moment I read those words I was immediately struck by how applicable they were to the haiku form. Surely, more than any other art form, haiku can be seen as the quintessential example of endlessness being addressed in a small frame. Every haiku, if it's worthy of the name, has a quality of openness, expansiveness, endlessness. In this article I've chosen haiku that seem particularly endowed with this endless characteristic.

1

lichen grow
in the crevice of her smile—
the old stone goddess

John Thompson

When Heraclitus said “everything flows” and “you can't step into the same river twice” he was apparently indicating that life is constant change. Even our concepts of God change: the stern and vengeful God yields to the kind and loving; the female is replaced by the male; the personal by the impersonal. It is said that man is made in the image and likeness of God, but is it not equally true that God is made in the image and likeness of man? As man evolves so does his image of God. One of Christ's greatest achievements is that he brought a new concept of God: one who loves us unconditionally, as in the parable of the prodigal son. But the old stone goddess continues to smile, and in her smile the lichen grows, for she is one with the earth, one with nature, immanent in the whole creation.

2

pale moonlight . . .
no sound but that of water
flowing among the rocks

Mary Fields

The quiet sound of the water as it flows among the rocks is so peaceful that it seems as if there is no sound at all. And the pale moonlight which pours over the scene is equally peaceful as it glimmers upon the water and illuminates the rocks. The poet's perception is so deep and so serene that she feels she is one with nature and one with the spirit that pervades it.

Since this poem has no telltale signs that link it to any particular age or period, it would be equally at home in any age, any period. Its essential quality is timeless. It could just as easily have been written by a poet of the T'ang dynasty as by a twentieth-century American.

3

Elbows on the bridge—
the children discuss
the town's old men

David E. LeCount

A poem of great charm and humanity set in a nostalgic environment of small-town America. Oddly enough the boys—for I see all these children as boys—assess the old men and their eccentricities in a manner not unlike the old men, that is to say in their physical stance and in their slow ruminating style of conversation. The setting of the poem is highly suggestive: the bridge can be seen to symbolize the connection between the boys and the old men and also the means of passage from youth to old age.

4

autumn comes
rust deepens
on the unused tracks

Lawrence Rungren

Although the haiku is a clear and simple expression on the external plane, its power is primarily symbolic. In the spring and summer of our lives we are full of untold possibilities; there are many options, many roads and tracks we can travel upon; many destinations we can reach. But by the time we move into the autumn of our lives, we've started to "rigidify," become set in our ways; the likelihood of trying new paths is faint; fear and lack of imaginative daring have become habitual; the rust has deepened on the unused tracks.

5

The last falconer—
moving through the mountain snow—
whispers to his bird.

Joanne Borgesen

The poet presents us with a mysterious image that suggests a story without telling it. It could be a very dramatic moment in a novel or a film—where much has already happened and yet with still more to come. If you are imaginatively adventurous you can dive into the haiku—and journey backward into its past and forward into its future. You can create your own mythic story, your own imaginative fantasy, like H. Rider Haggard in *She*, or James Hilton in *Lost Horizon*.

6

More and more
of twilight
in the antique mirror

Carol Purington

Perhaps this beautiful old mirror is a family heirloom, and the poet has gazed into it ever since she was a child. Within its oval frame she has seen herself reflected in every phase of life. And now as an old woman she gazes into the mirror and sees the swift progress of twilight. She knows her time is short and that soon her image will no longer reflect in the looking glass. The generations come and go but the mirror hangs around . . . seeming to gather more power and significance with the passage of years.

7

My many houses
in none of them the feeling
of being at home

Gunther Klinge

(trans. by Ann Atwood)

Are we not all strangers in a strange land, sojourners on the earthly plane? Spiritual teachers tell us that such is the case, and it appears that the poet shares their point of view. Despite the poet's obvious wealth and worldly success the poem indicates that he feels a certain malaise and discontent. He not only questions the value of his possessions; he realizes that they have no power to give him peace. He re-

calls the words of Thoreau, words that he's often pondered: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone."

8

on the same bus
the same strangers
as yesterday

John Thompson

Every working day the poet takes the bus at the same time and sees the same people. Their faces are familiar but their lives unknown. He surmises that most of them are headed for their jobs as is he. But what of their lives beyond that, are they married, do they have children, do they find satisfaction in life, or is life primarily a hardship? It's unlikely that he will ever know. He thinks of how few people we ever *really get to know*—usually just a few friends and family. He recalls Bashō's haiku and feels for it an even greater appreciation:

Autumn deepens:
How does my neighbor live
I wonder?

9

at the ocean's edge
honeymooners in the sun
build a sand castle

Tom Clausen

How fragile we are, and how fragile are our hopes and dreams, especially in the realm of romance. In their buoyant state the honeymooners are convinced their love will last and so too their happiness. The sand castle seems to represent not only a fairy-tale romance but also the American dream of owning one's own home ("a man's home is his castle"). But the incoming waves surging so close to the sand castle have an ominous presence, like wolves skirting a flock of sheep.

10

a moment
of sunlit ashes
over waves

Suezan Aikins

48

With family members and close friends she awaits the moment when her father's ashes are to be scattered at the ocean's edge. As have others, she has eulogized him, or at least tried to, for shortly after she started to speak she had to stop—overcome with emotion. And with that emotion images and experiences flash through her mind: of happy times she spent with him, that she wants to remember always . . .

Now the ashes are consigned to the waves, and the sun catches them for a moment before they quickly disperse. Immediately the poet intuits that such is life; just a moment of sunlit ashes over waves, just a moment of consciousness in a sea of unconsciousness. So was it for her father, so is it for her, so is it for all of us.

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1. lichen grow *Cricket Song*, John Thompson. Santa Rosa, CA: Hands Full Press, 1993.
 2. pale moonlight *Modern Haiku* vol. XIX, no. 1, 1988.
 3. Elbows on the bridge *Brussels Sprout* vol. II, no. 2, 1981.
 4. autumn comes *Frogpond* vol. XII, no. 4, 1989.
 5. The last falconer *American Haiku* vol. V, no. 2, 1967.
 6. More and more *When Butterflies Come* (Members' Anthology). New York, NY: Haiku Society of America, 1993.
 7. My many houses *Frogpond* vol. XV, no. 2, 1992.
 8. on the same bus *Cricket Song*.
Autumn deepens English adaptation by Tom Tico.
 9. at the ocean's edge *Frogpond* vol. XV, no. 2, 1992.
 10. a moment *When Butterflies Come*.

HAIKU OF WAR

Vietnam
a halo around the moon
the night of my first kill

John J. Dunphy

continued . . .

REVIEW

Michael Dylan Welch

HAIKU IZ RATA: WAR HAIKU, Second edition. Marijan Čekolj, editor. Croatian Haiku Society, Smerovišće 24, 41430 Samobor, Croatia, 1995, 80 pp, 8 × 5½ in. paper, perfectbound. npg. In Croatian and English.

In the summer of 1973, I was fortunate to travel with my parents through the former Yugoslavia. High up one remote mountain pass, a local man with a deeply furrowed face and thick accent told us that the road had not been repaved since Austria controlled the region before World War I. Old trenches gouged the earth around the man's small store at the top of the barren pass. There, as a teenager, I found metal fragments of old rifles and rusted bullets by the hundreds, though many decades had passed since men offered their lives in the harsh battlefield below my feet.

Change comes slowly to this part of Europe, and war has too long been a part of it. For forty years Tito's communism had stabilized Yugoslavia. Then, with communisms's fall, the oppression of Yugoslavia's native peoples erupted into war. We have all heard the sad stories of the innocent people caught in the middle, yet still they make do, somehow going on with their lives despite years of atrocities. *Haiku Iz Rata: War Haiku*, by the Croatian Haiku Society, is a moving record of their resolve. As editor, Marijan Čekolj emphasizes in his preface that "haiku is not a political instrument of fight against the war, but is simply the poetry coming from the war (against Croatia) which has happened HERE and NOW as our reality and our everyday life."

with a gun
on my shoulder—I forget
my paper and pencil

Darko Plažanin

A sleeping baby
smiles with lips
wet from milk

Branislava Krželj

Haiku has a great capacity for emotion. As such, it has long served poets in their need to express deep feeling, be it in times of stirring love, rapture with nature, sweet melancholy, or the desperate intensity of war. The tradition of war haiku may be said to stretch back as far as Bashō (here in a translation by Makoto Ueda, from *Bashō and His Interpreters*, Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1992):

muzan ya na
kabuto no shita no
kirigirisu

how piteous!
under the helmet
a cricket

Other poets in Japan have penned haiku about war. In English, Nick Virgilio is known well for many moving haiku about his brother's death in Vietnam and its effect on his family (*Selected Haiku*, Sherbrooke, Quebec: Burnt Lake Press, 1988). More recently, D.S. Lliteras has given us *In a Warrior's Romance*, his personal record in photographs and haiku of his time in Vietnam (Norfolk, Virginia: Hampton Roads, 1991). And poems about the Gulf War appear in Lenard D. Moore's *Desert Storm: A Brief History* (San Diego: Los Hombres Press, 1993) and in *The Gulf Within*, edited by Christopher Herold and myself (San Francisco: Two Autumns Press, 1991). These are all valid approaches to war haiku—whether through direct experience, writing from old memory, from stories told by others, or even from the significant impact of television, which launches the horrors of war right into our living rooms.

But rising above these books, and perhaps others like them, is *Haiku Iz Rata: War Haiku*. It is telling that this is a second edition, for this book is written *while* the war is going on. How much happier if there had been no need for a second edition. These are not poems by concerned individuals moved by television reports of the war. These are not poems by callous soldiers. These are poems of direct experience—poems by victims. From the moment you see this book's blood-red cover and its stark ink paintings (one even suggests drops of blood), you will feel the intensity of the Croatian war in a way that makes this haiku anthology rise above most others.

Marijan Čekolj, the book's editor, lives in Samobor, a small town about 10 kilometers east of Zagreb. He and Robert Bebek have translated 187 poems by 42 poets, all members of the Croatian Haiku Society. While some translations may sound awkward to English ears, the essence of the moments recorded rings true. The book is printed in an edition of 1,000—an ambitious number for a haiku book. Its poems are arranged alphabetically by poet (1 to 11 each) in both Croatian and English. Interspersed are 19 non-objective, energetic ink paintings by Vesna Čekolj—and their very inorganic nature underscores the numbing yet effective remoteness yet nearness of these poems.

I fear that the context of these poems overshadows the poems themselves—and that has already happened in my discussion here, for

I wish I had more room to explore the merits of individual poets and their work. Standouts for me are poems by Robert Bebek, Marijan Čekolj, Vladimir Devidé, Željko Funda, Enes Kišević, Tomislav Maretić, Rujana Matuka, Višnja McMaster, Luko Paljetak, and Milan Žegarac. I shall let the poems speak for themselves, with one poem from each of the above poets, in order (down the left column, then the right column):

my best friend died—
some tiny grains of dust
on our chess board

In the bomb crater
slowly falling
withered leaf . . .

In the burned-out village
a wounded stray dog
sniffing charred bones.

Shells falling
into the river—
its flowing . . .

A fallen soldier.
How loud the ticking
of the watch.

The army passes by.
A dog barking from the first
to the last soldier.

branches of locust-tree
catching
a stray bullet

into the sunset
a soldier on his knees
weeds new carrots

On the bombed-out
church-tower I still
look at the clock.

Above the blacked-out town
I have never seen so much
stars in the sky!

In spite of ongoing death and loss, the poets of Croatia live with hope. Theirs is a beautiful land, and from my visits to Yugoslavia I remember the warm Adriatic, the jagged and rolling mountains, and such highlights as the caves and waterfalls of Plitvice National Park and the centuries-old walls of Dubrovnik. Some of these treasures are gone now, or changed forever, but this book still engages you with a taste of their hope amidst the realities of war. The spirit of haiku is in showing deep truth. With that understanding, these are haiku of the highest order.

*Izbjeglo dijete
uči letjeti iz gnijezda
ispalo ptiče.*

A refugee child
teaches to fly a small bird
fallen from its nest.

Nada Sabadi

BOOKS RECEIVED

Listing of new books is for information only and does not imply endorsement by frogpond or the Haiku Society of America. Reviews of some of these titles may appear in later issues of frogpond. Prices are US currency except where noted.

All Eyes. Francine Porad. Vandina Press, 6944 SE 33rd, Mercer Island, WA 98040-3324, 1995. iv + 21 pp double-folded, 5½ × 8½ in., paper (hand-painted), perfectbound. \$6.00 + s&h \$1.25 US & Canada; \$2.50 elsewhere.

among floating duckweed. Bruce Ross. HMS Press, London, Ont., Canada, 1944. unnumbered (47 pp), 5½ × 8½ in., acid-free paper, saddle-stapled. Illus. (4 *sumi-e*). \$7.00 + s&h \$1 US and Canada, \$3 elsewhere, from the author, 222 Culver Rd., Rochester, NY 14607.

Braided Rug: haiku and variations. sally l. nichols and Carol Purington. Winfred Press, 1995. vii + 60 pp, 5¼ × 8¼ in., paper, perfectbound. \$8.00 ppd from s.l.n., 3 Bardwells Ferry Rd., Shelburne, MA 01370 or C.P., 152 Wilson Hill Rd., Colrain, MA 01430.

CADatonia (AZ on the rocks : 2). Dorothy Howard. Proof Press, 67 rue Court, Aylmer (QC), Canada J9H 4M1, 1994. 18 pp (unnumbered), 5½ × 8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$4.00 ppd.

99 exerciții de haiku/99 haiku exercises/99 exercices de haïku. Manuela Miga. Editura Sakura, București, 1994. Haiku in Romanian/English/French. 99 pp + interleaved dividers and illustrations, 4 × 5¾ in., paper, side string-stitched. npg. Available from author, Drumul Taberei 69, Bl. TD43, ap. 61, 77432 Buchurești 6, Romania.

The Swan's Wings. Renku by Grant Savage and Ruby Spriggs. Groundhog Press, Apt. 2609A, 500 Laurier Ave. W., Ottawa, Ont. K1R 5E1, Canada, 1994. iv + 40 pp, illustrated, 5¼ × 8½ in., paper, perfectbound. \$8.00 ppd.

This Tanka World of Strings. Sanford Goldstein and Kenneth Tanemura. iii + 24 pp, 5¼ × 8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 + s&h, \$1.00 U.S.; \$2.00 Canada and overseas, from Kenneth Tanemura, 10 Wayne Court, Redwood City, CA 94063.

Warm Under the Cat. Caroline Giles Banks. Wellington Press, 1995. 39 pp, 5¼ × 8½ in., paper, saddle-stapled. \$5.00 from the author, 4040 Sheridan Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55410. Outside US and Canada, add \$2 s&h.

A Years Speculations on Haiku. Robert Spiess. Modern Haiku, P.O. Box 1752, Madison, WI 53701, 1995. 67 pp, 5½ × 8½ in., paper, perfectbound \$8.00 ppd.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTESTS

Haiku Poets of Northern California Rengay Contest

In-hand deadline: July 31, 1995. Open to all except HPNC officers, unlimited entries of which all elements must be unpublished. Submit each rengay, titled, on two separate sheets, one with the rengay only, the other with the authors' names, addresses, and phone numbers. First prize, \$100 and publication in *Woodnotes* #26 (Autumn, 1995), at which time judges will be announced. Send to John Leonard, HPNC President, 49 Molino Ave., Mill Valley, CA 94941, with entry fee of \$4.00 per rengay (checks payable to "HPNC"). For further information on this six-verse linked thematic poem by two or three poets alternating three- and two-line haiku or haiku-like stanzas, see *Woodnotes* #20, pp. 4-7 (Spring 1994) and *Frogpond* Vol. XVII, No. 3, pp. 19-22 (Autumn 1994).

1995 San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu, and Tanka Competition

In-hand deadline, October 1, 1995. Unlimited entries, which must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. Type or print each entry on two 3×5-in. cards, identified in the upper left corner of each card as haiku, senryu, or tanka. On the back of one card only print your name, address, and phone number. First prize, \$100, in each category, with second and third prizes of \$50 and \$25 in the haiku category. Winners will be published in *Woodnotes*, after which rights revert to authors. Send to John Thompson, 4607 Burlington Place, Santa Rosa, CA 95405, with entry fee of \$1 per poem (check or money order in US funds payable to Haiku Poets of Northern California) and SASE (business size) for winners' list.

International Tanka Splendor Awards 1995 (Sponsored by AHA Books)

In-hand deadline September 30, 1995. Send up to ten unpublished tanka or three tanka sequences, which are not under consideration elsewhere. No entry fee. Tanka must be in English, in five lines containing 31 or fewer syllables, without titles; each should be typed on two 3×5-in. cards, one with name and address in upper left corner, and one with only the haiku. Tanka sequences should consist of a title and three to seven tanka (as above), typed or copied on two separate full sheets of paper, one with name and address in upper left corner and the other with only the titled sequence. Each winner will receive a copy of the book *Tanka Splendor 1995*, which will contain the 31 winning tanka and three winning sequences (authors may have more than one work selected for publication), after which rights revert to authors. Judge, Larry Gross. Send entries to Tanka Contest, P.O. Box 1250, Gualala, CA 95445, with SASE/SAE-IRC for winners' list.

Haiku Poets of South Florida Lucky Haiku Award

In-hand deadline October 1, 1995. \$100 Lucky Haiku Award will be randomly drawn from 25 winning haiku selected by the editors of *Seaoats International*. Place as many haiku as you like on an 8½×11-in sheet. Submit two copies, one with name, address, and telephone number, the other with haiku only. Send to *Seaoats International*, 8325 Coral Lake Manor, Coral Springs, FL 33065, with \$2.00 entry fee.

North Carolina Haiku Society 1996 International Haiku Contest

In-hand deadline December 1, 1995. Must be original, unpublished, and not currently submitted elsewhere. Unlimited entries. Submit each haiku on three separate 3×5-in. cards; on two cards put haiku only; on third put haiku together with name and address. Prizes \$75/\$50/\$25 + two honorable mentions, \$15 each; to be announced at the 15th annual Haiku Holiday at Bolin-Brook Farm near Chapel Hill, NC, January 27, 1996. Judges, Penny Griffin and Rebecca Rust. Winning entries to be printed on a winners' sheet, but all rights retained by authors. Send to North Carolina Haiku Society, 5625 Continental Way, Raleigh, NC 27610, with entry fee of \$1.00 per haiku in cash or check in US funds payable to North Carolina Haiku Society, and SASE for winners' list.

PUBLICATIONS

We bid goodbye to three old friends, welcome back one that has been gone for a while, celebrate a metamorphosis, and note a new kid on the block:

Mirrors ceased publication with the Winter 1995 issue, as Jane and Werner Reichhold concentrate on other projects.

Brussels Sprout will cease publication, at least under its present editors, with the next issue (September 1995). Francine Porad's health situation has forced her to prioritize her activities, and she has returned to painting since retiring as president of HSA. No information upon the future of this publication now in its 12th year.

Western World Haiku Society Newsletter has suspended publication because of the long-term illness of the editor, Wilma Irwin.

Pine Needles, the newsletter of the North Carolina Haiku Society, has re-emerged with the reactivation of NCHS, as a corner-stapled publication edited by Penny Griffin. Information on NHCS appeared in the Spring issue of *frogpond*.

South by Southeast, newsletter of the HSA Southeastern Region, has been transformed by its new editor, David Hood, from a corner-stapled newsletter to a saddle-stapled quarterly "little magazine." Still \$5/year for HSA members in North America; others enquire. Check (made out to David Hood) to the editor at 410 South 4th St., Mebane, NC 27302.

Seaoats International, newsletter of Haiku Poets of South Florida, is a corner-stapled, illustrated publication edited by Robert Henry and Nancy Ford Poulin. Free with #10 SASE or 2 IRC's to the editors, 8325 Coral Lake Manor, Coral Springs, FL 33065.

ERRATUM

One of John Dunphy's haiku on p. 14 of the Spring issue contained an error in number. The haiku should read:

ghetto child's crayons
all the gang colors
worn to stubs

John J. Dunphy

AUTHOR INDEX

- Hayat Nancy Abuza, 12
Caroline Archibald, 8
Pamela A. Babusci, 13, 24
Winona Baker, 10, 13, 22
Caroline G. Banks, 16
Eloise Barksdale, 15
Mary Lou Bittle-DeLapa, 17, 19
David Nelson Blair, 25
Marianne Bluger, 22
Mildred Williams Boggs, 7, 25
Dianne Borsenik, 18, 21, 33
Janice M. Bostok, 4, 15, 18
Jamie Breuer, 24
Naomi Y. Brown, 19, 27
Alexius J. Burgess, 11
Donatella Cardillo-Young, 26
James Chessing, 23
Cyril Childs, 4, 7
Kevin Christianson, 23
Ion Codrescu, 25
Ralph S. Coleman, 25
Carlos Colón, 20, 24, 30, 39
Ellen Compton, 9, 10, 24
Carol Conti-Entin, 4, 17
Stephen C. Corn, 8, 9
Dennis Davidson, 15
Helen K. Davie, 7, 18, 19, 21, 25
Cherie Hunter Day, 9, 11
William Dennis, 32
Angelee Deodhar, 11
Mike Dillon, 8, 19
Fred Donovan, 13
Barry Dordick, 24
Kim Dorman, 27
Alan Dow, 25
John J. Dunphy, 29, 49, 55
Peter Dupenthaler, 10
Margarita M. Engle, 5, 14, 16, 21
Judson Evans, 14, 21
B.H. Feingold, 16
Liz Fenn, 41
Michael Fessler, 7
Marie Forsyth, 10
Donna Gallagher, 14, 22, 23
Garry Gay, 5, 22
Robert Gibson, 23
Lee Giesecke, 12
Joyce Austin Gilbert, 6, 11
Joette Giorgis, 6
chris gordon, 4, 11, 23
LeRoy Gorman, 12
joan iversen goswell, 10
Edward Grastorf, 22
Andrew Grossman, 18, 21
Tim Happel, 9
Shō Hayashi, 44
Doris Heitmeyer, 24
Donald B. Hendrich, 10, 12
Christopher Herold, 8, 14
William J. Higginson, 42, 44
Stephen Hobson, 5, 20
Kam Holifield, 16
Gary Hotham, 8
Elizabeth Howard, 11
Phil Howerton, 6, 17, 30
Tom Hoyt, 5
John Hudak, 21
Ken Hurm, 17, 20
Sheila Hyland, 13
Flori Ignoffo, 12
Keiko Imaoka, 13
Masae Izawa, 44
Jean Jorgensen, 14
Jerry A. Judge, 20, 25
Jim Kacian, 21, 27
Laura Kim, 21
Nancy Henry Kline, 25
Elsie O. Kolashinski, 12
Rick Kuntz, 14
Robert Kusch, 26
Addie Lacoë, 7
Kaye Laird, 5, 11

GARY HOIHAM
SCAGGSVILLE, Maryland
4 AUGUST 1995

Elizabeth Searle Lamb, 26, 34
Watha Lambert, 22
Jeff Learned, 4, 8
Edith Mize Lewis, 6, 15
leone, 4
Antoinette Libro, 10
Leatrice Lifshitz, 23
Chris Linn, 9
Geraldine C. Little, 31
Matthew Louvière, 6
Peggy Willis Lyles, 7, 18
Paul M., 18
M.L. Harrison Mackie, 20
Catherine Mair, 8, 11
Makiko, 7
Cheryl Collier Manning, 15
Alfred H. Marks, 40
anne mckay, 15
Dorothy McLaughlin, 6
John Means, 17
Paul Mena, 7, 13
Warren Lane Molton, 18
Marianne Monaco, 9, 25
Lenard D. Moore, 4, 20
Joanne Morcom, 16
June Moreau, 5, 12
Jean Nealon, 24
Patricia Neubauer, 24
Nika, 19
Blanche Nonnemann, 22
Atsuko Ôhashi, 44
Hitomi Okamoto, 44
Marian Olson, 12,14,16,17,21,28,30
Rebecca M. Osborn, 16
Brent Partridge, 14, 27
Margaret Peacock, 5, 16
John Peters, 39
Marian M. Poe, 14, 15
Francine Porad, 25
Robert Henry Poulin, 12, 22
Gloria Procsal, 9, 15

Anthony J. Pupello, 20
Carol Purington, 4
George Ralph, 9
William M. Ramsey, 10, 14, 22
Darren B. Rankins, 17
Edward J. Rielly, 15, 19
Emily Romano, 5, 19, 41
Ronan, 7, 13, 14, 17, 23, 26
Sydell Rosenberg, 10
Bruce Ross, 11, 40
Alexis K. Rotella, 10, 24
Idella L. Rowand, 17
Kohjin Sakamoto, 6, 8, 27
R.L. Schaeffer, 24
Pat Shelley, 13, 18
George Skane, 16
Susan Stanford, 5
Clarissa Stein, 26
Elizabeth St Jacques, 25, 35
Ebba Story, 12, 17, 23
Christopher Suarez, 9
Dave Sutter, 1
Patrick Sweeney, 19, 27
Wally Swist, 4, 27, 33
Tom Tico, 6, 13, 45
Sue Stapleton Tkach, 26
J.A. Totts, 20
Michael Dylan Welch, 8, 36, 50
Mark Arvid White, 20
Nina A. Wicker, 11, 19, 20, 21
Nancy H. Wiley, 5
Suzanne Williams, 11, 26
Paul O. Williams, 6, 9, 16, 23
Jeff Witkin, 4, 20, 41
Brad Wolthers, 21
William Woodruff, 6, 9, 18, 22, 26
Seishi Yamaguchi, 44
Yasuko Yasui, 7, 14
Rich Youmans, 23
Peter Yovu, 8, 17, 18

