



frogpond

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Art by Robert T. Malinowski

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frogpond

at the tip
of the pine needle
yesterday's rain

Michael Fessler

Vol. XX, No. 2 September 1997
HAIKU SOCIETY OF AMERICA

FROM THE EDITOR

Autumn already. Some beautiful, almost cloudless blue-skied days, but none of the famous Fall Colors, which we don't have in North Central Florida. The liveoaks, pines, and cabbage palms stay green all winter; the maples and other deciduous trees turn a sickly, dirty yellow. The major spots of color are the reddened leaves of the vines that the hospitable oaks allow to grow on them, along with the Spanish moss and resurrection fern (the pines, of course, skilled in chemical warfare, allow none of this); the effect is of holiday-strung trees along the highway.

The Religious Education Committee of my Quaker Meeting asked me to lead a First-Day School class on haiku. I began by saying only some minimal words on the nature of haiku. I quoted Bashō's *furu ike ya* in both Japanese and English, then some American haiku, including, for a bit of humor (I thought), Kerouac's "Missing a kick/at the icebox door/It closed anyway." Instead of the expected giggles, I got blank stares. So I repeated the verse. Finally, one of the kids asked, "What's an icebox?"

Then after telling the story of my first Haiku Moment, which led to "winter pasture/flowers on a barren tree/fly off as egrets", and reading a few from my chapbook, showing three- and one-line forms, I asked those who could write to reflect for a while and then write a haiku, and those who could not yet write easily to draw a haiku. Nine-year-old Michal Wojciechowski, in America a little over a year, first wrote "a thunderstruck tree/branch with a flower/realy a bird" "Ah, Michal," I said, "you swiped that from me!" So he filled in his page with:

birds soring high
looking as if
they are flyes

birds migrating
to the south
covering the sun

black crows setteling
in a tree
looks like smoke from chimneys

Haunted house
ten go in
nine come out

Six-year-old Joanna Kaharl drew a girl standing by a stream. There was a dark-brown blob in the stream. She sat staring at the drawing for a while. Suddenly she printed a line across the top of the paper:

Darck mud in water looked like a hole

Kenneth C. Leibman

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In memory of

Geraldine Clinton Little

September 20, 1923 - March 7, 1997

from the carved tusk
on your table, hearing
a fast-fading trumpet

Haiku Quarterly (1991)

Listening
as the wave retreats
into itself

frogpond (1987)

sharing autumn dust
and dusk with this spider—
what of my lifelines?

Brussels Sprout (1993)

Still there, a heart
in the beating grasses,
plumes of sea spray

H.F. Noyes

All Souls Day—
in the candle's light
so many faces

Haiku Quarterly (1989)

quiet dark beach
a sense of holiness
in the sea's long reach

frogpond (1995)

a billion stars?
a trillion or two?
the holy humming

frogpond (1996)

Geraldine C. Little

sunday after sunday
those dried shamrocks
in her hymnbook

Jerry Kilbride

each time in passing
roses on a coffee table
pausing for a whiff

L.A. Davidson

as the heron rises
the sun sets in the blue
of the lake

Joyce Currier

her voice
in a special house
so many colors

Elizabeth Searle Lamb

(Gerrie Little's latest publication was a book of short stories entitled
"Woman in a Special House.")

Summer and Winter

(Sequence in memoriam for Geraldine Clinton Little)

at their bath
the female finches flick
bright waters

leafing out
the Russian olives hide
their thorns

a new lizard
not yet used to
the pouncing cat

the red glints
in her hair a winter day's
hospitality

delicate bones
of a hand tracing histories—
the cold studio

thankful for
the books just received . . .
snow piling up

William J. Higginson

In memory of

George Ralph

April 12, 1934 - May 18, 1997

George Ralph died on May 18 following three years of illness due to heart disease. George was an accomplished actor, director, vocal talent (for books-on-cassette and television), playwright, essayist, and scholar. Two weeks prior to his death he retired from Hope College in Holland, Michigan, where he was Professor of Theatre, serving 31 years as an educator and administrator. At Hope, he taught courses in acting, directing, playwriting, theatre history and theory, theological drama, and Asian studies, receiving multiple awards for teaching excellence. He also taught courses at Western Theological Seminary in Holland. Prior to moving to Michigan in 1966, George founded a number of acting companies in the Chicago area.

George's haikai and related essays and reviews have appeared in at least 50 different periodicals in the U.S., Canada, Japan, Ireland, Romania, Croatia, and the Netherlands, as well as in a dozen or so books, including a new college textbook on poetry.

George started writing haiku during a 1982 sabbatical leave to the University of Hawaii, where his study of Asian Theatre (which spawned a new course in the subject at Hope) turned him onto traditional Japanese poetry. Although his *Haiku Canada Sheet* (1996) was entitled *spider's day*, his quintessential image in haiku was that of the white butterfly. He often expressed a deep appreciation for the discipline of observing the world in the present moment, and how its practice forced him out of his otherwise highly-driven, hectic, and often singularly-focused existence. As he wrote in *Five Lines Down* (January 1996), "We must hurry and keep an alert eye and ear, lest we miss life's simple but spectacular moments. And then . . . and then . . . we too shall pass." George wrote haiku nearly every single day for the last fifteen years of his life.

Stephen Ralph

George Ralph's last haiku, written on the morning of his death:

gone for a week
newspapers dangling from the mailbox
swing in the breeze

Haiku by George Ralph, mailed ten days before his death:

slow dancing
the music fades
into dawn

deep in a thicket
the last
wood thrush

A haibun from the same mailing also appears in this issue.



Museum of Haiku Literature

\$50 each for best haiku appearing in the previous issue

undefended:
in the cold rain
their snow fort

Tom Clausen

faint city stars . . .
the moth's copper dust
in my palm

Ebba Story

teakettle's whistle—
another long night
without the moon

Marianna Monaco

another morning
I carefully pencil my eyebrows
young moon

Yoko Ogino

lazy July morning—
the steam from my coffee
has no place to go

Paul David Mena

morning rain—
crowds of quiet people
with no shadows

Jim Mullins

working all day
at the dusty window
watching summer rain

James Tipton

rain beating my umbrella i stop to gaze at tiger lilies

Pamela A. Babusci

rainy afternoon
we watch fractals blossoming

Muriel Ford

trees still dripping
the moon emerges
in new whiteness

Ronan

Sad rain—
slips from one dark leaf
to
another.

Randy W. Pait

silent dawn—
arc upon arc, the swallows
sweep through the mist

Melissa Dixon

overcast day
my opal hoards
the sunlight

Mary C. Taylor

Thick fog lifts—
unfortunately, I am where
I thought I was

George Swede

July afternoon—
the smell of lightning

Paul David Mena

fluttering
with the butterflies—
white iris

Jeanne Emrich

Brushing by—
a golden-eye butterfly
on its way to July . . .

Judy Klare

butterfly
I in the same wind
a different way

Robert Henry Poulin

a stroll at dusk—
the stolen scent of lavender
for company

Elena Lindsay

a street lamp
swimming in a dark birdbath
lights up my garden.

Zoja Pavlovskis-Petit

10:15 PM . . .
now that same jet . . .
now that same owl

joan iversen goswell

daybreak—
the rooster is answered
by wild turkeys

Teresa Volz

this summer morning
the open window
that open-throated wren

Lorna Koch

the tree's leaves quiver
as a flock of wrens
leaves all at once

Ronan

higher
the bluejay soars
until the sky appears

Charles L. Trammell

Goldfinches unseen . . .
feasting on sunflowers
until I walk by

Joseph N. Schmidt, Jr.

berry time
fencerow branches bend
under blackbirds

LeRoy Gorman

summer afternoon—
on a rise in the hayfield
the shadow meets its crow

Ken Hill

circling in a thermal
a hawk
and the glitter of leaves

Helen K. Davie

dusk at the cave spring—
a hawk's broad shadow
circles the valley

the cave spring—
green stars rise in the dipper
on the cedar stob

Elizabeth Howard

summer sea
the winter storms
a dream

Robert Gibson

sand
giving shape
to the wind

Yu Chang

gull's cry!—
my thoughts
far inland, too

Barry George

Over the shoreline
a cloud of sandpipers split
by a falcon's dive

Tony Green

empty beach
a flight of sanderlings
vanishing in the mist

Marc Thompson

The cormorant flies
across Pearl Harbor, then dives . . .
and catches a fish.

Zolo

retreating wave . . .
the sheen of sand between sea
and scalloped foam

Carol Conti-Entin

surf sliding back . . .
digging out again
the crab

William M. Ramsey

back from vacation
I let traces of sand
remain in the car trunk

Robert Epstein

mist on the lake—
into this stillness
an osprey's grave flight

Nasira Alma

blue heron
lumbers into the air—
quiet pond

Lori Laliberte-Carey

through my binoculars
entering
the grebe's wake

Laurie W. Stoelting

erratic wind
herring gulls landing
on the river anyway

Timothy Russell

The late summer sun
forms stepping stones
across the shadowed lake

Joyce Austin Gilbert

left behind
at the mountain lake
silence

Yu Chang

coming home
the river fills
a horizon

John Stevenson

porch swing
now and then a breeze
from the river

Robert Gibson

rocking on the porch
to the song of the cricket
crescent moon

Barbara Cardamon

without my help
a morning glory
in full bloom

R.A. Stefanac

slowly unfurling
the morning glory
accepts a bee

Art Stein

Barely visible
beneath the morning glories—
the chain-link fence

Tom Tico

golden weeds
taller than the fence—
summer solstice

Jo Lea Parker

cutting open
a bale of hay—
the smell of summer

Patsy Kisner

country auction:
old red barn boards
chinked with summer light

Tim Applegate

Unpainted old shack—
for sale sign in front
freshly painted.

Elaine Cleveland

crumbling barn
and the surrounding earth
becoming one

Melissa Leaf Nelson

midsummer heat . . .
on the whitewashed fence
the white nail's shadow

pale summer sky—
an oak tree's shadow
fills with cows

Robert Gilliland

he leaves behind
a shining path—
this garden slug

Lee Giesecke

old swimming hole
careful toes'
close encounters with leeches

Gerard Rohlfsing

each step through the bog leaves something different

A. Araghetti

too small to see,
the waterbug leaps.
circles ripple spot to
spot

Tom Brinck

In the brown water
the ghost of a cricket slides—
I throw my hook in

Alice Ward

Summer pond
practicing mindfulness
with this bull frog

Peggy Heinrich

frogs
quiet
everything is green now

LeRoy Gorman

murky stream—
the darker patterns
of drooping branches

Lori Laliberte-Carey

after a hot day
the coolness
of the full moon

Robert Gibson

hot summer day
one slow-moving sunbeam
leans against a tree

Dee McCollum

stones grow
among wild roses
dusty roadside

Tom Smith

whacking weeds
seeing just in time
the morels

Teresa Volz

The mushrooms' ring
—the balding gardener recalls
a huge oak tree

S.R. Spanyer

standing now
at the mill site
a spindly redwood

Robert Epstein

Our graveyard tree
loaded with small green apples
and one red kite

Debbie White-Bull Page

the skeleton
of a bunch of grapes
left in my hand

Helen E. Dalton

sprinklers at twilight
the taste of the grape
in summer wine

Henry Rohrig

midnight sprinkle—
leaf by leaf the timbre
of summer

sweat-laden sleep
far off, a hotrodder
shifts gears

Carol Conti-Entin

ACORN DROPS *CROW SCREAMS*
Ants Target Bread Crumb Windfall
. . . Morning paper late

Ken Hill

old couch
on the cushion
new cat

Carolyn Rohrig

The cat's meow
stretched out by
a sudden yawn

Alec Kowalczyk

A vertical tail
dipping to follow the cat
into the culvert

Alfred H. Marks

During summer heat
a cat's tail disappearing
under the parked car.

Tomislav Maretić

kitten runs after
every wave on the sand
footprints dissolving

Yoko Ogino

A lean dog crouches
in front of the butcher shop—
the closed butcher shop

William Greenhill

dog cookies—
all the dogs know
which pocket

Marianna Monaco

a flash of white
past the window—
the prodigal dog returns

susan delaney mech

church bells
ringing out of time
with the cardinal

Lisa Higgs

a chirp,
and one bulrush
wavers

Brett Bodemer

three drops fall
one by one
as a bird flies away

Rosemary C. Anderson

thunderstorm
far from the harbor
ducks huddle

Carol Dagenhardt

pelting summer rain . . .
a lizard clasps the dry side
of the leaning elm

Robert Gilliland

arc
right out of the black clouds
—rainbow

joan iversen goswell

burning into
the wet meadow
the rainbow

Melissa Dixon

The June storm ends
still raining catalpa blossoms
everywhere

Chris Page

perched on the fence
the little sparrow
shakes off rainwater

Judith Liniado

In the dying willow,
almost leafless—
so clear the flicker's taps

Edward Beatty

clinging to tree bark,
see-through
wings.

Diana Alba

the walking-stick—
stiff legged
on the floppy grass

eric l. houck jr.

dog day sun—
spider silk binds
the windchime

D. Claire Gallagher

one strand of web
in the breeze
shimmering blue

Tim Myers

puff of breeze—
the hollowed-out fly struggles
against the web

Cyril Childs

Not yet dusk
for each blade of grass
a shadow

D.R. Spurgeon

counting August meteors—
on our backs in the grass
fingers touching

Melissa Dixon

shooting star—
no time to tell a wish,
only a name

Alexey Andreyev

vandalized house—
in each fractured window
red suns rising

Elizabeth Howard

another 100-year flood
not shaking
the rainstick

Caroline G. Banks

our wedding album
ruined by the flood . . .
but not the memories

Alanna O'Connor

Hurricane's eye—
flagpole chain hangs
still

Nancy King

eating canned meat
after the hurricane
that did not come

Philip C. Specht

train toward Baltimore
the setting sun
jumps the tracks

Pamela Miller Ness

after a hot day
the coolness
of the full moon

Robert Gibson

Amid the dark leaves
the white hydrangeas
mirroring the moon

Tom Tico

summer moon . . .
he stands at the window
eyes closed

Jim Mullins

the beach there
the same as here—
still, we keep walking

Robert Jenkins

riding lawn mower
dragonflies hawk
in its wake

Linda Jeannette Ward

billboard blonde
in a red bikini
stalked by kudzu

Jack Lent

Climbing over
her front-yard fence:
passion flowers

Tom Tico

summer moon . . .
sidling fiddler crabs
move as one on the mud flat

Charles A. Payne

dead batteries—
dragonfly resting
on the boom-box

Mark Arvid White

wild mint—
formerly one plant
in a carton

Hayat Abuza

I read in the shade
under the liveoak, my cat
lapping at iced tea.

Janet McCann

full moon rising early
catches the setting sun
making clouds blush

Thomas Genovese

diving for treasure—
the moon through the depths
of the waters

Makiko

Up where the path peaks
the cherry trees flowering
amid the white clouds

Tom Tico

along the tree line
on that ridge up ahead . . . mist . . .
leaving it behind

Peter Meister

stopping to rest
on the limestone ledge . . .
the vulture's shadow

Sharon Lee Shafii

August thunder
hawk circling on an updraft
plunges toward dinner

Pamela Miller Ness

arroyo—
a dry flood
of bristle cones

D. Claire Gallagher

vultures' silhouettes
in a dead tree
evening sun

Ruth Holter

sunset afterglow—
a screech owl silhouette
on the gate post

Elizabeth Howard

thistledown seeds the falls
a full moon shatters
into stars

Wally Swist

one by one
the stars disappear . . .
unseen clouds

Jim Mullins

awakened by rain—
in one corner of the room
a firefly

Kim Dorman

The little cornplant
someone gave my ill brother
touches my ceiling.

Anthony Shafton

The still brown leaf
beneath the shedding maple,
a praying mantis.

Elaine Kallet

Indian Summer—
cars on the thruway
bumper to bumper

Leatrice Lifshitz

end of summer
the last katydid
still practicing

Yu Chang

sugar maple
filled with moonlight
a cicada shell

Ken Hurm

the calm
of the Indian summer—
the wind-borne grasshoppers

S.R. Spanyer

only the skin
of a praying mantis
guarding the bush

Jo Lea Parker

crinkling footsteps
shatter
autumn's silence

Gene Fehler

She chatters . . .
I hear
the cicadas.

Laurie A. Szpot

cicadas
nibbling
away
night

Joseph Kirschner

closed
until 5 am—
our sunflowers

Erin Rehmke

crystal
mountain
stream

I
fill
a
styro
foam
cup

R.A. Stefanac

looking back
the dust I kicked up
still hangs

Jim Kacian

across the lake
from the chickadee's cry
baseball

Marc Thompson

the autumn colors
and just the foundation
of an old farmhouse

Brent Partridge

Even now I can't
imagine a deeper purple
than those October mountains

Maureen Zock

sunset—
violet settles on the
second range

Donald B. Hendrich

rusty screen door
letting in mosquitoes
and moonlight

Robert Gilliland

shadows in the park;
in the light after sunset
I approach silence

Andrew Grossman

July evening
between street lights
cool shadows

Pamela Connor

Not more thunder
but the low roar
of an unseen freight train

David Elliott

*patjhar ke chaand
se lipte patte
teri paajeb*

leaves clinging
to the autumn moon
her anklet

(Hindi original and English translation by *Pariksith Singh*)

the moon's reflection
lightly hammered
by sprinklers

susan delaney mech

moonlight on
hanging copper pots—
a long moment alone

Nasira Alma

rolling over
the moon
on my pillow

Fred Gasser

tree shudders with starlings
weeks of sleepless nights

Mark DeCarteret

cobwebs connecting every picture frame
but his

All through the meeting,
your calm face by the window.
Bright, darkening trees.

Dave Russo

her hair in a barrette
swaying as she walks
away from me

Harold Bowes

two of us still huddling
in the doorway
after the rain

Lorna Koch

the smell of summer rain;
the scent of her . . .

after gardening
sweat scent
between her breasts

Michael L. Evans

John Sheirer

naked
by the window
blossoms fall

sun dawdles
across the room
her naked leg

Paul M.

too hot to make love
too hot
not to

Karen Klein

lily
stained with pollen
I forgive myself

Peggy Willis Lyles

Across our lovers' bed
the glow of autumn sunset
on tangled sheets

wanda d. cook

cream clouds the coffee bitter we calculate each silence

Sue Stanford

I read in here
he reads in there . . .
autumn approaches.

Laurie A. Szpot

A sigh from her
then one from me—
two pages turn

George Swede

woman
on a park bench
weeping with the mime

Peggy Willis Lyles

we pass . . .
unfinished business
in our eyes

Cyril Childs

Bedroom mirror
our eyes meet
and look away

Peggy Heinrich

calling to hear his voice
on the answering machine—
the fourth day of rain

Carrie Etter

snowfire rose
into the crystal vase
missing her . . .

Michael L. Evans

a new loneliness—
filling the bed
with pillows

Art Stein

that moment
our trains passed
hellogoodb—

Andrew Todaro

we ask about
one another's weather—
Father's Day

Addie Lacoë

family pew:
grandmother's fan
flirts with air . . .

Emily Romano

thunder—
the
sleeping

child's
cry
just

as
far
off

John Martone

in her new white dress
awaiting first communion
grass stains on both knees

JeanPaul Jenack

Father's funeral
Mother
suddenly small

Celia Stuart-Powles

The pressure of a
baby turning inside—
someone soon will cry.

Katherine M. Mercurio

toddler at the front door
with Mommy's red roses
and baby's breath

Margaret Baeurle Little

first day of school
in her desk
her worn teddy bear

Carolyn Rohrig

A hard day:
I take over the boss' tic
when he leaves

George Swede

the girl
that got everything:
cancer, too

Joy Tranel

thunder overhead
I flick the last bubble from
her injection syringe

Cyril Childs

my father's work gloves . . .
putting them on
to tend his grave
(In memory of John Roy Moore, Jr.)

Bill Moore

keeping up appearances
spouting sprinklers
among the headstones

Henry Rohrig

the handkerchief crushed
her conversation becomes
faster and louder

jerry ball

a little lump . . .
determining sunsets
. . . or no sunsets

Margaret Baeurle Little

my neighbor's obituary
his fishing tackle
in the for-sale column

eric l. houck jr.

The old grave forgotten
. . . a clump of daisies
props up the stone

Joyce Austin Gilbert

between diswasher cycles
grandfather's cherrywood clock
tick ing

Kay F. Anderson

trembling
by the air conditioner,
plastic plants

John Stevenson

whirling lazily
in my spoon—
the ceiling fan

susan delaney mech

a mirror
faces
a mirror

Steve Juenemann

scandal sheet
caught in the rain gutter
yellowing

Elsie O. Kolashinski

August sun
the shadows of the couple
become one

Lee Strong

Bored reading
the newspaper
I wrap the garbage.

Edith Mize Lewis

walking too close
to an open manhole
my shadow slips in

Carlos Colón

alone in the dark alley
with the buzz
of a neon light

Brian Mulligan

In the cathedral
tiny particles rise up
through columns of light.

Barbara Patrizzi

waiting out the storm
in an empty church . . .
I light a candle

Helen E. Dalton

and still it stands
with neither its bells
nor its stained glass

Tom Tico

practicing tai chi
in my back yard
my neighbors arguing

Gregory Suarez

The Morning News

two sodden flags
come down—one piper
piping in the rain

(Hong Kong, June 30, 1997)

Kenneth C. Leibman

tourist ashtray
worn and chipped—
her royal face gone

(Paris, August 30, 1997)

Neca Stoller

among her poor children
a Mother's heart

stops

(Calcutta, September 5, 1997)

Kenneth C. Leibman

In my viewless room:
hanging a landscape
of deep autumn woods

Tom Tico

Kakemono scrolls
thin Chinese inks
telling tall tales

Judy Klare

stained glass museum—
wisterias still blooming
on the old lampshade

Thomas Genovese

Tanglewood-
geese fly over during
the trumpet solo

Makiko

between songs . . .
pick marks
on an old guitar

Michael Dylan Welch

The China exhibit:
more vibrant than bamboo
this painting of it

potter's hands
finding the pot's shape
in clay

Elsie O. Kolashinski

Brookside Cafe—
recorded Bach drowns
a rushing creek

D. Claire Gallagher

late July night
a blues guitar
sweltering

Paul David Mena

Billie Holiday
on the turntable—
autumn rain

Carrie Etter

new book—
devouring the fresh smell
of ink

Yoko Ogino

The monk rings
the bell for lauds—
butterfly settles on a leaf

Donatella Cardillo-Young

Fallen warrior,
over your buried forehead
the wild killdeer nests.

Norman St. Francis

Ellington's piano,
a warm cup of wine, a book
under the moon.

John McDermott

City Lights—
a little less bright
without Allen

Carlos Colón

moon rise

a circle of haiku poets
bend over their poems

Helen K. Davie

the pond
a poem the frog
re-writes

LeRoy Gorman

my nextdoor neighbor
I wonder why she does
what she does

George Knox

the lost
voices
of beautiful women

James Tipton

from the well
pulling hand over hand
my reflection

Ken Hurm

sawdust in his ears
the day
of the new saw blade

Paul O. Williams

power lines
a measure of bareness
between poles

Yu Chang

long summer day—
crossing the clock's broken face
spider's web

Harold Bowes

after church
following home
an ice-cream bell

Martin Lucas

at the yard sale
passing over the cookbooks
with unsmudged pages

Dorothy McLaughlin

A box containing
old photographs—too much room
taken by money

Alfred H. Marks

a golden strand
pressed between the pages
is all that's left

Louis Weiss

student's death announced—
essay with red ink marks
on her desk

Florence McGinn

The rest of the Bronx behind the zoo's highest fences

Richard Rosenberg

Seventh Avenue
smell of pretzels
mixing with rain

Biman Roy

really in the South:
with my corned-beef sandwich
mayonnaise

David Oates

night-time Winnemucca—
gravestones reflect the neon
from the casinos

Frank Higgins

Canadian summer
the first-class train
short on ice

the Queen too
on our stamps
a little older

Marianne Bluger

Paul Watsky

painted nails
but covered faces—
Yemen women

Patricia A. Laster

hazy moon . . .
the loneliness of a village street
at midnight

(Kerala, India)

Kim Dorman

hare in the moon . . .
distant drums
deepen the silence

cicadas singing
all the sounds of the city gone
in Gosho garden

(Kyoto Imperial Garden)

Sosuke Kanda

the new wood blooms on the crepe myrtle

Patricia Doherty Hinnebusch

newborn mantises
capture the wildaster tops
one flower each

newborn grasshopper
somersaulting down the stairs
ahead of my steps

Yasuko Yasui

on the moonlit floor
a cricket—
two of us now

William M. Ramsey

Crescendo,
decrescendo of cicadas—
the waving clothesline.

Alexandra Yurkovsky

gave up . . .
it finally lands
on the swatter

Lee Gurga

Dodging
 an
 angry
 bumble
 bee

Fred Donovan

Monday's pile of mail
and this caterpillar
on top

daydreaming . . .
 and then,
this monarch butterfly

Louise Somers Winder

twilight deepens
butterflies quilting the bush
yield to the glowworm

in the centers
of crimson poppies
night coming down

H.F. Noyes

strangers' tombstones

l
i
n
k
e
d

with gossamer

John J. Dunphy

summer heat—
into the shade together
the scorpion and I

Yu Chang

rustling in the brush—
the snake coils into
a new attitude

Marianna Monaco

water bug
skitters upstream
in one spot

Dean Summers

at pond's edge
a willow reaches
to a willow

William M. Ramsey

berrying
our blood
mingling

Frank K. Robinson

Silence—
the sound of the rose
leaving the rose

George Held

the kids asleep at last:
the perfect stillness
of the pine's moonshadow

Alex Feldvebel

pond at dawn—
the first ripples
of children's laughter

Alex Feldvebel

summer breeze—
gulls rising
above the garbage

eric l. houck jr.

sun-spill
across the bay,
each sailboat's silent passage

Jeanne Harrington

the heat . . .
the wetness of trail stones
deep in pine shade

Wally Swist

a warm breeze
passes through the wheat:
Saturday loneliness

Mike Dillon

lightning flash—
so swiftly gone
her breasts

William M. Ramsey

mid-summer heat—
sparrows fanning
in a pool of dust

summer breeze
the same shape
in every sail

Kohjin Sakamoto

sea
always
stepping in footprints

Sue Stanford

before making up . . .
we take the left-hand path
past poison mushrooms

At last—
your key in the door.

Peggy Garrison

After our quarrel
back to
back to back
in bed

Edward Grastorf

scrawled across the motel mirror her hatred in lipstick

Larry Kimmel

divorce
finalized
rain
falls
on
automatic
sprinklers

Anthony J. Pupello

on crisp fall air
through open windows
jackhammers

L.A. Davidson

salesman's wife
on tenth anniversary—
dines alone

Robert H. Deluty

rainy boat ride
widows under umbrellas
sharing husbands' deaths

Elizabeth Howard

at the Taj Mahal
a Cleveland couple
discussing their grandchildren

William Woodruff

at their wedding
a new heir apparent

Art Stein

first day of school
eyes misted over
my wife

Andrew Todaro

tongue between her teeth
child shows father how to use
his computer

Jeff Learned

retired man
without a day off
to anticipate

sixtieth birthday—
darkening the hair
she used to bleach

Dorothy McLaughlin

leaves changing
the color
of her hair, too

one more shot
with grandma
by the white oak

Ann Czarnecki

John O'Connor

the Master's speech . . .
through the serving girl's kimono
her panty-line

philosopher
at a cocktail party
wondering why

Dee Evetts

Maureen Sanders

hurricane warning
the prayer group retreating
further inland

Fred Gasser

unburdening
to the therapist's
potted ivy

William M. Ramsey

talking in her sleep
my wife
calls someone stupid

John Sheirer

The haiku on this page are from the Creative Writing class at the Isidore Newman School in New Orleans.

In this quiet field
a bread crumb
crawls away

Rebecca Hable

Mosquitoes
a painful memory
of a long kiss

Lyons Yellin

the weeping willow
hangs over
nothing at all

Jessica Neveu

A green lamp post
stands tall
among trees.

Aleksandr Bernhard

Blue light
and the televangelist
flicker onto my bed

Tai Collins

Green neon
reflects off mirrored glass
onto a filth-covered street

Bobby C. Autin II

Wedding day
her henna-dyed hands
over her breast

God, I have come
to realize
I need no explanation

Nausheen Saeed

Seven Acres of Sky

Poet's cottage . . .
an ancient grove with
morning sunbeams

Glacial boulder . . .
in the sky a cloud forms
and falls apart

Now that cicadas are still
a full moon enters
the ancient grove

Katydid chorus
watching this game
of cloud and moon

Orion
walking his star dogs
through the fireflies

Seven acres of sky . . .
a grove of ancient trees
where enchantment dwells

Lake-edge moraine
having bought some and
seven acres of sky

Boulders and trees
music from a native flute
filling the spaces

Tree voices . . .
night breezes
scattering moonlight

Firefly garden . . .
rising up
to fill the sky

This universe
this light play
where shadows dance

Robert F. Mainone

THE MIDDLE EAST

Bruce Ross

Into Egypt

Sinai highway—
forelegs shackled the camel
hops across

Dahab café—
back and forth from the terrace
the dog's shadow

Mt. Sinai ascent:
in the night the continuous stream
of camel vendors

Elijah's Hollow:
roseate dawn light covers
the fissured granite

Bedouin village:
almost missed behind wooden slats
boxes of chickens

Red Sea lagoon:
sitting legs askew, neck stretched out
poised camel

The Promised Land

Jerusalem mist:
little water droplets collect
on the tiny winter plants

sunlit Western Wall—
the birds go in and out
of the dry bushes

Dome of the Rock:
a prayer rug stuck up in
an olive tree

Galilee twilight:
two ponies graze chest deep
in yellow blossoms

Tiberias traffic—
the two cows catch their footing
in the rusted truck

Church of the Beatitudes:
the pensive nun on a cushion
stares at the sea

Jericho market—
the oranges in the truck
still have leaves

Mount of Olives:
a piece of pottery left on
the old Jewish gravestone

Jerusalem dawn:
dark late winter clouds race across
the Old City

Elijah's cave:
the weathered pale yellow lichen
in the cold air

Asherah temple:
dead dry weeds lined across
the ancient stone benches

Safed Purim parade:
the tiny bedraggled donkey
with a purple neckerchief

Safed Sabbath:
the rhythmic swaying of a skirt
from under the curtain

black and white both
cows and their old Arab shepherd
walking in the mist

just as tall
as the Arab grooming it
baby camel

Tower of David:
on a far roof in the icy air
she hangs her clothes

Second Temple mikvah:
my illuminated shadow still
on the back wall

Asherah: Chief goddess of the Canaanite pantheon.

Church of the Beatitudes: Where Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount.

curtain: Orthodox synagogues separate the genders by a curtain or low dividing wall.

Dome of the Rock: Where Mohammed ascended to Heaven.

Elijah's cave: Where the Biblical prophet took refuge for several years.

Elijah's Hollow: Place just below Mt. Sinai where the prophet took refuge.

mikvah: A Jewish ritual bath.

Mount of Olives: Associated with David, Ezekiel, and Zechariah and the scene of Jesus' Ascension.

Mt. Sinai: Where Moses received the Ten Commandments.

Purim: A lively holiday celebrating the deliverance of the Persian Jews from massacre.

Safed: One of the four sacred cities of Israel, with Jerusalem, Tiberias, and Hebron. Home of the renowned seventeenth-century kabbalist Isaac Luria.

Second Temple: The second and only reconstruction of the Temple of Solomon in Jerusalem which housed the Ark of the Covenant.

Tower of David: The Second Temple citadel.

Western Wall: The so-called "Wailing Wall" that is the most prominent remains of the Second Temple.

night

night lapping the shore
new moon tangled
in old tamaracks

timberline
night show of northern lights
or falling stars

home . . . for a while
night traffic heard as wind
through tall tamaracks

K.H. Clifton

Love Poems for Mai

Nextdoor to her parents
Mai holds me
and we melt

In the bubble bath
the two people
come together

Hovering over me
Mai drips
and we laugh

They say the best
sashimi in Japan
comes from Matsuyama

Wolcott Wheeler

praanayama
in synch
with the firefly

praanayama
the aura
of fireflies

praanayama
against the starry sky
fireflies

praanayama
combing the grass, my hair,
a gust of wind

padmaasana
a petal falls
in my lap

Pariksith Singh

praanayama: breathing yoga
padmasana: lotus-posture yoga

Reflections at a Hermitage

Cicadas—
the Hermitage
buzzes

A monk signing
to another—
baking bread

Deer season—
beyond the Hermitage,
hunters

Cherie Garvin-Jameison

Abandoned House

islands of shade
cross the yard
dragging their clouds

only the wind comes
to the boarded house
and peonies

gaping roof
and still, the door
is bolted

Neca Stoller

< < < ● > > >

A Favorite Haiku

between church bells
the gentle ringing
of rain

Adele Kenny¹

This haiku is one to listen to—from near and far, from above and below. Though it needs no comment, I find I associate it with a Chopin prelude, a Mozart adagio, and a César Franck recitative fantasia—all for me expressing the ring of raindrops, crystal clear. Adele's word "gentle" gives to her haiku a living immediacy, imbuing it with deep relaxation and a peace peculiar to light rain at an hour of calm in a quiet season. Her use for the rain of a verb common for bells enhances the overall harmony and wholeness of the experience. The church bells awaken the inner ear to experience the soft rain more clearly and more musically.

H.F. Noyes

¹From "Questi Momenti," Muse-Pie Press, 1990.

HAIBUN

The Eagle Passes

I am hiking high in the Blue Ridge Mountains. There are few trees here, mostly shrubs and bushes and a carpet of white wildflowers that seems to spread indefinitely. The trail is rocky and my eyes stay mostly on the path and the flowers close to it. Suddenly a whoosh of air causes me to stop and look upward. An eagle has come over the ridge. I catch sight of it fifteen feet over my head as it rapidly glides by and vanishes seconds later among the treetops below me.

stillness of the air
the moment before
and the moment after

Michael Ketchek

Chaco Canyon Ruin

Several miles down a dirt path is a ruin yet unexcavated. The tops of the walls show just above the mound of dirt that has collected in and around what remains of this ancient pueblo. Weeds, wildflowers and a small blooming cactus grow on this mound. The desert is reclaiming the relics of a culture that blossomed a thousand years ago.

a lizard sunning
on a rock toppled
from an ancient ruin

Michael Ketchek

At Geronimo's Grave

There are rifle ranges near Geronimo's grave at Ft. Sill, Oklahoma. You can just hear the multiple "pop-pops" on the breeze when a squad of future marksmen begins shooting, like a distant firefight. If bullets are fired directly at you, they don't go "bang" or "pop." Instead, they make little "snaps" as they break the sound barrier going past. Not connected with the sound of the rifle that fired them.

There is a cricket near the path that leads to Geronimo's grave. I know crickets. Keep one for luck in a Japanese cage each year. Only male crickets chirp. Usually they are saying, in their insect way, "I am here, on station." If a female is near, the chirp changes to a soft "whurr-whurr" which means, "come let us share pleasures."

a cricket stands guard
at Geronimo's grave—
distant rifle sounds

So I have chosen to join the trickle of visitors to Geronimo's grave, and now stand before a low pyramide taller than a man, including the stone-cast eagle on top. The pyramid is made of the same materials as early settlers' homes with brown, round, fist-sized stones stuck close together in a regular pattern, in cement. No one else is buried in this way, in this place. A regular gravestone at one side marks where Geronimo's wife is buried. At the other side lies a daughter, who died at birth like so many in that day and age.

After a while I notice that there are tributes and homemade honors placed on a small platform high up in front of the eagle, and hanging from the low pine trees on each side, just behind the grave site. Are some of these tributes from parachutists who have shouted the name "Geronimo!" in defiance of an instinct for self-preservation as they jumped into the open air? Were these modern warriors trying to summon that angry spirit who fought again and again, and survived against amazing odds?

still silent
above the tributes
a stone eagle

Jaxon Teck

The Old Wreck

Throughout the summer the old car remained hidden in the dense undergrowth. How it came to be there, or why, or even the number of people who must have passed by it without ever once suspecting its presence, I would not hazard a guess.

thicket thinned by wind—
a milkweed seed settles
on a dank stone

But now, with the advent of autumn, falling leaves have betrayed it. There it lies, a rusted relic buried up to the axles in the soft woodland floor. Over the years many of the parts have become detached—they lie scattered all around; while a number of mushroom rings hint at the presence of still others beneath the surface.

early morning frost—
mushroom caps collapse
on the leafmold

George Steel

In the Owl's Claws

After leaving the D.H. Hill Library at North Carolina State University, I notice the evening deepening all around me. A hint of orange flickers in the colossal trees along both sides of Hillsborough Street. Rainwater dries on the asphalt. Not a single shadow stirs. With hands gripping the steering wheel, I drive toward home, looking skyward. Jazz slips out of the radio. I watch the traffic light. No one else is in the car with me as I continue homeward, ready to settle into my house for the rest of this evening. I am getting hungry and I begin dreaming of hot baked sweet potatoes, barbecued chicken, buttermilk biscuits, okra, and macaroni and cheese. Suddenly I glimpse something gray moving in the sky; and all the while I continue to drive onward. I begin to creep. Momentarily, the riffs of the saxophone on my car radio seem to turn to silence. Coolness settles all around me. My eyes follow the enormous gray wings punctuating the slowly-darkening sky, studying its calmness while being absorbed in its own moment.

moon on yellow aspens
an owl flies
beyond my windshield

Witnessing a small bird in the owl's claws makes me feel a sadness for all living things. It is the uncertainty of how we will depart from the earth. A few clouds creep across the face of the moon. It seems as if that owl wanted me to see him. It is the way he swooped on the currents of Carolina air. Bonded by the natural world, I am one with this moment.

late night
remembering the clasp claws
of the owl

open Venetian blinds
moonlight strikes
the *Birds* book

Lenard D. Moore

A Moth for La Tour

On the cover of *Smithsonian* there's a painting of a gypsy girl by Georges de La Tour, a close-up shot revealing tiny cracks in the aged canvas; yet this renaissance maid appears young and fresh: her round face framed by a kerchief folded tight to her head and tied in a simple little knot under her chin, no hint of hair exposed, no wispy stray escaping. Shades of copper and rose blend together across finely cracked cheeks, her eyes portrayed in a sideways glance, engaged in trickery, the text says.

On the table beside me this magazine has mysteriously attracted a moth whose copper and rose wings perfectly match the gypsy's cheek where it rests almost camouflaged, as if the artist, weary of painting only people, had endeavored to add a touch of nature for a more rustic look.

I don't know how this tiny moth found its way inside and what instinct urged it to a surface so foreign to its natural home, yet so like its own softly colored wings. I want to leave it there, a reminder of how magic life can be.

barely visible
on her painted cheek
rose and copper moth

Linda Jeannette Ward

For Seneca

She is four years old and desperately ill; has been airlifted from one hospital to another, fighting a battle which she is not yet winning and no one can say if she will. On one occasion her parents were told that she might not live through the night.

But she is still here, emaciated and with just a few wisps of her beautiful hair remaining, connected by tubes and catheters to a bank of monitors, oxygen, morphine, intravenous food. Lately she has been guarding her energy, refusing to engage in any unnecessary talk. She pretends to be asleep when she wants people to leave her alone.

She has an older brother. He is her hero. One day he discovers that the hospital has a video game cart. He sets it up beside her bed and gives her the controls, watches and guides her through the first level of a Mario game. She sits up and plays, using her hands and arms for the first time in several days. Despite all the tubes and wires, she even uses a fair degree of body english.

a spider
behind the curtain,
all abdomen.

John Stevenson

Mercurial Moment

A sudden flash of enlightenment! Experiencing a deeper insight, leading to a more perfect understanding of what it means to be blind; this is what I like to call a mercurial moment, for its occurrence is quicksilver in nature, the very essence of azoth.

blind girl's fingertips
move over my eyelids . . .
heightened perception.

Emily Romano

My Beautiful Daughter

Two couples, two single mothers, and a grandmother, we sit in the waiting area of the residential school for girls with emotional and psychiatric disorders. We are going to have dinner with our daughters, and then attend a parents' orientation. We do not speak to each other.

Soon, two pleasant, soft-spoken women greet us and invite us to follow them. It's a long walk from the waiting area to the cafeteria where we will meet our daughters. We go, singly and in pairs, down a long hallway, and then a window-enclosed ramp with huge paintings on the inside brick wall. It is very chilly in this connecting corridor. I can see, at an angle, into the cafeteria. My 15-year-old daughter, my youngest child, waits against a back wall with a few other girls, anxiously looking outward for a glimpse of me.

colder and colder
through windows and windows
my daughter's upturned face

We go through two doors to enter the cafeteria. There are girls seated here and there at round tables. My daughter helps me get my dinner tray, but does not take one for herself. We talk and laugh, and look at photographs I've brought her. Her life of only a few weeks back, trapped on Kodak paper.

holding the guinea pig
in front of the Christmas tree
her defiant eyes

Girls come in or leave in groups of 15, led by a staff member. Some of them make silly faces as they file by, or call out to visiting parents. Are they just being kids, or is it part of why they're here?

When it's time to go, we are asked to begin saying our goodbyes when we reach the top of the ramp. Kisses, hugs and I-love-yous; see-you-soons. My beautiful daughter, taller than I am but looking so very small, is reabsorbed by the school.

parents' orientation
the palpable bond
of disintegration

Cathy Drinkwater Better

Earth Sciences 101

The student gets the news—the moon is a huge rock, unadorned, dark, gravelly, circling the earth. Like any other rock—except—it picks up sunlight, throws it back. “All that light,” the student asks, thinking of moonglow that pulls the tides, pulls lovers helpless into each other, “all that light just a reflection of the everyday sun?” The teacher nods, guiltily.

That night, watching the setting sun, the student turns:

bare rock
suddenly a light dawns:
full moon

*

A tiny notice has appeared in the newspaper. Guides will lead to the summit of Bare Mountain. Bring flashlight and warm clothes.

At 4 AM, the parking lot an ocean of dark cars, their colors blurred, overflow spilling onto the road. A muffled murmur of voices, testing lights, lacing boots. Thrilled children, proud to be awake. Babies in snowsuits and snugglies.

Slowly the group threads out single file as the trail climbs and narrows. Parents push or pull children over boulders still glinting with old March ice. As the trail curves, I see distant lights, bobbing up the slope.

dark sky
at last
tail of the comet

Hayat Abuza

Castle Acre Priory, Norfolk

No birds here. The coolness of stone under a blue sky. Forgotten hymns come to mind as I view the odd gargoyle with its mouth open. Grass fills the ruin and the old fish pond is empty.

sharing the quiet
of history
with afternoon

ai li

Route 128

we leave the highway
our argument so small
in the Colorado canyon

About sunset, we make camp on the flood plain. Somewhere close to the tent, the smell of damp silt and willow. The river moves past in its ruddy silence. Light leaves the evening sky. The stars come forward, one by one, until the sky is also a river. We find a boulder above the campsite and lay out backs against it. Alongside each other we watch the night, starry upon us.

Laurie W. Stoelting

The Woods of Childhood

The air is soft and balmy with a tempting breeze inviting, "come to the woods." I acquiesce. Taking the overgrown path which cuts behind the Firemen's Home, I leave Old Boonton Road behind me, and enter the cool, whispering woods.

spring breezes
all at once blowing cooler
beneath these old trees . . .

Ahead, I can hear a chorus of crows, warning all woodland creatures that an intruder approaches. The path inclines upward now, and I soon observe the trickling spring where skunk cabbages flank either side. A slender frog leaps from the path.

trying to equal
the spring in the frog's legs:
I leap after it!

At the crest of the rise, where the path peters out, I'm suddenly beside Polliwog Pond. A turtle pokes its head through greenish pond-scum. In vain I search for the lilies which once flourished here. Sitting upon a log, I reminisce, and consider how much smaller the old pond seems to be than when I was a child.

shrinking pond
reflecting yet
another springtime

(Inadvertantly omitted from Spring issue)

Emily Romano

Demi-myth: Grandpapa George

Of my grandparents only my mother's father did not survive long enough for me to know him from a relatively mature teenage vantage point. Impressions of Grandfather Wiedmayer thus remain skimpy, sketchy. Accompanying him on the short halting walk from house to garage-barn, sitting in the sun on the stone wall in back of the house exchanging brief phrases about inconsequencia.

In younger days he had engaged in the obligatory sport of hunting. I inherited two antique rifles and two revolvers, and later in life, struck by the anomaly of a pacifist maintaining a stash of weaponry, got rid of the firearms. He liked to wood-carve; I have kept the canes he crafted. He'd served his small community of Leetonia (Ohio) as tavern keeper (my mother keeping this shady history from me until I was an adult), in the same building which now stood simply as their house and that of some Casey cousins of my grandmother.

Greatuncle Fred, the only brother to live on into my own young adulthood, exhibited the racial and ethnic prejudices typical of these midwestern German-American small-businessmen; I gather that these biases were shared by Grandfather. (But when this son of a strict Lutheran family began courting the Irish Catholic cleaning maid—in horse-drawn carriage and heavy sealskin gloves with genuine gauntlets, which I in turn wore until they disintegrated—how the clan eyebrows must have risen!) None of these Wiedmayer men had sons. Likewise their daughters bore only daughters—with myself the sole exception in two generations. A major disappointment to my grandfather was that of having no male heir to maintain the family name. I became the nearest one could get: George Wiedmayer . . .

family grave plot
the connection there
just in the name

. . . Ralph.

I regret having only such misty recollections of my maternal grandfather. But one incident is, curiously, clear.

Grandpapa George
most vivid memory when
the bird crapped on his hat

I don't recall exactly what he muttered on the occasion, but I remember the expression of befuddlement and vague outrage: why should he

have been singled out, targeted in this arbitrary, humiliating way? And I sitting by his side on the old wooden bench silently, uncomprehendingly, sharing his helplessness in the face of the inequitable workings of the universe.

George Ralph

Storm Warning

Drenched in rain, catch cold, run fever, cough outshouts thunder, ribs rattle like the windows after each thunderbolt. Wheezing whistling laboured breath like the wind outside. Each thunderclap like the rasp of the cough. Storm peaks, trees crash, electricity poles spark, lights go off, a great black cloud blankets the house from the aerial attack. As suddenly as it came the storm abates; inside me the storm goes on, three weeks of sleepless tormented nights, a turn in bed and the pulse races, breath comes in spasms, chest hurts, head aches, cough like distant thunder rumbles, grumbles, rolls on, threatening to deluge me.

He suggests cognac and we drink it with hot water and honey. Over cheese and crackers we laugh ourselves silly till the bronchospasm stops me in my tracks. Nothing helps, chest X-ray reveals white clouds on black, the cardiologist's sinister whisper over the abnormal whoosh of the echo, so unlike any sea except the troubled one inside me. Worst fears confirmed, need hospitalization, can't wait, the thrombus in the pulmonary artery might turn killer. The tide's racing in, the angry sea rising, breathlessly, I beg for eighteen hours grace before submission till my son's examinations are over.

An IV heparin line, a tributary to the turbulent sea and oxygen, the foam on that surf helps me breathe. Laughing through the mask, I fight the great black clouds of fear. Soon the clots start breaking up and moving freely in the lungs. Cough worsens, 'showers' they call them, outside a light refreshing drizzle, longing to be out there, bare-foot in the rain, removing the mask I laugh and talk again, black clouds forgotten in the fragrance of wet earth.

now calm outside
still the cough
—storm warning

(Dedicated to my physicians, Drs. S. Varma and Jagmohan Verma of PGMER, Chandigarh, India)

Angelee Deodhar

This Morning, in Alaska

There is ice around the edge of the puddles—crystal light to match the fireweed seed that clings to stalks. The creek has lowered to a softer voice. There isn't new snow to melt in midday sun, and early frost becomes part of glacial ice.

wool mittens
out of my pocket
to shake hands with the day.

On the ridges above it is warmer. My neighbor, three miles up the road, still has nasturtiums and bachelor buttons. The lettuce and squash have not blackened, and only today she got out the sheeting to lay over the garden. We have been covering our garden against frost for a week. The valley is a pooling place for cold night air, and for midday sun.

this basin
filled with hot and cold
cleanses me.

Doris H. Thurston

A Pigmy Lion

My cat needs people and a home. It is cunning but can't fend for itself. It's an independent creature that suddenly will curl up on someone's lap without notice. It purrs with contentment.

My tabby cat
walks the catwalk
home

This cat is a domestic animal with acute senses and offers companionship with no strings attached. It likes to eat, sleep and not be bothered. What a life.

cat eyes
moving to mockingbird
singing

I read that a cat is considered a "pigmy lion." But not my cat. We bought it at a shelter, and Beba (with the pretty eyes) has never roamed far from home.

Edith Mize Lewis

Haibun for a Father

my father was no one
but an extraordinary
man

This morning I woke thinking of you! It is Saturday, June 25, peak season for Ontario strawberries, and the date of your birthday. I remember how you loved to celebrate the day with house and garden full of friends. You'd smile as they sampled your homemade concoctions. How they relished your homebaked pies, and dished up the praise as you swirled in with authentic English trifle; succulent sweet red berries, mounds of fresh whipped cream for dipping. And I'd pour the tea into fine china cups, and serve them all around the room and up and down the lawn. And I remember the carpet would be rolled up for all those quick-stepping feet. How your crowd danced up a storm! Although you dance no more, sometimes I close my eyes and see you lounging in your garden chair. In reality I know you can't be there, but I always feel your presence this time of the year.

in the garden
no tomatoes on the vine
and his chair is empty

Sheila Hyland

ERRATA

● In a haiku by **Sarah Hickenbotham** on p. 25 of *frogpond* XIX:2, misreading of a handwritten manuscript caused an error in a word. Furthermore, in an erratum on p. 77, a error was made in the supposedly corrected version of a previous error. The two haiku, hopefully printed correctly, are as follows:

Seeking ancestors
I find even names buried
beneath heavy moss

Back fenders rattling
on Nicollet Avenue
in rhythm with rap

● Two haiku by **Donna A. Ryan** appeared on pp. 21-22 of *frogpond* XIX:3, but in the author index of that issue they were ascribed to Dorothy Ryan together with one of her haiku.

(continued on p. 83)

Making Headway

Summer Renga by Francine Porad and Jean Dubois

summer sunrise
making headway
up the curved shoreline p

in straight rows the corn
knee-high d

Orion's sword
glows in the night sky
spiders spinning p

at her loom
Penelope d

lunar eclipse
I turn my back
on city lights p

Indian summer
one last fling d

falling leaves
her hair
soft to the touch p

we cruise the new mall
bench to bench d

Computer Fair
AOL badges
blinking on and off p

Windows 95
driving me up the wall d

along the fenceline Desert Broom snowdrifts	d
moonlit snow Scotch Terrier in an argyle wrap	p
Kirking of the Tartans: fighting men in skirts knives in their socks	d
from armor to khaki warriors on TV	p
framed and autographed Charles Boyer's photo his bedroom eyes	d
used to king-size the cozy double bed	p
morning breeze overhead the hawk	d
bone white in sunshine a new cord trellis	p
red roses climbing mint julips and the Kentucky Derby	d
in the trainyard runaway cow	p
	Mercer Island, WA Golden, CO

We walk this morning
barefoot through the dewy grass,
your steps next to mine.
At nine, after you had gone,
I could find no trace of us.

Anita Wintz

you roll in & out
of my life, like
the tides that tease
the shore relentlessly
season after season

Pamela A. Babusci

the time I've spend looking
for her slipper
outweighs the cause—
lost love I've heard
requires such searching

Tom Clausen

hard to separate
my award from your warm words
that came thereafter
my poems soon forgotten
your words became my mantra
(for jr)

George Knox

You were a
“person of color” when I didn't
know that way of thinking.
I only knew that peace, and
white kids, hung around you.

Kay F. Anderson

though I said yes
just yesterday
night turns the heart
and yes was yesterday
a hundred years ago

Watha Lambert

expectations—
a cruel word meaning “I thought
you could be trusted”
You mistook my happiness
for simple-mindedness

Don Hansen

In the depth of night
we enter our happiness
when we are alone:
The moon is not a flower,
a flower is not the moon.

George Gott

All day the teams
of intercollegiate rowers
plowed the lagoon
shouting in cadence, cheering,
and not one egret in sight.

MY HAIKU PARTY WITH CUP-OF-TEA: Flies

David G. Lanoue

Issa (Cup-of-Tea) has been off the planet for nearly two centuries, but that doesn't prevent us from getting together, now and then, for an old-fashioned poem-party. Just this morning, for example: we met over steaming drinks (green tea for him, decaf for me) and conversed in haiku about a summer insect, the indomitable fly.

Cup-of-Tea's poems,¹ translated by me,² are in the left column; my own, in the right.

swatting
a
fly
looking
at
a
mountain

don't
swat
the
fly!
wringing
hands
wringing
feet

through
the
big
booming
raindrops
a
fly

a
red
glint
in
the
bubble-
eye
fly

swat!
swat!
but
the
fly
escapes
laughing

belly
up
to
the
bar
beercan
fly

in
the
lacquered
tray
whoops!
the
fly
slips

mother
of
maggots
the
fly
craves
icecream

the
whole
hut
buzzing
new
arrivals
flies

like
a
faculty
meeting
cake
crumb
flies

I'm
going
out
enjoy
your
sex
hut's
flies

sun-
splashed
balcony
a
quick
honeymoon
flies

one
man
one
fly
the
great
temple
hall

licking
the
cows
licking
the
grass
flies

¹*Issa zenshū*, Shinano Mainichi Shimbunsha, 1979, Vol. 1:

1. *hae hitotsu utte wa yama wo mitari keru* (1803): 373.
2. *yare utsu na hae ga te wo suri ashi wo suru* (1821): 375.
3. *utte utte to nigarete warau hae no koe* (1822): 375.
4. *nuri bon ni korori to hae no suberi keru* (1819): 374.
5. *sawagu nara soto ga mashi zo yo io no hae* (1815): 373.
6. *rusu ni suru zo koi shite asobe io no hae* (1815): 374.
7. *hito hitori hae mo hitotsu ya ōzashiki* (1819): 374.

²Some of the translations have been previously published: David G. Lanoue, tran. *Issa: Cup-of-tea Poems*. Berkeley: Asian Humanities Press, 1991.

HAROLD G. HENDERSON AWARDS FOR HAIKU

1997, Haiku Society of America

Francine Porad and John Stevenson, judges

We were pleased and challenged to judge this year's Henderson Contest. To select the winners from a group of 649 entries, and be in agreement, is a daunting task. Criteria included: a concrete image, a moment in time, a knowledge of craft, poetic expression, a poem that reverberated. After much reading, rereading, and discussion, these are the haiku that captured and held our attention. Please remember that decisions of this type are always subjective. A thank-you to all who shared your poems and our best wishes for continuing joy and success with your writing.

First Place
(\$150)

I'm caught in it too—
the blossom-loosening wind

June Moreau
Lexington, MA

This poem is permeated with a good-humored sense of participation. The poet is decked in the human equivalent of blossoms: hair and clothing just so. Then comes the wind. Notice the careful choice of the words 'caught' and 'loosening.' The poem first presents reticence and reluctance but soon gives way of acceptance and a slightly wry self-awareness. This is saved from self-consciousness by the acknowledgment that the poet is part of a whole world of things loosened by the wind.

Second Place
(\$100)

Over the railroad tracks
the slow motion
of a snake

Garry Gay
Windsor, CA

A snake lives in its tracks, overstepping nothing. We like the contrast of the snake's vividly present motion over the tracks with that of the train which was expected but did not arrive in the poem. The term 'slow motion' makes us think of how a snake's motion, like that of the wheels of a fast-moving train, cannot quite be seen even when we are looking right at it. We also liked the juxtaposition of the supple track of the snake with the rigid rails and perhaps with heat waves shim-

mering over them both. Unlike the snake which freezes us in other poems, this one seems almost warm.

Third Place
(\$50)

The beetle I righted
flies straight into
a cobweb

George Swede
Toronto, ON, Canada

What is right? As human beings we ask this of ourselves and others constantly. As creatures among creatures, however, the question becomes less clear. Do no harm, certainly, but don't expect to change the world. And if we do catch ourselves expecting to put the world in order, a little laughter is called for. Haiku!

Honorable Mentions (alphabetical order)

leaf in my palm
its stem extends
my lifeline

Helen Davie
Atascadero, CA

A leaf and a life, balanced for a moment in a hand. The poetry of this haiku resides in the equipoise between what is true in a literal sense and what is true in a felt sense. It is wishful thinking to imagine that some omen or sign such as this might extend one's life, but it does extend one's life.. What the poet has noticed in the relationship of a hand to the stem of a fallen leaf is an illusion of length and a reality of depth. Surely the ensuing moment of poetry, implied but not stated, must be a moment of letting go.

about the tree
over my small son's grave
—tell me

Susan Gaston
Cotopaxi, CO

We kept putting this poem aside. It kept coming back. Perhaps, we thought, these emotions are too strong for a haiku. With additional readings, trying a variety of emotional tones and shadings, we found it growing on us. We hesitate to be more specific than that for fear of spoiling the experience for other readers.

musty smell
forgotten . . . deep
into the text

William J. Higginson
Santa Fe, NM

Most of us have experienced this kind of concentration. During the first pages of anything we read, our resistance is at its height. At this point, just about anything can distract us: the kids making noise, our hunger, even the smell of the book itself. After a while, though, we may find ourselves well contented to be lost in the text and the alternate world it offers us. We enjoy the suggestion in this poem that the reader and the musty smell are perhaps equally 'deep into the text.'

that Venus!
leading the cupped moon
through every turn of the road

Connie Meester
Dubuque, IA

Two bright heavenly bodies, a low-slung crescent moon and the planet Venus, are traveling together in the sky. We, too are traveling and this beauty emerges and re-emerges around every bend, dip, and rise of the road. It almost seems to be telling us something. We are traveling alone but we fancy that the moon and Venus are companions and may be leading us to some special form of companionship.

“grabs” and “opens”
the fist
sowing seeds

Kohjin Sakamoto
Kyoto, Japan

The poet knows that there is a conscious and an unconscious act of sowing seeds and that both are extensions of the seeds' own action. They too grab and open. Our mind, presented with this realization, “grabs” and “opens.” This poem could be a piece of martial arts instruction, only more gentle.

GERALD BRADY AWARDS FOR SENRYU

Michael Dylan Welch and Ce Rosenow, judges

First Place
(\$100)

tourist town
postcards of the waterfall
racked upside down

John Stevenson
Nassau, NY

This poem's third line presents an amusing surprise—something unexpected. But what I most like about this poem is its authenticity. By carefully presenting just the simplest of facts (the upside-down postcards), we get a clear insight into tourist-town life, and the life of the person responsible for racking the postcards. First, the place is very busy and the person is too rushed to notice his or her small error. Second, perhaps the person simply doesn't care, or he or she is weary of the tourists who ask the same questions over and over again or do other dumb-tourist things. I think it's also a compassionate poem—by noticing this small detail, the poet empathizes with the person responsible for racking the postcards. In that regard, it's rather funny—yet with a touch of sadness or melancholy. No sharp “moment” happens in this poem, but it uses simple, direct, and natural language very well, exhibits natural line breaks, and is very clear and immediate. —MDW

Second Place
(\$75)

carrying their canes
two old women lean
on one another

Paul Watsky
San Francisco, CA

This is a fine example of the poignant humor and the insight into human nature possible in senryu. When we need assistance, we turn to another person instinctively regardless of whether or not another form of assistance lies close at hand. We find more dignity, more self-sufficiency, in two people assisting one another, and the suggestion of the inner strength of human relationship parallels nicely with the outer strength found in physically leaning on one another. When reading this poem, I remembered my great-grandmother who lived in a nursing home. She was in her 90's and shared the room with another woman, also in her 90's. The two women spoke different languages

and were not able to communicate verbally. There were also confined to their beds or to wheelchairs. One day, the nurse came in and found them side by side in their wheelchairs, holding hands, sound asleep. They took comfort and strength in the human touch and in a shared, unspoken understanding of one another. The universal appeal of these experiences is what makes me smile, nod, and experience a heightened understanding of human nature when I read this poem. —CR

Third Place
(\$50)

first date—
in the parking lot
our car doors touch

Jeffrey Witkin
Rockville, MD

Here we have a simple, commonplace event—a first date. That the first meeting takes place in a parking lot (a neutral, “safe” place) is a detail that helps authenticate the poem—making it feel real. The poem also implies the nervousness of the two people, perhaps their desire for intimacy. We do not know if the date is starting or ending, so we don’t know if this is the beginning of their “touching” or the total extent of it. I see the date as starting, and that the touching of their doors (a small irony) is perhaps a harbinger of pleasant touchings to come (emotional, physical). On the other hand, perhaps the touching of car doors is a negative omen—if the touching causes door scratches or annoyance. We don’t know. Because enough is left unstated in this poem, we are able to dwell on its possibilities and reverberations. For me it’s a poem of whimsy, delight, longing, and expectation. On a formal level, it uses natural syntax and line breaks that enable the reader immediately to apprehend the meaning without distraction. —MDW

Honorable Mentions (in reverse alphabetical order)

parents coaxing
baby to eat
mouths wide open

Diane Tomczak
Midland, MI

This poem shows mutual imitation between parents and child and the insight it offers into human instinct and development. These traits

bring the reader both a smile and a greater awareness of human nature. The parents are encouraging the baby to eat by opening their mouths. Having opened its mouth in imitation the baby now has parents who are mirroring it in affirmation. All of this takes place less by thought and more by instinct, which contributes to the poem's humor. Initially, the humor arises from seeing the parents reducing themselves to actions adults have outgrown. But "development" is a rational construct that is shattered when we do something instinctive such as open our mouths when feeding a baby. This realization is a more complex sort of humor than that initially experienced when reading this poem. Because the poem itself is fairly general and deals with a topic that has been covered in other senryu, its success depends on the reader following the poem's scene through to its natural completion and taking time to consider his or her own reactions. —CR

handsome vendor
my name
on a grain of rice

Francine Porad
Mercer Island, WA

The key words in this poem seem to me to be "handsome vendor"—the person is not having his or her name carved on the grain of rice so much because of a particular interest in this esoteric folk art. Rather, the interest is in the vendor himself! The person probably does not really want his or her name on a grain of rice, but the cost in time and money is worthwhile in order to get to know the handsome vendor. Or perhaps the vendor is giving the grain of rice as a gift, and here again the person is eager or willing to wait because of the attraction. What we have, then, is an insight into personal relationships. We also feel the pleasing humor in this poem, all neatly implied by carefully chosen words. Furthermore, the lines are even centered, suggesting the way the vendor might center the person's name on the tiny grain of rice. —MDW

driving lesson done
father and daughter run
fingers through their hair

J. Lent
Kent, OH

This is an amusing, visual, and clear senryu moment. It is also insightful because both father and daughter have their reasons for running their fingers through their hair (indicating frustration). The father is probably exasperated at the daughter's driving mistakes or impetuosity (and maybe wishing his daughter didn't have to grow up), and most likely the daughter is exasperated at her father for reprimanding her for her mistakes or is frustrated by the limits to her freedom enforced by not yet being licensed to drive. The common action of running their fingers through their hair shows us that the father and daughter are similar in personality—like father, like daughter. Indeed, we see human reality here, and the poem give us a moment to be aware of ourselves. This is just what senryu are for!
—MDW

naked
on the bathroom scales
stomach held in

Bruce Detrick
New York, NY

This is a light and humorous poem. The irony lies in the futility of holding our stomachs in when we stand on a bathroom scale. We are a culture obsessed by weight—or the loss of it. What we do to look thinner, however, just doesn't help when we're perched on a scale. Yet perhaps the poet caught him- or herself doing just this and saw the moment's ironic humor. An alternative interpretation, also ironically humorous, is that it was necessary for the person to hold his or her stomach in simply to see the scale's readout. Senryu is a broadly ranging form of poetry that encompasses both the deeply ironic and reverberating moments of our lives, but also the light and humorous aspect of living—such as this—that make us human. —MDW

Judges' General Comments

The Haiku Society of America's 1997 Brady Senryu Contest received a total of 454 entries. In choosing winning poems, we opted for the subtler, more poignant humor found in a real, unsentimental glimpse of human nature. Sometimes the pathos of senryu can veer into sentimentality, or the humor can be merely clever without further substance. Some senryu, as Lee Gurga has pointed out in his very useful article, "Kyoku and Beyond" [*Modern Haiku* XXVIII:1 (1996)], may be best labeled as *kyoku*—light, witty, humorous items that are not

as deeply reverberating as senryu (and haiku) can be. We feel that senryu should be more than mere wordplay and knee-slapping entertainment.

Senryu can include a variety of approaches, however. This poetry can be humorous without relying only on cheap or light wordplay. Senryu also embraces the ironic and satirical—and such poems are not necessarily funny. Whatever the tone, senryu should show us our fundamental humanity, like a mirror held to a newborn's smile.

In making our choices, we tried to avoid any wordplay, coincidence, and juxtaposition that did no more than make the reader chuckle without providing insight. We feel it is the insight that leads to senryu's humor. Moreover, we wanted to be moved by the winners—whether humorous, insightful, or satirical. Above all, although senryu is distinct from haiku by being primarily focused on human nature, we maintain that haiku's twin sister should always value truth and authenticity.

A small number of the poems submitted were unquestionably haiku rather than senryu, due to their seasonal and entirely nature-centered content. Indeed, one or two of these haiku entries were quite good and it was too bad that they ended up in the senryu contest. A senryu may be about nature, but it should include human interaction to a sufficient degree. For those wishing more information on this point, William J. Higginson's recent book, "The Haiku Seasons" (Kodansha, 1996), contains an excellent chapter on the differences between haiku and senryu. Twins aren't always easy to tell apart, we agree, but the personalities, if not the appearances, of haiku and senryu help make them quite distinct.

Perhaps senryu is a neglected art, but because it is so often a warm and rewarding form, we feel it deserves more attention. We see this contest as having three main purposes: to promote the senryu genre, to identify specific examples of good senryu, and to encourage individual poets who write senryu. We congratulate the prize-winners, and in addition list four honorable mentions. Of course, we also wish to encourage and offer thanks to everyone who entered for supporting the Society and the art of senryu. Comments have been given on each of the winners and honorable mentions, and, in the spirit of turning things on their heads (as senryu sometimes does), we have offered the honorable mentions in reverse alphabetical order by the poets' last names.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Hidden Pond: Anthology of Modern Haiku [Japan]. Edited by Kōko Katō. Tr. with commentary by Kōko Katō and David Burleigh. Book designer Kōji Ito. Illus. Satoe Hibino. Kadokawa Shoten, Tokyo, 1997. xxix + 253 pp. 5¼×7⅝ in. hardbound. Price and availability: query editor Kōko Katō, 1-36-7 Ishida-chō, Mizuho-ku, Nagoya, 467 Japan.

Again a fine book worthy of every haiku lover's library has been compiled by Kōko Katō from the work of modern Japanese writers, chosen for translation, she says, as ones that appealed to her and not to represent the authors' output. Her aim is to show individual ordinary lives, such as an example in her Introduction, one by Mrs. Ayako Hosoni (1907—):

in my ordinary clothes
thinking ordinary thoughts—
peach blossoms

The nearly 220 haiku by 190 poets are not grouped by author, but scattered. Two poets have as many as five poems, a few two or three. The Table of Contents lists each haiku separately by chronological page number to present this wide range of 20th-century writers, most of whom are still alive. It is not arranged for quick reference to a particular poet, subject, or season. It follows traditional seasons, but does so in a flow rather than in defined segments. To savor fully or to prepare for further study, it would be well first simply to read through casually, noting pages of poets and poems of special interest. The Contents give a few key words, author's name, and page number; one must search to find a specific author. Names are in traditional Japanese order, surname first.

Each page contains the haiku in *kanji/kana* and *romaji* with author's name and dates, the haiku in English, with individual words listed below one on one in both languages, and a paragraph of information, including the haiku group with which the writer is affiliated.

Because of the consistently fine standard, samples are given in season sequence:

A river in January
running through
a January valley

Iida Ryūta (1920—)

Midwinter cold
spreading blue silk across
the morning sky

Arima Kazukō (1910—)

A bonfire in spring—
one of those beside it was
gazing at the sea

Sato Kazuo (1929—)

Into an ear so huge
that we call it a lake
comes the cuckoo's cry

Takaha Shugyo (1930—)

The voice of autumn—
a lavender breeze moves
through the *koto* strings

Katō Kōko (1931—)

A winter wasp
with nowhere to die
goes stumbling on

Murakami Kijō (1865—1938)

The translation is so smooth that one forgets it is not originally in English. Ms. Katō, in an Afterword, gives her thoughts on translating as a need to preserve the “poetic element,” to establish the form of haiku and references to nature, and also gives a brief discussion of cutting words and the development of modern Japanese haiku.

She teaches at Nagoya Junior College, is president of Kō Poetry Association, and publishes *Kō* magazine with ten issues in Japanese and two in English annually. She is on the boards of both Haiku International Association and the Museum of Haiku Literature. Her co-translator and co-author of commentary, David Burleigh, was born and educated in Northern Ireland and is an Associate Professor at Ferris University. He is very interested in Japanese culture. Both are well published. Their Profiles, which appear at the end of the book along with the Editor's Afterword, might well be read before the book is read.

In the Foreword Arima Akito, President of Haiku International Association, rightly praises their efforts and predicts that they will set “a precedent for future haiku translation.” Sato Kazuo, Professor at Waseda University, Director of the Museum of Haiku Literature, and immersed in Japanese-American haiku relations, mentions in the Preface a past dearth of information in English about modern Japanese haiku, citing a brief list.

In 1978 the annual meeting of the Haiku Society of America had as one of its guest speakers Mori Sumio (1919—), whose summer haiku is a fittingly sprightly close to a review of this very readable book:

A hundred peonies
churning in the breeze like
water on the boil

Reviewed by L.A. Davidson

Silence: Collected Haiku. Bruce Ross. HMS Press, 1997. 60 unnumb. pp, 5½×8¼ in, paper, perfectbound. \$8 (\$10 foreign) ppd from author at 43 Little Eagle Bay, Burlington, VT 05401.

True to this collection's title, most of these 97 haiku zero in on the various aspects of quietness that touch our lives. The eye and mind easily follow Bruce Ross as he zooms in on such images as "the edge of a dry leaf" and occasionally surprises us with a look beyond to a "path of silent lightning." While a gentle balance exists between both territories in this collection, we find the poet drawn more often to the livingness of and on the land:

spring sunset . . .
every clump of turned earth
shining

hazy morning:
they walk slowly to the barn
summer cows

Moments like these invite reader participation. Turned earth . . . a memory flashes through my mind of my grandparents' farm so many years ago and I suddenly recall the colors, scents, warmth and textures of freshly turned earth shining in the sun. Summer cows . . . again, the recall of these gentle creatures heavy with milk returning through the mist to the barn . . . the scent of clean air and damp grass, the odor of approaching animals. A sense of serenity in both haiku.

Ross is realistic enough, though, to acknowledge darker moments in the scheme of things:

Hegins pigeon shoot—
a monarch butterfly floats
across the killing fields

early autumn—
the dead mole's paws so close
to its body

The first of these haiku reminds us that despite humankind's insatiable lust for the taking of life, nature and beauty survive. The "silence" in this poem virtually screams, evoking such compassion that the reader catches the strains of a musical lament as the butterfly surveys the carnage. The second haiku, on the other hand, suggests a natural death. The mole, having fulfilled its life span, now lies silently, its paws folded—even the lowly mole has found peace. How appropriate that its life should end in autumn when nature prepares for its long sleep.

In this collection, one is also aware of a strong sense of time, with the emphasis on waiting. "The slow ticking/of the clock", "empty boxes waiting beneath/the apple trees", "the last flickering/of the Sabbath candles." I was particularly drawn to the following haiku:

a spider huddled
in the ceiling corner
endless spring rain

winter stillness . . .
on a high branch the crow
opens and closes its beak

My zany sense of humor immediately pictured a scrunched-up, scowling spider waiting for the rain to stop (forgive me, but I thought of Winston Churchill!). With that fun image out of the way, I remembered that endless rain is actually the indoor spider's ally: insects from outside scurry to find safety in the house, some inevitably ending up in the spider's web. In Nature's wisdom, then, a balance—and a lesson: those who patiently wait usually reap rewards. The next haiku intrigues me because, if memory serves, birds cool themselves by opening and closing their beaks. But surely a winter crow isn't overheated, so this haiku really made me think. Is the bird cawing? I don't believe so; I get the impression of total silence. As a Northerner, I am only too familiar with still winter air that is so cold that one has difficulty in breathing. Perhaps the crow, waiting on a high branch for sunrise to warm the air or for a gust of wind, silently gasps for breath as well.

If, before going to press, this book had been subjected to haiku editing by the publisher, some problems may have been avoided. As it is, chronologically misplaced poems disrupt the flow as a whole, while the frequent use of "the" (even where an article is not required) becomes somewhat tiresome. Furthermore, a few haiku could have been more logically thought out:

how still
the kneeling lamb sculpture
on the gravestone

country road—
the silence of fallen
crab apples

Nevertheless, enough haiku in this collection are certain to pleasure more than a few readers.

silence
the snow-covered rock
under winter stars

Reviewed by Elizabeth St Jacques

Seeds from a Birch Tree: Writing Haiku and the Spiritual Journey. Clark Strand. Hyperion, 114 Fifth Ave., New York NY 10011; 1997. xviii + 189 pp, 5½×8¼ in. hardbound. \$19.95; Canada \$26.95.

In most types of spiritual search, there are formalized methodologies, such as painful postures, stylized movements, specialized noises and scents, fasting and other “mortifications of the flesh,” that are said to assist the seeker in centering to the search. The problem is that too often the pointing finger becomes confused with the object being indicated or, as Alan Watts put it, we eat the menu instead of the meal; that is, the form becomes more important than the goal.

In this book Clark Strand, former Buddhist monk and most recent editor of *Tricycle: The Buddhist Review*, discusses the practice of haiku-writing as a spiritual path. He advocates adherence to a strict form:

A haiku is a seventeen-syllable poem on a subject drawn from nature. This is both the simplest explanation and the secret of the art. . . . I stress its importance again, not because it is difficult to grasp, but because it expresses the proper frame of mind for composing haiku, which is the one thing everyone forgets. . . . Therefore, it needs to be reclarified at every stage of practice before going on. A haiku is a seventeen-syllable poem.

In another part of the book, Strand argues the necessity of strict form, announcing the impending end of the North American haiku world:

If we have no interest in using haiku as a spiritual practice, it is unnecessary to count syllables at all. We could, for instance, write a haiku in any form—one line, four, or seventeen—and insert the season or not. . . . I doubt if haiku would endure beyond a few decades in America if it were practiced in this way.

Inasmuch as North Americans have been writing in nonrigid form (although not too many in 17 lines) for well over four decades, it would appear that Armageddon is a bit late! Finally, the author comments on form in a way that ends up sounding positively Orwellian:

There is a mistaken belief that form is confining and limiting. In reality, nothing has done more to limit the development of haiku in English than this idea. Ultimately, it is the very strictness of haiku which allows us to *forget* the form and enter into a more profound relationship with nature and other people. . . . When the form remains unfixed, however, then poets become stuck at the level of form. Paradoxically, by rejecting it, they become its captive.

Strand devotes a short chapter to Breaking the Form, for which he states that there are no rules, except:

If breaking the form in a particular instance preserves the spirit of haiku, then the poet must break the form. Indeed, in such a case, abiding by the form would have killed that spirit.

Although he states that this is seldom really necessary, and that it should be restricted to one syllable, Strand has put his finger on the problem of form in English-language haiku. But he never addresses the point that the spirit of the Japanese one-breath poem—its *shibumi*—is readily destroyed by equating the ultrashort Japanese *onji* with the long English syllable. To his credit, many of the examples cited (by himself, his students, and a sprinkling of well-known American haikuists) use short syllables containing but one consonantal sound, which are thus most similar to *onji*. However, he does not state this important point in the book, and many other examples use long syllables like “bright,” “wild,” “round,” “print,” “leaves,” and others containing multiple consonantal sounds per vowel. And I was amused to find that he treats “fingernail” as a three-syllable word, although anyone who, like he, went to college in Monteagle, Tennessee, should know that it has four! But it is illuminating that his example of what he, in agreement with Donald Keene, calls “a masterpiece of haiku” is Shiki’s “cockscombs” in a nine-syllable translation by Janine Beichman:

cockscombs . . .
must be 14,
or 15

But once one gets past Strand’s formal dogmatism, there is valuable advice to be found. For example:

In haiku there must be no posturing at all—especially *spiritual* posturing. I often say to students that when they have composed a real haiku, that is the point at which we can legitimately begin to talk about their verse in terms of Zen. A Zen haiku is simply an ordinary haiku composed in the ordinary way. The object is not to create some special kind of poem, but merely to relax into the moment as it is and abide there peacefully . . .

From my own experience, I have found it helpful to keep a moderately messy notebook—one in which I can feel free to scribble notes at random moments of the day. . . . The correct way to use the haiku diary is just to be very free and open. . . . Write down your haiku just as they come to mind, without too much deliberation over whether they are good or bad. Improvement takes place slowly, so just set them down the way they come and stay alert for the next opportunity to write.

● Try This ● Take a thirty-minute walk. . . . In the first ten minutes, keep your notebook in your pocket. Just relax into the feeling of being outdoors. . . . In the second ten minutes, let nature begin to displace the ordinary day to day concerns that occupy your mind. Take the time to pause briefly over things that you find beautiful or interesting. Such pauses create a space in your life for something to enter in. . . . In the last ten minutes, let that *something* come in. Now take your notebook out of your pocket . . .

Haiku is both a very outward and a profoundly contemplative, inner kind of art. It is not possible to sacrifice either way and still be writing haiku. If we only understand looking out, our poems will have no heart. If only looking in, they are likely to become self-indulgent or obscure.

Despite a framework of rigidity, such understanding of process!

Reviewed by Kenneth C. Leibman

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.

across the harbour. Jeanette Stace. Bearfax Publications, POB 27-190, Wellington, New Zealand, 1996. 32 pp, 4×5¾ in. paper, saddle-stapled. NZ\$5.00; elsewhere, enquire.

A Solitary Leaf (1996 Members Anthology, Haiku Society of America). Randy M. Brooks & Lee Gurga, eds. 40 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$9 ppd from Brooks Books, 4634 Hale Dr., Decatur IL 62526.

A Wind Off the Sea, Lane Dunlop. Backwoods Broadsides Chaplet Series No. 25; c/o Sylvester Pollet, RR 5 Box 3630, Ellsworth, ME 04605-9529. 8-p folder on 8½×14 in sheet. \$1 ppd.

beyond within: A Collection of Rengay. Carol Conti-Entin, Helen K. Davie, Cherie Hunter Day, D. Claire Gallagher, Marianna Monaco, Ce Rosenow, Ebba Story, Joan Zimmerman. Sundog Press, POB 91128, Portland, OR 97291; 1997. 55 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfect-bound. \$9.95 + s&h: \$1.50/copy US \$ Canada; \$3.00 overseas.

can i get there by candle. anne mckay. wind chimes press, 1996. 80 unnumb. pp, 7×4¼ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$6.50 from author, Studio B, 1506 Victoria Dr., Vancouver, BC V5L 2Y9, Canada.

Cherry Blossom Rain (Anthology IV, Northwest Region, Haiku Society of America, 1997). Mary Fran Meer, ed. 32 pp, 5¼×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$7.50 ppd from editor, 1128 - 108 Ave. SE, Bellevue WA 98004.

endgrain: haiku & senryu 1988-1977. Dee Evetts. Red Moon Press, POB 2461, Winchester, VA 22604; 1997. x + 51 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. US\$10 + \$2/order p&h: checks payable to Red Moon Press; other currencies at US\$1 = £0.60 = Can\$1.35: checks payable to Dee Evetts.

Flows Down the Mountain (1997 Members' Anthology, Haiku Poets of Northern California). D. Claire Gallagher and Ebba Story, eds. Two Autumns Press, 478 Guerrero St., San Francisco, CA 94110; 1997. 24 pp, 5¼×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$7.00 ppd.

Gathering Light: an international haiku anthology (The Herb Barrett Award, 1996). LeRoy Gorman, ed. hamilton haiku press, 237 Prospect

St. S, Hamilton, ON L8M 2Z6, Canada, 1997. iv + 27 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. US\$6; Can\$6.

Haibun: Words & Pictures. Vladimir Devidé. Illust. Nada Žiljak. Publisher: FS d.o.o, Masarykova 28, Zagreb, Croatia, 1997. 79 pp, 6½×10¼ in. hardbound. Price: enquire.

In and Out of Fog. Lee Gurga. Illust. Lidia Rozmus. Press Here, POB 4014, Foster City CA 94404; 1997. 60 pp, 5×5 in. paper, perfectbound. \$13 ppd (checks payable to Michael D. Welch).

Întâlnire în Amurg/Recontre au Crépuscule/Meeting in the Twilight. Ștefan Gh. Theodoru; French tran. Ana Luana Stoicea; English trans. Virginia Cucu. Editura Haiku, București, Romania, 1994. 151 pp, 4×5½ in. paper, perfectbound. US\$8 ppd US, US\$9 Canada & Mexico, US\$10 overseas (checks payable to Stefan G. Theodoru); send to him at 28-18 29th St., Island City, NY 11102.

In the Waterfall. Spring Street Haiku Group, 1997. 27 unnumb. pp, 4×5½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$3.00 ppd from Dee Evetts, 102 Forsyth St. #18, New York, NY 10002.

Shades of Green (1997 Haiku North America anthology). Michael Dylan Welch, ed. Press Here, Foster City, CA 94404; 1997. 24 pp, 5½×8½ in. paper, saddle-stapled. \$7 ppd (checks payable to Michael D. Welch).

Short Distance Long Journey. Jeb Barton. Self-published in Bali, 1997. iv + 66 pp, bamboo paper; 6½×5 in. boards, side-sewn; decorated with rice paper and Akar Wang root bundles; window-boxed with string-and-button tie. Retail \$25; to HSA members, \$15 ppd from author at 17671 Snow Creek, Bend, OR 97701.

Tamarack & Clearcut. Marianne Bluger. Photog. Rudi Haas. Carleton Univ. Press, 1400 CTTC, Carleton U., 1125 Colonel By Dr., Ottawa ON K1S 5B6, Canada; 1997. 96 pp, 11×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. Can\$29.90 ppd; enquire for US & foreign ppd prices.

The Light Comes Slowly. Edith Shiffert. Illust. Kohka Saito. Katsura Press, POB 275, Lake Oswego, OR 97034; 1997. 113 unnumb. pp, 5¼×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. \$14.95.

The Spring Journey to the Saxon Shore. David Cobb. Equinox Press, Sinodun House, Shalford, Braintree, Essex CM7 5HN; 1997. Haibun; 63 pp, 5¾×8½ in. paper, perfectbound. £5.00; enquire US ppd price.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

CONTESTS AND AWARDS

Pennsylvania Poetry Society Annual Contest, Haiku Category: Postmark deadline: Jan. 15, 1998. One traditional or modern haiku, unpublished, not under consideration elsewhere, typed on 8½×11" white paper in duplicate; both with "Category #11, Cecilia Parsons Miller Memorial Award" in UL corner. On one copy only, your name, address, and whether you are a PPS member in UR corner. Send, together with separate cover sheet containing 1) your name & address, 2) category number & name as above, 3) first line of haiku, 4) name & address of your local newspaper; SASE for winners' list; check for \$1.50 entry fee payable to PPS, Inc. Prizes \$25/15/10 + pub. in annual, "PPS Prize Poems." Mail to Lillian Tweedy, 2488 New Franklin Rd., Chambersburg PA 17201.

Winfred Press "Haiku Happens!" Haiku/Senryu Contest: In-hand deadline Jan. 30, 1998. Unlimited poems, with minimum of 2. Each on two 3×5" cards, one containing name, address, & phone no. Up to 250 bumper stickers with winning poem will be printed; winner gets 50, as well as a laminated bumper sticker. 30 poems will be published in an anthology. All entrants receive 1 bumper sticker. Send with entry fee of \$1 or 1 IRC per poem to "Haiku Happens!" Poetry Contest, Winfred Press, 364 Wilson Hill Rd., Colrain MA 01340.

Poets' Study Club, 58th Annual International Poetry Contest: In-hand deadline Feb. 1, 1998. Three categories: Serious Poems, Light Verse, Traditional Haiku. Submit only one poem per category entered, with author name & address on each typed 8½×11" sheet, to Annual International Contest, Esther Alman, 826 South Center St., Terre Haute IN 47807. Prizes each category: \$25/15. No entry fee.

New Zealand Poetry Society, Haiku Categories (Junior and Senior): Deadline Feb. 21, 1998. Prizes NZ\$250/100/50. Entry fee NZ\$3/5 haiku. Official entry form needed; write (SAE + IRC) to NZ Poetry Soc., POB 48-002, Silverstream, Upper Hutt, New Zealand.

National League of American Pen Women (Palomar Branch) 1998 International Poetry Contest, Haiku Category: Deadline Mar. 12, 1998. Prizes \$50/25/10 + HM's; winners pub. in chapbook. Unpublished haiku on 8½×11" paper in duplicate: category "Haiku" typed on both; name, address, & phone no. on one copy only. Send, with fee of \$5/3 haiku (checks & MO's payable to NLAPW) and SASE for winners' list, to Helen J. Sherry, 11929 Caminito Corriente, San Diego CA 92128.

The Kayfa Roshi Award: Kay F. Anderson announces the establishment of this award "for life-changing haiku action in support of youth." \$200 award offered annually to teachers teaching haiku in such a way that youth find release and healing for injured spirit, and experience new joy coupled with empathy in a moment. The award may be divided between editor and poet, or another teacher, or teachers. In certain conditions, a teacher of adults may be eligible. The "enlightened teacher" award will be announced each May Day. Nominations may be submitted at any time throughout the year, by teachers themselves (about themselves) or by others. No entry fee; multiple submissions allowed. For full description of type of detailed and specific explanations of merit required, send SASE to Kay F. Anderson, 569 Marlin Ct., Redwood City CA 94065-1213. The awardees for 1997 were teacher *Susan Villarreal* and editor *Robert Spiess*.

CONTEST WINNERS

Tallahassee Writer's Association 1996 Penumbra Poetry Contest; Haiku Category: 1st, John S. O'Connor; 2nd, Yvonne Hardenbrook; 3rd, Alexius J. Burgess; HM's include Roberta Beary, Ellen Compton, Carol Dagenhardt, Jeanne Emrich, Garry Gay, Jim Kacian, Kohjin Sakamoto, Helen J. Sherry, Denver Stull.

NLAPW Palomar Branch 1997 International Poetry Contest, Haiku Category: 1st, James Tipton; 2nd, Claire Gallagher, 3rd, Timothy Russell. HM's include Roberta Beary, Margarita Engle, Yvonne Hardenbrook, June Moreau.

Hawaii Education Association 19th Annual International Haiku Contest: *Season Word Category:* 1st & 3rd, Kohjin Sakamoto; 2nd, Garry Gay; *Hawai'i Word Category:* 1st, Susan Delaney Mech; 2nd, ai li; 3rd, Sidney Bougy; *Humorous Category:* 1st, Jack Lent; 2nd, Tom Clausen; 3rd, Glenn Gustafson. HM's include Barbara Ressler, Lee Gurga, Ernest J. Berry, Bruce Ross, Michael Fessler, Marijan Čekolj, Bill Pauly, Sue-Stapleton Tkach, Rita Z. Mazur, Valorie Woerdehoff, Connie Meester, D. Ortiz, Francine Porad, Dorothy McLaughlin.

New Zealand Poetry Society 1997 International Competition, Haiku Section: 1st, Barbara Strang; 2nd, H.F. Noyes; 3rd, K.B. Pemberthy. HM's include Ernest J. Berry, Janice Bostok, Catherine Mair, John O'Connor.

still Haiku award, Spring 1997: 1st, Nathan Braund; 2nd, Andrew Brown; 3rd, Alexis K. Rotella. **Autumn 1997:** 1st, Leonard John Nike; 2nd, Vincent Tripi; 3rd, Jon Gilson.

Herb Barrett Award 1996: 1st, Jeffrey Witkin; 2nd, Brian David Johnston; 3rd, Mary Partridge.

Canadian Writer's Journal 1997 Poetry Competition, Haiku Category: 1st, H.F. Noyes; 2nd, Ernest J. Berry; 3rd, Lee Gurga. HM's: Charles P. Trumbull, Lee Gurga, Winona Baker.

PUBLICATIONS

1997 HSA Members' Anthology, entitled "From a Kind Neighbor," has appeared. \$9 ppd (US & Canada; \$10 elsewhere); make checks to and send to John Stevenson, POB 122, Nassau NY 12123.

Persimmon. The first issue of this semiannual has appeared. See announcement in *frogpond* XX:1 for details. Deadline for second issue: March 31, 1998.

Presence. A British magazine of haikai and other short poetry. Subscription (2 issues): £5 (sterling check payable to Martin Lucas); or \$10 in US bills only. Address: Presence, 1 East View, Galgate, Lancaster LA2 0JT, England, UK.

Alba. An occasional magazine of short, "speculative" (science fiction or astronomical) poetry, including haiku. #4 now available for \$3; make checks payable to and send to Harry Bose, 2050 S.W. Runnion Dr., Pendleton OR 97801. No submissions accepted until #5 is announced; include SASE or e-mail address for notification.

ERRATA (continued from p. 57)

- In two haiku by **William Woodruff** on pp. 23-24 of *frogpond* XX:1, commas were accidentally omitted. The correct haiku are as follows:

helped out of the rubble,
she asks the fireman
to please rescue her doll

Bach in my earphones,
me on the carpet
paper-toweling dog pee

- In the haibun, "A Flock of Seven Hundred Swans" by **Brent Partridge** on p.36 of *frogpond* XX:1, the word "but" in the last sentence of the first paragraph was not in the original manuscript.

- **Michael Dylan Welch** has informed us that his pricing information enclosed with "Turning My Chair," from which the heading of the review on p. 62 of *frogpond* XX:1 was derived, was incorrect in not stating that checks should be payable to him rather than to Press Here.

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