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## Submissions Policy

(Please follow the submission guidelines carefully.)

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 All submissions must be original, unpublished work that is not being considered elsewhere and must not be on the Internet (except for Twitter and Facebook) prior to appearing in *Frogpond*.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

### The Submission May Include Any or All of the Following:

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

### Submission Periods:

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

Acceptances will be sent after the end of each period.

### Note to Publishers:

Books for review may be sent at any time.

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Literature Award  
\$100**

for the best previously unpublished work appearing in the  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

**From Issue 37:2**

still watching me  
with her knowing look—  
my childhood doll

***Gwenn Gurnack***  
Boston, MA



## Haiku & Senryu

first frost—  
plants draped in tarp  
haunt the garden

Patricia J. Machmiller, San Jose, CA

wind chimes  
how long not much  
goes on

Ann K. Schwader, Westminster, CO

she comes to me  
attired only  
in a short night

Ernest Wit, Warsaw, Poland

floating twigs—  
the ants choose  
their ways

Pravat Kumar Padhy, Odisha, India

charcoal overcoats  
all their lives worn down  
to serious business

Nathan Renie, Chicago, IL

this life—  
shaking dust off my shoes  
at the front door

Edward J. Rielly, Westbrook, ME

stormy night—  
when the lights go out  
he teaches me to tango

Becky Reich, Hollandale, WI

morning alarm  
I forget the girl  
of my dreams

Troy P. Thompson, New York, NY

summer eve  
the sound of moths  
as I drive

Jeff Hoagland, Hopewell, NJ

the heat  
church gargoyles  
catching a breeze

Zinovy Vayman, Allston, MA

red tape—  
feeding paper swans  
to the shredder

Jim Warner, Springfield, IL

the story  
in the embrace  
of the story

Kim Peter Kovac, Alexandria, VA

tea leaves  
foreseeing the future  
in the compost heap

Autumn Noelle Hall, Green Mountain Falls, CO

early morning  
weather report  
soggy cat

Mark Levy, Oakland, CA

scrolls and tapestries  
the only public hangings  
I attend

Cynthia Gallagher, Chicago, IL

cool jazz  
butterflies on a lilac  
breeze

Joe McKeon, Strongsville, OH

returning geese—  
the neighbor comes over  
to kibbitz

Barry George, Philadelphia, PA

Mt. Olympus . . .  
our 25th anniversary  
relighting the torch

william scott galasso, Edmonds, WA

a single cloud—  
she spends the evening  
cutting quilt pieces

Elizabeth Howard, Crossville, TN



bean stalks—  
height marks fade  
in our childhood room

Arvinder Kaur, Chandigarh, India

new neighbours  
the potluck dinner  
spicier this year

Susan Constable, Nanoose Bay, BC

antiquarian book fair  
a long line  
of antiquarians

David Jacobs, London, England

evening shadows  
the shabby chic  
of an iris

Gregory Longenecker, Pasadena, CA

autumn afternoon  
a chickadee watches me  
raking in the wind

Sue Colpitts, Peterborough, ON

high tide  
the lifeguard stands  
in his tower

George Dorsty, Yorktown, VA

apple blossoms—  
discovering grandmother  
eloped

J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, CA

dogwood tree  
we cut lavender  
in our church shoes

kate s. godsey, Pacifica, CA

dusk  
getting deeper into red  
wine

Ben Moeller-Gaa, St. Louis, MO

it paints a dark picture  
of autumn  
my umbrella

Tom Rault, Laxviken, Sweden

wind-tipped leaf  
the year the day  
half over

Munira Judith Avinger, Lac Brome, QC

warm southerlies  
stirring the winter doldrums  
skeins of geese

David J Kelly, Dublin, Ireland

no guarantee  
you'll like what you get  
orange glads

Ignatius Fay, Sudbury, ON

the pink  
of a junco's beak  
light snow falling

Brad Bennett, Arlington, MA

storm outside—  
the flame within  
doesn't flicker

Kumarendra Mallick, Hyderabad, India

long winter—  
cracking an egg to find  
the color of life

Kristen Deming, Bethesda, MD

wilderness adventure  
new pathways  
through the neurons

John Watson, Columbia, CA

wild geese  
where wild geese have gone  
plenty of sky to go

Gary Hotham, Scaggsville, MD

black ice  
I watch your heartbeat  
stumble across the monitor

Patricia Pella, Woodland, CA

straight, no chaser  
whiskey-colored  
sunset

Johnny Baranski, Vancouver, WA

my father's funeral—  
I thought  
it would be bigger

Ken Olson, Yakima, WA

windows smaller  
the higher they go—  
weeds in the schoolyard

P M F Johnson, Minneapolis, MN

calling hours  
the first lady's slipper  
deep in the woods

Ann Magyar, Brighton, MA

summer storm . . .  
I push the beetle  
back on its feet

Nicholas Klacsanzky, Edmonds, WA

leaves catching rain  
the dog's eyes  
watery with age

Paul Chambers, Newport, Wales

passing through  
the amber of pregnant horses  
a winter galaxy

for a fleeting moment  
a crab becomes a god  
hunting sideways

Scott Terrill, Melbourne, Australia

North Star  
the first drop of morphine  
on mom's tongue

tea steam evaporating a dream of snow monkeys

Joyce Clement, Bristol, CT

hilltop cemetery  
touching another world  
with my tongue

I thought I knew you Queen Anne's lace

Lee Gurga, Champaign, IL

aurora borealis—  
the swan necks  
her fingers make

aerating the wine . . .  
notes from a distant  
orange grove

Marie Louise Munro, Tarzana, CA

restless night  
small feathers  
fall from my chest

cricket half of a smaller infinity

David Boyer, Stamford, CN

step by step  
my daughter and i climb  
the mountain mist

alpine meadow swifts soaring in my knees

Bruce H. Feingold, Berkeley, CA

where the fish rest  
as they drift  
trusting again

paisley the windy sun of then all the dreams

Susan Diridoni, Kensington, CA

her hips  
a pine the surf  
made smooth

to  
sound

to  
touch  
pitch

(her  
ring)

Mark Harris, Princeton, NJ

overhanging ledge the loneliness of wind

Tim Gardiner, Essex, England



all I need  
of forgiveness  
snowdrops

breaking up a sentence fragment

Tom Painting, Atlanta, GA

season of loss  
i adopt the color  
my mother wore

sunshine state  
my sister's mania  
in full bloom

Roberta Beary, Bethesda, MD

crows through rain an irrational number

Michelle Tennison, Blackwood, NJ

cattails gone to seed the hands I miss holding

Michael Blottenberger, Hanover, PA

her father's footsteps  
our shadow  
splits in two

Carl Seguiban, Burnaby, BC

wherever I am with her Paris

Robert Epstein, El Cerrito, CA

sleepless night  
the crescent moon  
unhinged

Jennifer Thompson, Charles Town, WV

autumn wind—  
a leaf curls around  
its shadow

Rita Odeh, Nazareth, Israel

year's end  
one pants size  
wiser

Michael Henry Lee, Saint Augustine, FL

dog tracks  
the hole in the ice  
my heart's drain

Marsh Muirhead, Bemidji, MN

pregnant for sure some green on the hills

Jeff Stillman, Norwich, NY

late jacaranda  
the bridesmaid dress  
too small

Deborah P Kolodji, Temple City, CA

where we left  
the moonlight last night  
dandelion seeds

Jeanne Cook, South Bend, IN

adagio  
she brushes back a wisp  
of her daughter's hair

Victor Ortiz, San Pedro, CA

blackberry brambles  
her story  
not mine to tell

growing used to growing older lilac dusk

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, CA

antiques auction—  
just beyond my price range  
a tantalus

writing a check  
for the lithograph  
of Escher's hands

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, NY

learning to write  
an ancient language  
spiderlings

D W Brydon

wild violets . . .  
declaring myself  
between the lines

rock paper scissors nightfall

Christopher Patchel, Mettawa, IL

an app for how to feel  
waning gibbous  
56% visible

afternoon rain  
emptying a book  
of its words

Peter Newton, Winchendon, MA

waning moon  
space  
a thief left

Elmedin Kadric, Helsingborg, Sweden

another game  
of “Mother, May I?”  
the questions still unasked

Angela Terry, Lake Forest Park, WA

a shared life  
reduced to memories  
empty cookie jar

Diane Wallihan, Port Townsend, WA

fog on the river  
spring begins with another  
one-night stand

Chris Galford, Walker, MI

perigee moon  
a humpback whale  
rolls on the shore

Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia

cricket box  
in an antique store  
gathering quiet

Jeffrey McMullen, Cuba, NY

the fragrance  
of night blooming cacti . . .  
her buttons undone

Paresh Tiwari, Hyderabad, India

summer heat  
swirls of robinia petals  
lighten the wind

Roxane Taleb, Geneva, Switzerland

from a windowsill  
a sax player riffing  
with the thunderstorm

Frank Higgins, Kansas City, MO

Tax Day morning  
the feeling of dampness  
clings to my bones

Chen-ou Liu, Ajax, ON

snowbound  
one cinnamon stick or two  
mulling

Lysa Collins, White Rock, BC

word watcher  
painting haiku  
bird for bird

*(for Tom Painting)*

Charles Baker, Mineral Point, WI

putting off that call . . .  
the last yellow leaf  
clings to the tree

Anne LB Davidson, Saco, ME

The long afternoon  
the flick of a horse's tail  
in the long ago

Stephen Gould, Denver, CO

cave dwellings . . .  
I follow a lizard  
up the trail

Aubrie Cox, Taylorville, IL

after all is said—  
staring into the glow  
of a dying fire

Devin Harrison, Vancouver Island, BC



lilac breeze . . .  
the scaffolder straightens  
his back

Claire Everett, North Yorkshire, England

old lace  
the scummed edge  
of the sea

Mary Weiler, Baja California, Mexico

autumn wind—  
the ice cream truck's  
swansong

Kevin Valentine, Mesquite, TX

eroded dunes  
the crow's call  
unanswered

Lynne Steel, Hillsboro Beach, FL

the smell  
of an unlit cigarette  
Dad as a young man

Jim Laurila, Florence, MA

starry night  
the drunk says he lives  
inside a colander

John Quinnett, Bryson City, NC

slanted sunlight  
everyone  
a suspect

raindrop  
on a bare twig  
I've found myself

Yu Chang, Schenectady, NY

hard climb  
up the trellis  
Olde Romeo rose

Mary Kipps, Sterling, VA

timed to the flight her life story

over rain-drenched meadows the peregrine-torn wind

John Barlow, Ormskirk, England

ocean of rain  
my walk with  
driftwood eyes

Kath Abela Wilson, Pasadena, CA

far Japan  
now as close as  
the tip of my brush

empty hourglass:  
sunset ocean  
full of gold

Lidia Rozmus, Vernon Hills, IL

on a bench  
where no one is sitting  
autumn begins

Jerry Gill, Hertford, NC

sleep's episiotomy you slip out

up from the subway I raise blue skin to the rain

Peter Yovu, Middlesex, VT

the many-hearted paulownia leaves songs in minor chords

Beverly Acuff Momoi, Mountain View, CA

counting on her fingers  
the syllables  
of rain

sundial . . .  
all the time  
spent looking for what's lost

Bill Pauly, Asbury, IA

in the owl's ululation a stirring of wings

Karen Cesar, Tucson, AZ

roller coaster romance  
I raise my hands  
on the first drop

the comfort of morning rain aching with experience

Robert Piotrowski, Mississauga, ON

sign language to the shifting tempo of timbales

Bill Cooper, Richmond, VA

afternoon hail  
the texture of a napkin  
from the dispenser

moonrise  
just the xylophone  
and drums

Lenard D. Moore, Raleigh, NC

boys splash naked in the river's old age

Dan Liebert, Maplewood, MO

frozen sheets . . .  
we unpin the shape  
of winter

riding the sway-backed barn setting sun

Debbie Strange, Winnipeg, MB

frosted pumpkins  
the crows peck  
a grin toothless

Barbara Tate, Winchester, TN

flea market  
the toy boat's sail  
half filled by a breeze

Christopher Suarez, Brooklyn, NY

fading lilac  
the time  
i'll pass

Dietmar Tauchner, Puchberg, Austria

labyrinth  
the question lost  
at the turns

Gwen Stamm, Eastsound, WA

my doctor asks  
if my tongue is sore  
now it is

John J. Han, Manchester, MO

packing up to leave  
everything we have  
dead weight

Anna Maris, Tomelilla, Sweden

a new sound  
from an old instrument  
spring thaw

Cezar-Florin Ciobîcă, Botoşani, Romania

ice ferns  
forming on the window  
steeped tea

Deb Koen, Rochester, NY

a pale moon  
in a pale blue sky  
first warbler

Bruce Ross, Hampden, ME

July moon  
crests the ridge  
a lone coyote

John Soares, Ashland, OR

tending the campfire  
remains of the harvest moon  
my evening meal

Matthew Caretti, Mercersburg, PA

pouring off the bridge  
into the darkness  
winter rain

Peter Barnes, San Diego, CA

morning mist thickens  
only third class mail now  
in my mother's box

Mike Dillon, Indianola, WA

new coolness  
a sand message written  
in eel grass

Alison Woolpert, Santa Cruz, CA

cave echoes  
my mistakes  
come rushing back

Adelaide B. Shaw, Millbrook, NY



stock market slide  
the baby's tightening grip  
on my finger

Joan Prefontaine, Cottonwood, AZ

fisherman's sky  
a pelican bellies its way  
to the shore

Greg Piko, Yass, Australia

red leaves in the wind—  
a small girl twirls  
until she falls

Jennine Scarboro, Oakland, CA

the old beliefs  
lightning tangled  
in the evening clouds

Duro Jaiye, Singapore

this long long day  
children wait for  
the ice cream seller

Angelee Deodhar, Chandigarh, India

the high-rise staircase lights  
zipping a day  
into a night

Natalia L. Rudychev, New York, NY

winging up from the south  
a leaning flock  
of Harley-Davidsons

Mark Dailey, Poughkeepsie, NY

spool of green thread  
the dress Grandma made me  
thirty years ago

Dorothy McLaughlin, Somerset, NJ

March funeral . . .  
more colorful clothes  
than flowers

Mohsen Farsani, Paris, France

father dips  
his evil spirits  
riverside chants

Ramesh Anand, Bangalore, India

walking apart  
a little more of his mind  
goes out with the tide

Dave Russo, Cary, NC

the crack  
I stepped on in third grade . . .  
Mom's latest x-ray

Elinor Pihl Huggett, South Bend, IN

Balkan ranges  
women bent over at dawn  
picking blackberries

Doc Drumheller, Oxford, New Zealand

retracing my steps  
the bread crumbs  
of her parting words

Bob Lucky, Jubail, Saudi Arabia

fifty years together—  
old pots and pans  
at a tilt

Linda McCarthy Schick, Brooklyn, NY

bleating sheep  
the wind whips the reservoir  
into a frenzy

new moon  
something in the lake keeps  
tugging and tugging

James Chessing, San Ramon, CA

the blind guitarist  
sings to an empty street . . .  
end of autumn

Larry Gates, Portal, AZ

cups in their saucers  
the coming of dusk  
after all the talking

Michael Fessler, Kanagawa, Japan

waves recede  
halved seashells  
half buried

Weelee Hsieh, Concord, MA

before leaving,  
I make an effort to get up  
out of myself

after the diner  
I look more carefully  
at plain women

John Stevenson, Nassau, NY

deleting phrases  
from an unsent love letter—  
trees shed their red leaves

Austin Wallace, Covington, GA

reading Santōka  
the sound of the breeze  
in trees still green

Robert Forsythe, Annandale, VA

sipping cognac  
with my dead friends—  
winter solstice

Freddy Ben-Arroyo, Haifa, Israel

I tell him I hear  
that voice, too,  
spring breeze

ending a labyrinth back at the broken brick

Dan Schwerin, Greendale, WI

rows of poplar  
I come from a long line  
of hand shakers

mole hill  
the little good  
it does me

Glenn G. Coats, Prospect, VA

wrinkled hands knitting the future

Anupam Sharma, Khargone, India

around the corner my life takes a new turn of the screw

Marcus Liljedahl, Gothenburg, Sweden

the heart slowly  
moving to the edge—  
island rill

small rain on a big wind birthday

Jim Kacian, Winchester, VA

sitting all day  
in front of a screen—  
mouse potato

February—  
the sun rises  
shyly

Steve Addiss, Midlothian, VA

competing sirens grow fainter—dusk

Mike Taylor, San Francisco, CA

the leaf's silhouette of my impatience

Scott Glander, Glenview, IL

poetry reading  
a single slice of ham  
waits to be eaten

Genevieve Bergeson, Chesterfield, MO

summer heat  
new boards  
pierced by nails

Dianne Koch, Dubuque, IA

fallow field—  
the wild side  
of old exotics

Charles Shiotani, Watsonville, CA

middle age  
the leap  
of a carousel horse

Els van Leeuwen, Sydney, Australia

in neutral  
the drive  
i once had

Haiku Elvis, Shreveport, LA



airport lounge—  
the stuffed panda  
never sleeps

Daniel John Pilkington, Melbourne, Australia

spring dusk  
funny money  
in the compost

Richard St. Clair, Cambridge, MA

Dad's almanacs  
keeping them  
another year

Mary Frederick Ahearn, Pottstown, PA

moving out—  
distracted  
by our echoes

Mike Spikes, Jonesboro, AR

fresh grief  
a pine adjusts  
to the snow's weight

Michele L. Harvey, Hamilton, NY

with her  
no need for directions  
the milky way

catching fireflies  
the light  
between my child and me

Stephen A. Peters, Bellingham, WA

glint of sunlight  
on the Buddha's lips  
spring morning

Rob Dingman, Herkimer, NY

white breath  
on the night window  
a ghost of myself

thistledown children drifting away

Lorin Ford, Melbourne, Australia

( )  
my life  
without her

Thomas Dougherty, Ambridge, PA

handwritten, a poem  
sending me the pelicans  
from her ocean

her hand on my heart  
at midnight—  
leaping deer

Michael McClintock, Clovis, CA

words fall just short  
of just enough  
mid-spring rain

James D. Fuson, New Haven, MI

failure to thrive . . .  
the first snow falls  
without sticking

from scratch sifting in the caws of crows

Jennifer Corpe, Spring Lake, MI

the fetor  
of overripe figs  
heavy rain

Lynn Edge, Tivoli, TX

just before  
the casket closes  
fixing mother's hair

Jerome J. Cushman, Victor, NY

storm light—  
the badger shakes earth  
from her coat

in country darkness  
the heart of the galaxy—  
a barn owl's long shriek

Allan Burns, Colorado Springs, CO

snow mounds deeper  
on the slant, rented roof . . .  
reading Satie's letters

Brent Goodman, Rhinelander, WI

longest night  
in the origami folds  
a stillborn swan

Mark E. Brager, Columbia, MD

dry leaves fall in circles  
heads down  
we return from the grave

Robert Witmer, Tokyo, Japan

sunset lowers  
the house into darkness  
board by board

savannah trail  
unable to find  
the compass plant

Bob Moyer, Winston Salem, NC

news of her illness  
sparrow flock  
flushed from the hedges

Sharon Pretti, San Francisco, CA

late light of summer  
a child lingering  
after goodnight

Sandra Dugan, Albany, CA

his age  
still counted in weeks  
the time between cloudbursts

homeward bound  
I fly into  
yesterday

Annette Makino, Arcata, CA

storm warning  
the porch screen bulges  
in and out

my thread  
keeps missing the eye  
mother's needles

Barbara Snow, Eugene, OR

at the window end of winter light

come summer speak cicada

Joseph Salvatore Aversano, Ankara, Turkey

Opening my palm  
a firefly shines  
on the lifeline

Procession of ants  
each of them  
has a shadow

Yasuhiko Shigemoto, Hiroshima, Japan

crematorium  
just one anagram  
for smoke

manicured lawn  
the proud homeowner's  
nostril and ear hair

George Swede, Toronto, ON

hearslay

lunar eclipse . . .  
pen and ink faces  
to gauge pain

Roland Packer, Hamilton, ON

in this little part  
of the solar system  
dust motes

Tom Tico, San Francisco, CA

Cliffs, tinted clouds  
the river reflects . . .  
if I weren't a self

One crow's caw—  
each cedar stands apart more  
as the meadow fogs

Rebecca Lilly, Charlottesville, VA

mother's rosary—  
threads still hold  
where links have broken

Lee Strong, Rochester, NY

Buddha's garden  
bare of all  
but the winter buds

Ellen Compton, Washington, D.C.



tin roof rain  
I forget  
what I came for

Robyn Hood Black, Beaufort, SC

bad weather  
in an envelope  
I put a stamp on it

New York strip  
our wedding anniversary  
pink in the middle

Randy Brooks, Decatur, IL

early snow  
on the pasture slope  
unhappy moos

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, CA

stalking me  
on Facebook  
the sneakers I want

Susan Burch, Hagerstown, MD

shorter days—  
a hand  
full of splinters

crossing the neat lawn  
with mother  
in a shopping bag

Ruth Holzer, Herndon, VA

Grandpa's smile  
his wart disappears  
into his cheek

drifting snowflakes . . .  
the new leaves of the aspen  
too small to hold them

Charles Trumbull, Santa Fe, NM

her last days . . .  
in the kitchen  
filling jars with jam

Charlotte Digregorio, Winnetka, IL

geranium patch  
a warm spot  
on the handrail

scrape of branches  
against the window—  
the dog's small veins

paul m., Bristol, RI

his hand in mine  
the smooth twist  
of a driftwood knot

another whirl  
on the Ferris wheel  
the same me again

Michelle Schaefer, Bothe, WA

pressed  
between pages  
tipsy bride

Kevin Goldstein-Jackson, Poole, England

local bar  
the child hopscotches  
on the tile

heat lightning  
fireflies  
reply

Gayle Bull, Mineral Point, WI

jackdaw  
the things he can't say  
to anyone

Stewart C. Baker, Dallas, OR

sinks the twenty  
deeper into his pocket  
gravedigger

dense fog  
making not much  
of everything

Alan S. Bridges, Littleton, MA

galaxy—  
just a lily pond  
will do

hill temple . . .  
our ascent  
into the fog

Sanjukta Asopa, Karnataka, India

purple crocus  
the color of bruises  
I no longer have

Sue Mackenzie, Victoria, BC

family reunion  
my lies begin  
to unravel

collection plate  
the lady beside me  
helps herself

John McManus, Carlisle, England

locking my door  
on the inside  
a snail

wind sock in flight the trigeminal nerve kicks off

Helen Buckingham, Somerset, England

hazes of snow  
rising from the skeleton cars  
of a freight train

Marshall Hryciuk, Toronto, ON

haboob  
we become  
but a bit of it

o n  
nuclear winter

LeRoy Gorman, Napanee, ON

winter dusk morphing into a den of old songs

Kala Ramesh, Pune, India

## International Exchange Colombia

Past international exchanges have included poets from Romania (*Fp* 36:2), Serbia (*Fp* 36:3), the United Kingdom and Germany (*Fp* 37:1), and Bulgaria (*Fp* 37:2). In this issue, we turn our attention for the first time to poets from a country in the Western Hemisphere, Colombia. While they don't have a formal haiku society, these poets all know each other and publish in the journal *Cantarrana*, where, in friendly exchange, haiku written by HSA members will soon be published.

~David Lanoue, President, HSA

El ruiseñor pasa  
con una lombriz en el pico.  
Ahora comprendo su silencio.

The nightingale passes  
with worm in beak.  
Now I understand his silence.

Javier Tafur

De la neblina  
llega con todo su color  
la mariposa.

Out of mist he arrives  
with all his color  
butterfly.

Umberto Senegal

¿Leo las hojas del libro  
o me detengo entre  
las del guayacán?

Should I leaf through the book  
or linger among leaves  
of the guayacán?

Fernando López Rodríguez

La telaraña  
el último recuerdo  
para el grillo.

Spider web  
the cricket's last  
memory.

Luis Alejandro Rojas Gómez

Hoy en el colegio  
sólo nos visitaron  
dos torcazas.

Today at school  
only two doves  
came visiting.

María Camila Rojas Gómez (Age 10)

Golpe de luz,  
iris horizontal:  
a lagartija.

Flash of light,  
the horizontal iris:  
a lizard.

Humberto Jarrín

La bordadora  
se pinchó un dedo.  
Rosas en la tela

The embroiderer pricked  
her finger.  
Roses in the fabric.

Álvaro Lopera Dagua

Llega la tarde,  
todavía sigue tejiendo  
la torcaza su nido.

Come evening  
the dove still weaving  
her nest.

Victoria Eugenia Gómez Mina

(Translations of poems from the original Spanish by David Lanoue)



# Rengay

## Haiku Circle

Roberta Beary, Bethesda, MD  
*Ellen Compton, Washington, D.C.*

woodsmoke haze  
a hug from the hippie  
with my accent

*skittering clouds  
the kettle begins to simmer*

porch midges  
beneath the fan's swirl  
workshop roll-call

*into the trees . . .  
whisper  
of a one-breath poem*

open mic—  
the farm dog all ears

*haiku circle  
sunset deepens  
the drum's song*

## Striking Midnight

Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia

*Victor Ortiz, San Pedro, CA*

fireworks reflect  
on a mantel clock  
striking midnight

*the ticking tail  
of a solar-powered dog*

last call for drinks  
the clink of beer glasses  
as the darts go in

*morning dew  
twenty years a teacher  
the same ringing bell*

the windmill's shadow  
on the ancient sundial

*on the anvil's face  
the rhythmic pounding  
of the sword maker*

## **Singing in the Rain**

William Hart, Montrose, CA  
*Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, WA*

rain in the wind  
is spreading the news  
autumn's here

*no business  
like raking leaves*

some enchanted evening  
smoke  
gets in your eyes

*climbing  
every mountain  
aspen yellow*

sunrise, sunset  
closer each day

*somewhere, lost in the leaf pile,  
memories  
of summer love*

## Deadheading Daisies

Michael Blottenberger, Hanover, PA

*Julie Warther, Dover, OH*

muggy night  
no freedom from  
the sweat of my ancestors

*free floating cottonwood seeds  
these voices in my head*

a sad song  
in the silver scissors  
deadheading daisies

*tai chi  
an orb weaver working  
from the outside in*

butterfly release  
the flight of a fragile prayer

*a hole in the cocoon  
one branch of the hybrid  
goes wild*

## Tasting a Cloud

Victor Ortiz, San Pedro, CA

*William Hart, Montrose, CA*

GARDEN

every letter

a different color

*the green whispers  
of fledgling leaves*

record heat

shouting at us

the spring sun

*rain and more rain  
till mother nature  
sings greensleeves*

lenticular cloud the slight

taste of a buttermilk pancake

*shadows grow  
a mountain swallows the cold  
of blue flowers*

## **Waiting for No One**

Terri L. French, Huntsville, AL

burial day  
grackles lift  
a winter sky

a baby hushed  
by the mockingbird song

show-and-tell  
the death rattle  
in a chrysalis

spring baptism  
white roses stitched  
on the blessing gown

a belly-up toad  
fished from the rain barrel

grasping bubbles  
the look of surprise  
as she opens her hand

# Haiku Sequences

## Parallel Universe

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, NY

Bright Angel Trail  
so much depends  
on a sure-footed mule

neither caw nor coo  
I have been one acquainted  
with the nightingale

the perfect host  
I am large,  
I contain microbes

Antarctica  
the only emperor  
is the emperor of ice caps

a praying mantis  
stick-still on the stubble:  
praise this

## **Birds of a Feather**

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, CA

morning star  
peacock feathers splayed  
against the Rajasthan sky

Taj Mahal  
I snap another photo  
of a parakeet

retracing  
Gandhi's last steps  
a hooded crow

vultures roost  
on the cenotaphs  
Orchha moon

a sultry breeze  
through teak leaves  
the mynah's many voices

what matters the name  
of this Udaipur raptor  
the twig in its beak

Kerala heat  
the tail end  
of the cormorant's dive



## Sikkim

Raamesh Gowri Raghavan, Maharashtra, India

bare juniper  
my first view  
of Kanchenjunga

slow morning  
only the Teesta  
rushing

chhang . . .  
in a cupful  
Shambhala

apple blossoms  
by the silent gompa  
birdsong

butter tea  
the soft mooing  
of a yak

snow doves  
a white shroud  
on the land

white water  
the bridge coloured  
with prayers

seven stones  
a seventh of myself  
left behind

five snow treasures  
a last goodbye  
to Kanchenjunga

Explanation of Sikkimese terms: Sikkim is a tiny state of India tucked in the Himalaya, with a dominant culture of Tibetan Buddhism. *Chhang* is an alcoholic beverage made of barley; *Shambhala* is the Buddhist equivalent of paradise. A *gompa* is a monastery of Tibetan lamas. Buddhist prayer flags often adorn bridges in Sikkim, many of which are rickety. The name Kanchenjunga (the third highest mountain in the world) translates from the Tibetan to “five snow treasures.” And lastly, the locals pile seven flat stones to build a temporary *stupa*, to make a wish to the Buddha.

## Summer on the Plaza

Marian Olson, Santa Fe, NM

blocking off streets  
huge clay pots  
of geraniums

in store windows  
kachina dolls  
to lure tourists

ice cream cart  
two foot police chatting  
with a pretty girl

across the grass  
dogs on leashes  
pull along owners

country trio  
couples two-step in front  
of the bandstand

pueblo treasures  
arranged on tables  
Palace of the Governors\*

dream catchers  
an out-of-towner barter  
for the big one

corner club jazz  
Hatch chilies sizzle  
on the curbside grill

another woman stops  
to pet  
the hunky man's dog

\*Built in 1610, the oldest government building in the U.S.

## Passing Storm

Ferris Gilli, Marietta, GA  
*Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia*

sea and sky merged  
the first large drops rattling  
banana leaves

*kangaroo-paw flowers burst open in the heat*

Spanish moss  
hangs lower in the oak . . .  
passing storm

*crushed garlic still warm from the sun*

on my foot  
a small coolness  
the lizard's stripe

*a silver gleam in the eye of the hurricane*

vacation's end  
a river otter  
sneezes

*in the darkest patch of water a platypus rises*

littered beach  
a makeshift fence  
around the turtle nest

*fairy penguins crisscross moonlit sand*

goodbye letter  
mockingbirds court  
beneath the window

## The Buson Variations

Cor van den Heuvel, New York, NY

### *Second Series — East Coast Modern*

1. short night / the lighthouse beam / from a far island
2. the snail's path / ends a long way from / the wave's edge
3. Greenwich Village / for six floors a wisteria hangs / blossoms
4. the rain / moves south into Manhattan / the Yankees game resumes
5. record heat wave / not a leaf of grass stirs / in the deserted ballpark
6. heavy downpour / in the garden even stones / are afloat
7. spring ends / in the park, the robin's song / still bright and spirited
8. spring night / the pretty co-ed in the college library / winks back
9. spring rain / the robin in her nest / keeps her belly dry
10. sudden rain / at the bus stop, a sports page / talks to the fashion news
11. summer stream / taking cold beer from / a small waterfall
12. struck by a car / the old poplar keeps on / waving its leaves
13. summer shower / ants no longer appear / at the ant hole
14. tale of a mockingbird / the sounds of basketball / in an outdoor court
15. the car alarm / a sparrow asleep on the hood / falls off
16. swimming hole / hanging in the winter drizzle / the rope for swinging
17. incense / the street vendor has lit / ten or twelve sticks
18. white clouds / slowly sail / above the autumn hills
19. the green of a lone pine / atop Jockey Cap Hill's / fall patterns
20. early morning / thin ice on the sidewalk puddles / no one about
21. cool breeze / I sit in the backyard watching / gulls land in the marsh
22. low tide in the marsh / as the sun goes down / only shadows stir
23. after the spicy meal / the green of parsley / by the cash register
24. he shivers in July / his own name / on the gravestone
25. loneliness / someone's wash left on the line / autumn rain
26. before the short night / can cover the sea / sunlight floods the beach
27. sounds from the bog / Emily and a nobody hear them / summer night
28. lilacs / like those behind the garage / of my childhood
29. spading the garden / missing my dog / who used to watch
30. barely audible / the Delius cd plays / in the shadow of the house
31. time to wind the clock / someone knocks on the door / quietly
32. summer clothes / getting out my John Wills T-shirts / one by one by one
33. tending the grave / he's distracted by the activities / of the black ants

These haiku were inspired by the translations of Buson's haiku by Makoto Ueda in *The Path of Flowering Thorn: The Life and Poetry of Yosa Buson* (Stanford University Press, 1998). To match the variations to their originals, look on page 213, the next to last page of the index for Buson's haiku in English. The thirty-three haiku on that page correspond, in the same order, to the thirty-three haiku in the above series.

# Tan Renga

Peter Newton, Winchendon, MA  
*Kathe L. Palka, Flemington, NJ*

testing the flex  
of the diving board  
the cannonballer

*thunder*  
*empties the pool*



# Haibun

## Cutting Board

Francis Masat, Key West, FL

Handed down through generations, it serves its purpose well, protecting our sharp edges. Stained by use and time, its grain scrubbed smooth, its middle nicked, it celebrates a thousand cuts, scars of knives untold. Flesh from pit, flesh from bone, the scene becomes the smell and sound of preparation, of piecemeal separation. And then it's put aside until used again.

in-laws for dinner—  
how the wasabi burns  
behind my smile

## On the Porch

Adelaide B. Shaw, Millbrook, NY

It's the silence. The absence of 21st-century noises. No cars, no airplanes, no voices, no lawn mowers. It is not always like this, but today, a Saturday afternoon in late June, not even the birds are active. The only sounds are the ones I make: my cup on the wrought iron table, the click of my pen. There is a small breeze, but the pines have nothing to say. The lilac leaves sway silently, as do the hanging yellow petunias. The tall pink peonies nod briefly as if to greet each other. The day lilies hold their positions, facing the sun.

There are many chores I should be doing. But why?

warm air  
stilling my thoughts  
the pen rolls away

## The Cubist Lunch

Joyce Futa, Altadena, CA

Soft pillow the sauce. Swallow. Words come out from inner.  
Sauce goes down, inner. Savor. Texting goes from air to air. It  
is outer. No, she said, texting. It can be inner, murmur, inner.

I wish i wish i wish. We wish we wish we wish. There is a fish  
swimming in the sea. A fish sliced in sauce, swimming.

Discussion: Half-listening daughter texts. Parents speak in  
tongues. Gene destinies.

In the middle of sauce we meet. Fingers fly to mouth: emul-  
sion murmur.

*“Oh that? he said. Then I said. Then he said loudly. Then I  
said carefully.”* She tells us that carefully.

Bread is brush. Sauce is paint. Swirls inner. Turmeric.

I speak I cannot eat . . . he cannot speak he eats . . . she eats  
she speaks. We talk. We laugh.

cleaned white plates:  
the light of the soul  
of this lunch

## Venn Circles

George Swede, Toronto, ON

I’m bumping into things more even though I’m shrinking.

cemetery  
he now in the shadow  
of her

## Tough Skin

Terri L. French, Huntsville, AL

Most people, upon seeing my tattoo, ask if it hurt. I don't know how to answer that question. Compared to what? Stubbing your toe, natural childbirth, the death of a loved one? I just smile and tell them I have a high pain tolerance.

red marks on white thighs  
he never once said  
it hurt him worse

## Industry

Cherie Hunter Day, Cupertino, CA

At the sound of the bell best friends become twenty-minute adversaries on the playground. Who will lead the raid on Fort Cecelia with dirt clods? Who will play the spy? There's a race to the door. Whoever makes it outside first gets the area nearest the chain-link fence. It has the most resources: thatched witchgrass, sticks and leftover gravel from the new school construction. Others make do with chunks of corrugated cardboard, Styrofoam insulation, and oversized bark mulch. Huts, roads, and barriers spring up immediately. A discarded juice box becomes a shield, or roof, or Trojan horse. The king is coming! Will he lead the charge of cavalry or a squadron of F-16 fighters? Tactics buzz within each group. Insults are carried on the wind. Destruction is assured. If not during second period, certainly by fourth period recess when the older boys come out to play. The bell rings again and everyone scrambles to get in line to enter the building. The scent of industry is sweat mixed with dust and ozone clinging to sun-kissed skin.

high noon  
the orb-weaver's web  
in tatters



## Walking on Water

Carol Pearce-Worthington, New York, NY

It's a cold dawn in early March. A group of people has gathered at an overlook in Central Park. They move closer for a photo taken by someone in the party. Then a woman dressed completely in white emerges from those dressed darkly against the cold. She heads down a pathway that curves along the side of the hill. In twos and threes, the others follow, until they form a human thread among the winter naked trees. Their procession is neither slow nor hurried. There is no wind; sound does not seem to reach or touch them; they show no sign of hesitation or fatigue. They walk steadily from the highpoint of the overlook and continue to a place where the path winds around a glacial rock outcropping. The woman in white goes around the rock and vanishes behind it. Steadily, the others come until they reach that turn at the bottom of the hill and they continue walking one by one two by two until the last person disappears. The park is empty now. Dawn covers the sky. The lost are not lost. They are walking. They are led.

wailing wall  
the rough edges  
of an ancient photo

## Visiting Georgia O'Keeffe Via the Internet

Lynn Edge, Tivoli, TX

How sparse the inside of her house. The whiteness of walls and floors is broken only by vigas. A piece of ply board serves as a table; her chairs, modern then, look retro now. Instead of choosing a headboard of carved Spanish design, she slept on a simple mattress covered by a white spread.

under desert stars  
a bleached cow skull  
fills my dream

## Lament for the Lost Boy

Lew Watts, Santa Fe, NM

I was working overseas. This was the reason I gave myself—that it had to happen, that it was for the best. But in the Headmaster's tea party for new boarders and their parents, doubts were creeping in with each bite of a bitter scone. We had been briefed on how to say goodbye, of course, but even then it was difficult to simply shake such a small hand before walking away without looking back.

So after all this time, this is why I hug you, why I wait those extra seconds before letting you go. It could be late at night, on a street corner in London, before I return to my hotel. Or like today, when it is you who are leaving to fly back to your home. Tonight, as you walk away through Security, I am on my toes, peering over heads for one last sight of you, waiting for the turn and raise of a hand, for some sign of forgiveness.

new tattoo—  
five blue quavers  
on a staff of scars

## I Was Wondering

Bob Lucky, Jubail, Saudi Arabia

Could we hold another hand without thinking of each other's hand, could we join bodies, share the friction of togetherness, without thinking of our own tongue-in-groove, could we possibly laugh at the same jokes without feeling queasy, could we sit there in the morning across the table and bear the silence of someone else, could we ever love another the way we once loved each other, could we ever love each other the way we once did?

late winter  
a deal on mail order  
tulip bulbs

## Endgame

J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, CA

I read Ma's diaries again then drop them with mine in the recycling bin. When I used to play chess, I was happiest after I'd moved out of the argumentative opening and finished the arduous clamber through long complexities of setting up alignments, controlling the center, and feinting with deceptions. What I loved best was to settle at last into the clean swift millrace that would bring the game home. A bird sings in the weeping willow, something to smile at and then like everything else let go.

early spring sleet  
driving through Switzerland  
to where I might die

## Give and Take

Ignatius Fay, Sudbury, ON

She's been seeing him for three months. They are not kids, both approaching forty. Neither is naive and each has issues. And he is a bit of an actor, so he's always "on." He likes to push her buttons. Used to being dominant, he is unprepared for her confidence and the strength of her opinions. And she doesn't back down.

The refreshing thing is that, for the first time, she's met a man who can take it when she reciprocates. She gives him back some of his own. His ego is not so fragile as to prevent him from seeing her point, when she has one, and trying to alter his behavior accordingly. Potential recognized!

the snap  
and hiss of her  
arc welder

## **This Is Not the Pointless Babble I Signed Up For**

Peter Newton, Winchendon, MA

According to my Twitter stream, no one knows how long it will hold but apparently there's another 4-hour humanitarian cease-fire while aid workers clear body parts from a school, stepping over the carcasses of a cow and is that a horse? who also came seeking refuge from the deafening firestorm, the barrage of missiles that clickable sources say as many as 4 in 10 miss their mark completely falling short of what was expected of them.

@Iron Umbrella,  
what color is the puddle  
you're standing in?

## **Ripples**

Bruce Ross, Hampden, ME

I am snorkeling in the pristine preserve area of the second-largest barrier reef in the world. The silence is punctuated by incredibly neon-bright basslets, blue tangs and parrotfish and mature and young sea turtles feeding on the sea grass. The clarity of the sea is overwhelming, producing a slow motion kaleidoscope of color and form to float through. I finally exhaust myself in the cavernous corral canyons and lie absolutely still mesmerized by a flickering far below on the sandy bottom of the sea as if the pattern were in my own psyche.

Hol Chan  
sunlit ripples again and again  
on the sleeping stingray

## **Groucho**

Jim Kacian, Winchester, VA

“I wouldn’t want to belong to any club that would have me as a member.”

Every one of us wants to be accepted by everyone else, and at the same time appreciated for our uniqueness. We want to be inside and outside at the same time, part of the herd and above it all. The great sociologist Groucho Marx, born a middle son of European Jewish émigrés, saw the walls more clearly than others, probably because there was more wall for him to see. At least he could laugh about it.

from the penthouse  
gestures of the humans below  
unintelligible

## **Listening to Jupiter**

*for Clara*

Matthew Caretti, Mercersburg, PA

She has a theory for nearly everything. The conception of God. Even happiness, though she lays no claim to understanding life itself.

A silence falls between us as we drive on. Toward the horizon. The light ever receding.

messages  
in the static  
desert night

**Neverland**

Roberta Beary, Bethesda, MD

My water breaks. It's all systems go.

obstetrics—  
second star  
to the right

No one looks at me. A wheelchair rolls to exam rm. 1.

metal stirrups . . .  
sinking deeper  
into neverland

My blood work contaminated. We do a redo as veins collapse.

hazmat bin—  
nurse smee's  
this won't hurt

All hands on deck. A white coat pops in.

amniotic rain  
epidural  
c/o capt. hook

My belly sliced open. A necklace of loops color code blue.

morphine . . .  
the weight  
of fairy dust

Neonate needs help to breathe. Needs must.

bed rest  
straight on  
'til morning

## **The Blue Egg**

Margaret Chula, Portland, OR

Clots of purple scilla border the pathway that leads to the hay barn, bereft of horses and the sound of restless hooves at midnight. Above, the crisscross of bare limbs begins its mating dance. Spring buds nudge each other, tentative and shy.

How many years since I went barefoot into the uncut grass? Down the lanes of childhood without fear of bee sting or snake slither? How certain I was, placing the tiny blue egg back into the robin's nest with my sure fingers—the smell of early daffodils making me hunger for swings and bird song and more nests to fill with my small omnipotence.

coloring Easter eggs  
my name etched in wax  
invisible

## **Almost Autumn**

Kanchan Chatterjee, Jharkhand, India

He was in Copenhagen he said. I could hear the waves and the wind. He wasn't happy. We talked a while. I told him about the waterlogged streets here and flies, mosquitoes and garbage. Still he missed home, he said.

sundown—  
a grasshopper clinging  
to the blade

### Footnote

Tom Painting, Atlanta, GA

I sit at the kitchen counter with the Rand McNally before me,  
enamored by the blue-dotted highways. I plan road trips on  
no more information than that provided by mapmakers who  
designate certain out-of-the-way places as having particular  
scenic appeal. Story of my life: a little look before I leap.

humid night  
the buzz of neon  
from the small-town motel

### Brainwashed

Jerome J. Cushman, Victor, NY

My sister was born just after Pearl Harbor. My older brother  
and I were taken to the birthing house to visit my mom and new  
sister. When my brother saw the baby his eyes widened. Later  
he told me he was sure the baby was a Jap spy. But, because  
everything was rationed, we'd all probably starve anyhow.

Fifty-four years later I visit my sister for the last time in her  
hospice bed.

radiation burns  
on her scalp—  
Hiroshima



## Summer Wages

Glenn G. Coats, Prospect, VA

July. I hammer stakes and pull string across pastures. There are few clouds. The sun beats down and burns the top of my head and shoulders. I measure fifty feet along the line and dig a hole thirty inches deep, drop in a line post, fill in some dirt, tamp it down with a shovel handle, more dirt, tamp, check level, measure fifty feet and repeat the procedure. I am numb from the heat, the smell of earth, the taste of sweat.

Ruth is good with the horses, feeds and waters them, mucks out the stalls, rubs them down when they come back from a ride. When she is not in the barn, Ruth is out in the rows of vegetables, kneeling down, pulling weeds, lifting sweet potato vines to keep them from taking root, tying up tomatoes and beans. The sun bakes her neck and back; she darkens through the summer like a penny.

I try to think of things to say to Ruth, reasons to stop on my way back to the barn for field wire or staples. Nothing comes out right. I stutter and I never did that before.

August. I ask Ruth out to dinner and to my surprise the answer is yes. When I pick her up, she answers the door and invites me in to meet her family. Ruth looks beautiful in a yellow dress. I open the car door for her and drive over to the restaurant by the river.

As soon as we enter, a waitress rushes over and stares at Ruth. "Oh no honey," she says, "we can't serve you here."

I take Ruth to the movies instead. On the way home, I apologize again for the incident. "Don't worry about it," Ruth says. "That is about the best thing that has happened to me—all year."

sunlit hills  
a rustle of darkness  
in the trees

# Essays

## **A Disarmingly Simple Challenge: The Buson One Hundred**

J. Zimmerman, Santa Cruz, CA  
Gregory Longenecker, Pasadena, CA

Yosa Buson (1716–1783) twice began the daily practice of writing ten haiku for a hundred days. He started one series on Buddha’s birthday in 1777 and another in his final year.<sup>1,2</sup>

Intrigued by Buson’s intention, J. (Joan) Zimmerman started her first Buson One Hundred writing practice on America’s birthday, July 4th, 2013. Finding this practice to be of benefit, Joan presented it to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS) at their annual retreat in November 2013. That led to Gregory (Greg) Longenecker beginning a similar practice, quickly joined by three other haiku poets: Eleanor Carolan, Patricia J. Machmiller, and Phillip Kennedy. The five poets were all experienced in writing haiku. They represented a cross-section from less-known, less-published poets up to well-known and widely published poets. Haiku written by each poet in this practice have been published or accepted for publication.

This article summarizes the benefits and obstacles to the haiku poet of completing a Buson One Hundred. We invite readers to try the practice themselves.

### **When and Where to Write**

paragraph  
after paragraph  
winter fly

Patricia J. Machmiller<sup>3</sup>

The strength of the Buson One Hundred writing practice turned out to lie in its simplicity: write ten haiku a day. Keep doing it till a hundred days have passed.

When Joan shared her experiences initially, she gave no other requirements. Therefore the results came from the poets themselves. Each individual had to sort out how, when, and where they would write ten haiku a day, interpreting what Joan told them in their own way and following their own path of self-discovery in writing haiku. By doing this, they found and developed the exercises that allowed them to best complete their daily goal.

Writing ten haiku took less and less time as the days passed. On the initial day it varied from about 40 minutes to about 5 hours for the five poets. Towards the end it usually took closer to 20 to 30 minutes. Each poet missed one or more days, catching up by writing more than ten haiku on subsequent days.

Time and again, the poets expressed the need for dedication:

The important part is showing up each morning at my front window, as the sun rises, and writing. (Eleanor)<sup>4</sup>

The writing could of course be done any time of day. It did not have to be completed in a single session, although that was usually the intent. Some preferred to write first thing in the morning, pondering the previous day's material in conjunction with the opening day. Some used the body of the day. And some preferred to write in the evening. Most of us varied our initial plan for writing:

In the beginning I started out writing just before going to bed[,] in my easy chair in the family room. But I soon realized that I was going to have some very long nights. Sometimes I was so tired I just had to go to bed with the task unfinished. In that case if I had written only five haiku, say, I promised myself that I would write fifteen haiku the next day making the next day's task even harder. . . . I needed a new strategy. (Patricia)<sup>5</sup>

Increasingly we each thought about the Buson One Hundred all through the day, often making notes for later completion as poems. One poet found her cell phone to be a great alternative to a traditional notebook:

I really hit my stride when I started carrying my cell phone with me on my daily walk. I used the notepad app on the cell phone to record whatever struck me as being interesting. Sometimes it was a *kigo*—camellia, iris, fallen leaves, sometimes not. Sometimes I'd only capture a word or two, sometimes a line, sometimes two lines. Once in a while I'd get a whole poem. The important thing was that I regarded this time as my material-gathering phase. And the evening hour before bed became the forming-the-poem phase. (Patricia)<sup>6</sup>

The regular push to get out the first few haiku each day was key to success in the Buson One Hundred. Often there was an intensity and sense of closure on completing a day's set.

### Inspiration and the Making of Sense

in spite of the cold  
I walk barefoot into the  
moonlit garden

Eleanor Carolan<sup>7</sup>

The real world offered the primary sources of inspiration to help us write haiku:

The daily practice of writing ten haiku enriches my experience of the rhythms of nature in my garden and neighborhood. . . . All my senses are expanded and honed. (Eleanor)<sup>8</sup>

New areas of emphasis were found by writing in different places: cafés, restaurants, the beach, the mountains, a doctor's waiting room, concert halls, and so on:

evening concert drawing the drapery to hold the light inside

J. Zimmerman<sup>9</sup>

All of us referred to *saijiki* and other seasonal reference works for inspiration. Writing ten haiku a day provided opportunities to study *kigo* (season words) in depth:

I'm finding that this process is really good for *kigo* practice. Some days . . . I pick a *kigo* and write ten verses with that word. (Phillip)<sup>10</sup>

I use the YTHS *Kigo* List, years of saved *GEPPOs*, and on-line essential seasonal words. (Eleanor)<sup>11</sup>

This has . . . taught me a lot about how season words affect the tone of a haiku. (Phillip)<sup>12</sup>

The go-to strategy for Greg when he couldn't write was to put down one image: a leaf, a snail, a bird. Then he would consider what it reminded him of: perhaps a broken relationship, his children, or his wife. Then he would juxtapose the two images. Sometimes gibberish was good if it kept him moving forward in writing.

Some of us resorted to a “keep the pen moving” approach:

I began to experiment with something rather like automatic writing (especially if I had to catch up). . . . I would set a time (anything from half an hour to ten minutes), sit down, and try to write however many haiku I needed to write for that day without thinking much about what I produced. (Phillip)<sup>13</sup>

However, on the whole we were concerned to write meaningful poems, and not descend into gibberish because of haste or exhaustion. Joan was willing to allow such poems to be candidate *gendai* haiku, although most were not:

This was a real challenge and I'm not sure I can say that I completely avoided the gibberish part. For me trying to fit the writing in here or there just did not work. I definitely needed a block of time to form the poems and to make that block of time the most efficient, I needed to be gathering material throughout the day. (Patricia)<sup>14</sup>

Reviewing past work often revealed ideas that had yet to be developed in a haiku. The haiku of other poets also inspired new haiku. We tried but could not always succeed in keeping the work fresh:

I decided it was more important to keep going and so I know I sometimes sacrificed freshness. I did find that my best and freshest poems came out of material gathered on my walk each day. Everything else seemed flat or artificial. (Patricia)<sup>15</sup>

## Squelching the Inner Critic

inchworm  
his careful explanation  
of why I am wrong

J. Zimmerman<sup>16</sup>

One of the biggest obstacles was the inner critic. Most of us had long and strong discussions with this would-be saboteur. Sometimes the critic even found its way into a poem like that above. Self-criticism included:

I found it dispiriting to put words on paper that seem dull and flat and have no *umpph*. After a number of consecutive days with similar results, I was ready to quit . . . at one point I felt I was in a dark valley and nothing I wrote had any hint of promise. (Patricia)<sup>17</sup>

Often a poet actively blocked the critic while writing a first draft, postponing it to surface later during revision:

To make it work I have to take my own advice and squelch the critic and accept some pretty awful writing. I'm trying to withhold judgment until it's all over. (Patricia)<sup>18</sup>

A poet's commitment to writing a large number of haiku could be a big help, keeping the poet busy:

I have to trust the process, and put pen to paper, whether I feel like it or not. (Eleanor)<sup>19</sup>

To lower the barrier to writing, Joan wrote with slashes instead of linebreaks in order to make the poems look less "poetic" and more ordinary, such as:

inchworm / his careful explanation / of why I am wrong

which was later submitted and published with line breaks as above.

Drafting in other forms or layouts also seemed helpful, in part because these formats were not as familiar and did not elicit

harshness from the inner critic. Another method of camouflaging a haiku from the critic was to write it in the simple and direct language of diary or journal entries.

For Greg some days of greatest difficulty took two or three hard-fought battles to get his poetic self in gear. Then suddenly, a stream of haiku would flow. It could be a struggle to get past the inner critic that wanted to judge and comment on each haiku, but once he passed that stage he was free to write.

Sometimes the inner critic was excessively insistent, yet eventually overcome:

As the process went on, I felt I hit a dry spell so that writing ten haiku in a day became a burdensome task. . . . And I found myself being critical which was even more discouraging. But I kept hearing what I tell everyone else: no matter what your critic says, write it down! And now that I've worked through that period, I'm glad I did. The material I find is something I can work with and that is very confirming. (Patricia)<sup>20</sup>

## Experimentation

knocking  
on my own door  
Hogmanay

Phillip Kennedy<sup>21</sup>

Most poets experimented with different forms and techniques. As noted earlier and in the haiku above, Phillip thrived by exploring timed or automatic writing.

Many explored the single-line haiku and the way it can lend itself to multiple readings. For Joan that was especially fruitful as it led to twenty-eight of her single-line haiku appearing at *DailyHaiku*, including:

mouth organ lamentations drifting down the coast road fog<sup>22</sup>

Paul Miller's article "Haiku Toolbox: Synesthesia"<sup>23</sup> inspired Greg to mix senses and explore synesthesia:

morning  
the slow silence  
of a snail<sup>24</sup>

Greg in particular was motivated to explore concrete haiku with varieties of layout, as with this poem appearing here for the first time:

our  
patchwork death  
his  
after conversation<sup>25</sup>

Greg's format and subject leave the reader with several possible readings of this haiku. They include: our patchwork death / after his conversation; our patchwork / after his death / conversation; his patchwork death / after our conversation; and, after his death / our patchwork conversation.

The mundane was not just allowed to creep in but welcomed, as in this example also by Greg:

Swiss cheese  
the way she knows me  
inside and out<sup>26</sup>

Other sources of inspiration included supplementing the real with the not-quite-understood, exploring various poetic styles such as mixing metaphors, and delving relentlessly deeper into a single topic, be it music or darker materials.

## Revision

fumigating  
the memory palace  
winter solstice

Phillip Kennedy<sup>27</sup>

We tended not to look back at poems or attempt revision for many weeks after writing them. When reviewing, we typically considered less than a quarter worth possible revision.



Eventually only five-to-ten percent of the total were given significant further work and considered for submission:

The later editing and refining may find only one daily poem worth keeping. Still, I love every word and every attempt, all the crossed out ones, as well as the perfect match. (Eleanor)<sup>28</sup>

## Conclusion

almost dawn  
the last pillow talk  
of towhees

Gregory Longenecker<sup>29</sup>

We have no information on why Yosa Buson decided to write ten haiku a day, only that he started twice. Even though he did not complete either of his hundred-day plans (the second one being interrupted by his death), his intention was enough to inspire Joan and then four others to try writing ten haiku a day for a hundred days. The results from this disarmingly simple challenge were significant and manifold.

These writers were all skilled in writing haiku at the outset. They each had the freedom to experiment with how, where, and when they would devote themselves to the work. Additionally, they had to find sources of inspiration to help them achieve their daily goal. The challenge of writing so much material forced them to face and sidestep their own inner critics, becoming liberated to explore new ways for them to write haiku.

This experience can be compared to attending a writing course where the teacher assigns a series of exercises in order to help the attendees become better writers. The difference in the Buson One Hundred was that the participants were given only one assignment, to write ten haiku a day, and through this task they achieved something comparable to a writing course. The achievements made were based on each individual's orientation as to how they would face the challenge. They determined what the syllabus would be and which exercises would

lead to success. In other words, through their personal journeys of self-discovery they shared in the experience Buson began over two centuries ago.

To join us in this practice, you might begin by writing ten haiku one day and ten the next. Continue this for a week. Then decide whether to continue for a hundred days. We invite you.

### Acknowledgements

blue sky  
the cookie's  
advice

J. Zimmerman<sup>30</sup>

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**Robert Spiess's Haiku:  
Reading and Translating for Better Understanding**

John Zheng, Itta Bena, MS

Translation challenges a translator to gain a better understanding of a poem so that he can convey the meaning accurately and poetically in the target language. It also gives him a chance to re-create the poem, though this re-creation should remain faithful to the original. During this re-creative process he has to pay attention to the subject matter as well as the effective function of diction, tone, rhyme, structure, and imagery. A method I have been using in reading haiku for accurate meaning is to translate it into the target language and/or back translate it into the source language so that I will be able to notice the gain and loss. This essay shares some ideas about how reading and translating increase poetic appreciation, for instance, of Robert Spiess's haiku.

About fourteen years ago I received a greeting card from the poet. The cover was John R. Reynolds's illustration of a mallard hen and three ducklings cresting the waves and inside was Spiess's handwritten, ekphrastic haiku that perfectly matches the art:

the pines on shore sway—  
a mallard hen and ducklings  
crest another wave

This haiku presents a sense of playfulness and light humor, and creates a lucid sound effect of assonance through the use of vowels *a* and *e* and the end rhyme in lines 1 and 3. The musicality brings to the fore the kinetic, visual images of swaying pines, surfing ducks, and waves. While innovative haiku minimalists today use truncated phrases or new shapes such as compressed patterns, concrete or vertical forms, and one-liners to offer readers a kaleidoscope of contemporary haiku, Spiess used the traditional pattern of seventeen syllables to create a playful scene that is easily accessible and strong in liquidity, visuality, and musicality. I translate this haiku into Chinese as

松樹岸上搖——  
母野鴨和鴨寶寶  
又上一浪尖

and provide the Chinese phonetic syllables for comparison of variations and subtleties in musicality and diction:

song shu an shang yao  
mu ye ya he ya bao bao  
you shang yi lang jian

In translating this haiku, I try to keep its musicality through the vowel sounds of *ang*, *u*, *a*, and *ao* for the effect of assonance and the repetition of *s* and *y* for alliteration. I maintain the end rhyme (lines 1 and 2) and use seventeen Chinese characters to match the traditional, syllabic pattern of Spiess's haiku.

Here's a closer look at my process. Instead of choosing 鳧 (pronounced as "fu"), a less common name for mallard in Chinese, I use 野鴨 ("ye ya" which means "wild duck") for assonance. The word "shang" (上), which is used twice, has different parts of speech. In line 1, "shang" is a preposition which means "on," but in line 3, it is a verb which means "reach" or "to be on top of." The phrase "bao bao" (寶寶), which means "baby," is chosen for the sake of the end rhyme, though "ducklings" can also be translated into 小鴨子 (xiao ya zi), which means little ducks. I believe that Spiess's haiku sounds more like a lovely one written for children, making the use of this phrase appropriate. When used together with "ya" (鴨/duck), the three-word phrase ("ya bao bao") means ducklings. "You" (又) in line 3 is an adverb, meaning "again"; "yi" (一) is an article for "a" or "one"; and "lang jian" (浪尖) means "crest of the wave."

For an English speaker to see the variations or subtleties of word choices and to share in the better understanding of the translation, I present a back-translated version: "pine trees on shore sway— / wild mother duck and ducklings / again reach a crest."

Interestingly enough, a goose haiku by Spiess is as lovely as his duck one:

patches of snow  
mirrored in the flowing stream;  
a long wedge of geese<sup>1</sup>

Technically speaking, this haiku uses juxtaposition to bring up a perfect symmetrical comparison of the two images, patches of snow and geese. The first two lines parallel the third, but the images, separated by the use of the semicolon, become two independent parts, each existing in its own right. These two parts do not form a simile or metaphor, although we can use the comparative words—“are” or “are like”—to connect them for easy understanding: “patches of snow mirrored in the flowing stream are / are like a long wedge of geese.”

Through the awareness of juxtaposition, a reader may be delightfully surprised to discover an interaction between the two parts and, in turn, increase poetic appreciation: there are patches of snow which are mirrored in the flowing stream and look like geese, or there is a long wedge of geese which looks like patches of snow in the stream. In #790 of his “Speculations,” Spiess asserts that “[t]he juxtaposed, reverberating perceptions of a haiku are far greater than their small verbal frame, and intimate the larger universe of which they are ‘representatives’.”<sup>2</sup> The greater perceptions he talks about include the significance or insight achieved by a haiku poet through the integration of things in nature. Integrating snow, stream, and geese, the perceiver nurtures an aesthetic response to nature.

Whatever lovely picture of integration a reader may have, the visual effect produced by juxtaposition depends on an internal comparison, another haiku technique that suggests, rather than states, the similar and dissimilar characteristics of two different images. As early as 1958, Harold G. Henderson explained that the internal comparison means that “the two parts that make up the whole are compared to each other, not in simile or metaphor, but as two phenomena, each of which exists in its own right. This may be called ‘the principle of internal comparison’ in which the differences are just as important as the likenesses.”<sup>3</sup>

The images are visual ones in ‘patches of snow,’ but the snow in line 1 is an image in stillness while the stream and the geese in lines 2 and 3 are in motion. However, in context with the flowing stream, the snow in stillness becomes an image in motion, too, and creates, in turn, an associative train of thought in the observer’s mind. The internal comparison provides a moment for imagining the likeness between snow and geese (I feel that geese in this haiku may mean snow geese).

In one respect, Spiess’s goose haiku can be translated into Chinese rather easily because of the similar word order. A word worth a brief discussion is “wedge” in line 3. This word suggests that a long formation of geese in flight is a V shape. To translate it into Chinese, I choose 人 (pronounced as “ren” which means “person”). I choose 人 because the form of the Chinese character looks like an upside-down V shape. Another reason to choose 人 for “wedge” is that, in Chinese culture, the word is often used to describe the wedge shape of the geese in flight. However, an alternative might be to translate “wedge” into 楔形, according to its lexical meaning in Chinese, though this choice of the word would be against the established common use of 人 to describe the formation of geese in flight. A second alternative might be to use the alphabet V for “wedge.” Another word that deserves mentioning is “patch.” I choose 堆 (“dui”) for “patch” though a different word 片 (“pian”) can be a choice. The repetition of the word 堆 conveys the plural meaning of “patches.” Below for examination is my translation accompanied by the phonetic syllables:

堆堆雪	dui dui xue
倒映在流溪中;	dao ying zai liu xi zhong
人形雁陣長	ren xing yan zhen chang

A word-for-word back translation could be “patch and patch of snow / mirrored in the flowing stream / a long V-shape of geese.” However, to simply rewrite the haiku in Chinese, I omit 在 (“zai” which means “in”), the third word in line 2, and this omission is permitted in Chinese usage. Also, the first two words 人形 (“V-shaped”) in line 3 can be omitted so that the

revised translation will consist of only eleven words and maintain the terseness of haiku:

堆堆雪	patch and patch of snow
倒映流溪中；	mirrored in the flowing stream
雁陣長	a long formation of geese

I choose to keep the translation in eleven words for two reasons: First, to make the haiku denser. Second, when *kanji* (Chinese characters) are used in classical Japanese haiku, a haiku may consist of eleven words, but it may have seventeen *onji* because some *kanji* are polysyllabic in Japanese even though *kanji* are monosyllabic in Chinese. For instance, Bashō's famous frog haiku has only eleven words (古池や蛙飛び込む水の音), but it has seventeen *onji* (furu ike ya / kawazu tobi-komu / mizu no oto). Spiess's haiku consists of only fifteen syllables, and its terse characteristic can be preserved with fewer Chinese characters. Comparing the two versions of Spiess's goose haiku in Chinese, one notices the gain and loss in translation. To keep or not to keep the same number of syllables depends on how to best present the haiku in translation, and also how to consider issues in tone, diction, image, poetic expression, and readability of the translated poem. In this case, sacrificing the literal sense of V-shape seems to me a fair exchange for fewer syllables.

Another haiku by Spiess also uses an internal comparison, which associates the dusk with the caught fish on the stringer:

Becoming dusk,—  
the catfish on the stringer  
swims up and down<sup>4</sup>

This haiku is a good example of a haiku moment. The perceiver, who notices the transitoriness of dusk and the strung catfish unable to escape, catches a moment of empathy and of awareness to connect the two images. In his Speculation #773, which was prompted in part by a passage by Chang Chung-yuan, late professor of philosophy and scholar in Daoism at the University of Hawaii at Manoa, Spiess writes, "In a true now-moment of awareness (which can result in a haiku moment and subsequent



haiku) the poet is simultaneously free of his/her subjectivity as perceiver and the objectivity of entities—the ‘subjectivity’ of the poet and the ‘objectivity’ of entities are united.”<sup>5</sup> Here Spiess seems to draw on the notion of *kibutsu chinshi*, “a poetic technique that can be traced to the *Man’yōshū* and to Chinese poetry, [in which] the poet expresses his or her thoughts metaphorically, through ‘external things,’ especially natural images.”<sup>6</sup>

In Spiess’s example, “dusk” does not mean an abstract idea of a particular moment; rather, it functions together with the catfish on the stringer as an immediate scene that suggests the perceiver’s underlying feeling, intensified by the inescapable up and down swimming of the catfish. And this catfish image is absorbed not only through the perceiver’s naked eye, but also through his intuitive apprehension of the essence of the natural objects as the projection of his state of mind. This mental process reflects an aesthetic attitude, which Kenneth Yasuda calls “a haiku attitude.”<sup>7</sup>

In translating this haiku, I choose the word 近 (*jin*), which means “close to” or “nearing” for “becoming.” In a sense, 近 means “becoming” because of its usage in the language. With this word, the haiku sounds more like a poem written in Chinese rather than a translation. Also, because of an easy word order, my translation is almost an exact rendering of the original:

近黄昏——	jin huang hun
串在繩上的鯰魚	chuan zai sheng shang de nian yu
上下遊動	shang xia you dong

A word-for-word back translation into English (“nearing dusk— / the catfish on the stringer / up and down swims”) shows only a minor variation in word order in line 3.

The following haiku by Spiess presents the bird voice that seems to function as a call to raise human awareness of nature:

The chain saw stops;  
deeper in the winter woods  
a chickadee calls<sup>8</sup>

One of our contemporary tragedies is the human destruction of nature and the plundering of natural resources. This haiku is a mini eco-poem that expresses ecological concerns. Ecopoetry is not quite nature poetry in the sense of pastoral or Romantic writing. Having evolved in the late 20th century as a subgenre of poetry with a strong emphasis on human responses to ecological changes and on human awareness of environmental disasters, ecopoetry has been a type of creative expression with a strong tone of human responsibility. In this vein, Spiess challenges the reader to examine environmental disaster through the image of the chainsaw and to ponder the impact of human actions on nature. If human beings stop destroying nature, nature in return will offer its beauty through a chickadee's call, even in bleak winter, which is nature's meaningful response to human nature.

"The chain saw stops" has a 4-7-5 syllabic pattern. In my first translation, I try to keep the same number of syllables:

鏈鋸停了；	lian ju ting le
冬天林子更深處	dong tian lin zi geng shen chu
一隻山雀鳴	yi zhi shan que ming

but a second look at the translation prompts me to think that it can be condensed into a 3-5-3 syllabic pattern without losing the meaning of the original. For instance, though "dong" (冬) can be used together with "tian" (天) in line 2 to form a compound word to mean "winter," "dong" itself means "winter" too; therefore, "tian" can be abandoned. Another compound word is "lin zi" (林子 woods). Without "zi" (子), "lin" (林) still means "woods," so "winter woods" can be condensed into "dong lin" (冬林) rather than "dong tian lin zi" (冬天林子), which seems wordy in translation and awkward in poetic expression. Another word that can be dropped is "le" (了) in line 1, an unstressed auxiliary word which performs the grammatical function of tense to mean the completion of an action or serves as a *kireji*. The deletion of "le" (了) does not affect the meaning. In line 3, the article "yi" (一 / a) and the measure word "zhi" (隻) can also be dropped because they seem not distinctive in the Chinese version. Maynard Mack mentions in "A Note on Translation" that "since Chinese . . . lacks distinctions of

gender, of singular and plural, of a and the . . . also of tenses, the pressure of the English translator to rearrange, straighten out, and fill in to ‘make sense’ for his or her reader remains strong.”<sup>9</sup> Mack’s discussion is provocative with regard to two points: (1) the use of *a* and *the* is not distinctive in Chinese; and (2) since translation of Chinese poetry into English may require a translator to “rearrange, straighten out, and fill in to ‘make sense’ for his or her reader” by adding, for instance, *a* and *the*, we can also rearrange to make sense by deleting *a* and the measure word in translation. The revised version thus reads:

鏈鋸停；	lian ju ting
冬林更深處	dong lin geng shen chu
山雀鳴	shan que ming

I render the haiku back into English with the omission of words mentioned above, but not, I think, of meaning as

chain saw stops;  
deeper in winter woods  
chickadee’s call

Let’s read another bird haiku by Spiess:

Winter wind—  
bit by bit the swallow’s nest  
crumbles in the barn<sup>10</sup>

Different from the “chain saw” haiku, this one examines the relationship between the natural power of wind and the gradual destruction of the swallow’s nest. The poet renews human awareness of the nonhuman world and its interrelatedness through his observation of the nest’s bit-by-bit crumbling in the winter wind. This haiku puts into practice what Spiess states in #768 of his “Speculations”: “Haiku surprise us with new approaches to perception—not by exotic or esoteric phenomena but by the factual occurrences in our day to day lives.”<sup>11</sup> “Winter wind” also expresses a bit of sadness on the poet’s part, for his inability to rescue the nest from nature’s cycle of life and death.

I first try a translation with an exact word order to match the original version:

冬風——	dong feng
一點一點地燕巢	yi dian yi dian de yan chao
碎在穀倉	sui zai gu cang

but when I read my translation orally, I realize that “winter wind” sounds the same as “eastern wind” (東風). They both have the same phonetic syllables: “dong feng.” To help a reader easily understand “dong feng” as the “winter wind” in the haiku, I insert “ji” (season) between the two words. Also, “bit by bit” is an adverbial phrase modifying the verb “crumbles” and its position before the noun does not cause trouble in English. But, if a word-for-word order is kept and “yi dian yi dian de” (一點一點地 / bit by bit) is placed before “yan chao” (燕巢 / swallow’s nest), the line seems awkward in Chinese, for the adverbial phrase may sound like an adjectival phrase modifying the nest if the line is read without a pause between the two parts of speech. With these concerns in mind, I rearrange the word order of the second and the third lines to make the translation sound more like a colloquial Chinese expression:

冬季風——	dong ji feng
穀倉裡的燕巢	gu cang li de yan chao
一點點碎了	yi dian dian sui le

which reads in English as “winter wind— / the swallow’s nest in the barn / bit by bit crumbles.” Then, to make it sound less colloquial and more poetic, I use the 3–5–3 syllabic pattern to get the third version:

冬季風——	dong ji feng
燕巢一點點	yan chao yi dian dian
碎穀倉	sui gu cang

The back-translation reads as “winter wind— / the swallow’s nest bit by bit / crumbles in the barn.” This version is similar to the original except that “bit by bit” is placed after the noun; however, the preposition in line 3 has been dropped. The word-for-word translation would be “crumbles barn,” which may

sound ridiculous in English, but the Chinese reader, without the help of a preposition, knows definitely that the original means “crumbles in the barn.” Even though these few words are omitted and the word order is altered in line 2, the message in the original haiku is faithfully maintained in translation.

Cor van den Heuvel says in *The Haiku Anthology*: “Haiku is basically about living with intense awareness, about having an openness to the existence around us—a kind of openness that involves seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, and touching.”<sup>12</sup> Spiess, a fine haiku practitioner, lived accordingly. Conscious of nature and of human nature, he used senses and images to raise in readers an awareness of their co-dependent existence. As stated in his Speculation #785, he framed this awareness as “the aesthetic, senseful, psychological, existential moment of the ‘now’ wherein the infinite past and infinite future are included and transcended.”<sup>13</sup> The now-ness of Spiess’s haiku and his aesthetic attitude draw me to the challenge of translating his poetry. I believe that translation is a re-creation of the original, and that this re-creation leads to better understanding and appreciation. Even though something in the original may be lost in translation, an excellent haiku can remain much the same in the target language. Also, back translation can be a useful tool, for it provides extra checks to ensure quality, accuracy, and poetic expression for better reading and understanding.

### Notes

1. Cor van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology* (New York: Norton, 1999), 197.
2. Robert Spiess, “Speculations (#781–790),” *Modern Haiku* 31.3 (autumn 2000), 111.
3. Harold G. Henderson, *An Introduction to Haiku* (New York: Doubleday, 1958), 18.
4. van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology*, 201.
5. Spiess, “Speculations (#768–780),” *Modern Haiku* 31.2 (summer 2000), 119.
6. Haruo Shirane, *Traces of Dreams: Landscape, Cultural Memory, and the Poetry of Bashō* (Stanford: Stanford UP, 1998), 263.

7. Kenneth Yasuda, *The Japanese Haiku* (Rutland: Tuttle, 1973), 10.
8. van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology*, 202.
9. Maynard Mack, "A Note on Translation," *The Norton Anthology of World Literature*. 6 vols. Sarah Lawall, ed. 2nd ed. (New York: Norton, 2002), A9.
10. van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology*, 202.
11. Spiess, "Speculations (#768–780)," *Modern Haiku* 31.2 (summer 2000), 118.
12. van den Heuvel, ed., *The Haiku Anthology*, xii.
13. Spiess, "Speculations (#781–790)," *Modern Haiku* 31.3 (autumn 2000), 111.



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## Reviewed

**Carlos Colón. *Haiku Elvis: A Life in 17 Syllables (or Less)*.**  
Abilene, TX: Laughing Cactus Press, 2013, 89 pp., perfect soft-bound, 5.5 x 8.5. ISBN 978-1-937905-23-1. US \$16 postpaid, autographed from the author, 185 Lynn Ave., Shreveport, LA 71105, ccolon423@comcast.net.

by Charlotte Digregorio, Winnetka, IL

Haiku Elvis epitomizes senryu. Since the time we were young, we all dreamed of achieving fame and recognition, if only for a few minutes, when watching someone famous. Carlos Colón, a longtime haiku and senryu poet, lets us dream about fame through his persona of Elvis, often making us laugh at ourselves and our illusions. He compiled his book largely as a clever channeling of poems from Elvis:

hoping I can  
fit back through it  
kitchen door

screaming fan—  
in her hand  
a clump of my hair

The book is divided into parts, among them: “Birth of a Rock Star,” “Matinee Idol,” “Family Man,” and “On the Road.” It is filled with light-hearted humor and wordplay, illustrating the celebrity performer’s life:

not myself tonight  
my belt missing  
a rhinestone

late for the sky  
another  
curtain call

lost luggage  
I ask for the bag  
with the blue suede shoes

Paris—  
in my mouth  
a foreign tongue

Some of the poems in this collection were written prior to Colón's "Haiku Elvis" days, although he deftly weaves them into the life of Elvis:

family time  
a conversation  
between bathrooms

Ever the senryu poet, he includes poems that won awards in significant competitions:

in the middle  
of making love  
counting syllables

Though *Haiku Elvis* contains mostly senryu, there are also haiku of a serious tone. Colón is a spiritual person, and often his poems include Christian symbols. One of my favorite haiku in the book takes off on Elvis's famous song, "Blue Christmas":

a little more  
periwinkle this year  
my Blue Christmas

In the poem above, periwinkle is a symbol of eternity, a reminder of the departed that we were close to.

Another haiku that embodies spiritual sensibilities is:

pointing  
my way home  
the starfish

The starfish symbolizes the Virgin Mary. She promises safe travel over troubled waters, and is an emblem of salvation during trying times.



Further, consider this lovely haiku:

summer's end  
the trace of your shadow  
through my sunglasses

In reading this book throughout, we have the idea that the often laconic Elvis Presley might have relished haiku for its brevity, had he known about it, and found in it a subtle vehicle for his innermost feelings. Reportedly, Elvis often experienced painfully lonely thoughts. It has been widely publicized that he was an introspective man who pondered his existence and read books on religion and mysticism.

Could Elvis ever come back as a haiku poet? One thing is for sure: if Elvis did come back, he would find Colón's haiku thoughtful and delightful, capturing his sensibilities.

The book's attractive front and back covers, featuring Colón dressed in a white jumpsuit as The King, invite even non-poets to discover haiku. The book undoubtedly will work to bring haiku into the mainstream.

At the end of the book, Jim Kacian, haiku poet and founder of The Haiku Foundation, interviews both "Haiku Elvis" and Colón. The author discusses the free form of haiku that he practices, educating those who grew up thinking they must write in the 5-7-5 syllable format. He makes such points as the need to cut back on our use of adjectives and adverbs when writing haiku. This interview is a great introduction for those who read the book not knowing about haiku and its modern form.

*Haiku Elvis* is a worthy, intuitive book, and it is an excellent addition to our haiku and senryu collections.



*Charlotte Digregorio is the author of the new book, Haiku and Senryu: A Simple Guide for All. She is HSA's Midwest regional coordinator.*

**Aubrie Cox. *Yay Words!*** @<http://yaywords.wordpress.com/>:  
A Blog Review.

by Jessica Tremblay, Burnaby, BC

During the month of June 2014, I really enjoyed reading the tiny haibun (or “tibun”) that Aubrie Cox published on her blog *Yay Words!*

Aubrie describes her blog as “[a] celebration of language and the written word (with a little art on the side).” Some poets might know Aubrie from the Doodleku she led on her blog for many months: she would post a drawing and ask poets to write an accompanying poem in the comments. But in June, there was a sudden shift in her blog postings as she started writing very short prose followed by a haiku.

#### Living Things

I’ve yet to visit since you moved into the mausoleum. Every poem could be my last.

Guess I’ve social anxiety even among the dead.

Sunday in the park  
butterfly shadow  
between the bells<sup>1</sup>

Her haibun reminded me of tanbun, a genre invented by Larry Kimmel, which is a combination of a short prose of 31 or less syllables followed by haiku or tanka. Aubrie replied to my comment on her blog by saying: “A little over a year ago I discovered hint fiction, which is fiction in 25 words or less. After experimenting, I started doing these haibun with prose within those confines.”

Whether her haibun are facts or fiction, they are highly effective in emotionally engaging the reader.

## White Balance

You arrive at the Star of Hope Mausoleum, only to find it locked  
in the minutes you sat in the car working up your nerve.

sun showers  
she brings hot tea  
without asking<sup>2</sup>

Aubrie occasionally adds link within the prose or haiku, adding an element of interactivity to the poem.

## Signs of Life

Tufts of fox fur litter the end of the drive. You look everywhere  
for blood before it rains.

green tomatoes  
*evolution*  
of the human face<sup>3</sup>

In this poem, the link takes you to an article explaining how the human face evolved as a result of physical violence: the tiny bones becoming more robust as a means of protection against small impacts such as that of a human fist.

The titles of Aubrie's haibun also caught my attention: they are beautiful and poetic and they can stand by themselves, almost like short poems: "Sporadic Flu Activity" (June 25), "81% of the Moon is Illuminated" (June 16), "Meteorological Summer" (June 2).

## Beyond the Limit of Astronomical Twilight

I convince myself fireflies are varying shades of yellow and  
green like vaseline glass.

That my hips don't hurt when I run.

That we're talking.

cilantro seeds—  
all my favorite  
B-side songs<sup>4</sup>

Sometimes there is some kind of association between the title and the haibun, but oftentimes there doesn't seem to be any link between the title and the piece, which adds a touch of surrealism to the haibun. When I asked her where her title ideas came from, Aubrie wrote: "One good place for titles and/or inspiration is Wunderground.com's charts and stats for your area." When I looked on the website (which is a local weather app), I did see "Sporadic Flu Activity" as one of the headlines for my area. Great title for a haibun! What a clever appropriation of weather terms for poetic purposes!

Today is Forecast to Be Nearly the Same Temperature  
As Yesterday

You rarely write about sound. You explain there are two types of pain. You wonder if there are any other stories left in you.

cool after the rain . . .  
mosquito larvae twist  
in on themselves<sup>5</sup>

Here, the image of "mosquito larvae twisting in on themselves" is surprising. We often read the same image, over and over, in haiku. It is nice to read something new and original in a poem. I said as much in a comment on her blog, and Aubrie replied: "I've been trying hard to find something new and fresh, though I've definitely caught myself sliding into some old habits here and there."

Aubrie serves as the haiga editor for the online haikai journal *A Hundred Gourds*. After graduating from Millikin University with a B.A. in English literature and writing, she completed her M.A. in English creative writing at Ball State University in 2013.

According to the *About me* section on her website, "Aubrie Cox went to university to write a novel; she came out writing haiku. It's worked out pretty well so far."<sup>6</sup>

Considering the tibun on *Yay Words!* I'd say things have worked out well, too.

## Notes

1. Aubrie Cox, "Living Things." *Yay Words!*, retrieved June 16, 2014 from <http://yaywords.wordpress.com/2014/06/16/living/things/>
2. Cox, "White Balance." *Yay Words!*, retrieved June 24, 2014 from <http://yaywords.wordpress.com/2014/06/24/white-balance/>
3. Cox, "Signs of Life." *YayWords!*, retrieved June 10, 2014 from <http://yaywords.wordpress.com/2014/06/10/signs-of-life/>
4. Cox, "Beyond the Limit of Astronomical Twilight." *Yay Words!*, retrieved June 5, 2014 from <http://yaywords.wordpress.com/2014/>
5. Cox, "Today is Forecast to Be Nearly the Same Temperature As Yesterday." *Yay Words!*, retrieved on June 11 2014 from <http://yaywords.wordpress.com/2014/06/11/today-is-forecast-to-be-nearly-the-same-temperature-as-yesterday/>
6. [www.aubriecox.com/about/](http://www.aubriecox.com/about/)



*Jessica Tremblay is the author of "Old Pond Comics" published in Frogpond and at [www.oldpondcomics.com](http://www.oldpondcomics.com). In 2013 she was the official cartoonist-in-residence at Haiku North America, Seabeck Haiku Getaway, and Haiku Hot Springs. In 2014 she received a Canada Council for the Arts Grant for Professional Writers to continue exploring the new genre of "haiku-comics."*



**Taro Aizu. *My Fukushima*** (in French, English, and Japanese). Fueisha Press, 2014, 232 pp., hardcover, 5.5 x 8 inches. Available from the author for US\$16 at [aizu2013@dream.jp](mailto:aizu2013@dream.jp). Kindle edition (91 pp.) available from Amazon.com for US\$6.

by Kath Abela Wilson, Pasadena, CA

Children  
From Fukushima  
Dash into a white surf

Many of us think of “our” Fukushima, for good reason. Fukushima, March 11, 2011. There is a small leap of the heart common to all of us. This was the day of nuclear disaster, the meltdown at the nuclear power plant in Fukushima that was hit by a tsunami caused by the 9.0 magnitude earthquake. Three hundred thousand people were evacuated from this area, and the work of recovery will continue for decades.

For Taro Aizu (Aizu is his pen name, he was born in Aizu-Misato, Fukushima Prefecture) this is no small leap of the heart. It goes very personally and deeply to his roots. It is his Fukushima, his childhood, his cherished hometown.

Born in Fukushima, he lived there for 18 years until entering college in Tokyo. After graduation with a degree in French literature he moved to Kanagawa Prefecture, where he has lived for 37 years. Once a year, since then, he has visited his hometown for Obon, which honors the spirits of ancestors. “When I visited Fukushima in August 2011,” he told me, “I saw my nephews hanging dosimeters around their necks. The scene gave a great shock and it inspired me to write ‘My hometown, Fukushima’ in 2012. At last, I could publish it in May, 2014.”

I had read *My Fukushima* in the Kindle edition twice when I so fortunately traveled to Kanagawa, and was able to meet Taro there in June 2014. With gentle generosity he gave me the gift of his beautiful hardcover in French, Japanese, and English.

I have always loved the individual haiku of Taro for their crystal clear moments expressed with such heart, delicacy, and powerful description. But when I read *My Fukushima* I was surprised and further moved by the strength of his feeling and expression. His book draws me back, over and over.

Nothing can equal a book on a commonly felt theme that emerges from strong, immediate personal experience. Taro's haiku, tanka prose, and haibun recall with intensity his childhood home. He speaks with intimate detail of its innocence and the sudden change to a difficult, threatening existence. The progression gathers strength as we experience all this very emotionally and feel the seeds of the unseen and unknown—before and after the disaster. We are drawn to his side to view the scene. We read:

At last I visited Miharu to see the Takizakura | April 2012. It was as beautiful as always. I stayed looking up at it for two hours.

Takizakura is the beautiful cherry tree seen in Fukushima.

One thousand years  
Flow through the blossoms—  
Takizakura

Taro observes the scene in Fukushima . . .

One by one  
One by one  
Cherry blossoms

Then he views the familiar, now deserted, beaches near the nuclear plant.

As if the tsunami  
Had been a fabrication  
A calm sea in spring

As we progress with him through the seasons, we see what he sees and remembers, we notice with him endurance and fragility.

Summer grass  
Only house foundations  
Remain in silence

Groundwater  
Climbs into the dead trunk  
The silence in winter

The falling snow  
Black cows wandering  
Near the plant

Japanese daffodils  
Bloom in midwinter  
Quiet energy

The exquisitely written haibun set the scene with such specifics that we feel present in real time, in the hometown of our hearts in innocence, danger, and hope. The book ends with a litany of specific wishes for his hometown, in haiku form. *My Fukushima* speaks tenderly for all of us of the beauty and fragility of life itself.



*Kath Abela Wilson, secretary of the Tanka Society of America, an active member of the Southern CA Haiku Study Group, creator and leader of the Pasadena-based international group Poets on Site, gives live performances and publishes her haiku and tanka widely in journals and anthologies. She travels the world with her mathematician husband who accompanies her on flutes of all countries.*



**Jane and Werner Reichhold. *Symbiotic Poetry*.** Gualala, CA: AHA Books, 2014, 282 pp., perfect softbound, 7.5 x 9.25 inches. ISBN 978-1494422776. US\$14 from online booksellers.

by M.S. Clarke, Warrenpoint, Northern Ireland

The cover illustration of *Symbiotic Poetry* by artist and writer Werner Reichhold features a collage of words, drawings, and photographs that hints at the scope of this latest volume produced with his wife, Jane. Containing a body of work that includes prose and short plays penned by the Reichholds over several decades, this book is much more than a poetry collection.

In the three-page introduction, “Coming to Terms,” the authors address the familiar problem of how to define English-language poetry inspired by a whole range of traditional Japanese forms such as haiku, tanka, and renga. Issues including differences in sound between the English and Japanese languages; the fact that today’s poetry is informed by experiences far removed from the simple, rural life of the early *haijin*; and the use of experimental poetic techniques suggest that it was inevitable that such Western poetry would evolve into something very different from its traditional Eastern counterpart.

Bearing this in mind, the Reichholds present the case for adopting the term “symbiotic poetry” to categorize this type of work which has been inspired by different cultures and poetry forms—in other words, of mixed literary parentage. Both writers have sifted through their creative output of “borrowed genres” (to use Jane’s own words) to find examples of such work. This rich and unusual collection is the result.

So that the reader can distinguish between each of their contributions, Jane’s work is typeset in Book Antigua and Werner’s in Arial on the pages of the text. However, their individual styles are so distinct that they are easily recognisable.

For instance, if the following two tanka in Jane's series "A Thank You" from *In the Presence* are compared with Werner's untitled poem from *Bridge of Voices*, the difference in style is immediately evident.

waiting on you  
in a vase of admiration  
the rhododendron  
its perfection stops just short  
of breaking into song

and

alone and cloaked  
a walk in the woods  
I am recognized  
trees wave leafy boughs  
flowers nod and wave

linking man on the moon two stars  
snail of an ear the spoken word winding  
all holes linked Swiss cheese  
smoke of a joint the leaves of no virgin circling  
a letter unfolding two roses  
silver arrow the cry of geese  
whenever we meet the tide is changing color

The first two poems, which are quite traditional, very visual, and suggest a certain oneness with nature, reveal the poet's sentiments quite clearly. The third is like a spell or chant and begins almost as a list poem detailing a dream. Even when the author comments in the last line, we are not totally sure exactly what is being described, so the reader must work in order to arrive at a conclusion.

Many of the themes that run through the book are traditional: nature, love and relationships, birth and death, loneliness and growing old. There are some really beautiful poems, in particular, the "Water-Renga" from *Narrow Road to Renga* written by both Jane and Werner. This sequence features mermaids,

sea fog, and tide pools. Again their individual contributions reflect their different poetic styles and it is interesting to observe how they combine—“symbiotically”—to create something new and surprising:

darting into spindrift  
silver between his talons (Jane)

gold medal winner  
dives into advertising  
sun oil (Werner)

And a touching tanka from *Bowls I Buy* describes Jane as sculptress not only of her clay creations, but also of the child she carries:

hands folded  
she models for the artist  
in clay  
her smile shapes within  
a son who looks like him

In the following haiku from *Ten Years Haikujane*, several of the senses come into play in just seven words to create an extremely visual and auditory haiku:

wild lilac  
a bush speaks  
with bees

and from the same collection of Jane’s, the cyclical nature of life is highlighted in this haiku with the images of birth and death in the first two lines. In line three, “nest-shaped” suggests the season of spring, and therefore birth . . . and so life continues:

eggshell  
a bird’s skull  
nest-shaped

This love haiku by Werner from *Layers of Content* effectively employs a shift of focus from the close-up, tiny speck of light in a lover's eyes to the faraway mass of stars in the universe. I found it to be a beautiful poem:

on a voyage  
the light in your eyes  
star to star

The use of the collective noun "herd" for snowflakes is also striking in Werner's lines from "Into My Heart," a collaborative poem taken from the collection *Film of Words*:

turning loose  
a herd of snowflakes  
the lover's lips unseen

However, these form just a small part of "Into My Heart," demonstrating how its individual components can be enjoyed as well-constructed, stand-alone poems as well as integral parts of the complete piece. When read as a whole, it moves along at a rapid pace and feels very spontaneous.

It is perhaps the spontaneity employed in parts of the collection that sometimes results in a slightly disjointed effect. This technique combined with the occasional lack of logical (or perhaps traditional) construction brought to mind some of the work of the Absurdist playwrights and New Wave film makers in Europe when reflecting the absurd nature of the human condition—the conflict between our constant search to find meaning in life and our inability to do so. They also favoured the technique of self-reference which appears in Werner's short play, *Alfredo and Traviata*, at the beginning of *Symbiotic Poetry*. Here, there is reference to the craft of writing when Alfredo reports that "the guys mentioned earlier (Freud, Foucault, and Derrida) stated, 'A special kind of madness is one of the conditions, requirements, qualifications in finding a concept for writing poetry.'" Indeed, the characters' sometimes

meandering conversations reminded me a little of the work of the Irish writer, Samuel Beckett.

The book ends with a journal entry from *Invitation* entitled “Wednesday January 14, 1998.” The detailed preparations depicted for what was obviously a very important event led me to believe that Jane was describing her wedding day. It is, in fact, a meticulous account of their participation in the New Year’s Poetry Reading at the Imperial Court of Japan. The Emperor Akihito and Empress Michiko had invited the Reichholds to that year’s prestigious event, Utakai Hajimi, and I really enjoyed reading this firsthand report of the occasion. This in turn allowed me to reread Werner’s piece, “Entering the Poetry” with a much better understanding. Here is an extract:

Poems leave their notation  
in the singers’ mouth, in the direction toward their Majesties  
and back from wooden walls, the acoustic is timing its echoes.  
Voices go for a swim in space,

and a tanka from Jane’s account:

feeling the poetry  
deepening in the voices  
men chanting  
The Pine Tree Room reaches out  
to the god in every one

Jane and Werner Reichhold’s distinctive styles and their influence on each other when working collaboratively could be considered an excellent example of symbiosis at work. No doubt they absorb some of each other’s poetic rhythm; in fact, the following haiku is typeset in Arial, therefore it must be Werner’s—but it also sounds a lot like Jane’s!

from a bay  
escorting salt  
the spin of birds

In any case, it left me slightly breathless with a hint of sea spray or spindrift in the air. I have no doubt that *Symbiotic Poetry* is one of those books that I shall be dipping into again and again.



*Marion Clarke is a creative writer, visual artist, and poetry facilitator from the east coast of Northern Ireland. A graduate of the University of Ulster and post graduate of the University of the West of England, she began her writing career producing technical articles for the UK trade press. Then she discovered haiku.*



## Briefly Reviewed

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

**T.A. Carter. *Hue, A Day at Butchart Gardens: A Haiku Primer.*** Lantzville, BC: Leaf Press, 2014, 52 pp., perfect soft-bound, 4.25 x 5 inches. ISBN 978-1-926655-69-7. US\$12 @ [www.leafpress.ca](http://www.leafpress.ca).

As the title of T.A. Carter's new chapbook indicates, here is a haiku how-to—a modest, yet handy one, at that. Twenty poems each illustrate a particular haiku technique or principle, very briefly explained on the facing page. Also included are suggested readings for further study especially focused on the work of Carter's fellow Canadian poets. Although pitched to beginners, the primer can serve as a technical to-do list for more seasoned haiku poets as well. This writer has spent more than one delightful afternoon exploring the same experience with one modeled technique after another—and finding unexpected depths in the moment. *Silence / of old growth cedars— / tourist's small talk [contrast]; under the blue sky / hydrangea petals / in the stone bird bath [shasei]; ocean view / through the hole in the hedge / missing cherry blossoms [sabi].* ~MRB

**Robert Epstein. *What My Niece Said in My Head.*** West Union, WV: Middle Island Press, 2014, 50 pp., stapled, 5 x 8 inches. No ISBN. <http://www.middleislandpress.com>

In this chapbook, Robert Epstein composes his paean to the whimsy, wonder, and disarming naiveté of the under-10 set. Rather than recall his own childhood, he revels in the insights wrung from the charming *bons mots* of an ebullient, highly

imaginative niece. Though some of the 50 haiku and senryu he presents verge on familial anecdote, with little space for expansion of meaning, the sympathetic reader (one who recognizes him or herself in the besotted adult) will find ample room for reflection in many other poems. A light tone and a deft use of italics has the effect of making the child's voice—and the poet's delight—come alive. *my niece's birthday / she wants to sleep tonight / in a flower bed; out of the blue / my niece names the colors / wonder comes in; my niece / folds the sky in half / to save it.* ~MRB

**Elizabeth Searle Lamb** (posthumous) and **Miriam Sagan**. *Dream That is Not a Dream: A Conversation in Haiku*. Miriam's Well, 2014, 52 pp., perfect softbound, 6 x 7 inches. ISBN 978-1-893003-17-0. US\$15@[www.redmoonpress.com](http://www.redmoonpress.com).

In this little book Miriam Sagan, friend of Elizabeth Searle Lamb and editor of her collected work (*Across the Wind-harp*), offers up a “posthumous dialogue” with the poet she calls her teacher. With a few exceptions, the poems by Lamb presented here were unpublished and uncollected at her death. The risk in such an enterprise is to include the improvised sketch never meant for public view along with finished work. A number of Lamb's poems (there are 36) may be unfinished nuggets of poetic thought, yet many are polished gems. Beneath each of Lamb's poems, Sagan has placed one of her own, written in “an attempt to enter into the mind of Elizabeth Searle Lamb's haiku.” Many of these responses restate the same material, too close in subject matter to expand the poetics of the original. Those that work well link much more indirectly, in the manner of a free-wheeling exchange of ideas. Still, there is much to treasure in this “conversation.” In one of her haiku, Lamb asks whether she will be able to write her death poem when the time comes. Readers may find that some presented here beautifully fit the bill. *the night sky / curls around itself / slow moving stars* [ESL] *slow stars / above my house / year after year* [MS]; *before I make / the important phone call / fresh lipstick* [ESL] *a thank you note / for a thank you note— / Shinto gate postcard*



[MS]; *the sharp ping / of a breaking harp string / the empty room* [ESL] *at the funeral / the harp suddenly / plays "Carmen"* [MS]. ~MRB

**Francis Attard. *Turn Up at the Shrine*.** Malta: Stone Curlew Publishing/Veritas Press, 2014, 112 pp., perfect softbound, 8.25 by 5.75 inches. ISBN: 978-99957-0-520-6. Private distribution by the author.

In this second collection, Francis Attard presents an anthology of 350 or more poems (some previously published), along with commentary on haiku and senryu and a dash of experimental verve. Working in English as a second language, he offers up solid haiku of haunting musicality and wry wisdom, unfortunately awash, for this reader at least, in a small sea of less-well-crafted poems. Particularly remarkable for its one-line ku, this is a collection in need of pruning from a poet well worth the watching. *dislikes purple of the moonflower* *Sunday date; year's end in a second-hand bookshop one I autographed; wake to the plaintive cry of the piping plover winter.* ~MRB

**George Swede. *Micro Haiku, Three to Nine Syllables*.** Toronto: Inšpress, 2014, 108 pp., perfect softbound, 5.25 by 8.25 inches. ISBN 978-0-9881179-0-7. US\$15 @ <http://inspress-net.webs.com>.

In this collection of bare bones haiku, George Swede arranges 101 poems by date of composition over thirty-six years. Characterized by technical excellence and poetic acumen, every one of his micro haiku packs a punch and demonstrates—in his publisher's words—"how the world's shortest poetic form can be even shorter and still create resonance." With remarkably little repetition of ideas or images, Swede hones his ku to the sharp edge of comparison, contrast, irony, personification, allusion, linguistic misdirection, paradox, and more. One truly gets the sense that, in whatever way language opens up disjunctive space, Swede has been there, done that and masterfully so. *as i enter moonlight fills her room; snowflakes bricks; brook / sunlight / Bach.* ~MRB

**Lee Gurga and Scott Metz, eds. *Haiku 2014*.** Lincoln, IL: Modern Haiku Press, 2014, unpag. (110 pp.), perfect softbound, 5.25 x 4 inches. ISBN 0-9741894-6-4. US\$8 + postage from Modern Haiku Press, P.O. Box 68, Lincoln IL 62656 or [www.modernhaiku.org](http://www.modernhaiku.org).

Three years ago Lee Gurga and Scott Metz coedited *Haiku 21: An Anthology of Contemporary English-Language Haiku* (see review in *Frogpond* 35:2). For this first (hopefully annual) supplement, the editors screened over 10,000 haiku published in 2013 and feature “100 notable ku” by 100 authors. As in the first publication, this edition questions “What can haiku be?” and sets out to explore the possibilities. Many of the poems are innovative and experimental, not in a random fashion but, as the editors explain, in a way that each might engage the reader in “cognitive effect rather than in relation to typography or layout.” Included also are haiku that follow the more traditional approach, but with unique and fresh perspective and appeal. As readers, editors, and publishers we should seek out haiku of excellence in the full range of traditional and modern practice, haiku that speak to us on more than one level, that inspire and challenge us. At times we may feel uncomfortable with the result; we may ask, “Is *this* a haiku?” But if the poem clings to the conscious and/or subconscious mind and reaches us on a variety of levels, including emotional, intellectual, imaginative, and intuitive, we will find ourselves engaged even if we can’t explain the exact meaning or intent of the lines. A few of the many excellent haiku in this collection that speak to me: *another bird dream probing the tenderness under a wing* (Melissa Allen); *in his buttonhole our forgotten war* (Fay Aoyagi); *Parable; / too heavy / for insect wings* (Joe Polsky); *a blue coffin / one nail escapes / the solar system* (Peter Yovu). ~FB

**Bill Cooper. *Overtones*.** Winchester, VA: Redmoon Press, 2014, unpag. (62 pp.), perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5 inches. ISBN 978-1-936848-28-7. US\$12 from [www.redmoonpress.com](http://www.redmoonpress.com).

A tight little collection of 45 haiku that offer sometimes expected and often surprising juxtapositions. We find encounters human and nature based that pay attention especially to

movement and sound, yet are interlaced with moments of quiet and solitude. This careful balance, coupled with Cooper's eye for detail and keen articulation, adds a quality of "overtone" to many of his poems. Overtones can be heard in harmonic and disharmonic musical compositions. They can be seen in the color of reflected light. They can also suggest secondary meaning and connotation in the spoken and written word. The reader will find all of these elements in this satisfying and engaging collection, which is divided into three sections: "the many paths," "flowing into watercolor," and "softening taps." One poem from each section: *the haiku / of a humpback whale / one breath; feast over / a second round / of soft tuba notes; onshore breeze / the fiddler crab stretching / a smaller claw.* ~FB

**Jörgen Johansson. *The Firefly's Signature/Eldflugans signatur.*** Winchester, VA: Redmoon Press, 2014, 54 pp., perfect softbound, 4.25 x 6.5 inches. ISBN 978-1-936848-29-4. US\$12 from [www.redmoonpress.com](http://www.redmoonpress.com).

In both English and Swedish this compact collection of 40 haiku and senryu offers a mix that ranges from the uncanny to the melancholic. One gets a sense that Johansson is confident inside his writing skin, that he sees life and relationships as they are and doesn't hesitate to say so. Contrary to what the title poem suggests—*the firefly's signature / on the night sky / unreadable*—all of these poems are accessible and many suggest something deeper than what first meets the eye. The chapbook is divided into three sections, "their first quarrel," "the wrong window," and "the druid arrives," which set the tone for a good measure of tension, but we also find resolution in many of the poems. Others allow the author's unique sense of play to shine through. Some of my favorites capitalize on Johansson's skill with word choice and diction, for trimming the lines to just what is needed to grab and hold the reader's attention with a range of poems from 6 to 17 syllables. A memorable collection. *a ladybird / b5 to c4; june bride / the church filled / with second thoughts; art deco knob / it was here / i was made; rainy july / bite marks / on the table tennis racket.* ~FB

**Madoka Mayuzumi, ed., Hiroaki and Nancy Sato, trans. *So Happy to See Cherry Blossoms: Haiku from the Year of the Great Earthquake and Tsunami*.** Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2014, 119 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8 inches. ISBN 978-1-936848-30-0. US\$12 from [www.redmoonpress.com](http://www.redmoonpress.com).

When the March 2011 earthquake and tsunami struck the Pacific coast of Japan, Madoka Mayuzumi was in Paris serving as Japan's cultural ambassador to Europe. On her return to Japan she visited the stricken areas and held writing sessions with hopes that haiku would help the survivors regain purpose and strength in the aftermath of the disaster. *So Happy to See Cherry Blossoms* features her selection of 126 haiku written by survivors aged 8–91, with an account of the moment that inspired each haiku. The editor includes notes on the *kigo* used and additional translators' notes are provided. Divided by season into four sections, the collection recounts loss and survival through the eyes, hearts, and pens of those who found comfort in cherry blossoms about to bloom, a dandelion in the grass, a lone pine tree, a grandchild singing, wildflowers, fireflies, a pot of roses, moon and candle light, sweet sake, and more. *Within me aftershocks have come to inhabit spring deep* (Saitō Kazuko); *Some large radishes put up to dry in a make-shift row* (Kikuta Tōshun). ~FB

**Roberta Beary, ed. *fresh paint: towpath anthology 2015*.** Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2014, unpag. (36 pp.), stapled softcover, 3.5 x 5 inches. ISBN 978-1-936848-31-7. US\$5 + postage from the towpath haiku society c/o Lee Giesecke @ [lee.g2013@verizon.net](mailto:lee.g2013@verizon.net).

A small but eye-appealing collection of 32 haiku and senryu by 16 members marking the 20th anniversary of the towpath haiku society. A bright array of voices from the Washington, D.C. area, with an interesting variety of themes and well-crafted poems. *wood chisel / releasing the curve of a wing* (Patricia A. Rogers); *after Mardi Gras / the mockingbird's nest / glittering* (Kathleen O'Toole); *waiting room / how this blood test / is a poem* (Jimmy Aaron/Peach). ~FB

**Marjorie Buettner. *Some Measure of Existence*** (Collected haibun with introduction by Marian Olson). Red Wing, MN: Red Dragonfly Press, 2014, 83 pp., perfect softbound, 5.5 x 8.5 inches. ISBN 978-1-937693-52-7. US\$15 from [www.reddragonflypress.org](http://www.reddragonflypress.org).

Those who have had the opportunity to hear Marjorie Buettner read her haibun recognize not only her skill but also her passion for the form, which she expresses beautifully through a heart that has traveled the corridors of wisdom. In this first collection she takes the reader from season to season, and at the end, briefly into a world where dreams fuel the exquisite prose and capping haiku. (Six of the 51 haibun are capped with tanka.) In the words of Marian Olson, these are haibun “composed by a writer who cares about language that draws the reader into her sensual and sensuous musings.” Each one draws us, as the title suggests, into a measure of her existence. This is a collection that will warm your bones through the coming months of winter. ~FB

**Glenn G. Coats. *Beyond the Muted Trees***. Prospect, VA: Pineola Publishing, 2014, 97 pp., perfect softbound, 6 x 9 inches. ISBN 978-0615949864. US\$8 from [amazon.com/books](http://amazon.com/books).

Sixty-three haibun comprise the author’s second collection, which he introduces with this haiku: *summer dusk— / tucked between pages / the pieces of a life*. These are stories wonderfully told from memory and notes Coats has taken through the years about folks from all walks of life, “but with a particular focus on the impoverished, the illiterate, the physically or psychologically wounded, the immigrant.” The capping haiku are as good as the prose and I found myself stopping often to let the language work its magic. Four sections—“Mercy,” “Crossing the Border,” “Side Roads,” and “Trace of a River”—place us in the presence of the author’s humanity. ~FB

**Publication Update: James Fuson. *20 Years: Reflections of an Empty Sky*** (briefly reviewed in *Frogpond* 37:2) is available at [www.softsculpture.org](http://www.softsculpture.org).

## Re:Readings

### From *Frogpond* 37:2

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, CA, on Sheila Sondik's haiku:

Poetry is about life and death and everything in between. This is true of all forms of poetry, yes? This has been even more true for me since I became a hospice bereavement volunteer. Today my copy of *Frogpond* arrives as I am heading out of the house to meet a woman in pain dealing with the loss of her husband. Per usual, I show up early at our local coffee shop so that I can read poetry ahead of our session. This helps ground me for whatever unfolds. I peruse *Frogpond* and see two haiku with the word "hospice," plus several haiku dealing with loss and grief. When I come to Sheila Sondik's haiku

hospice visit  
his favorite topic still  
buying and selling

I feel a stab of recognition. No two people experience the same grief and no two people grieve the same way. But, as a hospice volunteer, I hear variations on the theme of negotiation. In some instances, the person in bereavement tells me that his or her loved one had tried to bargain with God, with the universe, with death (folks hold many beliefs). Or the person in front of me reports that, *seeing his or her loved one nearing the end of life, tried to strike a bargain*. As I read this haiku, it brings light to a dark subject . . . even a smile. Not a wide one. But the corners of my lips curve up. We all think or hope we can talk our way out of a tough situation, don't we? My parents thought I would become a lawyer when I explained my C in third grade conduct: "Yes, but it's the best of the bad grades." As I listen to my hospice client today, I hear how she had tried to talk her way out of a bad deal. This haiku helped ready me to listen.

**Bonnie Stepenoff**, Cape Girardeau, MO, on Anne LB Davidson's haiku:

The great blue heron is a tough old waterbird, not too particular about its surroundings. I have seen them in the wetlands of Louisiana and at the edge of a lake in the Ozarks. All they need is a body of water with fish in it. Even the Missouri winter does not seem to faze them. Since I live near the bottoms of the Mississippi River, I sometimes see them in the fields along the narrow road to my subdivision. One day not too long ago, at the end of a rainy afternoon, I looked down into the ditch beside the road and saw one lifting its long leg carefully from a muddy pool. Part of me thought, there is majesty here, even in this lowly place, and part of me wondered about the habitat of this beautiful bird. Will our earth provide a home for it forever? That is why I was so taken with Anne LB Davidson's haiku

into the future  
the great blue heron's  
widespread wings

**Brent Partridge**, Orinda, CA, on five haiku:

A number of the haiku in issue 37:2 have a quality of reaching or stretching out. They have a surface simplicity, then open. Here are some examples.

Bruce Ross's

Walden Pond  
from a tree to my hand  
autumn leaf

has a reaching out from almost two hundred years ago—and a reaching backward. Often, of course, autumn leaves are somewhat hand shaped, and remind us that we too will be gone. In this case, the interconnected quality reaches

from Thoreau through the tree to Bruce—and through him to us.

In Ken Olson's

a tea kettle sings  
through the open window  
sparrows on cue

we hear the sparrows singing along in the same way that birds often tend to flock with other types of birds. With some of us, reference to a tea kettle resonates with Hakuin-zenji's work.

Bruce H. Feingold's

retirement  
a flash of sanderlings turns  
toward the sea

shows with the unique word use of "flash" that turning may be more than advancement. It also shows the liberation of microcosms.

Roman Lyakhovetsky's

sleepwalking  
i bump into the last  
line of the poem

takes us beyond sleeping and waking.

Joseph Salvatore Aversano's

autumn duck call hinges in the wind

opens in a number of ways: the shape of the sound as it spreads out on the wind; an echo of the sound of a hinge in a hunter's duck call imitation. Both the wedge of a duck flock in flight and the hinge-like wing motion are evoked—unfolding.



## *Call for Designs*

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



## *The Haiku Society of America Annual Contests*

Thank you to the judges and contest coordinator, Sari Grandstaff, and congratulations to the winners of the 2014 HSA Haibun, Henderson, Brady, and Einbond contests.

The deadlines for HSA-sponsored contests are:

- Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Contest: February 28, 2015
- Nicholas Virgilio Haiku Contest: March 25, 2015
- Mildred Kanterman Merit Book Awards: March 31, 2015
- HSA Haibun Contest: July 31, 2015
- Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest: July 31, 2015
- Gerald Brady Senryu Contest: July 31, 2015

## 2014 HSA Haibun Contest

### Judge

Ferris Gilli, Marietta, GA

When considering the merits of a haibun, I keep several central elements in mind. Interesting, evocative prose, and verse that complements the prose are paramount. Whether the poem has an obvious relation with the prose or an indirect one, it should contribute to the essence of the author's experience. Length of paragraph(s) and length of haibun are not particularly important to me. Well-balanced, resonant content overall is key. While the writer may take a philosophical, even humorous approach, I hope to discover why the author's experience compelled him or her to write about it. I prefer verse that makes good sense in or out of the haibun context; but of greater importance, I expect to get more from the juxtaposition of the prose and verse than I might from either one without the other. There are certain caveats that I believe are crucial when writing a haibun. The prose should not explain the haiku, nor should the haiku explain the prose. With few exceptions, the writer should repeat as little as possible, especially avoiding repetition of main verbs, nouns, adjectives, and adverbs. Just as the prose should not be repeated in the verse, the verse should not be repeated in the prose. Judging duties aside, I enjoyed every entry. Having gained something unique from each, I'm grateful to have had this opportunity.

*Ferris Gilli*

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

**Trick Knee**

Marcyn Del Clements, Claremont, CA

Crouched under the dying plum tree, hacking out root growth, it hits again. Fourth time in 2 weeks. I am paralyzed by pain, can't get up, can't open my leg. The doctor thinks, strained tendon. The PT thinks it might be arthritis holding up a ligament that crosses the knee, then lets it snap back in place. Sit, try to relax. Putting aside the pruners, I crawl into the shade of the apricot tree, wait.

a brown wood beetle  
crosses a patch of sun  
my watch ticking

I lick a small cut on my hand, from pruning asparagus fern. Nasty stuff. My husband hates it. A drop of sweat rolls off my head, down past my ear, drops to my sun-browned arm. Black & red ants fuss over the apricots I left around the trunk for them, and for the blue-throated fence lizard who lives in the geranium duff. A towhee, sensing the garden is quiet now, flits out of the hibiscus and down on the walk. Chucks his long tail above his flashy crissom, struts into shade of the pine where we have hung the seed feeders.

I try to gauge the passage of time, silently berate myself for not checking my watch when it hit. Seems like it takes longer each time. *What are you going to do if this happens while climbing Kilimanjaro?* my husband wants to know.

the tree leaves tremble  
my neighbor's playing  
rap again

When it eases, I'm fine, I heft the bucket of cuttings to my hips and schlep it to the wheelie bins. I've started therapy, exercises to strengthen my quads. Are you getting the message, asks my therapist, that you shouldn't squat anymore? She told me I could keep riding my bike. Just stay on it, she said (referring to why I'm in this mess, by falling off.) And I can continue cardio training, my stiff hikes.

But when I'm climbing on Kilimanjaro, what will I do when I have to pee? Get a funnel? I wonder how that would work? Could I direct the stream like the guys? Write my name on the rocks? Adding nitrogen that lichens would be attracted to. Then as weary climbers ascend the mountain, age after age, there is my name, in orange and yellow lichen, indelibly graf-fitted for all time.

under the staghorn  
the lily planted last year  
blooms Easter white

Like most good narratives, "Trick Knee" contains tension, highly descriptive imagery, and a dose of humor. The variations of sentence length and occasionally abbreviated syntax contribute to brevity and compression. Subjects and even verbs are sometimes omitted, but without obscuring meaning or creating distractions. I am already intrigued by the first two sentences when the next words, "I am paralyzed by pain," grip me and keep me reading through the last vivid haiku. In the shade of an apricot tree, I wait with the writer for her release from intense discomfort. The writer's detailed attention to small creatures in the garden engages me; her informal, somewhat intimate style of writing nearly convinces me that we are actually together in deep conversation, she relating the experience, and I listening and nodding: "I lick a small cut on my hand, . . ." Oh, yes, I've often done that myself.

Her husband raises the question of what she will do if the arthritis strikes while she's climbing a mountain. From the garden, communing with birds and ants and a lizard, suddenly to

the heights of Kilimanjaro! But the flare-up in her knee passes, and it's back to yard work for the writer. In the last paragraph, however, she considers how she could perform bodily functions on the side of a mountain if unable to squat. The way she pokes fun at herself raises my eyebrows as I chuckle and try to imagine myself in the same situation. Still, the writer's physical pain is very real, and I suspect she's quite seriously concerned with how she would handle such mundane yet problematic needs. The three pleasingly placed haiku seem perfect companions for the prose. Though each poem could be published on its own in a respected haiku journal, verse and prose work together here to create a strong, memorable haibun.

~ **Second Place** ~

**A House of One's Own**

Deb Koen, Rochester, NY

The buds are popping, as we hop off the school bus. Timmy takes my hand and leads me to his hideaway tucked into the largest oak on the hillside. This secret perch is the most thrilling discovery yet of my twelve years.

Over summer, I transform the three-plank platform into a full-fledged tree house. Hauling up boards with a pulley and banging in nails, I decorate with a Beatles poster, a flowery swag, and a wind chime. Each day from morning until my mother's dinner call echoes down the valley, I claim my new home away from home.

By the time the leaves turn, Timmy's interest has dimmed and my passion intensified. Should he return to reclaim his space, I don't know to what extent I'll go to stand my ground, but I'm quite certain I will never surrender.

time of war  
the peace symbol  
all the rage

Beginning with the first sentence, the writer vividly and skillfully carries readers through three seasons. It becomes clear that this brief haibun centers on a tree house belonging to one child (Timmy) but eventually claimed by another. The author's increasingly possessive love for the construction drives the story, which is shown through detailed description of the long hours spent there and the decorative additions to the three-plank platform. With growing interest, I observe the writer's actions that reveal emotional attachment to the property and a resolve not to surrender it to its original owner. With only the mention of war and a single icon, the haiku reflects the mood of the prose, and beyond that, the era in which the writer's experience occurred. Verse and prose satisfyingly combine to depict a significant period in the writer's childhood. After many readings, I have come to consider "A House of One's Own" as a compact, open-ended, coming-of-age story. If Timmy returns to claim the tree house, will the author surrender it? How will the decision affect the children's friendship? I believe the author is wise to leave readers with a few unanswered questions, allowing us to consider how we would have reacted in similar circumstances, or how our own children might behave.

~ **Third Place** ~

**Thirteen**

Phyllis Lee, Sebring, OH

It was Awards Assembly, the day before eighth grade graduation. I was the only one to win a scholarship for free lessons at Chicago's Art Institute. How would I get there? Mama didn't drive and Pa worked Saturdays delivering ice. I was thirteen and would have to take the streetcar from our neighborhood in Brighton Park, miles and miles, to downtown Chicago.

Pa said no. Mama wiped a tear from her eye. I couldn't go.

road's edge  
a child chalks her name  
before the rain

Simply and concisely written, “Thirteen” depicts a universally recognized dilemma. The author moves quickly from the prize to the conflict, which the key question poses: “How would I get there?” A thirteen-year-old is dealt heavy disappointment when denied free art lessons at Chicago’s Art Institute in downtown Chicago. Although the writer doesn’t actually say so, it seems to me that the child understands and accepts the father’s decision without bitterness—a decision clearly made in the interest of the teenager’s safety. Yet the depth of the disappointment comes through, and I empathize strongly not only with the child but also with the parents. The single haiku, while lovely and touching on its own, borrows poignancy from the prose and lends it to the story as well, so that verse and prose are more meaningful together than either would be alone.

~ **First Honorable Mention** ~

**Her Royal Self**

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, CA

We sit in the doctor’s office. He faces on the other side of a large desk. He wastes no time. “I have bad news.” I hear the words, “breast cancer,” but he must be talking to someone else in the room. This could not be her chart he is holding.

on his office wall  
photographs of Mt. Fuji  
shortness of breath

In 5 days I drive my wife to the hospital for surgery. One month later she will begin chemotherapy. There is a long list of side effects. She tells me she is not afraid of losing her hair, but of losing her dignity. She marches into her hair salon. “Matt, give me a buzz cut.” “Really?” he asks. She tells Matt what’s up. In no time, he is sweeping her hair off the floor into a dustpan and into the trashcan. She asks, “How much?” “Are you kidding, my dear? This one’s on the house. Come back in 6 months and let’s give you a new hairstyle.”

dawn  
out of muck and mud  
a lotus flower

I come home from work, walk into our living room, and see a princess sitting in my wife's rattan peacock chair. She now goes to the infusion room in the hospital every two weeks for two months. Each visit is a long afternoon. She takes control of the word: she will not use the shorthand word, chemo. She calls it *chemotherapy* with the emphasis that it is therapy: "It is medicine. It is going to save my life." And, it did.

her own Narrow Road  
to the Interior  
one page at a time

~ **Second Honorable Mention** ~

**March**

Lynn McLure, Burnsville, NC

Twenty degrees when I start down to the barn with a north wind blowing at forty to fifty. I push through it, gulping and coughing. Sheep snouts poke through the fence. They start up a noisy pleading when they spot me. Forgot my cell phone and imagine my children are somewhere scolding me. Urgently I pack hay into the feeder as though somehow I can move fast enough to avoid a heart attack until I have my phone again. I am winter weary of long johns and boots and this going up and down on icy gravel. Besides, I've already planted peas. Climbing back uphill I try to outrun the argument between "*I love this mountain like a lover*" and "*I am too damn old to keep this up.*"

bare trees  
shadow dancing  
across my bedspread



~ Third Honorable Mention ~

**Devotions**

Michele Root-Bernstein, East Lansing, MI

My eighty-eight-year-old mother-in-law is on the floor, pulling watercolor paintings I have never seen before from the bottom kitchen cupboard where she stores her artwork. Tomorrow she will have a backache, but for now all I discern is the palimpsest: thirty years ago my toddler son hunkered in moist garden dirt, holding in his outstretched palm a snail, forever crossing.

fiddlehead fern  
how it is we rise  
from the knees

As with the first three winners, it was difficult to choose only three haibun for honorable mention. There were simply too many that touched me on some level. One attempts to judge objectively, and this is fairly easy for me when it comes to passing over those works with glaring errors, distracting repetition, lack of clarity, and dull writing. But surely judging written works on the level of this year's entries must at some point become subjective. When a stack of haibun satisfy technical requirements, those that also evoke emotion, entertain, and invite me to return again and again will naturally rise to the top. After many readings, I finally marked three that refused to relinquish their places. Each in its own way speaks to me.



*Ferris Gilli's work in haiku and related genres has appeared regularly in eminent journals since 1996. Her work has earned awards in more than thirty haiku-related competitions. She frequently judges for prestigious competitions in haiku-related genres. She has been an associate editor of The Heron's Nest since December 2000. Ferris conducted the on-line Hibiscus School of Western Traditional Haiku (sponsored by the World Haiku Club) from January 2001 to April 2002. Her haibun can be found in a variety of journals and anthologies.*

# 2014 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Contest

## Judges

Tanya McDonald, Woodinville, WA  
Michael Dylan Welch, Sammamish, WA

Emily Dickinson once wrote that “The soul should always stand ajar, ready to welcome the ecstatic experience.” The poems we’ve selected from 739 entries for the Haiku Society of America’s 2014 Henderson Haiku Contest all speak to some degree of ecstatic experiences found in life’s everyday mysteries. These experiences have reached their authors—and us in turn as readers—because each poet stood ajar, their doors open to what life had to tell them. We hope you enjoy the ecstasies in these winning haiku.

*Tanya McDonald & Michael Dylan Welch*

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

county fair  
second place ribbon  
in an empty stall

Joe McKeon, Strongsville, OH

This haiku not only captures a moment, but piques the reader’s curiosity with unanswered questions. What happened to the occupant of the stall after the judging was finished? Was it taken home? Auctioned off? What kind of animal was it? Why was the ribbon left behind? How did its owner feel with the second-place designation? Proud? Disappointed? There is a whole story in this poem, and it draws the reader in like good stories do. “County fair” serves as a summer *kigo*, and with

those two words, one can imagine the scent of the barn, the sounds of the other animals, perhaps the crunch of hay underfoot and the taste of dust. It's a poem to linger in and let the imagination roam.

*~Tanya*

I'm sure there's much amusement to be found in a second-place ribbon winning first place in this contest, but beyond that, the poem offers deeper resonances. I find myself immediately engaged by the question of why the stall is empty, and where the owner and animal are now. Was the second-place ribbon forgotten because the winner was too busy tending to the animal after the fair? Or was it forgotten because the animal's owner was disappointed at not winning first place? We can also wonder what sort of animal it was—a horse or rabbit or chicken? County fairs are rich sources for haiku inspiration, and a distinctly American seasonal subject. This poem demonstrates that even second place can win first place after all.

*~Michael*

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

junk car  
the hum of bees  
beneath the hood

John Stevenson, Nassau, NY

To everything there is a season. This old car has found new life as a home to bees. The hum of the motor is now replaced by the hum of bees. The rust of the car makes me think of autumn for this poem, but I also think of the heat of summer when the bees would be thriving the most. Wouldn't it be interesting to know what had happened to every car you ever owned? And wouldn't it be a pleasure to discover if one had found new life as a home for bees? A finely crafted poem that says just enough and not too much.

*~Michael*

This car isn't likely to rumble down the highway again, isn't likely to fulfill its purpose of transporting someone from one place to another. It has become stationary, a home for bees, and they bring a new life to it, buzzing where an engine once revved. It's not being recycled, as would happen if it were turned into scrap metal, but reused by the bees, and it's this reappropriation by nature of something man-made that hints at our complicated place in the universe.

~Tanya

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

the Christmas  
after we told them  
artificial tree

Joe McKeon, Strongsville, OH

The mystery of this haiku is what grabbed my attention. It does not state what was told, nor to whom. It could be the truth about Santa Claus, or it could be something else. Whatever was revealed, the artificial tree suggests that there is no longer a need for pretense. Perhaps the news was not taken well, and Christmas no longer merits a real tree. It's a poem that keeps me wondering, both wanting to know the rest of the story, and leaving me content to come to my own conclusions.

~Tanya

The mystery of this poem is the uncertainty of what was told to whom. That Santa wasn't real? That mom and dad were getting a divorce? The possibilities are endless and far-ranging, and thus we may easily dwell in this poem to find possible answers. The Christmas season, for those who celebrate it, is rife with complex emotions, both happy and sad. This haiku bristles with tinges of sadness, and hints at the growth of children who have learned something new about life. In this way, like practically all haiku, this is a poem about change.

~Michael

**Honorable Mentions  
(Unranked)**

a bit of rust  
on the Chevy's fender  
harvest moon

Terri L. French, Huntsville, AL

a lightning strike gives up a flower

Rob Dingman, Herkimer, NY

forest clearing  
a scapula  
left for the moon

Scott Mason, Chappaqua, NY

that time of year  
moonlight fills  
his empty chair

Phyllis Lee, Sebring, OH

birding . . .  
the unfamiliar path  
home

Julie Warther, Dover, OH

winter solstice  
the tilt  
of her hospital bed

Carolyn Hall, San Francisco, CA

first morning  
firecracker papers  
wander the streets

Joseph Robello, Novato, CA

I recently came across a quotation from Albert Einstein that struck me as applying to haiku. He said that “The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the source of all true art and science. He to whom the emotion is a stranger, who can no longer pause to wonder and stand wrapped in awe, is as good as dead—his eyes are closed.” The honorable mentions we’ve selected offer a cornucopia of experience, and the emotion that goes with each experience—each poem from a poet whose eyes are open in wonder and awe. That’s what haiku is all about. The mysteries of life don’t have to be opaque, but if something is just beyond our understanding, it can engage our curiosity. In these haiku, we may wonder when an animal died, leaving its bones to the moonlight, or ponder what had caused the departure of a beloved family member or friend who leaves behind an empty chair. We may find amusement in our passion for activities such as birding that take us so far from our regular paths that we have to find a new way home. We may wonder, too, at the winter solstice, when the earth is tilted away from the sun, why a hospital bed—perhaps empty after death or recovery—is also at such a tilt. What do these images and experiences mean? We are engaged in this mystery, and celebrate the wonder of life through haiku poems that catch and release this mystery. We may find resolution in accepting the unfolding of time revealed in the growth of rust

on a car's fender when the harvest moon has rolled around again, or in the delight of seeing a flower—freshly and surprisingly—at the moment of a lightning strike. Or we may find ourselves feeling like those firecracker papers that blow in the streets on that first morning of the new year, spent but celebratory, anticipating what is to come in the year ahead. Thank you to each of these poets for taking a moment to pause and to wonder, and to notice the mysteries of life.

~*Michael*

Of the first honorable mention, one can picture the rust-colored moon, hanging in the autumn sky. It also suggests that if the Chevy is acquiring rust, it may be facing the autumn of its life. The second haiku is intriguing for the way the flower is revealed. The lightning doesn't just brighten the flower enough for it to be seen, it "gives up" what it is illuminating. Another way of reading it could be that the lightning strike itself sets something on fire, and that sudden flame looks like a flower. The third haiku seems straightforward enough on the surface—a bone left in the moonlight—but the poet has noticed that it's a particular kind of bone, a scapula, laid bare by time and teeth until it matches the moon for paleness. The fourth poem suggests a sadness or melancholy. The time of year is not stated, so we are left to guess if it's the same time of year when the chair's former occupant departed, or simply the time of year when the moon shines at an angle that will illuminate the chair. Whatever the case, the emotion is beautifully depicted, giving us time to reflect upon the absences in our own lives, and what fills the places they have left. The fifth poem is more personal to me. As a birder, I've experienced the way one gets wrapped up in looking for birds. A little bird disappears into the forest, and you follow by sight or by sound, keen to discover what it is. By the time you turn back, you might be a little misplaced. The thrill of birding, of discovery, is juxtaposed with the different route one must take back to familiar territory. But much like an unfamiliar bird, the unfamiliar path can be a delight unto itself, and this haiku leaves room for both interpretations. There's a sense of transition in the sixth haiku. In the Northern Hemisphere, the winter

solstice marks the shortest day and the longest night, as well as the end of autumn and the onset of winter. But after this, the hours of daylight begin to increase, even as temperatures often get colder. The angle of the hospital bed suggests this transition period, too. Is the bed occupied, or empty? Is it the start of a recovery, or the end of an illness, or somewhere in the middle? The spareness of the language invites us in, lets us make our own judgments about the situation, and this haiku is stronger for it. And in the seventh haiku, I appreciate that the poem does not focus on the fireworks exploding the night before, but rather on the quiet aftermath the following morning. Chances are, most revelers are still asleep, leaving the leftovers of their celebrations to “wander the streets” as they might well have wandered them the night before. Congratulations to each poet whose poem we’ve selected here.

~Tanya



*Tanya McDonald has been actively writing haiku since 2007. She served as the regional coordinator for the Washington State Region of the HSA for three years, and has been published in various haiku journals. She also coedited the Haiku Northwest 25th anniversary anthology, No Longer Strangers. In September 2014, she was one of four featured readers at the 25th annual Two Autumns haiku reading in San Francisco. Currently, she is revising her young adult novel and working on the sequel.*

*Michael Dylan Welch is founder of National Haiku Writing Month ([www.nahaiwrimo.com](http://www.nahaiwrimo.com)), and cofounder of the American Haiku Archives and the Haiku North America conference. He has also been an HSA officer for many years, and founded the Tanka Society of America in 2000, serving as its president for five years. His poems, essays, and reviews have appeared in hundreds of journals and anthologies, and he has won first prize in the Henderson, Brady, Drevniok, and Tokutomi contests, among others. His personal website is [www.graceguts.com](http://www.graceguts.com).*



## 2014 Gerald Brady Senryu Contest

### Judges

Charlotte Digregorio, Winnetka, IL  
John J. Dunphy, Alton, IL

A good senryu captures a moment revealing human nature with lightness, humor, irony, or satire. It never comes across as a silly joke, or as being in poor taste, insulting, or offensive. We focused on finding poems that illustrated poets' skills of observation, perceptiveness, and insight into daily life and the human condition. We also focused on finding layers of meaning in each poem.

*Charlotte Digregorio & John J. Dunphy*

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

night crossing  
Tijuana border guard  
in sunglasses

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, CA

This senryu sets the scene in an evocative way. We consider the word “sunglasses” to be the keystone without which there would be no poem. We can take this senryu on different levels.

The poem speaks to us because it indicates the deliberate “blindness” of the border guard towards the illegals crossing the border. When we think of the border guard wearing sunglasses at night, this can also evoke the image of a “shady” person—pun intended. Is he/she a criminal? Or, if the person wears shades, but isn't “shady,” perhaps he is trying to pass himself off to others as the epitome of cool or toughness as an enforcer.

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

small town  
the same dream  
as last night

John Stevenson, Nassau, NY

This senryu conveys the sense of sameness, but perhaps not a sense of resignation or even hopelessness that some small town residents may feel. We have no way of knowing the age of this small-town dreamer. Perhaps this person is in his/her 20s, someone who is having a midlife crisis, or one who is even getting on in years. Still, the dreams are limited to this person based on the locale. The person's dreams are no closer to fulfillment than they were yesterday, last year, or a decade ago. But this resident has at least kept his hopes alive. He hasn't thrown in the towel, and for that we can admire the person's spirit. Is he a man who seeks a better job somewhere else or a woman bored in her marriage? Sometimes, when we think of a small town, the adage "small town, small minds" comes to us about the often-perceived provincial nature of small towners. This stereotype does not at all fit the dreamer. We visualize this dreamer as not being permanently locked into his ho-hum existence, but we feel he will eventually find a way "out of Dodge."

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

half-empty cup  
I decide I've had enough  
of you

Susan Burch, Hagerstown, MD

We like the no-nonsense, straightforward tone of this senryu. We visualize a woman who is fed up with her significant other. She has either met him for coffee or perhaps she is sitting

at home with him. After taking a few gulps, she tells him she is dumping him. The break after the second line prepares us for a surprise ending. What has she had enough of? After we read the ending, we imagine she's had enough of his antics. The half-empty cup then makes sense to us. The cup is also half full, on the optimistic end, because she is ridding herself of him.



*Charlotte Digregorio is the author of the new book, Haiku and Senryu: A Simple Guide for All. She is HSA's Midwest regional coordinator.*

*John J. Dunphy has been published in haiku journals since the 1980s. His chapbooks include: Old Soldiers Fading Away (Pudding House, 2006); Stellar Possibilities (Sam's Dot, 2006); Zen Koan-head (Second Reading Publications, 2008); Dark Nebulae (Sam's Dot, 2009); and Touching Each Tree (Free Food Press, 2014). He owns The Second Reading Book Shop in Alton, Illinois.*



# 2014 Bernard Lionel Einbond Renku Competition

## Judge

Shokan Tadashi Kondo, Tokyo, Japan

### ~ Grand Prize (\$150) ~

Warmth of the Rail  
(A Summer Kasen)

Tom Clausen, Ithaca, NY  
Hilary Tann, Schuylerville, NY  
John Stevenson, Nassau, NY  
Paul MacNeil, Onawa, ME  
Yu Chang, Schenectady, NY

*Jo*

damsel fly—  
the coziness sampled  
from each chair

Tom

a turn of the lock  
at the boathouse

Hilary

spotless crystal  
and polished silver  
on display

John

the movie billboard's  
ten-gallon hat

Paul

moon-viewing  
through the arms  
of a Joshua tree Yu

our state fair organist  
chooses his stops Hilary

*Ha*

a ballet  
of departing swallows  
in the wind Tom

the Queen Mary offers  
a “paranormal tour” John

is undying affection  
enough to court  
my sweetie? Paul

sent to the bedroom  
to revise a love poem Yu

their urge  
to touch the screen  
as they Skype Hilary

after the train has passed  
the warmth of the rail Tom

a plume of smoke  
that appears to be the moon’s  
visible breath John

local news  
touts a whiteout Tom

panic buying  
based upon rumors  
of kielbasa shortages Paul

a gecko disappears  
down the rabbit hole Yu

reflections  
of cherry blossoms  
at the Vietnam Memorial Hilary

putting off spring cleaning  
permanently John

morning mist  
so slow to pull away  
from mountains Paul

It's a bird!  
It's a plane! Hilary

an airman  
comes out of  
the closet John

she dresses  
to kill Yu

they start in bed  
only to fall  
to the floor Tom

*ensō*  
in the sandbox Yu

circumnavigating  
through the longest day  
of your bi-polar moods John

I cope with the heat  
while collecting swizzle sticks Paul

an E.T. fossil  
from the Antarctic  
core sample Hilary

islands of plastic  
bobbing offshore Yu

hotel room photo  
of the moonrise  
between the twin towers Tom

the giant harvester  
fills truck after truck Paul

*Kyu*

her daughter-in-law  
makes the phyllo dough  
for mushroom strudel Hilary

scent of pine  
through the open door Yu

blinking lights  
for both intersections  
in the old mill town Tom

hopes arising from  
the vernal equinox John

the last petals  
around miniature apples  
drop away Paul

a rainbow kite  
received as a gift Hilary

~ **Second Place** ~

Straw Hair  
(An Autumn Kasen)

Ron C. Moss, Tasmania, Australia  
John Stevenson, Nassau, NY

twilight glow  
a scarecrow's straw hair  
lifts in the breeze Ron

the moon is gentle  
on the ladies John

crickets pinned  
in the Victorian display case  
by royal command Ron

luxury in detail  
aboard the Cunard liner John

dominoes lean  
in a cigar smoke haze  
towards port Ron

snowfall deepens  
in the mirror John

\*\*\*

under the pillow  
the tooth fairy  
is short of change Ron

gas masks issued  
to dough-boys over there John



our first  
hot buttered kiss  
as the movie starts Ron

she gives me credit  
for pursuing her John

a tourist  
plays the blues harp  
down under Ron

taking shelter  
from the hailstones John

we dare each other  
to go skinny dipping  
in the moonlit lake Ron

a rare computer user  
who knows how to make one John

the watchmaker  
has more time now  
for Facebook Ron

it will be all Easter  
this weekend John

apple blossoms  
on the oil skin coat  
of the drover Ron

the whole family  
smelt fishing in the creek John

\*\*\*

how one thing  
leads to another  
in a local bar John

more protein powder  
to get that pump Ron

the Hudson  
widening on its way  
to New York John

it takes a year to save  
for your diamond ring Ron

finishing  
each other's sentences  
with exclamation marks John

the heat of sunburn  
as we say goodnight Ron

soaking in  
a rare shower  
during fire season John

the speaker stands tall  
at the protest rally Ron

who was it  
who was supposed to  
inherit the earth? John

the rolling thunder  
all the way to the moon Ron

what the squirrels know  
is where the acorns  
are buried John

golden leaves fall  
on the miner's grave Ron

\*\*\*

a crayon map  
showing the way from here  
to here again John

the joy to be lost  
without a GPS Ron

in lucid dreams  
I realize this is  
my imagination John

the frog that awoke  
as a prince among men Ron

castle folly  
in the company  
of blooming cherries John

through haze I see her  
both happy and free Ron

~ **Third Place** ~

Yellowing Willow

Claire Chatelet, London, England  
Eiko Yachimoto, Yokosuka City, Japan  
Chris Drake, Hatoyama-cho, Japan (*sabaki*)

yellowing willow  
along the canal towpath  
a smattering of rosehips Claire

a moonbeam woven shadow  
stops, searches for a key Eiko

the time a deer cried  
and I went right in  
without knocking

Chris

a volute of steam rises  
from a chipped teapot

Claire

slice a daikon radish  
into rings one inch thick  
and boil till tender

Eiko

in cold wind they hold hands,  
surround the nuclear plant

Chris

\*\*\*

a street artist  
draws a portrait of Einstein  
with colored chalk

Claire

the age of innocence  
buried for good

Eiko

seeing the man  
on a high wire sway  
suddenly they kiss

Chris

the cooing of turtle doves  
somewhere in the pines

Claire

with a feather pen  
on fine washi I scribble  
letters of your name

Eiko

seven ghost sightings  
on the same block tonight

Chris

cool us, moon!  
in this heat even anthills  
turn into mirages

Claire

dividing the tall grass  
a rope like snake Eiko

the distinction  
between war and peace  
a convenient fiction Chris

mourning Mandela  
my rainbow child and I Claire

the patter of rain  
lets up: open now  
and fly, my blossoms! Eiko

chunks of ice from upstream  
flash between green reeds Chris

\*\*\*

white clouds race  
across the muddied lake  
as swans build their nest Claire

seized by sad news, I see  
the past coming alive Eiko

for John Carley  
the new was a patina  
obscuring the newer Chris

sincerity comes first  
wabi, sabi someday Eiko

between well and hearth  
how many times must the clay pot  
cross the threshold? Claire

poppies bloom in the remains  
of an ancient stone circle Chris

in the green storm  
briefly leaving the trees  
a summer butterfly

Eiko

love makes you see  
signs everywhere

Claire

her portrait  
has his left eye  
clearly larger

Chris

ignoring border walls  
wedding bells ring out

Eiko

for one night  
the moon flawless between  
waxing and waning

Claire

the debt collector finds  
red leaves in the envelope

Chris

\*\*\*

dripping dew  
a bicycle heads up  
a mountain road

Eiko

engraved on a cattle trough  
the year 1888

Claire

a union organizer  
came to this village  
and found friends

Chris

when making tofu  
every detail is crucial

Eiko

what stirring  
deeper than the deepest roots  
for all blossoms

Claire

a spring wind brings  
the sound of distant waves

Chris

### General Comments

These three kasen are very close to each other. “Warmth of the Rail” has more interesting and deeper love poems. I enjoyed all of the kasen, and I was impressed by their effort to master the kasen form. I used the judging method innovated by Professor Meiga Higashi, which looks at four levels of the renku structure.

1. quality of one verse
2. quality of linking
3. quality of shifting in the third verse
4. variety of topics in the mandala-like world

In addition to this, I think it is important to have among participants a well-balanced sharing of long/short verses and moon/blossom verses. The linking order might need a little more study. One of the most important principles in renku is to avoid the regression, both short distance and long distance, so I think a deeper understanding of objects and events in the world will improve the quality of renku. Thank you for sharing the renku with me. A happy future for American renku, and I look forward to seeing more of them.

With best wishes,  
Shokan Tadashi Kondo



*Tadashi Kondo, founder of Renku United Nations, is Professor Emeritus of Seikei University, Tokyo, and director of the renku societies of Japan and Kyoto. He has studied haiku and renku since 1968 and has published widely in these areas.*

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\*\*\*\*\*

Ten tips for frogs who want to inspire haiku poets, by Kaeru the frog

1. sing
2. swim
3. blink
4. stare
5. gaze at mountains
6. stop in the middle of a bridge
7. stand at their doorstep
8. get covered in petals
9. stay still
10. jump in the water!



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## From the Editors

*For me a part of the genius of haiku lies in variations on a common theme, just as each of our faces is unmistakably different even though we share the same features in more or less the same position.*

~Paul O. Williams

With Chris Patchel's exquisite "potpourri" cover of twenty-two different kinds of flowers, herbs, and spices (including one he still can't name) we think of all the sights, textures, smells, tastes, and sounds that make up our experience of here and now. As poets, we have all these sensations and perceptions to draw upon, in endless combination, to express ourselves and bring our voices alive. And it may well be that what we contribute to the poetic conversation of our times has less to do with originality as novelty than it does with originality as variation on those images and themes that speak most deeply to us all. As Paul O. Williams observes, it is not just a haiku "face" (disjunction, brevity, "the thing in itself") that defines what we fashion, but certain thematic content, certain approaches to the poetic transcription of the world. With this in mind, we celebrate the 766 haiku and senryu, 40 linked forms, 70 haibun, 10 essays, and 41 long and brief book reviews that it has been our pleasure to publish in 2014—each an indispensable piece of the potpourri of haiku arts right here, right now.

In this autumn issue we are also very pleased to feature the new HSA logo (designed by our own Chris Patchel) on the spine and title page. We thank Ignatius Fay, who reminds us to hold steady through the end of the year with his captivating frog art, "Cling-on." And as always we are grateful to the HSA for their support; to all who send their work for our consideration; to Charlie Trumbull and Bill Pauly, who catch our errors; and to Noah Banwarth for technical assistance. As we close the pages on this issue, we look forward to the next.

Francine Banwarth, Editor  
Michele Root-Bernstein, Associate Editor

