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Submissions Policy:

(Please follow the submission guidelines carefully.)

1. Submissions from both members and nonmembers of HSA are welcome.
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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
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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.
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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)
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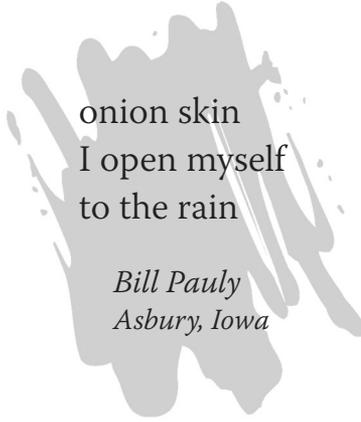
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MUSEUM OF
HAIKU LITERATURE
AWARD

*\$100 for the best previously unpublished work
appearing in issue 38:3 of Frogpond as selected by vote
of the HSA Executive Committee.*



onion skin
I open myself
to the rain

*Bill Pauly
Asbury, Iowa*

haiku/senryu

train's whistle—
the woods much deeper
than when I was young

*Francis W. Alexander
Sandusky, Ohio*

killing jar
filled with Japanese beetles—
scent of rosemary

*Sharon Hammer Baker
Findlay, Ohio*

bindweed all wild and tangled the heart of summer

hoarfrost . . .
the fingering
for Brahms

*Francine Banwarth
Dubuque, Iowa*

deep winter
the bottle of pills
he shouldn't have

*Kelly Bennett
Lafayette, California*

one hundred degrees
the concentric circles
of an agave

Brad Bennett
Arlington, Massachusetts

thin moon
the bone
in a corset

a dinner of delicate crystals for the latest refugees

David Boyer
Stamford, Connecticut

yellow starthistle
the sound of the sound
barrier breaking

saw switched off
the Douglas fir lingers
in the breeze

Chuck Brickley
Daly City, California

mint
patches
of
blue
feelings

nagriculture

Anne Elise Burgevin
Pennsylvania Furnace, Pennsylvania

robins
swallow
chokeberries
whole
the
cold
down
into
my
bones

Joyce Clement
Bristol, Connecticut

ferris wheel
a bee climbs the sunflower
seed by seed

Bill Cooper
Midlothian, Virginia

dog park
a mother sniffs
her infant's diaper

terrorist attack
the whole world changes
their profile pics

Kyle D. Craig
Indianapolis, Indiana

highway memorial
the stuffed bear's ears
worn off

a jug thudding
hollow against knee
baby dragonflies

a dee ar
Vancouver, British Columbia

the slow river flows
toward better-known towns
a white butterfly

Mike Dillon
Indianola, Washington

kabuki pumpkin faces our laughter years

Susan Diridoni
Kensington, California

beetles hatching
in the flour bin—
winter solitude

new medications
hard to swallow
the names

Kristen Deming
Bethesda, Maryland

rain in your forecast eyes

Robert Epstein
El Cerrito, California

autumn equinox
the silence of a roe buck
mid-leap

Claire Everett
North Yorkshire, England

before I was and after I am windblown seeds

Claire Everett
North Yorkshire, England

reef sharks
guard the rusting wrecks—
my father's war

I cross the lawn
in a vortex of swallows
mayfly days

Lorin Ford
Melbourne, Australia

cinnamon coffee—
the echo of rain
down the chimney

Joshua Gage
Cleveland, Ohio

Dad's promise
hanging by a thread
kite we built

George Gerolimos
Barrington, Illinois

harvest moon
the square dance caller
sips from a flask

Ferris Gilli
Marietta, Georgia

my father's guitar
restrung with fresh bronze
autumn breeze

missing person
vines overgrow
the roadside billboard

Brent Goodman
Rhineland, Wisconsin

chest x-ray
out of clouds
a gull's black marking

Engin Gülez
Ankara, Turkey

beginning alzheimer's
the bleached plumage of
a winter goldfinch

Judit Katalin Hollós
Budapest, Hungary

a watchman's horn—
the monastery windows
engulfed with roses

Judit Katalin Hollós
Budapest, Hungary

nightwalk
on this remote island
the animal in us

morning mist . . .
spirits of a forest
in this lumberyard

Duro Jaiye
Singapore

winter woodland
the sun returns
to its roots

David J. Kelly
Dublin, Ireland

first dandelions
another friend
outlived

Bill Kenney
Whitestone, New York

kindergarten aide
a honey bee moves
bloom to bloom

*Mary Kipps
Sterling, Virginia*

funhouse mirrors
trying to contain
my self

just one hole
left in the belt
chemo

*Lauren Krauze
New York, New York*

virginia creeper
only half the forest
you used to be

*Michael Henry Lee
St. Augustine, Florida*

anniversary
all the shades of blue
on the map

*Els van Leeuwen
Sydney, Australia*

kisses wiped off
at the school gate
jasmine breeze

morning prayer
trees pruned
around power lines

Els van Leeuwen
Sydney, Australia

lost—
the soldier talks about
another winter

Eva Limbach
Saarbrücken, Germany

spring birds
the mover
tunes the piano

Ola Lindberg
Ystad, Sweden

summer heat...
doing weekend-dad things
with my son

Chen-ou Liu
Ajax, Ontario

laid off . . .
the silence
of wind chimes

Chen-ou Liu
Ajax, Ontario

snowflakes stick
to the dog's back—
the weight of aging

Cyndi Lloyd
Riverton, Utah

home from camp . . .
how much smaller
my parents seem

Gregory Longenecker
Pasadena, California

broken sunrise
a crow drips
from the rooftop

Madelaine Longman
Montréal, Québec

off season
shrimp cocktail
in a styrofoam cup

Bob Lucky
Jubail, Saudi Arabia

mulberries
stain our hands—
daughter's first period

*Doris Lynch
Bloomington, Indiana*

memorial wall
dew drips through the space
where my name should be

arrangements made...
the glow of dad's cigarette
in a dark room

*Joe McKeon
Strongsville, Ohio*

lightning bug
I have thunder
in my wings

*Sarah Clark Melone
Virginia Beach, Virginia*

finding our way
out of the cave
Easter morning

*Jayne Miller
Hazel Green, Wisconsin*

fingering through her
long gray hair
Spanish moss

Jayne Miller
Hazel Green, Wisconsin

drinking alone music from a distant carnival

Matthew Moffett
Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

first day at the beach
i struggle to read between
the tan lines

Ben Moeller-Gaa
St. Louis, Missouri

just before the rain
little league trophy
in the trash

David Monteleone
New Rochelle, New York

windshield cleaned—
fog one foot
above the vineyard

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

first freeze
how tightly I hug her
before going to work

Lenard D. Moore
Raleigh, North Carolina

moon halo
the sick dog
curls deeper

Ron C. Moss
Tasmania, Australia

her care
in setting the table
for a fight

the begonia
tips out of its pot
end of summer

Marsh Muirhead
Bemidji, Minnesota

midday taps
his casket lowered
into the sound

Norman Wm. Muise
Guelph, Ontario

glass wings the lies we tell ourselves

Marie Louise Munro
Tarzana, California

homemade raft
Huck and I keep pace
with the moon

Ken Olson
Yakima, Washington

the exhaustion
of watching her die
day moon

Renée Owen
Sebastopol, California

mint chapstick
your goodbye still lingers
on my lips

falling asleep
my little goblin
drools chocolate

Aaron Packard
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Veterans Day
another young soldier
eats her gun

Kathe L. Palka
Flemington, New Jersey

cicadas...
allowing the fever
to run its course

Christopher Patchel
Green Oaks, Illinois

floaters...
Grandpa still sees
kamikazes

after Ophelia
she drowns
her Barbies

Bill Pauly
Asbury, Iowa

autumn shadows
a bumblebee staggers
over the tiles

Carol Pearce-Worthington
New York, New York

missing child—
a loose line of spoonbills
trawls the estuary

Greg Piko
Yass, Australia

our lawn
up to my knees
in tomorrow's diet

miscarriage
a film of mist
on the swing set

Jade Pisani
Woodend, Australia

bereavement
every damn thing
after

Perry L. Powell
College Park, Georgia

fish story
smoke chases him
around the campfire

John Quinnett
Bryson City, North Carolina

stumbling home
from a night of drinking
the Big Dipper

John Quinnett
Bryson City, North Carolina

no peeling
back the starfish
summer's end

night winds
I let her go
to voicemail

Dave Read
Calgary, Alberta

state prison—
the butterfly's weight
on my mind

between my hands and Venus fireflies

Bryan Rickert
Belleville, Illinois

zazen
flames climbing
my spine

*Joseph Robello
Novato, California*

summer flash flood
my delicates' colors
run together

*Jackie Maugh Robinson
Las Vegas, Nevada*

candle smoke
the slow motion of
spent tulips

*Michele Root-Bernstein
East Lansing, Michigan*

a tea by myself
i trade a lemon slice
for the sun

*Natalia Rudychev
New York, New York*

pep rally
the school colors blow
off maples

*Tom Sacramona
Plainville, Massachusetts*

heat lightning
the sound of white corn
being shucked

*Michelle Schaefer
Bothell, Washington*

snowmelt
you say you want
to be free again

*Olivier Schopfer
Geneva, Switzerland*

one suit bag
for all the men
I've been

*Dan Schwerin
Waukesha, Wisconsin*

chrysalis . . .
the slow drip
of fentanyl

*Carl Seguiban
British Columbia*

acorns fall—
coins in the jukebox
baby don't leave me

*Melissa Watkins Starr
Portsmouth, Virginia*

wet leaf on the window only new kid in school

Bonnie Stepenoff
Chesterfield, Missouri

first May wine lupine tipsy with bees

Jeff Stillman
Norwich, New York

moonlighting crows in other colors

Alan Summers
Wiltshire, England

her smile
for the camera—
candied cherries

Jennifer Sutherland
Viewbank, Australia

baby name book
I run into
old boyfriends

Agnes Eva Savich
Austin, Texas

school morning moon
the children turn up
their faces for kisses

Agnes Eva Savich
Austin, Texas

his old rowboat
ferrying geraniums
into winter

wet with rain
wheat stalks graze
a doe's ripe belly

Rick Tarquinio
Bridgeton, New Jersey

fresh paint
the taste of the sky
at sunrise

Angela Terry
Lake Forest Park, Washington

another witness
for the defense
fluorescent jellyfish

Michelle Tennison
Blackwood, New Jersey

plates stacked
outside a hotel room...
afternoon silence

journey's end
shadows in my
baby's ear

*Stephen Toft
Lancaster, United Kingdom*

flat tire...
the glint of dragonfly wings
in morning sun

*Kevin Valentine
Mesquite, Texas*

pulling back the husk—
a harvester gathers
the last of the light

*Julie Warther
Dover, Ohio*

a long story
he adds some artificial
sweetener

*Ian Willey
Takamatsu, Japan*

long winter
I plant bloom after bloom
in her white hair

our house in tune
snow in the piano
starts to melt

Kath Abela Wilson
Pasadena, California

fragrance
of paper flowers
daylight in the nursing home

Robert Witmer
Tokyo, Japan

our dog
dead for months
we still sleep apart

Keith Woodruff
Akron, Ohio

wet path
to the mammogram center
cherry petals squashed flat

Ruth Yarrow
Ithaca, New York

swallows returning
medical bills left
unopened

J. Zimmerman
Santa Cruz, California

the patter
of her high heels...
final notes of winter

polishing her fingernails...
pigeons
escape the darkness

Ali Znaidi
Gafsa, Tunisia

linked forms

HAIBUN

Youngest of Six

Father Flynn stops by on the day the law changes.

He asks Mom and me to pray for the souls of those women.

Baby murderers he calls them.

Mom looks at Father Flynn and tells him straight out, "You know nothing about it, Father."

Then she walks out. And leaves me alone with the priest.

Typical. I can't count on her for anything.

suncreases
on the clothesline
crows bicker

Roberta Beary
Bethesda, Maryland

Reaping What's Been Sown

It is a conventional place. All tractors and balers
and barns stacked with hay. A long line of father
and son partnerships. Quiet wives on the periphery.

hand-stitched hems
in the wind
skirts fraying

Sons and daughters groomed for their respective
roles. Breeding prize-winning heifers. Tending
a crop of county-fair blue-ribbon pumpkins.

boundary fence
secret path to
the neighbor's barn

No newfangled organics here. Or family discord.
This is a conventional place, where traditions are
not meant to be broken.

welcome sign
her name
painted over

Matthew Caretti
Seo-un Hermitage, South Korea

Stone Fruit

I work with her at the Food Lion. The girl is pale as a ghost. Tells me she is allergic to anything that swims. When the junipers and maples start to pollinate, Lilly is a prisoner inside her own house. Takes a bite of an apple and her throat swells up—can hardly talk. “You can’t be much fun at a picnic,” I say.

A few days ago, a man drops a bottle of merlot and it breaks into pieces near her register. Lilly starts to cough and choke. The manager has someone cover for me so I can drive drive her home. “I’ve never seen allergies so bad,” he says.

On the way, Lilly tells me how she loves the smell of catfish frying in a skillet, reminds her of her grandma who drenched them in cornbread and poured bacon grease on the string beans. Says she won’t go in the kitchen, stays close enough to stir a memory, far enough away that she can still catch her breath.

moonlit lawn
she blows a moth
from her arm

Glenn G. Coats
Prospect, Virginia

We Regret to Inform You

Your membership recently expired. Your husband was spotted with her last night. We are completely out of mashed potatoes. Smoking inside is strictly prohibited. Your father got stuck at work. The tickets were non-refundable. We chose another applicant. Hair scrunchies went out in the 80s. There's no one here by that name. You are not tall enough to ride this ride. This is not a working number. Your transmission is shot. It was the last flight out. Your credit card has been declined. We're not equipped to handle a party of that size. Santa is not coming this year. We located your fingerprints at the scene.

snow storm
grocery store shelves
out of milk

Kyle D. Craig
Indianapolis, Indiana

Incomers

the boomerang
returned to my hand—
swifts!

“One day they’re not here and the next—they’re knocking on the walls, tracking down their buddies, moving the whole extended family in. I swear there are more every year. This used to be a nice, quiet neighborhood.”

“I like to see them myself. It wouldn’t do for us all to be the same. They certainly live life to the full and aren’t scared who knows it.”

“Ah, but the noise! Once the children start they’re at it dawn to dusk. Screaming and hollering, dashing about. The women are the worst. Such a racket! We like to keep ourselves to ourselves round here.”

“I love to hear them. They’ve got that *joie de vivre*. It’s like they’re saying look at me! look at me!”

“Taking our place, that’s what they’re doing. Coming here for the high life, using up our resources. They want to go back to where they came from.”

(If, when eavesdropping, I were able to speak Sparrow).

a figure on Mars
that might be a lookout . . .
last of the swifts

Claire Everett
North Yorkshire, England

Harvest

Three Alberta sisters are suffocated while playing in a truckload of harvested canola seed. For a week, the need for farm safety regulation stays in the news. Then nothing.

fewer
the sweet chirps
of crickets

LeRoy Gorman
Napanee, Ontario

Honor Box

Worn and tattered, the Western Union telegram holds the young girl's heart within its folds. Shall I make wedding plans for Thursday or Saturday? She will wait for him to send word. Once received, she will secure a witness and the priest, bake a yellow cake with buttercream frosting and buy some flowers to hold. It is hard to ignore the looming darkness pinching at the back of her neck. 1951. If he came back he would not be the same.

daisy chain cigarettes

wolf swallows dove

Janet Greenstreet
Southampton, Pennsylvania

Have You Seen This Man?

After one year, the lawyer convinced me to edit our will. My will. After three years, I recycled your magazines: *National Geographic*, *The Economist*. Seven years. I started writing Christmas cards again, signing only my name. Eleven years. I clapped out your boots, caked dirt flying all over the porch. Fourteen years. I pack up your ties, your jeans. I fold your warmest sweaters.

empty clothes hanger
still missing
missed

Lauren Krauze
New York, New York

Vital Statistics

Findings by numerous members of the scientific community increasingly warn of our planet's rapidly decreasing ability to sustain plant, animal, and eventually human life. Various studies calculate the loss of individual species or extinction rate between 27,000 and 130,000 living entities per year. Detractors of the ecology movement would argue that "if you torture the data enough it will confess to anything."

spring dream
the weightlessness in
a sulphur's kiss

Michael Henry Lee
St. Augustine, Florida

Estranged Sister

“Watch out!” I push my sister back from the front door. Point at the twilit air—the space between us.

A crab spider hangs midway from the top of the doorframe, twirling in our breath.

“It’s only a spider,” she says.

We watch it lower, fast-roping like a rescue soldier from a helicopter. As it nears the threshold, my sister raises her foot above the spider. Smashes it on the concrete.

After a moment, I say, “You didn’t have to kill it.”

sun at dusk
the rock remains as it did
yesterday last month last year

Cyndi Lloyd
Riverton, Utah

Deadlines

When I put my head in my hands the only thing I hear that makes sense is the ticking of my watch. The air conditioner drones on but does not speak to me. The call to prayer from the mosque across the street is a foreign language to me. My colleague on her phone speaks as if I'm not here, so I oblige her by not listening. The watch repeats *NOW NOW NOW*.

scattered clouds
a jigsaw puzzle
with an extra piece

Bob Lucky
Jubail, Saudi Arabia

Memory Capsules

Act as though each marvel in the world—tree/aurora/wave/
cloud/cave can be miniaturized and slotted into a jewel box,
pillowed with tissue paper and pyrite glitter.

Change the names our ancestors gave to things into stories,
musical notes, poems, and prayers.

butterfly
filling the empty spaces—
old age

Doris Lynch
Bloomington, Indiana

High Stakes

Scientists tell us that the astronauts are not really weightless at 17,000 miles an hour, 250 miles above the surface of the ocean, the rainforests, various wars, the melting glaciers—their orbit is simply a constant falling off the edge of the earth, their ship carrying them just fast enough as long as they don't stop or look down.

all in
even the priest
has a tell

Marsh Muirhead
Bemidji, Minnesota

At Maw Maw's Place

She raises the axe high overhead, steel glints on the downswing. Splitting firewood at dawn. Pumping water to clean the outhouse. Stoking a fire, then settling in to cook. Bacon fat sizzles in her cast iron skillet. Smells from the kitchen reach past curtains into our tiny room. A long day of chores. But late at night, on the sagging front porch, her new husband Kenneth's ancient accordion. Notes drift into the fields, where we run wild. Chasing fireflies and moonbeams through the rows of corn. We never knew our real granddad, who drowned out fishing when our mom was eighteen. While this tall, string bean of a man, bristly gray stubble on his cheeks, Jim Beam constant on his breath. He left us a little afraid. Years later, when our Maw'd had enough, she gave him the boot. We'd miss the mournful tunes of his squeezebox on those hot Blue Ridge nights. But not his meanness. That we could live without. As would she. Though with no man to fuss over, loneliness follows her for the rest of her years.

ripe corn moon
blur of coyote turning
pink into night

Renée Owen
Sebastopol, California

From My Window Box Seat in the Old Cabin

At dawn, unending surprises. Dirt-bathing quail and their babies.
A jackrabbit, bounding up the lane. And then back. A doe and
her speckled fawn on its spindly legs. At dusk, the stealth and
speed of the coastal fox.

many gods
in a red sunset

in a breath

Renée Owen
Sebastopol, California

Still Life

shadows crawl over my lap trail along roughened porch floorboards
stain a half-eaten peach in my hand the low hum of cicadas mingles
with the roar of a lawn mower and an east wind ruffles
a few worm-bitten leaves in the old black gum

in the garden
the old flag
offers a limp welcome

Kathryn J. Stevens
Cary, North Carolina

Recipes

Among my thoughts i know which ones seek martyrdom and
deny them the means.

rally in the square...
bomb-blasted brains browning
in the sun

George Swede
Toronto, Ontario

RENGAY

Running Up a Tab

sax man
threading the marrow
summer blues

empty beer bottles
signaling the hours

table in the dim
a blonde plays footsie
with two guys

a subtle shift
in the hustler's stance
dart in the wall

a brawl on the make
evolves to apologies

two in the morning
the bartender's shoulders
heavy on his back

William Hart
Montrose, California

Oleg Kagan
Los Angeles, California

High Beam

road trip
room left in the car
for a sunrise

shimmer of distant sheep
four feet off the ground

white cockatoos
a noisy mob lands
by the rest stop

another kangaroo
lifts its head to stare
into high beam

passing passenger train
the moon in every window

station surfing
shaky reception
on the *Blues Hour*

Ron C. Moss
Tasmania, Australia

Simon Hanson
Allendale, Australia

Something Burrowing

late summer
another layer
on the hornets' nest

something burrowing
under the garden fence

raised beds
the name I know
I should know

bringing in the sheaves
to putty
a barn window

what triggers
the old familiar hymns

today
the choke weed
brings flowers

Julie Warther
Dover, Ohio

Dan Schwerin
Greendale, Wisconsin

Patches of Snow

patches of snow
another date
with significance

touching regret
with white-gloved hands

a room full of peace lilies
siblings
pointing fingers

the christening gown wrapped
in layers of tissue...
first grandchild

twenty baby teeth
in her jewelry box drawer

a broken strand
of cultured pearls—
winter silence

Julie Warther
Dover, Ohio

Angela Terry
Lake Forest Park, Washington

HAIKU SEQUENCES

Pathways

cliff-top trail—
my feet a perfect fit
in ancient prints

forest clearing...
ageless monoliths
across my path

winter sun
our shadows overlay
eroded rocks

gecko's call—
the slow collapse
of our friendship

willow leaves
frayed by a chill wind—
distant crow's caw

Marilyn Humbert
Sydney, Australia

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
Sydney, Australia

Brave New World

summer evening
post-millennials wish
upon space junk

carbon footprints
all that remains
of the Fresh Air Fund camp

ultrasound
a request for
more light

Scott Mason
Chappaqua, New York

essays

TEACHING HAIKU IN AMERICAN HIGHER EDUCATION, PART I

Randy Brooks, PhD

*The following is based upon the author's keynote at Haiku North
America 2015 at Union College.*

I come today wearing two hats. I have my dean's uniform—a necktie—but below the podium I am wearing my haiku poet's jeans. In this talk I will mostly take a dean's perspective—looking at an overview of teaching haiku in American higher education. One of the joys of being a dean is that I get to visit many different classes and see students and faculty from several academic disciplines. Today I am going to give you an overview, sort of a dean's perspective, of all the different approaches to research and teaching haiku currently evident in American higher education. I am giving you a broad perspective of the academic landscape, and then I am going to focus more narrowly on how I teach haiku at Millikin University to undergraduate students.

I don't write too many haiku with my dean's hat on, but I should start this talk with a haiku, of course. Here is probably the only haiku I have written about being a dean:

evening walk
after office politics
lilac scent¹

It is important to understand that I don't see a significant separation between teaching and research. Outstanding professors are

very passionate about what they are teaching because they have engaged in lifelong learning themselves as students and researchers. They have learned a great deal and are eager to share what they have discovered with their students. When they are engaged in research they are shaping new understandings, and they are eager to share with students in their classes and with others beyond their campus community. The best faculty members urgently desire to share what they know through presentations and publications. Professors want to teach people in any way possible. So I really see research and teaching as the same thing but with different audiences.

So my question is: what scholarship on haiku is underway in American higher education right now? In addition to my broad dean-like appreciation of diversity of approaches, this talk is based on my long-term bibliographical project related to scholarship and publications available in English. I am by nature a collector, a gatherer, and synthesizer. I try to find every specimen possible, then analyze, organize, and classify the collection. This overview talk is the result of a heavy two-year stint of trying to find all of the articles, theses and dissertations on haiku currently available in English through your typical academic library databases and resources.

Last year the first issue of a new journal, *Juxta*, was published featuring academic scholarship on haiku. This issue included the first of a series of planned bibliographies on haiku scholarship. In that article, “Haiku Resources: A Scholar’s Library of Haiku in English,”² the editors—myself, Jim Kacian, Aubrie Cox, and Steve Addiss—compiled and briefly introduced the books that we think are essential for someone trying to develop a good library for doing research in haiku. The bibliography of articles and theses, which is the basis of this talk, is about 76 pages long. When I look at all of these articles and dissertations, it’s really wonderful that there is such a rich array of studies and approaches. It’s very exciting to me and it’s been a great investigation reading these works over these last two years.

The haiku scholarship bibliography is organized into nine sections featuring articles and theses on: (1) American Haiku & Haiku in English, (2) American Poetry and Haiku, (3) Haiku Aesthetics & Literary Criticism, (4) Haiku & Linguistics, (5) Haiku as Therapy, (6) Creativity & Haiku, (7) Teaching Haiku as Literature, (8) Teaching Haiku as Writing, and (9) Using Haiku to Teach Other Subjects. The first section features research on the history of American haiku.

In 1981 the first dissertation on the history of American haiku, “Haiku Genre: the Nature and Origins of English Haiku,” was completed by Kirby Record at Indiana University.³ Record’s advisor was Kenneth Yasuda. In this study he examined haiku written in the 1960s and 70s including the work published in *American Haiku*, *High/Coo*, *Cicada*, *Modern Haiku*, and books by active haiku poets. Record concludes: “Throughout this study one theme has persisted, which is the complete lack of agreement about English haikuists concerning either the nature of the classical Japanese model, or the appropriate form and essence of its English namesake” (223). He also notes: “The survival of English haiku depends on the tension between the individual talent and the power of its tradition. Since there is no real tradition for English haiku, it must borrow from its Japanese origins. English haiku poets tend to vacillate between reliance on the Japanese tradition when it serves their purposes and rejection of the same tradition when it does not” (227). It was a very interesting first study noting a lack of coherence or chaos of experimentation in the haiku community. Kenneth Yasuda’s work promoted a poetic haiku in English with rhyme, very careful punctuation, and melodic phrasing. Based on this view of poetry and the way it resounds in our ears is part of why Kirby Record concluded that the experiment to write haiku in English had not yet succeeded.

Since then we’ve seen several additional historical studies. Elizabeth Searle Lamb did a four-part study of the history of haiku in English in America published in *Cicada* magazine.⁴ In this

historical series Elizabeth writes about several misconceptions of early haiku, based on the Imagist poets. The exciting thing for her was to see the writers in the magazines such as *American Haiku*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Cicada* starting to talk, critique, respond, and argue about the art of writing haiku. Charlie Trumbull has also written some wonderful histories, including his two-part series in *Modern Haiku* about the American haiku movement.⁵

When I look at these histories one of the themes is the poetics of American haiku. Poetics refers to the broad trends or approaches, the large-scale questions. Is haiku lyric poetry? Is haiku a poetry stretching beyond Western conceptions of writing? Is haiku about the zen spiritual life or personality of the individual? Is haiku a method of writing in a constrained, closed form? Is haiku about imitation of life and things, a form of literary representation? This avenue of inquiry has been constant in haiku research from the 1970s to the present.

In 1976, Raymond Roseliep wrote “This Haiku of Ours”⁶ published in *Bonsai*. In this piece, Roseliep calls for a haiku poetics of creativity. He writes that “Creation is still more exciting than imitation” (12). Raymond celebrates that “we are preserving the quintessence of haiku if we do what the earliest practitioners did: use it to express our own culture, our own spirit, our own enlightened experience, putting to service the riches of our land and language, summoning the dexterity of Western writing tools” (11). Roseliep encourages American haiku poets to use all of our amazing tools of language and to embrace our Western perspectives and traditions in American haiku. In this and subsequent essays he writes about the importance of metaphor in haiku, narrative voice, the role of imagination and importance of cultural allusions, including literary, musical, and artistic allusions. In his practice as well as his essays on poetics, Roseliep challenges writers to embrace creative opportunities to experiment with American haiku.

Several of the early articles on haiku poetics focus on questions of definition. Eric Amann and George Swede co-authored “Toward a Definition of the Modern English Haiku” published in *Cicada* in 1980⁷. About every five years the Haiku Society of America attempts to define English haiku and once unsuccessfully sought to change the definition in common dictionaries. In 2001, A.C. Missias provided a short overview of various attempts in “Struggling for Definition.”⁸ The debate continues without resolution. What is the definition? I don’t know. So we talk about it again.

A really interesting part of poetics research focuses on motivations; the purposes or aims for writing. Why do people do this? Why are they drawn to it? Why do they continue doing haiku for so long? With haiku studies, the motivation considers everything from “general awareness” or “personal expression” or “conveying the universals of being human” or “being in the universe with nature.” Does haiku come from lived experience or do haiku come from poets crafting a literary artifact? These questions are explored in articles and essays about the motives for writing haiku. This is the why question—why do we write haiku?

A poetics of haiku as nature writing and observation has been championed by Bruce Ross in his essay “The Essence of Haiku”⁹ and demonstrated by haiku presented in his anthology, *The Haiku Moment*. In Tom Lynch’s thesis, “An Original Relation To The Universe: Emersonian Poetics Of Immanence And Contemporary American Haiku,”¹⁰ he argues that North American haiku has grown rapidly “as a current manifestation of a trend in American poetics that begins in earnest in the writings of the transcendentalists—in particular, Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman—and that has continued under various guises in the work of, among others, Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Richard Wright, Jack Kerouac, Gary Snyder, Robert Haas, and in fact a sizeable number of other contemporary poets” (introduction). To summarize, Lynch argues that American haiku writers have been seeking significance and

insight or awareness that goes beyond the surface level of things to something deeper in our lives. Lynch concludes:

The poetry of this tradition is a poetry of exploration; a poetry more concerned with revelation than with creation; more concerned with what is said than with how; a poetry that attempts to see, feel, smell, taste, touch the world anew, and to transmit those sensations, and whatever insights the poet may have gained from them, to the reader; a poetry, as Emerson said, of receiving and imparting; and a poetry the veracity of whose report we expect to be able to verify (introduction).

Professor Richard Gilbert has questioned the nature approach in the essay, "Plausible Deniability: Nature as Hypothesis in English-Language Haiku." Based on studies of modernist Japanese haiku writers and their poetics, in several essays, including "The Disjunctive Dragonfly: A Study of Disjunctive Method And Definitions In Contemporary English-Language Haiku,"¹¹ Gilbert has argued for an emphasis on the value of haiku as disjunctive language with a resulting postmodern poetics of haiku as various states of consciousness. In the 1980s several Canadian haiku poets, such as Nick Avis, George Swede and LeRoy Gorman, were calling for a language approach to haiku, based on visual and concrete poetry traditions. Several haiku poets from the 1980s to the present have explored this approach to writing haiku, with Marlene Mountain being an example of bold shifts in language, visual elements on the page and surprising psychological shifts.

Another thread of haiku poetics emphasizes haiku as a psychological poetry of various states of consciousness. Poets write haiku to explore human relations and inner states of being, an approach that is often associated with therapy. An example of this approach is the essay "Bringing the Window Inside: Psychological Haiku" by Rod Willmot.¹² There is a tradition of haiku poetics related to conveying relationships and personal feelings—a psychological approach to writing haiku.

Another part of the bibliography features articles on the craft of writing haiku. These articles take up the question of how to be an effective haiku poet. Several articles and a few theses focus on specific techniques of writing haiku in English. Most of these articles are written by haiku poets, such as Robert Spiess' essay, "The Problem of Craftsmanship in English Language Haiku."¹³ A quick overview of haiku craft articles shows that several poets address questions of form, structure and prosody. Paul O. Williams addressed minimalist approaches to haiku in his essay, "Tontoism in American Haiku"¹⁴ in which he warned writers about the problem of artificial, broken syntax. He also wrote a fun satire about visual haiku, "An Apology for Bird Track Haiku."¹⁵

In the bibliography, it was very clear that only a few American haiku poets are gaining a body of secondary criticism: Raymond Roseliep, Robert Spiess, Nicholas Virgilio, Gerald Vizenor, and Richard Wright. Raymond Roseliep had already established his reputation as a lyric poet before turning to haiku, and has continued to have reviews and critical studies both in and beyond the haiku community. I am pleased to announce that a full-length literary biography, *Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose*, by Donna Bauerly, has been published by the Haiku Foundation.¹⁶ As a writer and leading editor, Robert Spiess has been studied as part of the history of American haiku, as well as for his practice as a haiku writer whose work exemplifies his call for craft, experimentation and poetic playfulness. Nicholas Virgilio has a significant body of research based on his collection of haiku housed at Rutgers University. However, the two haiku poets that really stand out are Gerald Vizenor, who has gained critical attention because of his Native American background and his long term career as a writer of American haiku, and Richard Wright, who also has a very extensive body of literature on his haiku written over his very productive last few years as an exiled American writer in France.

I have to mention some very interesting research on Japanese American haiku coming out of World War II and the internment

experiences of the Japanese Americans. These studies come from a wide range of academic disciplines—from anthropology, multicultural studies, comparative literature, and feminist studies. For example, Ayaka Yoshimizu's master's thesis, "Performing Heteroglossia: Contesting 'War Bride' Discourses, Exploring 'Histories of Kokoro' with Four Senryu Writers"¹⁷ is a very interesting feminist literary theory account of a small community of bi-cultural women who came together to share their "Kokoro" through the art of writing senryu. This interesting study explores how war brides were disenfranchised from both their Japanese community and American community. They are between cultures, so they bond together and write tanka in order to share their experience with each other. What is so interesting about those studies is that it shows a community of writers going through a terrible hardship in which haiku and tanka become a way to preserve culture but also to support each other.

It is quite amazing how much research is available to us for all periods of Japanese literature. To summarize some categories of the bibliography there are articles on several haiku masters, studies on translating haiku, studies on haiku as comparative literature, and studies on Japanese haiku in other languages besides English.

Literary critics are expanding the cannon and looking at haiku in ways beyond the question of form or as an example of a type of structural poetry. They are starting to read English-language haiku, and they are realizing that there is something else going on here besides form. Literary critics are bringing cognitive approaches to literature—studying how people read and process haiku. In 1999, I wrote an essay "Gestalt Psychology and Haiku: A Poetics of Imagistic Thinking"¹⁸ arguing that the reader's psychological movement between the two phrases of a haiku is often a dynamic shifting of foreground and background. Some critics are using phenomenological approach to haiku—an integration of philosophy and aesthetics—studying how perception is a way of seeing the world, a means of creating your

own space, and a means of shaping your own world view. These studies consider haiku as poetry of perception through which the poet expresses their own sense of “being in the world.”

Literary critics are also bringing postmodern approaches to studies of haiku. Ian Marshall has employed deconstruction and biopoetics. In his essay, “Stalking The Gaps: The Biopoetics of Haiku” published in *Mosaic: A Journal For The Interdisciplinary Study of Literature*, Marshall asks “But what of haiku? Given how popular the form has become even beyond its culture and country of origin, it seems that here too is a form of literature that speaks to our species in some important way.”¹⁹ He says haiku is a contemporary version of a hunter reading the signs of an animal, the tracks, the scat. What was that animal doing, what was that animal eating? Marshall quotes Kawamoto in his essay, noting that contemporary haiku is like a detective novel, where the reader has to assume that even the smallest piece of information in that haiku contains something important. So learning how to read the squiggles on a page carefully and meticulously, helps us survive in a contemporary world full of language.

In addition to the literary critics, there are several studies of haiku from the discipline of linguistics. The linguists are very interested in semiotics, epistemology, and metaphor in haiku. These scholars are not typically haiku writers, but when they start examining haiku as examples of text, they become very interested in haiku as a medium of symbolic language. In one interesting dissertation, “Haiku East and West: A Semiogenetic Approach” by Yoriko Yamada-Bochynek,²⁰ he starts with “the dilemma of how can we have a one word haiku ‘tundra’ on a blank page and Basho’s ‘old pond / frog jumps in / kerplop’ and they are both considered haiku some way.” The whole dissertation is an analysis of all of the different directions and paths of haiku and how you have these changes in style and yet they still are considered haiku. Another branch of linguistics examines language conventions and stylistic elements of haiku. These linguistic studies are often focused on the fragmentation of haiku—the use of ellipses, the

dash, arrangement of the pause, or the tradition of the haiku cut in English. Several linguistic studies also examine the acoustics, sounds, and the way phrasing adds significance in haiku.

Psychologists have been studying haiku as a means of poetry therapy, as creativity studies, and as positive psychology. The idea of haiku as a powerful way of creating empathy has been around quite awhile. Shirley and I first discovered that when we were looking at a manuscript from Edward Tick called *On Sacred Mountain*, a collection of haiku about the Vietnam War and the experiences of Vietnam veterans.²¹ Tick was a therapist working with Vietnam veterans who came back with what we now call PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder). In therapy with Edward Tick, the veterans were writing about their horrible nightmare images in haiku. This was a means of release, a way of letting go of these horrors. The healing power of haiku has been studied and reported in several articles in *The Journal of Poetry Therapy* and *The Journal of Loss and Trauma*. Others, including nursing faculty and hospice professionals, have also studied the value of writing haiku as a means of connecting and creating empathy with patients.

Creativity is a growing academic discipline, so it is not surprising that there are several studies of creativity and haiku. An example of an article on creativity is Michele Root-Bernstein's essay, "Haiku as Emblem of Creative Discovery: Another Path to Craft."²² While studies of creativity focus on individual processes, it is often related to the study of long-term benefits of creative engagement. This approach is sometimes called positive psychology. Instead of working with the trauma and the use of haiku as therapy for someone who is so broken, positive psychology examines the benefits of being engaged in a creative art like haiku. Ongoing, long-term participation turns out to have a lot of benefits related to happiness and connectedness with others. Sharing your life with others through haiku can contribute to happiness and satisfaction. So haiku itself is being studied as a way of having a healthy life. It's not just to overcome something.

Part II will appear in *Frogpond* 39:2.

Notes

1 Brooks, Randy & Emily Evans, Melanie McLay, Rick Bearce, Editors. *Millikin University Haiku Anthology*. Decatur, IL: Bronze Man Books, 2008, 148.

2 Randy Brooks and the Juxtaposition editors, Stephen Addiss, Bill Cooper, Aubrie Cox, Jim Kacian, and Peter McDonald. "Haiku Resources: A Scholar's Library of Haiku in English." in *Juxtapositions: The Journal of Haiku Research and Scholarship* 1.1, The Haiku Foundation, (Winchester, VA), 2015.

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4 Lamb, Elizabeth Searle. "A History of Western Haiku." *Cicada*, published in four parts starting with issue 3.1 (1979): 3-9; issue 3.2 (1979): 3-9; issue 3.3 (1979): 3-10, and issue 3.4 (1980): 3-11.

5 Trumbull, Charles. "The American Haiku Movement Part 1." *Modern Haiku* 36.3 (2005): 33-73; and "Part 2." *Modern Haiku* 37.1 (2005): 29-54.

6 Roseliep, Raymond. "This Haiku of Ours." *Bonsai* 1.3 (1976): 11-20.

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8 Missias, A.C. "Struggling for Definition." *Frogpond* 24:3 (2001): 53-63.

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13 Spiess, Robert. "The Problem of Craftsmanship in English Language Haiku." *Modern Haiku* 8.3 (1977): 7-10.

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17 Yoshimizu, Ayaka. "Performing Heteroglossia: Contesting 'War Bride' Discourses, Exploring 'Histories of Kokoro' with Four Senryu Writers." Simon Fraser University, 2008. MA in Communication. 202 pages.

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21 Tick, Edward. *On Sacred Mountain: Vietnam Remembered*. Battle Ground, IN: High/Coo Press, 1984.

22 Root-Bernstein, Michele. "Haiku as Emblem of Creative Discovery: Another Path to Craft." *Modern Haiku* 41.3 (2010): 16-25.

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**UNDERSTANDING THE LARGER POND:
RAISING AWARENESS AND SPREADING
HAIKU LITERACY**

Deborah P Kolodji

*The following essay is based upon the author's presentation at
Haiku North America 2015 at Union College.*

Haiku has been appearing more frequently in the mainstream, from President Obama's haiku to the Japanese forms issue of *Rattle*. Haiku is also the perfect size for tweeting, and can be widely found across all social platforms. Is this a crack in the wall that has historically existed between the mainstream poetry community and the English-language haiku community? Many well-known and extensively-published mainstream poets still think haiku is defined by syllables, and if they realize that haiku is more than this, they are often quoted about the discipline of 5-7-5, saying something like Billy Collins said in his contributor note in the Spring 2015 issue of *Rattle*, "I follow the seventeen-syllable limit because it provides me with a pleasurable feeling of push-back,"¹ or take the position that haiku cannot be written in English, as Jim Natal implies in his afterward for his book of haibun, "My haiku are also not traditionally exact and probably never could be. Even Gary Snyder does not consider his haiku to be true haiku."²

So, how is haiku currently perceived outside of the English-language haiku community? What can we do to change this perception? In preparation for a presentation given at Haiku North America 2015 at Union College, I sent out questionnaires about haiku to the poetry editors of the top mainstream literary journals with the following questions:

1. Are you open to submissions of haiku or haibun or other related forms?
2. What would you expect a haiku to be, and would you consider a haiku that isn't 5-7-5 syllables?
3. How often do you receive haiku submissions, and how would you rank them as far as quality? (i.e., 1 is very bad, 10 is very good).
4. Have you ever published haiku?
5. Do you ever receive haibun submissions and have you ever published them?
6. What percentage of your submissions come from slush?

The first person to respond was the editor of *Poetry*, Don Share. *Poetry* has the distinction of being one of the earliest publishers of English-language haiku, having published Ezra Pound's famous poem in the April, 1914 issue.

"In a Station of the Metro"

The apparition of these faces in the crowd :
Petals on a wet, black bough.³

Poetry also published haiku in the 1960s, including these two by Raymond Roseliep in the September 1968 issue:

Cemetery owl,
plague you! I'll just whistle so
there'll be two of me.

Beauty, be patient,
be, while I shelve Aquinas:
hills, wait till I come.⁴

Share has edited *Poetry* since 2013. He told me that he receives 120,000 poems a year and is interested in publishing a wide variety of poetry of all styles and forms, but rarely receives haiku and haibun submissions.⁵ Those he does receive, he ranks at a 1

or 2 on the scale provided. He said, “Most are by amateur writers whose understanding of poetry even may be limited to haiku. I do not wish for this to sound condescending, but that’s the best I can describe it.”⁶

Share is open to non-5-7-5 haiku and potential contributors should submit through Submittable, an online submission management system. There is no submission service fee to submit to *Poetry*. Expect up to five months for a response and do not be discouraged. One poet with an upcoming poem in *Poetry* had seventy-eight poems rejected before one was accepted.⁷

Editor John Skoyles of *Ploughshares* said that he was open to haiku and haibun, but has not received any since he has been the editor. In response to the question about considering non-5-7-5 haiku, he said, “I would consider a haiku with variations on the form. Robert Hass has done this.”⁸ He later sent me an e-mail with a link to a poem by Mark Jarman that *Ploughshares* published in 2008:

“Haiku”

Things that can turn to shrapnel:
 Steel and stone. Crockery.
 Wood. Glass. And bone.⁹

Like *Poetry*, *Ploughshares* uses Submittable, but charges a \$3 submission fee. Although electronic submissions are preferred, poets can avoid the submission fee by mailing their submission to *Ploughshares*, Emerson College, 120 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116-4624. Submissions to *Ploughshares* reopen on June 1, 2016.

David Baker, the editor of *The Kenyon Review*, also said he was open to haiku and haibun submissions. “I would consider haiku in syllabic and nonsyllabic forms. I have a sense of its traditional parameters (à la Buson, Issa, etc.) and its Western parameters. I

would prefer that poets show me what to expect, rather than tell them what to expect.”¹⁰ In regard to haibun, Baker said, “We have occasionally published textual mixtures of prose and poetry.” *The Kenyon Review* receives 20,000 poems in a four-month period, of which they publish 40–50. *The Kenyon Review* uses Submittable for submissions. There is no fee.

With a slim chance of being accepted, why should a haiku poet bother? Instead of placing quality haiku in limbo for months, the haiku could be published in any of the quarterly haiku journals before even hearing back from a submission to *Poetry* or *The Kenyon Review*.

If we are to ever increase haiku literacy among the mainstream poetry community, we need high-quality haiku to at least occasionally grace the pages of the mainstream literary journals. What appears to be happening is that these journals publish very little haiku and when they do, they are often “haiku” by well-published poets in other forms of poetry who probably have never seen an issue of *Frogpond*. Worse, people who have just discovered haiku and decide to try their hand at it, appear to be sending these first time clunkers to the journals they know about, often *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, or *The New Yorker*, because they are completely unaware of the haiku journals. Meanwhile, haiku poets who know how to write haiku are sending them to the haiku journals.

When Timothy Green, the editor of *Rattle*, published a Japanese forms issue in 2015, he told me that he received submissions from over 2,000 individual poets, who were invited to submit up to four pages of small poems. Of these submissions, roughly half were written in an awkward 5-7-5 pattern and might be about a frog or cherry blossoms. Of the haiku that appeared to be written by someone who knew what they were doing, perhaps half were by a mainstream poet who was going through a haiku “phase.” He theorized that poets who know how to write good haiku are sending them to haiku journals and poets who do not know

how to write haiku are submitting them to mainstream poetry journals, creating a bad reputation of haiku among editors of non-haiku poetry journals.

Testing this theory thoroughly would be another research project, but among the editors I corresponded with, this seems to be the reality.

One editor of an online poetry journal, who wishes to remain anonymous because he doesn't want to discourage would-be haiku writers, had to shut down his haiku section because he received so many bad haiku and he just didn't have the staff to deal with them all. Most haiku writers didn't even know about his fledgling haiku section before it ever got off the ground.¹²

So, what does the larger poetic publishing pond look like outside of the haiku community?

Literary Journals – Rankings (Pushcart)¹³

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Kenyon Review</i> | 15. <i>Five Points</i> |
| 2. <i>Poetry</i> | 15. <i>AGNI</i> |
| 3. <i>Ploughshares</i> | 16. <i>Sugar House Review</i> |
| 4. <i>American Poetry Review</i> | 16. <i>Southern Review</i> |
| 5. <i>Threepenny Review</i> | 19. <i>Alice James Books</i> |
| 6. <i>New England Review</i> | 19. <i>Yale Review</i> |
| 7. <i>Georgia Review</i> | 21. <i>New Ohio Review</i> |
| 8. <i>FIELD</i> | 21. <i>Sugar House Review</i> |
| 9. <i>Gettysburg Review</i> | 23. <i>Michigan Quarterly Review</i> |
| 9. <i>Virginia Quarterly Review</i> | 24. <i>Rattle</i> |
| 11. <i>BOA Editions</i> | 24. <i>Blackbird</i> |
| 12. <i>Poetry Review</i> | 26. <i>Smartish Pace</i> |
| 12. <i>TriQuarterly</i> | 26. <i>Spillway</i> |
| 14. <i>Tin House</i> | |

Literary Journals – Rankings (*The Best American Poetry*)¹⁴

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>The New Yorker</i> | 11. <i>Virginia Quarterly Review</i> |
| 2. <i>American Poetry Review</i> | 12. <i>Sentence</i> (out of print) |
| 3. <i>Poetry</i> | 13. <i>Antioch Review</i> |
| 4. <i>Five Points</i> | 14. <i>Sugar House Review</i> |
| 5. <i>New England Review</i> | 15. <i>Boston Review</i> |
| 6. <i>Ploughshares</i> | 16. <i>Michigan Quarterly Review</i> |
| 7. <i>Kenyon Review</i> | 17. <i>POOL</i> |
| 8. <i>Georgia Review</i> | 18. <i>SHINY</i> |
| 9. <i>Barrow Street</i> | 19. <i>Crazy Horse</i> |
| 10. <i>New American Writing</i> | |

There are two ranking systems: one looks at the number of nominations accepted for the Pushcart anthologies; the other looks at the journals that originally published the poems included in *The Best American Poetry*. One distinct difference between these two ranking systems is that *The Best American Poetry* also includes poems from commercial magazines like *The Atlantic* and *The New Yorker*.

Most of the literary journals are using Submittable, with some charging a submission fee. Most accept simultaneous submissions which creates a system where a poet might submit the same poems to *Poetry*, *Ploughshares*, and *Kenyon Review* at the same time. This causes an inflation in the number of active poetry submissions because the same poems may be pending at several magazines simultaneously.

I would like to challenge every reader of this issue of *Frogpond* to send at least one submission to one of the literary journals listed above. Some strategies you might consider:

1. Send haibun. Many editors have expressed particular interest in haibun. For example, Susan Terris of *Spillway* said, “I really love haibun as a form. But I don’t want any one form to predominate in *Spillway*.”¹⁵

2. Send haiku sequences with a title and don't tell them it's haiku.
3. *Rattle*, in particular, wants to continue receiving haiku submissions for any of its general or themed issues.

Beyond the top tier literary journals, I would also like to encourage haiku poets to submit to regional poetry journals, anthologies, and webzines. Regional journals are often open to haiku, haibun, and haiku sequences, and they provide a networking opportunities for local haiku poets to interact with other poets in their area.

taking the last
of the sun with them
departing geese

—Gregory Longenecker¹⁶
San Diego Poetry Annual 2014–15

There are often poetry readings to launch regional journal issues and anthologies. Members of the public attending these readings often appreciate the brevity of a haiku when performed or read after a three page narrative poem! I have had many poets come up to me after one of these types of readings, wanting to know more about haiku.

Literary magazines and regional publications are not the only venues available for raising awareness of haiku for the general reading public. Specialty journals provide niche reading for aficionados of interests ranging from speculative poetry (science fiction, fantasy, and horror-themed poetry) to religious/spiritual poetry, as well as journals featuring various forms of poetry such as prose poetry or short poetry.

Shot Glass Journal, which specializes in poetry of sixteen lines or less, and accepts submissions via Submittable, has published tanka, haiku, and tan renga, among other short forms:

April darkness
 a tinge of green to the clouds
 as sirens whine

*the poppy about to
 burst*

—Kathe L. Palka & Peter Newton¹⁷

Other examples of “short poem” specialty journals include *Hummingbird*, *Shot Glass Journal*, *hedgerow*, and *Lilliput Review*. Speculative poetry journals which have published haiku and haibun include *Star*Line*, *Grievous Angel*, *Mythic Delirium*, *Strange Horizons*, *Scifaikuest*, and *Dreams and Nightmares*. *Star*Line*, edited by F. J. Bergmann, is also the journal of the Science Fiction Poetry Association, and publishes an average of 5-7-5 haiku per issue, paying \$3 per haiku. Submissions can be sent to Bergmann via e-mail to starline@sfpoetry.com.

time portal wedding
 an exchange
 of nows

—Leroy Gorman¹⁸

*Star*Line* is not an exception. Many journals associated with poetry societies often publish haiku, in part to recognize the diversity of poetry forms written by their members. *Sandcutters*, the journal of the Arizona State Poetry Society, *California Quarterly*, the journal of the California State Poetry Society, *Pasque Petals*, the journal of the South Dakota State Poetry Society, and *Seven Hills Review*, the journal of the Tallahassee Writers Group, have published haiku. Poetry societies are often the most resistant to haiku beyond a 5-7-5 pattern and may need a haiku poet volunteer to help bring them into a greater understanding of haiku. One way to combat this might be to offer to judge a haiku contest.

Finally, to complete our understanding of the landscape of the greater poetry pond, there are numerous independent poetry journals, webzines, and blogs, as well as newspaper columns that feature haiku. One example is *The Aurorean*, edited by Cynthia Bracket-Vincent, which has published a haiku section in each issue for the past 20 years. Submissions are accepted through Submittable, up to five poems or pages of haiku.

no sign of it
then overnight—
the blood root

—Ruth Holzer¹⁹

Other examples of independent journals and webzines which have published haiku include *Off the Coast*, *Poeticdiversity*, *Sonic Boom*, and *Eskimo Pie*.

Small newspapers like *The Cub* in Bear Valley Springs, California and *ColoradoBoulevard.Net*, which publishes web-based news and features for residents of Pasadena, California, publish poetry columns that often include haiku. Many local papers would welcome a volunteer who might run a poetry or haiku column.

The number of possibilities are overwhelming, but each is an opportunity to inform poetry readers about haiku. No one poet could possibly submit to all of these publications and still have haiku left to submit to the haiku journals, so my hope is that you will consider doing the following in 2016:

1. Submit haiku to at least one of the top-tier literary journals. If it comes back, don't be discouraged, there are plenty of haiku journals that would love those poems.
2. See if there are any regional poetry publications in your area and submit to one of them.

3. Look for poetry journals that publish poems about things which interest you whether it be science fiction or fishing and try sending them a haiku.

If every reader of *Frogpond* added three non-haiku journals in 2016 beyond their normal submissions, one to a literary journal, one to a regional journal, and one to an independent or specialty poetry journal, at least some of this haiku would reach an entirely new audience and increase haiku literacy in the greater poetry community. I would like to challenge you to do this and let me know what happens via email to dkolodji@aol.com.

Notes

1. Billy Collins, "Contributor Notes," *Rattle* 47, Spring 2015, 99.
2. Jim Natal, *52 Views: The Haibun Variations* (Huntington Beach: Tebot Bach, 2013): 67.
3. Ezra Pound, "In a Station of the Metro," *Poetry*, April 1914, 12.
4. Raymond Roseliep, "Two Haiku," *Poetry*, September 1968, 388.
5. Don Share, e-mail message to author, October 1, 2015.
6. Don Share, e-mail message to author, October 1, 2015.
7. Name withheld by request, e-mail message to author, November, 2015.
8. John Skoyles, e-mail message to author, October 7, 2015.
9. Mark Jarman, "Haiku," *Ploughshares*, Spring 2008, <http://pshares.tumblr.com/post/7418067333/haiku-by-mark-jarman-things-that-can-turn-to>.
10. David Baker, e-mail message to author, October 2, 2015.
11. Timothy Green, telephone conversation with the author, September 30, 2015.
12. Name withheld by request, e-mail message to the author, October 29, 2015.
13. Clifford Garstang, "2015 Pushcart Prize Ranking of Literary Magazines."

Clifford Garstang (blog), November 13, 2014, <http://cliffordgarstang.com/?p=4785>.

14. Jeffery Bahr, "Number of Occurrences of Literary Publications in Best American Poetry," *Jeffery Bahr*, <http://www.jefferybahr.com/Publications/BAPRanks.html>.

15. Susan Terris, e-mail message to the author, October 5, 2016

16. Gregory Longenecker, "Haiku," *San Diego Poetry Annual 2014-2015*, 226.

17. Kathe L. Palka & Peter Newton, "April darkness," *Shot Glass Journal* #16, May 2015, http://www.musepiepress.com/shotglass/issue16/palka_newton1.html.

18. Leroy Gorman, "time portal wedding," *Star*Line*, Summer 2015, 16.

19. Ruth Holzer "no sign of it," *The Aurorean*, Summer 2015, 59.

*Deborah P Kolodji moderates the Southern California Haiku Study Group and serves as California Regional Coordinator. She has published over 900 haiku, including some in non-haiku journals like Rattle, Star*Line, and Off the Coast. Her full-length book of haiku, highway of sleeping towns, is upcoming from Shabda Press.*

reviewed

Bruce Ross et al, eds. *A Vast Sky: An Anthology of Contemporary World Haiku*, Bangor, ME: Tancho Press, 2015, 198 pp., perfect bound. ISBN 978-0-9837141-2-5. US\$15.95 with postage (\$3 for US, \$15 for other countries) from Bruce Ross (dr_bruce_ross@hotmail.com).

Reviewed by Beverley George

This aptly titled anthology of contemporary world haiku written between 2000 and 2014 is tangible proof of the universal nature of this diminutive poetry genre; the way in which it can be shared in countries beyond Japan. As Katō Kōko writes in her introduction to the bilingual Japanese section: “We may say that the haiku has become a quiet ambassador of peace and harmony under the vast sky embracing the earth and its future.”

Another favorite description, rather than definition, of haiku by John Bird springs to mind, and endorses this: “A haiku is a brief poem, built on sensory images from the environment. It evokes an insight into our world and its peoples.”

The anthology is divided into four sections: Japan, Europe, The New World, and The Rest of The World, with each of the latter three sections being subdivided by countries.

Nearly five hundred voices come together under *A Vast Sky*. Given the diversity of the contributing countries there is a remarkable harmonious quality to the collection, as poets share their experiences in a way that is true to the moment, and accessible.

Katō Kōko writes about the effects of landscape on spirituality;

“that the Japanese traditional view in which everything is seen as part of the natural world, has growing value and importance.”

The far north country . . .
somewhere within myself
the snow lives on

Fujiki Tomoko (Japan)

This poem can be understood even by someone who lives in a consistently warm climate, and resonates.

Many haiku, regardless of native landscape, combine effortlessly in the reading process and are simply to be enjoyed. Imagistic haiku that take the reader straight to the moment include:

Appearing out of
a heat mirage comes
the winning horse

Gotō Tatsuo (Japan)

in the park
two lovers
and the rest of us

Marcus Larsson (Sweden)

year's end
her skipping rope
too short

Maria Steyn (South Africa)

School excursion
lined up under the frame
of a dinosaur

Yamao Tamamo (Japan)

Lyrical language invites reading aloud, as in these examples:

The flowing waters
of ultramarine turn to
a winter river

Amamiya Kinuyo (Japan)

dusk on the cape...
the last fisherman
shoulders his rod

Rodney Williams (Australia)

Some haiku about a particular sound invite attention:

morning mist
whistling to the birds' songs
an old bike

Anatoly Ilyustchyts (Belarus)

walking the marina
wire halyards and the wind
make music

ML Grace (Australia)

winter starlight
the sound of the tuning fork
goes on forever

Lorin Ford (Australia)

autumn wind
its own song
in the cottonwoods

Elizabeth Searle Lamb (United States of America)

Also, so simple, but the chiming between fading and wait and the reversed *sk* sounds of sky and dusk make this a satisfying haiku to read aloud:

fading sky
I wait for a dusk
of kangaroos

Keitha Keyes (Australia)

Word choice is all important. The precise word “unpacks” works so well for this haiku.

a box turtle
unpacks its legs . . .
first warm day

Kirsty Karkow (United States of America)

Tenderness and sadness can be skilfully conveyed in so few words and enlist our empathy.

dark winter morning
he carries the old dog
back into the house

Charles Trumbull (United States of America)

how to dress her
for eternity—
blossom rain

Carolyn Hall (United States of America)

Vulnerability, but also spirit, are hallmarks of these poems:

Buying flowers
just to ask the way—
Bastille Day

Uetani Shôken (Japan)

hospice visit he still beats me at chess

Joanne Preston (New Zealand)

swimming lesson
my son floating away
from me

Mark Brager (United States of America)

winter window
this lonely face hidden
behind my breath

Damir Damir (Montenegro)

Diverse places and objects beyond our experience can trigger our interest; invite us to find out more. This one sent me on a rewarding search for images of butter lamps.

lighting butter lamps
death anniversary
what else can I do

Sonam Chhoki (Bhutan)

Poems about the renewal of the human spirit can hearten us, too, as well as cheering the poet who pens them:

after all the things
that have gone wrong—
plum blossoms

Sanjukta Asopa (India)

Like another world
a seed-packet showing
flowers in full bloom

Katō Kanabun (Japan)

in spite of everything forsythia

Peggy Willis Lyles (United States of America)

Haiku for and about children are often appealing and stir feelings and observations we can readily share with others around the world.

chasing grasshoppers
the child opens
empty hands

Belinda Broughton (Australia)

Field of wild grasses . . .
the children playing
with a single rope

Hajimoto Eiji (Japan)

For little children
holding their balloons
let war never come

Kohiyama Shigeko (Japan)

Again a baby frog
at the edge of the rice-paddy
in the rain

Shimobachi Kiyoko (Japan)

There is always pleasure in recognising a situation mutually experienced, but well expressed, as in:

walking in the sun—
a bird's shadow swoops
through mine

Cathie Bullock (New Zealand)

And also poems that demonstrate something unexpected, a different way of saying things:

crescent moon
a bone carver sings
to his ancestor

Ron C. Moss (Australia)

my guest departs
the waters in the creek
louder and clearer

Michael McClintock (United States of America)

These “unexpected” topics, as above, can make us look at something in a new way:

Cold moon.
On the windowsill a fly
alone in its death

Smajil Durmišević (Bosnia and Herzegovina)

snowflakes—
the jerking dance
of a marionette

Sara Winteridge (England)

Why do trees
receive Winter
naked?

Albano Martins (Portugal)

We read countless haiku that celebrate some aspect of nature, like cherry blossom, but this is a haiku about working with, not against, one of nature's potentially harsher aspects.

How many miles left
old and frail I've learned
to lean on the wind

Riita Rossilahti (Finland)

The managing editor's guiding principle for the four editors was to focus on the quality of the selected work, with "each poet expressing their haiku through a unique sensibility."

A Vast Sky: An Anthology of Contemporary World Haiku is a book for our times; an affirmation of the way in which haiku can heighten our perceptions of the world and help us to understand those of others.'

Beverley George is the past editor of Yellow Moon and the founding editor of Eucalypt, Australia's first journal dedicated to tanka. She was president of the Australian Haiku Society from 2006–2010, has presented at poetry conferences in Japan, convened the 4th Haiku Pacific Rim Conference. Beverley has received many haiku awards, including the British Haiku Society JW Hackett Award.

Graham High, ed. *A Silver Tapestry: The Best of 25 Years of Critical Writing From the British Haiku Society*. Kent, UK: The British Haiku Society, 2015. 265 pp. ISBN 978-1-906333-03-4, £12 from www.britishhaikusociety.org.uk

Reviewed by Nicholas M. Sola

A more accurate and clear subtitle for *A Silver Tapestry* would be “Selected Essays from the First 25 Years of *Blithe Spirit*.” All the essays, the majority of which are less than 6 pages long, were first published in *Blithe Spirit*, the quarterly journal for the British Haiku Society. In his introduction, Graham High writes that *A Silver Tapestry* includes “features, critical essays, papers on technique or on the history of haiku; articles concerned with haibun, tanka, renku.” While there are some pieces of critical writing in this anthology, they do not make up the majority of the essays. It should also be noted that Jon Baldwin and Margery Newlove, who selected the essays for this anthology, chose to include only one essay per author for “reasons of variety, balance, and equality.” Unfortunately, equality of writing and thought are not the same as quality of writing and thought.

Although it is disappointing as a “best of” collection, *A Silver Tapestry* does offer a selective history of thought about haiku as understood by the contributing writers and editors of *Blithe Spirit* from 1991 to 2015. The essays are arranged chronologically by first publication in *Blithe Spirit*.

In his 1999 article “Haiku in America,” Lee Gurga writes, “Originally, many of the people in the States that were interested in haiku were so because they were interested [...] in the philosophy of Zen Buddhism at it was popularized there in the 1950s and ’60s.” The essays in *A Silver Tapestry* prove that the influence of Zen Buddhism was not isolated to the United States. This influence is most obvious in the essays from 1992 through 1996, when the main subjects are the haiku moment,

Zen Buddhism, and the Englishness of English language haiku. These early essays are time capsules from an era when the British Haiku Society was young, the Internet was accessed through phone lines, and the haiku moment reigned supreme.

Like most time capsules, the vast majority of these essays should not have been unearthed, specifically two essays on haiku and the Internet by Mel McClellan and Matt Morden from 1996 and 1999 respectively. Published the year after the author discovered haiku, McClellan's "Some Thoughts on the Haiku Process" provides descriptions of the Internet (the world wide web is defined as "the graphical, user-friendly major highway of the 'Net'") and a novice's understanding of haiku ("I liked the idea that haiku can have moods and textures, be like watercolours, or oil paintings or precise pen-and-ink drawings."). In "Haiku on the Internet: The Next Great Wave," Morden also provides now quaint descriptions of the Internet ("The Internet is not just for young people"), followed by a list of haiku websites. While the role of the Internet is a small part of the history of haiku, these two essays read now as historic curios and nothing more.

Starting with Jackie Hardy's essay from 1997 showcasing modern Japanese haiku, *Blithe Spirit* shows a receptiveness to different approaches to haiku. In 1999, both Tōru Sudo and Geoffrey Daniel offered fin-de-siècle evaluations of haiku not evolving and adapting through the twentieth century. Since the turn of the century, essays have been on topics including haiga, haibun, Aldous Huxley, Shinto, renga, and tanka. Some later essays reference earlier essays, highlighting the influence of *Blithe Spirit* amongst its readership. Unfortunately, while some of the essays were worthy of publication in a journal but not in an anthology, some are of such low quality of writing and thought that it is surprising that they were accepted for publication in the first place. Also curious is the choice by the selectors to reprint the first part of multi-part essays by Akiko Sakaguchi and Graham High. While the essay on wordplay by High is mostly self-contained, Sakaguchi's essay ends after a too

brief history of haiga. Its inclusion does no service to haiga, Sakaguchi, or the anthology.

Thankfully, there are a few essays worthy of republication in *A Silver Tapestry*, specifically Martin Lucas's "Spooks, Spectres and the Haiku Spirit," and William M Ramsey's "Haiku as Improvisational Play." Lucas's suggestions on writing, reading, and commenting on haiku are as relevant now as they were when first published in 2001. In his essay from 2012, Ramsey argues that "haiku was born in a spirit of play, despite general notions that it is best suited for solitary nature snapshots or private contemplation of Zen profundities and mindfulness." Both of these essays display an understanding of the history of haiku and the need to draw on this history in order for haiku to evolve and adapt in the future. Despite the high quality of the essays by Lucas and Ramsey, it is unlikely that *A Silver Tapestry* will occupy a significant place in the history of thought about haiku.

Nicholas M. Sola is a member of the HSA and the New Orleans Haiku Society. His work has been published in Modern Haiku, Presence, and Taj Mahal Review. He thanks you for reading his work.

Juliet Seer Pazera. *the dad project*. CreateSpace, 2015, 42 pp., perfect bound, 5.1 x 7.8 inches. ISBN 978-1515355984. US\$7 from www.amazon.com and wwwcreatespace.com.

Reviewed by Terri L. French

My father passed away on October 18, 2014. As I write this almost a year has gone by. A year of ups and downs, happy memories and also some sadness and regret. This week I received a book in the mail called *the dad project*, a haiku collection by Juliet Seer Pazera. In the book Juliet chronicles the moments and days just after her own father's death.

I found myself dog-earing the pages of poems that mirrored my own emotions and experiences after my father's death. After his funeral, my sister and I went downtown to his favorite local watering hole—affectionately referred to as “The Tabernacle”—and raised a glass (or two) in his memory. After reading this one line haiku, I think my father and Juliet's would have gotten along famously.

open bar dad would approve

Most of the deceased in my family lay to rest in two cemeteries not far from one another. As I live out of state, my mother, sister and aunt tend to the graves. Except during the very cold Michigan winter months when the plots are blanketed in snow, they are well-maintained. The large cement urns are filled with bright red geraniums.

snow covered
stillness
cemetery plot

old gravestone
we plant
fresh flowers

Food is always a comfort during bereavement. Comfort food, brought over by neighbors, or fellow church members. There is so much to take care of before and after a funeral and little time to prepare meals.

spicy vegetable stew
with warm bread
insurance forms

When we were younger, we thought our parents were immortal. I couldn't fathom not seeing them, sharing birthdays and holidays, calling to ask their advice. I never envisioned staring at my father's name etched in stone, or my mother's name next to his, her birth year followed by a dash and an empty space.

winter sunrise
mother stands
a widow

I recommend *the dad project* to anyone who has lost a parent. Juliet's thirty-three haiku are personal, yet universally relatable in their emotional honesty. It is a book I know I will reread throughout the years as I remember my father.

Terri L. French is a writer and licensed massage therapist living in Huntsville, Alabama. She has served as Regional Coordinator of the HSA and is the former editor of the senryu and kyoka journal, Prune Juice. Terri is currently working on a collection of haibun and a history of the textile mills in Huntsville.

CALL FOR REVIEWERS

Frogpond is seeking avid and critical readers to review new haiku and related forms collections as they are released.

A good reviewer should:

1. Be familiar with the craft behind haiku and related forms. Additional familiarity with poetry as a whole is a plus.
2. Be able to read closely and critically in order to identify the strengths and weaknesses of a collection, and articulate those in a clear and professional manner.
3. Be able to receive and consider feedback for revisions.
4. Be able to work independently in order to meet deadlines.
5. Have a reliable mailing address.

If interested, please contact *Frogpond* editor Aubrie Cox at frogpondhsa@gmail.com with "Frogpond Book Reviewer" in the subject line. Include information about your experience with haiku and any samples of past reviews (if applicable).

contests

2015 KANTERMAN MERIT BOOK AWARDS

For Books Published in 2014

Judges

Charles Trumbull, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove, California

The Haiku Society of America is pleased to announce the winners of the 2015 Kanterman Book Awards for books published in 2014, judged by Charles Trumbull and Neal Whitman and coordinated by HSA First Vice President Michael Montreuil. First Place Award is made possible by LeRoy Kanterman, cofounder of the Haiku Society of America, in memory of his wife Mildred Kanterman.

Congratulations to all the winners and thanks to all the poets and publishers for contributing their work for this contest. Forty-one books were received: fifteen haiku collections; seven anthologies; eleven haibun or haiga collections plus one book for children; six books of translations or books in two languages; and one book of haiku criticism.

Each year a pair of judges faces the daunting task of not only reading many books written with haiku-heart but of devising guidelines which will guide them to agree on the “best of the best.” This year, the Trumbull and Whitman team decided not to judge per category, but to search for books they believe most deserve to be on the bookshelf of HSA members and other lovers of haiku. These are books meant to be read and reread ... books to revisited from time to time when there is a need to hold the moon in your heart. Unlike prose, the words, “The End,” do not

appear on the last page of a book of poetry ... the books chosen this year even more than other submissions welcome the reader to finish and refinish the book. The judges also were attentive to the production of each book: how does it feel to hold the book and turn it page by page? More is not always better! A book can be over- or under-produced. The winning books this year best match the book as an object to its content.

The judges were impressed especially and equally by four books: two haibun collections on the one hand and the anniversary anthologies of two preeminent West Coast haiku groups on the other. Try as we might, we could not relegate them to the traditional first, second, third, and fourth places. So, unusually for the Kanterman Merit Book Awards, we decided instead to award ties for both First and Second Places. Six other books, we felt, displayed special merit and so were equally awarded Honorable Mentions.

First place (tie)

Marjorie Buettner. *Some Measure of Existence: Collected Haibun*. Northfield and Red Wing, MN.: Red Dragonfly Press, 2014. 77 pages. Glossy tan card covers; 5½" x 8½"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-937693-52-7. Price: \$15.00 from the publisher at www.reddragonflypress.org.

Marjorie Buettner has long been a master of a soft, introspective, moody, haibun-of-the-heart style that is so well represented in this volume. The judges can only second the recommendation of Marian Olson in her Introduction, that this is "the kind of book you read with intention when your soul is hungry for some substantial nourishment."

Harriot West. *Into the Light*. No place: Mountains and Rivers Press, 2014. 45 pages. Glossy four-color card covers; 5½" x 8½"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-0-989602-12-9. Price: \$15.00 from the publisher.

Harriot West's *Into the Light* took the judges' breath away for its daring subject matter, haikai craft, and splendid presentation. This is a self-analytical collection that digs deep into the question, "who am I?" Where Buettner is lyrical, West's prose is finely chiseled, flinty. This, West's first book of haibun (plus a few haiku), is exemplary.

Second place (tie)

Garry Gay, ed. *One Song*. Santa Rosa, CA: Two Autumns Press, 2014. 71 pages. Semigloss four-color card covers; translucent flyleaves; 5¼" x 8½"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-634436-16-8. Price: \$10.00 from the Haiku Poets of Northern California.

Holding this book in your hands, it feels like something that needed to happen: the Two Autumns Readings Series is one of the oldest and most revered institutions in American haiku, and to have a volume celebrating the 25th anniversary is thoroughly appropriate. The book itself is everything one might expect: a fine selection of haiku, one each from every participant in the Two Autumns readings from the beginning, beautifully edited, formatted, and printed in the true Two Autumns Press style.

Haiku Northwest. *No Longer Strangers: Haiku Northwest 25th Anniversary Anthology*. Bellevue, WA: Vandina Press for Haiku Northwest, 2014. 152 pages. Semigloss dark blue and orange card covers; 5¾" x 9"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-887381-27-7. No price given.

This is a very fine anthology, a worthy monument to Haiku Northwest and its founder, the late Francine Porad. Because of the strength of the work of the members as well as the good editorial choices and sensible, clear layout, this is about as good as a group haiku anthology can be. In addition to the work of active members, *No Longer Strangers* contains a section of haiku by past members—a nice touch. We especially enjoyed the beautifully researched and written historical essay by Connie Hutchison.

Honorable mentions (unranked)

Ion Codrescu. *Something Out of Nothing: Seventy-five Haiga*. Winchester, VA.: Red Moon Press, 2014. 160 pages. Semigloss burgundy and white covers; glossy paper; four-color inks; 7½" x 10"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-936848-35-5. Price: \$30.00 from the publisher at www.redmoonpress.com.

For this ambitious project, sumi-e artist Codrescu responded to seventy-five haiku by North American poets selected by the publisher and aptly meets the challenge of creating haiga with his own visual interpretation. This large format book, presented on high quality glossy paper, is a delight to hold—it is a “page-holder,” not a “page-turner.”

Lee Gurga and Scott Metz, eds. *Haiku 2014*. Lincoln, IL.: Modern Haiku Press, 2014. 118 unnumbered pages. Semigloss maroon covers; 5¼" x 4¼"; perfectbound. ISBN 0-974189-46-4. Price: \$8.00 from the publisher.

Haiku 2014 presents the most exciting new take in the crowded field of haiku anthologies that we have seen. Editors Gurga and Metz seek to extend their selections of eyebrow-raising from their anthology *Haiku 21* for one more year and, one hopes, on into the future. *Haiku 2014* won judges' points for slimness and sleekness and focus on a particular style of haiku, though some might point out that the contents are the choice of the two editors alone and the anthology does not purport to represent any sort of panoramic view of current English-language haiku activity.

Ron C. Moss. *The Bone Carver*. Ormskirk, U.K.: Snapshot Press, 2014. 112 pages. Semigloss four-color card covers; 5" x 7¾"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-903543-32-0. Price: £9.99 from the publisher at www.snapshotpress.co.uk.

Ron Moss's *The Bone Carver* stands out among the individual collections in 2014. This is a book of classically structured haiku

displaying a variety of moods, often touching on historical themes and deploying modern one-line verses. Snapshot Press's typically fine production adds greatly to this book, which no haiku poet should miss.

Edward J. Rielly. *Spring Rain Winter Snow: Haiku*. Brunswick, ME: Shanti Arts Publishing, 2014. 32 unnumbered pages. Hardcover; semigloss four-color board covers; 8¼" x 8¾"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-941830-94-9. Price: \$19.99 from the publisher.

Ed Rielly's *Spring Rain Winter Snow* collects his haiku written for and about young people—specifically his own children and grandchildren—plus charming illustrations by Angelina Buonaiuto. The Kanterman judges imagined what fun it would be to read this book to a child sitting in their lap. The integrity of the haiku, their sequencing, and the production values all propelled the book to the top rank of choices this year.

John Stevenson. *D(ark): Haiku*. Winchester, VA.: Red Moon Press, 2014. 74 pages. Glossy black card covers; black flyleaves; 5¼" x 7¾"; perfectbound. ISBN 978-1-946848-27-0. Price: \$12.00 from the publisher at www.redmoonpress.com.

The enigmatic title of John Stevenson's *d(ark)* appropriately captures the character of its content: The haiku (and a few tanka and haibun) are mostly dark in tone, and the collection represents something of an ark, a repository for scripture. Each poem merits close reading and careful thought. Stevenson demonstrates that he is still at the top of the heap.

George Swede. *Micro Haiku: Three to Nine Syllables*. Toronto, ON: Inšpress, 2014. 108 pages. ISBN 978-0-988117-90-7. Glossy white card covers; 5½" x 8½"; perfectbound. Price: \$15.00 from the publisher.

It is fashionable today to speak of micro haiku and one-line haiku (monostiches or "monoku"), but it is both sobering and intriguing

to note that some poets, George Swede in the van, have been writing these mini-mini-poems for almost five decades. Swede, who here defines micro haiku as verses of three to nine syllables, has brought together a retrospective of work written from the late 1970s to 2013. Readers will delight in finding old favorites as well as discovering unfamiliar new work.

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

Neal Whitman has been an HSA member since 2008. He was awarded honorable mention in the 2010 Brady Memorial Senryu Contest and 1st prize in 2014; Henderson Memorial Haiku honorable mention in 2013; and HSA Haibun 1st honorable mention in 2014.

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from the editor

First off, I must extend my gratitude to Francine Banwarth and Michele Root-Bernstein for their *Frogpond* tenure and the dedication to the English-language haiku community. I remember how excited I was when it was first announced that they would be editing *Frogpond*—it was what the journal and community needed. I knew they would take the journal to a new place (as George Swede and Anita Krumins did before them, and so on), and they did. When asked if I was interested in editing *Frogpond*, I was elated to have the opportunity to continue what they had set into motion, but also fully aware of the task ahead of me. I had, and still have, big shoes to fill.

With each new editor, the journal continues to promote haiku in English, but also reinvents itself. So I had to ask myself: *What can I bring to Frogpond?*

I'm reminded of John Stevenson's opening remarks as co-organizer of Haiku North America 2015. The main focus of the conference was haiku education, and he offered four questions for consideration over the weekend: 1) What circumstances make it possible for haiku to be taught successfully? 2) What lessons does haiku offer students beyond syllable counting? 3) What kind of partnerships would we need to establish in order to make haiku education more effective? 4) How can I help?

As an educator and a product of haiku in higher education, these questions and their potential answers matter deeply to me. As a flagship journal for haiku in English, I believe *Frogpond* can be a teaching tool. Most agree that in order to write and appreciate haiku, one must read good haiku. In order to read good haiku, one needs exposure and access to good haiku. And, to be honest,

beginners need more than good haiku—they need excellent haiku that are diverse in content and style.

Essays that have been and will continue to be published in *Frogpond* and other resources online, such as The Haiku Foundation, are addressing the first two questions. It's the second two that I find need the most focus at the moment.

It's easy to complain about those that do not understand that haiku is not seventeen syllables, or to huff when someone posts or publishes *zappai*. But we are at a moment in time where there's more curiosity in (than stigma of) the genre. How we, individually and collectively, respond to the curiosity, to the 5-7-5 lesson plans, and to cliché Twitter poems will determine how others respond to the concept that haiku can be something more. If we complain about or make fun of others for their ignorance, the larger literary community will respond accordingly. After all, when poetry faculty and publications rejected haiku or said it didn't have as much value as other poetry over the last couple decades, didn't we, as a community, push away from them in kind? We can discuss preserving the sanctity of haiku all we want, but haiku is nothing without people. If no one will read it, if there's no one to share it with, what's the point?

The good news is that more and more, universities are intrigued by what haiku in English has to offer, and agree that scholarship on the genre and community should be coming out of the English departments. Additionally, as Deborah Kolodji's article points out, there are mainstream journals open to haiku and haibun.

I personally can help, not just by continuing to teach haiku in my classes, by editing this journal, and taking *Frogpond* to writing conferences, book festivals, and the universities where I will be teaching and taking classes as a grad student. I can put copies of *Frogpond* into the hands of indie editors and writers, who are particularly interested in (and welcoming of) new genres as long as they know the work is out there.

Meanwhile you can do your part by going to open mics, participating in multi-genre workshops, and submitting to journals and magazines outside the haiku community. Consider reaching out to your local library or community outreach programs—who are always in need of afterschool and summer programming. Perhaps the most important thing you can do is talk about the haikai arts critically, using language others are already familiar with and placing our work in context with other poetry and literature.

Thank you, everyone, for giving me the opportunity to be a mouthpiece for the community and Haiku Society of America. The support I have received since I began writing haiku in 2008 has been critical to my development as a writer, educator, and editor; I want to use this role as an opportunity to give back and extend that support to the next generation.

Special thanks to Christopher Patchel for his continued service in creating the cover art and redesigning the inside pages, to all the former *Frogpond* editors who have extended their best wishes, and, last but not least, thanks to my partner in all things, Jim Warner, for agreeing to be my assistant editor.

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