

FROGPOND

JOURNAL OF  
THE HAIKU SOCIETY  
OF AMERICA

VOLUME 39:2

SPRING/SUMMER

2016



## from the editor

Dear HSA Members,

Earlier this year, I had said I would continue as *Frogpond* editor, but due to health issues I have decided to step down upon the printing of this issue. This was unexpected and a difficult decision to make; however, not only do I need to take care of myself, I need to be mindful of the integrity of the journal. I promise to find other ways to continue to promote the haikai arts in English.

I'm grateful to say that Christopher Patchel, our current designer, has agreed to serve as the interim editor for issue 39:3. I wish him all the best and hope that the community will offer him all the support and patience provided to me as he steps in mid-term.

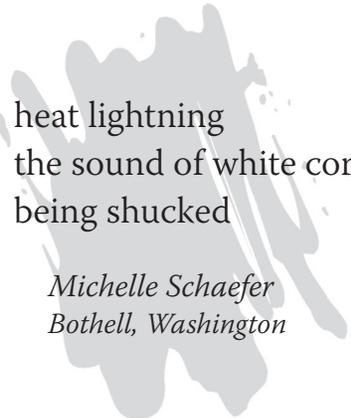
Periods of transition such as this offer us time to reflect. At the beginning of my tenure, my goal was to extend the conversation about haiku to a wider audience. Part of that process is understanding the role we all play—as editors, writers, and readers; as community organizers, publishers, and participants—within the larger literary community. Collectively I believe we should ask ourselves what we value and how we wish to represent ourselves. Not just to the haiku world, but to those who are watching and waiting to see what we become.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity to serve the HSA.

Best,  
Aubrie Cox  
*Frogpond* Editor

MUSEUM OF  
HAIKU LITERATURE  
AWARD

*\$100 for the best previously unpublished work  
appearing in issue 39:1 of Frogpond as selected by vote  
of the HSA Executive Committee.*



heat lightning  
the sound of white corn  
being shucked

*Michelle Schaefer  
Bothell, Washington*

haiku/senryu

spring fog  
sound of children  
overlapping one another

*Payal A. Agarwal  
Delhi, India*

meteor shower : :  
the firefly in the jar  
dies again...

*Mike Andrelczyk  
Strasburg, Pennsylvania*

the race  
to reach the rooftop...  
clematis

*Sanjukta Asopa  
Belgaum, India*

final morsel of eel  
wavering in the air  
the liar's chopsticks

*Sheila K. Barksdale  
England*

spring equinox  
no witness  
steps forward

farm boy—  
all dressed up  
in mismatched  
pronouns

*Roberta Beary  
Bethesda, Maryland*

autumn moon  
please finish this  
metaphor

*Brad Bennett  
Arlington, Massachusetts*

Saturday her empire of wild violets

*Meik Blöttenberger  
Hanover, Pennsylvania*

prayer—  
my hands are colder  
than the water

*Adrian Bouter  
Gouda, Netherlands*

icicle shine  
the city recalls  
how to digest itself

*David Boyer  
Stamford, Connecticut*

ozones breath thunderstorms or worse

*Peg Byrd  
Madison, New Jersey*

typos  
in her apology  
spring weeds

*Sondra J. Byrnes  
Santa Fe, New Mexico*

dad's burial  
my shadow  
shorter than his grave

slave cemetery  
the empathy  
of songbirds

*R. P. Carter*  
*Ancaster, Ontario*

purple chicory  
a calf's ear catches  
the wind

*Anna Cates*  
*Wilmington, Ohio*

reconciliation a crow fades into the holy rain

*Cynthia Cechota*  
*Dubuque, Iowa*

egotesticle

*Cynthia Cechota*  
*Dubuque, Iowa*

river bridge the distance of my prayer

*Paul Chambers*  
*Newport, United Kingdom*

along-the-tracks-his-first-taste-blackberry-lip-gloss

two brothers tear the sky  
from the lake  
... fly fishing

*Ava C. Cipri*  
*Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*

summer moon—  
the bald heads of  
old friends

*Salil Chaturvedi*  
*Goa, India*

the serrated song  
of a frog  
biology lab

*for Ferris Gilli*

*Carlos Colón*  
*Shreveport, Louisiana*

glass unicorn  
by lamplight she reads  
of ancient cures

*Tina Crenshaw*  
*Charlotte, North Carolina*

humid morning—  
clapping my boots  
to shake out the spiders

*Francis Daulerio*  
*Blue Bell, Pennsylvania*

mouse bones  
a wake of vultures  
drying their wings

*George Dorsty*  
*Yorktown, Virginia*

the fish pond silvery  
with morning skin  
her make-up table

*Garry Eaton*  
*Port Moody, British Columbia*

her cord stump  
comes loose in my hands...  
a blur of blossoms

*Claire Everett*  
*Northallerton, England*

a flow of refugees  
at the end of the winter—  
snowdrops

*Maria Dermendzhieva*  
*Asenovgrad, Bulgaria*

power outage  
the neighbor's fireflies  
still on

*Lee Giesecke*  
*Annamdale, Virginia*

open season Daddy teaches me how to answer the quail

*Ferris Gilli*  
*Marietta, Georgia*

mala beads  
mantras becoming  
seeds again

first robin  
a golden beet bleeds  
into the cutting board

*Brent Goodman*  
*Rhineland, Wisconsin*

assuming  
he's never lied to me  
blue-eyed grass

*Carolyn Hall*  
*San Francisco, California*

the flourishes  
in grandma's script...  
lilac afternoon

anniversary dinner  
an unmarried friend  
asks for my recipe

*Michele L. Harvey*  
*Hamilton, New York*

third deployment  
the unfinished dollhouse  
beneath a sheet

*Steve Hodge*  
*White Lake, Michigan*

dandelion patch:  
our tomcat's  
next life

*Nick Hoffman*  
*Cork, Ireland*

all day drizzle  
the doll speaks  
over & over

*Louisa Howerow*  
*London, Ontario*

her silent birth—  
all seasons  
all at once

*Kathy Johnson*  
*Waukesha, Wisconsin*

wishing well  
the widow throws the penny  
back into her purse

*Elmedin Kadric*  
*Helsingborg, Sweden*

spring flu—  
drawing hills  
in my notebook

*Sebastian Kantor*  
*Czechia*

mass shooting spring on an industrial scale

*David J. Kelly*  
*Dublin, Ireland*

deepening night  
first Bob Dylan  
then the crickets

*Isak Kempe*  
*Stockholm, Sweden*

marigolds  
by every driveway  
new phone books

*Phillip Kennedy*  
*Monterey, California*

widow's birthday—  
a spider ropes off  
the dreamcatcher

property share—  
my long dress carrying  
the dew drops

*Lavana Kray*  
*Iași, Romania*

deep in the haunted garden  
a child's  
rubber ball

naughty altar boys  
guzzle  
the blood

*David G. Lanoue*  
*New Orleans, Louisiana*

blossom fog  
almost lost  
in translation

*Michael Henry Lee*  
*Saint Augustine, Florida*

field of clover  
a few pleats in her skirt  
come undone

*Catherine LoFrumento*  
*Brookfield, Connecticut*

security check  
a plastic bag fluttering  
in the razor wire

*Bob Lucky*  
*Jubail, Saudi Arabia*

waning moon  
the neighbor boy whispers  
a warts spell

*Roman Lyakhovetsky*  
*Maale Adumim, Israel*

all the blackboards she erased snow squall

*Doris Lynch*  
*Bloomington, Indiana*

wild onion the footbridge an ogre lives under

*paul m.*  
*Bristol, Rhode Island*

cold beer  
sweating at the cafe  
summer breakup

*Maya Makino*  
*Arcata, California*

my father's boots  
still russet with garden loam—  
unplanted okra

*W. S. Manley*  
*Delaware, Oklahoma*

coastal op-shop—  
all the chick-lit  
with sand bookmarks

*Marietta McGregor*  
*Canberra, Australia*

moonrise  
the last imago  
escapes the creek

*David McKee*  
*Madison, Wisconsin*

selling the house  
he said he'd die in  
smell of paint

*Elizabeth McMunn-Tetangco*  
*Merced, California*

reaching for light  
the bleeding hearts  
kept inside

*Jayne Miller*  
*Hazel Green, Wisconsin*

for a limited time  
offer of a lifetime  
today only

*Jayne Miller*  
*Hazel Green, Wisconsin*

still clouds  
a truckful of pigs  
rounds the curve

two pitches  
on the baby grand  
evening sunlight

*Lenard D. Moore*  
*Raleigh, North Carolina*

moonlight on apple skin—  
you can't stay blonde forever

*Gene Myers*  
*Rockaway, New Jersey*

breasts peeking out  
across the blankets  
sunrise

*Gene Myers*  
*Rockaway, New Jersey*

field trip  
climbing into the orchard's  
applesphere

*Peter Newton*  
*Winchendon, Massachusetts*

summer's end  
the taste of sweet corn  
stuck in my teeth

*Doug Norris*  
*Barrington, Rhode Island*

the boysenberry  
brushes an old brick wall  
mail-order bride

*Ben Oost*  
*Melbourne, Australia*

tsunami flotsam  
the radioactive limbs  
of a broken doll

*Renée Owen*  
*Sebastopol, California*

black rosary beads—  
eleven crows perched  
along the phone line

*Carol Ann Palomba*  
*Wanaque, New Jersey*

infidelity  
a blackberry bush  
scrapes my leg

*Jade Pisani*  
*Woodend, Australia*

sparrows feeding—  
the names of children  
we didn't have

*Sharon Pretti*  
*San Francisco, California*

pine wood  
he buries his fear  
of small spaces

*Dave Read*  
*Calgary, Alberta*

miner's shack  
scent of wild alyssum  
stories in the wind

*Sharon Rhutasel*  
*Los Ranchos, New Mexico*

new winter—  
the dog runs through  
its exhale

*Bryan Rickert*  
*Belleville, Illinois*

hollow apology  
the coin-operated dryer  
eats my coins

*J. Brian Robertson*  
*Toronto, Ontario*

barium swallow—  
my heart beating  
on the outside

*Lynn Ruzinsky*  
*Albuquerque, New Mexico*

shadows stretch  
the base runner home—  
floodlit moths

*Tom Sacramona*  
*Plainville, Massachusetts*

summer heat  
wind blows the dairy farm  
closer

*Dan Salontai*  
*Chandler, Arizona*

good wine  
for such  
little cups

*Dan Schwerin*  
*Waukesha, Wisconsin*

drought's end—  
the aftertaste  
of distant seas

windfall plums—  
an empty space  
under "next of kin"

*Carl Seguiban*  
*Burnaby, British Columbia*

100th birthday—  
a balloon caught  
in the power line

rain delay...  
we toss and catch peanuts  
in our mouths

*Crystal Simone Smith*  
*Durham, North Carolina*

sugar cookies  
we swallow each phase  
of the moon

*Debbie Strange*  
*Winnipeg, Manitoba*

tidal pools  
the growing gaps  
of memory

*George Swede*  
*Toronto, Ontario*

spring night  
i offer my genes  
to a stranger

*Dietmar Tauchner*  
*Puchberg, Austria*

crossroads a bottleneck of refugees

*Barbara A. Taylor*  
*Mountain Top, Australia*

virgin snow  
the first time I wear  
his shirt

*Maria Tomczak*  
*Opole, Poland*

winter doldrums  
the teacher mends her hem  
with masking tape

*Marilyn Appl Walker*  
*Madison, Georgia*

recounting her vertebrae—  
the midnight silence  
of never

another facelift  
the scent of gin  
in a porcelain cup

*Lew Watts*  
*Sante Fe, New Mexico*

a coat of flies  
on the dead fox  
summer heat

*Ernest Wit*  
*Warsaw, Poland*

a sparrow skull  
in my palm—  
the weight of so little

*Keith Woodruff*  
*Akron, Ohio*

## linked forms

HAIBUN

*t*

### 3 AM

The grim reaper enters my bedroom without knocking. He whips out a deck of cards. We play three games of gin rummy before he slips out for a smoke. After a while I get tired of waiting up for another jerky guy who can't make up his mind. I go back to sleep.

spring cleaning—  
an anomaly  
in the blood work

*Roberta Beary*  
*Bethesda, Maryland*

### Election Day

Over morning coffee, my husband asks who I'm voting for. I don't tell him. Instead I say, "You mean, for whom, don't you?" I know he hates when I correct his grammar. And he knows I hate when anyone asks about my voting. Even him.

I just love being married again.

cruelest month  
dog the mud  
tracked in

*Roberta Beary*  
*Bethesda, Maryland*

**Ancestors**

They say our DNA is filled with all of our past relatives residing within us. Our ancestors from previous generations are evolving into the future with us just as we—side by side—evolve back into the past each and every moment. We reach out like Michelangelo's David for that lost hand to hold, touching as we do part of our lost self, familiar, familial, found.

all soul's day  
missing the child  
waiting to be born

*Marjorie Buettner*  
*Chisago City, Minnesota*

**Holy Week**

Holy week alludes me and I am caught in a motion of no action. A weight pulls at the hem of my coat like an insistent child wanting up while the old dog in its progressive ill health lies underfoot hobbling me. Tripping over everything I remember those long lost days of no attachments: no house, no animals, no husband, no children . . .

shade-loving plants  
something in me, too,  
that needs this

*Marjorie Buettner*  
*Chisago City, Minnesota*

**Day Moon**

“What kind of a name is that?”

“A nickname. They used to call like that my grandfather’s sister. She died young.”

“How young?”

“I don’t know exactly. Around twenty.”

“We are all going to die.”

“True.”

“Except God.”

“I guess.”

“Can you tie my shoes, please? Double knot.”

pear blossom...  
we turn on the sprinklers  
ignoring the wind

*Tzetzka Ilieva*  
*Marietta, Georgia*

**New Moon**

I memorize tomorrow’s grocery list: purple kale, mangos, organic yogurt, Hass avocados, a 25lb bag of juicing carrots, tins of sardines in olive oil and lemon, vanilla cashew milk, bulk spirulina, bee pollen, Dr. Bronner’s pure castile soap. My heart fully healed from years back. Outside, the earth has swallowed the moon again, and a dusting of snow has swallowed spring. I tuck my voice beneath my rib cage, pull my hoodie up. Darkness like the joy of a stone still gripped by roots. Darkness like the song between spirit and skull. Open or closed, my eyes see the same.

never married  
bulbs sprout  
in a burlap sack

*Brent Goodman*  
*Rhineland, Wisconsin*

**A Professor's Dream**

Nearing retirement, I'm told that I'm being given a new office and a graduate student for an office mate. The office is large but under construction. A note on the door from Maintenance says, "We're taking care of the broken fixture in the corner of the room." When I let myself in, there are large numbers of papers in the floor, dumped in heaps and piled as if ready for recycling. I go closer to study them—old, unclaimed freshman essays. My marks in fading red ink are extensive and cover the pages top to bottom. Some of the dates on front go back to years before I was born.

tapping ashes  
from my pipe  
a window full of snowflakes

*Roger Jones*  
*San Marcos, Texas*

**A Piacere**

I do not know if I make music or if I am the instrument. Whooshes of sheets, and sighs, and a vague notion that nearby mice are playing. Hammers can be heard nailing the headboard to the wall . . . an attempt to scare away the mice? Toward the end of the thrusts your heartbeat plays on surround sound, filling my ears with your undulating drumbeat. It is a perfect accompaniment to the dull ringing of bells in my ears. Da capo.

you split me  
like an orange—  
somewhere trees bear fruit

*Daniella Navarro*  
*Victoria, Texas*

**Airborne**

Following the verdict she met us in the hallway. Like reluctant royalty, we filed past her as she sobbed thank you after thank you. We had just sent a man away—25 to life—for preying on the woman who wanted no trouble but to be left alone in a motel room by the airport. She had three kids by three ex-boyfriends, liked to smoke pot on occasion by herself. Guilty maybe of being selfish but nothing worse. She wasn't hurting anybody when the man forced his way in. She maybe stole one night out of every few hundred to remember who she was. To escape her life for a few hours. A place to daydream, that's what she said anyway. Witnesses agreed that she was a hard worker with two jobs. She was a loving mother in the right place now thanking us one at a time for not throwing out the evidence of her life.

announcing their return  
a gospel  
of starlings

*Peter Newton  
Winchendon, Massachusetts*

**The Mimeograph**

Huddled in the girl's bathroom, we take turns holding the forbidden page. Its blue ink still faintly warm from the machine. We sniff its strange scent, stare in wonder at the naked bodies. Men & women in odd positions. On top of each other, on desk tops or the floor or a sofa. Even up against a lunch counter. The expressions on the people's faces guilty and weird. Squeezed in the last stall, we straddle the toilet, snickering, hardly believing our eyes. Cold from the tile floor seeps through our thin-soled sneakers. Our hands clammy, breath coming fast and nervous, oh so naughty. We scarcely notice the sound, as if from far away, of the door opening, then banging shut.

rippling wind  
wolf forty-seven  
crosses the state line

*Renée Owen  
Sebastopol, California*

**Tailgating at the Last Supper**

*for H, Who Thought Victorians Humorous for Using Initials Rather than Last Names*

G brought several six packs of Czech beer, iced in a Styrofoam cooler. We drank and told stories around H's bed, wagering that inside his skin, he was hearing, smiling, laughing his ass off. M said later as we drove to town that he kept seeing H in the image of El Greco's Christ on the Cross, sallow, open-eyed at the end, embraced by sorrow, by love. I pictured small children clambering up the Skull and sitting with him, rubbing his arms, his chest, washing his feet with their fingertips, running their hands through his hair.

heart-shaped stone  
in the gravel drive, vines  
climbing a mailbox

Still up from a late night—eating 99 cent sanchos from Taco Station at 3:00 a.m.—M passed out in the cab of his truck. Walnut husks, heavy with rain, drop onto the hood—salsa, shreds of cheese, and lettuce—weary as a steamed tortilla, eating to suck up the alcohol, easing the transition to morning. We never once spoke the word death. Even driving home, we kept it out of the conversation. Night whispered in the solitude of roadside ditches, in the pools of rainwater, in the floating leaves.

magenta blossoms  
in the myrtle, secret twig  
of walking stick

*Al Ortolani*  
*Lenexa, Kansas*

**Sensory Garden for Damaged Souls**

mint, chamomile  
lavender, prickly pear

You cannot burn a photograph and be unlike fascist regimes

feeding bats  
at dusk  
tossing pebbles

*Michael Salgado*  
*Lancaster, Pennsylvania*

### A Long Line of Tragedies

Drawn to a close  
on a river's bank—

two bodies pulled from  
the Susquehanna. Indians  
called this area Safe Harbor.  
Renewable energies,  
power lines reflected on water.

We don't understand why  
bodies drop off bridges.  
There is an urge and a  
means in the formula  
of suicide. Is a bridge  
the means or is the river?

Catfish have eaten bodies and  
radiation for 37 years.

Diagram it.  
Place yourself on a bridge,  
in a river, or mid-fall.

*Michael Salgado*  
*Lancaster, Pennsylvania*

### Dragon Buffet

She loved this place when she was little. We don't know exactly  
where she is today; actively addicted to whatever.

a koi pond  
in the vestibule  
open mouths

*John Stevenson*  
*Nassau, New York*

**Styx**

He secretly assisted in the suicides of eight persons in pain without hope. This revelation was published just after his own assisted death. The timing precluded him being charged with murder.

into the memories  
of microbes  
the cemetery's secrets

*George Swede*  
*Toronto, Ontario*

**Katzenjammer**

The surgeon cuts through the tumor in one precise slash and a yellow door spills out. I believe it is from our first home, complete with a brass knocker and name plaque pieced together with cowrie-shells.

The scrubs bend down as he points at something swathed in blood clots. "That's just the tip of the cancer, it's full of gangrenous memories," he says in that gruff voice all surgeons are gifted with—the one they use to announce the end of the world.

"If we go deeper," he continues prodding my insides with the rounded end of a cold metal tong, "Yes, there, the peeling plaster of relationships. Do you smell the acrid scent of regrets? Look there, beyond that bleeding artery is the grave of his first dog, a cigarette butt, a plastic whistle, a torn kite, a half-eaten orange candy, a koel's song."

From my ether-drenched haze, I watch him chip away the cancer, one rotten growth after another, till they reach the red dress you wore on our first date.

winged ants . . .  
when did I first wish  
a life without you

*Paresh Tiwari*  
*Mumbai, India*

---

TAN RENGA

all the prisoners  
dressed in orange  
autumn leaves

the taste of loss  
on my tongue

*Johnny Baranski*  
*Vancouver, Washington*

*Susan Constable*  
*Parksville, British Columbia*

---

RENGAY

**Run**

solstice  
our turn at the top  
of the ferris wheel

first-run salmon  
leaping the ladder

my usual path  
fall leaf  
to fall leaf

flight delays  
and no one to kiss  
for the new year

on God's acre  
a white butterfly

dry thunder  
I trace the petroglyph's  
spiral line

*Christopher Patchel*  
*Green Oaks, Illinois*

*Katherine Cudney*  
*Sonoita, Arizona*

## RENKU

**This Air We Breathe**

wind gusts  
stirring up trouble  
spring cleaning

*Barbara  
Hay*

leftovers boiling over  
in the heavy black pot

*James  
Rodriguez*

following the path  
at right angles to the main  
campaign trail

*BH*

all four lanes  
jam packed with cars  
escaping the hot air

*JR*

balloons race  
across the moon

*BH*

in his dream  
a baby dinosaur  
nudges him

*JR*

oak sapling  
in dry mud  
a nest

*BH*

homerun derby  
she spills his beer

*JR*

waterfall—  
his professions of love  
drowned out

*BH*

roaring surf  
a marshmallow drops  
into the fire

*JR*

apple harvest  
visions of pie

*BH*

he orders  
borscht with an egg  
and winks at her

*JR*

the chill  
in your gaze—  
porcelain moon

*BH*

all the blankets  
end up on the floor

*JR*

a line-up of  
shoes by the door  
tea ceremony

*BH*

winter formal  
the limo drivers pass  
the time smoking

*JR*

confetti—  
cherry blossom petals

*BH*

cuddled together  
 watching the rose festival  
 in the rain

JR

*Barbara Hay*  
*Ponca City, Oklahoma*

*James Rodriguez*  
*Portland, Oregon*

### Splashes of Color: A Spring Shisan

scent trail...

the puppy sneezes

cherry blossoms

*Shrikaanth*  
*Krishnamurthy*

splashes of colour

on my blank canvas

*Sahana*  
*Shrikaanth*

our dirty shoes

earn us a few thwacks

from the teacher

SK

on tiptoes, I plant a kiss

under the umbrella

SS

in all the places

the feather brushed

now your tongue

SK

in the yard, I nurse

an injured bird

SS

moonbeams

tumbling down

the water slide

SS

wading through the gold

of ripened rice stalks

SK

sleepless nights

designing jewelry

for the wedding

SS

how perfect the town plan of Harappa	SK
Mother Earth buries herself in a quilt of snowflakes	SK
morning unfolds to the melody of Suprabhatam*	SS

\*Suprabhatam: a Hindu chant rendered in the mornings as a prayer to wake up the God in each of us; literally meaning “good morning” in Sanskrit

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy*  
*Birmingham, England*

*Sahana Shrikaanth*  
*Birmingham, England*

### Melody of Languages: A Spring Jūnicho

trail's beginning . . . the song of a bellbird leads the way	<i>Patricia Prime</i>
mayflies swarm and engulf the street-busker quartet	<i>Frank Williams</i>
the urgent plea in his calloused fingers on my stubble	<i>Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy</i>
their brief love affair perishes from infidelity	<i>PP</i>
having circled a deer the wolf pack goes in for the kill	<i>FW</i>
a shock of cerise nerines pokes though swirling leaves	<i>SK</i>
Guy Fawkes looks so ugly in our old pushchair	<i>FW</i>
I arrange poetry books in alphabetical order	<i>PP</i>
a dusting of snow across the moonface in my windscreen	<i>SK</i>

outside the joke shop  
a \$1 coin glued to the step *FW*

she blows out  
all twenty-six magic candles  
on the homemade cake *PP*

we open our windows wide  
to the melody of languages *SK*

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy (sabaki)*  
*Birmingham, England*

*Patricia Prime*  
*Auckland, New Zealand*

*Frank Williams*  
*Barking, England*

### **Fragrant Hue: A Gamaka Renku**

sunny lakeside—  
instead of tiddlers we net *Frank*  
clumps of frogspawn *Williams*

caught in the fragrant hue *Shrikaanth*  
of hyacinths all around *Krishnamurthy*

favorite love song  
they play it together *Patricia*  
on the piano *Prime*

central heating kaput  
we warm each other in bed *FW*

souvenir pieces  
supposedly broken off  
from the Berlin Wall *SK*

behind the lace curtain  
last week's spider *PP*

faces to the window  
two sweaty brothers race  
raindrops *SK*

in an outdoor café  
women read their tea leaves *PP*

silhouetted  
against the moon at twilight  
a raucous flock of gulls *FW*

as we float in the pool  
hot sulphur fumes

PP

Note from the sabaki: The "Gamaka" is a new form of renku in the Shofu style. It splits into three parts of three, four, and three verses. The hokku is always set in the season the renku is begun to be composed, and the wakiku follows the hokku season. In those renku begun in the minor seasons (Summer or winter), there is an option of making the wakiku a non-season verse while shifting the additional short verse to one of the two major seasons instead. The major seasons will always take one long verse (3 lines) each and the minor seasons, one short verse (2-lines) each, reflecting 2 verses vs. one verse in the Shisan. There is some flexibility for one of the minor seasons to take a long verse rather than a short verse. The total number of lines dedicated to seasonal verses is no more than thirteen (out of a total 25 in the renku), with the greater emphasis always being on the major seasons. This also maintains the equilibrium between the seasonal and non-seasonal verses.

The middle section will generally feature 2 seasons. Any two season will need a separation by at least one non-seasonal verse. Additionally, the two major seasons will always be separated by at least one minor season occurring in between them. Each season occurs in only one section, without crossing over. One blossom/flower verse and one moon verse will appear, generally in their default seasons. An additional, generic flower verse may occur in another season.

*Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy (sabaki)*  
*Birmingham, England*

*Patricia Prime*

## CALL FOR ESSAYS

*Frogpond* is seeking quality essays that continue the critical conversation about haiku in English (and other languages) as a genre, its craft, and individual authors. Essays should have a clear and focused purpose that go beyond reader response and personal experience.

### Some subjects we would love to consider:

1. Exploration of the craft of individual authors and his or her contributions to haiku or the value of his or her approach.
2. Methods of teaching haiku and the results or learning goals. Inclusion of where to access resources
3. Essays that analyze haiku as literature and put it in context with other types of writing.
4. History of haiku in English and its development (regionally or globally), especially with a focus on less documented figures, movements, and subject matter.

If you have an essay that falls under any of these categories or are interested in writing such an essay, please contact *Frogpond* at [frogpondhsa@gmail.com](mailto:frogpondhsa@gmail.com).

## essays

## TEACHING HAIKU IN AMERICAN HIGHER EDUCATION, PART II

*Randy Brooks, PhD*

*The following is based upon the author's keynote at Haiku North America 2015 at Union College. For Part I, see issue 39:1.*

Another area included in the bibliography is pedagogical research on teaching haiku. The big news here is that you have to go beyond the quick assignment, the instant experience, and into more long-term approaches for quality engagement with reading and writing haiku. As soon as teachers go beyond the one-hour or two-day assignment, the articles begin to discuss how writing haiku engages students in ongoing creativity, and how sharing haiku builds community. Often these newer pedagogical studies focus on how haiku helped students in community colleges, in English as second language programs, in schools with students who are disadvantaged, or with students who are basically failing school.

How are other academic areas using haiku as part of teaching? There are a lot of disciplines using haiku, and while some members of the haiku community might argue that these faculty are “abusing haiku,” I argue that faculty from these disciplines are using haiku because they value certain aspects of it as related to their own academic area. Faculty in the fine arts do a beautiful job of integrating the arts, including the integration of the visual and the verbal evident in their use of haiku. Sometimes these creative arts faculty are adapting the aesthetics of haiku, but more often they are genuinely interested in multiple arts and creatively bringing them

together. There are wonderful dissertations and MFA projects and theses that are musical compositions, exhibitions of visual arts including haiku, and that employ haiku in aspects of theatre.

Faculty in the natural sciences and mathematics have also been drawn to haiku. Teachers in the natural sciences are especially drawn to haiku because of the haiku traditions of close observation and discovery. Scientists like the fact that when they use haiku, they are encouraging students to look closely, be careful with observations, and then succinctly express what they are seeing. Are scientists concerned that these are beautiful, great haiku? No, but they obviously value the close observation and awareness, and being succinct and careful with words. They want that part of haiku. For example, graduate students in neuroscience are basically looking at the reactions of certain treatments and drugs on the blood and cell levels of the body. After observing the reactions, the students turn their observations into haiku. Okay, these are pretty bad as literary haiku, but what is interesting is that the faculty member is valuing something in haiku that is recognized as important.

Faculty in the social sciences embrace things like empathy in haiku and its usefulness in areas such as gerontology and hospice therapy. Business, law and economics professors are doing this too. There is a professor at Roosevelt University in Chicago, Stephen Ziliak, who uses haiku in his economics courses. He does haiku in one course then renga in the second class, so students get two doses of it.<sup>23</sup> He writes about haiku as being a wonderful type of economic speech in its limited resources where you have to use those resources carefully, and yet haiku writers also have endless freedom in the process of writing. Ziliak's essays are informed about contemporary haiku.

Finally, let's get into the real topic—teaching haiku as writing. When we look at the literature on this, everyone knows that we will find several older articles on the common haiku writing assignment. The typical haiku writing assignment is a quick, easy, instant gratification assignment: Provide a dictionary definition of

haiku as a short poem, with 5-7-5 syllables, about nature. Ask the students to write a haiku, add a drawing, and you're done. Students can do this in an hour, or they can do it in 15 minutes. So it's an instant activity. And, sadly, so many of our students across the United States have been there, done that. Next?

Unfortunately, in a large number of MFA programs and undergraduate creative writing programs, the common haiku assignment is still the only thing students are going to get. Students might get a slightly longer version of the assignment, but faculty rarely "do haiku" for more than one or two class periods. Usually the faculty treat it as an exercise in concise writing with the constraints of a closed form. They usually don't require that the students write "about nature" but they do expect them to follow the 5-7-5 syllable pattern, since they view haiku as a closed form of poetry. So you've got to do a whole lot of poetic tricks and clever stuff in this short 5-7-5 box. That's the way the common assignment for writing haiku exists in most undergraduate and graduate programs in creative writing. So sad. It could be so much more!

The good news is that several teachers have started reading and exploring contemporary haiku in English and are developing new approaches to teaching haiku. Instead of the common assignment, what we need to do is get to learning goals that go beyond that instant gratification 5-7-5 language game approach. Students need to be writing haiku as a creative engagement and self-expression. There are several articles about this new approach, showing up for all different levels of education—grade school, high school, college, graduate school—that stress the importance of long-term engagement, about establishing a community of writers trying to grow as writers by sharing their work. It's about the expressive pedagogy of sharing important memories, experiences, feelings, understandings, and questions in our lives with others.

This new conception of teaching haiku emphasizes long-term engagement, with writing being about developing habits of observation, contemplation, reflection, and public sharing. In the

last two decades we have seen the emergence of new research about contemplation and the importance of helping students develop habits of quietude and deep thinking. The goal is to teach students to not be so quick. This approach teaches students to slow down and to think carefully, and then revise their work in that same kind of deep contemplative thinking. Examples are recent studies such as Jessica Curran's dissertation "From Mourning to Meditation: Theorizing Eco-poetics, Thinking Ecology."<sup>24</sup> Another example is from Harvard University: Becky DeVito's dissertation, "Writing as Inquiry: How Might the Practice of Writing Poetry Function as an Epistemic Tool for Poets?" which examines the creative activities of several contemporary American tanka poets. These research studies and pedagogical essays call for a rich view of teaching writing as essential instruction in life-long skills of inquiry, observation, contemplation, awareness and reflection.

When I started teaching haiku courses at Millikin in the 1990s, I spent a great deal of time thinking about what I really want my students to get and take away from the experience. I have continued to refine and further develop the course over the years, trying to intensify the experience. And here's my quick list of what I want them to get.

First of all, I want them to know that haiku is fun. I want them to love reading and writing haiku and that haiku poets are in it because it's fun; and if it's not fun, then there is something wrong.

Second, I want my students to realize that it's not just a haiku tradition. My course is called "Global Haiku Traditions." There's always the plural "s" on tradition, because there has always been a variety of approaches and there will always be competing varieties of approaches. I don't teach a dominant approach to a living art, and I see little value in preaching a dominant approach to writing haiku.

Third, I let Webster's define haiku. The more important thing is to "be" in haiku. To develop the art of haiku you have to engage and encounter and enjoy the practice of doing the art. You can look up

definitions all day long and it won't change the practice and you still won't understand what it is to be a literary artist in the world of haiku.

Fourth, it's more about what haiku can do for readers and writers as they write and experience haiku. I want them to play with language and learn the power and exactness and precision of haiku. All of that is part of learning the art.

Fifth, I want them to explore, and know some of the history and the origins of haiku and related aesthetics. I want them to begin that journey, but I don't want them to finish it. I don't want them to get lost in it. I want them to find their own way, and share along the way, and to put their whole self in when we do the haiku engagement with each other. It's not enough to just put a toe in the haiku pond. I want my students to put their whole self in and shake it all about.

At Millikin we emphasize "performance learning" as our main philosophy of teaching. That means we ask students to "do the discipline" and to learn by reflecting on their work in the discipline. So in Global Haiku Traditions my main strategy is to immerse students into a haiku community. There are two main goals I want each student to take away from the course: to learn the art of reading haiku and to learn the art of writing haiku. My students are invited to bring their whole selves in—all their memories, their associations, their reading abilities, their anxieties, their fears, their joys, their language abilities, and their sense of fun engaging in this social art.

Another key expectation of performance learning is that students aren't just performing for themselves or for the teacher, but they are taking their work out to others beyond the classroom. The students are going public with what they are doing. So the Global Haiku Traditions class becomes a space for performance.

How do my students find opportunities for public performance of haiku?

(1) We read haiku out loud all semester long. Everything we talk about we have heard out loud two or three times. We read Japanese haiku out loud in Japanese. The students are always a little hesitant at first, but with romaji they can make a good attempt.

(2) We also do a lot of sharing and discussing responses to favorite haiku. That's a very important thing. We read an author and they find three or four favorites and then we talk about why they spoke to us.

(3) We do *kukai*, where submissions are read anonymously and then students pick out favorites and talk about why they love those haiku, and then we find out who the author is and we applaud them and say their haiku is born through its recognition at that moment. I want to stress how important feedback is for writers. When a student hears the responses of other readers and what the haiku are doing for them, the writer knows that he or she wrote this and it's being heard, which is valuable feedback. It's not just that I like this haiku better than that one. It's also not a poetry workshop focused on editing out all of the blemishes of a poem. It's that I love this haiku because this is how it spoke to me.

(4) I also ask the students to take their work to others—friends, family, coworkers. Over break I always ask my students to prepare a sheet of their haiku to share at home. I ask them to come back with feedback about favorites. I want them to explain why they love haiku and engage family and friends in the art of reading haiku. Students are sharing haiku that they are reading, they are sharing haiku that they write, and I have them write linked verse with family and friends.

(5) Finally, students publish by submitting to literary journals and by reading their haiku in public. At the end of our class, our final exam consists of two parts: an envelope of submission-ready haiku by each student, and a public reading where they invite family and friends to join us. Some semesters we have 30 and other semesters we may have 90 people come to the end of the semester haiku

reading. The campus engagement in haiku becomes a community beyond the class.

It's really been a joy teaching haiku. And while there is so much I could teach my students, like all of this outstanding academic research, what I focus on is a semester-long opportunity to live the life of being a haiku poet in a vibrant haiku community.

### Notes

23 Ziliak, Stephen T. "Haiku Economics: Little Teaching Aids for Big Economic Pluralists." *International Journal of Pluralism and Enomics Education* 1.1/2 (2009): 108-129.

24 Curran, Jessica Lee. "From Mourning to Meditation: Theorizing Eco-poetics, Thinking Ecology." Stony Brook University, 2012. Dissertation. 210 pages.

*Dr. Randy Brooks is the Dean of Arts & Sciences at Millikin University. He teaches courses on book publishing and haikai poetry traditions. His students' work is online at: [performance.millikin.edu/haiku](http://performance.millikin.edu/haiku). He and his wife, Shirley Brooks, are publishers of Brooks Books and coeditors of Mayfly haiku magazine. Randy is on the Executive Committee of the HSA as the Electronic Media Officer. He also serves as the webmaster for Modern Haiku Press and as web editor of Modern Haiku magazine. He is on the board for the American Haiku Archives and the editorial board for the Red Moon Press Haiku Anthologies.*

## AN INTERVIEW WITH DONNA M. BAUERLY

*Aubrie Cox*

*This interview was conducted shortly after Bauerly's talk at the fifth Cradle of American Haiku Festival (2016) in Mineral Point, Wisconsin. It has been edited for length and clarity.*

**AC:** In the preface of the biography, you mention that the idea to write Raymond Roseliep's biography came in 1977, but you did not begin researching or writing until 2003. What happened over that timespan and what prompted you to finally begin the project?

**DB:** In 1976, Dr. Frank Lehner (editor of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Bulletin* [later *Journal*]) asked me to write a review of Raymond Roseliep's first all-haiku text *Flute Over Walden*. The beginning of my truly professional relationship with Raymond Roseliep.

Raymond Roseliep always sent me copies of his texts, so you could say I was researching all along with each review I wrote. Two of my Loras College (Dubuque, Iowa) awards had hefty monetary help plus an entire semester free from teaching, twice. Time and money. Very essential.

Then I retired in 2007 with the express purpose of full-time work on the biography. And Loras graciously assigned an office to me in the Academic Resource Center which I still have for my use as of now. All Raymond Roseliep files there plus computer and printer. Voilà. Access is the third essential! All told, the bio took 13 years!

**AC:** At your talk at the Cradle of American Haiku at Mineral Point, Wisconsin, you said Raymond Roseliep expressed he did not want a biography, but that others learn about him through his poetry. In writing *Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose*, how did you balance his desire with your own (and others') desire to see a biography come to fruition?

**DB:** I did not take him seriously about saying he did not want a biography. He saved everything! And sometimes, in his files, I would find documents that expressly said SAVE. Two of great interest, but I did not really use except to mention these two items, were: (1) an astrological chart done by an expert in Paris, and (2) a color chart, again completed by an expert and extremely fascinating. Raymond Roseliep marked both of these with SAVE!! for his literary executor.

**AC:** Can you provide a more in-depth look into what your process was for researching and writing this book?

**DB:** (a) I reread every text of Raymond Roseliep, took extensive notes on note cards for every poem and haiku. I tried to read this time as an objective third-person observer. Took a long time but it was bedrock foundation.

(b) I made lists of what was in each file—then began breaking it down into individual file folders. Long notes every time I researched an area. I could only stand 15 minutes the first time I began, and I could rarely take longer than 3 hours before exhaustion set in.

(c) I always had to make decisions to keep focus. For example in dealing with over 28,000 letters on file I knew I could not “do them all any kind of justice” so finally the big decision to limit myself to two: Thomas Reiter (student and eventually a professional colleague in poetry) and Elizabeth Searle Lamb, professional colleague with a great interest and influence in haiku).

(d) After a talk I gave at the Cradle of American Haiku Festival in 2008, which honored Raymond Roseliep, I met Charles Trumbull, and as I said he was essential to the biography. That collaboration could be a book all its own. He was my editor, my guide, my guru, my gnat! My burr under the saddle—ah yes!

(e) With money and time I could take a couple of essential trips:

(1) to Santa Fe to meet Elizabeth Searle Lamb. (2) second trip to Sacramento to the Haiku Archives where I met Jerry Kilbride and Dr. Kenneth Starr—both very influential in preserving haiku archives, most importantly the letters and papers of Elizabeth Searle Lamb. (3) (I) made many trips with two local historians, Mary Palmer and Joanie Wilwert, to all the Roseliep places: Farley, Iowa, his birthplace; Dubuque; and the surrounding small towns where Roseliep ancestors lived and died.

(f) The Internet was also invaluable since I had to search out many of Raymond Roseliep's contacts, especially his editors and other frequent correspondents. Most were cooperative, and I certainly became a detective in every sense of the word. Sometimes I would research for weeks and have to discard all when I found a "new fact" that made me rethink.

(g) (There was) lots of personal deep thinking about and feeling for Raymond Roseliep. Some days, when his letters seemed quite misogynistic, I would stop in disgust. Go away, come back, when I could get in touch again with the essential Raymond Roseliep. For example, sometimes he would call the sisters who he served, “the old darlings.” That often did not “sit” with me. Even with Elizabeth Searle Lamb he could often be rather condescending—though she never took offense. And he was very self-centered and prissy. Many of his close personal friends attested to those personality traits. Interviews were enlightening, but not always. I sometimes felt that I was not getting some essential truth that others knew. One interviewee told me he did not know why Raymond Roseliep was not sent back to Loras after he left St. Mary's Hospital, but I think that person knew. The archives at the Chancery were very enlightening for Raymond Roseliep's seminary days, and I could use that information to help deepen the portrait of Raymond Roseliep I was limning.

No talks with Raymond Roseliep, however. He always remained “remote” to me and, to all others. As private as they come and yet so revelatory in his writings. His “masks” were essential to self revelation.

**AC:** What were the biggest challenges of this project?

**DB:** When “the labor of love” became a bit ragged some days or weeks, I had to rely on “duty,” and I have never begun something I did not finish. When I retired in 2007, this biography became the warp and the woof of my daily professional garment. I just kept on researching, writing, editing, communicating with Charlie, on and on, even when I did not see the light at the end.

But I had the right place (Raymond Roseliep's file room) in which to research and write—library personnel became a supportive community. I had the monetary support of my Loras community, particularly the president of the college, Jim Collins.

**AC:** What importance does this biography have to the community? What do you hope readers will get out of it?

**DB:** True aficionados of haiku always want to know the past (even of all poetry but definitely the origin and development of haiku), as Raymond Roseliep always did. Not many of those who write haiku, however, are deeply aware of Roseliep's entire oeuvre. My fondest wish: for poets and others, curious enough to dig down to the essentials, to know Raymond Roseliep much better and recognize his genius in all forms of poetry and, of course, haiku.

**AC:** How did this book eventually land with The Haiku Foundation?

**DB:** Charlie (and I) knew of three excellent publishing places to begin: Randy Brooks with Brooks Books, Lee Gurga with Modern Haiku Press and Jim Kacian with Red Moon Press and The Haiku Foundation. We knew that the bio was probably too big a project for Brooks Books, and we got a “no” with regrets from Randy). We moved on to Modern Haiku Press, and a “no” came back quite quickly from Lee Gurga. We struck home with The Haiku Foundation and Jim Kacian—and all moved very quickly and smoothly. I am always grateful for their support.

**AC:** At the end of this Roseliep project, what have been the biggest rewards?

**DB:** (When) finally the biography began to have a shape. That was the reward that kept me going, over all the years. That light, that Elizabeth Searle Lamb, so often spoke of, was finally getting brighter. I had chosen a good “outline” of chapter headings with Son, Scholar, Priest, Poet, Haijin, Sensei, Raymundo, and Sobi-Shi (chronological and thematic). And I had so many willing interviewees, correspondents, family members of editors who helped me track down such folk as John Judson to an assisted living facility.

And, of course, I chose (or he chose me) a worthy subject: *Raymond Roseliep. Man of Art Who Loves the Rose*. Yes, present tense, always.

*Born in 1934, Donna Bauerly lived for a short time in Potosi, Wisconsin, then moved with her widowed mother and two siblings to live in Dubuque, Iowa (hotbed of haiku), for most of her life. She taught for 52 years in a wide variety of school assignments, the last 36 of them as a professor of literature and writing at Loras College. She retired (sort of) in 2007, serving her last two years in a 13-year tenure as a member of the public school board, and for over a decade serving as president of the Carnegie-Stout Public Library Foundation. She hopes to continue her service to others by tutoring in a nearby elementary school.*

*An extent of files on Raymond Roseliep are also available for viewing at libguides.loras.edu/special/Roseliep, along with Bauerly's original reviews at myweb.loras.edu/db000020.*

*Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose, the first project for The Haiku Foundation, is available now through their gift shop at thehaikufoundation.org. A more in-depth look at this book is available in a review by Lisa Higgs on page 70 of this issue.*

**Donna Bauerly. *Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose***, Winchester, VA: The Haiku Foundation, 2015, 198 pp., perfect bound. ISBN 978-0-9837141-2-5. US\$15.95 plus postage (\$3 for US, \$15 for other countries) from thehaikufoundation.org.

*Reviewed by Lisa Higgs*

“What can she unearth / beyond the comfortable mask?": On Raymond Roseliep by Donna Baurely

At the end of the preface of Donna Bauerly’s extensively researched biography, *Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose*, she notes that her subject had no interest in a biography outside his oeuvre. Readers later learn that Roseliep left no personal journals or diaries to aid future biographers, although he did leave a trove of files related to his writing and correspondence. From a seeming edict of lack, Bauerly has opted to take Roseliep at his word, filling her exploration of this haiku master with salient and insightful poems that resonate with each of her chapter headings, from Son to Poet to Sobi-Shi. As such, Raymond Roseliep is as much a comprehensive collection of a celebrated poet as it is that poet’s life story.

While Bauerly begins with the “begats” of Raymond Roseliep, peppering her discussion of family with a strong selection of poetry, such as:

her hourglass figure  
in  
my father’s watch

and, likely for his brother Louis, returned from World War II:

you have come home,  
weak-eyed brother  
leaving the stars at war

she soon leaves the chronological trail behind, opting instead to create a circular path through writing life of Roseliep. For instance, Bauerly’s discussion of Roseliep as scholar begins with references to *Sun in His Belly* (1977) and *The Linen Bands* (1961), remarks on Roseliep’s high school and college writing and awards (late 1930s), and ends with a 1963 interview that brings readers to Roseliep around the age of seven (1924) deciding he wanted to be a priest. This overlapping approach to Roseliep’s life allows each chapter to stand on its own based on the theme elicited by the chapter headings—or “hallmarks”—Bauerly has selected. Taken as a whole, the turning of each chapter in and out of a solid timeline does leave moments of Roseliep’s life obliquely explored—most prominently the question of what caused Roseliep to enter St. Mary’s Hospital in Madison, Wisconsin. Although mention of Roseliep’s hospital stay is mentioned in several chapters, what incited his decline hovers tantalizingly out of reach:

Rabe was aware of circumstances that stressed Roseliep so deeply that he could not speak normally, even to say Mass. After St. Mary’s, Roseliep was never granted permission to return to Loras to teach but was assigned instead to be chaplain at Holy Family Hall, a retirement center for Franciscan sisters.

The circumstances of which Rabe was aware are never made clear to readers, to the detriment of our understanding of this complex priest and poet.

While Bauerly’s chapters on Roseliep as poet and haijin provide an expansive look at Roseliep’s writing and its reception in the American poetry community, some of the most intriguing passages involve her critical scholarship of Roseliep’s work,

particularly when multiple haiku are addressed across several pages. Her perceptive criticism of Roseliep's poetry and haiku add another ring of insight into the elusive persona that Bauerly is attempting to capture. Her chapter on Roseliep as sensei is especially effective in that it provides an in-depth exploration of the changing landscape of haiku as written in English by American poets during Roseliep's lifetime. Roseliep—shown throughout the biography to be a man of exact ideas unafraid to contest others' authority—had revolutionary thoughts about haiku in subject, form, and style. Bauerly presents the inner workings of this haiku master's mind as an essential guidebook to writers and readers of haiku, though one senses Roseliep himself might argue that such a guide needs to exist, or that haiku needs definition.

Equal parts anthology, biography, and record of close reading, *Raymond Roseliep: Man of Art Who Loves the Rose* provides essential information about a major American *haijin* who challenged tradition and defied definitions—for the poetry he wrote and for his own person. Bauerly's book offers readers no conclusions on this inscrutable man, who by the end is both more and less an enigma. One longs for a treasure chest brimming with answers: reflections on a decision to enter the priesthood; medical records to better diagnose his breakdown, his loss of speaking voice. A string of misplaced love letters to give body and face to Roseliep's erotic poetry. Something, anything personal that would provide "Roseliep's own stance about his passion and the real life struggles it cost him, internally and externally." Without these materials, we must return to the work so replete in this book, which seems to have been Roseliep's intent all along.

*Postscript: I would be remiss in failing to note my own relation to Loras College, where Roseliep long taught, and with two of Roseliep's students, Donna Bauerly and Bill Pauly, my own poetry mentors, with whom I took undergraduate courses in the mid-1990s.*

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 plus postage (\$3 for US, \$15 for other countries) from Bruce Ross (dr\_bruce\_ross@hotmail.com).

*Reviewed by Klaus-Dieter Wirth*

It was surely high time for the publication of another international haiku anthology after Canadian André Duhaime's daring attempt in 1998 *Haiku sans frontières—une anthologie mondiale* (Les Éditions David), and Greek Zoe Savina's *International Haiku: "the leaves are back on the tree"—International Anthology* in 2002. At last a fresh attempt was made by Bruce Ross, who succeeded in bringing Kōko Katō from Japan, Dietmar Tauchner from Austria, and Patricia Prime from New Zealand on board as coeditors. A much smaller and more modest book was produced in comparison to Duhaime's anthology of 441 pages and Savina's of 468 pages. Size is not everything, of course, and we have to thank the chief editor for his creative audacity.

Certain readers will be in luck: United States, Australia, New Zealand, and partly as well from Japan. I can only support the idea of granting the motherland of haiku an extensive extra section, but all examples, as might have been expected of its subeditor Kōko Katō, follow in form and content the parameters of the traditional style (*dentō haiku*). Thus we as readers are given insight into the diversity within this frame, but do not get a chance to discover what modern (*gendai*) haiku is like. No "enfant terrible" or "flying pope" by Ban'ya Natsuishi. One-sidedness doesn't match the requirements of a comprehensive compendium.

Regrettably imbalance prevails throughout the book in its lack of equal distribution of haiku per country, or consideration of the importance of a country's haiku activities. It is a compilation with a strong Anglophile orientation, with the rest of the world mainly serving as backup.

Nothing is said about the selection procedure: was it made by the authors themselves, by a country coordinator, by the section manager? Hardly anything is mentioned as to how the translations came about. Acknowledgments are very general. There are no explicit directives guiding the five introductions, and since there is no real coordination, one fails to see stringent historical overviews and detailed analytical approaches. Kōko Katō's introduction most likely still meets the expectations of her limited selection; however Bruce Ross's presentation of the "Contemporary New World Haiku" seems to be rather arbitrary and incoherent. For instance, labelling an author in some keyword-style on the basis of just one example runs the risk of a one-sided characterization. Ross is hardly doing his job when he expands on the remaining haiku of the New World. Mostly focusing, quite understandably, on his home country Canada, he largely ignores its French-speaking sector, presenting twenty-two English-language poets compared to only two French-speaking ones. Thus well known authors such as Janick Belleau, Micheline Beaudry, Diane Descôteaux, Liette Janelle, Jessica Tremblay, and Jocelyne Villeneuve are simply disregarded. As to Central and South America the harvest is all the more poor: only 6 countries (Argentina, Colombia, Dominican Republic, Mexico, Peru, Trinidad and Tobago) with a total of only fourteen haiku in contrast to 101 American English texts! Brazil, which is such a haiku creative country, zero. Cuba (e.g. Jorge Braulio Rodríguez Quintana, Lester Flóres López), zero. Uruguay (Carlos Fleitas), zero. Mexico, one—a joke! Patricia Prime, on the other hand, presents "The Rest of the Haiku World" with a better touch. Her introduction is far more comprehensive and the range of her examples more proportional. Though just one example for China composed by an author named Olga Skvortsova seems pretty feeble and strange.

Dietmar Tauchner's overview is far from convincing; however, he must be considered a victim of the deficient planning. Once more there is a vexing inequality between countries and authors. It remains a mystery as to why there are only eleven British

authors included. Furthermore with today's detailed possibilities to find information through the Internet, one should have found that there are also French-speaking authors in Belgium (e.g. Serge Tomé) and Switzerland (e.g. Josette Pellet). I simply can't imagine that it was Geert Verbeke (from Belgium) himself who chose just this example that is not remotely representative of his enormous stock of haiku:

*rode bessen  
vermengt met bruin en groen  
grootvader's tuin*

red berries  
mixed with brown and green  
grandpa's garden

Far too often I get the impression that the selections were made at random without paying attention to what is characteristic of the author. Therefore it is not surprising that certain countries are markedly underrepresented, particularly The Netherlands, Germany, France, Bulgaria, and Romania. Both *Knots—The Anthology of Southeastern European Haiku Poetry* edited by Dimitar Anakiev and Jim Kacian (Prijetelj 1999) and *An Anthology of Croatian Haiku Poetry 1996-2007* edited by Đurđa Vukelić-Rožić (Ivanić Grad 2011) show the potential that was neglected.

It is almost impossible to completely avoid errors despite all efforts. Call me a pedant, but I do not tolerate results of mere negligence when errors are found in the second edition of a book. There is a second title page included as page vii of the "General Introduction," and there is no word spacing in the Cyrillic and Spanish quotations on the back cover. Kōko Katō announces 150 haiku, but there are 157; Dietmar Tauchner speaks of 120, but there are 126, then exactly of 36 countries, but there are only 34; even Patricia Prime takes a rather casual approach offering 120 haiku, yet presents only 100.

Surely native speakers of English will get the absolute most out of this publication. Yet they will get a rather modest impression of what is really going on beyond their horizon in the haiku world that is thriving and developing in a similarly dynamic way. And for all those haiku lovers who have not had the chance to look beyond their national borders this new anthology may well offer “an enjoyable read,” according to Bruce Ross himself as one of his two main objectives. Though his other objective “a democratic reception” remains rather vague.

Nonetheless the great amount of examples—a good deal of them of high quality—offer a broader perspective. Buy the book and come to your own verdict. As was emphasized at the beginning, this anthology was an overdue deed of daring.

*Klaus-Dieter Wirth, a German modern linguist in retirement, has been a haiku enthusiast for more than 20 years at the international level. As a member of several haiku societies and an active contributor mainly to different foreign journals, he has published hundreds of haiku, numerous essays, serial articles, and reviews, etc.*

*He is the coeditor of the bilingual online magazine Chrysanthemum. His latest quadrilingual books are Zugvögel—Migratory Birds—Oiseaux migrants—Aves migratorias and Im Sog der Stille—In the Wake of Silence—Dans le sillage du silence—En la estela del silencio.*

## contests

### 2016 NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO MEMORIAL HAIKU COMPETITION

*For Haiku Written by Students in Grades 7-12*

#### Judges

*Alison Woolpert, Santa Cruz, California*

*Joan Iversen Goswell, Valencia, Pennsylvania*

We were honored to be selected as the judges for the Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial Haiku Contest. The criteria that we felt was most important was the haiku’s expression, how the words worked together to form a feeling, an insight and most importantly, thoughts it evoked. We did not look for the 5-7-5 syllable form, which can make a haiku written in English seem overly dense, but since a seasonal reference adds depth to a haiku, that was a consideration.

As judges, this was our communication challenge. Alison lives in California and Joan lives in Pennsylvania. In order to judge the many entries we had to choose from, the use of e-mail was obvious. We managed to pick our tentative favorites, discuss them, narrow them down and finally decide on the winners.

Congratulations to not only the winners, but to everyone who participated in the 2016 Nicholas A. Virgilio Memorial Haiku Competition. Picking the winners was difficult; we were impressed by the talent, creativity and insights of many of the haiku. We hope all of the young people who entered continue in their creative endeavors. They are off to a good start.

hours after practice  
just me and Dad  
hitting into the dark

*Connor Bock, 12th grade, 18 years old  
Newport Coast, California*

Under the cover of night, time is suspended. It's summer; we all know those evenings where you just don't want to go back inside the house at all. The growing darkness is enveloping these two, heightening their bond. They continue to play, feeling as if they are the only two people in the world enjoying the sport they so love. You can hear the rhythmic sounds of the ball hitting the bat, then the glove. No homerun swings in darkness, just grounders. The teen has Dad all to him or herself. Dad also has the teen to himself; a teen that he knows will all too soon be leaving home.

cracked tractor seat  
waiting  
for Papa's return

*Ashton Carroll, 10th grade, 15 years old  
Laguna Hills, California*

There is a poignancy and mystery to this. Where is Papa? When will he return? Will the child be able to do the farm work that Papa left behind? The cracked tractor seat implies that he has been gone a long time. Why did he leave? The child hopes that he is not gone forever and keeps waiting, hope against hope, for his return. This haiku evokes both hope and sadness without being overt. It does not give us answers; it is beautifully written.

bare feet  
dewy moss  
between flagstone

*Emma Jones, 10th grade, 15 years old  
Atlanta, Georgia*

"Bare feet" is a *kigo*. A *kigo* is what is known as a season word, and summer is the season. It is a haiku written of a single moment. Maybe it has been a long day of heat and humidity and she longs for some relief. She comes home and takes her shoes off, then goes out in the backyard. She steps on the soft coolness of the moss, and feeling it, suddenly realizes how lovely the day has become. This haiku is of pure sensuality. Just feel it and linger there.

a hay bale  
in the distance  
the silent horse

*Hunter Collins, 8th grade, 14 years old  
Atlanta, Georgia*

This is a dark, sad haiku. There are hidden meanings of alienation. Is the owner aware of the horse? Does he even care? Maybe something bad has happened to the owner. We don't know, but if the horse could get to the hay, he would. For some reason he can't. Maybe he is in his stall or tied to something and can't get loose. Is the horse sick, weak, or in pain? Has he been neglected without feed or water for a long time? Has the horse given up on his life and accepted his fate? Horses are stoic if they are in pain, neglected, or thin and weak. We find this haiku to be very unsettling. We find ourselves hoping that there will soon be a change for the better in the horse's life.

late winter morning  
a broken bench  
alone in the woods

*Ellie Woodcock, 8th grade, 14 years old  
Atlanta, Georgia*

Winter can be desolate, and it is the season of the mind. At the darkest time of the year we are more likely to ponder our existential being, the cycle of birth, life, and death. This haiku takes us there. The scene evokes a sense of loss or abandonment.

It's very cold outside and there are woods surrounding the broken bench. It is not only the broken bench that is alone, but also the observer of the scene. Is there a split in a relationship, or an illness? The *kigo*, late winter, can't help but make us think of fate, of endings; here of the broken bench at the end of its life, and that of the observer, possibly someone once young but now in old age, alone in the woods with the end of life approaching, or at least of an observer who is facing an end of some important facet of his life. It is a quiet, contemplative haiku.

tinfoil boats  
down the driveway  
a child's rainy day

*Emma Jones, 10th grade, 15 years old  
Atlanta, Georgia*

What wonderful energy in just 12 syllables! It must be a spring rain that brought this joy into play. What do kids do on a rainy day when there's nothing else to do?

Why they make tinfoil boats and sail them down the driveway! You can imagine the laughter while they fashion different kinds of tinfoil boats and race each other. Which shape travels the fastest? Do any boats carry a plastic figurine captain or ferry plastic farm animals? More laughter is heard as a boat goes down a drain or along the gutter. They are just plain having fun! It is infectious. It makes us adults remember when we were kids having fun. It makes us smile. Ah, the joys of childhood.

*Joan Iversen Goswell is a poet and artist. Her first experience with haiku was many years ago when she read the Harold Henderson books. She decided right there and then that she wanted to write haiku so she studied the greats and stumbled on, teaching herself as best as she could. She has since been published in journals such as Modern Haiku and Frogpond, and her poems have been included in several anthologies. As an artist she specializes in handmade artists*

*books. She has a strong interest in Japanese culture, Zen art and literature. She also studies cha no yu, Japanese tea ceremony. She lives on her farm with three horses and two Jack Russell terriers and is surrounded by nature which continues to inspire her to write haiku!*

*Alison Woolpert became interested in haiku as a child, and later, through teaching haiku to elementary students. She is a member of Haiku Society of America, Haiku Poets of Northern California, and Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS). She served as president of YTHS from 2010–2015. She also writes tanka and haibun, and creates haiga. Her poetry has appeared in a variety of journals. She sees, not sells, shells by the seashore in Santa Cruz, California.*

**2016 THE HSA BERNARD LIONEL EINBOND  
RENKU COMPETITION**

**Judges**

*Linda Papanicolaou, California*

*Deborah P Kolodji, Temple City, California*

*Nijuin* is a 20-verse renku was created by renku master Meiga Higashi in the last century. Templates by William J. Higginson and by John E. Carley may be found online at *Renku Home*<sup>1</sup> and on the Darlington Richards website.<sup>2</sup> Both are substantially in agreement about the characteristics of the *nijuin* form. Though modern, it retains certain analogies to the classic 36-verse *kasen*: its four sides follow the *jo-ha-kyu* dynamic, and whatever the season in which it was begun (as expressed in the *hokku/wakiku* pair) the *kyu* (4th side) will always concludes the poem with three spring verses, the second of which is blossom. There are two moon verses, one in autumn and the other in a minor season, and love verses that are generally paired in each of the *ha* (2nd and 3rd sides). But *nijuin*'s shorter length makes for important differences. With sides that are themselves each shorter than their counterparts in *kasen*, *nijuin* allocates one season to each side rather than *kasen*'s two, and seasons don't wrap to the next side. This distinction of sides gives *nijuin* a structural clarity that's somewhat like the even shorter *shisan*. In an appraisal that follows his templates, Carley's reservations were that 4, 6, 6 and 4 verses per side were just not long enough to retain the true feel of the Bashō style, while allowing that *nijuin* "broke the mould. It is clear and straightforward—easily assimilated—and has a certain style of its own. . . [and] is always fun to write."

The winning poem and honorable mentions, which are unranked, are followed by the judges' commentary.

**FIRST PRIZE**

**Honing Oil**

honeycomb skies  
kittens suckle milk  
in the sunshine *Ron C.  
Moss*

a grandpa teaching how  
to blow soap bubbles *Ferris  
Gilli*

the chrome  
of an old blues harp  
cool to touch *RCM*

maple keys twirl downward  
to an unheard rhythm *FG*

fireworks split  
the red moon  
into sparks *RCM*

the floor routine ends  
with a wardrobe malfunction *RCM*

the remote control  
with her toy robot  
on the blink *FG*

love train lights dim  
in the sleeping carriage *RCM*

satiated at last  
we awake entangled  
at the cliff's edge drowned out *FG*

the scent of honing oil  
still on Dad's knife RCM

wonderful  
how you carve a mermaid  
from a hunk of clay FG

pirate ships in the bathtub  
as the plug is pulled RCM

a harvest moonbeam  
softly blesses the room  
of a DNR patient FG

the darner dragonfly  
hovers between worlds RCM

their thick book  
about earth's giants  
stitched at last FG

at midnight in the museum  
a Tyrannosaurus Rex lifts its head RCM

in a secret place  
there's frost on the bones  
of a swallow RCM

this relentless cold  
seeps into my very marrow FG

plum blossoms  
from the master's brush  
gently in the breeze RCM

a speckled frog leaps  
onto the still weathervane FG

*Ron C. Moss*  
*Leslie Vale, Tasmania*

*Ferris Gilli*  
*Marietta, Georgia*

---

**JUDGES' COMMENTARIES**
**Linda Papanicolaou**

“Honing Oil,” our first-prize winner, is a powerful piece of writing that in turn breaks Master Higashi’s mold. The *hokku/wakiku* pair opens with lovely spring imagery: kittens suckling under sunny skies, a grandfather teaching grandchildren to blow bubbles; then, following an old chrome blues harp, an “unheard rhythm” of twirling maple keys—which moves us to summer before the *jo* is out. The development *ha* (2nd side) is similarly unconventional, with an eroticism that builds from fireworks in the first moon verse, a “wardrobe malfunction” and a toy robot, to the love verses whose sexuality spills into the scent of honing oil on a father’s knife. With the intensification *ha* (3rd side) the mood shifts towards death: a creation in clay, a pulled bathtub plug, a moonlit hospice room, a dragonfly as mediator between life and death, a large bound book, and a museum dinosaur. In its fast close, the *kyu* (4th side) is most surprising of all. Frost on dead bird’s bones and relentless cold yield to plum blossoms. Suddenly, the breeze stills as we end with a frog.

In short, it’s a poem that follows its own logic, swapping the clarity of sides for forward momentum in which each image is recast into to the next through the space of the link. I do have reservations about such a departure from what the templates indicate was Master Higashi’s intentions for the form he created. Openness to experiment signals vitality as an art form, but is there a point—beyond the mere number of verses—at which a poem becomes a 20-verse something else rather than a *nijuin*? Is a major contest the venue to unveil the experiment? As English language *renku* takes on momentum, this kind of question will come up again, as it has for *haiku*. Meanwhile, in the case of “Honing Oil,” let me simply say that as I went through the pile of submissions then put them aside to think and do other things, this was the entry that stayed on my mind. I do love *nijuin* that

---

follow Master Highashi’s original concept and I miss that in this one; still, “Honing Oil” is a compelling poem that sustains engagement. I’m reminded of what John Carley has written about Bashō-style scent linking, that he [Bashō] “proposed that a stanza might be regarded as an entelechy, a complete world, into which reader or *renkujin* might enter, and so find linkage purely through empathy.”<sup>3</sup>

**Deborah P Kolodji**

There is something magical about “Honing Oil,” which we awarded First Place. Each link draws the reader in with strong imagery, and each shift is so very satisfying in both surprise and progression. It starts off calm, with kittens suckling milk in the sunshine and a grandpa with soap bubbles and then builds to an intense sensuality before darkening into the ache of a pulled plug and DNR patient. And yet, that dinosaur lifts its head at the end of the 3rd side before the close, ending with plum blossoms and a frog leaping onto a weathervane. It is a poem I will never forget. The skill of the writers and the freshness of strong imagery brought me back to it again and again when reviewing the entries.

## HONORABLE MENTION

## New Year's Morning

so many new  
jogging suits—

New Year's morning

*David G.  
Lanoue*

ham hocks in the pot  
with black-eyed peas

*Nicholas M.  
Sola*

a yin-yang of bubbles  
swirls 'round  
the rubber ducky

*DGL*

the priest praises  
didactic art

*NMS*

all the headlights  
on the freeway  
and the bright moon

*NMS*

in chilly darkness  
a stranger's touch

*DGL*

a quickie  
with the quarterback  
after the loss

*NMS*

the bully discovers  
the taste of grass

*DGL*

Teddy Roosevelt  
dropped his glasses  
on San Juan Hill

*NMS*

halfway up  
the snail turns around

*DGL*

the record  
will not stop  
will not stop

*NMS*

our expanding universe  
doesn't give a shit

*DGL*

I ask the store clerk  
for my wife's size  
of Depends

*NMS*

pet rocks and real estate  
in the beloved's will

*DGL*

under the winter moon  
a cup of coffee  
left in the park

*NMS*

a hyperactive squirrel  
in snowy pines

*DGL*

the congressional aide  
respawns again  
in Call of Duty

*DGL*

an east wind travels  
over the cemetery

*NMS*

shivering cherry blossoms  
eagerly await  
what's next

*DGL*

the children let go  
of their balloons

NMS

*Nicholas M. Sola (sabaki)*  
*New Orleans, Louisiana*

*David G. Lanoue*  
*New Orleans, Louisiana*

Written at The Avenue Pub in New Orleans, Louisiana, on January 1, 2016.

## JUDGES' COMMENTARIES

### Linda Papanicolaou

“New Year’s Morning” and “Northern Lights” share Honorable Mention. Both follow the classic Higashi form, though with quite different stylistic results—and various shortcomings. “New Year’s Morning” is a well-crafted renku with many wonderful images though the linking often eschews the deepening of mood in favor of wit or ironic detachment: a didactic priest, quickie sex, a hyperactive squirrel, a universe that “doesn’t give a shit.” It’s not a world that easily lets us in except on its own terms.

### Deborah P Kolodji

“New Year’s Morning” was awarded Honorable Mention for its meticulous execution of the *nijuin* form. The seasonal references are clear and the links make sense, but ultimately its artistic vision makes it more difficult for the reader to engage with the poem. The mood does not seem to change much as the poem progresses, although I believe it is by design. It opens with New Year’s joggers and then progresses to love verses that feel very impersonal—a stranger’s touch in the darkness and a quickie with the quarterback. The 3rd side follows in the same vein, a man shops for Depends for his wife and there are pet rocks in wills. This uniform and detached mood truly underscores life in an uncaring, expanding universe, which is how the poem succeeds at an intellectual level.

## HONORABLE MENTION

## Northern Lights: A Winter Nijuin

northern lights on the snow covered lake a melted rainbow	<i>Anna Marris</i>
the line of frosted tour buses comes to a standstill	<i>Marcus Liljedahl</i>
scribbled writing on the back of a postcard a new set of words	<i>AM</i>
the third star twinkles on a hotel sign	<i>ML</i>
autumn sky thoughts wander to the dark side of the moon	<i>AM</i>
red leaves piling up around the welcome mat	<i>ML</i>
short days wrapped in firelight and silk long nights	<i>AM</i>
his nose buried deep in the scent of her curls	<i>ML</i>
spinning the terrestrial globe where would you go?	<i>AM</i>

telling the same old story as the pinot kicks in	<i>ML</i>
sleepless again... cicadas out of sync with the neighbor's bed	<i>ML</i>
summer heat still on my skin sickle moon	<i>AM</i>
frozen image the buzz of computer fans grows stronger	<i>ML</i>
a rush through their veins fiber optics	<i>AM</i>
on the nightstand train tickets to separate worlds	<i>ML</i>
the sky—at the same time so big and so small	<i>AL</i>
a barren field framed with gilded leaves	<i>ML</i>
oh, green shoots, green shoots! shoot me!	<i>AM</i>
first daisy... a girl rips off petal after petal	<i>ML</i>

out of the lightest of rains  
a perfect arch of colors

AM

*Anna Maris (coordinator)*  
*Tomeililla, Sweden*

*Marcus Liljedahl*  
*Gothenburg, Sweden*

## JUDGES' COMMENTARIES

### Linda Papanicolaou

“Northern Lights,” by contrast, draws us immediately into a frozen landscape of tour buses gathered to view the aurora borealis. I do feel there are weaknesses in the season references, beginning with the hokku’s analogy of the aurora as a “melting rainbow,” a blending of two spring *kigo*, while the *wakiku*’s season reference “frost” treads too closely to the hokku’s “snow covered lake”. In the 2nd side “red leaves piling up” may signal autumn for us, but red leaves and fallen leaves are winter *kigo* in the *kiyose*, so this is a season image that should be used with care. Similarly, the next verse has double *kigo*: “short days,” a winter *kigo*, and “long nights,” which is autumn. At times it seemed as if the writers were deliberately toying with season confusion, and the verses became puzzles to be worked out before the renku could continue. Two final points in the 4th side: (1) The penultimate verse is a flower verse rather than blossom. Blossoming fruit trees—cherry, plum, peach, apple etc., bear much more resonance than flowers and while many published *nijuin* have flowers, all of Higginson’s and Carley’s templates code for blossom and I assume that Master Higashi’s intent was traditional. (2) The *ageku* closes back to the *hokku* with a rainbow. I really wish they hadn’t done that, though I still think the poetry of the writing deserve honors in this year’s Einbond contest.

### Deborah P Kolodji

The strong images of “Northern Lights” also stayed with me long after I read the poem. Although there were some issues with *kigo* and linking, the excellent writing and almost frightening beauty of this poem demanded recognition, which is why we also awarded it an Honorable Mention. I found the ending unforgettable in the skillful way the image of the girl ripping petals off a daisy is juxtaposed against the aurora borealis and a link that says “shoot

me” brings to mind the daisy and atomic bomb explosion in the famous 1964 LBJ political attack ad against Barry Goldwater. For a renku, I believe these topics are too strong to be in the closing links, even though I admit that I can’t help but love the way this poem ultimately works for the reader.

## Notes

- 1 [http://www.2hweb.net/haikai/renku/shorter\\_renku.html](http://www.2hweb.net/haikai/renku/shorter_renku.html)
- 2 <http://darlingtonrichards.com/rr/docs/Nijuin.htm>
- 3 “A Brief Introduction to Renku Composition,” *World Haiku Review* vol. 2, issue 1, March 2002, online at <https://sites.google.com/site/worldhaikureview2/whr-archives/renku>.

*A middle school art teacher and art historian, Linda Papanicolaou became interested in haiku and haiga in the late 1990s. Her art and poetry have appeared in Amaze, Cattails, Contemporary Haibun Online, Daily Haiga, Frogpond, GEPPPO, The Heron’s Nest, Journal of Renga & Renku, Lynx, Mariposa, Modern English Tanka, Moonset, Nisqually Delta Review, Ribbons, Santa Fe Broadside, Simply Haiku, the World Kigo Project and World Haiku Review. She is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Haiku Poets of Northern California, and the Haiku Society of America. For the past ten years she has edited Haigaonline and has been involved with World Haiku Review and Modern Haiga. In 2013 she served as co-judge with Norman Darlington for HSA’s 2013 Lionel Einbond Renku Contest, and in 2015 led a triparshva at The Haiku Foundation.*

*Deborah P Kolodji is the California Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America and moderates the Southern California Haiku Study Group. A former president of the Science Fiction Poetry Association, she is also a member of the Haiku Poets of Northern California, Haiku San Diego, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, and Haiku Canada. She had published over 900 haiku both on and off the web, as well as tanka, haibun, cinquains, and free verse. She has a haiku in the 2015 Nebula Awards Showcase published by the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America and has won a Dwarf Stars Award. She discovered renku in 2001 during the World Haiku Club Tournament and has led renku sessions at recent Asilomar Haiku Retreats.*

# officers/coordinators

The Haiku Society of America  
P.O. Box 31, Nassau, NY 12123  
<http://hsa-haiku.org/>  
Established 1968

Cofounders: Harold G. Henderson & Leroy Kanterman

## HSA Officers

### President

Fay Aoyagi  
930 Pine Street #105  
San Francisco, CA 94108  
[fay.hsa.president@gmail.com](mailto:fay.hsa.president@gmail.com)

### 1st Vice President

Mike Montreuil  
1409 Bortolotti Crescent  
Ottawa, ON  
K1B 5C1  
Canada  
[mikemontreuil@sympatico.ca](mailto:mikemontreuil@sympatico.ca)

### 2nd Vice President

Patricia Machmiller  
6116 Dunn Avenue  
San Jose, CA 95123  
[pmachmiller@gmail.com](mailto:pmachmiller@gmail.com)

### Secretary

Sondra J. Byrnes  
112 Jimenez Street  
Santa Fe, NM 87501  
[s-byrnes@sbcglobal.net](mailto:s-byrnes@sbcglobal.net)

### Treasurer

Bill Deegan  
[hsa.treasurer@yahoo.com](mailto:hsa.treasurer@yahoo.com)

### Interim Frogpond Editor

Christopher Patchel  
1036 Guerin Road  
Libertyville, IL 60048  
[frogpondhsa@gmail.com](mailto:frogpondhsa@gmail.com)

### HSA Newsletter Editor

Ignatius Fay  
600 William Avenue, Unit 33  
Sudbury, ON

P3A 5M9

Canada  
[hsabulletin@gmail.com](mailto:hsabulletin@gmail.com)

### Electronic Media Officer

Randy Brooks  
6 Madera Court  
Taylorville, IL 62568  
[brooksbooks@gmail.com](mailto:brooksbooks@gmail.com)

## HSA Regional Coordinators

### Alaska

Billie Wilson  
1170 Fritz Cove Road  
Juneau, AK 99801  
akwilsons@gci.net

### California

Deborah P Kolodji  
10529 Olive St  
Temple City, CA 91780  
dkolodji@aol.com

### Hawaii / Pacific

Brett Brady  
13-3632 Nohea  
Pahoa, HI 96778  
brettbrady@gmail.com

### Mid-Atlantic

Robert Ertman  
213 Glen Ave.  
Annapolis, MD 21401  
robertertman@msn.com

### Midwest

Julie Warther  
1028 Winkler Dr  
Dover, OH 44622  
wartherjulie@gmail.com

### Northeast / New England

Wanda Cook  
PO Box 314  
Hadley, MA 01035  
willowbranch32@yahoo.com

### Oregon

Shelley Baker-Gard  
1647 SE Sherrett St  
Portland, OR 97202  
sbakergard@msn.com

### Mountains

Steve Tabb  
Boise, Idaho  
satabb@hotmail.com

### South

Carlos Colón  
185 Lynn Ave  
Shreveport, LA 71105-3523  
ccolon423@comcast.net

### Southeast

Robyn Hood Black  
robyn@robynhoodblack.com

### Southwest

James M. Applegate  
601 Fulkerson Dr.  
Roswell, NM 88203-4127  
japple@dfn.com

### Washington

Angela Terry  
18036 49th Place NE  
Lake Forest Park, WA 98155  
amterry9@comcast.net

## hsa patrons

*Our thanks to these members who made gifts beyond their membership to support the HSA and its work.*

### Sponsors (Gifts of more than \$100)

Fay Aoyagi • Donna M. Bauerly • Kristen Deming • Henry Kreuter • Gene Larson • Patricia Machmiller • Victor J. Ortiz • Trilla Pando • Thomas Paul • James A. Paulson • Ellen Peckham • David H. Rosen • Bruce Ross • William Seltzer • John Stevenson • Steve Tabb • Billie Wilson • Victoria Witherow

### Donors (Gifts of more than \$50)

Cheryl Berrong • Robyn Black • Sydney Bougy • Peg Byrd • Yu Chang • Ellen Compton • Wanda Cook • Jerome J. Cushman • Mollie Danforth • John-Carl Davis • Jonathan Ericson • Bruce Feingold • William Scott Galasso • Merrill Ann Gonzales • Carolyn Hall • Merle D. Hinchee • Liga Jahnke • Christy Johnson • Jim Kacian • Bill & Joann Klontz • Eric Leventhal-Arthen • Antoinette Libro • Gregory Longenecker • Ed Lukstein • Diane Lynch • Carole MacRury • Lynn McLure • RaNae Merill • Fonda Bell Miller • Suzanne Niedzielska • Frank O'Brien • Renée Owen • Roland Packer • Tom Painting • Kathe Palka • Alisa Parcels • Bill Pauly • Marian M. Poe • Sandi Pray • Edward Rielly • Ce Rosenow • Roberta Rowland • Ellen Ryan • Frances Salo • Yasuhiko Shigemoto • Robert Spice • Kathryn Stevens • Michael Stinson • Debbie Strange • Greer Sucke • Suzanne Surles • Jennifer Sutherland • Peter & Martha Whitis • Kath Abela Wilson

### Friends (Gifts of more than \$35)

Francis Attard • Stuart Bartow • Donna Buck • Claudia Chapline • Karen DiNobile • Robert M. Gilliland • Gerald Glaeve • Steven Greene • Doris Heitmeyer • Elizabeth Holmes • Diane Katz • Howard Lee Kilby • Michael Henry Lee • Tanya McDonald • Lauren McHugh • William Mullan • Patricia Noeth • Joseph Robello • Gabriel Rosenstock • Dan Schwerin • Adelaide Shaw • Polly Swafford • Mark Teaford • Angela Terry • Del Turner • Marilyn A. Walker • Irene K. Wilson • Ruth Yarrow

---

**ABOUT HSA & FROGPOND**
**Subscription / HSA Membership:**

For adults in the USA, \$35; in Canada/Mexico, \$37; for seniors and students in North America, \$30; for everyone elsewhere, \$47. Pay by check on a USA bank or by Inty Order. All subscriptions/memberships are annual, expiring on December 31, and include three issues of *Frogpond* as well as three newsletters, the members' anthology, and voting rights. All correspondence regarding new and renewed memberships, changes of address, and requests for information should be directed to the HSA secretary (see the list of officers, p. 100). Make checks and money orders payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc.

**Single Copies of Back Issues:**

For USA & Canada, \$14; for elsewhere, \$15 by surface and \$20 by airmail. Older issues might cost more, depending on how many are left. Please inquire first. Make checks payable to Haiku Society of America, Inc. Send single copy and back issue orders to the *Frogpond* editor (see p. 3).

**Contributor Copyright and Acknowledgments:**

All prior copyrights are retained by contributors. Full rights revert to contributors upon publication in *Frogpond*. Neither the Haiku Society of America, its officers, nor the editor assume responsibility for views of contributors (including its own officers) whose work is printed in *Frogpond*, research errors, infringement of copyrights, or failure to make proper acknowledgments.

***Frogpond* Listing and Copyright Information:**

ISSN 8755-156X  
Listed in the *MLA International Bibliography*, *Humanities International Complete*, and *Poets & Writers*.

© 2016 by the Haiku Society of America, Inc.

Aubrie Cox, Editor  
Jim Warner, Assistant Editor  
Christopher Patchel, Cover Design, Photos, Inside Format

**Submissions Policy:**

(Please follow the submission guidelines carefully.)

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

The submission may include any or all of the following:

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

**Submission Periods:**

1. March 15 to May 15
2. July 1 to September 1
3. October 15 to December 1

Acceptances will be sent after the end of each period.

**Note to Publishers:**

Books for review may be sent at any time.

**Submission Addresses:**

frogpondhsa@gmail.com

Christopher Patchel 1036 Guerin Road, Libertyville, IL 60048

Website: <http://www.hsa-haiku.org/frogpond/index.html>

author index

Agarwal, Payal A., 5  
 Allen, Melissa, 29  
 Andrearczyk, Mike, 5  
 Asopa, Sanjukta, 5  
 Baranski, Johnny, 46  
 Barksdale, Sheila K., 5  
 Bauerly, Donna, 65-69  
 Beary, Roberta, 6, 30, 31  
 Bennett, Brad, 6  
 Blöttenberger, Meik, 6  
 Bouter, Adrian, 7  
 Boyer, David, 7  
 Brooks, Randy, 58-64  
 Buettner, Marjorie, 32, 33  
 Byrd, Peg, 7  
 Byrnes, Sondra, 7  
 Carter, R. P., 8  
 Cates, Anna, 8  
 Cechota, Cynthia, 8, 9  
 Chambers, Paul, 9  
 Chaturvedi, Salil, 10  
 Cipri, Ava C., 9  
 Colón, Carlos, 10  
 Constable, Susan, 46  
 Crenshaw, Tina, 10  
 Cudney, Katherine, 47  
 Daulerio, Francis, 10  
 Dorsty, George, 11  
 Eaton, Garry, 11  
 Everett, Claire, 11  
 Dermendzhieva, Maria, 11  
 Giesecke, Lee, 12  
 Gilli, Ferris, 12, 83-85  
 Goodman, Brent, 12, 35  
 Goswell, Joan Iversen, 77-81  
 Hall, Carolyn, 13  
 Harvey, Michele L., 13  
 Hay, Barbara, 48-50

Higgs, Lisa, 70-72  
 Hodge, Steve, 13  
 Hoffman, Nick, 14  
 Howerow, Louisa, 14  
 Ilieva, Tzetzka, 34  
 Johnson, Kathy, 14  
 Jones, Roger, 36  
 Kadric, Elmedin, 14  
 Kolodji, Deborah P, 82-96  
 Kantor, Sebastian, 15  
 Kelly, David J., 15  
 Kempe, Isak, 15  
 Kennedy, Phillip, 15  
 Kray, Lavana, 16  
 Krishnamurthy, Shrikanth, 51-56  
 Lanoue, David G., 16, 88-90  
 Lee, Michael Henry, 17  
 Liljedahl, Marcus, 92-94  
 LoFrumento, Catherine, 17  
 Lucky, Bob, 17  
 Lyakhovetsky, Roman, 17  
 Lynch, Doris, 18  
 Makino, Maya, 18  
 Manley, W. S., 18  
 Maris, Anna, 92-94  
 McGregor, Marietta, 19  
 McKee, David, 19  
 McMunn-Tetangco, Elizabeth, 19  
 Miller, Jayne, 19, 20  
 Moore, Lenard D., 20  
 Moss, Ron C., 83-85  
 Myers, Gene, 20, 21  
 Navarro, Daniella, 37  
 Newton, Peter, 21, 38  
 Norris, Doug, 21  
 Oost, Ben, 21  
 Ortolani, Al, 40  
 Owen, Renée, 22, 39

Palomba, Carol Ann, 22  
 Papanicolaou, Linda, 82-96  
 Patchel, Christopher, 47  
 paul m., 18  
 Pisani, Jade, 22  
 Pretti, Sharon, 22  
 Prime, Patricia, 53-54, 55-56  
 Read, Dave, 23  
 Rhutasel, Sharon, 23  
 Rickert, Bryan, 23  
 Robertson, J. Brian, 23  
 Rodriguez, James, 48-50  
 Ruzinsky, Lynn, 24  
 Sacramona, Tom, 24  
 Salgado, Michael, 41, 42  
 Salontai, Dan, 24  
 Schwerin, Dan, 24  
 Seguiban, Carl, 25  
 Shrikanth, Sahana, 51-52  
 Shaefer, Michelle, 4  
 Smith, Crystal Simone, 25  
 Sola, Nicholas M., 88-90  
 Stevenson, John, 43  
 Strange, Debbie, 26  
 Swede, George, 26, 44  
 Tauchner, Dietmar, 26  
 Taylor, Barbara A., 26  
 Tiwari, Paresh, 45  
 Tomczak, Maria, 27  
 Walker, Marilyn Appl, 27  
 Watts, Lew, 27  
 Williams, Frank, 53-54, 55-56  
 Wirth, Klaus-Dieter, 73-76  
 Wit, Ernest, 28  
 Woodruff, Keith, 28  
 Woolpert, Alison, 77-81

