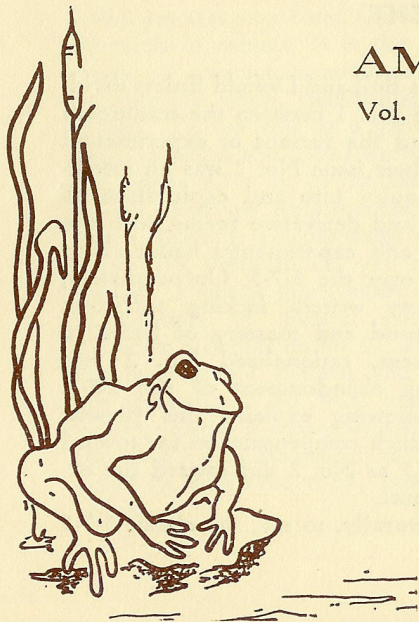


AMERICAN HAIKU



Vol. II, No. 1
1.00



AMERICAN HAIKU

Vol. II, Number 1

EDITOR
Clement Hoyt

An important new work forced James V. Baker, editor, to leave American Haiku in February.

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EDITORIAL STATEMENT

Since poetic fixed forms are something like musical instruments, designed to produce given aesthetic effects, it is natural that structure (technique) would preoccupy persons learning them. This accounts, I think, for the present preoccupation in the U. S. with the haiku's structure, rather than its content;—reflected in American Haiku, naturally. To me, structure is only one fifth of a haiku but exactly as important as any of the other four qualities. Any one quality can be sacrificed for good reason on occasion; none can be deleted consistently. I think insistence on nonconformity even less desirable than slavish conformity.

James Bull and Donald Eulert divided issue No. 1 between the traditional 5-7-5 and the variant or experimental type. Their issue No. 2 was an intelligent inquiry into and exploration of related and derivative forms, with the variant and experimental haiku about 2 to 1 over the 5-7-5. Unfortunately, too many writers, lacking sufficient background and mastery of haiku to experiment, rationalized No. 2 into signaling abandonment of the 5-7-5. The following explains this present issue, which compensates as far toward the 5-7-5 as No. 2 did toward the experimental.

Structurally, to me, the classic 5-7-5

haiku equates as a fixed form with the Petrarchian sonnet. It is the absolute norm or criterion sometimes not applicable for given, specifically desired effects. To use this as a gauge, I regard as haiku the forms varying from the classic 5-7-5 as, in the case of the sonnet, those of Shakespeare, Wordsworth, G.M.H. or Cummings departed from the Petrarchian, yet remained sonnets. I accept grace notes over and substitution of natural pauses for dropped syllables under 17, as long as the basic haiku pattern and cadence are apparent. I do NOT regard free verse as either a sonnet or a haiku and this is a haiku magazine; not one devoted to brief free verse, however excellent.

My point of view parallels that of Amelia Swayne's article in this issue and for the same reasons. The other point of view is in the superb "Try Haikan for Size" by Harry Brandt, whose book, "The Japanese-American Haiku Tournaments" is worth owning. It is also found in Tagliabue's deliciously ironic "Counting syllables —." Ankenbrand, Bull, Chenoweth, Christiansen, Eulert, Haney, Henderson, Noble, Virgilio, and Young have written extremely intelligent, friendly but open criticisms I hope to publish some time.

Editorial choice in this issue represents one man's sincere ideas and values — mine; and nothing more. —
The Editor.

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A W A R D S

The editor is pleased to present the following three haiku, which were judged to be the best entries in competition of original haiku in English—as entered in the contest held by AMERICAN HAIKU and ending March 15, 1964.

First prize of \$35.00 and second prize of \$15.00 were divided equally between two poets tying for first place. \$5.00 for third.

TIED FOR FIRST

Sunset: carrying
a red balloon, he looks back . . .
a child leaves the zoo.

—Warren F. O'Rourke

The town clock's face
adds another shade of yellow
to the afterglow.

—Nicholas Virgilio

THIRD

Perched on my shoulder,
a downy woodpecker looked
at me with closed eyes.

—Patricia Woodward

SPECIAL AWARDS AND SPECIAL MENTION

Such a number of haiku writers submitted so many good haiku we felt recognition should be made. The four named for **SPECIAL AWARDS** each receive one year's subscription to American Haiku. The eight singled out for **SPECIAL MENTION** each receive their choice, one extra copy of this issue or their subscription extended one issue (6 months).

SPECIAL AWARDS

Waves against bell-buoys
and your thoughts against my heart
make a strange music.

—Majory Bates Pratt

Night fog on the farm,—
the passing skunk's pungency
is not unpleasing.

—Robert Spiess

Tiger! Tiger!
followed by Willy Blake
with a light

—John Tagliabue

For the shy, childless
one it is finished. Listen . . .
the sound of the sea.

—Virginia Brady Young

SPECIAL MENTION

My child screams hatred
at the sun, as he watches
his snowman drain away.

—Phil Adams

That duck! How roguish—
He kicks at infinity
and picks at the mire!

—Mildred Boink

Evening, and still—
from a Canadian thistle
white stars rising!

—Don Eulert

He sips a martini—
inhaling cigarette smoke—
exhaling a thought.

—John S. Haney

SPECIAL MENTION

Stinging snow flurries
whirl past the street light; head down
a lone man hurries.

—Gustave Keyser

Through autumnal dusk
the smoke of leaves curls itself
in a question mark.

—Charles Shaw

We find a blue egg
as we plant our garden corn—
Careless young starling!

—Amelia W. Swayne

The clouds are playing
horseshoes; see? one has ringed the
top of the mountain.

—Mary lou Wells

16, 17, 18, 19 by PHIL ADAMS

16—

My young son saves rocks;
in contact with them often,
he knows and trusts them.

17—

Lacking words, I watched:
the wind scribbled a poem
on a page of water.

18—

Watching young lovers,
we see four arms swinging—
but only three hands.

19—

After his breakfast,
the hawk rides on the shoulders
of the hay-field wind.

20, 21, 22, 23 by FRANK ANKENBRAND, JR.

20—

Writer of young poems,
the harsh master sits smiling
behind the slim rod.

21—

Notes of whippoorwills,
trembling seventeen times
skip over bayous.

22—

Wisteria pods are
casting cannon balls of seed
for next year's new crop.

23—

The bridge, the mountain
are only half shared by the
swirling evening mist.

24, 25 by PETER BAILEY

24—

Even the bluejay
is steaming where he perches
after this first spring rain.

The moon-wave ladder
points toward the blind man, alone
listening to the sea.

—Nash Basom

25—

Li-Po had his wine,
lived long and died unhappy.
I, too, have my wine.

The first Spring branch looks
like the last one in the Fall,
as I sit alone.

—Anthony Bellajeff

TRY HAIKAN FOR SIZE

By Harry A. Brandt

Author of The Japanese-American HAIKU Tournaments

The lovely thing that is haiku belongs to the East. Lotus-like it blooms in the mysterious pool of the Japanese world. Americans can hardly hope to imitate the special excellencies of the haiku, or shade its nuances of thought or feeling. Rather, let western men strive to perfect a virile hybrid literary form. This form is in reality a fusion of Japanese spontaneity as lightening the heavy concerns of our western writers. Call this new form haikan, a coined word to designate the essential duality of the thing thus named. It is

conceived of as a new literary instrument at one with the syncretic aspects of the cultural wave of the future.

Let all those who insist on haiku as haiku struggle as they must with their difficult self-assignment. For how can anyone write as unbound in a genre to which he does not belong? Meanwhile, let all who would be free, boldly ride out from haiku to haikan, since—

Haiku is waiting
For another race, new deeds,
Wonder of haikan!

28, 29, 30, 31 by MILDRED BOINK

28—

Angelical Dove,
your early morning cooing
distorts your Halo!!

30—

Impetuously
I picked the Japonica—
patiently plucked thorns!

29—

Halloween night's ghosts
are haunting my poor trellis
with moon flower masks!!

31—

In hushed tones: "She's ill"—
Later, shopping, I met her—
Death was in her eyes

32, 33, 34, 35 by MILDRED BOINK

32—

The snowflakes tried to
reserve seats at my window . . .
Cruel usher, wind!

33—

Stone garden monster,
how you attract little folks—
while the mother scowls!

34—

Oh—that woodpecker!
Tattoos his message: "Sunrise
within ten minutes."

35—

Kitt, your padded paws
set off that garden alarm!
Sharp guardsman bluejay!

Through the leaded panes
the sunlight danced unheeding
on the dead child's face.

—Beth Bryant Brady

After warm Spring rain,
the horse chestnut umbrellas
open gracefully.

—Erica May Brooks

38, 39 by SAM BRYAN

38—

Kitten up a tree—
head-first up and tail-first down—
shifting hard to learn.

39—

Egocentric
influentiality
unsymmetrical.

Dust kittens swirling
under our bed playfully—
I will not disturb.

—Colleen Carlyle

Raindrops punctuate
Spring's waking thought with sudden
staccato laughter.

—Lillian M. Carter

OPEN TO ALL: THE NYOGEN SENZAKI MEMORIAL AWARD—\$25.00

Rules: One original unpublished haiku, double spaced, on 8½x11 paper, without writer's name or address, together with carbon copy and a sealed envelope with sheet bearing author's name, address and poem's first line. Must be mailed to Corresponding Secretary, Faye Carr Adams, 4244 Skillman, Dallas, Texas, 75206, postmarked not later than Oct. 1, 1964. Sponsor: Poetry Society of Texas.

42, 43, 44 by ED CASE

42—

A dull brown cocoon—
and children picking apart
a silk spinner's dream.



43—

A rose bush, blooming
as if it had forgotten
previous autumns.

44—

Blossoms by the march;
The soldier's memory of
home is bittersweet.

45, 46, 47 by JEANNETTE CHAPPELL

45—

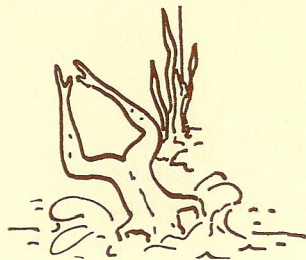
Moonglow is backdrop
to cactus . . . a coyote's
cry enlarges night.

47—

Eagles float above
blue void . . . a pseudo pine cone,
the owl hails darkness.

46—

The shape of April
is a pattern of petals—
requiem of snow.



The snow's gossamer
alters the path of moonlight—
Lovers quarreling.

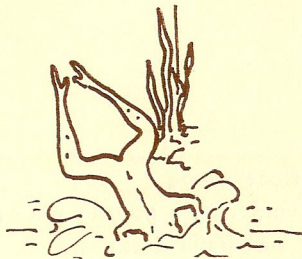
—Helen S. Chenoweth

Fall wind has stolen
all my golden leaves, but returned
to kiss my cheek.

—Ruth Bunker Christiansen

Under prickly pear
a lizard made genuflections
to the morning sun.

—Emma Crobaugh



51, 52 by HAZEL S. DAME

51—

The heart-shaped murmur
of lilacs quiets the fret
of bickering birds.

Soap bubbles blown from
a jimson-weed flower, float
and lose finiteness.

—Elizabeth B. Davis

52—

The night stars are dimmed.
Day gropes outside my window
with tears in its eyes.

You walk out to work,
see first the child's track in snow,
and turn to smile with me.

—Kay Davis

55, 56 by MAGDALENE M. DOUGLAS

55—

Pink dawn on new snow—
cold, hungry starlings squabble
over rotten pears.

Sound of birds—live notes
on the bars of music made
by the winter tree.

—Mary Dragonetti

56—

An old man shapes twigs
into whistles—wetting them
with tobacco juice.

To the song of birds
we nod and smile at the queer
epitaphs in stone.

—Cornelia P. Draves

59, 60 by PAT DRESBACH

59—

One white ghost frolics
among multi-colored kites:
a playful sea gull.



60—

In my lemon tree
a lark tries to sing sweetness
into the sour fruit.

Our father lies there
released from his confusion—
merged with eternity.

—Raymond Emery

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE JAPANESE HAIKU: ITS ESSENTIAL NATURE, HISTORY, AND POSSIBILITIES IN ENGLISH, WITH SELECTED EXAMPLES. Kenneth Yasuda. (Charles E. Tuttle Co.: Tokyo, 1957, \$5.00).

Stressing the intuitive insight common to all poetic art, Kenneth Yasuda, a competent analyst of others' critical genius, demonstrates that in theory the haiku has possibilities in English. In failing to prove theory by example, Yasuda utilizes his own original haiku, at one point equating the following poem with the genius of Basho's crow haiku: "Underneath the eaves/A blooming large hydrangea/Overbrims

its leaves." Not only do rhyme-itis, adjective-itis, title-itis and syllable-itis render his originals weak to the point of effeminacy, but the same defects also plague his translations of Japanese masterpieces.

However, the reader who patiently ignores Yasuda's poetry and translations will find that he says much of value about the following points: intuition and aesthetic experience in general; assonance; alliteration (six types); rhyme (theory reasonable, practice forced); rhythm (illustrating that horizontal and vertical rhythms save haiku from falling into prose expression, and that conventional meter

destroys haiku); elements of haiku (object, season, place—or as Yasuda calls them, “what, when, where”); form and length of haiku (flails this to death); haiku attitude; haiku mo-

ment; seasonal word vs. seasonal reference; unity in haiku; and history of haiku.

Reviewed by James Bull

62, 63 by AMY BISSETT ENGLAND

62—

Icicles in a row—
dragon teeth winter has carved
along the eaves.

63—

Wind-pilot controlled,
the autumn leafplanes take off
from their tree bases.

64, 65, 66, 67 by DON EULERT

64—

Two streetlights
and the moon . . . this tree and I
have three-forked shadows.

65—

In every season—
the reaching locust tree
outside this window.

66—

Devout locust trees—
always walking into next year
holding last year's brown seeds.

67—

Now.....
falling where the blossoms fell,
honey locust leaves.

68, 69 by DON EULERT

68—

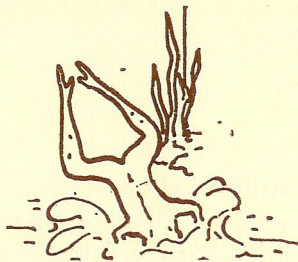
Across the water—
such a deep sound of water—
in the darkness.

A pale-gold nimbus:
the acacia receiving
the low-bowing sun.

—Virginia Eustace

69—

“Tsk! Tsk!” locust shells
shake their dry heads at pine trees
moaning the cold wind.



71, 72, 73 by PAULINE FEHN

71—

Funny winter mood!

Craving strawberries and mint
while the ice sparkles!

72—

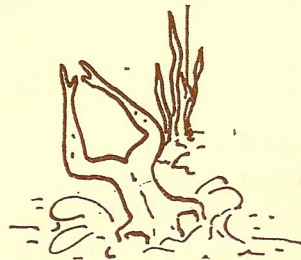
He needed no words.

He found a large buttercup
for Mother's spring hat!

73—

In the mellow light

shadows from a long dead tree
scratching at the dawn.



74, 75, 76, 77 by HARVEY FIRARI

74—

My sawing image disarmed
there—where placid water trees
stretch longer than the trees.

76—

Ah ha! It was I
who danced across the plain
when you weren't looking.

75—

In the milky pox
one star winked and died splinters.
I know. I saw it.

77—

On black, slow-flap wings
the crow hunched accusations:
"Ho-og, ho-og, hog."

78, 79, by AMY WOODWARD FISHER

78—

Running to the store
for birthday candles—a car
blew his candles out.

79—

Gone—the tall houses,
steeple and the stubbled hills
into the fog's mouth.

80, 81 by RUTH BERRIEN FOX

80—

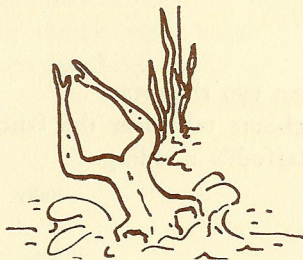
In this theatre
a million green fans flutter
as two deer approach.

81—

Fragile insect-wings
glitter through thin-shooting grass
where sunlight finds them.

Autumn strikes a pose
in flamboyant masquerade,
midst cornstalk tepees.

—Vivian M. Froehlich



83, 84, by PEGGY WINDSOR GARNETT

83—

The eye of spring rain
seemed to follow the duck's V
to an unknown port.

84—

Summer dances now;
there are no children playing,—
only butterflies.

Between two showers
neighbors talk over the fence,
daffodils nodding.

—Sally Godley

Outside the flowers,
motionless in my night light,
living as in day!

—Robert Goicoechea

Headstones, row on row,
neat calling cards, announcing
life's unwelcome guest.

—Katherine Gorman

City winds tie wings
on pedestrians, flying
to anchored stations.

—Louise D. Gunn

After the snowfall
even the graves
are anonymous.

—Edward Hacker

Two small Chinese boys
gripping empty paper cups
between laughing teeth.

—Joan Haug

DETROIT HAIKU CONTEST

Last summer a haiku contest, held in Detroit by Japan Air Lines over Radio Station WDTM, FM, brought in more than a thousand entries. Winner was Lloyd Frank Merrell of Chelsea,

Michigan. Six other contestants were honored with him, pulled in a ricksha to a luncheon given in their honor in Detroit.

91, 92, 93, 94 by JOHN S. HANEY

91—

The afternoon,
in the shade of the roadside oak,
is taking its ease.

92—

In the evening dusk,
white is the theme of the mist,
rising from the bog.

93—

. . . and the heron
is inherent on the
rock in the falling rain.

94—

A black-robed priest
is walking the morning path—
the peonies bowing.

Old unpainted barn,
of no use now to any
except the pigeons.

—Tamara Hawkinson

Ghostly in moonlight:
mist on the trail, shuttered house,
pale chrysanthemums.

—Kenneth Heafield

97, 98 by EVELYN TOOLEY HUNT

97—

Stanzas of white gulls
write themselves in poetry
on the slate of sky.

98—

A snag of birdsong
has caught in the maple tree
where spring is nesting.

99, 100 by ELSIE SCHMIDT JACHOWSKI

99—

What a charming weed
blossoms in my window pot
in bleak December!

Spring breeze stirs and blows
girls' crisp organdy dresses;
boys stop flying kites.

—Jay Gee

100—

The old woman eats
like a child; blueberry juice
smears her chin dark blue.

Raindrops fall on my
umbrella; tiny fingers peel
away the dryness.

—Judith R. Joseph

103, 104, 105 by GUSTAVE KEYSER

103—

My friend dips his brush—
squints, daubs blank paper, strokes, squints,
daubs . . . and there I am!

104—

April—and more snow!
Bare, winter-weary bushes
pretend white blossoms.

105—

By the roadside
at sundown . . . a wrinkled old chief
selling bead bracelets.

Though autumn is here
chrysanthemums and new moon
are both one to me.

—David M. Keller

107, 108 by JAMES KRITZECK

107—

Because of the color
of this chrysanthemum
I have missed my train.

108—

The leaves are falling
earlier this year than last.
But she does not see.

Back of those green eyes,
my cat visions his escape
to freedom—to-night!

—Gertrude Knox

Seeking inward form,
the whirlpool draws itself deep
beneath the surface.

—Joseph A. G. Labonville

111, 112, 113 by CAROL LAW

111—

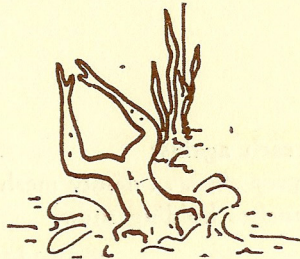
Windy March morning . . .
an empty limb—three acorns
huddle for comfort.

113—

Voices have become
the color of emptiness
after Mother's death.

112—

A single sparrow
alone against sparkling snow . . .
flakes cling to my coat.



114, 115 by ELIZABETH SEARLE LAMB

114—

Gray tadpole shadows
do not move below the bridge . . .
frogs awake later.

Lofty reach against
soft grey sky . . . dainty mesh of
branches holding snow.

—Natalie Lederer

115—

A water glass spills
onto a black counter-top . . .
wet pavement at night.

Rising from the sand
were rocks resembling ruins
of ancient castles.

—Marylyn Lee

118, 119 by JOSEPH JENHWA LEE

118—

Wind swirls over head,
snow flakes melting on my cheek,
drunk, love in my heart.

We sleep. My hand lies
in the hollow of your thigh.
Around us, nothing.

—Jacob Leed

119—

Stars falling like flowers
before the driving spring wind,
the sails, the sea gulls.

After the storm,
flown freedom's mocking souvenir . . .
a few last raindrops.

—Karen Lindsey

One yellow feather
buoyant on a quiet pool
becomes two sunbeams.

—Jan McGrew

The season of rain.
From eaves onto lemon leaves,
the staccato drip.

—Barbara O. Moraw

124, 125 by VIRGINIA NELSON

124—

The young robin left
his nest today but huddled
beneath my doorstep.

125—

Companion blossoms
shiver on the apple-bough
when I pluck one bloom.

126, 127 by SHARON NELTON

126—

Between two buildings
suddenly—the crescent moon
takes me by surprise.

127—

A change in weather—
Middle C on my piano
is flat again.

128, 129 by WILLIAM J. NOBLE

128—

My vision fails me
when I seek to direct it
through avenues of sky.

129—

I have a mad dream
in which one of my efforts
finally succeeds.

130, 131, 132, 133 by LEONARD OPALOV

130—

She was not real,
yet I could see her clearly
in my nightly dream.

132—

On the way to you
I kept thinking of myself.
Your image faded.

131—

An old gray building
with cataract window-eyes,
hunched on a side-street.

133—

I remember days,
lit with the wick of wonder,
when earth and sky met.

HAIKU STRUCTURE

By Amelia W. Swayne

The contents of American Haiku's first two issues led me to write Sumiko Jin, a friend in Tokyo, and then Ichiro Kajita attached to the American Embassy there. Ichiro Kajita is considered an authority on Japanese poetry.

The haiku of 17 syllables obviously was not important to some writers in American Haiku. More bothering was the practice many had of writing in 17 syllables, then cutting them into the 5-7-5 pattern without regard for the form and content of the individual line.

I believe that, structurally, haiku are like sonnets; the form should be strictly adhered to and each line should be a complete phrase. Those not liking

sonnet or haiku form should use free verse—and call it that. I sent examples to Sumiko Jin, who replied those verses with run-on lines showed the haiku mind but seemed to be prose.

Ichiro Kajita wrote that most Japanese poets in present day Japanese haiku magazines continue to use the 5-7-5 pattern and seasonal themes. He stated the "Soun" school was for abolishment of the 5-7-5 pattern and seasonal theme, but the general reader and most poets were not attracted to the so-called "haiku" in free verse. Even in Japanese free "haiku" the line is a structural entity in form and meaning.

134, 135, 136, 137 by WARREN F. O'ROURKE

134—

Though there is no wind,
these yellow leaves tremble, and . . .
so do butterflies.

135—

Hippopotamus—
and when his mouth is open,
someone cries out "Oh!"

136—

now & now & now . . .
not then it was (or will be),
but while the moon shines.

137—

After dark, a sound—
wings beating at my window . . .
silence . . . then once more.

138, 139, 140, 141 by WARREN F. O'ROURKE

138—

Forgotten graveyard—
along the rusted fence,
dead morning-glories, too

139—

The pine trees standing
in the dunes hide me from girls
wading in the sea.

140—

August afternoon:
power mowers down the block
interrupt his snores.

141—

“. . . and instead of leaves,
my dear, the shrilling wind flung
sparrows everywhere!”

He casts his line in—
reels it back fast and faster—
A fish! no, a limb.

—Chris Parsons

In my friend's garden,
sweet fruit. Climbing the high hill,
there the wild apples.

—Catherine Neil Paton

144, 145, by PHYLLIS MAHN POTTER

144—

See the moon break up
on ocean waves! Tomorrow,
we will find moonstones.

145—

At dusk, two crickets
call to each other; only
the wind calls to me.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Issa's ORAGA HARU (The Year of My Life). Translated by Nobuyuki Yuasa. (U. of Calif. Press: Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1960, \$1.25).

As the first complete haibun (work combining haiku and prose) available in English, Nobuyuki Yuasa's translation of Issa's ORAGA HARU is a valuable book. Yet, in avoiding the "artificial compression" of traditional three-line haiku form in his prose translations, Yuasa repeatedly shat-

ters "the natural rhythm of English speech," in adhering to an artificial four-line format, typographically dictated. Thus: "A few flies/And I/Keep house together/In this humble home." Again: "A mosquito larva/Has ascended/To the sky, where/The new moon reigns." Unfortunately, copyists will ignore Issa's genius and imitate Yuasa's artificial rhythmic turns.

Reviewed by James Bull

Down long lines of fire
brown winter bamboo explodes
orange in grey air.

—Ted-Larry Pebworth

147, 148, 149 by MARJORY BATES PRATT

147—

Clear weather at last!

The gray hills are green again
and five miles nearer.

148—

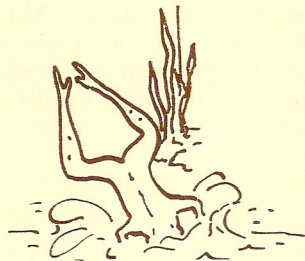
In September woods

brakes turn yellow and the air
smells of departure.

149—

The one-legged man

watches the one-legged robin
as it flies away.



150, 151, 152, 153 by MARJORY BATES PRATT

150—

Through winter sea winds
the islanders climb the hill
bent almost double.

151—

Mountain brook water:
to drink it in my cupped hands
I kneel on the earth.

152—

Steps on the hard snow
make a higher squeak today—
The cold increases.

153—

Hand at the window,
a child's hand against the glass,
open like a flower.

154, 155 by MARJORIE E. REYNOLDS

154—

Prim words are on her
gravestone, but her gay young life
escapes the new sod.

155—

On the ground, a dead
cedar waxwing who thought my
window was the sky.

156, 157 by HERTA ROSENBLATT

156—

On and on and on
move water and seaweed. Look:
I found a sea shell.

157—

All morning we walk
talking, singing—wait! I have
a stone in my shoe.

"Hurrah, hurrah! hurrah!"
Robin's joy at 3 a.m.
is his joy, not mine.

—Roimor

Green things all around:
one seed caught by cobwebs hangs
one inch from the ground.

—Thomas Rountree

At the street corner—
he with banjo, she with tin,—
arm in arm they stand.

—Ethel Green Russell

The lark singing in
the sky leaves the dark valley
for the noisy crow.

—Anne Rutherford

162, 163 by SALLY SAUNDERS

163—

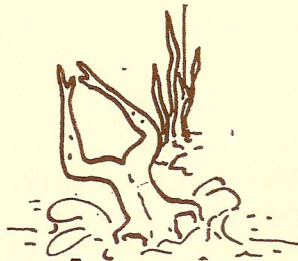
The child
hands a flower
to the florist.

Gently they drift down—
White mountains out my window
rise above the town.

—Louise Scott

162—

The pine needles
with caterpillar steps
climb over the breezes.



165, 166, 167, 168 by CHARLES SHAW

165—

A sky without sun,
graying into twilight, drips
Chinese understatements.

166—

Void as Sunday streets,
the back-yard rain-barrel
guzzles the sunlight.

167—

Walking through side streets
of brownstone, I am dated
by yesterday's smell.

168—

A street once called Main,
now a rubble of gaspipes,
without even lights.

The tangled vine
circles itself and extends
old roots and green ends.

—Marjorie Bertram Smith

A nest in the tree,
forsaken now by fledglings,
awaits new tenants.

—Pauline R. Smith

171, 172 by DANIEL SMYTHE

171—

Head of Rock Island
is showing teeth of white foam
that chew at the sea.

172—

Swift ducks, six of them,
balance the tightrope of wave,
steering toward the dark.

173, 174, 175, 176 by ROBERT SPIESS

173—

Of the snow that fell,
some lies on a common bush
uncommonly well.

174—

Suddenly awake!—
trembling with primitive fear
to feel the earth quake.

175—

Quiet snow and stone
reposing,—his body here
excels your stillness.

176—

Drifting into the room,
the milkweed seed distracts me
as when I was young.



One Sunday last May
I wore a red carnation;
this year, a white one.

—Gladys Root Swartz

178, 179 by GLENN R. SWETMAN

178—

The sun-tortured icicle
finally loses its grip
and plummets in a scream of light.

179—

Tear-pendant, the pears
hung uncertain until your
callous hands shook the tree.

180, 181, 182, 183 by AMELIA W. SWAYNE

180—

Bright blue winter sky
looks through silver beech branches.
How cold the smooth bark!

181—

On kitchen wall line,
six clothes-pins and one sparrow
share morning gossip.

182—

I listen in vain;
dawn comes without his greeting.
They killed the rooster.

183—

Mother Robin lights;
now three hungry mouths gape wide—
Oh! poor squirming worm.

184, 185, 186, 187 by JOHN TAGLIABUE

184—

A hurry of Snowflakes
anonymous Saints
music and mathematics

185—

The purposes of porpoises
flashed their news
in sleep-and-waking

186—

A child looking at
ants; an elephant looking
at universes

187—

Counting syllables
in haiku I saw some ducks
ducks ducks in a lake.

188, 189 by OPAL THOMPSON

188—

All of summer falls
in this first brown settling leaf—
all of summer dies.

189—

My friend sends no word.
Beneath this sun of summer
steals a winter chill.

190, 191 by VAN

190—

Jay birds left last week
and streams are frozen solid;
I will miss their noise.

191—

Five score years ago,
no man stood taller than he;
now chiseled in stone.

192, 193, 194, 195 by NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO

192—

Its mother's breast . . .
the size, shape, color, taste
of the moment.

193—

Into the blinding sun . . .
the funeral procession's
glaring headlights.

194—

The cities' river
at night, the shore-line supported
by pillars of light.

195—

Swollen and turbid . . .
slipping its tongue over the dam:
the lake tasting rocks!

196, 197, 198, 199 by NICHOLAS A. VIRGILIO

196—

The golden maples:
saying things, that can't be said,
by not saying them.

197—

In the empty church—
a quiet child watching
flickering candles.

198—

Shaking the muskrat—
snow falls from the trapper's hair—
and from a reed.

199—

This useless scarecrow . . .
trussed up in morning-glories;
the thieves get away!

200, 201, 202, 203 by MARY LOU WELLS

200—

I cannot measure
my garden rows . . . the wind keeps
snatching my string.

201—

Screech . . . screech; that maple
tree we planted near the house
has grown awfully fast.

202—

Inside my old clothes
pin bag, hanging on the line,
. . . four baby wrens.

203—

The autumn wind slaps
the shutters, rattles the screens,
and combs the trees bald.

204, 205, 206, 207, by MARY LOU WELLS

204—

Ah, this winter night!
A falling star splits the sky,
scattering my thoughts.

205—

The air smells of wild
onions: yards are getting the
first hair-cut of spring.

206—

The August storm snapped
the old apple tree but only
bowed the seedling.

207—

July: the fruit trees
are humming with bees and flies
eating rotting cores.

208, 209, 210, 211 by PATRICIA WOODWARD

208—

J. B. Tightwad died.
His will bequeathed a large sum
to the town's children.

209—

Masquerading as
a show-girl, he won first prize
at the festival.

210—

Smartering from frost bite,
the first crocus pulls its head
back into the ground.

211—

Robin: I deserved
that frown for leaving
ice in your bird bath.

212, 213, 214, 215 by PATRICIA WOODWARD

212—

March wind roared in and
did a lively "Twist" over
the sleeping city.

213—

That total eclipse
eclipsed my own thinking for
just a little while.

214—

The magenta sky
prompted her to reflect on
her own sunset years.

215—

O! Boy! It's Easter!
New everything!—and poor me
with my old wardrobe.

216, 217 by JOYCE W. WEBB

216—

The boy's shovel moves
slowly as he sees a man
with a snow-blower.

217—

Little honey bee,
like me you are racing night
to finish your work.

Silence of summer,
broken by the sudden roar
of a red-nosed plane.

—Adele Wirtz

The bright morning star;
moon a-waning, sun rising,
freeway beckoning.

—Milton Wirtz

220, 221, 222, 223 by VIRGINIA BRADY YOUNG

220—

Around my house . . .

howling of the wind . . . For a moment
the lights go out.

221—

Lost in the city

of my birth, I pass a tramp
asleep in the rain.

222—

An arrangement of

flagstones . . . a path to the door . . .
the house not yet built.

223—

After the funeral

I listen to the beating
of my heart.

Shy lantern-hung stars;
snowbanks of deutzia blooms—
we close our back door.

—Anna Nash Yarbrough

With no change of shape,
willows unleaf in the wind:
winter's pate is bald.

—Grace D. Yerbury

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Manuscripts to be considered for publication and awards in AMERICAN HAIKU Vol. II, No. 2, should be received before Sept. 1. Poems for publication or awards may be accepted from individual subscribers only; they must be original and previously unpublished. Haiku should be typed one to a page and accompanied by return postage. Cash awards of \$35.00, \$15.00, and \$5.00 will be made to the best three haiku among those selected for publication in the winter issue. No more than one award per poet.

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