

風

w

i

n

d

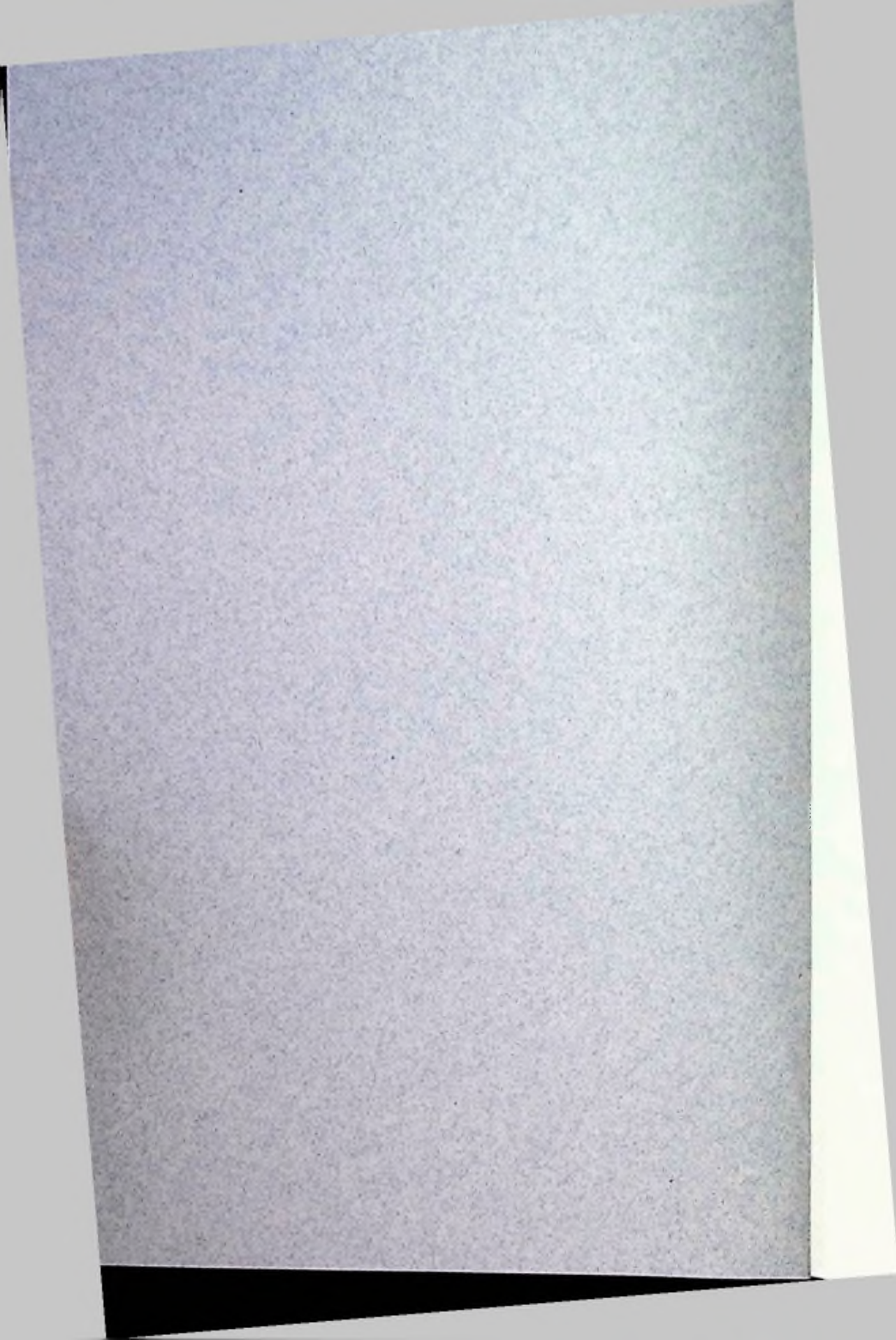
流

f

l

o

w



wind

flow



Edited by

Raffael de Gruttola  
Judson Evans  
Karen Klein

*Sumi-e artwork and cover by Kaji Aso*

Aether Press  
Boston, Massachusetts  
First Printing December 2008

© 2008

All rights revert to the authors upon publication



## Introduction by Karen Klein

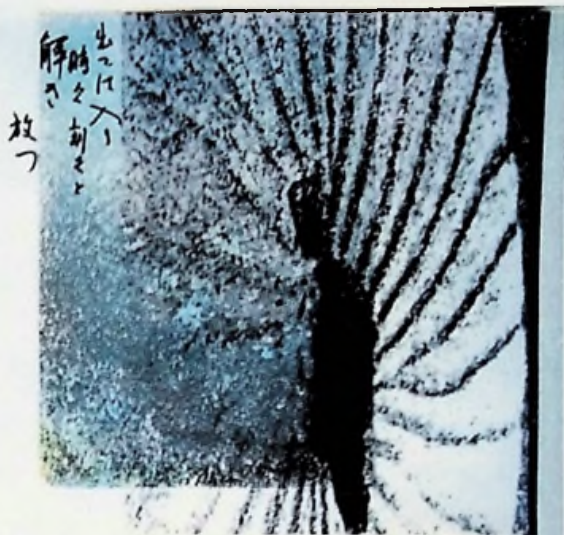
Now in its 21<sup>st</sup> year, *The Boston Haiku Society* meets every third Saturday of the month at the Kaji Aso Studio in Boston. Eight to twelve haijin, sometimes more, gather to share their work. Going around the circle, each person writes his or her poem on a large sheet of paper which is put on an easel in front of the group. A lively discussion follows with many suggestions for corrections, emendations, slight modifications. Sometimes a whole new poem emerges, but the author always has the last word and is free to reject all changes.

The poems are then printed in a small, monthly broadside, *The BHS Newsletter*, which is sent to members and friends. We consider the work published here a record of what we have accomplished at our meetings, not a publication.

Our discussions range from controversies about haiku, politics — poetic, local, and national — , reviews and evaluations of the arts and cultural events, even jokes. The camaraderie, enhanced by tea and nibbles, is an important part of what brings poets back year after year. The reader will not find a recognizable *Boston style* here, but will discover work that tends toward the currently favored 8-13 syllables, not the 5-7-5 form; sometimes we use *kigo*, sometimes we don't. Our subjects cover a diverse spectrum, from a focus on *here* — mostly urban observations — and the *now* — contemporary political and economic events — , to personal experiences and the familiar attention to the natural world and its creatures. We are an unusual group, though, in that so many of our members are bi-, even tri-lingual; several are foreign born and most travel extensively.

The triadic division of the chapbook reflects this spectrum of subject matter and organizes it. Although all of us have poems that could be placed in any of the sections, the editors have placed us in the section into which most of our submissions fit. The first section, "Here and Now," shows our awareness of urban life, its foibles, irritations, pleasures. In here, too, are the more personal statements. The second section, "Beyond Borders," shows our travels, our attention to language, and our facility with different languages. Some of the poems in this section are written in German, Japanese (roman-ji), Italian, and Romanian. The third section, "Seasons and Creatures" contains poems which stay closer to traditional haiku sensibilities.

Threaded throughout the three sections is another feature which characterizes us: that is our work in the related poetic forms of haibun and haiga, our collaboration in renku, our experimentation with concrete haiku, and our very contemporary focus. The following haibun/haiga by Raffael de Gruttola, image by Peggy McClure, calligraphy by Tadashi Kondo, beautifully illustrates the experimental fusion of genres, the connection to Japanese tradition, and the new directions in English-language haiku.



walking in and out letting go  
moment after moment

After leaving Osaka for Tenoji, meeting my friends before our trip the next day to Yoshino. We go southeast. It's too cold for the cherry blossoms, but later at a shrine, one blossom. The occasion, a meeting of renku poets, two from Beijing, me from the US, others from a following of believers in the old art. To the southeast, Yoshino, and on our way, plum blossoms. This time no typhoons, no tidal waves in the bays.

In the old 19<sup>th</sup> century inn, a stream flows under my bed. I'm the first American to sleep in this plain room for special guests. ... (the smell of tea in and out of my sleep). We renku all day and all night with food, drink, and new friends. We read our final products to each other and say goodbye. We toast our friendships and acquaintances. Photos capture our moments together. We bow to each other and part. We bow. Next day, my friend, Shokan Tadashi Kondo, and I return to the old cultural and spiritual center of Japan, Kyoto. We complete our haiga for our painter friend, Peggy McClure.

Raffael de Gruttola

## In Memory: Kaji Aso

As far as I know, the only public monument in Boston – perhaps the entire North American continent—upon which a haiku is written is the plaque set into the earth before a *Japanese* mountain cherry tree in Boston Commons:

Day is over  
Yet, still cherry petals  
Are flying

This is not the best haiku of the painter, calligrapher, singer, sculptor, marathon runner, river adventurer, and gourmand of life, Kaji Aso; rather, it was chosen to depict the energy and beauty which he left us after his passing in March of 2006. Of course, Mr Aso is known in Boston primarily for founding the Kaji Aso Studio. In 1973, this Japanese artist was a professor of painting at the Museum of Fine Arts school. His students, dissatisfied with the trends towards conceptual art and performance pieces—and away from the beauty of nature—asked if he wouldn't lead them in establishing a small school where they could paint, play and compose music, and write poetry that had its roots in life, not art theory. The group gradually expanded its space from a single floor of 40 St Stephen Street to the entire building, from a ceramics studio in the basement to an oil painting studio on the third floor. Formal classes began in both western arts and Japanese arts, such as calligraphy and *sumi* painting and tea ceremony, and have continued to this day.

Throughout the years, thousands of artists and lovers of art have passed through the doors of the Kaji Aso Studio. Mr Aso insisted that his students base their work not merely on study and practice of art but through lived experience, and led them in running the Boston Marathon each year (he completed over thirty of them) as well as down rivers such as the Mississippi, the Seine, Japan's Shinanogawa and much of the Nile. Another important facet of Mr. Aso's aesthetic philosophy was that artists not be limited to just one media: he often encouraged his painting students to compose haiku to strengthen understanding of their theme, resulting in not just better artwork but some good haiku.

It was with Mr Aso's inspiration that the Boston Haiku Society was formed in 1987. He was present at our very first meeting and many, many meetings after that, giving English language haiku poets a rare insight into the intricacies of the genre. He was always available for on-the-spot alternative translations of our favorite classical haiku or a bit of background information that helped us to see familiar poems in a new light. He also was generous in contributing his wry *sumi* illustrations for our first chapbooks. Mr Aso, a fine haiku poet himself, had an intimate knowledge of haiku in particular, as well as Japanese literature and culture in general; it's hard to imagine how we could have grown in our knowledge and practice of haiku without him.

John Ziemba

Here and Now

more news of war  
I retreat to my garden  
to tend the flowers

summer of rains  
from the nest in the rain gutter  
baby bird beaks

old man still sitting  
at his kitchen table  
house & tornado gone

**Evelyn Lang**



in the gutter  
a crumpled scratch card—  
ragweed in bloom

scramble of jets  
a chipmunk  
runs for cover

a dried lemon  
falls from the tree  
the day lengthens

the umpire signals  
time-out  
a beach ball in the outfield

lost in the lights  
the high fly ball that  
never comes down

*hear me talkin' to ya*  
vamp after vamp  
late autumn blues

W-a-l-l s-t-r-e-e-t p-a-r-k s-u-l-p-h-u-r b-u-t-t-e-r-f-l-y m-o-t-i-o-n-l-e-s-S

*tnt ntn*  
*wiw iwi*  
*ini nin*  
*nen eet*  
*tot oto*  
*ono non*  
*wew ewe*  
*oeo oeo*  
*rnr nrn*  
*ses ese*  
*thesquareroofgroundzero*

Raffael de Gruttola  
*Carlos Colón*

shadow  
a sparrow  
hops over it

tracked dust  
the wounds of  
envisioned summer

Raffael de Gruttola

the Dow drops—  
I pick up a penny  
from the sidewalk

full moon—  
how it dances  
in my glass of wine

safety first—  
an extra lifeguard  
at the nude beach



Good Friday—  
a dozen empty beer cans  
in the shape of a cross

train running late  
I almost cheat  
at solitaire

waiting for the train  
a clamor  
of Blackberries

September chill—  
a psychic reads  
the Wall Street Journal

suddenly autumn—  
my daughter's  
miscarriage

ice dam—  
words  
fail me

hot summer night—  
the dog's breath  
against my leg

Mother's Day—  
a withered rose  
in the produce section

sunny day—  
the psychic  
reads her horoscope

**Paul David Mena**

my 51<sup>st</sup> year  
still getting mad at the wind  
for lifting my hat

a cloud of gnats  
dancing over the stone-pile  
near Thoreau's cabin

remind me sparrows  
i have forgotten something  
very important



haibun:

*I think they came from Poland, right around the end of the cold war – the city would not accept them as a gift, so they occupy a temporary location— for many years now, heads hanging, riding forward into their eternal blizzard:*

still dressed for winter  
in the middle of summer –  
partisan statues

(these statues have since been moved to a new permanent location)

after the downpour  
a young woman at the curb  
hefting a pipewrench

a pale green spider  
scrambling through empty space  
between branches

into the blizzard  
at seventy miles an hour—  
the drop-kick murphies

**John Bergstrom**

daughter's chemo—  
finally I can count  
the hairs on her head

with  
each treatment  
a game of hearts

dry riverbed  
it too  
leads to the sea

cigar store—  
whiff  
of my grandfather

late autumn  
the canary's cage  
left open

icicles  
just  
out  
of reach  
solitude

**Jeanne Martin**



## Night Shift

The night nurses enter in white skirts and pastel sweaters, speaking of Mr. Crandall's cough, the IV in 408, their weekend dates. He sits, his fingertips tensed against a white ceramic mug. Both of the nurses he knows from the fourth floor, where his wife lies comatose, her left leg amputated above the knee. They pick up salads, order the daily special—turkey over rice—sit down a table away. He sips from his mug, stares at the patterns of steam rising from its mouth. One nurse begins describing the first time she met her boyfriend, when he asked her to dance at her sister's wedding—his green eyes fixed hard on hers, his tie slightly askew, his lips pressed tight as he waited for her reply. And when she said yes, a look of such relief flooded his face that it could barely be released in his smile. "That moment, I could have loved him forever," she says. He stares at the steam, its floating arabesques. On their first date, they danced under lanterns and summer stars; he told her silly jokes, and she laughed as if nothing else mattered. At their wedding reception, they danced before two hundred eyes, and kissed as if no one were there. Night after night, they sat on the wooden porch rocker, listening to the wind and the peepers' songs, until her nodding head finally slipped onto his shoulder. He'd carry her to bed as if she weighed nothing. Now it's all he can do to lift this ceramic mug to his lips, to watch the steam as it rises toward that point where everything—everything—vanishes into air, into light.

last rites—  
along her pale skin  
starshine

the flight bag,  
unloaded, caving into  
its shadow

saying grace  
the mechanic's nails  
lined with grease

her favorite song—  
bluesman holds the note she loved  
a little longer

she listens to her book,  
the window deepening with night  
...the reader's voice

hand in hand  
where two streams meet  
the water speaks for us

summer drive  
windshield bursting  
sky blue

**Rich Youmans**

the train stops—  
raindrops  
cross-hatched on the window

summer rain...  
the woods are taking back  
the junkyard

a gray day ends...  
light  
through the wing of a bat



deep thunder—  
a cool wind  
darkens the skyscrapers

June morning  
in the building's dirty face  
windows shine

The John Hancock Tower  
tries to push me down  
with the autumn wind

**John Ziemba**

another tear  
in the butterfly's wing—  
lingering autumn light

shadows on the beach...  
the wing of a seagull  
dips into evening

rising from winter fog  
mountain ranges  
of the moon

the sudden turns  
of his anger—  
summer hailstones

small summer cloud...  
in its shadow  
a whole city

wind chimes  
moving in silence...  
evening snow

first snow  
a rat finds  
the bread crumbs

subway sounds  
in an empty seashell...  
summer ending

the sudden shadow  
of a pterodactyl—  
autumn dusk

tanka

under morphine  
she laughs  
at the stuffed rabbit I brought  
wondering how it got in the ward  
wearing underpants

I pack my life  
in twenty plastic bags  
for the trash men  
it's all in a day's work  
bearing the burden of the past

unbroken miles  
of snow fence  
back where I began  
I step carefully so as  
not to get in too deep

**Marilyn Murphy**

Holiday Inn  
Gideon Bible  
spine unbroken

subway car  
slowly filling up  
she does sudoku

hospice vigil  
the only window  
lit  
his



public garden  
the homeless sleep  
apart from the sunbathers

late night  
a ladybug crisscrosses  
the computer screen

squad car echoing blue off the yoga studio

**Robbie Gamble**

tanka:

all day no trace  
of the mountain lion  
but at night  
the wind snarls  
around my tent

when snow crystals  
flock to my window  
I remember  
my mother's lace tablecloth  
and the taste of wild strawberries

haiku:

i  
taste  
the  
rainbow  
in  
a  
raindrop

**June Moreau**

# Beyond Borders

put your whole self  
into each vowel  
foreign tongue

summer reading  
the used book's underlining  
gives out half way

French guests  
adapters for almost all  
the appliances

midnight shop  
carnival masks  
still unpainted

*apparition of these faces*  
clearing the vines  
from Pound's grave

garden god  
moss  
in all the right places

### *Life in Wartime*

This summer we have the doves, a pair nesting  
on the ground, fearless or stupid, between the false indigo  
and the air conditioning unit. Unsettling to constantly  
unsettle them, though they hardly stir, little more  
than a loop of flutter, at the center of the inverted arch  
like an ornament. So certain of their camouflage,  
they think they are invisible.  
Their village without acropolis, without pikes  
or thorn fences, without battlements.

Up at the road where the traffic begins in earnest  
the splice brings electricity down to the house.  
Living in the tentative, the settlement of suppressed  
theogonies, over generations of polished iron,  
leaching uranium, buried force...

lightning bolts safe in their cases.

*faded fireworks*  
*collapsing bridge*  
*of the summer action film*

Judson Evans



dance of the spider  
burst of laughter  
over the trapped insect

danza dal ragno  
scoppio di risa  
sull' insetto in trappola

on the dusty window  
of a passing car  
my name

sea-gull  
open wings on the asphalt  
another ocean

**Walter Valeri**

walk for hunger  
on the windy bridge  
her full breasts

London Theatre:  
from the draped Muslim woman  
scent of my Grandma

תיאטרון בלונדון  
לאישה בבורקה  
ריח של סבתא שלי

Oh, Jerusalem!  
sniper with a rifle becomes  
a fiddler on the roof

O, Ерусалим!  
скрипач на крыше теперь  
снайпер с ружьём

sleepless night  
a mosquito leaves me  
and deals with my wife

wrought iron gate  
a bright yellow leaf  
pinned by the wind

rush hour—  
traffic policeman stops me,  
“For you I’m the light!”

*Haibun for Poets*

The 4<sup>th</sup> International Poets' Festival draws  
to a close. Here in Jerusalem worlds converge.  
They really do. Even a poet from the Empire of the Rising  
Sun is present. He politely listens to my recollection  
of the last year haiku celebration at Iga-Ueno  
on the white castle hill not far from Kyoto.

*Basho's birthplace—  
poets come and poets go,  
crickets stay put*

On their last morning together poets assemble  
on the flat roof of the Notre Dame Convent near  
the New Gate of Jerusalem. The sun is high above  
Syrian-African Rift where the River Jordan flows.  
A black poet from Cape Town walks up the podium  
and announces, "I want to recite a poem for Palestine.  
I want to face Palestine. Which side is Palestine?"  
There is silence. Then some people say,  
"It's all Palestine. The entire land around us."  
Several people whisper, "It is all Israel."  
The waiter shrugs off, "It's a Holy Land."

*Temple Mount boys:  
the praying niche of the mosque  
becomes a soccer gate*

*Haibun For My Tenants*

While I stayed abroad my two bedroom condo  
had been rented.

As a matter of fact I cannot even afford  
to live in it.

My friends found a tiny basement for me.  
The landlord upstairs sings sometimes,  
"Every mole has a hole."

I love my basement. Irises stick  
their purple beards into my window.

*one eye open:  
on the pillow's wrinkles  
light of the new day*

I get notices from my tenants via e-mail.  
They ask for a new stove, complain about  
creaking floors and banging heat pipes.

And they slapped me  
with bills for endless repairs.

So I pick myself up and schlep  
to my old condo apartment.

The streets are empty; the synagogue  
staircase is crumbling. There is a dungeon  
there for books printed before Holocaust.

*it goes into the pit  
encrusted with old roots—  
a slender sapling*

**Zeke Vayman**

hot sunrise  
the neighbor's coffee maker  
groans

heißer Sonnenaufgang  
des Nachbarn Kaffeekocher  
stöhnt

the window washers  
arguing  
a week of rain

die Fensterputzer  
uneins  
eine Woche Regen

a thump on the screen—  
the bumblebee's shadow



each pebble  
casts a needle's shadow  
desert sunrise

evening walk  
a spider's thread  
cool on our faces

the slate headstone  
weathered blank  
cool rain

recycling day:  
the homeless man and I  
look away

winter sunset  
their argument's  
long shadow

the pallbearers  
last year's acorns  
crunch underfoot

he speaks of her  
in the present tense  
frost on the vodka bottle

fluffing  
the unused pillow  
Valentine's Day

lights out  
I bow toward the Buddha  
I think

**Keith Heiberg**



castel vara —  
iedera completa  
figa sparta



summer castle — the ivy fills in the broken frieze



wrinkled hands  
reach to touch it—  
cherry branch in bloom

children playing—  
soap bubbles burst  
in the fir tree needles

flooded delta—  
an egret flies  
with the boat



border pass—  
both here and there  
sunflowers

working day—  
red poppies crushed  
by a wood cart

the cranes are flying—  
at the neighboring window  
an old man

cocori in zbor—  
la fereastră de vis-à-vis  
un batran

**Sonia Coman**

three months no see  
my smiling boyfriend  
looks smaller

mi-tsuki buri  
hohoem senokimi  
chiisakunarite

parent's house:  
in the crack of the ping-pong table  
a spring sprout

furusato no  
taccyu dai ni wareme ari  
sokokara mebuku haru

before his walk  
dad puts his left hand in his pocket  
with his right hand

chichi aruku  
hidarite pokke ni oshikonde  
migite de sorewo oshikonde

**Kay Higuchi**

## Seasons and Creatures

candlelight—  
the moth  
my only muse

summer rain...  
the frog pees  
in my hand

zen archery  
letting go

after the bang  
bits of paper & smoke...  
a bottle rocket

Maine woods...  
the only preacher  
jack-in-the-pulpit

Shiva's Temple—  
a toddler chants along  
in baby talk

Halloween party—  
noticing **Death**  
put on a few pounds

temple hall...  
the firefly  
shows off

cinnamon bread—  
she eats  
only the swirls

**Stanford M. Forrester**

old cat  
catching birds  
with her eyes

killing frost—  
all day a steady rain  
of yellow leaves

blizzard day  
extra brown sugar  
on my oatmeal



arguing—  
a deaf man grabs  
the other's hands

crossing the hopscotch  
two old women  
avoid the lines

sunrise walk—  
the first passing car  
hits my shadow

greased piglets—  
the children  
squealing too

used book  
between worn pages  
a pressed red leaf

somewhere close  
in the fog  
noisy geese

fluttering  
in the spider's web  
a butterfly wing

lost in the woods—  
not trying not  
to be lost

star gazing—  
all the chance meetings  
of my ancestors

**Kenneth Elba Carrier**

the birds  
until  
her voice

library sign  
points to career center  
red brick wall

used clothing store window  
mannequin  
in a "new" dress

promises...  
on granite rocks  
green moss

you took  
the old man's hat—  
winter wind

cricket singing  
until...  
which leaf was it?

will you still be here  
in spring—  
brown leaf

hottest day  
i and the horsefly  
inside

the rain over  
one robin  
one starling

**Brenda Soyler**

early morning light  
shadows side by side  
at the ocean's edge

standing in the garden  
light snow falling  
on my sleeve

each marks its presence  
with a grease spot  
golden donut

**Martha Akagi**



spring again  
crocuses ring  
the weathered stump

May moon  
lighting  
the pine candles

late autumn dusk  
the wild turkey's  
awkward waddle

morning fog  
lifting first  
from the daffodils

midsummer night  
a firefly's  
passing flicker

indoor cat  
chasing a squirrel  
window to window

spring sidewalk—  
a few drops of rain  
scatter the pollen

solstice night  
the cold flash  
of a shooting star

in the bull frog's silence  
stillness  
of the lily pads

the night lengthens  
ants drag a beetle shell  
into the grass

August afternoon  
tar softens  
in the empty parking lot

midwinter cold  
the rough hands  
of the coffee shop waitress

**Lawrence Rungren**

dark shapes  
near the hosta  
Buck Moon

into the still air  
the staccato flight  
of the hummingbird

muggy night  
with one swat  
two dead mosquitoes

Groundhog Day  
my cough  
has a shadow

cabin fever  
waiting for the teakettle  
to whistle

at the end  
of a long path  
goldenrod both sides

*Haiga*



copper wire, green wire, and bones

**Karen Klein**



*Renku*

*weeding the purslane*

Mashpee garden  
weeding the purslane  
for salad

kk

voices of children  
songs my mother taught me

rdg

Nancy Drew mystery  
the sun sets  
behind a haunted mansion

smf

after the paint job  
doors left unhung

je

still waiting  
for the troop withdrawal  
harvest moon

kk

tossed the scarecrow  
in the pickup

smf

half way back  
from the tryst at the quarry  
his glasses

je

icy room fondling each other's goose bumps	kk
under the microscope cell division she smiles at the instructor	rdg
house arrest smuggling out poems	je
snowmelt patches of periwinkle and sky	sf
spring break US Air overbooked	kk
under the cast a tattooed cross gone pale	je
tarot deck the hanged man upside down	rdg
Beijing Olympics the spin of the latest news	smf

the chatter of crickets  
before the tornado                      rdg

tea party  
the ladies with their  
new perms                                      kk

lips sync  
of the drag show Supremes              je

Mt Monadnock  
the hawk's screech  
blows off the summit                      sf

the solitary movement  
of the water iris                              rdg

*Poets:* Raffael de Gruttola, Judson Evans  
Stanford M. Forrester, Karen Klein

*Place:* Mashpee, *Date:* 7/23/08

*Format:* Nijuin Renku 20 Links

*Start:* 1:35 p.m. *Finish:* 5:20 p.m.

## Acknowledgements

Acorn, Asahi Haikuist Network, Baseball Haiku, Boston Haiku Society News, bottle rockets, Cats, Chrysanthemum, Dasoku, Frogpond, Gusts, HSA Anthology, HC Anthology, Hummingbird, Lynx, Modern Haiku, Modern English Tanka, Nor'Easter, Paperclips, paper wasp, Roadrunner, Sanctuary: the Journal of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, SimplyHaiku.com, Snapshot Press, SxSE, The Heron's Nest.com.



## Bios.

Martha Akagi is a painter and educator. She studied calligraphy, painting, and renga with Kaji Aso for many years. She is new to haiku and has been enjoying the shorter form since she joined *The Boston Haiku Society*.

John Bergstrom lives in Boston and works in a bookstore. He has been writing haiku for several years and has been a member of the Boston Haiku Society since the early 90s.

Kenneth Elba Carrier is a newcomer to the creative precision of haiku and enjoys the company and challenge of being a member of the Boston Haiku Society.

Sonia Coman is a student at Harvard University in art history and studio art. She has won many haiku awards and established the Japanese Culture & Civilization Center in Romania which teaches haiku to school children.

Raffael de Gruttola is a past president of the Haiku Society of America and a founding member of the Boston Haiku Society. His haiku, haiga, tanka, and renku have been published internationally. A recent renku collaboration is *Wall Street Park* with Carlos Colón.

Judson Evans is Chair of Liberal Arts Department at the Boston Conservatory. His haiku and haibun have been widely published. He was chosen as an "emerging poet" for the Association of American Poets by John Yau in September of 2007.

Stanford M. Forrester is a past president of the Haiku Society of America and editor of *bottle rockets*. He is a 2009 recipient of a New Boston Fund Individual Artist Fellowship chosen by the Greater Hartford Arts Council.

Robbie Gamble has been a member of the Boston Haiku Society for a few years now. He is a Nurse Practitioner living in Jamaica Plain section of Boston.

Keith Heiberg's award-winning haiku and senryu have been translated and published from Austria to Australia. He has been a member of the BHS since 2004, the *Webmaster for Simply Haiku* since 2005, and is currently a grad student at Harvard Extension School.

Kay Higuchi was born in Tokyo, but her heart is in Kyoto. She is an editor-in-chief for the Suseki Publishing and an accomplished artist of the Japanese collage, hari-e.

Karen Klein is a past secretary of HSA. A retired literature professor, she now creates wood sculptures, ink drawings, and is a performing member of *Prometheus Dance Elders Ensemble*.

Evelyn Lang, gardener/poet, longtime member of HSA & self-publisher of two chapbooks, *Wild Pond* & *October Stone Journal*, has been published in several haiku journals

Jeanne Martin has been a member of *The Boston Haiku Society* for ten years. She teaches and advises at several schools of social work, and works in expressive arts with the elderly, with a special focus on haiku.

Paul David Mena has been writing haiku since 1992, and is presently a member of HSA, and several on-line haiku communities. He has published three chapbooks and is webmaster of *The Heron's Nest* and the *Boston Haiku Society*.

June Moreau was one of the original members of the Boston Haiku Society. Her haiku and tanka have been published widely both in the US and abroad.

Marilyn Murphy lives in Providence, Rhode Island where she studies photography and art and writes poetry. Her work has appeared in various journals including *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, and *Modern English Tanka*.

Lawrence Rungren grew up in Illinois and now lives in Andover, MA. He is the editor of *Nor'Easter*, the semi-annual Chapbook for the Northeast Region and the Northeast Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America.

Brenda Soyer is a former teacher and computer programmer and forever a student of haiku. Her poems have appeared in *bottle rockets*, *Modern Haiku*, and *Sanctuary*, the Journal of the Massachusetts Audubon Society.

Walter Valeri is a professor of Italian and the author of various essays and plays. He has received awards for a recent collection of poems *Deliri Fragili* (2006). He's a faculty member at The Boston Conservatory and new to haiku.

Zinovy Vayman pioneered the Moscow Haiku Circle in Russia. He is a founder of the Hebrew Haiku Society. His poems are published internationally in newspapers, books and magazines.

Rich Youmans has been writing haiku and haibun for nearly 25 years. He is the publisher of a trade magazine based in Rhode Island and lives on Cape Cod with his wife, Ann.

John Ziemba is from Rochester, NY. He is one of the founding members of *The Boston Haiku Society*. After completing his studies in Japanese language and literature, he recently returned to the Kaji Aso Studio from Japan, where he taught English for ten years.









## **Boston Haiku Society Poets**

Martha Akagi

John Bergstrom

Kenneth Elba Carrier

Sonia Coman

Raffael de Gruttola

Judson Evans

Stanford M. Forrester

Robbie Gamble

Keith Heiberg

Kay Higuchi

Karen Klein

Evelyn Lang

Jeannie Martin

Paul David Mena

June Moreau

Marilyn Murphy

Lawrence Rungren

Brenda Soyer

Walter Valeri

Zinovy Vayman

Richard Youmans

John Ziemba