

月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPPO

HAIKU

JOURNAL

J. I. Ball, Editor Humanities Department

Monthly Newsletter

Vol. 6, No. 3 March 1983

HIGAN

by Teruo Yamagata and Kiyoshi Tokutomi

One week, from March 18 to 25 is called spring HIGAN 彼岸 in Japan.

There is also a saying that coldness lasts up to this point: HIGAN 彼岸 Japanese people surely enjoy warm and bright weather at this time of year.

HIGAN 彼岸 actually means "PARAMITTA" in Sanskrit. In English this literally means: "the other side of the river."

Comparing to HIGAN 彼岸, the present world GENSE 現世 is called SHIGAN 此岸, which means "this side of the river."

We are always harrassed by wordly passions. We are struggling to go through them. In other words, we are in the midst of the current stream of these passions. When we get across the river, there is a paradise on the other side of the river called: HIGAN 彼岸. There have been a long tradition of HIGAN 彼岸 festivals at temples in Japan. The pious people hope to be led to the paradise HIGAN 彼岸. It is said that the festival is held only in Japan and there seem to be no such festivals beyond Japan (not even in China or India).

The first day the HIGAN 彼岸 is called HIGAN TARO 彼岸太郎, and if it rains on this day, the rice crop of the year is said to be good.

MEMBERS' HAIKU FOR February and March 1983

Editor's Note: See the KIGO list in Feb. GEPPPO. Kigo for February are: below zero, and crocus. Kigo for March are: thaw, and daffodil. Write one haiku with each and write one additional haiku with supplementary kigo listed. If you wish to suggest a kigo to add to the list, please write stating the kigo along with a brief description of the meaning of the kigo, and also one or two sample haiku written with your kigo. VOTE FOR 8 HAIKU. Circle your three top choices. Send your March and April haiku to me by March 25th. With our word processing equipment my goal is to have the GEPPPO in the mail by the 10th of each month. We're getting closer! Send four of your best haiku for the '83 HAIKU JOURNAL as soon as possible. Articles for HAIKU JOURNAL should be in by June 1st. I can also use 'filler' articles for the GEPPPO -- half page or less.

119. To the violet
whose perfume holds memories
of dark secret woods

X 120. After winter storms
the echoes of hammer blows
from mending fences

121. Rain-soaked camellia
its rosy petals heavy
trembling on the branch.

122. Plum blossom on bush?
No. Cardinal on the branch
outside my window.

123. Such a lovely tree
and winding around its trunk
poison ivy vine

124. Three squirrels playing
fly from branch to branch of elms
and snap their fat tails

125. Rooster crows the dawn
Across dewed summer meadow
Ten thousand suns rise.

126. In autumn's twilight
stillness, there is a soft sound
C mail walking on leaves.

Stone 1/0

Stone 2/1

W. T. Patrick 3/1

KIGO?

127. Bright summer morning
The only sound, a tapping
cane crosses the street.

128. My last candle makes
shadow show upon the walls.
This winter blackout.

{ 129. Dark December clouds
There on gnarled, pruned vineyard vines
the first small snowflakes.

130. Scented perfume of
low hanging wisteria
enters with a guest.

W. Fitzpatrick

131. Below zero dawn:
also turning red and blue
the jogger's wan face

132. Holding the sunrays
that appear and disappear -
first golden crocus

133. The plane's shadow moves
above checkerboard orchards -
white almond blossoms

134. For my Valentine,
my usual gift of candy??
You are dieting!

E. Dunlop 4/13

135. Breakfast-room crocus
planted in an old Delft bowl
Windmill memories.

136. Below zero cold
has frozen the long snow fall ...
Cue-ball moon glitters.

V. Bolden 3/13

137. The old brewery
a griffin leans out over
barrels of warm sun

138. Seizing umbrellas
March wind turns them inside-out
rainy-day ballet

L. Cruciana 4/13

139. She offers him tea
a mocking bird is singing
by the open door

140. Five below zero
makes this house like a prison --
put the teapot on!

141. Fresh smell to the air
a groggy gound hog awakes,
forced to venture forth.

142. Such a bleak season
all nature at a standstill
but no! A crocus!

D. Wheeler 4/1

143. Here in the garden
of my friend who is so ill
the bittersweet thrives.

144. Stepping cautiously
snow falling from the church bell
to the nun's habit.

K160?

145. The greyness of it
the old abandoned farm house
ancient leafless tree

146. First day of spring --
canoeist and golden eyes
sharing the fast stream

K160?

147. Sunshine after rain
Wisteria's flowering vine
trails blue waterdrops

148. Chestnut trees in bloom;
in clear nice paddy waters
the mountain tops hang (China '81)

R. Howe 4/1

149. This shimmering heat-
on the dusty horizon
field stones are floating

150. Totally hidden
in a shallow sand-saucer,
a yellow lizard

R. Howe 1/1

J. Schuck 2/10

151. Buried arrowhead -
and who uncovers it knows
piercing loneliness

152. Faint hush of snowfall
sifted on the sleeping town }
church bells ring, birds fly.

S. Jourdahl 2/10

153. Before dawn stillness
bare sculptured tree branches stretch
sharp menacing claws

154. Clink-clank of tire chains
salt crystals on snow crystals
streets fill with gray slush

K160?

155. This year sets record ...
No day here, below zero.
My feelings not hurt.

156. A sprightly crocus
Blooms in my new Garden Book ...
Time passes slowly.

J. Schuck 3/1

157. For Valentine's Day,
I send and get many cards...
All signed with KISSES.

159. The almond blossoms,
Like little snowballs on twigs,
Promises a crop.

161. When no one's looking
Sister skips in her long skirts
12 below zero

163. Your quiet glances
last gesture by your graveside
one last valentine

165. Old knees on hard ground
unkempt border--full of trash
and one blue crocus.

167. Ten below zero
people wrapped in heavy scarves
without faces

169. This old heart locket
a valentine remembrance
from someone long gone

171. Below zero night;
Black clouds cover, uncover
a rising full moon ...

173. Below zero cold!
Icicles in my nostrils
hold back deep breathing

175. Dirty garden hands:
a sprig of almond blossoms
brought into the house

177. The purple crocus!
After a look at my watch...
I push on to work.

179. Walk to country store
Along the old cobbled walk
Swaying daffodil.

181. My child's eyes aglow
gives to me his fresh picked gift
A pussy willow.

183. Now below zero
old water pump needs priming --
boys clap mittened hands

158. The thermometer
Shows that it's below zero
This sunny morning.

160. The crocus pushed through.
I can see the white blossom.
It's a pleasant sight.

162. Wild birds flying low
the open Mississippi
crocus buds on banks

164. Still below zero
getting up -- the old farmer
and the same old sun

166. Smile from ear to ear
stealing another quick look
at her Valentine.

168. Out of the darkness
the little crocus reaching
through the snow for light

170. In surging wind gusts
and intermittent sunlight
the first crocus bends...

172. Valentine's Day rain;
From the music box faintly
an old-fashioned waltz

174. Crocus breaking through?
(Herald of roseate days)
No -- a pink pebble

176. 10 below zero --
Blackbirds huddle together
facing the sunrise.

178. On the file cabinet
Red camellia in the vase
just now, has fallen ...

180. Season's final thaw
Everything glistens with wet
Cat tiptoes the lawn.

182. Amidst soggy leaves
tiny white crocus struggles...
the sun's probing rays

184. Cloudless early dawn:
with bushy tail and ears twitching
ground hog emerges

M. Henn
1/0

M. Henn

L. Kinder
5/1

Kinder
1/0

M. Richardson
6/2

M. Richardson
4/0

B. McCoy
4/3

B. McCoy
2/0

Ball
7/2

- 185. The March noonday wind ---
the budding plum trees tipping
on the old homestead
- 186. A lone daffodil
opening in the garden ...
the sun emerges.
- 187. The mountain snow thaw---
deer waiting at the bottom
in the noon sunlight
- 188. The April shower:
The peas bow in the garden...
leaves float along rows.
- 189. The baby sparrow
walking through the misty woods...
the morning sunshine
- 190. The Easter noonday:
The children dart across hills
to find hidden eggs
- 191. The steep river bank
crumpling away with the thaw ...
old tree roots dangle
- 192. After the shower:
small pools of liquid sunshine
in each daffodil
- 193. On St. Patrick's Day
Sign on the coffee shop door --
BLARNEY SPOKEN HERE
- 194. crocuses shoulder
upwards through sodden layers--
she comes on her cane
- 195. A short steam whistle
of a passenger vessel
remaining coldness
- 196. Although getting old
the dog has still a good ear }
the calm spring darkness
- 197. I am left alone
even though I change my seat
sorrow in spring

*H. Dalton
1/5*

*H. Dalton
6/4*

*Machmiller
3/2*

*yumagata
1/2*

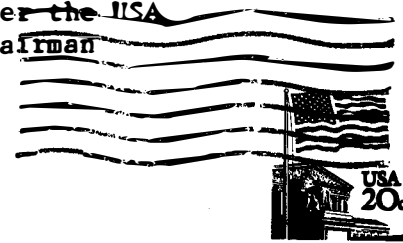
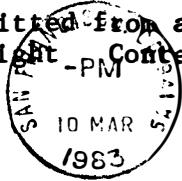
MEMBERS' VOTES FOR FEBRUARY HAIKU: Name: Haiku #-Votes-Circled Votes
Members' names are listed in numerical order of haiku presented. Only haiku
receiving votes are mentioned. '*' indicates top vote getter!

- P. Machmiller: #77-3-0; #78-3-2
- R. Haas: #82*-9-1; #83-6-1; #84-3-1
- E. Dunlop: #88-4-1; #89-1-0; #90-2-1
- D. Wright: #94-1-1; #95-6-2
- M. Henn: #100-1-0; #101-2-0; #102-2-1; #104-1-0; #105-2-2
- D. Greenlee: #107-1-1; #108-5-2
- M. Hill: #112-5-2; #113-3-1; #114*-7-3; #115-4-1
- V. Golden: #80-1-1; #81-1-0
- B. McCoy: #85-5-2; #86-3-1; #87-3-0;
- S. Youngdahl: #91-2-1; #92-1-1
- L. Cruciana: #97-4-2; #98-2-1; #99*-7-5
- J. Ball: #109-2-0; #110-5-4; #111-3-1
- H. Evans: #118-1-1

1983 HAIKU CONTEST REPORT The 1983 Yuki Teikei Haiku Contest is very
successful in the number of entries submitted this year, entries from both
members and non-members. Some entrants sent in as many as 12 - 16 haiku.
Though the contest has not been judged yet, we look forward to high-quality
results. Well over 300 haiku have been submitted from all over the USA
including Hawaii, and from Canada. Dave Wright Contest Chairman

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Ms. Patricia Machmiller 3/83