

月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

J. T. Ball, Editor Humanities Department

Monthly Newsletter
MOOD AND MEANING

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BY Ruby Spriggs, Ottawa, Ontario

Choosing the right word to express the exact meaning and mood in haiku is extremely important; more so than in other poetry forms as so few words are used.

The following examples illustrate how the choice of words changes the mood of a haiku:

This sterile white room,
his suntanned hand holding hers ...
another flower dies.

This does not express the fragility of the scene, whereas in changing a few words the haiku becomes more subtle:

This sterile white room,
his suntanned hand touching hers...
another petal falls.

Careful consideration should be given to each word when composing a haiku to decide whether any word could be substituted for another as more appropriate. Words such as 'soft' or 'tender' have no place in a haiku about thunder, nor should words like 'brittle' or 'hectic' be used in a haiku about cherry blossoms, they would alter the mood considerably.

MEMBERS' HAIKU FOR APRIL 1983

Editor's Note: Again remember to check the Kigo List in February GEPPO. If you wish to SUGGEST a kigo to add to the list, please write stating the kigo along with a brief description of the kigo's meaning and one or two sample haiku. VOTE FOR 10 HAIKU this month. List numbers of your selections in order and circle your three top choices. Please submit a TOTAL OF THREE haiku using either April or May kigo. Please try to have your haiku and votes in by April 25th. Thanks to Mary Hill for helping get the GEPPO in the mail by March 10th! Thanks to members for sending stamps and SASE's! Filler articles for the GEPPO (half page or less) are still needed. Articles for 1983 HAIKU JOURNAL should be in by June 1st. If you have any problems with addresses etc. please write to me, I'll make corrections as soon as I hear. ed.

198. Closed camellia buds
weather another rainstorm.
A flute plays low notes.

200. The willow buds swell;
today we visit my niece
her first child is born

202. Unopened daffodil:
A drop of water dangles
from a broken stem.

199. Puddles everywhere:
In the old wine tub, a stand
of wet daffodils.

201. A red camellia:
Worn in her black hair, it too
catches the raindrops.

203. Sounds of melting snow:
A trickle of clear water
near the barbed wire fence.

204. after her scolding
she droops past the daffodils -
then skips out the gate!
205. bowl of camellias -
through the window, just opened,
a clean breath of air
206. I am waiting still-
under the willow I hear
voices of children
207. after his sharp words
he says no more as we walk -
the thaw has set in!
208. The quiet castle
sudden downpour of water
the camellia
209. Longing native land
is approaching with the sun
willow on the bank
210. Gradually fading .
the anger hidden in mind
thawing on the lake
211. bending to the pool
a camellia falls into
its own reflection
212. a marshland pasture-
among clumps of daffodils
the grazing angus
213. want to do something
don't want to do anything
the willow budding
214. Windy month of March
blowing lumps of snow crystals
at my clean windshield
215. These hurried March winds--
driving slowly past the park
that i have walked in
216. Pussywillow buds,
slowly i feel them as you
go on walking on
217. An Easter card bought
a whole month early for you,
only kind they had
218. Yellow trumpet whiffs
heralding change of season...
daffydowndilly.
219. Snows thaw too quickly
swollen streams bring disaster
homes are swept away.
220. Pussywillow dares
Tender leaves will follow soon... Has
spring is on its way.
221. Dogwood bloom forms cross
Crown of Thorns and nail prints...
Divine sacrifice.
222. Baby sparrow falls
Parents urge another try ...
Wings begin to flap.
223. Easter bonnet time
Flowers and pretty dresses ...
A time to rejoice!
224. The March winds blowing
little boy's hollow breathing
over a bottle
225. The wind idles in
a cardinal whistling spring
is is a false thaw?
226. The wind throws itself
revealing leaf and petal
open daffodils
227. Cat in a pine tree
hiding from April showers
shaking each front paw
228. Sun dies every night
there again in the morning
this Easter sunlight
229. Cat scoots up the branch
sits at top of leafing tree
the baby sparrow
230. In this early thaw
two boys paint rowboat bright green...
hands, faces also.
231. Lonely birthday,
but daffodils stand in yard
like famous poem.

232. My friend phones to say,
"Your azalea gift plant ...
blooms for the third year."
233. Daffodils bobbing ...
the rough-edged wind blows fiercely
through the budding woods
234. Early springtime thaw:
Snow and wool blankets vanish --
outside and inside
235. It is Spring again!
I can sense it in the air --
soft rain on the roof
236. Hospital visit
Bouquet of Easter lillies
travels corridor.
237. This April Fools Day
wary of usual tricks
Children leave for school.
238. Through open window
baby sparrow now takes flight.
Broken wing mended.
239. Thaw hangs in the wind,
still the long rains never cease...
the hidden mountains
240. Real pussywillows
fill my bronze and silver vase...
No more silk flowers!
241. Sweet bride of six months
returning from her jogging
brings me daffodils.
242. Oh dear, daffodils,
Wordsworth did them, long ago...
Nothing I can add!
243. Easter lilies stand
trumpeting Resurrection,
the joy of Jesus.
244. No baby sparrow
can fall from this nest, buttressed
by cathedral close.
- (245.) Before the Queen comes
cherry blossoms must not fade
may the winds stand still.
246. With long ears funneled
our dog leaps over the thaw --
my soaking wet jeans
247. A bleak gray evening -
tied to my friend's iron doorknob
one large daffodil
248. One large tan balloon
flies alone without a string -
March wind in a cape
249. Once more daffodils
pull at the edge of the wind;
a pheasant's loud cry
250. In this mad March wind,
my life at cross-purposes --
snowflakes up and down
251. Spring thaw revealing
last summer's yellowing grasses --
light on the mountain
252. Easter Sunday mass:
as a priest lights the new fire,
the first robin sings
253. Young bamboo stirring --
a baby sparrow flutters
down from branch to branch
254. Spring leaving, a bend
of the river still reflects
wild cherry blossoms
- 255. Insistent chirping
of hidden baby sparrows.
A breeze rocks the nest.
256. Spring rain splashing down
as Vulcan strikes his hammer --
trolls play at tenpins.
257. A fragrant altar
banked with garden-fresh blossoms.
Bright Easter bonnets.
258. Thaw of ice and snow
swings moving in the playground
a lost ring is found
259. A splash of rain
and under the bright sunshine
golden daffodils

260. Hanging in the rain
branches of budding dogwood
and pussywillows
262. Out of a warm nest
so helpless this baby sparrow
in the pouring rain
264. On the old pier's planks
dropping the last of the feed;
signs of early thaw
266. The road to Gloucester:
sunlight on one daffodil
after another
268. Sunday afternoon
startled from my reverie
spring rain on my roof
270. I hear faint gurgling
first signs of thaw in farm pond
how heavy my boots
272. Wailing like banshees,
March winds circles desert ranch
stars twinkle faster
274. Along country road
girls wearing Easter dresses --
hide their gum in church
276. Closed-up country church:
out by the old carriage shed
Easter lily bulbs
278. Inserting new leaves
into my old address book:
so many dropouts
280. The daffodils bend
at the edge of the pine's shade;
one black cloud drifting ...
282. St. Patrick's Day noon;
At the stoplight a young drunk
straightens his green tie
284. On the mansion porch
in restoration rubble
Easter lilies bloom
286. Fluttering white doves;
with the ringing of the bells
the Easter sunrise
261. Easter sunrise bursts
out of an orange streaked sky
shattering silence
263. A heavy spring rain
the mud-fly from passing cars
my freshly cleaned slacks
265. Across the barnyard
the March wind blowing a cloud
of chicken feathers
267. All eyes closed in prayer...
well, not quite -- mine are feasting
on Easter lillies
269. Some three times her age
and waiting outside her door
on April Fool's Day
271. Bordering pathway
... yellow and white daffodils --
we start GINKO here!
273. Three naked creatures
... stretch scrawny necks out of shells:
Ah, baby sparrows!
275. Softly, during night
spring rain washes my windows --
lullaby for sleep
277. Blown-down trumpet vine;
and here on my windowsill
a baby sparrow
279. From the charred chimney
of the abandoned farmhouse--
swallows swoop and soar
281. After early thaw:
From remnants of hillside white
the boy's last snowball
283. Day in late April;
Baby sparrow hops from limb
to limb ... balancing ...
285. On the playhouse roof
two doves perch, bills together,
in early spring rain...
287. In antique mirror
reflection of violets
in a silver bowl

288. The mountains recede
the river slips out of sight
in the April rain

290. Misfortune expressed
to a willing listener --
daffodils ... and rain ...

292. Springtime rains pour down
Soaking the garden's black dirt.
Birds come and dig worms.

294. The worm broke the ground
To bring back to the garden
The symbol of spring.

296. we leave the chapel
my dead friend's father and I --
it's begun to thaw

298. Stopping to fill up
with unleaded gasoline
the wild daffodils!

300. Just a hint stronger
the rays of the sun today
thawing the pine scent

302. Early morning sun
touches tiny clod of earth
Easter is coming

304. In a drizzling rain
before Shakespeare's ancient house
clouds of daffodils

306. A towering pine
in its below zero robes -
and a crown of stars

289. A girl with red cheeks
walking behind her mother
camellia garden

291. Easter's morning sun --
steam rising from the shingles
on my neighbor's roof.

293. Spring green elegance
The Yuki Teikei poets
Posing for pictures.

295. my friend's father died
and I have no words to say --
only daffodils

297. March wind: the door slams
and they're caught -- the toys sneaking
out to play hooky

299. Beginning to thaw
the gold of the willow tree
touches the lake too

301. A girl waits for bus
carrying a large paper bag
caught in the spring rain

303. Anxious parents
watch over the lush where their
lady sparrow hides

305. Under the porch steps
just the tips of flowers
pushing through the thaw

307. They are cuddled, too,
in their grey furry jackets -
Crocuses in snow

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MARCH HAIKU: Name: Haiku #-Votes-Circled Votes

Members' names are listed in numerical order of haiku presented. Only haiku receiving votes are mentioned. '*' indicated top vote getter!

S. Stone #119-1-0; #120-2-1; #121-2-0 M. Henn #123-2-0; #124-1-0

W. Fitzpatrick #125-4-2; #126-3-1; #127-1-0; #128-1-0; #130-4-1

E. Dunlop #131-3-1; #132-4-2; #133-4-3 V. Golden #135-3-3; #136-3-1

L. Cruciana #137-4-3; #138-3-1; #139-3-1 D. Greenlee #140-2-1; #142-4-1

F. Spriggs #143-3-1; #144-2-1; #145-3-1 R. Haas #146-1-0; #147-4-1; #148-1-1

L. Schuck #149-3-1; #150-2-0; #151-1-0 D. Greenlee #152-1-0

S. Youngdahl #156-2-0 H. Evans #159-1-0

M. Henn #161-1-0; #162*-5-1 L. Winder #164*-5-2; #165-2-0; #166-1-0

M. Richardson #167*-6-2; #168-4-0 E. McCoy #171-4-3; #172-2-0

H. Dalton #175-3-0 J. Ball #176*-7-2; #177-1-0

W. Fitzpatrick #179-1-0; #180-3-1 K. Hale #182-1-0

L. Moore #185-2-0; #186-3-0; #187-2-1 H. Dalton #191**-7-5; #192-4-1; #194*6-4

P. Machmiller #194-3-2 T. Yamagata #195-3-2; #196-1-1; #197-2-0

HANA 花 MATSURI まつり
by

Teruo Yamagata and Kiyoshi Tokutomi

灌仏の日に生れあふ鹿の子かな 芭蕉

KANBUTSU NO 灌仏の

ON BUDDHA'S (DAY)

HI NI UMARE AU 生れあふ

TO BE BORN ON THE SAME DAY

KA NO KO KAN 鹿の子かな

DEAR'S BABY

April 8th is Buddha's birthday. There are festivals in Japan that have sever different names: KANBUTSU YE 灌仏会 BUSHO YE 仏生会

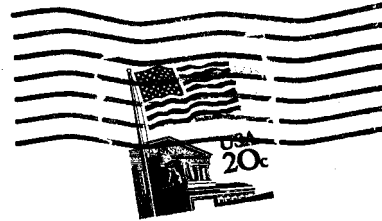
HANA MATSURI 花まつり These festivals are very popular among the Japanese people.

When be say "blossoms" or "blossom" in poems in Japan, it usually means cherry blossoms, but the flowers (HANA ... pronounced the same as as blossoms) in this case does not mean cherry blossoms.

A midget temple build with flowers is set in a small precinct. This is solely in Japanese traditional custom. There is no such ceremony in other Asian countries. A miniature statue of a baby Buddha made out of copper is standing at the basin. The people going for worship will pout hydrangar tea with a bamboo ladle on top of the head. The reason for this came from the old saying that nine pure falls (waterfalls) came down from ~~the~~ sky to clear Buddha's body when he was born. It is also said that ~~he~~ pointed up to the sky with one hand and down to the earth with the other proclaiming that he was the sole respectable person up in the sky and won on the ~~earth~~.

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Ms. Patricia Machmiller 3/83