

月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPPO

KAIXU

JOURNAL

J. T. Bell, Editor Humanities Department

Volume 8, Number 5,7, & 7

May - July 1985

229. Wispy summer clouds
a master artist's brushstrokes
upon a blue canvas
230. Fireflies winking beams
wonderous little lanterns
all about the branches
231. Firemen hurrying
the put out the raging flame
burning the dry grass
232. Like the meadow grass
shall I let the spring grow tall?
Why mow to the bone?
233. In reflective years
tranquility is my shield --
where did I park it?
234. Sparrows twittering
Are they fighting for tidbits
the garbage men spilled?
235. shining crucifix
lost on last year's desert trek
lying in the sand
236. last year's bikini
edged by a thin strip of red
smarting love handles
238. sudden spring shower
cools our bare sun-warmed bodies
dampens tangled hair
239. White-breasted swallow
again turns her three white eggs
-- their hearts beating warm
240. Gift cherry trees bloom:
"Tanoshimi wa, Japan!"
says it's a pleasure
241. No Silent Spring yet
but more and more just roaring
of motors and jets.
- 241A dawn in the city:
the sound of early traffic
and chirping sparrows
- 242, on the warm spring breeze
the scent of white violets
through the rising mist
243. overshadowing
the old cemetery gate
a weeping willow
244. Halo of the moon
time, after it's all over
white wine and roses
245. Searching for wild flowers
butterfly lands on my hand
she flutters her wing
246. In the spring twilight
see the comet streaking down
lightning hits the town
247. Under white spring clouds
Next to a cud-chewing cow
Grandpa chewing lunch...
248. Dull spring afternoon
Suddenly it turned bright blue
---After my haircut...
249. His empty white shoes:
After taking off my clothes
Incense still floating....
250. On bedside table
Ash tray with spent cigarette:
sound of spring rain....
251. On clearspring river
A piece of wood bobs along
...Suddenly it sinks
252. Light, up in her room:
Stretching cross the heavens
Sparkling Milky Way....

253. on spring cleaning day
sprawled in my sister's harp case
the lost teddy bear
254. the sun just rising
someone leaves a May Basket
at the widow's door
255. just the lower boughs
lift the flowering candles now ..
old catalpa tree Ros
256. The second visit
Plum blossoms seem brighter now
on the grave yard path
257. On the edge of night
we talk about waning moon
the blind man and I
258. On a clear spring day
fish swimming on mountain top
in the mirrored lake
259. daylight saving time
planning for the checkmate move
another hour
260. a caterpillar
exploring outside surface
of the screened window
261. early sun hovers
over the plum tree's stillness
the unopened buds
262. from the near-by hills
tapping me on the shoulders
the gentle spring breeze
263. spring still in the clouds
tulips ploughing through the mud
coming by themselves
264. crocus almost gone
spring lingers beyond the clouds
on the gray mountains
265. bowling on my nose
beads of perspiration glide
over my dry lips
266. two six-year-old girls
sit under spinning sprinkler
changing their doll's clothes
267. the heavy bushes
two grey and brown speckled eggs
invite the blue jay
268. shafts of sunlight
brightening nests in the elm
young cardinals' cries
269. days growing longer
heavy catalpas drooping
splash at the birdbath
270. In the beach cottage
poets' voices rise and fall:
unherd the spring sea
271. Gray after the storm --
Drops cling to magnolias
and honeysuckle...
272. the last day of school --
Scattered all along the street
torn exam papers
273. From helicopter
chasing our shadows over
desert wild flowers
274. Mournful dirge of taps
echo above white crosses
Memorial Day
275. Here in meadow grass
the outlines of our bodies
we are cloud gazing
276. everybody
now lively and cheerful
change of dress at school
277. a gift of orient
rustling and aromatic
bag of new green tea
278. occasionally
the big eyes approaching me
a goldfish basin
279. in early morning
across fragrant meadow grass
three blue butterflies
280. flocks of flowers
carpet every woodlot
warblers are calling

281. this mild mid-morning
drowsy bumblebees crawl out
blanket flowers bloom
282. Children all dressed-up
Chattering on way to school
Full of summer thoughts.
283. Lace veil of dogwood
Rippling among budding trees
No bridesmaid this year.
284. Tall grass ... wildflowers
Among the leaning gravestones
Names illegible.
285. The swish, swish of cars -
yet the meadow grass leans east
flowing with the wind
286. Patrolling the field
of white and gold wild flowers -
a circle of clouds
287. Unopened paint cans -
the tin weather-beaten barn
in the spring twilight
288. Restaurant clatter
Outside May storm clouds gather
above traffic jam.
289. Sound of lawn mower
A grasshopper blends with grass
weighs down single blade.
290. Abandoned mission
Ivy clings to the church bell
rusted and silent.
291. The spring breeze blowing
down a torrent of blossoms,
perfume on the ground.
292. The green willow tree,
a white butterfly dancing,
You have crossed my path.
293. Mothers' Day bouquet,
half a dozen red roses bloom,
spring twilight of love.
294. hunting for pieces
of the butterfly puzzle
Spring rain all day long
295. the little azure
Butterfly must have come right
out of my puzzle
296. hoping Weeds grow so
i can slice them down with my
new second hand scythe
297. Small insect with wings
and stripes -- bumblebee tattoo
on her bare shoulder
298. Beneath a glass dome
one large perfect luna moth --
on sale at half price
299. spring twilight darkens --
tires on the highway repeat
a humming home home
300. Summer rain shower -
only sounds of beating rain
and a ghekkochirp"
301. Athenian spring -
with every southerly gust
the lauren branches sway
302. Late spring rice planting
the long row of bending backs
moves in unison
303. crowded grocery store:
young woman with food coupons
in the windless heat
304. July afternoon --
a stack of unanswered mail
on my study desk
305. reading newspapers --
summer commuters form lines
automatically
306. the seventh inning --
a peanut vendor resting
against the outfield fence
307. looking above me
crickets trapped in light fixtures
in the men's washroom
308. an aged veteran
apologizes for tears
Memorial Day

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MARCH/APRIL HAIKU: Name-Haiku Number-Votes-Circled Votes.
Members' Names are listed in order of haiku printed. Only haiku receiving votes are mentioned. "***", "**", and "*" indicate top votes. Starred haiku are automatically printed in yearly MEMBERS' ANTHOLOGY. Present issue now available from J. T. Ball at \$4 each or 3 for \$10.

MElliott 146*4-0;147-1-0;148-1-0

M Maloy 152*-4-0;153-3-1;154-1-0

HNoyes 158-2-0;159*5-1;160-3-0;161-3-1

RHill 165*4-2;166*3-2;167-2-0

MMaloy 169*5-1;170-3-1;175-2-1;176-1-1

BMcCoy 181-2-1;183*5-1

HLEvans 187-1-1

JRoberts 193*5-0;194***11-4;195-2-1

E Dunlop 199*4-0;200-3-3

K Hale 205-1-0;2-6-2-0;207-1-0

M Henn 211-1-0

JTBall 220-3-2;221-3-0;222*4-2

H F Noyes 226-2-0;227*4-1;228-1-0

I Wolfe 149-2-0;150*5-2;151*5-2

C Nabors 155-1-0;156-2-0;157***10-4

WFitzpatrick 164*4-2

S J Ball 168*5-2

DGreenlee 178*6-1;179-1-0;180-1-0

HEDalton 184*4-2;185-2-0;186-1-0

V Golden 190-3-3;191-3-1;192-2-0

ORHouston 196-3-2;197-3-2;198-2-1

CB Dickson 202*4-0;203*4-0

M Sinclair 208*4-1;209*4-0;210*4-1

TYamagata 217*4-3;218*-6-4;219-2-2

L Giskin 224*4-2;225*6-1

YAMAGATA SENSEI'S VOTES: 149 151 159 (165) 171 (176) 179 193 199 207 211 221 225

NOTES FROM/ABOUT MEMBERS

Teruo Yamagata reports that he spent time in West Germany during June 1985.

Ethel Dunlop responds to Dorothy Greenlee: I think we should re the Masters and learn what inspired them; e.g.: if a mountain, visit one and focus on the image YOU see. An 'unusual slant' is intellectual: haiku are creative.

Good reactions to Seicho Hayashi's article! Thanks.

W. E. Greig suggests: I have a suggestion I hope you print, I suggest initial capitalization of the kigo in a haiku, thus robin becomes Robin and only the kigo has this initial capitalization.

Paul E. Truesdell Jr. reports: the Museum of Haiku Literature, 3-28-10 Hyakunin-cho, Shinjuku-Ku, Tokyo 160 Japan, welcomes donations (chapbooks, books, texts, etc.) from published authors worldwide. It's a nice feeling to know that your haiku are keeping company with some of the original works of Basho, Buson, Issa, etc.

Ian Wolfe shares a comment about "senryu": In some book of scholarship, it spoke of Japanese haiku writers sometimes making a play on words, or known sayings — ... Here is Senryu:

Angry bumble bee! / Sitting on it in the grass / came to no good end.

From your Editor: Thanks for your patience! Sorry to be so late. This has been a very tough year for me (teaching 21 and 22 units, etc.). I'm looking to get some help locally for GEPPD so that I can spend time on editing, answer letters, etc. FOR NEXT MONTH'S GEPPD You may send as many as SIX HAIKU and I'll print them. I'll try to have the next issue out toward the end of September. In this issue, vote for 10, and circle your top three choices. Remember that all starred haiku will automatically appear in our yearly anthology which will be published at the end of November. I plan to have it out in time for Christmas. Unless things change, the price will be about the same: \$4 for 1 and 3 copies for \$10. jb.

CHANGING TO SUMMER CLOTHES

by Teruo Yamagata

KOI, KOROMO GAE or 'changing to summer clothes' is an early summer kigo. It does not actually say 'summer' in KOI. It just says 'changing clothes' in Japanese. This expression refers to the changing of clothing from the heavier winter and spring clothing to that of the lighter summer variety. Throughout Japan this has become traditional. It is a regular ceremony on the first of April in the lunar calendar.

At the Emperor's Palace, the people did not only change their clothes but also changed the decorations of rooms of the palace to summer style.

There was once a 'Winter Changing Clothes' on the first of October in the lunar calendar, but this now has disappeared. Presently, 'changing clothes' is an early summer kigo.

Middle schools which require that students wear uniforms usually make students change to summer uniforms on the first of June. It might be interesting to know that the girls students wear sailor type uniforms; blue in the winter and white in the summer.

changing of clothes
whatever I do, I am
alone sitting here

KOROMO GAE SWATTE MITEMO HITORI KANA

by ISSA

changing of clothes
I do not have to mention
my small appetite

KOROMO GAE SHOKU NO HOSOSA WA IWAZU KERI

by MANTARO

AMAGOI or Pray for Rain

by Teruo Yamagata

It is not only an old JAPANESE tradition to pray for rain, but this is widely seen throughout the world. People pray for rain to protect the crops and to avoid the damage of drought.

There seems to be several ways to pray to the Gods or Buddha for rain in Japan. There was a time that a high ranking priest of Buddha was ordered by an emperor to pray for rain. There was also a kind of dedication dancing ceremony among communities in which they all prayed for rain at a shrine.

A famous anecdote described the haiku poet KIKAKU. He was well known among the people with his haiku. When he represented farmers who were longing for rain he went to the INARI shrine and dedicated a haiku:

YUDACHI (showers) YA
TA (field) WO MIMAWARI (go looking around)
NO (of) KAMI (god) naraba (if he is)

Oh! shower
go looking around the fields
if you are the god

Another haiku by KYOSHI (not Kiyoshi):

Throwing a stone
into a creek, an old man
praying for rain