

月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPŌ

HAIKU

JOURNAL

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J. I. Ball, Editor Humanities Department

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September - December 1985

309. Valley hides in darkness
white cloud plays across the sun
autumn afternoon
310. He hears insect sounds
home from his fiddle lesson
the cricket begins
311. Rime for harvesting
ripe grapes on all the branches
rain falls in big drops
312. The red shingled house
uncertain signs of autumn
empty bird's nest
313. Slim swaying wheatstalks
heavy with ripening seeds
fat grasshopper lands
314. Silent grasshopper
waits beside the open door
a heavy footstep
315. Morning sun rises
eagle flying on strong wings
trout in its talons
316. Bill touching water
wren on waterlily pad
rippling the moon
317. Ninety in the shade
why isn't it December
vanilla ice cream
318. This summer morning
wings of a bluejay on street
his red guts warm yet
319. Leaf shadow dripping
The dainty little footprints
on the clean white sink
320. Procession of toads
leaving the pool, one by one
first graders line up
321. Single falling star
down the white side of the sky
last leaves and apples
322. Bluejay mimics me
while wind blows leaves overhead
and then, here you come
323. White eared squirrel
the apple tree still quivers
then comes a bluejay
324. Darting hummingbird
pauses in midmorning air
to sip some nectar
325. Rainbows: violet,
indigo, blue, green, yellow
orange and red arcs
326. Colorful sailboats
perched serenely on the bay
like ducks in a pond
327. Late afternoon sun -
rainbeads on the hemlock boughs
shining in the park
328. The green hill wonders
what shall it wear this morning?
ah, a flock of sheep
329. Sun from the mountain -
grains and herbs are shimmering
down in the valley
330. waking to silence--
nothing breaks the utter peace,
just a pheasant's call
331. wilted wildflowers
on the table by the bed--
end of Mother's Day
332. path to the teahouse--
a hidden pheasant calling
to her straying mate
333. I don't read paper
neither watch television
a summer retreat
334. I can not hear you
although stay within hearing
waterfall basin

335. unexpectedly
passer - by was threatened
a watering cart
336. a cloudless valley
brook has low water level
the summer willows
337. shortest way to lake
which a strange kind boy taught me
flowers of autumn
338. all of a sudden
throw large shadow from the high
the summer willows
339. midsummer heat:
magnolia seedpods bursting
on the screenhouse roof
340. traffic island:
washed against its weedy shore
an empty coke can
341. in a stubbled field
out - of - season grasshopper
singing of summer
342. stormy equinox
whole earth drenched by chilly rain
snails oblivious
343. golden crowned kinglet
in bright Japanese maple
autumn royalty
344. one autumn crocus
on this mid-October day
hosts summer's last bee
345. small wary chipmunk
watches from old unused pump
horsechestnuts falling
346. on fall duneland path
amid milkweed and wormwood
dying butterfly
347. in the milkweed patch
butterflies and beetles feast
summer on the wane
348. Labor Day week-ends:
At the rest-stop the girl walks
two dogs by moonlight
349. September nightfall:
Shrub entwined in honeysuckle--
its one last blossom
350. The first chilly night:
Putting the old, frayed blanket
over a new spread
351. September noonday--
In sun a dappled straw broom,
its leaning shadow
352. Hurricane rains past--
All that's left of the dead bird
small bones and feathers
353. Hurricane over--
Under dark skies sunflowers
bent and sun-seeking
354. Each time flag passed by
Disabled vet's firm salute
Recall still... that 4th
355. Restless Summer clouds
As thunder rolls across the plain
A horse trots softly...
356. Dog days of Summer:
Standing by a dish-filled sink
I watch a dog yawn...
357. At gay reunion
Confetti of memories
Flutters in Fall wind...
358. Silent Autumn waves:
A broken boat on sandbar
Just rises and falls...
359. Drooping Autumn moon:
Winding through hills and valleys
Road with many turns...
360. A younger postman
bringing the mail earlier
the crisp autumn air
361. my shrinking shadow
lounging on the hot cement
in a wet swim suit
362. The sky is crowded
the birds too are returning
the end of summer

363. Last vacationers
Sailing from the Isle of Shoals...
Foghorn all the way
364. Autumn afternoon
Wafting from grandma's kitchen...
Smell of grape jelly
365. on the welcome mat
outside the new neighbor's door
a blue jay's feather
366. Balsam bed; daylight
this gentle breeze on my face --
small birds chattering...
367. First cooler weather
falling stars in my love's hair --
peaceful sitting out
368. In a water jar
broken off geranium
its buds opening...
369. Evening calm; glass lake
A large fish leaps in the air --
pale image trembles
370. Blue jay and mocker
tumble in the back-yard grass --
cat ready to pounce!
371. Sour summer apples
Were the blossoms premature?
Jays don't seem to mind
372. A year's chronicles
written on dry fallen leaves
-- if I could read them
373. Moonbeams trace shadows
over a field of dry grass
dark shapes gliding by
374. White wings silently
winnowing the ocean breeze
autumn migration
375. Fallen autumn leaves
drifted into rounding mounds
winds come scattering
376. Autumn afternoon
all the drowsy household quiet
the telephone shrills
377. Haunting minor tune
a medley in quarter-tones
wind-harp in dead grass
378. driving past the woods---
a strong jessamine fragrance
mingles with oil fumes
379. rippling swamp water---
the last few curved petals blow
from turk's-cap lilies
380. hummingbird wings blur
among jessamine blossoms
on the crumbling wall
381. my fingers crushing
whorls of spotted Joe-Pye leaves;
vanilla fragrance
382. long after the drought
dead sunflowers soaking rain
on the scrubby lawn
383. late-night car washing
despite water rationing
as storm clouds gather
384. from an errant seed
a laurel sapling growing
in my drought-burned yard
385. hot midsummer day--
lolling on the beach we watch
sailboards catch the breeze
386. beyond the Border--
past the marijuana fields
the glow of poppies
387. a blue dragonfly
caught in the grille of my car--
iridescent still
388. in the summer dusk
drifting over dark water
tinkle of cowbells
389. bougainvillea
failing to bloom, keeps growing--
magnificent thorns
390. the first day of school--
the neophyte teacher quails
before all those eyes

391. *Fickle summer love!*
Is that an admonition
or a confession?
392. *A gossip stops by*
and drowns out the cicada --
I stifle neither
393. *Not to seem boring*
I give the fuddie-duddies
a Hallowe'en scare
394. *Just think how lovely*
all of these tall trees would be
where there are no trees
395. *Here's to cool clothings:*
clever scraps that keep us from
being arrested
396. *Doing some push-ups*
the lizard delineates
each delicate rib
397. *Small boy sits in shade*
cast by tall father's shadow --
wind chimes motionless
398. *Sunlight filters through*
leafy tops of redwood trees...
grazing deer lifts head
399. *Murky night on bay*
plaintive sound of the foghorns --
suddenly ships' masts
400. *A young toad inside,*
leave all basement doors open
despite Night Stalker.
401. *Night of falling stars*
and year of the falling planes...
Peace, Samantha Smith.
402. *A blue jay ready*
to grab the puppy chow crumbs,
But he eats too fast.
403. *A racoon enjoys*
grapes hanging from my trellis...
Eyes rim with laughter.
404. *Autumn afternoon,*
the kitten plays in the yard...
My friend has just left.
405. *my gardening friends*
so generous with produce...
all this zucchini!
406. *cat lies in the sun,*
lazily opens one eye...
that blue jay scolding.
407. *boy on beach towel...*
his mirroring sun glasses
reflect bikinis.
408. *barefoot on cliff edge*
I feel the night surf thunder...
oh! a falling star.
409. *shovel on shoulder*
he trudges across stubble,
his lantern dancing.
410. *Labor Day morning*
while dad and children sleep late
mother packs picnic.
411. *Dying fallen leaves*
crackle beneath lively steps
of laughing children
412. *Diamond droplets*
resting upon lacy web
demise of a fly
413. *Field of stiff, dry grass*
yellow butterfly searching
for a place to land
414. *I sit on a stump*
after wandering in woods
the autumn deepens
415. *I heard the sound of*
sharpening a red pencil
dead of autumn night
416. *the old residence*
of late eminent writer
autumn mosquito
417. *kitchen garden:*
the huge red cabbages gleam
pewter in moonlight
418. *in their ringing cries*
no consolation for me
autumn cicadas
419. *each star with its name;*
everything in place until
the crabapple falls

Suggested kigo

Sources: Yuki Teikei Haiku Journal
Blythe's translations of Japanese haiku

January New Year	February	March	April	May	June
the first dream winter sky winter landscape shoveling snow golden-eye sparrows winter grove	lagging winter snow flurry ice winter coat whale(s) seagulls plum blossom	early spring untimely frost snow melting kite mocking bird pussy willow	tranquility spring breeze spring mud grafting chirping/twittering willow tree	spring twilight halo of the moon meadow grass white shoes May basket bumble bee luna moth wild flowers	summer solstice milky way summer lake canoe ice cream trout water lily
July	August	September	October	November	December
summer morning billowing clouds figs summer school toad leaf shadow	evening calm falling stars goldenrod sun glasses blue jay balsam	autumn afternoon mackerel sky autumn mountains foghorn insect sound grapes	sign of autumn autumn light autumn fields burning leaves grasshopper persimmon	bleak wind early frost dried weeds chimney corner heron matted leaves	end of the year brief sun winter garden Christmas card winter seclusion winter birds orange

Each month the categories: the season, sky and elements, fields and mountains, human affairs, birds and beasts and trees and flowers are represented. Please select up to three kigo each month. MLH.

RULES: Please use three line 5-7-5 form with only one kigo per haiku. If you must use two, one should be the principle kigo.

A similar word may NOT be substituted for the kigo but a plural form may be used or the subject divided... "ending summer" to "summer is ending".

Your haiku should express a new or newly perceived sensation, a sudden awareness of meaning of some common human experience of nature or man. A unique observation.

It should not be explanatory; no cause and effect.

There should be a feeling of "absence of thought". Don't mention feelings; express them.

No moral elements...no "good", "true", "beautiful", no crude emotion. Evoke the feeling.

Baked Potatoes

by Teruo Yamagata

When we say "YAKI-IMO" in Japanese, it means "baked potatoes", but it is not a regular potatoes. It means "sweet potatoes". So, "YAKI-IMO" means "baked sweet potatoes".

Foods in Japan have become abundant, now, and the people do not enjoy much the baked sweet potatoes, as they used to do before. However, a baked sweet potatoes hut appears every winter in front of a big federal hospital building a few blocks away from my house. It actually starts baking sweet potatoes around the end of autumn. Baked sweet potatoes became most popular at the time of the Meiji era, that is about 70 to 110 years ago. The people called it "HACHI-RI-HAN" or "eight RI and half". "RI" is a unit of a distance in Japan, which is equivalent to about 1.8 miles. They also called it "13 RI", which means one extra "RI" to "KU-RI" or "nine-RI". "KURI", a chestnut, has the same pronunciation of "nine-RI" in Japanese. A sign written on the lantern in that way used to be popular scenery in a town and city. One "RI", extra taste, better than delicious, "KURI".

Now, you can tell why the people in Japan used to enjoy baked sweet potatoes.

Lottery ticket,
eating baked sweet potatoes
for meal of dinner

SUYEKUSA

BANRYOKU (Full Greens)

by Teruo Yamagata

Most of KIGOs are historically old. The number of new KIGOs are increasing and they are being added to the old KIGOs.

The KIGO "BANRYOKU" (full green[es]) is originated from the anthology "ONANSEKI", SAYING THAT "BANRYOKU SO CHU KO ITTEN". That means "amidst full greens, one red point".

It has been used as a KIGO since Kusatao Nakamura wrote in his haiku that BANRYOKU - full greens, NAKA (amidst), YA (-), WAGA (my), KO (child/baby), NO (of), HA (tooth), HAE (come out/grow out), SOMU (begin to). That means, "my baby's tooth is coming out in the midst of full greens". It is 46 years ago that he wrote this haiku. This is a paean for a new born baby.

The contrast of full, green leaves and a white, coming out tooth of a new born baby is great. It expresses the fresh and full green leaves in early summer.

It is quite different from the vast, brown, wide field devastated by dehydrated grass in summer California.

BANROKU (full green) NO (of or in)
BANBUTSU (whole ten thousand things) NO (of or in)
NAKA (midst)
O O BOTOKE (big Buddha statue)

Big Buddha statue
in the full ten thousand things
in ten thousand greens.

KYOSHI
(not Kiyoshi)

Members Votes for August/September 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
and will automatically be printed in 1985 Members' Anthology.

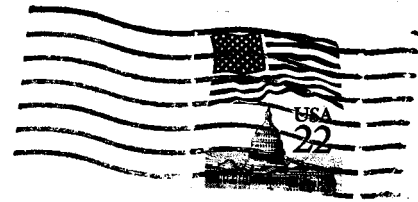
A. Ayotte 229-1-0	I. Wolfe 233-2-0
O. Houston 235-1-0; 238*4-0	C. Nabors 239-3-0; 240-1-0; 241-1-1
H. Dalton 241a-3-0; 242*4-0; 243*-1	M. Henn 245-2-0
T. Arima 247*-6-0; 248-2-1; 249-2-0; 250-3-0; 251-2-1	
R. Haas 253**5-1; 254-2-0; 255*4-1	L. Giskin**5-2; 257**6-3; 258-2-2
L. Giskin 262-1-1; 263-1-0; 264-1-0; 265-1-0; 266-1-0	
B. McCoy 270*4-2; 272***7-3	K. Hale 273-1-0; 274-2-0; 275-2-0
T. Yamagata 277-2-0; 278*4-2	M. Elliott 279-2-2
J. Spain 282-1-0; 286**6-2	E. Dunlop 285*4-1; 286-1-0; 287-2-0
W. Fitzpatrick 288-1-0; 290*-5-2	W. Greig 294*4-2
D. Greenlee 297*4-2; 298-1-0	P. Truesdell 300-1-0; 301*4-2; 302***7-6
J. Ball 304-2-0; 305-2-0; 306-2-0; 307*-4-3; 308-2-0	

Yamagata Sensei's Votes: 240 243 (248) 250 253 255 256 260 (262) 265 273
282 287 290 302 304 (307)

Editor's Note: Sorry for the long delay. My workload has been up for the
past 3 years and fatigue just got to me. After some discussion we're
getting a typist (Kim Karwaski -- a student of mine) and Dave and Rosalind
Wright will be handling the mailing. I'll be getting the 1985 anthology
together as soon as possible. All starred haiku will automatically be
printed. You can order from me at \$4 each or 3 for \$10. We have set
dates for next year's Haiku Retreat at Asilomar: T - Sat; Aug 28 - 30. I
have written to Gary Snyder to give a workshop on imagery and will let you
know. Cost will be about \$125 for both food and lodging. Thanks for your
patience. jb

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G S P P O H A I X U J O U R N A L

J. T. Ball, Editor Humanities Department



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