JOURNAL

YUKI TEIKBI HAIKU SOCIETY Jean Hale, Editor

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	me 4	August 1987	
Ance	for ten haiku that you think are	the be	est. Circle three top Choices.
138.	In <u>Autumn</u> moonlight Floating soft on aging pond A small paper boat	150.	From the heat I run to the sea to find the sea running to meet me
139.	Hazy <u>Autumn</u> moon Beach bum sitting on a knapsack Watching ebbing tide	151.	Full moon in July looks so refreshingly cool I bathe in its light
140.	Autumn cemetary: Scent of wilting cut flowers Mixed with severed dreams	152.	Worm, footed and hairy, busy working with fine thread temporary shroud
141.	Iceboats sailing past The pier where the boats tied up Colors warm the heart.	153.	Driving the highway hypnosis book beside me red <u>roses</u> blooming
142.	Screech owl*s two eyes blink. Cold gold looks for mouse or rat In snow on barn floor.	154.	As the sun rises within old yellow stone wall golden glow of light
143.	Into the side yard The firefly flew to the shade. Then its tail lit-up.	155.	Hospitality seagulls fly into the mist my visitor leaves
144.	Not to touch the food see color combinations the summer dishes	156.	Monarch butterfly lights upon a full-blown rose Dewdrop world shatters.
145.	After removing I called out to a friend my new sunglasses	157.	This summer stillness In the meadow a child's face among the daisies.
146.	On the aeroplane I sit next to a lady sweet smelling perfume	158.	Bright summer morning The only sound, a tapping cane crosses the street.
147.	Resting for a while - leaf shadows replace gardener's shapeless ancient hat	159.	Washing strawberries, I eat the very last one Red taste of summer.
148.	Looming above us an immense white scaffolding - the billowing clouds	160.	Outside our own yurt, where we camp in the meadow, barley harvest blooms.
149.	Summer morning walk - lady and her collie's tail keep two-four rhythm	161.	Two o'clock syndrome, the alarm rings inside me, Barn owl hoots "Hello!"

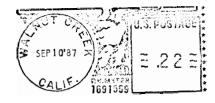
月報俳句ジャーナルGEPPO

YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY Jean Hale, Editor

Volume 4 August 1987 Vote for ten haiku that you think are the best. Circle three top choices. 138. In Autumn moonlight 150. From the heat I run Floating soft on aging pond to the sea to find the sea A small paper boat running to meet me 151. 139. Hazy Autumn moon Full moon in July Beach bum sitting on a knapsack looks so refreshingly cool Watching ebbing tide... I bathe in its light Autumn cemetary: 140. 152. Worm, footed and hairy. Scent of wilting cut flowers busy working with fine thread Mixed with severed dreams... temporary shroud 153. Driving the highway 141. Iceboats sailing past hypnosis book beside me The pier where the boats tied up. Colors warm the heart. red roses blooming 142. Screech owls two eyes blink. 154. As the sun rises Cold gold looks for mouse or rat within old yellow stone wall In snow on barn floor. golden glow of light 143. Into the side yard 155. Hospitality The firefly flew to the shade. seagulls fly into the mist Then its tail lit-up. my visitor leaves 144. Not to touch the food 156. Monarch butterfly see color combinations lights upon a full-blown rose the summer dishes Dewdrop world shatters. 145. After removing This summer stillness 157. I called out to a friend In the meadow a child's face my new sunglasses among the daisies. 146. On the aeroplane Bright summer morning I sit next to a lady The only sound, a tapping sweet smalling perfume cane crosses the street. 159. Washing strawberries, 147. Resting for a while leaf shadows replace gardener's I eat the very last one... shapeless ancient hat Red taste of summer. 148. Looming above us 160. Outside our own yurt, an immense white scaffolding where we camp in the meadow, the billowing clouds barley harvest blooms. 149. Summer morning walk -161. Two o'clock syndrome, lady and her collie's tail the alarm rings inside me,

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Patricia Machwiller

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- 162. All the neighbors gone out to lakes for the weekend one good friend brings trout
- 163. So many insects

 The familiar sound of fat

 June bugs bumping screens
- 164. A day for resting no hard work but the fun kind the ide cream freezer
- 165. Great Dane opens jaws
 one gulp..ice cream come is gone
 small boy's empty hand
- 166. This rose-colored dawn rainbow trout in crystal stream fishermen wear boots
- 167. We lie here on lawn tracking stars of milky way earth bound space dreamers

MEMBERS VOTES FOR JUNE HAIKU: Name - Haiku # - Votes - Circles Votes

T. Arima	96*-3-1, 98-2-0	K. Hale 117-3-0, 119-2-0
D. Greenlee	99*-2-2, 100-2-0	T. Yamagata 121-1-0, 122-1-0
J. Edwards	102*-1-3, 103-1-0, 104-3-0	E. Dunlop 123*-2-2, 124-3-0 125-2-0
J. B all	105*-4-1, 106*-4-1 107-2-1	C. Nabors 126-0-2, 127*-3-1, 128-1-0
W. Grieg	108-0-2, 109-1-0, 110-1-0	<pre>V. Golden 130-2-1, 131-1-0 W. Fitzpatrick 133-2-0, 134-0-2</pre>
M. Henn D. Wright	111-1-2, 112-1-0 115-2-0, 116-1-1	J. Ball 1354340, 136*-3-3 137*-2-2

Correction to June issue

M. Henn 93*-1-3

This was omitted in the tally last issue. Thank you to the member who pointed this out to me.

PRESIDENT'S NOTE: Dues for renewal in the Yuki Teikei Baiku Society are now due. Please send a check for \$12.50 to the following address if you intend to renew your membership:

Mrs Tokutomi

You will remember that all memberships were extended—without dues—for one year, mainly because of the irregular publication of the Geppo Newsletter last year. The Geppo has been sent out on a bi-monthly basis for 1987, and so it will continue. What your twelve—fifty dues will get you are the right to have three of your haiku appear in each bi-monthly issue, the right to vote on members' haiku, a discount when entering the Yuki Teikei Contest, and a discount on the purchase of extra copies of the Haiku Journal. We intend to produce the Haiku Journal as soon as we can finance it.

Sending your dues by return mail will certainly facilitate matters. Remember that we intend to send a Haiku Journal to every member of record for the period of 86-87.

I am pleased to share a haiku written in memory of Kiyoshi Tokutomi:

Wings of distant birds write on a scroll of spring clouds notes from our dear friend

Thank you Ethel Dunlop.

Sincerely, Dave Wright

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	one good friend brings tro	ut	

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