

# 月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPPO

HAIKU

JOURNAL

J.T. Ball, Editor

Humanities Department, Las Positas College

January - February 1990

## Editor's Note

It's been along time since the last GEPPPO. Hopefully, 1990 will produce the GEPPPO on a monthly basis. A new system this year: we have a student and a friend, Lisa Waterman, who is an expert with the Macintosh who will bring the GEPPPO new life. We will be producing the 1989 anthology soon, so if you had a starred haiku it will be published in the anthology. The forum is intended to help members improve the quality of their haiku through feedback of the knowledgeable haiku community. Members may submit haiku each month for reactions from the readers. Reactions consists of votes by the readers of the GEPPPO. Also, members who wish may provide their names and addresses so that others can correspond concerning these matters.

## Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Policies for Geppo 1990

The GEPPPO is a monthly Haiku Worksheet. It is intended to serve the interests of haiku by providing a forum for haiku writers. The forum is intended to help members improve the quality of their haiku through feedback of the knowledgeable haiku community. Members may submit haiku each month for reactions from the readers. Reactions consists of votes by the readers of the GEPPPO. Also, members who wish may provide their names and addresses so that others can correspond concerning these matters.

## Submitting Haiku

1. Submit three haiku each month. Haiku may be either 5-7-5 or "free style". Each haiku printed will not be edited. It will be printed as closely as possible to the form in which the author submits it.
2. Haiku submitted MUST contain exactly one KIGO (season word).
3. Haiku should be submitted the 20th of the month. Geppo will be mailed by the first of the month.
4. Haiku appearing in the GEPPPO will appear by number only. This is done so that readers can vote for a haiku on its own merits and not for the author.

## Voting for Haiku

5. Readers will vote for 10 haiku each month. This is done by sending a list of the numbers of "successful" haiku to the editor along with a new haiku for the next month. This procedure will be repeated each month. A vote is to signify that the voter believes that a particular haiku has merit, or is a successful haiku.
6. Of the 10 haiku voted for, the reader is to list three as favorites. This is done by circling the numbers of three of the 10. We refer to these as "circled haiku".

## Feedback to Members

7. Each month the editor will tally the votes and will publish a list of haiku numbers, author, and votes for each haiku. In this way, authors will gain the feedback from GEPPQ readers.

8. Each month the winning author will be entitled to write a short commentary of the haiku that she/he finds successful and why. The winner will have a chance to comment on the haiku site/te lines and to state what is valuable about them.

## Members' Anthology

9. The top haiku from the monthly votes will be assembled into an anthology which will be published once a year. In this way the authors who produce excellent work will gain recognition. The anthology will be sold to members at a reduced rate and will be available to anyone interested at a higher rate. (In the past, we have sold anthologies for \$3 to members, and \$4 to non-members.)

## Dues

10. Dues each year are \$15 to help defray printing and mailing costs. Send a check payable to YUKI TEKIEI HAIKU SOCIETY to the editor. Renewal date is March 1st each year. Send dues to: Jerald T. Ball, Editor,

## NOTES FROM JAPAN

by Dave Wright

My wife, Roz, and I are enjoying a sabbatical year in Japan, centering ourselves in Kyoto for now. I'm here to learn about Japanese culture, especially haiku. We study the language and sleep on the floor where, as Saul Bellow suggests, dreams are more interesting.

Last week Roz and I visited Nanzen Temple, one of the most important Buddhist Temples in Kyoto. Our day there was like a good haiku, it removed us from mundane experience.

Lining the street as we entered the shrine were prayer placards on bamboo frames. Under awnings as protection against the bright sunshine, sat 100 or so people; the technology of TV bringing them the funeral service inside one of the temples. We passed by them into the inner sanctum; beyond the main temple, we walked uphill, beyond a brick aqueduct, to an insignificant looking temple. Despite the smoke from burning leaves, we smelled our way into the small temple garden.

We noticed a flowering cherry in bloom...In autumn? The gardener who was bringing cuttings in a trash barrel made a screw-like motion of his forefinger next to his ear — to suggest that the poor cherry tree didn't know what it was doing. I thought that the summer-like weather in Autumn had fooled it.

We made a more curious discovery in the garden: Growing from the crotch of a crepe myrtle tree (they called it a monkey tree) was a twelve-foot pine branch which extended over the path leading to the temple bell. The sign beneath the tree explained that the branch was a gift of a bird. The sign further explained that not only were sky and earth joined in this place, but that the temple, closed to the world by a rich strand of cypress, was open to all, and that all things became one in this place: The gardener was also a priest and a carver of noh masks. The masks we saw later in a side room of the temple; they were of several kinds and were at different stages of development — almost as if to suggest that the past and present had melded in them.

We thanked the gardener-priest-carver for letting us enter this place. He made grunting sounds as he chopped the cedar clippings. As they burned, they filled the air with rich incense.

Then, behind the temple, we walked up the mountain path through a forest along a stream. The stream wound up the mountain from shrine to small shrine, finally leading us to a waterfall where one could shower in privacy. The waterfall shower had a small drying room close by for devotees who wished to cleanse themselves in the cold mountain brook. There they could dry with small towels. Roz and I did not shower. We were not Buddhists, but we felt we had entered a sacred place. And Roz said to me after we returned down the mountain to the large temple gate — and sat in the sunshine watching school children noisily pass — that she felt at peace. We watched the after-crew tear up the rubberized flooring which had been placed neatly for the funeral; we watched pigeons fly low in the mossy garden; then we left that world to stumble back to the great city of Kyoto. both of us carried with us a sense of place, and I carried a haiku and two senryu along, too.

Hidden in cedar

The small temple and its priest

The smoke of autumn

Noh masks and strange trees

The priest of the small temple

Speaks strangely, too.

Above the last shrine

Only this clear waterfall

To cleanse the pilgrims

### **KIGO FOR JANUARY**

**THE SEASON:** winter, cold, new year, first dream

**SKY AND ELEMENTS:** winter moon, snow, ice, winter wind, frozen lake

**FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS:** frozen field, winter garden, snow covered mountains

**HUMAN AFFAIRS:** new year, new calendar, overcoat

**BIRDS AND BEASTS:** footprints in snow, snow rabbit

**TREES AND FLOWERS:** withered tree, winter garden, bleak branches

### **KIGO FOR FEBRUARY**

**THE SEASON:** winter, cold, below zero, freezing or frozen

**SKY AND ELEMENTS:** winter moon, snow, ice, freezing wind

**FIELDS AND MOUNTAINS:** bleak landscape, frozen peaks, snow covered mountains

**HUMAN AFFAIRS:** overcoat, bundled up, frostbite, muffler

**BIRDS AND BEASTS:** hibernation, footprints in snow, snow rabbit

**TREES AND FLOWERS:** withered trees, frozen garden, withered branch

214. On a glass smooth lake  
Silence broken only by  
The canoe's ripple
215. The fisherman's joy  
Wanes as he pulls in the trout  
Seeing frightened eyes
216. Along with dark clouds  
High soaring gulls from nowhere  
Sudden summer storm
217. Next to a crab shell  
Tattered swim suit on the beach  
A distant figure
218. Bare feet in the sand  
Memories of Waikiki  
A long time ago
219. Angel Island wind  
Bristle through eucalyptus  
Right around the bend
220. Thunder storm approaches  
Atop bulging white silo  
Lightning rod shivers
221. Sounds from waterfall  
Kids racing on country road  
Trailed by clouds of dust
222. Atop small brown hill,  
squatting wart-like on flat plain  
Single white flower
223. Dripping ripe peaches!!  
With outstretched hands and squealing  
Baby looks at Mom
224. Backpack still unpacked  
Boy sprawled in silver moonlight  
His feet still hiking.
225. Camping overnight  
Ghost stories being whispered  
Owl suddenly shrieks!!
226. eating greens  
grown in our garden:  
a baby slug
227. squirrel scampering  
among maple tree branches  
the sound of barking
228. picked in our garden  
seven pound zucchini  
bragging a little
229. clothes on the clothesline  
till morning, dripping  
summer rain
230. thunder storm  
turning off the television  
to listen
231. thunderstorm:  
the older dog  
demanding more attention
232. taking short cut  
to the nearest bus stop  
these dewy grasses
233. bring favorite dishes  
to the departed father  
visit to the grave
234. both child and dog  
run after heart and soul  
a grasshopper
235. galaxy of flies  
aglow in the smoke-red sunset  
children swarm the street
236. bright afternoon heat  
blackbirds shining in the grass.  
gem cool yellow eyes
237. children scrutinize  
my yellowing persimmons  
ah, the tasting eye

238. dripped along the street  
my far from ripe persimmons  
shallowly bitten
239. crickets chirping  
just behind or just ahead.  
sultry dark night walk
240. a prematurely  
wistful anticipation  
"fall is in the air"
241. the longest day—  
a mother calls and calls again  
into the night
242. city hardware store—  
the smell of peat  
in summer rain
243. a spot of sunlight—  
on a blade of grass a dragonfly  
changes its grip
244. summer sunset—  
the baby finds its shadow  
on the kitchen wall
245. hot summer day—  
through the tattered screen door  
a phone rings and rings
246. I watch the lightning,  
your plans to decorate  
the room I keep empty
247. Autumn's harvest moon  
Fields are strewn with tall corn stocks  
and a lone scarecrow
248. September twilight  
The abandoned birdbath now  
dimpled with raindrops
249. a cup of coffee  
left in the teachers' lunchroom  
in the morning cold
250. Beginning autumn -  
hauling driftwood to the beach,  
the Pacific tide
251. The thunder storm  
my neighbor plays "The Lost chord"  
with all the stops out
252. Outdoor restaurant:  
having dinner up a tree -  
the woodpecker
253. matching the color  
of her canned tomatoes -  
the kitchen floor
254. Dawn -  
the soaring hawk  
describes its name
255. dry stones  
the streams path  
to the river
256. nap time  
warm on granite rocks  
glacier marks
257. fragrant sequoias  
the last of summer sun  
cinnamon red
258. clouds  
canyon walls of Yosemite  
rise to new heights
259. ancient sequoias  
old folks wander unaware  
down dusty paths
260. Passing my lunch box  
in the eucalyptus grove  
sibilating leaves
261. Eucalyptus shade.  
and for desert, nibbling  
a stalk of crabgrass

262. Ashes on the car  
from a distant mountain fire.  
heat-wave continues
263. Meowing like a cat,  
pup looks quizzically at me.  
Summer diversions
264. Getting home from work.  
the cat and kitten lead me  
to their empty bowl
265. Sun climbing higher  
morning-glory pentacles  
slowly withering
266. lovely bits of red  
peep through the winter thatch -  
Oh, a weed you say
267. Swaying exotic  
Dancers hide a silver moon -  
Wind and willows kiss
268. Rainbow arcs the sky  
Flying high they shriek in joy -  
My children swinging
269. Mist on tulip buds,  
Will I too return and see  
Mist on tulip bulbs
270. Flashing diamonds  
Adorn her heaving breast -  
Sun on cobalt sea
271. through southern windows  
midnight moon brightens whole room -  
hoya's heavy scent
272. bats fly high and low  
near deck, patio and porch -  
mosquitoes persist
273. indian summer  
mountain ash heavy with fruit  
feathers and red beads
274. forest fires rage  
frantic animals fleeing  
above eagle soars
275. tomato crop in  
cans and jars stored for winter  
sphinx moths fly away
276. hour by hour  
hawk migration moves southward  
shadows on the dunes
277. That summer evening  
Second caress MUCH warmer  
that summer evening
278. One-Hundred-and-One!  
The heat and the summer rain  
"Beads" on the forehead.
279. Large fly in the house  
My gentle wife so savage?  
Extermination!!
280. From earliest days  
Homo Sapiens finding  
some way to make beer
281. Ice cream not cooling?  
A plague on the health mongers.  
Cools my libido!
282. Ending of Summer  
Will you face "Winter" with me?  
My freezing over?
283. Constant breeze stirs leaves  
jangles patio windbells  
all day long, all night
284. Bare feet on the grass  
treading brightness and shadow  
lawn full of moon pearls
285. Beginning fall days  
shades of brown and greed fading.  
splashes of red and gold

286. Cloudless bright blue sky  
forms a tent for our cookout  
Is that a raindrop?

291. the retarded girl  
stares through the classroom window  
beginning summer

287. Spreading his arms wide  
the little boy grins and says  
"My fish was this big"

292. sound of a car door  
shapes on the entry window  
in the mid-day heat

288. Hiking through the woods  
scent of pine and sodden earth  
wraps around my head

293. summer afternoon —  
preparing for tomorrow  
she leaves in the car

289. the summer flowers  
spread out in the kitchen sink  
in a newspaper

290. the cat rolls over  
from the next room my wife says  
something about the heat

Votes for July/August Haiku

- Teruo Yamagata 137\*3-2;138\*3-1;139-0-0
- George Knox 140-1-0;141\*3-0;142-0-0;143-0-0;144-2-0;145-2-1
- Winnie Fitzpatrick 146-2-1;147-1-1;148\*\*5-2
- Jane Reichhold 149-2-0;150-0-0;151-1-0;152-1-1;153\*3-1;154\*3-0
- Joan Edwards 155-0-0;156-1-1;157\*\*5-1;158-1-0;159-0-0
- Dorothy Greenlee 160-1-0;161-2-0;162-2-1;163-2-2;164-2-0;165-2-2
- Marilyn Zucklan 166-2-0;167-0-0;168\*3-0;168-1-1;170-1-1;171-2-0
- Ethel Dunlop 172-1-1;173-2-0;174-1-0;175\*\*\*6-2;177-2-1
- Ian Wolfe 178-0-0;179-0-0;180-0-0;181-1-0;182\*3-0;183-1-1
- Lee Gurga 184\*3-1;185-1-0;186-1-0;187\*3-3;188\*3-2
- David Priebe (Renge) 189\*3-0;190-1-0;191-0-0;192-1-0;193-0-0;194-2-0
- Tom Arima (Marzen) 195-1-0;196-0-0;197\*3-0;198\*4-0;199-0-0;200-1-0
- J. T. Ball 201-1-1;202\*4-0;203\*\*5-1;204-1-0;205-2-1;206-0-0
- Gary Gay 207\*3-1;208\*3-2;209\*3-1;210-0-0
- Margaret Elliott 211\*3-1;212-1-1;213-0-0

Note: all Haiku marked with a "\*" will be included in our 1989 Haiku Anthology.

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