

# 月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPPO

HAIKU

JOURNAL

J.T. Ball, Editor

Humanities Department

Las Positas College  
December 1990

## Monthly Haiku

338. rubies and garnets  
strewn recklessly at my feet  
maple's lost jewels
339. cloudy summer morning  
bird feeder has guests - but  
one young flying squirrel
340. sunny late spring day  
gentle showers at nightfall  
rainbow of iris
341. early spring morning  
hanging basket from the porch  
home to house finches
342. on the parking lot  
gravel and dark oil drippings  
kill deer sets on eggs
343. in the chickweed patch  
the soft pink leaves  
of a sprouting oak
344. opossum bones  
wedged in an upper fork...  
budding leaves
345. GET WELL balloons  
tangled with their ribbons  
in the locust thorns
346. 2 or 3 primaries  
laced to a string of bones...  
the wind keeps blowing
347. field of bluebells...  
over the river bottom  
cry of the hawk
348. bud scales  
scattered on the pond...  
spring dream
349. Glow of candlelight  
keeps winter bleakness away  
dinner music sleet
350. Thinking of childhood  
cinnamon smell of doughnuts  
our hibernation
351. Rock music next door  
our Pavorotti turned up  
cold wind howls at door
352. In midnight silence  
appliances start to hum  
cold wind shakes windows
353. The old man's rocker  
creaks on bare floor by windows  
winter moon stares in
354. High on a sharp ridge  
of Superstition Mountains  
his ashes in snow
355. On steep rocky trail  
Looking up then looking down  
Growing summer wind...
356. Sitting on a rock  
Gazing over glass-like lake  
Summer sunset...two

357. Wild dancing campfire  
Stopping in brackish backwater  
Watersnake shimmies
358. The quiet meadow  
In early summer sunset  
Only sound of frogs
359. In picked melon field  
Scarecrow in late afternoon  
Its shadow fading...
360. The neighborhood cat  
Looks at me with agate eyes  
Intense summer heat!!
361. cottonwood bloom  
blowing along riverbank  
incessant sneezes
362. in Oregon  
wearing only a sweater  
in summer rain
363. fondling a rose petal  
soft, velvety, red  
remembering...
364. spent rhododendrons  
cover the ground with color  
beneath her knees
365. spring engagement:  
my youngest daughter caught  
smiling at her ring
366. Memorial Day:  
my husband untouched by war  
setting out the flag
367. on the cellar shelf  
apricots in canning jars  
my favorite aunt
368. baseball mitt waiting  
in his all star jacket  
weeding the garden
369. dawn tennis game  
clouds billow over the court  
white bloomers peek
370. unable to wait  
lips pucker in a kiss  
cherries still not ripe
371. north into smog  
in the rear view mirror  
hills turn brown
372. toy frog stuck  
to the RV window  
passes an old pond
373. Orchestrating  
the billowing clouds -  
lawn mower
374. With a telescope  
landlady can't see the road -  
trees in full leaf
375. Billowing clouds -  
the stout matron  
refuses dessert
376. Autumn's hills cacooned  
in rolling fog, resound with  
the caw of a crow.
377. Winter's tree is bare  
Falling snow covers branches  
and a lone blackbird
378. March wind crosses street  
Crooked buildings and sunlight  
in rippling puddles.
379. Approaching winter  
The bent, abandoned birdbath  
dimpled with raindrops
380. Wind driven snowdrift  
climbs a barn's outside ladder  
into filled hayloft

381. Moon's silver sliver  
In winter's ebony sky  
a shooting star falls
382. Bumblebee searches  
For a flower in the bamboos  
with nothing to find
383. Water washes up  
Blue/green wave spills onto shore  
- white foam sizzling
384. Beneath the dwarf trees  
Spotting the shady garden  
- tiny white flowers
385. Looking down from bridge  
Reflections of leaves quiver  
with bits of sky too
386. Orange carp swimming  
Beneath patch of green lilies  
Passing so slowly
387. I stop abruptly  
seeing these...thinking of her  
- small forget-me-nots
388. Arboretum tour  
blossoming Malvaviscus  
her finger pointing
389. Flickering sunlight  
an ant running amuck  
on the table leg
390. Doing Income Tax  
when I want to write haiku  
haiku waits for me
391. From the open field  
fragrance of strawberries  
traffic slowing
392. weeding the garden  
neighbor watches from window  
plucking her eyebrows
393. small girl jumps watches —  
clowns at the circus jump hoops  
frog takes his turn too
394. billowing clouds move  
with me on my biking trip  
gnats around my head
395. today - summer rain  
tomorrow - snow predicted  
but it's still April
396. camping at the lake  
sunny weather predicted  
sudden wind instead
397. the hills turning brown  
dandelions puff their seeds  
and it's only May
398. back porch —  
sand pours loose from holes  
in drying sneakers.
399. riverbank —  
the moon rises first  
on stone frost.
400. Woven fish basket —  
all the way to the stars  
shimmering scales.
401. Lost on the ceiling..  
the one fly I was certain  
I could swat.
402. Out of his darkroom  
with a photo of sand dunes  
walking slowly, deeply.
403. Darkening lane —  
the bay filly paws  
in the sunlight.
404. Summer-hungry Jay  
Blue-streak dive from the clothes-line —  
What worm dared to "turn"?

405. Soft, summer evening!  
Love's bitter-sweet memories —  
The scent of roses...
406. Sit-er, set me down!  
Just a cool glass of water —  
Summer need fulfilled!
407. Summer remembrance  
Bold dreams, and velvet-soft skins —  
Hers always so cool.
408. Summer moon seems big!  
I have the impulse to sing —  
Neighbor's dog does so.
409. "Bright and Fai-a-er"  
(Black "Spiritual")

Some summer morning  
I'm-a gonna wake-up dead —  
O', haiku Heaven!

410. lodging of  
old couple's travel  
distant frogs croaking
411. not come up  
as yet  
foreign seeds
412. parents  
with regional dialect  
graduation ceremony
413. suddenly  
falling down  
a sky lark
414. moving and shaping  
music composed by  
tadpoles
415. eyebrows penciled  
in crescent shape  
spring sorrow

416. Summer poets merge  
Morning inspirations stay  
Haikuists depart
417. Twilight silhouette  
Bare branches push up the crow  
Waking the morning
418. Sycamore leaves fall  
The breath of summer passes  
Into the winter
419. Half moon peeks through pink  
Sky light illuminating  
the foam crested waves

NOTE: As of NOW, there is a new editor for the  
GEPP0. Send all future correspondence to our good  
friend: JANE REICHHOLD, Editor

## April Votes

Teruno Yamagata 294-1-0, 295-0-0, 296-2-0

Pat Shelley 297-1-0, 298-3-0, 299-1-0, 300-1-0,  
301-0-0

Ethel Dunlop 302-1-0, 303-4\*-0, 304-3\*-3

Ian Wolfe 305-1-0, 306-3\*-2, 307-1-0, 308-1-0,  
309-0-0, 310-6\*\*\*-4

Manzen (Tom Arima) 311-3\*-2, 312-4\*-3, 313-0-0

Joan Edwards 314-2-1, 315-2-0, 316-1-0

Mary Vaughan 317-0-0, 318-2-0, 319-0-0

June Hymas 320-4\*-1, 321-0-0, 322-0-0

Dorothy Greenlee 323-3\*-2, 324-0-0, 325-1-0,  
326-3\*-1, 327-2-0, 328-2-0

Winnie Fitzpatrick 329-2-0, 330-2-1, 331-2-0

Paul Truesdell 332-4\*-0, 333-2-1, 334-2-1

Jerry Ball 335-1-1, 336-5\*\*-0, 337-5\*\*-2

YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY HAIKU CONTEST, 1989  
Professor Kasuo Sato, Final Selections

FIRST PRIZE:

in florescent vest  
he digs up the macadam--  
first autumn rain

Patricia Machmiller  
San Jose, CA

SECOND PRIZE:

his Mohawk haircut  
highlighted on the billboard  
with this morning's frost

Elizabeth Searle Lamb  
Santa Fe, NM

THIRD PRIZE:

Not making a sound  
Fireworks in far distant sky  
Slowly climbs and falls

Manzen (Tom Arima)  
El Cerrito, CA

HONORABLE MENTION: (Alphabetical by Poet)

in this windless heat  
not even the trumpet vine  
blows over the wall

Helen E. Dalton  
Honolulu, HI

Walking in and out  
in rhythm with his plumed head--  
quail in the greenhouse

Ethel Dunlop  
Marysville, CA

In the withered grass  
the bones of some animal  
among the fox tracks

Garry Gay  
San Francisco, CA

Early morning frost  
mine are the only footprints  
to the dead sparrow

Garry Gay  
San Francisco, CA

Secluded window

frost crystals etch a forest  
where thoughts may wander

Jean Jorgensen  
Alberta, Canada

no sound except for  
the thunk, thunk, thunk of my knife  
slicing cucumbers

Patricia Machmiller  
San Jose, CA

On oft trodden path  
A blanket of withered grass  
Receives each footstep

Manzen (Tom Arima)  
El Cerrito, CA

Quail! Seeming to "roll",  
they scoot through the underbrush--  
almost without feet ...

Ian Wolfe  
Sherman Oaks, CA

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to all of you for your participation. My schedule and responsibilities do not permit to to continue as editor. Jane Reichhold, who is a wonderful haiku poet and good friend, has agreed to become editor. In the future, the GEPP0 will be issued bi-monthly. Members may submit up to SIX haiku for each issue. Haiku with the most votes will be published in the annual HAIKU ANTHOLOGY to be issued late in the year. We shall try to re-organize our mailing lists and to keep the GEPP0 going. If you feel you have a problem we will try to unravel it.

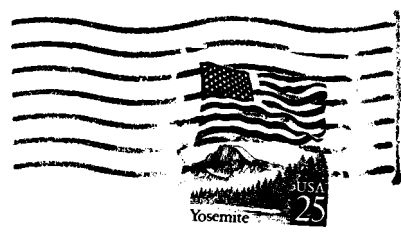
Please send correspondence to: Jane Reichhold, Editor  
GEPP0 Haiku Journal

Sincerely,

Jerry Ball

(continue next page)

GEPPPO HAIKU JOURNAL  
Jane Reichhold, Editor



*Cell 4*

PATRICIA MACHMILLER