

# Geppo

## *A Haiku Study-Work Journal* 月報俳句ジャーナル

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of United States & Canada

Volume XV: 1

January - February 1992

To vote, write the numbers of the ten haiku you like best on a sheet of paper. Three of those may be circled indicating they receive five points each. The other seven are given one point each. Write your haiku—up to three—using kigo for January and February. Send your haiku and votes to: GEPPPO, Jane Reichhold, Editor, POB so they arrive before February 15th.

**THIS IS YOUR LAST GEPPPO IF YOUR MEMBERSHIP IS NOT RENEWED!**

M1

in the gentle breeze  
the spider web's attachment  
to the hanging pot

M2

Underneath the car  
the newspaper comes to rest  
in the morning chill

M3

fluttering cobwebs:  
the moth nearest the porchlight  
suddenly breaks free

M4

autumn twilight  
the pause before arrival  
of expected guests

M5

beginning winter  
he has a girl in his room  
with music playing

M6

the outline of hills  
lights appearing one-by-one  
in the autumn dusk

M7

day of shadows  
a hoary pine limb snaps,  
falls into silence

M8

against the chill  
two cardboard boxes  
& a prayer book

M9

early sundown  
deep in withered woods  
a silent crow

M10

wisps of wood smoke;  
the ranger lights  
a fat cigar

M11

sleepless night  
I find the winter cricket  
... let it go

M12

frozen pond  
I slip into  
my pale reflection

M13

smell of bread  
just home made  
cold morning

M14

sound of piling  
from a distance  
hibernation

M15

house-hold medicine  
for the three months  
winter confinement

M16

"central park"  
in this city also  
winter fowl

M17

young secretary  
on vacation again  
season for skiing

M18

with being noticed  
clouds are moving  
sleeping mountain

M19

Nature's top spinning  
in the eddy of the stream  
a red maple leaf

M20

To drum-beat waves  
doing battle with the shore  
the sea marches in

M21

In cold of winter  
amid trees near Buson's grave  
uguiso's sad songs

M22

Under April sun  
dust shadow of the hen  
pecking back at her

M23

Freshly bathed children  
hug "Good Night" and romp to bed ...  
Toys to put away.

M24

Old dog by the fire,  
what remembered rabbit runs  
through your fitful dream?

M25

Here one warms the heart  
with no smoke to blind the eyes ...  
Campfires remembered.

M26

Small birds on the snow,  
keeping track in cuneiform  
of wild-seed harvests.

M27

Beyond our knowing,  
dropped into the still, dark sea,  
snowflakes fall at dusk.

M28

Last day of the year ...  
What prompts this unseemly haste  
to race to midnight?

M29

Restless winter night  
late rising moon rolls westward  
too fast for dreaming

M30

Writing love poems  
on this starry winter night  
lonely King-size bed

M31

A cardinal flits  
from fence railing to dooryard  
seeds scattered on snow

M32

Wintry clouds offshore  
piled driftwood lapped by the tide  
screams of unseen birds

M33

Live silverfish drops  
from folds of a clean blanket  
How fast they can run

M34

The dark winter wind  
closing tight around the house  
branches tap window

M35

Bright summer morning  
the only sound, a tapping  
cane crosses the street

M36

An April shower  
as rain stops, from bushes hang  
tiny drops of sun.

M37

Wind through the graveyard  
as funeral leaves snow falls  
in small opened grave.

M38

Indian summer  
descending birds reflected  
in tilted birdbath.

M39

My last candle makes  
shadow show upon the wall  
this winter blackout.

M40

Hazy autumn moon  
footsteps of old man lost in  
rustle of dead leaves.

M41

Crows flapping  
In the snow filled cedar  
White clumps falling

M42

Breaking waves  
Snow white in the rising  
Winter sun

M43

Christmas day  
Birds fluffed against the cold  
Seem larger now

M44

Look, the first  
Christmas tree ornament  
Is a dangling spider

M45

So-so winter day  
On the northwest coast, cold rain  
Rhododendron buds

M46

Pale morning light  
Sound of someone peeing  
Winter rain

M47

withered reeds  
taking the morning sun  
the home's frail elderly

M48

new year's eve  
from the neighborhood bar  
off key 'auld lang syne'

M49

luminaria  
their soft glow leading  
to the light in the manger

M50

blinking christmas lights  
plywood wise men lead camels  
across the lawn

M51

hard freeze warning  
a bedspread's faded colors  
drape the red hibiscus

M52

thanksgiving day  
reaching around the corner  
the line for turkey dinner

M53

So, a new year's come —  
Strange how the sun climbs today  
Just as yesterday

M54

Today, again, snow ...  
Summer's glory faded, gone —  
Your face, seen no more

M55

Mighty Orion  
Stalking the winter heavens ...  
Lonely, wheeling wraith

M56

Beauty, just as love,  
Your essence, frozen in time ...  
Crystalline snowflake

M57

Now, dark, winter night ...  
Oh, cherry crocus, wake me  
From this long, cold sleep

M58

Evening's quiet  
Moments of our happiness ...  
The shadows of dawn

M59

Christmas morning dawn —  
sky streaked with broad red ribbons,  
the hills wrapped in white

M60

Turn another page,  
turn a month, a year, yourself —  
once more, start anew.

M61

Cold gray sky dares me  
to warm this dark autumn day —  
my smile is the sun!

M62

Blizzard surprised you  
Christmas shopping — your return  
is my best present!

M63

New Year's Day — we play  
for hours in the fresh snow —  
newborn like the year!

M64

gun-shy crows  
scattering and squawking ...  
truck exhaust blast

M65  
moon-watch reverie ...  
police copter searchlight  
blinding me

M66  
double jeopardy  
bathing a snapping dog ...  
bitten by his flea

M67  
past midnight  
quarreling neighbor's tirades ...  
I grope for a word

M68  
silver sliver moon  
migrant bluebirds' quick sorties ...  
late hatching insects

M69  
just cleaned glasses  
speck that will not be blown off ...  
green light sneezing fit

M70  
All Soul's Day  
at the beach, remembering  
sandy sandwiches

M71  
in his mug  
hot chocolate - on his face  
a moustache

M72  
first frost  
storing cottons  
their soft colors

M73  
Wind in pampas grass  
new plants outside my window  
bent but not broken

M74  
No leaves hide branches  
smooth / stunted growth etched in sky  
roots grip more firmly

M75  
No room at the inn  
modern plague judges us all.  
Who will befriend them?

M76  
Called to Magi  
expose our dark and light sides  
blessed by the Star's light

M77  
Sitting majestic  
The Honorable Monkey  
Doffs his New Year's hat

M78  
Along the boardwalk  
Homeless bum trudges along  
Another New Year

M79  
This dark depression  
And from a passing wheelchair  
"A Happy New Year"

M80  
The cold winter breeze  
On empty Fisherman's Wharf  
Only sea gulls walking

M81  
A half-sunken boat  
In deserted frozen cove  
Pointing out to sea

M82  
Opaque winter moon  
Writing, writing Haiku  
Trash can filling up

M83  
atop Christmas flowers  
on a sunlit hillside grave —  
unlit cigar

M84  
silent falling flakes  
swirl up into the lamplight:  
dead wren on the snow

M85  
small boy wide-eyed  
at orca's giant bellyflop  
saltwater spray

M86  
his, "I love you ..."  
as I hang up the phone —  
icicles on the line

M87  
giant spotlights shine  
on trails of machine-made snow —  
ski slopes at twilight

M88  
the dying old spruce  
still with enough green branches  
for the Advent wreath

M89  
three blackbirds clench  
a moving palm frond  
to ride the wind

M90  
a Western Gull  
stands facing the beach wind  
flexing his footless stump

M91  
From this distance  
couples on the winter beach —  
how their strides match!

M92  
unmoved by wind,  
the longest willow fronds  
frozen in the pond

M93  
above the fireplace  
the mason's work centered  
between stones

M94  
whitecaps forming:  
over the gunwales the hawser  
tightens to the sea

M95  
farm workers  
drift into the thrift shop  
the pungency of onions

M96  
on a crust of ice,  
bells and laughter  
skim across the pond

M97  
retired store clerk  
working the holiday; his child  
"had leukemia"

M98  
Delapidated  
the old worn out box still hangs -  
sparrows call it home

M99  
Winter took its toll  
last night the ice left the pool  
today - one dead frog

M100  
Hunter Orion  
stalks celestial game -  
stray dog's eerie howl

### Votes for November - December 1991

Lesley Einer: N434-11\*, N435-8, N436, N437-8, N438-18\*, N439-7  
Robert Gibson: N440-2, N441-11\*, N442-6, N443-6, N444-2, N445-6  
Teruo Yamagata: N446-6, N447, N448-1, N449, N450, N451  
Gloria Procsal: 452-1, N453, N454-4, N455-3, N456-1, N457-2  
Manzen-Tom Arima: N458-8, N459, N460-23\*, N461-3, N462, N463  
Pamela Connor: N464-2, N465, N466-2, N467-1, N468-1, N469-7  
Elaine Sherlund: N470-1, N471, 472-11\*, N473-1, N474  
David Wright: N475-21\*, N476-1, N477-2, N478-1, N479-2  
Robert E. Major: N480-2, N481-12\*, N482-3, 483-5, N484-1, N485  
George Knox: N486-1, N487, N488-15\*, N489, N490-1, N491-12\*  
Floyd Jack: N492-2, N493-3, N494-2, N495-1, N496-5, N597-7  
Dorothy Greenlee: N498-2, N499, N500, 501-1, N502-1, N503-1  
Winnie E. Fitzpatrick: N504-2, N505, N506-2, N507-2, N508, N509-10  
Mary Ann Henn: N510, N511, N512-1, N513, N514, N515-1  
Margaret Elliot: N516-1, N517-6, N518, N519-1,  
Sandy Supowit: N520-1, N521-1, N522, N523  
Pat Shelley: N524, N525-1, N426-1, N527

### Geppo Readers' Choice Haiku

N434-11\*  
before the quail  
its querying call ...  
again

*Lesley Einer*

N438-18\*  
hallowe'en  
in the old lady's driveway  
her broom ...

*Lesley Einer*

N441-11\*  
The autumn moon  
Rising later and rounder  
Tonight

*Robert Gibson*

N446-11\*  
gradually spreading  
over the greater city  
mackerel sky

*Teruo Yamagata*

N460-23\*  
Starlit autumn night  
An old couple in moonlight  
Talking without words

*Manzen- Tom Arima*

N472-11\*  
out of the fog  
shaping morning's silence  
a church bell

*Elaine Sherlund*

N475-21\*  
Twisting in the wind  
two pine needles depending  
on a spider thread

*David Wright*

N481-12\*  
Over the wet sand,  
scattered bright-gold maple leaves ...  
Kimono design.

*Robert E. Major*

N488-15\*,  
long after summer  
my granddaughter's mandala  
crayoned on concrete

*George Knox*

N491-12\*  
hot chaparral wind  
across the cemetery ...  
the cool grave waiting

*George Knox*

N529-17\*,  
sunrise ...  
a wisp of woodsmoke  
follows the fog to sea

*Christopher Herold*

N530-13\*  
Indian summer --  
a field of brittle thistles  
rattles the breeze

*Christopher Herold*

## January - February Kigo

*Season:* beginning of winter, cold, winter day, depth of winter, freeze, lingering daylight, winter morning, winter night, short day.

*Sky and elements:* winter clouds, hail, hoarfrost, ice, icicles, winter moon, winter rain, winter sky, sleet, snow, wind, north wind.

*Fields and Mountains:* frozen lake, sea, river, road, etc.; winter creek, gardens, mountains, ocean, seashore, stream, etc.; withered moor.

*Human Affairs:* fireplace or stove, blanket, buying a new diary, calendar, charcoal, cough, falconer, fish trapper, flu or cold, foot warmer, gloves, heater, hunting, ice hockey, overcoat or fur coat, seclusion, shawl, skating or skates, skiing or skis, snowball, snowman, boots, snow shoveling, socks drying, winter vacation, whale watching, bells, bean soup, dried apricots, apples, fruit, dried persimmon, first morning, first sky, first sunrise, first theater, first writing/poem/brush, grog, hot chocolate, ice fishing, last year, making candy, New Year's Day dream, New Year's Day sunrise, New Year's morning, quilted clothes, sleigh rides, Year of the Monkey, young greens.

*Holidays:* New Year's Eve or Day, Twelfth Night, Martin Luther King Day, President's Day, Groundhog Day, Candlemas, St. Brigid's Day, Chinese New Year, St. Valentine's Day, Leap Year Day.

*Animals:* bear, birds floating asleep, eagle, grebe, gull, mandarin duck, oyster, plover, reindeer, sea slugs, small duck, waterfowl, whale, wild duck, sardine, wren.

*Plants:* camphor tree, falling pampas grass tufts, onion, oranges, pine seeds, popcorn, prunes, pine, red turnip, winter chrysanthemum, withered chrysanthemum, withered pampas grass, withered reeds, withered twigs.

### Could this be your last *Geppo*?

If you haven't already renewed your membership in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (and thus have no little star by your name on the mailing label) this will be your last issue of *Geppo*. So if you support traditional haiku, if you enjoy seeing what is being written, if you like writing, sharing, comparing your own haiku, be sure to send off the renewal slip and your check to the Treasurer, Kiyoko Tokutomi at

before you forget!

### Changes in *Geppo* Guidelines

At the Retreat in Asilomar the group discussed some issues regarding the *Geppo*. One decision was to set a limit of three haiku submitted per issue instead of the now allowed six haiku. It was agreed that we could drop the request authors underline the *kigo* in the haiku. The rule that votes for one's own haiku should not be counted was reiterated.

We discussed whether haiku submitted which were not in the present season should be eliminated. It was decided we continue with the policy of printing haiku as submitted. As voter you can decide to not vote for a haiku if you feel it does not have a season word appropriate for that issue. For the next year we will keep the IN-HAND deadlines on the 15th of February, April, June, August, October, December.

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### Members' Anthology Planned for February

With the results of the voting in this issue of the *Geppo*, the work can begin on the compiling of the Member's Anthology for 1990-1991. This anthology consists of the ten (or so, depending how the numbers come out) haiku picked by readers as the best in each issue. A complimentary copy will be sent to each member whose haiku have been included. Additional copies will be offered for sale. The goal is to have the anthology ready to mail with the *Geppo* in the middle of February.

\* \* \*

### Christmas Party at Mary Hill's

On Saturday, December 7th, Mary Hill, as so often, was hostess for a very special Yuki Teikei Haiku Society meeting. Guests began arriving about 2:30 in the afternoon. At 10:30 the first guest stood up to leave. It was quite a party.

Sips of champagne accompanied the ritual of a Christmas exchange of haiku (each guest brings copies of their haiku as gifts for one another). The various haiku were then read and discussed.

After a potluck dinner everyone joined in the lively discussions concerning the need for *kigo* and various versions of *saijiki*. This edged over into a reexamination of the 5-7-5 rule. Inspired by the experience with renga writing with Kiyoko Tokutomi at Asilomar, Pat Shelly, Patricia Machmiller and June Hymas met a few weeks ago to write a renga; completing it in five hours. This renga was read to the group and plans are to have it published soon.

Programs were suggested for the new year and it was decided to return to the old pattern of meeting on the second Saturday of every month. It was agreed that *ginko* meetings are more fun and helpful, so the tenta-

tive plans are for January: Patricia Machmiller's Beach House; February: Point Lobos; March: Siloli Gardens, near Woodside; April: Villa Montalvo, Saratoga; May: Hakone Gardens, Saratoga; June: Moss Landing at Elkhorn Slough; July: Tanabata Matsuri at Mary Hill's in Palo Alto; August: no plans; September 9 - 12 Retreat at Asilomar; October: Moon-viewing, Palo Alto Nature Center; November: Golden Gate Park, San Francisco; December: a Christmas Party, place to be determined.

\* \* \*

### 1991 Haiku Retreat in Asilomar

From November 21st to 24th at Asilomar in Pacific Grove, the eighth Annual Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Haiku Retreat was blessed with a full house (and more! we had people trading off nights and a couple of day-visitors), sunny skies and a marvelous exchange of ideas and opinions.

Jerry Ball kicked off the good times with his talk on "Tricks" which set a theme that was referred to repeatedly over the weekend. He discussed haiku "tricks" or methods/techniques and how as writer one should view their use and power.

Friday morning Garry Gay, professional photographer and President of the Haiku Society of America, spoke on the use of images in haiku and showed slides to which he read either his and/or another's haiku. After a coffee/tea break, Michael Dylan Welch talked on where to publish haiku and distributed a list of addresses of nineteen periodicals.

After lunch Jane Reichhold introduced haiku's grandmother genre, tanka, by giving a brief survey of tanka's history, uses and meaning to the Japanese as well as tanka's newsuccesses in Japan and the budding interest in the form here in North America. By then we were ready for a *ginko* [a poet's walk] on the beach led by Dave Wright where an exceptionally low tide showed us many wonders. In the evening Jerry Ball showed videos of haiku presentations.

Saturday morning Patricia Machmiller prepared us for the day by discussing the poetic works of Galway Kinnell, William Stafford, W.S. Merwin, Robert Frost, Theodore Roethke, and James Wright by emphasizing their relationship to haiku or the haiku-like portions of their works.

Patricia Donegan, the guest speaker who had attended the whole conference, spoke on the relationship of meditation and haiku by revealing experiences she had with Zen masters and teachers in Korea, as well as a haiku master in Japan with whom she also studied. After lunch, Patricia continued her gentle story-telling of adventures by answering questions from the group.

For Saturday's *ginko*, Ebbe Story, who was one of the five persons laid low with a mysterious flu, marshalled her energy enough to give us thorough Thoreau instructions on how "saunter" instead of walking and suggested that during the walk we try NOT to write haiku but wait until we had reassembled in the

conference room. Haiku were then read with samples given to Ebbe to make a collection. [See the back page.]

Saturday night Kiyoko Tokutomi was renga master (mistress?) for what many have described as the high point of the retreat. It is always an exciting experience to "write renga live" (as Christopher Herold said), to feel and watch the back and forth as links fly around like tennis balls and yet out of the (at times) near chaos comes a beautiful poem which was read at the close of the evening. [Sorry the renga is not printed here. Michael Welch refuses to relinquish the only copy of it. Perhaps we will have it for the next issue of *Geppo*.]

Sunday came far too quickly and all of a sudden we were rushing around to buy the books we wanted, getting names and addresses, and passing around promises. Dave Wright and Patricia Machmiller led a discussion about what to do next year to make the retreat even better. After packing our cars we shared a box lunch under the pines by the dunes. One group still had haiku they wanted to share so they laid in a patch of sunny grass to read and enjoy the gifts of the weekend. As hands were clasped and shoulders hugged we promised to meet here again next year on September 9 - 12. Mark those new calendars!

\* \* \*

### Notes from Letters

The haiku seemed much better this time; the energy is picking up, thanks to your reliable work! I found it much harder to vote; the stuff was so good!

*June Hymas*

I like your Winners' Box; very convenient and appropriate. And I think the news articles are very informative. Have wonderful holidays and may the new year be a most wondrous one for you and yours.

*Tom Arima (Manzen)*

In N518 the word BEARS should read BATS.

*Margaret Elliot*

I miss the Asilomar retreats. I remember especially the one that Alan Sodolsky was guest at, presenting the Ghazal form of poetry. I like the form and have written 24, four of which have been published.

*Joan Edwards*

Remember when we were young — the year moved so slowly and we were always looking forward to the next holiday, the next change, the next new thing? Now I just want to hold on today! ... I sit before my computer today grateful to the world of haiku, a world that is always in the moment, always now, always lovely. The Nov.-Dec. *Geppo* has been particularly uplifting.

*Sandy Supowit*

Haiku from the Ginko Led by Ebbe Story at Asilomar on November 23rd.

dunes with small craters  
along with the boardwalk of Asilomar  
setting autumn sun  
*Kiyoko Tokutomi*

patting a bed of  
colonial anemones —  
their closings under my hand  
*Kimberly Cortner*

Beneath my feet  
forgiving sand accepts  
my footsteps  
*Bun Schofield*

for a moment  
in the tide pool  
the gull's reflection  
*Michael Dylan Welch*

Rocks for a barrette  
Seaweed in unbraided locks  
Lay brushed by the sea  
*Bob Bussinger*

Dead seal on the barren beach  
A child kicks it hard  
Ouch!  
*Ronnie Baylor*

so careful to put  
the baby crab back in place  
— egret waiting  
*Laura Bell*

on the sandbar  
the small boy builds his castle  
with LEGO  
*Lynne Leach*

autumn tide pool —  
she holds a starfish out to  
a gaggle of children  
*Patricia Machmiller*

untouched by the tide  
this sandcastle far from the waves  
a little at a time

back to its tide pool  
we joke of an odyssey  
for a hermit crab  
*Jerry Ball*

with the hope of seeing you slips  
with the sun into the sea  
*Christopher Herold*

tide pool of hermit crabs —  
each borrowed shell  
just the right size  
tell me, please, small creature  
how to find a house for me  
*Mary Hill*

unable to look  
in the still tide pool  
my own eyes  
*Jane Reichhold*

mussels clicking  
over tide pool rocks  
we bend close, closer ...  
*Ebbe Story*

Last sun rays —  
hesitating, my hand touches  
the dead seal.  
*Pat Donegan*

low tide  
from rocks covered with mussels  
the evening song  
*Pat Shelley*

Asilomar sunset —  
the whales swim by heading North  
after the ginko  
*Jim Stanley*

*June Hymas and Ed Thompson missed this event  
due to the flu.*

Beneath the boardwalk  
the sandtrack of the snake  
crossing itself  
*Dave Wright*