

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: 6

November - December 1992

To vote, write the numbers of the ten haiku you find the 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 November - December. Send your three haiku and votes to: GEPPPO, Jane Reichhold, so they arrive before December 15th.

M364

jet-black bright eyes
fog stopping
just short of the sun-drenched gold
steeple

M365

frozen in stone
temple court demons
brought down by the quake
(after Colin Blundell)

M366

hurricane
tall palm tree raising
its exposed roots

M367

The old inn parlor
on a fading autumn day ...
Ghosts about the fire.

M368

In a whirl of wind,
the dry leaves spin in circles ...
The wind dies, moves on.

M369

Accepting the rain
that falls into his pasture,
old horse stands head bowed.

M370

sudden gust
blowing a feather
into my cap

M371

Indian summer;
grandmother's photo
in beads and braids

M372

autumn bonfire;
through spiraling smoke
a hawk's wide arc

M373

A white, shaggy mane
Thrusting upwards through the thatch -
Spring is long since past

M374

Weary wasp - alone
Gone the nest, the comrades - all ...
Shadow's final chill

M375

A mist is rising -
Yellow, red - each leaf bids adieu
The wheel, ever turning

M376

moiling colors
koi
feeding time

M377
dragonfly nymph on a sedge stem
drying new wings
... raindrops

M378
tiny snail's trail —
silvery calligraphy
on bonsai moss

M379
the blind aged
and seeing-eye dog
waiting for the moon

M380
leaving a book
almost half-read
autumn dusk

M381
potters field
by abandoned mine
grasshopper

M382
in the morning heat
the children of the homeless
are complaining too

M383
summer moonlight
after the dream has faded
again the bedroom

M384
a tile drainboard
collections of water drops
on fresh-picked apples

M385
distant call
of a whippoorwill
evening cool

M386
pine brush
the lopped bough
still bleeds

M387
why not come out
and play tonight
autumn moon

M388
Yellow sun-flowers
Standing tall facing the sun
Birds a-waiting ripe seeds

M389
Window flower box
Splash of color on drab house
Scent wafting down the street

M390
Ice sparkles on trees
Tear drops weeping from clothes line
Sun laughing at scene

M391
on small red-edged lake
lone gander awaits his mate
hunter's bag bulges

M392
day of equinox
bright sun sends picnics to park —
at night the shipwreck

M393
stormy wave-lashed beach
debris thrown on sandy shore
all ladybug orange

M394
harvest moon
blurred shadows
limp across the dunes

M395
on the train
the smell of mothballs
early chill

M396
someone's collection
driftwood, pinecones and stones
dry leaves fall

M397

Our rowboat passing
under the shadowy bridge
chilly autumn dusk

M398

Questions in his eyes
after reading his poems
autumn loneliness

M399

In the chilly wind
asking about her boy friend
her smile warms the day

M400

little birds fly
screen door closed
cat ready to attack

M401

color filled world
quilt squares pieced together
cover the night chill

M402

Oregon coastline
at the heart of this moment
a distant fog horn

M403

eucalyptus tree
dropping a jagged seed pod
— samurai helmet

M404

a slow motorhome
forces followers
to enjoy the view

M405

Tasting this apple
is like tasting this fall day —
crisp and tart and cold.

M406

Monarch sees maple
boasting golden fire and shouts,
"I can do that, too!"

M407

In the autumn dusk
cries of crickets carry far
on thin violet air.

M408

autumn birthday
sixty-seven candles
burning short

M409

in the compost
whiskered Jack-o-lantern
lingering summer heat

M410

all saints day
the spider web
still there

M411

no bush warbler's song
yet a plum bud opens
Indian summer

M412

beneath the balcony ...
coming through the fog
morning clamor

M413

autumn wind ...
through the pecan orchard
endless sea waves

M414

'neath the harvest moon
lying 'round the dead corn shocks
pumpkins without grins

M415

iridescent silk
rattle of the fulling blocks
harvest of the worms

M416

the last grasshopper
crucified on the black-thorn
by the butcher bird

M417

Poised on the high dunes
hang gliders, grounded lame gulls
no wind to lift them.

M418

Storm-worn September
gulls hug the high water mark
too weary to fly.

M419

Late September lull
sea-oats shelter rose mallow
roots secure dune's sand

M420

Cold rain
Only a piece of truck tire
Driving on again

M421

Falling leaves
Watching the old man
Rake them away

M422

Cold darkness
Train sound in the distance
Touches me

M423

the last bloom
of prickly teasel
darkened by nightfall

M424

the baby's smile --
she catches
a falling leaf

M425

setting the alarm ...
moon-map craters
glow in the dark

M426

after the rain,
eucalyptus leaves
dripping moonlight

M427

dusty barnyard —
a splash of autumn sun
rolls the cat

M428

a warm gust ...
back through the gate it comes,
the whole pile of leaves

M429

early rains —
under a crescent moon
the creek rises

M430

cat's eyes
crossing the darkened street;
Halloween

M431

out of nowhere ...
into nothing ...
reeds on a fogbound pond

M432

Night longer, blacker
Falling stars scratch the wet paint
How quickly it heals!

M433

Famous fire-walker
hopping in pain one foot
sharp shell on the beach

M434

Flying home westward
we allow the setting sun
to take his own time

M435

shadows
of my bones on x-ray film
autumn equinox

Continued on the next page.

M436
 caught
 in the semi's slipstream
 monarch butterfly

M437
 new moon
 sweet alyssum hanging
 over the cracked wall

M38
 autumn loneliness
 awaiting a strong wind gust
 the last oak leaf

M439
 stubble fields
 under a harvest moon
 your face brushes mine

M440
 monarch butterflies
 clustered on withered vines
 golden wisteria

Votes for September - October Geppo

Geneva Outlaw: M301 - 1, M302 - 21*, M303 - 2
 Dorothy Greenlee: M304 - 1, M305 - 2, M306 - 4
 Gloria Procsal: M307 - 12, M308 - 3, M309 - 12
 Diane Albertina: M310 - 1, M311 - 8, M312
 George Knox: M313 - 6, M314 - 7, M315 - 1
 Michael D. Welch: M316 - 13*, M317 - 5, M318 - 14*
 Earle J. Stone: M319 - 2, M320 - 2, M321 - 16*
 Lesley Einer: M322 - 11, M323 - 4, M324 - 2
 Robert Gibson: M325 - 4, M326, M327 - 5
 Teruo Yamagata: M328, M329 - 5, M330 - 11
 Sandy Supowit: M331 - 6, M332 - 1, M333 - 2
 Brian Tasker: M334 - 2, M335 - 3, M336 - 24*
 Jim Kacian: M337 - 4, M338 - 23*, M339 - 1
 Naomi Y. Brown: M340 - 3, M341 - 1, M342
 Gene Doty: M343 - 1, M344 - 1, M345 - 14*
 Robert Major: M346 - 7, M347, M348
 Pamela Connor: M349 - 10, M350 - 7, M351 - 38*
 Floyd Jack: M352 - 1, M353 - 2, M354 - 5
 Margaret Elliott: M355 - 2, M356 - 1, M357 - 2
 Christopher Herold: M358 - 13*, M359 - 14*, M360 - 11
 Kimberly Cortner: M361 - 9, M362 - 12, M363 - 23*

November and December Kigo

Season: beginning of winter, cold, winter day, departing year, depth of winter, end of the year, 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, baking Christmas cookies, Advent wreath, cookies, cutting greens, cutting the Christmas tree, decorating with pines, dried apricots, apples, fruit, dried persimmon, first morning, first sky, first sunrise, first theater, first writing/poem/brush, gingerbread men, great morning, grog, hot chocolate, ice fishing, last year, luminaries, making candy, New Year's Day dream, New Year's Day sunrise, New Year's morning, quilted clothes, shopping, sleigh rides, tree lights, trimming the tree, wrapping gifts, wreaths, Year of the (Zodiac animals), young greens.

Holidays: Advent, Chanukah, Christmas Eve or Day, New Year's Eve or Day, Thanksgiving, Winter Solstice.

Animals: bear, birds floating asleep, eagle, grebe, gull, mandarin duck, oyster, plover, reindeer, sea slugs, small duck, water fowl, 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.

September - October Haiku Voted as Best by the Readers of GEPP0

M302

making love to the roar
of the lawn mower
next door

Geneva Outlaw

M345

one-armed attendant
unlocking the gasoline pump
scorching heat

Gene Doty

M316

drip by drip
the bum's drinking tin
fills with evening rain

Michael D. Welch

M351

night swim:
rising with the moon
in my hands

Pamela Connor

M318

rain on the roof
the first red leaf
falls to the gutter

Michael D. Welch

M358

the lizard escapes
between bursts of speed
not a muscle moves.

Christopher Herold

M321

humid morning mist
moving on their chop-stick legs
sand birds skittering

Earle J. Stone

M359

dusk in the junkyard —
a sunflower bends into
an engine compartment

Christopher Herold

M336

twilight after rain;
on a cool breeze
the silent swallows

Brian Tasker

M363

lingering with
the last petal ... the scent
of summer rose

Kimberly Cortner

M338

the far edge
of the sea is lost —
autumn rains

Jim Kacian

A special thanks to Bob Major for taking the sting
out of one of my errors. Your kindness was very touch-
ing!

Jane

Asilomar Retreat the Biggest Yet!

Full and overflowing seems to be the phrase that describes the eleventh Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's Retreat held at Asilomar September 10 - 13. With the largest attendance ever, the circle bulged and widened as we all snuggled in.

The weather was at its best, golden warm as a seaside autumn can be with clear nights for full moon-viewing from the beach. Especially low tides in the afternoons made the gift of a wide sandy beach even bigger.

The accommodations on the far eastern side of the grounds put us under the shimmering shelter of ancient oaks. Here we were cozy and quiet. The longer walks to the dining hall were too short for all the fascinating conversations they started.

This year's program offered so many more inviting options, it was nearly impossible to attend them all and it was impossible to decide which ones to miss. Thus, walks went unwalked, naps were not taken, but everyone agreed there had been a vast sharing.

Dave Wright opened the retreat on Thursday evening with his jovial welcome. Introductions were made and with a few jokes we soon felt like a group. Jerry Ball's Keynote Address on "The Tao of Haiku" led us to an awareness of the Buddhism and Zen precepts that are inherent in haiku by quoting examples from the Old Japanese Masters as well as from contemporary works.

The next morning the meditation led by Patricia Donegan was so well-liked, it was decided for her to lead one both morning and evening for the rest of the retreat. Then Jerry Kilbride and Ebba Story acquainted us with the problems and pitfalls in reviewing books by telling us of ones they had written. After lunch Michael Dylan Welch made a very comprehensive presentation of his concept of how haiku should be punctuated.

Before the *ginko* Kiyoko Tokutomi gave a talk on the importance of *kigo* [season words] with examples to prepare us to write haiku at the beach. She also distributed copies of a list of qualities of a good *hokku*: deep thought, simple words, good taste, a new way of seeing, content appropriate to the season. After our walk we returned to Oak Shelter where Patricia Machmiller had assembled papers, scissors, glue, and threads. We wrote our best haiku, illustrated them, and hung them on the wall for all to enjoy.

In the evening Jane Reichhold showed us a new way of writing renga. Each of the attending 17 people wrote a *hokku* and defined the guidelines for their own concept. Simultaneously everyone wrote links as we passed the renga around. These 18 renga have been copied and bound for the participants.

After leading the morning meditation Patricia Donegan told us the story how she came to study for a year with Japan's leading haiku poet-teacher, Kyoshi Takahama and explained what it is like to have one's poems critiqued by such a well-known person.

One of the unexpected pleasures of the retreat was having Robert Hass and Brenda Hillman with us for the whole retreat, not just for the day of his featured address. After having introduced himself on Friday night as someone who has never written a haiku, his talk on Saturday was much anticipated. What a surprise to find out Robert Hass has definitely studied all the Japanese genre, has translated some of Basho's works and is working on a book about haiku. As Hass read then of his own work from his book, *Praise*, we could feel the influences Japanese literature had upon him.

After lunch Robert Hass was peppered with questions. He graciously answered them all and read more of his works for us and signed copies of his books.

Ebba Story led Saturday afternoon's *ginko* to the beach where she amazed and delighted us with her knowledge of the tiny creatures of the sea. The tide was low, but not low enough as many came back with wet clothes.

As is traditional on Saturday evening Kiyoko Tokutomi led us in a formal, traditional *renku*. This year the work, though difficult, turned out especially good. Look for it in the next issue of the *Geppo*.

Sunday always comes too soon and goes too fast. We hardly had time to think back over the weekend. But during rounds of reading our haiku all the days come into focus again.

Then we were packing up, returning keys and wondering where the time went. After a box lunch on the lawn there was a planning committee meeting to sketch in the events for next year. Then just one last beach walk was had before piling in our cars and heading home.

Dave Wright Steps Down as President

In a personal letter announcing the next Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's meeting on Saturday, October 24, at 1:30 p.m. at the Sumitomo Bank in San Jose, California for an election of officers, Dave Wright writes that he will not be available as president for the next year.

Dave, who was instrumental in the organization of the 1991 Haiku North America and 1992 Renku North America, will administer the 1993 Haiku North America which is already being planned for July 15, 16, 17 at Los Positas College in Livermore. He assures us that stepping down as president will not change his service to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society or his involvement with the Western U.S. movement.

For ten years David Wright has been president of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. He has organized and led ten of the retreats at Asilomar as well as setting up programs and guiding the group through happy times as well as the sad ones. There is no Thank-you big enough to repay all he has done. Gratitude goes to his wife, Roz, as well.

Marilyn Zaklan, who has been recording secretary for the past two years will also be vacating her position. A heartfelt thank-you to Marilyn for all her work.

Retreat from a Retreat

by George Knox

- For Kiyoko Tokutomi -

Departing from Asilomar down Hwy 68 to Hwy 1, in the afternoon of September 13, after the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat, we stop briefly at various viewpoints *en route* to Cambria, our first stay before driving on to Riverside. Our original plan to go straight through was happily abandoned.

*pacific sunset
poison ivy festooned trees —
green red yellow*

At one juncture, we pull into a state beach park near San Simeon to "switch drivers." Also, we need to refresh and relieve ourselves in the usual way of travellers who neglect to do things in the press of packing and leaving.

*rest stop in a woods
after Basho discussions
going to the pine*

During the trip south we were impressed by the abundant fennel (*foeniculus vulgare*, native to Eurasia) in bloom. We cannot resist picking and tasting the blossoms, savoring the spicy, sweet and slightly salty licorice flavor — (from saline fogs and spray) emblematic of our various associations at Asilomar.

*fennel in bloom
all along the coastal route —
sweet and salty*

While the late summer light lasts, we check into our room at Cambria Pines Lodge. A panoramic view of pines and through them a twilight "photo-op" of Cambria village below in the valley with the lights starting to come on. Just time for a short venture down the trail.

*at dusk blackberries
and poison ivy entwined —
we pick cautiously*

After sampling those sour-red-green-black berries, we turn back along the path, in time to see some local fauna — a grey squirrel, a red-tailed hawk, two brown towhees, a scrub jay, and several uninterested resident peacocks and hen (which left some feathers outside our door). In our room we look down at the trail. A white-haired old man and his arthritic yellow dog stop just below our window and look up ...

*thistle-down rising
slowly to the dark pine tops
caught in the sunset*

* * *