

# Geppo *Haiku Journal*

Issue XVI: 4

*Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada*

July - August, 1993

## *Tanabata!*

**Change of time and location.**  
Saturday, July 10, 1993 at 4:00 p.m.

Our annual celebration of this traditional event will be held at Mary Hill's house in Palo Alto instead of at the previously announced location. Please bring a potluck dish to serve 6-8 people.

and ask her for directions to her house

## *New Geppo editor*

Jean Hale, a former Geppo editor, will return to edit the Geppo beginning with the next issue.

Please send your votes for ten haiku in this issue with your three favorites circled and your three haiku for next issue (*don't forget to write a challenge kigo haiku also!*) on a single sheet of paper to:

Jean Hale

to reach her before **August 15, 1993**

Thank you, Jean!

*Editor's Note: Some former members and other interested people are being sent a sample copy of this issue. If you would like to join, memberships in Yuki Teikei are \$15 and may be sent to the address at the top of this page.*

## **Haiku Retreat at Asilomar**

**September 9-12, 1993**

With

**Yuriko Doi**

founder & artistic director of  
**Theatre of Yugen**  
*(more information on back page)*

**Retreat, meals & lodging**  
Yuki Teikei Members \$200  
Non-Members \$215  
(includes 1994 membership)  
Single day only: \$50  
*(no lodging or meals)*

**Highlights:**

Daily haiku walks  
Free time for writing  
Participant haiku readings  
Giant renku party

*The sea, the sand, the sky  
the sun and the fog  
at beautiful Asilomar*

**Spaces are limited;  
Reserve yours right away!**

Send a \$50 deposit payable to:  
June Hymas

**Or write for further information.**

p232  
lazy midday nap  
bees in the honeysuckle  
summer lullaby

p233  
down the muddy road  
small boy with can of tadpoles  
Mother's Day surprise

p234  
hot summer night  
sky split with lightning  
between the hills

p235  
Plum blossoms tremble  
Cool spring breeze moves me, too.  
I miss you today.

p236  
On this warm spring morn  
nestlings assemble for class.  
Today's lesson -- grubs!

p237  
Old man stoops to plant  
strawberries -- sweet fruit to come  
is worth the backache.

p238  
Coolness  
The cedar boughs move  
With the wind

p239  
Summer evening  
Waves break upon the sand  
Her thighs

p240  
Traffic stalled  
Hawk glides crisscross  
Over hot highway

p241  
snug in their cases  
shucking them out for trout bait. . .  
caddisfly larvae

p242  
miles to go before  
I wake and remove these foxtails  
and cocklebur

p243  
displayed on starched cloths  
classified, labeled, wilting. . .  
desert wild flowers

p244  
floating in the moat  
a white swan makes a path  
through fallen cherry blossoms

p245  
after talk of renku  
clouds shifting, shifting  
over Mt. Fuji

p246  
children marvel  
over the pregnant koi  
in the pond

p247  
Blue Jays in the tree  
eating my avocados  
Loudly scolding me

p248  
On busy sidewalks  
the milling crowds surround me  
And yet I am alone

p249  
Mockingbirds' protests  
arouse the sleepy old cat  
Back to sleep again

p250  
a great whale rises--  
the pale light of sea and sky  
shimmers in his eye

p251  
summer moonrise  
a few scattered shells  
lost in dune shadows

p252  
a spread of grapevines  
tangled wildly on the fence. . .  
a sunray slips through

p253  
the small monument  
of the first settler  
darkness under the tree

p254  
fluttering around  
following the visitor  
a summer butterfly

p255  
leaving the book  
still half-read  
midday nap

p256  
Memorial Day  
flags on graves, taps, gun salutes  
rain falls while sun shines

p257  
Mother's Day  
we decorate their graves  
Father's Day

p258  
She plants a poppy  
shadows of cane on the wall  
next to his gravestone

p259  
Under flagged rock slabs  
    Lay dreams of hopeful warriors  
    Let the dreams lie still

p260  
Worker ant obsessed  
    With dragging home a trophy  
    Checks out my Reebok

p261  
Long legged spider  
    Wrapping his ant lunch  
    In the sunny breeze

p262  
Veterans' crosses.  
Thinking of my old comrades.  
Passing in silence.

p263  
Morning bright and clear.  
Spring wind ruffles the puddles  
left by last night's rain.

p264  
Summer shower ends.  
From an overhanging pine,  
drops dimple the lake.

p265  
Ocean fog  
Blurred coastal outline  
Concealed strength

p266  
Fragrant breeze  
Climbing spreading jasmine  
Intoxication

p267  
decorating his grave  
the same damn red roses  
he sneezed at each spring

p268  
darkness  
under the trees red night-eyes  
    of a kit fox

p269  
ocean fog's caress  
past nimbus ringed street lights  
my silent footsteps

p270  
Floating with the tide  
    small sandals--but someone's toes  
    won't forget the beach

p271  
Coiled on basking ledge  
    as we inch by, he licks air,  
    tasting our terror

p272  
Steaming summer night  
    sleepless--then a flute: I float  
    all its cool curves home

p273  
heat shimmers  
    tarred farm road  
    deeper tire marks

p274  
hummingbird  
    sipping last drop of nectar  
    red hibiscus

p275  
hydrangea  
    moonlight on each  
    rain bead

p276

June rains--  
the old porch swing creaks softly  
into the night wind

p277

raindrops  
starting circles  
in a still lake

p278

new shoots  
greening the old cat's  
burial mound

p279

strawberrys blooming  
last year's preserves  
dusty on the shelf

p280

saying goodbye  
holding back the tears  
my nose drips

p281

the corpse  
on the elevator  
going down

p282

on the mountain-top  
briefly in the sun and wind  
cookie crumbs

p283

heat lightening  
before dawn on an empty street  
in the city

p284

across the green field  
on skids in the sun  
the old grindstone

p285

iris in that vase  
you know your maddening thirst  
warns of ebbing life

p286

cloud cloisters above  
sunshine sparkling through each rift  
lights the larks below

p286

'neath the leafing trees  
Shiki and cicada gone  
on his hut two shells

p288

A hidden treasure -  
Lacy tendrils reach for sunshine -  
Dill pickles soon

p289

Splashing in bird bath,  
Mothers-to-be gossiping,  
as dad tends the nest

p290

Thunder - like gun fire -  
Jolts me wide-eyed from my sleep . . .  
How sweet - falling rain

p291

Pure white peonies  
transplants from mother's garden  
Her spirit alive

p292

Noisy bird filled tree  
finches winging in and out  
sudden twilight hush

p293

Wide rosy cloud streaks  
spreading across western sky  
spring melancholy

p294

early morning  
loon breaks the water's surface  
.....splintered boulders

p295

sultry afternoon  
in Grandma's junk mail  
Frederick's of Hollywood

p296

midday nap  
the morning glory  
curls into itself

p297

locust trees  
hung with white blossoms  
her sleeping breath

p298  
first day  
to wear my new straw hat  
shade of new leaves

p299  
summer solstice  
the lizard on the patio  
motionless

p300  
In sun-dappled shade  
by the pine, maypole dancers  
dance on rose petals!

p301  
Driving home from work  
past gladiolus in bloom--  
while the sun's still high!

p302  
high school reunion ---  
beer-belly and bald  
all state quarterback

p303  
warmed over coffee  
a soggy newspaper  
and her memory

p304  
recovery room  
to my surprise  
--- made it again

p305  
In the old temple  
sleeping Buddha mid blossoms  
little girl smiling

p306  
A waterlily  
drifting alone on the pond  
its shining dewdrop

p307  
Summer solstice  
monk softly reading at meals  
fireflies graceful path

p308  
Japanese Garden--  
all the many  
names for green

p309  
amid the spent  
rhododendrons  
one last unfolding

p310  
man on a ladder  
painting his eaves turquoise blue  
--beginning of spring

p311  
how quickly it melts--  
the hail  
in your hair

p312  
seeing you again--  
the rhododendron blossoms  
as pink as I remember

p313  
I stop--  
lipstick  
on the telephone

p314  
hundreds of windmills  
across brown-turning hills--  
only one moving

p315  
white pelicans  
roosting on sandy bars  
the slow wash of waves

p316  
wounded veteran  
from his cart of young plants  
calls softly "hello"

p317  
still pond  
among the waterlilies  
people upside down

## *Contest News*

The response to  
The Kiyoshi Tokutomi Haiku  
Contest was very encouraging!  
A total of 525 haiku were submitted.  
We expect to hear soon  
from the judge.  
Thank you all for participating!

### Votes for May - June haiku:

Floyd Jack p149-1 p150-6 p151-1  
George Knox p152-1 p153 **p154-17**  
Margaret Chula p155-2 p156-8 157-8  
Naomi Y. Brown p158-9 p159-7 p160-6  
Gloria H. Procsal p161 -12 p162-4 **p163-32**  
Jim Kacian p164-6 p165-5 p166-4  
Richard Bruchart p167-2 p168-2 p169-8  
Shirley McKee p170-1 p171-7 p172-4  
Gene Doty p173-5 p174-9 p175-1  
Christopher Herold **p176-19 p177-13** p178-2  
Kate Walters **p179-21 p180-13** p181-5  
Michael D. Welch p182-1 p183-8 **p184-13**  
Patti Emmett p185-8 p186-2 p187-6  
Patricia Machmiller p188-3 p189-5 **p190-12**  
Dara McLaughlin p191 p191-6 p193  
D. L. Bachelor p194 p194-5 p196-5  
Teruo Yamagata p197-8 p198-9 p199-4  
Robert Major p200-6 p201-1 p202-3  
Christine Michaels p203 p204 p205-6  
Dorothy Greenlee p206 p207-1 p208-6  
Robert Gibson p209-3 p210-12 p211-3  
Susan Kinney-Riordan p212-2 p213-2  
Laura B. Hawbecker p214-2 **p215-14 p216-12**  
Brian Tasker p217-7 **p218-16 p219-23**  
Margaret Elliott p220-1 p221-6 p222  
Kenneth Tanemura **p223-24** p224-1 **p225-19**  
Lesley Einer p226-1 **p227-14 p228-13**  
Pamela Connor p229-1 p230-1 **p231-19**

barely sobered up  
from winter daphne...  
now wisteria  
*George Knox*

kansas homestead  
a certain depression  
where the pear tree stood  
*Gloria H. Procsal*

sapling cherry  
outside the sleazy bar  
a few blossoms  
*Christopher Herold*

a distant waterfall  
down the cold canyon walls  
the song of a lark  
*Christopher Herold*

in a bright new world  
joined by the soaring skylark  
Basho's soul still sings  
*Kate Walters*

looking like seaweed  
mermaids' hair left by the tide  
drying in the sun  
*Kate Walters*

after sparrow songs  
the warmth  
of your hand  
*Michael Welch*

like care-free children  
my son and his bride-to-be  
blowing soap bubbles  
*Patricia Machmiller*

ironing out the wrinkles  
on her old face  
a warm smile  
*Laura Bell Hawbecker*

spring skies  
skating on a cloud  
water bug  
*Laura Bell Hawbecker*

high tide:  
over and over  
the shifting shingle  
*Brian Tasker*

in darkness  
after the shooting star  
the silent wish  
*Brian Tasker*

faraway birdsong  
yet my closest companion  
this spring morning  
*Kenneth Tanemura*

my mother  
writing on old stationery  
to an old friend  
*Kenneth Tanemura*

grandson  
folds a crane from memory  
my lopsided hen  
*Lesley Einer*

in the old ab shell  
under a layer of dust  
the same rainbow  
*Lesley Einer*

Good Friday  
the biopsy report ---  
negative  
*Pamela Connor*

*Member's choice haiku from last issue*

## The Challenge Kigo: fireworks

As a new feature of the Geppo, we will suggest one season-word, or kigo, in each issue. If you wish to practice in preparation for next year's contest you are invited to submit **one** haiku using the July kigo "fireworks."

All the fireworks haiku will be printed together. The results should be an interesting lesson on the varieties of experience and expression. You may still submit your usual number of three other haiku.

**Helpful hint:** the best haiku are centered in a moment of awareness that takes place at a specific time. One of the functions of *kigo* is to ground that moment in time clearly so it may be understood by anyone who reads or hears that haiku. The *kigo* "fireworks" makes unnecessary the use of the word "July" or "summer" or any other summer *kigo*. It also means that the use of "snow" or "plum blossoms" would be confusing as, since they clearly belong to another season, one's mind would zig-zag among seasons rather than being centered in a brief moment. A common problem with haiku submitted to this year's contest was the use of too many or conflicting season-words in a single haiku. *June Hymas*

### THE SEASON-WORD Kiyoshi Tokutomi on the Kigo

*Kigo* should not be shiftable. If we shift (or substitute) the *kigo* and the haiku is still formed, then the haiku is poor. Good haiku must become "completely broken down" when the *kigo* is shifted (or substituted) with another *kigo*.

For example:        *This darkness*  
                          *How soft it is!*  
                          *Oh! Fireflies!*

Note that the haiku would completely break down if another *kigo* such as grasshoppers, flies or mosquitoes were substituted.

*Haiku Journal, Vol. 3, No. 1, Pages 72-73.*

**Question for the members:** Do you want a list of *kigo*, or season-words, in every *Geppo*?

You may have developed your own season-word list for the area in which you live; or, you may be using *kigo* printed in past issues of the *Geppo*, or the *Haiku Journal*. In addition, an excellent *kigo* list from the *Haiku Journal* has been reprinted as *Season Words*, and is available from Mrs. Kiyoko Tokutomi, 1020 South Eighth Street, San Jose CA 95112, for \$7.50 postpaid. It covers traditional Japanese season-words selected as being useful in many other parts of the world and translated for use by our members. Let me or Jean Hale know if you have been counting on having a *kigo* list in every *Geppo*. I haven't been able to include a list of season-words and still get this issue out on time.

Thanks,  
June Hymas  
(Editor for this issue)

## Around and about

Christopher Herold taught two children's haiku workshops for the San Jose Museum of Art on Sunday, June 6th. Chris is a dynamic and experienced teacher and everyone had a great time! You may be interested in contacting Chris about his new series of haiku workshops and his forthcoming haiku newsletter, *The Blue Heron*. Write to Blue Heron Productions, Christopher Herold, Box

June Hopper Hymas will read her poetry at the Burlingame Public Library's Minotaur Reading series on Friday, July 2, 1993 at 7:30, p.m.

**You can be sure she'll also promote haiku!**

Members Patricia Machmiller and Christopher Herold, together with well-known haiku poets Kay Anderson and Tom Lynch, gave a reading June 13 to a jam-packed and enthusiastic audience at Java Beach Coffee house in San Francisco. The reading was held to celebrate the publication of the fourth volume in the **Two Autumns Series** which contains haiku by these four poets. The book is called *Morning Snow* and is available through the Haiku Poets of Northern California.

## *Theatre of Yugen and Noh Space*

Founded in 1978 by Yuriko Doi, Theatre of Yugen contributes to awareness and appreciation of the Japanese performing arts regionally and nationally. The company has toured throughout North America and Japan, performing its repertoire of Noh and Kyogen plays in both English and Japanese. In September, 1991, Theatre of Yugen opened Noh Space to further explore the dynamics of cultural collaboration between and East and West.

### **Yuki Teikei Meetings**

#### **Haiku walk at Hakone Gardens**

The May meeting was held at the lovely Hakone Gardens in Saratoga, California. The late Spring weather was perfect; some really lovely haiku were written while we were together.

There will be no Yuki Teikei Meeting in August.

In September we will meet at the retreat at Asilomar; there will be no additional meeting.

## Special thanks to Jane Reichhold for a job well done!

I am sure all the members of Yuki Teikei will join with me in thanking Jane Reichhold for her services as editor of *Geppo*. She volunteered to help when our need was great! Her work improved the format of the magazine. And she gets an A++ for keeping a reliable schedule! Here's a message from Jane:

As you can see, the *Geppo* has a new editor! June Hymas has gladly taken on the job. As much as I enjoyed doing the *Geppo* and getting to know so many wonderful (truly!) writers, I have decided to give up being *Geppo* editor to take on a new job. The renga journal *Lynx* has been passed along to me. I hope to make it into a new home for tanka and renga. (Time out for a commercial.) If you would like to see a first issue copy, send me a note at the old address for *Geppo* submissions. I'd be happy to keep in touch with you! Thanks again to everyone for being so cooperative and de-light-full!

Jane

