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Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

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Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat at Asilomar by Donna Gallagher

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society held its annual retreat at the Asilomar Conference Center in Pacific Grove, California, September 9 to 12, 1993. The retreat featured philosopher-poet, James W. Hackett, who is renowned for his pioneering work in English-language haiku, and Yuriko Doi, founder and artistic director of Theater of Yugen in San Francisco. Twenty-nine enthusiastic people participated in the weekend's events. Here are the highlights:

Thursday: After dinner June Hymas and Patricia Machmiller formally opened the retreat and presided over participants' round-robin haiku reading. The reading segued into the socializing that was a valued part of the retreat.

Friday: Pat Shelley's presentation of the awards of the 1993 Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest began the day. This included recognition of those poets present at Asilomar and the reading of very thoughtful letters from those unable to attend. Especially noteworthy were multiple-prize winner Clark Strand's essay to the society ; "chronologically-gifted " (her description) Helen Dalton's letter; and the presence of winner, Vi Mathieson , from Australia. The winning poems were read and attendees were provided with the texts of the poems in our very complete registration packets.

Later in the morning James W. Hackett shared his philosophy of the haiku moment with acutely attentive listeners. Urging all to live with "haiku awareness" of natural creation in the "oneness in eternal presence," he appealed to the gathered poets to write haiku that are grounded in the spirit and which are not mere "verbal snapshots."

Next, a remarkable performance by Emi Goto, a concert pianist from Japan and the serendipitous guest of Kiyoko Tokutomi, enthralled those gathered at the piano. Ms Goto is a classically trained musician who collaborates musically with other international artists in a fusion form. In Japan she also performs concerts, reading haiku and accompanying herself on the piano. For our group she extemporized appropriate piano accompaniment for readings of the award-winning poems -- recited in Japanese by herself and in English by Christopher Herold and Ebba Story. Attendees were thrilled!

In the afternoon Kiyoko Tokutomi and Patricia Machmiller demystified the use of season words (kigo) and supplemented their discussion with their newly-produced handout, Monterey Peninsula and Bay Regional Saijiki. Thus armed, participants went out to write kigo-based haiku which were later appended to the conference room walls with flair and generally shared all around.

In the evening James Hackett brought lovely images of the orient to Asilomar in his captivating slide show , "Zen Temples, Monasteries and Gardens of Japan and China. " This included photographs of R.H. Blyth's grave and pictures of many other sites of interest to haiku poets.

Saturday: An enjoyable sharing of participants' Asilomar writing preceded the fascinating lecture-demonstration by Yuriko Doi of the Theater of Yugen. She says that her troupe's Kyogen form of theater served as entre-act relief in the intense productions typical of Noh theater. Ms Doi continued after lunch with a group discussion.

Later, Ebba Story led a beach ginko trip with spontaneous assistance by Alice and Alex Benedict. We observed animal tracks, plant tracks (!), eel grass, grains of sand, a sea squirt colony and myriad other life or mineral forms.

The traditional evening of classic style renga was ably and patiently led by Renku Master Kiyoko Tokutomi with assistance by Patricia Machmiller. What a night! It was good fun and an invaluable tutorial for neophytes such as myself. Enthusiasts were still writing after midnight.

Sunday: a discussion of "Where to from Here?" led by Patricia Machmiller focused on prioritizing possible society activities and distributing some of the work. A box-lunch social wrapped up the weekend.

Can you imagine the renewal, joy and appreciation of the participants of the 1993 Yuki Teikei retreat? In addition to the events described here, the meal time discussions, enchanting weather, morning meditation with Christopher Herold, beach walks, the laughter of old and new friends all combined to make a memorable time.

The next Asilomar retreat will be held September 8 through 11, 1994.

Renew your Membership Today:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society fees are always due and payable during the month of November. Send your \$15 to the Treasurer, Kiyoko Tokutomi, Some new
members have already paid. 1994 issues of Geppo will only be sent to dues-paying members. Thanks for your prompt attention to this matter; we cannot afford to send renewal reminders.

Editor's Note

Thank you for all those welcoming messages. It's quite nice to be back at the editorship of the Haiku Journal. My mailman is quite impressed with the amount of mail I've been receiving and I am impressed at all the creative people out there. Keep it up!

My aim as editor is to print the haiku exactly the way you send them to me. Spacing (except for line count; we can only afford three lines per haiku), punctuation, everything will be transcribed according to the copy you send. Only very reluctantly will I correct spelling. Please feel free to let me know if I slip up.

p420
small flowers pouring over
the top of a high wooden fence . . .
now, muted notes of a recorder flute

p421
a father plays bongos
in the park with friends;
his baby sleeps well

p422
streetlamp goes out with a POP!
startled I look up
into the starry night sky

p423
leaving for war. . .
baseball glove in attic
catching dust

p424
Spring morning--
steeple bell in town rings
mouse giving birth

p425
Last leaf. . .
on the edge. . .dewdrops
holding on

p426
musty clothing
humidity's victim
of hot summer

p427
warm summer
sparrows eat horse dung
desperate for food

p428
summer's end
children's camp bunk
empty

p429
Plume of campfire smoke
from the snow-capped mountain top..
my hands remember.

p430
In steep winter woods
I find spring's roaring mudslide:
waterfall in bronze

p431
Icicled inn-porch
wind stirs the wooden rockers,
no friendly bottoms

p432
Button dangling
on old man's coat; hanging
by a thread

p433
Raccoons
in attic. . . running
A Maternity Ward

p434
Birds congregate
in back yard terminals:
-ALL FLIGHTS SOUTH-

p435
a silver wedding
just around the corner
autumnal tints

p436
a stray dog
on my way home
autumnal twilight

p437
a mantis
away with the wind
the ruins of castle

p438
the hiss of sand
through the throat of the hourglass
autumn equinox

p439
poets' picnic--
by the table, a blackbird
cocks its head

p440
in the forest fringe
beyond the blazing campfire
several pairs of eyes

p441
to watch shooting star
I walk backward through garden
maple leaves fall

p442
a falling star
maple leaves in fall fog
no other light

p443
under shooting star
we gather in cool dark
a new memory

p444
preacher's fiddle case
converted to store ointments
for harness galls

p445
symmetry restored
and my vow to be careful...
orb spider's web

p446
strong gust of cold wind
the gate clangs and screen door bangs..
cricket rests four beats

p447
filling my canteen
spring water burbles
a canyon wrens song

p448
sleeping over
at grandma's house
---such heavy quilts

p449
bitter cold ----
pine tree shadows
frozen solid

p450
not quite daybreak
crescent moon and single star
barn owl hooting

p451
church on TV -
watching from his lounge chair
Grandpa daydreams of Grandma

p452
unable to sleep
wandering barefoot on the deck -
shooting star!

p453
Rushing on ahead
like silently floating clouds,
old age advances

p454
The little white worm
eating my Caesar salad
looks up at me

p455
Dead. Dead is the frog.
Bashô, Issa , Buson -- all.
The pond: parking lot

p456
a crisp bill
for the young vagrant...
some mother's son

p457
a snow goose too far
to break
our chilly silence

p458
into the wake,
leaving a trail
of mum petals

p459
A blue heron
shaking the air from his wings
passes through it

p460
plucking the fuzzballs
from a thriftshop sweater
---she lets him go

p461
after the house fire
arranging the zinnias
in mayonnaise jars

p462
leafless willow
a kingfisher fades
into drifting fog

p463
alpine lichen
the colors of granite -
a cutting wind

p464
waving from the bus---
your purple and white mums
cradled in my lap

p465
I watch your eyes
as they gather moonbeams
enchantment!

p466
her stone forgotten
in that far corner
except by bluebells

p467
still filled with the scent
of Hawaii's white ginger
this old sachet

p468
pale belly up
on the road's cold shoulder --
toad: toad

p469
blue jays echo
the rusted pulley: song
and stained laundry

p470
shadows
flicker in the white pine
old nest

p471
Delphinium kiss
Pastel palette lacing through
a memory

p472
Cavendish
drifting, drifting
peaceful pipe

p473
It catches my ear!
music I've not heard before
a new bird sings

p474
November wind
in the withered comstalks
stone crop

p475
snow covered hills -
a line of clouds drift off
against blue sky

p476
her new kitten chooses
instead of the litter box
her new sweater

p477
Hearse fades
Into the autumn rain
My anger

p478
Cold rain
Only a piece of truck tire
driving on again

p479
Wheeled beasts
Howling human in the street
Strike dread

p480
sloshing sea --
the Big Dipper
tipped over it

p481
slashing kite
the graceful repose
of its restraining string

p482
just this summer
our youngest outstripped the bush
we planted at his birth

p483
grassy field
lite by starry night
football touchdown

p484
short walk
days lingering heat
dragonfly caresses my car

p485
First fall cookout
extra zest to the breeze
neighbor dogs begging

p486
Up early at dawn
for brisk walk before work
first crisp fall day

p487
From a low limb
heavy with red and gold leaves
cat drops on my head

p488
a pine-scented candle
your whisper
flickers the flame

p489
toasted marshmallows ...
the circles of flame
in your eyes

p490
a perfect snowflake
for a moment
on your tongue

p491
highlighting
the jack o' lantern's twisted grin
the candle inside

p492
reflecting
 on still waters at sunrise ...
first deer of the day

p493
new marble headstone
there on my father's grave
dragonfly at rest

p494
beneath the mountain ash
 berry falls on open page
 silence

p495
road kill
deer's blood on snow
red flower

p496
last geranium pot
brought inside
 snow moon

p497
At the opened door,
confronted with falling snow,
Puss changes her mind.

p498
Snow-covered landscape;
orchard a sumi-e study ...
Three-red-apple chop.

p499
Writing Christmas cards.
Pausing to remove the name
of a childhood friend

p500
new moon
frog at the pond's edge
motionless

p501
September rain
the baritone horn
glistening

p502
harvest moon
brown bat roosting
on the church wall

p503
 off to a meeting
with a new pair of glasses
 in the autumn rain

p504
 the librarian
shaking the dust off her shoes
 does a quick dance step

p505
 the big heavy guy
and the little skinny guy
 chasing the pop fly

p506
Sierra high pass
spent snowbank on the scree
everywhere ladybugs

p507
commuter train
glimpse through the dirty window
free-running river

p508
well-worn path
across the campus green
empty in the sun

p509
waterfall
 the shadow of a butterfly
 floats across worn rock

p510
tick tick click
 withered leaves dropping
 on withered leaves

p511
outdoor theater
 in the stage lights dances
 a technicolored moth

p512
eucalyptus grove:
silently a blue jay glides
into the coolness

p513
clinging to the screen
mosquitoes adjust their wings
unexpected rain

p514
moist fallen leaves piled
against warm cement block wall
snails find winter home

p515
corn shocks stand erect
pumpkins scattered all about
field mice choose new homes

p516
first cold autumn night
blanket flower petals closed
bumble bee inside

p517
Evergreen cork oak
numbered for tenth year harvest
stripped to orange core.

p518
Soft, English autumn
'til low-slung sun lights creeper
pub wall bleeds crimson

p519
Red harvest sun lights
pond - snipes, swans, wild geese, moorhens
ninety year aunt feeds

mountain stream
a raccoon bends
to lick the moon

Maggie Chula

leaving her grave
the dirt
clinging to my shoes

Laura Bell

the homeless man
everything he owns
stored in his mind

Hank Dunlap

out of my childhood window
tree silhouettes
grown up

Tom Clausen

around a corner
and down the hall, a friend's voice
turns into summer

Jerry Ball

summer sunset
the truck pulls a dust cloud
through tree shadows

Christopher Herold

on garden sundial
lazy red dragonfly marks
afternoon hours

Margaret D. Elliott

lighting my lantern--
a warm circle of light
and deer mice

Hank Dunlap

playing touch football
by the war memorial...
First names like our own.

Robert Major

sudden vertigo,
the moon falling
into a dark pond

Gloria H. Procsal

Dusk: the few birds left
drain out of a wider sky
soon the first snowflakes

Neill Megaw

Woman traces name
like Braille to knowing fingers
still blinded by tears

Christine Michaels

Member's Votes for September-October -

Robert Gibson p318-13 p319-12 p320-1
Gloria H. Procsal p321-7 p322-17 p323-1
George Knox p326-1
Richard F. Bruckart p327-3 p328-2
Hank Dunlap p330-18 p331-31 p332-9
Dorothy Greenlee p335-5
Neill Megaw p336-17 p337-6 p338-6
Kat Avila p339-10 p340-9 p341-2
Dara McLaughlin p342-2 p343-1 p344-2
Patti Emmett p347-5
Temo Yamagata p348-4 p349-5 p350-2
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Robert Major p360-18 p361-1
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Jim Kacian p372-5 p373-14
Naomi Y. Brown p375-6
Pamela Connor p378-9 p379-12 p380-8
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Michael Dylan Welch p409-15 p410-8
JoAn Soileau p411-4 p412-8
Christine Michaels p416-2
John Tabberrah p418-1

Challenge Kigo: Shooting Star

the Perseid shower
I waited and waited for --
rained out!

Kat Avila

Shooting star --
from out of the universe
into my world

Robert H. Poulin

drifting star
disappears in a fog
sound of bull horn

Eve Jeanette Brohm

Lightning perfected
at such miraculous speed,
no time for corners

Neill Megaw

A drifting star
riding on a comet's tail
lost in time

JoAn Soileau

burned out at last,
a star that streaked
into the Big Dipper

Christopher Herold

the 'yes' answer
in her eyes
a shooting star

Gloria H. Procsal

Shooting star !
Where?
Too late now

Maggie Chula

this new grandson
named Luke Hokulélé
bright "Shooting Star"

Kate Walters

young couple
drinking rum and diet coke
and shooting stars

Tom Smith

Young pheasant
drops from the sky
shoot the stars !

Dara McLaughlin

the shooting star
as long as
a blink

Tom Clausen

sparks from the fire
fly skyward and go out--
shooting star

Jim Kacian

a dark sky
with its lights going out --
change of season

Jim Kacian

Cold drizzle starting
fans huddled closer now
tarp on football field

Dorothy Greenlee

midwinter moon--
a shooting star
splits it

Michael Dylan Welch

saying goodbye
for the last time
....shooting star

Pamela Conner

far from home
here too from balcony
a shooting star

Naomi Y. Brown

Arching the heavens,
a shooting star - down the beach,
our tiny campfire.

Robert Major

shooting star
lightning reflected
on flood water

Gene Doty

after shooting stars
streetlight beams through the branches
of the camphor tree

Jerry Ball

in the moonless sky
and in the starry lake
the shooting star

Donna Gallagher

Bright but brief shower
August shooting star reminds
your recent passing

Christine D. Michael

Many thanks to Tom Smith, Eve Jeanette Blohm and Sister Mary Henn for sending stamps and self addressed envelopes.

The Annual Potluck Christmas Party of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will be held Saturday, December 11, 1993, 4:00 to 8:00 PM in the home of Scott and June Hymas in San Jose. Please bring a dish for 6 to 8 people and 20 copies of a haiku to share. Please let us know if you are coming! That way we can put out enough forks. Contact June Hymas for directions and a map at

Challenge Kigo for October/November

Departing Autumn

The fields and mountains, your streets and your own gardens are covered with the beautiful colors of autumn. These colors gradually fade and wither as the season progresses. After the autumn season, we know that winter will come. The passing of a pleasant season often gives us certain feelings. Sentiments such as "I wish this beautiful season would not go away" are prevalent. But, no matter how much we wish, it will change. This feeling is also very strong when the spring season departs. We could express our feelings by using this kigo. Some examples:

Departing autumn
when I hold my kneecaps
they stay along with my body

Taigi

Because of the autumn departing?
ever part of mountain in my back
shines!

Fukio

I dropped a button
on the floor of the solitary cell
autumn departing

Fujio

Please send your three haiku for the next issue and your votes for the ten haiku in this issue with your three favorites circled on a single sheet of paper to:

Jean Hale

Don't forget to write a challenge kigo!
Send copy by December 15!

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