

GEPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:8

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

March/April 1994

Greetings from your Editor

A month into the New Year and California is shaking again! I hope all is well with our Southern California subscribers and also those hit by sub zero temperatures in the east. Maybe the time is ripe to forget the paeans and tell Mother Nature to shape up....

Continued thanks to those of you sending me stamps and stamped envelopes. I know I don't mention this every month, but we are grateful!

p602
deep beneath the ice
in the bulldozer's scoop
a pattern of leaves

p603
with a shovel
I toss them to the wind:
the Yule log's ashes

p604
ice cubes still afloat
in last night's glass of water —
first day of the year

p605
river bridge,
deer eyes floating
in Oregon fog

p606
old woman
moving in time...
her father's clock

p607
late winter evening,
my tipsy friend departs
distant fog horn

p608
earthquake aftershock ...
hummingbird backs off quickly
from swinging feeder

p609
down from the mountains
pine siskins grow pickier
with our crumby fare

p610
he writes wintry words
on flowered stationery
kigo confusion

p611
In bitter cold night--
a steaming tongue warms new birth;
mother with her colt.

p612
In the storm
one chick left in the nest
--waiting waiting!

p613
O little cricket,--
how you sing,
how you sing!

p614
Stealing sweetness
from colourful blossoms
honey bees

p615
Look in the garden
And refresh your spirit
With begonias

p616
traveling over trail
we climb the mountain
listening to wind chimes

p617
North Wind
brings Arctic weather
we dress in layers

p618
falling willow leaves
tears of sadness
broken heart

p619
chestnut stallion
in a chestnut shade
sleeps on his feet

p620
hunger moon
a few brown leaves still clinging
to the topmost bough

p621
large crow
sails the straight length of main street
new year's day

p622
fresh Sierra snow
scent of homemade bread
my ice-cold toes!

p623
dry oak leaves
crackling underfoot,
winter moon

p624
recalling his smile
long after his death
watching snowflakes fall....

p625
a sliver of moon
before dawn
frost on the compost

p626
heavy night rain
running off ...
siren in the distance

p627
home, just as the storm breaks -
the kitten dashes
out

p628
Winter mountains -
a cloud still at rest
in the valley.

p629
Winter mountains -
waiting for the fog in me
to lift.

p630
Talking to my mother
on the telephone -
winter mountain.

p631
New Year's fireworks
crackling like popcorn
all over Manoa Valley

p632
gecko lizard chirping
my soft footprints
up the stone stairs

p633
a cockroach dives
out of the mailbox;
more junk mail

p634
testing the new day--
the sky dons the reds and blues
of litmus paper

p635
small, high moon--
the quiet night
of the dogs

p636
barren fields
gilt all winter--
poverty grass

p637
standing in the rain
the despair of her passing
trickles down my back

p638
in every dewdrop
hanging from a willow limb
the same sunflower

p639

my white breath
vanishes into the stars
— midnight walk

p640

winter morning
she rests her feet on her knapsack
and keeps on talking

p641

beginning new year
a sermon about a father
and a young man's grief

p642

winter evening
sound of a bracelet fallen
on a marble floor

p643

clumps of snow
fall from the roof
a two-coffee morning

p644

weeklong snowblitz
the driveways deep
in shovelers

p645

this winter wind
bends traffic lights and trees
and each jogger

p646

Look! The first
Christmas tree ornament --
A dangling spider

p647

New Year's Day
Cat lying flat - hugs
The warm car hood

p648

Dog backs
His wagging tail into
The Christmas tree

p649

The first daffodil
in neighbor's front yard
pure gold

p650

Left in treetop
the last yellow pear shines
forever

p651

Kite caught by tree
small string attached
it has to stay

p652

water from a well --
the refreshment
of an icy kiss

p653

patching the quilt
that has known three husbands
-- many sighs

p654

after counting the collection
a long nap:
the priest on Christmas

p655

stopped at the light
I watched a crow cross the street
walking

p656

back porch —
the corner of dry leaves
wintering over

p657

February night
Four small lights moving at sea
Cry of the wind

p658

Snowing
A pair of Redtail hawks
Glide through the flakes

p659

First snow
The cherry tree has never
Seem'd lovelier

p660

Japanese temple
half-closed
spring storm

p661
School boys
still at play
long day

p662
Just once
from a distance
spring thunder

p663
after spring shower
whole sky
in the puddle

p664
homeless
"work for food" sign
basking in the sun

p665
desert
 bird's bones behind boulder
 glimmering in the sun

p666
April breeze outside.
Flickering across the floor,
sunlight and shadows.

p667
On the window pane,
here and there two raindrops touch;
run off together.

p668
Where the farmhouse stood,
thrusting through the duff of years...
a drift of snowdrops.

p669
a bluebird perches
in the giant oak ...
high on the up-turned roots

p670
ready for bees--
the bouquet tulip
inside out

p671
spring equinox
lilies and squirrels
showing no restraint

p672
Desolation Lake
the Ansel Adams photograph
slowly recognized

p673
lace curtains behind
worn brown upholstery ...
dust motes in the sun

p674
recently a widow --
stripping her yard
rebuilding fences

p675
by the crackling campfire,
I lean toward you
to sniff the tea stream

p676
a lover's moon —
the rhythmic rocking
of the rowboat

p677
departing taxi —
the long strand of hair
on my pillow

p678
winter mountain —
happy, round cats on the rug,
pale noon sun

p679
lonely owl hoots
who-whooo-whooo-whooo...
winter mountain

p680
winter stroll
old man
going down hill

p681
evening church yard
the sun flower
bows its head

p682
in the wee hours
unable to sleep
the cricket roars

Spring Poetry Trails 1994

Haiku in the Teahouse, Saturday, April 9, 1994. 10:00 a.m.

Location: Kelley Park, 1300 Senter Rd. San Jose

Coordinator: Alice Benedict

Description: Come for a spring stroll through San Jose's blossoming Japanese Friendship Garden! After the walk members of local haiku societies—published haiku poets—will read their work in the classic Japanese teahouse. Please feel free to bring your own haiku, haibun, or tanka to read during the open reading which follows.

Directions: Meet Park Ranger Roger Abe at the garden's main entrance before 10:00 a.m. when the easy level walk will begin. Ranger Abe will share information about the natural history of the garden. The teahouse program begins immediately after the walk and will end about 12:30 p.m.

Note for haiku society members: Bring a sack lunch and something to drink. After the program we will have lunch and a ginko (haiku writing walk) for the purpose of writing haiku in the gardens while spring blossoms are at their height!

Wildflower and haiku walk. Saturday, April 30, 1994. 10:00 a.m.

Location: Alum Rock Park.

Coordinators: Donna and Pat Gallagher

Description: This outing will include a significant period of silent observation and writing in addition to sharing haiku and natural history information with the group. Space is limited. Please contact coordinator to reserve your place.

Poetry and Music in Overfelt Park, May 22, 1994. 1:00 p.m.

Location: Chinese Cultural Garden at Overfelt Park, San Jose

Coordinator: Michael Dylan Welch

Description: A reading of short poems in the tanka form by Bay Area Poets in the Sun-Yat Sen Pavilion will be followed by a performance by musician Melody Cheng whose recent recordings have been top sellers in Taiwan. Then, Pauline Lo, a docent for the Chinese Cultural Garden will guide us on a tour.

Note: Directions for meeting for the walks in Overfelt and Alum Rock Park will be available from the coordinators soon.

For more information on all Poetry Trails contact: June Hymas, Campbell Library, or Roger Abe, San Jose Dept. of Recreation, Parks and Community Services.

All programs are free and open to everyone. Parking is \$3.00 at Alum Rock Park & Kelley Park

Sponsored by City of San Jose Department of Recreation, Parks and Community Services in association with the San Jose Center for Poetry and Literature, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and the Haiku Poets of Northern California.

p683

overcast evening
fireflies in the meadow
with a smudge of moon

p684

new green of birches
song of yellow warbler
from the topmost branch

p685

broken whelk shell
carried higher on the shore
rocks in the backwash

p686

wind through the pines
a lace of needles
over fallen rain

p687

a gust of fog
trailing moonlight....
the scent of ivy

p688

plum blossoms
tinted by the neon sign
a swirling mist

p689

too high to be heard
a jet enters the Milky Way
wingtips blinking

p690

deep winter moonrise—
the pony's whinny drifts
white from the paddock

p691

front door ajar—
a draught ruffles the leaves
of a houseplant

p692

Wild duck call
from across the lake
unanswered

p693

crocus in bloom
one thin shadow
leaning

p694

I reach
for a fallen white petal
--butterfly

p695

a lean coyote
slinks across the desert
grouse fluffs her wings

p696

Sedona morning
the hawk follows his shadow
across the red rocks

p697

police siren—
coyote wails
fill the canyon

p698

man's use of his gift
bright jewel of the Orient
destroyed with a touch

p699

watching you stroll by
waves crashing on the rocks
echo my heartbeat

p700

belly full of eggs
searching for a hidden spot.....
lady long legs

p701

First good day to sweep
just finished front walk and porch
gusty wind strews trash

p702

Gray nothing bird
this wet gray nothing day
my tail would droop too

p703

Squawks inside thicket
new leaves and feathers falling
love triangle?

p704

Sarajevo
finally no bombs - just birds
bursting into song ...

p705
rolling farmland
headlights on the horizon
disappear then reappear...

p706
winter desert
scrub brush and tumbleweeds
covered with frost

p707
Turquoise blue water
fine sugar sand slides through toes
ice and snow back home

p708
Melting ice reveals
Fall's promise unfulfilled
your warmth never cools

p709
Low point of the year
sunlight boosted by snow
gratitude

Please send your three Haiku for the next issue along with your votes for the haiku in this issue to:

Jean M. Hale

Don't forget to include a challenge haiku! One entry please.



Editor's Correction.....

A winning Haiku was omitted from the printed list in our last issue. It earned 19 votes and here it is:

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

Gerry Ball

**Challenge Kigo for Next Issue:
Spring Mountain**

The gray winter mountain finally awakens. Grasses and trees have new green leaves; the mountain overflows with brightness. The Spring mountain in Japan is also called "Smiling Mountain."

Spring Mountain —
I think those are children
climbing up here

Tatsuko

Spring mountain —
just like chasing
an unfinished dream

Ichimei

Like opening
the scroll of a picture —
Spring mountain

Tatsuko

Challenge Kigo: Winter Mountain

winter mountain,
how quickly cliffs of ice
become the sea

Gloria H. Procsal

a few oak leaves
chattering among themselves
winter mountain

Yvonne Hardenbrook

winter mountain ...
snow illusion of distance
from forces below

George Knox

no path
wind howling
snow covered mountain

Naomi Y. Brown

winter mountain--
cold wind shivering boughs
shivering sparrow

Robert Henry Poulin

Hidden in darkness,
the stars betray its profile ...
our winter mountain.

Robert Major

winter mountain
piles of cards and letters
left unanswered

scattered cloud shadows
disguising natural contours
winter mountain

Donna Callagher

winter mountain
blocked by blizzard
couple find cave

Eve Jeanette Blohm

winter mountain
my monkey-brain chattering
about photography

Pat Callagher

winter mountain
at the end of the drive
the buried mailbox

Tom Smith

mountain morning—
all over the red berry bush
snow in tiny heaps

Michael Dylan Welch

the winter mountain -
sunrise glaring
below

Tom Clausen

snow on top
climbing bald mountain
his white hair

Laura Bell

old mining town
twinkles high on the mountain
— winter bound galaxy

Hank Dunlap

ringing at sunrise
through the mountains of winter
the bells of Gstaad

Christopher Herold

Winter mountain
the color of earth covers
the tips of my shoe

Jerry Ball

trees stand stark and bare
here on this Winter mountain
just before snowfall

Kate Walters

blizzard envelops
the mountain: the last skier
sips his chocolate

George Ralph

From the car window
white etched ridges glide along
winter mountain

Dorothy Greenlee

Winter mountain
climbing into the clouds
snow softly falling

JoAnn Soileau

Cross-country ski trails
quilt winter mountains coverlet
white down warms old bones

Christine Doreian Michaels

Members' Votes for January/February

Gloria Procsal - p521-20 p522-5 p523-25
 Ebba Story - p524-5 p525-23 p526-13
 Neill Megaw - p529-5
 Tom Clausen - p530-2 p531-1 p532-16
 George Knox - p536-13 p538-11
 Robert Poulin - p539-4 p540-12 p541-1
 Temo Yamagata - p543-7 p544-1
 Albert M. Lewis - p545-11 p546-3 p547-17
 JoAnn Soileau - p548-6 p549-13 p550-16
 Dara McLaughlin - p551-23 p553-5 p553-12
 Robert Gibson - p554-2 p555-6 p556-13
 Laura Bell - p560-7 p561-11
 Michael Dylan Welch - p563-5 p564-7
 Robert Major - p566-6 p567-1 p568-7
 Floyd E. Jack - p570-5
 Gene Doty - p572-9 p573-10 p574-31
 C. Doreian Michaels - p577-6
 Margaret Drake Elliott - p580-1
 Hank Dunlop - p581-20 p582-19 p583-12
 Naomi Y. Brown - p584-6 p585-5 p586-9
 Steve Bertrand - p587-13 p588-17 p589-15
 Maggie Chula - p590-5 p591-12 p592-13
 Nasira Alma - p593-2 p594-1 p595-8
 Jim Kacian - p596-22 p597-2 p598-1
 Kate Walters - p599-1 p600-2 p601-4

unbuttoning
 her pink long johns
 under a down quilt

Gene Doty

leaving the digs
 the weight of small bones
 in my bruised hand

Gloria Procsal

windswept breakers ...
 from this dark stone
 the warmth of his palm

Ebba Story

Snow on a branch
 loses its balance
 Falls again

Dara McLaughlin

New Year's snow --
 the gradual whitening
 of my hair

Jim Kacian

campus stroll
 old professor's shadow
 growing smaller

Gloria Procsal

flooding my camp
 a waterfall of moonlight
 tumbles down the cliff

Hank Dunlap

birdsong --
 the scruboak thicket
 overflows

Hank Dunlap

She sleeps in my shirt
 With the rhythm of my heart
 I have covered her

Albert M. Lewis

abandoned house -
 with just the creak of a ghost
 in the front porch steps...

Steve Bertrand

the pothole -
 through the car
 into my bones

Tom Clausen

Taking pictures
 after the funeral a family
 of strangers

JoAnn Soileau

evening burial
 shadows lengthen upon
 the small child's grave ...

Steve Bertrand

the clock set back --
 waking to sunbeams
 through the ripped blind

Ebba Story

lingering visions
 of wild fires consuming all...
 except chimneys

George Knox

Pigeons in
 pigeons out
 church bells ring

JoAnn Soileau

Winter sun
 Both man and his shadow fit
 Into the same box

Robert Gibson

star fall -
 a young buck appears
 at the edge of the forest ...

Steve Bertrand

winter illness
 forgotten in Grandma's barn
 tulip bulbs sprout

Maggie Chula