GEPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:10

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

Jul/Aug 1994

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p797 her awkward body as she picks the fullest pea pods

p798 in streams of sunlight one oar and then another rippling the river

p799 ailing woman; shadow of her fingers tracing the hourglass

p800 By the old water pump from the rusty tin can a butterfly drinks

p801 The barber mowing his new grass with precision cuts

p802 sweat in rivulets some from the sun some from traffic

p803 that field of daisies where once we wove love's garlands now an asphalt sea

p804 grandma's old cedar chest full of yellowed baby clothes no one remembers

p805 like distant stars beautiful but cold yesterday's passion p806 low tide capping the holes of sand crabs irridescent bubbles

p807 poolside lounging bared flesh retains the rattan pattern

p808 in the warm kitchen a crock of pineapple trimmings slowly turns to wine

p809 ant crossing road safely to center line ---closed for construction

p810 into blue sky a cardinal flutters with her green brood

p811 at the funeral her hands clutching...a dried rose moistened with tears

p812 young and old rich and poor prayers for rain

p813 a naughty boy on roller skates burning sunshine

p814 stand alone with arms folded nakedness p815 Cinco de Mayo Mexican Bird of Paradise celebrating

p816 Pigeons on the wall must have eaten mulberries walk to clean again

p817 Walking off doughnuts one mile around the block baby blue sky

p818 disked field to tall oak one grass stem at a time... nesting "ground dove"

p819 after third six-pack of store-bought pole-bean plants... only then snail bait

p820 under leaden skies spring doldrums on Mission Bay... "marine layers"

p821 Busting his butt spray painting cars red black & blue

p822 Fly on your knee getting piggy-back rides — Who's next?

p823 The empty peach can full of copper pennies turning brown

p824 scratching their ears they do it the same way birds and cats

p825 spring storm cat moves her kittens one by one by one p826 starlings in and out in and out hungry chicks

p827 End of appointments at the dentist's...Down the stairs two steps at a time.

p828 Heeling with the wind, sails scatter across the sound; each on the **sa**me course.

p829 Faint whiffs of sulfur. Mashing up the crumbled yolks. Fixing deviled eggs.

p830 white clouds cast shadows silent snow-capped mountain peaks airplane's engines roar

p831 pastel horizon colored by pollution blue sky above

p832 early morning pale hummingbird on wire basket lured by sweet peas

p833 lightning June bugs take shelter on screen door

p834 lone white cloud floating above an ocotillo touched by sun's afterglow

p835 scented geranium leaf rubbed between fingers apple scent

p836 two old men kites in beach fog fish the sky p837 starlings line the roof ridge for each summer sunset

p838 meditation ended my legs oh after all these years

p839 entering the bloom the butterfly's wings fan slowly

p840 mouth agape the zen book in her lap

p841 glancing in TV glow illumines a man eating

p842 back from Maine my grandson wants to sell me "beautiful stones"

p843 standing among begonia flats a shadow

p844 silently under the weeder's hand a toad evolves

p845 the neighbor's fence: one by one you drop cool plums into my cupped hands

p846 white berry blossoms... a nesting blackbird peers through the brambles p847 from late party to early caroling birds short night

p848 three more shootings in our city streets — Memorial Day

p849 perfect backyard: my rhododendron, locust and some slugs

p850 blinking fireflies on dark summer's night roaring campfire

p851 airplane flying through clouds hitting air pockets

p852 Northeastern storm destroys boardwalk distant memories

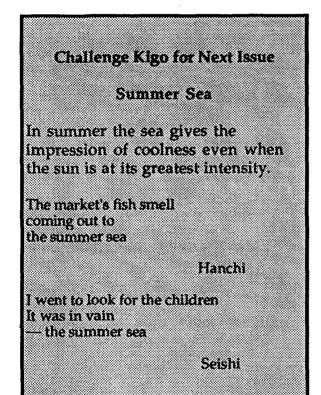
p853 April afternoon sun spills from a rain gutter -a bar of bright light

p854 May baskets greet us. Little boys across the street remember always.

p855 We blow soap bubbles you and I sharing the bath rainbow memories

p856 receding tide our fingers touch a tiny urchin p857 our hands in dishwater ... your warm breath on my neck

p858 at the beach overlook my hand's shadow touches yours



when the Weaver Girl and the Herd Boy can be together after the birds make a bridge across the Milky Way. June Hymas told a Vietnamese version of this tale which originated in China.

Robert Rotella brought a star chart. With its help we had no difficulty locating the stars Vega and Altair which represent the lovers.

Katsue Ingalz is from Okinawa; this was the first Yuki Teikei meeting that she had attended and finding Americans celebrating Tanabata made her giggle.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Greetings! Many lovely haiku this issue. I hope everyone is enjoying a wonderful summer.

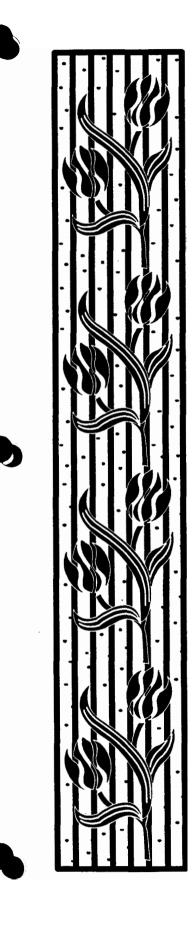
Maybe I will see some of you at the Asilomar retreat. I'm heading off on September 14 to Vienna and Budapest, but with careful planning, I hope to fit in the retreat as well.

Send your Haiku to: Jean Hale,

TANABATA !!

Our annual celebration of this traditional event was held at Marilyn and Peter Zaklan's home in Monte Sereno, California. We had an excellent view of the stars from their newly redone back garden. We made the traditional unsewn paper kimonos and hung them from trees and bushes.

The members present wrote and shared haiku and celebrated the one day of the year Shugyo Takaha has writen to Kiyoko Tokutomi from Japan to let us know that Seishi Yamaguchi, modern haiku master, passed away on March 3, 1994 at the age of ninety-two. In his memory we would like to repeat here some of his thoughts about haiku as translated for us last year by Mrs. Tokutomi. Text follows.



Epilog from Haiku Class by Seishi Yamaguchi: What is haiku?

Haiku is a traditional poem containing references to nature, references which change with the season. When I evaluate the haiku of others, I make note of the season in which the haiku was composed by determining the season-word that was used.

Next, I note what observations about nature were made since haiku as a traditional poem should touch on some aspect of the seasons, astronomy, geography, human affairs, animals, or plants. These observations are expressed by kigo which have been handed down to us from the past. We have great respect for kigo.

Haiku is expressed in syllables of 5-7-5. But the syllable count is not enough. The interplay of the three parts must have lyric quality. The words should be arranged in the best way to achieve clear meaning and a matching tone or harmony. The most important thing in haiku is harmony. How each phrase in the haiku corresponds to each of the others-that is what I am looking for in my haiku and in that of others.

Translated by Kiyoko Tokutomi from Haiku Class by Seishi Yamaguchi; edited by Patricia Machmiller. © Kiyoko Tokutomi, 1993

Members Votes for May/June

Gloria Procsal - p710-11 p711-8 p712-1 George Knox - p714-3 p715-3 Thomas Ingalz - p717-1 Lesley Einer - p720-5 p721-2 Robert Major - p722-1 p723-3 p724-7 Temo Yamagata - p726-1 Robert Poulin - p731-15 p732-12 p733-1 Kat Avila - p734-2 p735-1 p736-2 Maggie Chula - p737-4 p738-2 p739-2 Dorothy Greenlee - p742-2 Naomi Brown - p744-3 p745-6 Neill Megaw - p746-1 p747-7 p748-6 Nasira Alma - p749-12 p750-1 p751-17 JoAnn Soileau - p752-7 p753-6 Jim Kacian - p755-17 p756-6 p757-3 Hank Dunlap - p758-9 p759-2 Tom Clausen - p761-4 p762-7 p763-1 Floyd E. Jack - p764-11 Laura Bell - p767-7 p768-1 p769-12 Alice Benedict - p770-13 p771-13 Cherie Hunter Day - p773-1 p775-6 Ebba Story - p776-1 p777-6 p778-17 Kate Walters - p780-1 p781-1 Echo Goodmansen - p783-3 p784-4 Tom Smith - p785-6 p786-1 p789-11 p790-6 George Ralph - p791-3 Dara McLaughlin - p795-6 p796-1 George Ralph - p791-3 Dara McLaughlin - p795-6 p796-1

cry of a night bird paleness of the hazy moon sifts into the dunes

Alice Benedict

evening mist on the broad river's far shore motionless alders

Alice Benedict

evening stroll her hands making him lose sight even of the moon

Robert Poulin

by the store racks of hyacinths a row of homeless

Nasira Alma

freeing the caged bird the plume in her hat waving

Laura Bell

In the darkened tent listening without a word for the thunder

Nasira Alma

impending rain the oppressive scent of honeysuckle

Jim Kacian

a gentle breeze the weight of cherry blossoms shapes the tree

Ebba Story

caterpillar, if you knew, you'd kick up your heels next life butterfly

Robert Poulin

soft spring rain two plum trees blossom as one

Gloria Procsal

Slow the weary climb A moment's glimpse of vistas fair ... Swiftly darkness falls

Floyd E. Jack

I know a bird's life isn't easy still see them fly

Robert Gibson

the spider dead her entire life entrapped in her web

Robert Gibson

Challenge Kigo - Spring Sky

releasing a dove into the spring sky		jet contrail fades into the spring sky	
the palsied boy's wave	Gloria H. Procsal	above Mt. Franklin	Naomi Y. Brown
Pale blue daylight lingers a little longer than yesterday		soaring a hawk enlightens	
than yesterday	Dara McLaughlin	the spring sky	Tom Smith
my heartwinter free			
reaches up like Queen's An to the soft Spring sky		six stunt planes and a myriad sparrows	
:	Kate Walters	score the spring sky	George Ralph
spring sky			George maph
in last night's rain puddle apple blossoms		early afternoon the baby blue sky	
	Lesley Einer	celebrates spring buds	Ene Leanette Plahar
from the spring sky			Eve Jeanette Blohm
a cloud of dragonflies reflect sunshine		Swallow silhouettes fill a just-before-spring sky	
	Robert H. Poulin	coming home again	
Click clack of skates			Mary Lou Taylor
on uneven sidewalk powdery Spring sky			
powdery opinig sky	Dorothy Greenlee		
sunrise finch concert	_		-
curtains open on spring sky auditoriurn			
	George Knox		
Under a spring sky — cows coming into the barn			
one hour late	JoAnn Soileau		
Perfectly balanced, the kite rises steadily. Lord of the spring sky.			
······································	Robert Major		

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Some Information Haiku Retreat at Asilomar. Pacific Grove. California Yuki Teikei Haiku Society September 8-11. 1994

The 1994 retreat will feature Margaret Chula whose book, *Grinding my ink*, has just been selected for the Haiku Society of America's Merit Book Award. She lived in Kyoto, Japan for twelve years. She has won many awards and prizes including those from Japan Airlines, Itoen Tea Company, the Japan Tanka Poets Club, and the Tokyo English Literature Society.

There have been several requests to have a focus on haibun during the retreat. Haibun might be loosely defined as short, concisely written, evocative prose passages in which haiku are set. One way to prepare for this would be to read or re-read any of Basho's travel diaries. Cor van den Heuvel has been publishing his memoirs of childhood in the most recent issues of Modern Haiku. If you write haibun, please bring 25 copies of a single page work to share with others. Also bring passages of works that you would like others to know about. What we will attempt to provide is a forum to share all the thinking that our group has been doing about the practice of haibun in English. Further details about the retreat and the schedule of events will be sent in mid-August to those who request them, or who have registered for the retreat.

Again, this year's retreat will focus on study, practice and preparation for the Renku Party and festive finale on Saturday evening. There will be nature walks and a free period for meditation and haiku writing each day. The emphasis is on sharing in a relaxed, informal atmosphere, and experiencing some aspects of the haiku path of feeling, writing and thinking.

Four days spent in the company of fellow writers in beautiful surroundings directly on the Pacific Ocean will be an inspirational experience you will never forget!

> eyes wide open among the pines at night silent footsteps Alex Benedict

Beneath the pines in audible profusion brown rattlesnake grass

Ciz Knox (from the 1993 retreat)