

GEPPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:10

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

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her awkward body
as she picks
the fullest pea pods

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

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ailing woman;
shadow of her fingers
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By the old water pump
from the rusty tin can
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no one remembers

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--closed for construction

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hungry chicks

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at the dentist's...Down the stairs
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sails scatter across the sound;
each on the same course.

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Mashing up the crumbled yolks.
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"beautiful stones"

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a toad evolves

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

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white berry blossoms...
a nesting blackbird peers
through the brambles

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from late party
to early caroling birds
short night

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in our city streets
— Memorial Day

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perfect backyard:
my rhododendron, locust
and some slugs

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roaring campfire

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flying through clouds
hitting air pockets

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Northeastern storm
destroys boardwalk
distant memories

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

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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

Challenge Kigo for Next Issue

Summer Sea

In summer the sea gives the
impression of coolness even when
the sun is at its greatest intensity.

The market's fish smell
coming out to
the summer sea

Hanchi

I went to look for the children
It was in vain
— the summer sea

Seishi

*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 written 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
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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

soft spring rain
two plum trees
blossom as one

Gloria Procsal

impending rain
the oppressive scent
of honeysuckle

Jim Kacian

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

Floyd E. Jack

a gentle breeze —
the weight of cherry blossoms
shapes the tree

Ebba Story

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

Robert Gibson

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

Robert Poulin

the spider dead
her entire life entrapped
in her web

Robert Gibson

Challenge Kigo - Spring Sky

releasing a dove
into the spring sky ...
the palsied boy's wave

Gloria H. Procsal

jet contrail
fades into the spring sky
above Mt. Franklin

Naomi Y. Brown

Pale blue daylight
lingers a little longer
than yesterday

Dara McLaughlin

soaring
a hawk enlightens
the spring sky

Tom Smith

my heart...winter free
reaches up like Queen's Anne's Lace
to the soft Spring sky

Kate Walters

six stunt planes
and a myriad sparrows
score the spring sky

George Ralph

spring sky
in last night's rain puddle
apple blossoms

Lesley Einer

early afternoon
the baby blue sky
celebrates spring buds

Eve Jeanette Blohm

from the spring sky
a cloud of dragonflies
reflect sunshine

Robert H. Poulin

Swallow silhouettes
fill a just-before-spring sky
coming home again

Mary Lou Taylor

Click clack of skates
on uneven sidewalk
powdery Spring sky

Dorothy Greenlee

sunrise finch concert ...
curtains open on spring sky
auditorium

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

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)*