

# GEPPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:11

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

Sept/Oct 1994

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slitting her letter ...  
a sea gull's cry  
at twilight

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these love letters  
in the dresser drawer —  
how quickly they could burn

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two cigarettes  
at the vacant table,  
still smoking

p862

Summer twilight  
the fading of the footprints  
at the edge of the surf

p863

a full length mirror  
at the end of a hallway  
summer twilight

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the cat rolls over  
from the next room my wife says  
something about the heat

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cold sand  
the scent of tarry timbers  
under the boardwalk

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hot August evening  
the edge of a lily pad  
makes an impression

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gunshot —  
echoing down the canyon  
a cool breeze

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roar of the ocean  
again and again and again  
until the sun goes down

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On unwelcome days  
a rooster's wake-up call  
peels into ripe dreams.

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Restless leafy naps  
of night forgotten, cat sprawls  
on sun-soaked cement.

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cools the feet but not the brow.  
Patience grows slowly.

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neglecting to shave -  
strolling through row after row  
of corn stubble

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early dusk -  
hesitantly she hands him  
an apple

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p877

blue lobelia  
shade under the cypress  
deepens the color

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behind the house  
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winter nearly gone

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withered grassy hills  
await winter's cool rains  
deer drink at our pond

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foggy night  
fallen leaves muffle  
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brightness  
of the autumn moon drives  
the stars from sight

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rake them away

p883

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and wheeling in and out  
a pair of eagles

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louder and louder  
air conditioning

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Bank drive through  
two cars stopped in line  
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tired of reading  
a detective story  
a cricket

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much difficulty  
in finding work  
lingering summer

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post office  
already closed  
westering sun

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Running here and there,  
they go where whim will take them ...  
Chickens in a field.

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In garden-hose spray,  
ruby-throated hummingbird ...  
showering on the wing.

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Brilliant autumn day.  
Brisk, invigorating wind.  
Juncos play at tag.

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of zucchini

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crowd my garden

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red blossoms

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p903

in trouble again,  
the kitten suns itself  
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p904

homeless woman,  
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vast wilderness,  
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tired horse bends to eat  
scattering oats on curb  
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summer afternoon  
ivy-covered building  
attracts pigeons

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kids' nature outing ...  
ecstatic about "things  
that eat other things"

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instants in the trees  
portents almost palpable ...  
presence of fall

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After children's groups  
teachers' nature-study walks ...  
dutifully docile

p912

on a wine-dark pond  
and a starless sky  
— two perfect full moons

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slickrock pool —  
trapped on its surface  
bees circle

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hints of a rainbow  
in the swirling mist  
— setting sun

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Hot sleepless night  
Hundreds of years ago  
smart Indians left here.

p916

Just overnight  
there goes the neighborhood  
pigeon invasion.

p917

Old square harpsichord  
at home of rich patroness  
fall recital.

p918

each bright moment  
only one breath away  
from nirvana

p919  
like the nautilus  
life's beauties are revealed  
around every curve

p920  
only steps ahead  
does he hear Issa calling  
"Basho...wait for me"

p921  
One green blade of grass  
one water drop and one star —  
world enough for me.

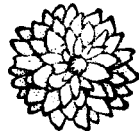
p922  
Gold of the linden  
hanging from every twig  
treasure for the bees.

p923  
Trumpet blooms announce  
summer's musical festival;  
hummingbirds attend.

p924  
amid browning stems  
late blooms of the dune paintbrush  
quiver in sea air

p925  
a distant figure  
emerges from the fog, walking  
like my dead friend

p926  
through the trail's cracked mud  
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about to bloom



### Members Votes for July/Aug

Gloria Procsal - p797-11 p798-18 p799-18  
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Kate Walters - p803-1 p804-21 p805-5  
Lesley Einer - p806-20 p807-2 p808-3  
Robert Poulin - p809-2 p810-0 p811-8  
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Dorothy Greenlee - p815-0 p816-0 p817-5  
George Knox - p818-1 p819-0 p820-1  
JoAnn Soileau - p821-5 p822-0 p823-8  
Echo Goodmansen - p824-6 p825-16 p826-1  
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Patti Emmett - p830-0 p831-2 p832-3  
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Eve Jeanette Blohm - p850-6 p851-1 p852-1  
Mary Lou Taylor - p853-1 p854-0 p855-2  
Michael Dylan Welch - p856-4 p857-20 p858-22

two old men  
kites in beach fog  
fish the sky

Robert Gibson

at the beach overlook  
my hand's shadow  
touches yours

Michael Dylan Welch

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

Kate Walters

low tide  
capping the holes of sand crabs  
iridescent bubbles

Lesley Einer

our hands in dishwater  
... your warm breath  
on my neck

Michael Dylan Welch

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

Gloria Procsal

ailing woman;  
shadow of her fingers  
tracing the hourglass

Gloria Procsal

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

Dara McLaughlin

spring storm  
cat moves her kittens  
one by one by one

Echo Goodmansen

### Challenge Kigo for Next Issue

#### Sardine Cloud

Small puffs of white cloud gather in the autumn sky. They have a wave-like form with all the puffs aligned in the same direction. They look like sardines that gather and move in one direction. Also, in the lore of Japanese fishermen, these clouds are interpreted to mean that rain is coming, increasing the chance for a large catch of sardines.

sardine cloud --  
all my cares disappear  
little by little

Shuoshi

sardine clouds --  
why do they all rush,  
the workers going home

Ichiro

a wife and a child  
and still I am lonesome --  
sardine cloud

Atushi

#### Editor's Note:

Greetings! Back to work is the theme this month. Back to work, back to the Geppo, but sustained by wonderful memories - views of the Danube, gypsy violins, Strauss waltzes, Schönbrunn Palace, Franz Kafka's little blue house.

As memorable as it was, it did not eclipse the several days spent at Asilomar. There's something about that place; I've been there five or six times and always return refreshed and more alive than when I went.

The chance to meet many of you first hand was very welcome. Now I can attach faces to some quite familiar names.

**Deadline for next issue is  
December 15, 1994. Send  
submissions to:**

**Jean Hale**

**You may send one to three  
haiku on any theme and one  
haiku in response to the  
challenge kigo. Please make it  
clear which is the challenge  
kigo haiku.**

**Communication regarding dues  
or membership should be  
directed to:**

**Kyoko Tokutomi**

## Challenge Kigo - Summer Sea

not unusual  
walking across my shadow  
by the summer sea

Jerry Ball

A taste  
of the summer sea  
gargling

JoAnn Soileau

crossing the summer sea  
between sun-gilded ripples  
furrows of sky

Christopher Herold

Lovely summer sea.  
Fool me not with gentle swells —  
Remember winter

Floyd Jack

o, summer sea. . .!  
an empty shopping bag  
washes in with the tide

Kat Avila

toes dug in hot sand  
— wintry winds  
across summer seas

Laura Bell

dead alewives  
condoms and beer cans  
— summer seaside

George Ralph

summer sea,  
the otter and I  
into one shadow

Gloria Procsal

the summer sea  
remembers nothing  
of the winter storms

Robert Gibson

we run across beach  
feeling summer sea on feet  
relief from hot sun

Eve Jeanette Blohm

Hot summer sun  
Kansas wheat ripening  
Sea —

Susan Kinney-Riordan

from the summer sea  
tumbled by the ceaseless surf  
coils of fly-blown kelp

George Knox

Riding the breakers.  
Immersed in all five senses  
and the summer sea.

Robert Major

Lazing on cruise ship  
meal time again already?  
sparkling summer sea.

Dorothy Greenlee

shedding bright sand  
all our children swarm  
the summer sea

Tom Smith

bound by Fuji's snow  
still, this dream of sun-splashed waves  
on a summer sea

Kate Walters

**KIYOSHI TOKUTOMI MEMORIAL HAIKU CONTEST  
1994 AWARDS**

Turnip in my hand—  
Its cold roundness heavier  
Than a baby's head

**First Prize**  
**Sister Benedicta, O.S.H., USA**

the battered scarecrow  
still standing—high water mark  
drying on his throat

**Second Prize**  
**Elizabeth Searle Lamb, USA**

grandmother's cellar  
a few forgotten turnips  
their fragrant presence

**Third Prize**  
**Yvonne Hardenbrook, USA**

**Honorable Mention**  
**(in alphabetical order)**

chestnut paperweight—  
pages of my manuscript  
lifting in the wind

**Helen K. Davie, USA**

at the interment—  
suddenly the chattering  
of migrating birds

**Donna Gallagher, USA**

facing the North Wind  
mother tightens children's hoods  
with clumsy fingers

**Vi Mathiasen, Australia**

the misty moonlight  
it must be months since I dusted  
the porcelain dog

**Clark Strand, USA**

yellow crocuses:  
a rusty nail works its way  
out of the dog house

**Clark Strand, USA**

on a lower shelf  
at the bargain-basement store—  
a cactus flower

**Clark Strand, USA**

gust of evening wind . . .  
on the footbridge all at once  
chestnuts clattering

**Elizabeth St. Jacques, Canada**

buying the wind chimes . . .  
change counted into my hand  
one coin at a time

**Helen Shaffer, USA**

an old mare nuzzles  
her owner's coat, stopping at  
the turnip pocket

**Helen Shaffer, USA**

Resting on her cane . . .  
the brim of her hat catches  
falling willow leaves

**Louise Somers Winder, USA**

**At the Yuki Teikei Meeting on October 8, 1994,** the members present approved the following slate of officers for the next two years:

President:	Alex Benedict
Vice President:	Pat Machmiller
Vice Pres./Publications:	June Hymas
Treasurer:	Kiyoko Tokutomi
Geppo Editor:	Jean Hale
Editor,Members Anthology:	Ebba Story
Contest Chair:	Ruth Schofield

Welcome to the new officers and a sincere thank you to those retiring, especially Pat Shelley, outgoing Contest Chair, who coordinated the very successful Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contests of 1993 and 1994.

**On Thursday, November 17, 1994, 6:30 PM,** there will be Moonviewing at the home of Marilyn and Peter Zaklan in Monte Sereno. This is the night of the full moon which will rise at about 5:00 ?? The people who attended Tanabata will remember what a lovely view of the sky we had from the deck. This is a potluck dinner. Please bring finger food for 6 to 8 people. If you can serve on the setup crew (5:45 PM), please call June Hymas at . . .

**On Saturday, December 10, 1994 at 3:00 PM,** the Annual Potluck Holiday Party will be held at the home of Mary Hill, . . . Please bring a dish for 6 to 8 people and 20 copies of a haiku to share. Please let Mary know if you are coming! That way she can put out enough forks. When you RSVP to Mary . . . she will give you directions to her home if you need them.



# Afterglow

A Renku Composed On The Occasion Of The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
Retreat At Asilomar  
September 11, 1993

The participants:

Alex Benedict  
Alice Benedict  
Donna Gallagher  
Pat Gallagher  
Christopher Herold  
Elizabeth Knox

Patricia Machmiller  
Bun Schofield  
Ebba Story  
Kiyoko Tokutomi\*  
Emile Waldteufel  
Eugenie Waldteufel  
Michael Dylan Welch

\* Renku Master

Chilly windswept beach  
long strands of kelp intertwined  
in the afterglow

Ebba

Rising through eucalyptus  
a pale yellow gibbous moon

Michael

A doe and her young  
pick their way through the dry grass  
light on tiny horns

Eugenia

The incense smoke wafts upward  
from the square lacquered box

Elizabeth

Oriental rug  
against the patterned hardwood --  
roses in the vase

Pat

The sunburned spots in the shape  
of the rips in his T-shirt

Alice

Big breakfast over  
line forms at one-hole outhouse --  
sheep wait in pens

Emile

His old silver pocket watch  
her curl sealed in the cover

Alice

Blowing me kisses  
through the speeding car window --  
her exit is next

Michael

Two stores in this country town  
bullet holes through the stop sign

Christopher

The barber's story  
keeps his customer awake  
Burma Shave! he ends

Pat

Trimming the overgrown hedge  
he severs the power cord

Donna

A fireman climbs  
all the way up the ladder  
to the winter moon

Christopher

Around the old church steeple  
the whine of a bitter wind

Bun

The rocky river  
a kingfisher chattering  
down to the next bend

Alex

Forgotten under the bed  
dusty *Arabian Nights*

Ebba

Three in business suits  
their briefcases at their feet --  
the cherry blossoms

Pat

Noontime on Mt. Hamilton  
'hilltoppers" high, then higher!

Kiyoko

(Note: A Renku was also composed at our recent Asilomar Retreat . We will print it at some future date if we can assemble it from our very sketchy notes.)



## THE ART OF HAIKU

One of the aims of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is to promote the enjoyment of haiku and the art of haiku composition. To this end the Society asked several of its members to submit essays for the Geppo, describing a haiku the member admires and what he or she finds admirable in it. Such an essay by **Pat Gallagher** is presented here.

### Showing and Saying

It is a tenet of contemporary philosophy that some things cannot be said, only shown. Certainly a way to achieve the highest art of haiku composition or appreciation cannot be put into words. However, it is likely that some useful things can be said that will help poets who are working to improve their skills. In regards to learning haiku by studying examples, an excellent resource is the new book edited by Robert Hass, The Essential Haiku: Versions of Basho, Buson, and Issa, The Ecco Press, 1994.

A poem I like very much is from Margaret Chula's Grinding my ink:

floating in the sake  
left for the beloved  
a moth

The following notes indicate what I like about what is presented in the poem and what it avoids presenting. The strengths described are characteristic of Margaret's haiku and many of them are often mentioned as requirements for excellence in haiku.

The poem references both the human world and the world of nature. I have noticed poems that do this often have more impact on me than poems that describe only scenes from nature without a human element.

I find the poem to be completely intelligible; though we do not leave sake for our dead loved ones we are familiar enough with the general human practice to understand what is going on.

It seems to me that the order of the lines is right because it is essential that the cup of sake and its setting are provided before the moth. If the moth were in the first line our attention would be drawn to it to the extent that the other elements would be somewhat transparent.

The setting of the poem is in an instant of observation. Clearly the cup of sake and the moth have been there for some time and will persist, but we see it now!

The scene described is an ordinary one, not an unusual or singular occasion.

The poem presents no statement of a moral lesson, no personal reaction or reflection; as readers we have been trusted to understand why the poet has chosen to bring the scene to our attention. We have been so well guided by the poet that we do not have to worry that our understanding may be incorrect.

The syllable count of the lines is 5, 6, 2, presenting enough of an armature to carry the weight of the poem. The poem is not telegraphic.

The poem leads me to think about the rituals of remembrance, and how such remembrances and their traces in the world must pass away.