

GEPPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:14

Fuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

Mar/Apr 1995

p1107

closing my umbrella
under a thin shower
of cherry blossoms

p1108

museum courtyard,
each springtime I return ...
the same smiling Buddha

p1109

after we quarrel
walking naked
in soft April rain

p1110

city rock garden
flock of hungry sparrows
wait for Spring

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demolishment of park trees
loss of life

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Mardi Gras
as we smell French Creole
Cajun music plays

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a month of rain
and yet not one
edible mushroom

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full moon through the pines
my lover stoops
to see what I see

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always knowing
which way the wind is blowing
paper mill

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honey bee
kissing the Sunflower
winter sky

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with deep sigh
some one's teared out
o' winter sky

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Valentine day
this time, she'll embrace
the winter sky

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the fig is leafing out
and needs extensive pruning ...
perhaps some day soon

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warm day in April . . .
warbler choirs convert me to
a votary of spring

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heavy winter rains
leave lush green hills and meadows -
fuel for August fires

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april dawn
starling searches each swale and
patch of weedy grass

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soft rain falling
gnats spiral upwards
toward the swallows

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gentle steady
where I was born it's called
lady rain

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spring cleaning drawers
warm, cold, rain, snow, wind, sleet, ice,
hail - the gang's all here

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for just an instant
molecule reconstruction
leaves cocoon empty

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soft, spring raindrops fall
with the force of sledge-hammers
on diseased bodies

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why does this pretty girl
hold the door for me

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a puff of vapor drifts
with each note

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its blossoms fallen
just a tree

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Buddha's eyes
half closed
spring storm

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the old issei's
grafting

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a luxury liner
into spring tide
launching ceremony

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a locust husk
clings to the cottonwood . . .
soft glow of sunset

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the sand dune
sutured together
— centipede tracks

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squatting along branches
rows of chickadees

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vernal equinox
a five-eighths moon
halfway to setting

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enpointe
on the white picket fence
hollyhock dolls

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closer to shore
each blur becomes a person
place or thing

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evaporating
puddles cast moire patterns
on the rain dark-fence

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a heady fragrance
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even the hermit crab
goes into hiding

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first warm evening:
Grandma out on her porch swing
waiting for gossips

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Saint Valentine's Day
. . . . artificial flowers
and "belated" card

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tweaking
the cat's nose with a feather
house guest

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as I enter from the cold
fresh fish on ice

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the television snaps
and the picture recedes
black hole

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Yellow leaves falling
in the autumnal quiet
are like trees' sad tears.

p1150
Evening on the pond
surrounded by snow. The night
has special mirror.

p1151
Old church of timber.
In evenings it resembles
nostalgic post card.

p1152
the winter sky
down the sides of Mt. Diablo
into the valley

p1153
morning rain
fallen blossoms join the flow
into the street

p1154
the circle of mist
surrounds a nearby hilltop
in a winter dream

p1155
Tree frogs sound off while
tears fall from the weeping clouds.
They think it's great!

p1156
His antennas wave
but the cockroach hesitates.
My foot . . .

p1157
Spring rains on my roof
Raindrops in my living room
Fix that roof next year

p1158
on the neck of
the worn teddy bear,
flea

p1159
The crazy burst
of branches --
tree jazz

p1160
soon after the big dog died
using the can opener,
outside, no whine

p1161
waiting
for the dentist
a jack hammer pounds

p1162
new shopping mall
in the cement
points of a hurried deer

p1163
closely following
the hearse
cry of a new born

p1164
Hands descending into
oceans of blue before
vanishing into infinity.

p1165
A man
running through winter snow
face down on geese feathers

p1166
There in the sunset
rose petals cover
a distant landscape

p1167
Siren passes campus
Distracted students focus
Again on their texts

p1168
Slow dull meeting
Look about, try to listen
What strange shoes we wear

p1169
Winter morning rain --
Moist slippers, wet newspaper
Cold coffee to drink

p1170
and now the sun. . .
pools around hailstones
heaped in the birdbath

p1171
miner's lettuce
sprouting out of the fissure
in a stone

p1172
village lamp shop
in the display window
a dead moth

p1173
Two water iris
rising from the cold pond
Easter morning

p1174
Low clouds
on the hills the westerlies
bringing blossom rain

p1175
This morning
the days grew longer--first buds
on the wisteria

p1176
spaniel spies movement
gopher sun-blinded, alone,
death descends in fur.

p1177
perpetual speed
no feet, just mica-thin wings
hummingbird hovers

p1178
Siamese ponders
guppies fleeing for cover
fish, cat interlinked

p1179
whispering, my love, --
mountains return your name
a perfect echo

p1180
pushed from the womb
chilled fawn pulls itself up
in a cold cruel world!

p1181
beware spring, young man, --
after the bee's intercourse
fecund swells the pod!

p1182
lush spring meadow -
the hedgerow of thistle
rasps in the wind

p1183
solitary stroll
under budding plum branches
ducks float by in pairs

p1184
Three eager verdin
sip desert aloe nectar
hummingbirds hover

p1185
Indian rain dancers
followed by gathering clouds
lawn sprinklers start

p1186
We brake for quail brood
mother and chicks cross the road
now two cottontails

p1187
Rushing brown water:
at each side where the bridge was
someone stares across

p1188
A traffic light queue--
the clouds above the roadway
scud in the March wind

p1189
The toddler's parents
arriving with their newborn--
March wind slams the door

p1190
Suddenly, hailstones
clattering all around us.
As suddenly, none.

p1191
Following switchbacks
up to the high ridge sweating ...
The cool blessed breeze.

p1192
Fragrance from the fields ...
ribbons of newly cut hay
drying in the sun.

p1193
stepping out of the car
taking her flare skirt
March wind

p1194
April shower -
a yellow umbrella among the black ones
at the bus stop

p1195
torrential rain -
Sunday picnic finished
in the minivan

p1196
red tulip
among dandelions
the stalking cat

p1197
iris blades
rising from dry grass
the wind

p1198
after lunch
the scent of distant rain
first lilac buds

p1199
footprints of a newt
only in the softest mud
at the puddle's edge

p1200
the faint fragrance
of wisteria blossoms
- early morning sun

p1201
a budding oak
casting its netted shadow
on the green hillside

p1202
mountains in motion
not nightmares, reality
California

p1203
awakening bird
of paradise draws slowly,
near pallid sunshine.

p1204
The glint of steel wool
shines in clouds made up of smog
images of gasp-filled death.

Challenge Kigo - Robin

early spring dawn
the robin and I
shaking off mist

Gloria H. Procsal

frozen ground thaws
as robins look for food
where trees were

Eve Jeanette Blohm

A red, red robin
comes bob-bob-bobbing along
my just-planted seed bed

Margaret Chula

that mockingbird's song
first few notes of it fooled me ...
sounded like a robin

George Knox

robin of red breast
champions his fair maiden
in joust with Sir Ice

Dorothy Forman, osf

the first robin
his territorial song
from the SOLD sign

Yvonne Hardenbrook

swept by storms off course
the robin settles for
an Arizona worm

Lesley Einer

spring in Michigan
in March: the robin also,
silent, just stands there

George Ralph

first robin
explores the crabapple
snowy boughs

Tom Smith

The robins' hubbub
become young the olden tree
in the ancient street.

Ertore José Palmero

robins returning
the flutter of wings again,
and branches swaying

Jerry Ball

Arriving robins
still wearing last year's red vests
No sense of fashion!

Richard F. Bruckart

Freeze, then warm spell
make the hackberries ferment--
yard full of drunken robins

David Oates

in the thicket
a robin's song
.... somewhere

Laura Bell

Spring -- turquoise sky moves --
A bluebird flits from
A cedar

D. L. Bachelor

roses in the mist --
a robin's lonely song soothes
my downtrodden heart!

Robert Henry Poulin

sunbathing ...
the ring of white around
a robin's eye

Ebba Story

Migrating robins
blown off course find a banquet
newly sown grass seed

Dorothy Graenlee

Humming to herself
she pulls on wellingtons --
the robin's song

Donna Gallagher

This soft spring evening,
scolding long into twilight ...
bickering robins.

Robert Major

moving shadows
among the pyracantha
berry-eating robins

Naomi Y. Brown

dusty
pawn shop window
stuffed robin

Gene Doty

robin tensed for flight
a tangle of crimson thread
dangling from her beak

Alice Benedict

Editor's Corrections

Omitted from the print out in the last issue
was this poem which earned 17 points:

Morning, white and cold
then from the icy thicket
one cardinal flame.

Margaret Elliott

The corrected copy of a winning poem from
last issue -

cool night wind
with the smell of eucalyptus
losing my way

Pat Gallagher

I managed to have a number duplication in
Jan/Feb but thanks to the quick response of
a number of people to my letters asking for
clarification, I can report that everyone's
votes were assigned to the haiku that they
intended. My apologies. It's a humbling
business, being your editor.

MEETINGS and EVENTS

May 13, 1995

REGULAR MEETING: Saratoga Public Library Meeting Room 1:30 - 4:30 p.m. 13650 Saratoga Ave, at the corner of Saratoga and Fruitvale Aves. Enter via the back door of the Community room, rather than through the library.

Pre-Meeting walk TBA - contact Alex Benedict at

The topic of discussion will be poetic diction and choice of language. Bring plenty of haiku (finished and in progress)!

June 10, 1995

REGULAR MEETING: Hakone Gardens, Saratoga 1:30 - 4:30 p.m. Parking fee of \$3.00 at Hakone Gardens.

Pre-Meeting ginko in the garden at 11:00 - meet at the picnic area to leave lunches, etc. & to reserve a table.

The meeting will start with rounds of poems composed during the ginko. Discussion of creating a sense of place in haiku will be the main topic for discussion. As always, bring many haiku to read.

July 8, 1995

TANABATA! Location TBA for our traditional summer star-gazing meeting and potluck!

August

NO MEETING - Summer Vacation

September 7 - 10, 1995

1995 YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY RETREAT at ASILOMAR

Save this weekend for the popular haiku retreat! Planning is underway now for a stimulating and relaxing three days, including speakers, workshops, and the traditional Saturday night renku party with Kiyoko Tokutomi. Full details will be forthcoming in the next issue of Geppo.

REMINDER:

Submission deadline for haiku and votes for your favorite haiku in this issue is **June 15**. Remember, choose up to 10 of your favorite poems. Of those, you may select up to 3 to receive 5 points each, and the remainder get 1 point each. Send your haiku to Jean Hale,

Think about kigo. Starting with the June issue, haiku that use kigo appropriately will get an additional 3 points. Generally, appropriate use of kigo involves only one season word, consistent with the season of the poem. Mrs. Kiyoko Tokutomi is the judge.

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR MAY/JUNE by John Tabberrah

lady's slipper -

Spending most of the growing season in anonymity, this endangered North American orchid blooms briefly in late May.

pink lady's slippers
caught where sunlight peeks through trees
- the new lovers blush

John Tabberrah

The Art of Haiku -

In this issue we continue our series of short articles on the art and practice of writing haiku. This series is edited by **Christopher Herold**. Articles, such as the one that follows on Observation, are written by accomplished haiku poets, at the invitation of the series editor.

The Art of Haiku -

The art of observation

Most of us assume there is an art and a skill to writing haiku. We select our words with care, arrange and contrast images, evaluate the sounds, count syllables, and usually rewrite for improvements. There is also an art and a skill to looking at nature. Observation requires abilities that we can develop. We can cultivate childlike curiosity and deepen our sense of wonder. With sharpened senses and intuition we can learn to perceive nature directly and joyfully. We need to take the time to quiet our judgmental minds and attune ourselves to the subtlety around us. Respectful curiosity and patience will allow nature to reveal itself. We become absorbed in what we observe.

The experience of a rose is much different from the idea of a rose. With practice we can learn to peep into the heart of the flower and to feel its mystery. As we look close, the color of the rose resonates within us. As we gently part the cool petals, its scent rises up and we breath in its essence. The reflections in a dew drop may draw our attention. Looking more closely we notice the individual curl of each petal, the whorled pattern of the unfolding blossom, the shape of the unopened bud on a lower stem, the way the rose's color changes in its own shadows. The temperature of the breeze, a far-off birdcall, the slant of light also become parts of the whole as we let it all in.

Something more than "rose" is communicated when we open ourselves to what is before us. The significance of the "thing" is the "thing" in itself. By reaching out our senses and being receptive to what we see, we participate with nature. The universe is always speaking through its manifold expressions. Meaning is found by looking closely at details, letting each scene, each flower and leaf, each whisper and thunder roll reveal itself in its entirety, as its very self. Through observation, we partake in the mystery that is beyond words.

A mental shift occurs when we come to write; other skills come into play. In returning to words we may also begin to impose our pre-existing assumptions onto the pure experience of the rose. I do not mean all the rich cultural associations suggested by the word; I mean the inclination to subjectively comment about roses instead of staying with the rose, itself. An example of commenting: "the red rose/nature's precious gift..." When we comment and try to make the rose more significant, there is the tendency to burden the haiku moment with sentimentality. We fail to trust the simple beauty and power of what we see. Added emotions or ideas actually diminish both the insight into the nature of the rose, and the resulting poem.

Deep observation of nature requires trust. There is no need to make anything more significant than it already is. Haiku, however, is more than just a record, it is a highly selective choice of details arranged in a certain way to suggest and to reveal what was directly observed. The combined skills of receptive observation and careful writing create strong, evocative haiku. When we go to Nature with a quiet, childlike heart, we bring its essence into our poetry.

Ebba Story

Members' Votes for Jan/Feb

Gloria Procsal - p1015-5 p1016-12 p1017-6
 Robert Gibson - p1018-11 p1019-18 p1020-6
 John Tabberrah - p1021-0 p1022-0 p1023-0
 Daniel Campbell - p1024-3 p1025-0 p1026-1
 Kat Avila - p1027-8 p1028-11 p1029-3
 E. Goodmansen - p1030-9 p1031-17 p1032-1
 Robert Poulin - p1033-6 p1034-0 p1035-0
 R. Bruckhart - p1036-31 p1037-2 p1038-0
 Teruo Yamagata - p1039-12 p1040-1 p1041-2
 Floyd E. Jack - p1042-1 p1043-0 p1044-5
 Y. Hardenbrook - p1045-2 p1046-0 p1047-0
 Jerry Ball - p1048-15 p1049-2 p1050-17
 Patti Emmett - p1051-0 p1052-0 p1053-10
 E. José Palmero - p1054-1 p1055-0 p1056-11
 George Ralph - p1057-4 p1058-2 p1059-8
 Ebba Story - p1060-20 p1061-17
 George Knox - p1062-0 p1063-31 p1064-12
 Hank Dunlap - p1065-1 p1066-2 p1067-13
 Tom Smith - p1068-7 p1069-11 p1070-10
 C. D. Michaels - p1071-0 p1072-0 p1073-0
 Laura Bell - p1074-12 p1075-1 p1076-0
 D. Gallagher - p1077-1 p1076-0 p1077-4
 Nancy Poulin - p1078-7 p1079-0 p1080-0
 S. Kinney-Riordan - p1081-9 p1082-2
 Dorothy Greenlee - p1083-0 p1084-1 p1085-0
 Naomi Brown - p1086-0 p1087-1 p1088-7
 Dorothy Forman - p1089-0 p1090-0 p1091-2
 Maggie Chula - p1092-8 p1093-1 p1094-1
 Chris Herold - p1095-8 p1096-7 p1097-1
 M. D. Welch - p1098-2 p1099-25 p1100-3
 Alice Benedict - p1101-2 p1102-3 p1103-14
 Alex Benedict - p1104-0 p1105-0 p1106-12

Ficus Benjamina
 dying in the doctor's
 waiting room . . .

Richard Bruckhart

after my stroke
 trying to type a haiku . . .
 the moment fading

George Knox

deep in the cellar
 the coolness
 of sprouting potatoes

Michael Dylan Welch

winter sundown -
 a cascade of mallards
 scores the pond

Ebba Story

cold rain at dusk
 a distant train moans and chugs
 into the darkness

Robert Gibson

little spider
 on the ceiling we
 are alone tonight

Echo Goodmansen

sound of winter rain
 the conversation hushes
 then slowly resumes

Jerry Ball

a snowy egret
 huddled on a cypress bough
 - the midday moon

Ebba Story

power failure
 the dark howl of winter wind
 through the bending pines

Jerry Ball

in the old clearcut
 fronds of bracken uncurling
 over last years' stems

Alice Benedict

ice filled ruts
 clear to the horizon
 -- the road narrows

Hank Dunlap

a wall map
 scale of 1 to 50,000
 days getting longer

Teruo Yamagata

"come see the wild geese..."
 by the time I find my cane
 only dogs barking

George Knox

croaking frogs
 the last note
 high in a tree

Laura Bell

on the river bank
 where the water runs quickly -
 children tossing sticks

Alex Benedict

new vines cover
 the battered cypress
 my fading scar...

Gloria Procsal

Send your haiku for the **1994 MEMBERS' ANTHOLOGY** by May 31, 1995!
(Deadline has been extended.)

Submit up to five haiku, typed or neatly written on an 8 1/2 x 11 sheet of paper. Please include your name and address. The haiku should be unpublished, except that you may submit haiku that have appeared only in 1994 issues of Geppo. Poems from the Geppo you submit that received enough votes to be republished will be noted as such in the Anthology. Please identify poems published in Geppo by the issue in which they appeared.

Haiku must have one kigo, or season word, and be in three lines consisting of close to 5-7-5 syllables. Haiku without a season word (or with several season words) will not be published. Indicate the season word in your haiku (for example, by underlining).

Send your submissions with \$2.00 (for mailing costs) plus \$5.00 for each additional copy desired to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
Member's Anthology

CHALLENGE KIGO CHALLENGE!

Submit your challenge kigo appropriate for July and August by **May 15**. Entries are also being accepted which are suitable for September and October until **July 15**.

Include a brief paragraph (100 words or less) that describes why the word (or phrase) is appropriate to use as a season word. State both the season and your location, and include one or two examples of haiku that use the kigo. The haiku you select should be a 5-7-5 haiku with only one season word/phrase. Preferably, at least one of the cited haiku will be your own. If the poems have been previously published, include the publication, date and so forth. All submissions must be in English, though haiku in other languages, with an English translation are okay.

Send submissions with SASE to:

Alex Benedict

or e-mail to

Announcing

THE 1995 SAN FRANCISCO
INTERNATIONAL
HAIKU, SENYRU, AND TANKA
COMPETITION

Each entry must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. Type or print each entry on two 3 by 5 cards. In the upper left corner of each card identify the poem as haiku, senyru, or tanka. On the back of one card only print your name, address, and telephone number. All rights revert to authors after publication.

The in-hand deadline for entries is October 1, 1995. There is no limit on the number of submissions.

A first prize of \$100 will be awarded in all three categories. Second and third prizes of \$50 and \$25 will be awarded in the haiku category.

The entry fee is \$1 per poem. Make checks or money orders payable in U.S. dollars to: Haiku Poets of Northern California.

Send entries to: John Thompson,

No entries will be returned. A self addressed stamped business sized envelope is required for all enquiries or to receive a list of contest winners.

POETRY CONTEST
Haiku and Tanka in remembrance of Hiroshima
Sponsored by
The San Jose Center for Poetry and Literature

Submit up to three haiku and three tanka concerning the atomic bombing of Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. Each poem must be typed or neatly written on two 3X5 cards, one with your name and address in the upper right corner, and one without. Poems must be unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere.

The deadline (in hand) for submissions is 30 June 1995. **NO ENTRY FEE** - The winning haiku and tanka will be awarded \$25 each. Jerry Kilbride is the judge for this competition.

Poets will be invited to read their winning poems at a reading by Lequita Vance-Watkins from a new book to be published in July by Milkweed Editions:

WHITE FLASH/BLACK RAIN: Women of Japan Relive the Bomb
Lequita Vance-Watkins and Mariko Aratani, Editors
An Anthology of haiku, tanka, long poems, and prose.
Reading August 3, 1995, 7:30 PM, d.p. Fong galleries, 383 S. First Street, San Jose, CA

Jerry Kilbride will also read from his work, will announce and introduce the contest winners, and will read the poems of winners who cannot be present.,

Send your submissions to:

Jean Hale