

GEPPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:15

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

May/June 1995

p1205

Woodpecker
On a cinder block wall
Perplexed

p1206

It's time to get up --
In the dark a sonata --
We touch and listen

p1207

Talk drones on and on
Shift and blink to stay awake
White necks, short haircuts

p1208

Wise wolf in winter
New penny eyes gaze beyond
To ancestor pack

p1209

no sole, only holes
well-worn heels, leather wrinkles
no laces, no spring

p1210

sno-cone treetops drip
yellow, purple, pink, and white
summer's new flavors

p1211

Quiet wintry night.
The full moon caresses
the snowy landscape.

p1212

Coming into my room
a sunlight ray. It ignores
my disillusion.

p1213

holding hands
under the cover
quilting bee

p1214

The funeral over
his last message
still on the machine

p1215

his eyes averted
the immigrant
asks for work

p1216

renovation sounds
disturb Spring morning
falling rain

p1217

Spring afternoon
young couple sitting on rocks
playful kittens

p1218

May evening
mist covering baseball field
sprinklers start

p1219

beneath the eaves
nesting finches flutter ...
collecting cobwebs

p1220

daybreak disaster
breakfast blackberries vanished...
starlings rise in flight

p1221

man at the door asks
-- tree in view with only one --
"may I have some lemons?"

p1222

through a cloud
of bursting dandelions
old mother's thin hair

p1223
out of moonlight
into a mint bed,
an ancient frog

p1224
day moon
down the canyon --
faint water sounds

p1225
Smashing caterpillars
eating my coreopsis
More dead butterflies

p1226
Warm night in spring
Beetles fling themselves against
My shaded windows

p1227
Summer dust swirling
as I walk the country road
Buzzing insects greet me.

p1228
ancient worship site . . .
a fresh plumeria lei
on moss-covered rocks

p1229
eye on camera,
elusive mongoose peeks out
from cracks in the wall

p1230
ocean breezes
shimmering the gray grasses
across the hillside

p1231
wounded butterfly
powders the air
with her color

p1232
again and again
rose petals fall into
the rusty bucket

p1233
lingering to write
then rushing to catch up
bear scat

p1234
First light wakes our camp
gold sky glimpsed through green thickets
just smell that coffee

p1235
Sawtooth mountain range
needles sewing dark storm clouds
to the pinnacles

p1236
A wild spring wind
wet wash sags on loaded lines
struggling to fly

p1237
black tipped bullet
opening flowerlike
blotches of red

p1238
here and there
in the field of white crosses
a star of David

p1239
first glasses
my Monet world
disappears

p1240
vines in summer sprawl.
Searching for young Hubbard squash
among the green leaves.

p1241
Rocking on the porch.
Borne on the summer night's breeze ...
faint fragrance of skunk.

p1242
Intent on somewhere
all gulls are flying westward.
Early summer dawn.

p1243
first summer morning
rain pelting the bird feeder
I switch to rye toast

p1244
hot oven: tart taste
of a stalk of rhubarb
a tart in the offing

p1245
old town cannon
late afternoon a lizard
comes crawling out

p1246
Spanish fortress
just foundation stone
evening primrose

p1247
Tourist boat turns
without being noticed
waterfall

p1248
Captain announces
just cross the border
daylight saving time

p1249
shasta daisy
even new buds face east
in the morning

p1250
highway cafe
a sparrow pecks bugs
off parked cars

p1251
coolness
the cedar boughs move
with the wind

p1252
morning sunlight
just touches the trees
on the hill

p1253
after a hot day
coolness
of the full moon

p1254
porch swing
now and then a breeze
from the river

p1255
a blaze of poppies
between wide lanes of traffic
a glimpse of the sea

p1256
long days of healing -
the first lavender iris
on a wind-swept knoll

p1257
rain drops
glistening on a rose petal
- her crystal eyes

p1258
Spring interment
two drops are the homage
one from lass, one from sky

p1259
at departure
kissing old tree's dodder
she prayed for me

p1260
birds and i
eye neighbor's figs
over the fence

p1261
biopsy negative
volume up
Beethoven's Ninth

p1262
heat simmer -
driving desert highway
cool lake mirage

p1263
flea's blood
on my thumbnail
my blood

p1264
tiny footsteps
crossing my ankle
quiet night

p1265
lady bug
on my glasses,
Go home

p1266
corner room
morning breeze and birdsong
in stereo

p1267
setting crescent moon
voice of my sister out west
 on the phone

p1268
stuck
in the old roadhouse jukebox
a buffalo nickel

p1269
 Sunday motorbikes
girls in skirts sit side-saddle
Spring dream in Taiwan

p1270
mild May's tranquil dawn
mountains, islands, clouds
 slowly unveiling

p1271
 evening mist stirs
China blue row boats nestle
safe on Sun Moon lake

p1272
morning hesitating
between dark and dawn
in a light rain

p1273
narrow street
wearing cobbled shoes
hobbling down to the sea

p1274
rainwater mirrors
calling down shimmering sky
to look at itself

p1275
 dampness spreading
from pinhole leaks in my boots
 - new shoots of seagrass

p1276
 in a wide circle
 around the coiled rattlesnake
several joggers

p1277
 the sound of water
and wood burning down to coals
 this night of stars

p1278
 among dry grasses
a herd of cattle standing
 the cloudless sky

p1279
bright white stones
bristlecones in heat shimmer
on the high peak

p1280
 under a hot sun
another mountain goat
 on each narrow ledge

p1281
Over the airport
flocks of gulls are flying
no lake to feed them.

p1282
grandmother is blind
knitting needles click all day,
bright sweaters appear

p1283
bright nasturtiums
for salads and fresh pickles
black aphids find them

p1284
The edge of a dream
Olympics instead of war
is it possible?

p1285
A place for the night
he has a few dollars
broken toilet

p1286
woman shuffles
twirls the ring on her finger
smokes a cigarette



The Annual Retreat at Asilomar:

September 7-10, 1995
Thursday afternoon to Sunday noon

Featuring workshops on tanka and linked verse with

Jane Reichhold

poet and author of many books of haiku, tanka, and linked verse,
editor of *Lynx*, a journal for linked verse poets, and publisher, AHA Books.

and Special Guest, Tea Master

Aiko Tauch

who will give a demonstration and talk Saturday afternoon, on tanka and the tea ceremony.

Also, workshops on Haibun with **Ebba Story**, Haiku with **Jerry Ball**, and
the traditional Saturday night renku party with **Kiyoko Tokutomi**.

There will be daily periods for meditation, writing, and reading to one another in a relaxed, informal and supportive atmosphere. The retreat is an opportunity to experience some aspects of a haiku way of thinking, feeling, and writing. Four days in the company of fellow writers in beautiful surroundings on the Pacific coast is an inspiring experience you will never forget!

To register, fill out and return the form below. If you would like more information, please contact Alice Benedict at the address below, or call

Registration Form
1995 Annual Retreat at Asilomar featuring Jane Reichhold
Pacific Grove, California

Name _____

Address: _____

City, State, ZIP: _____

Day Phone: _____ Evening Phone: _____

I would like to room with: _____

Check here if you would like vegetarian meals

Check here if you need disability accommodations

Please describe: _____

Retreat, lodging, and meals: \$250 for Yuki Teikei Haiku Society members
: \$265 for non members (includes 1995-96 membership)
: \$ 55 for single day only (Friday or Saturday; lodging and meals not included-
however, both can be arranged in advance at moderate additional cost if desired)

Deposit of \$50 due by July 25, 1995

Remainder of the fee is due when you check in at the retreat.

Late registration fee (postmarked after August 1, 1995) \$20.00

Please return this form with your \$50 deposit to:

Haiku Society Retreat
ATTN: Alice Benedict

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR JULY/AUGUST

Bare Feet

This is a traditional season word in Japanese haiku. Here in North America too bare feet evoke summer - from the first time out on winter-tender soles, all the way through to the end of the warm months. It can be surprisingly hard not to add any other summer season words (such as hot sun, heat waves, ice cream, swimming, summer, etc). Please enjoy trying!

the eighteen-month old
races away in bare feet
her pout now a smile! Kiyoko Tokutomi

the ticklishness stepping out on the sand in bare feet
kosobauku suna ni oritatsu hadashi kana Sojo

on the lava (walking) in bare feet a man of the island
Yogan no ue o hadashi no shima otoko Kyoshi

MEETINGS and EVENTS

July 15, 1995
TANABATA!

A potluck and star viewing Saturday afternoon to evening at Patricia Machmiller's house at the Monterey Dunes: Please call (408) 354-324 or (408) 255-4946 for directions and possible carpooling.

August
NO MEETING
Summer Vacation

September 7-10, 1995
1995 YUKI TEIKEI RETREAT AT ASILOMAR

This years' featured poet is Jane Reichhold, who will lead conversations and workshops on tanka and linked verse. Also workshops on haibun with Ebba Story, haiku with Jerry Ball, and the Saturday night renku party with Kiyoko Tokutomi.. Special Guest, Tea Master Aiko Tauch, with a demonstration of and a conversation about tanka in the tea ceremony.
Space is limited so send in your registration now for this popular event. (For a registration form, see the full page of particulars elsewhere in this issue).

Members' Votes for Mar/Apr

Gloria Procsal - 1107-16 1108-10 1109-4
 Eve Jeanette Blohm- 1110-0 1111-0 1112-0
 Margaret Chula- 1113-11 1114-4 1115-13
 Shahid Iqbal- 1116-2 1117-0 1118-1
 George Knox- 1119-0 1120-5 1121-0
 Echo Goodmansen- 1122-6 1123-25 1124-4
 Dorothy Forman-1125-5 1126-0 1127-0
 Robert Gibson- 1128-7 1129-29 1130-7
 Teruo Yamagata- 1131-9 1132-7 1133-0
 Hank Dunlap- 1134-9 1135-5 1136-3
 Yvonne Hardenbrook- 1137-1 1138-1 1139-5
 Lesley Einer- 1140-1 1141-0 1142-3
 George Ralph- 1143-6 1144-21 1145-0
 Tom Smith- 1146-1 1147-6 1148-3
 Ertore José Palmero- 1149-10 1150-0 1151-1
 Jerry Ball- 1152-5 1153-12 1154-1
 Richard Bruckart- 1155-0 1156-0 1157-0
 David Oates- 1158-1 1159-1 1160-6
 Laura Bell- 1161-5 1162-5 1163-11
 Darren Rankins- 1164-0 1165-0 1166-6
 D.L. Bachelor- 1167-0 1168-2 1169-1
 Christopher Herold- 1170-0 1171-7 1172-7
 Pat Shelley- 1173-19 1174-7 1175-1
 Michael Cluff- 1176-0 1177-2 1178-0
 Robert Henry Poulin- 1179-10 1180-1 1181-0
 Ebba Story- 1182-8 1183-19
 Dorothy Greenlee- 1184-0 1185-1 1186-1
 Donna Gallagher- 1187-16 1188-1 1189-3
 Robert Major- 1190-7 1191-1 1192-4
 Naomi Y. Brown- 1193-8 1194-7 1195-3
 Gene Doty- 1196-4 1197-5 1198-0
 Alice Benedict- 1199-21 1200-5 1201-6
 Michael Cluff- 1202-5 1203-0 1204-1

sparrow chirping
 a puff of vapor drifts
 with each note

Robert Gibson

soft rain falling
 gnats spiral upward
 toward the swallows

Echo Goodmansen

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

George Ralph

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

Alice Benedict

Two water iris
 rising from the cold pond
 Easter morning

Pat Shelley

solitary stroll
 under budding plum branches
 ducks float by in pairs

Ebba Story

closing my umbrella
 under a thin shower
 of cherry blossoms

Gloria Procsal

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

Donna Gallagher

always knowing
 which way the wind is blowing
 paper mill

Margaret Chula

morning rain
 fallen blossoms join the flow
 into the street

Jerry Ball

a month of rain
 and yet not one
 edible mushroom

Margaret Chula

closely following
 the hearse
 cry of a new born

Laura Bell

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

Gloria Procsal

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

Ertore José Palmero

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

Robert Henry Poulin

The Art of Haiku -

We continue our series of short articles on the art and practice of writing haiku. Jerry Ball contributed this one. Christopher Herold is the editor.

A Few Words about Form in Haiku

I was asked to write this article, that is, to collect some ideas about form, and I accepted the task eagerly. However, when I began to write I worried about what might be worth saying. I thought of a number of approaches, such as recommending a form like the 2-3-2 stress form. But after consideration I find that anything I say will, in the end, turn out to be autobiographical. Well then, is the job of reflecting on what I've been doing for the past twenty years useful? It is to me.

First, I consider a "form" to be any pattern that we tend to repeat. In this sense, everyone writes in some kind of form. The minute you write your first thousand haiku you will likely discover a pattern you have repeated, perhaps three or four patterns. I would be very interested in looking at a thousand haiku by someone who claims that their work has no form whatsoever, or that each of their verses is unique.

But form itself is really not the issue. What's at stake is how we think about form, and what place we give it when we write. Anyone is at liberty to write what they like and call it a haiku. You can call *War and Peace* a haiku if you like. I would argue it's wrong to do so, but you can do it. In the end, we do what we feel is right, and what seems to help us communicate effectively in the haiku community. The truth is that our concept of form has yet to become traditional, and that there are several forms presently competing for this status. One problem comes from the fact that, when the idea of haiku became interesting in English speaking countries (during the 1950's), we, especially Americans, attempted to adopt the Japanese tradition somewhat uncritically. Influential writers, like R.H. Blyth and James Hackett, were strongly influenced by the 5-7-5 form, and they in turn influenced others. As a result many American writers accepted the 5-7-5 form quite uncritically. Then, in the seventies and eighties, as haiku was becoming ever more popular, a great many Americans rejected the 5-7-5 paradigm just as uncritically as it had originally been accepted.

Actually, this sort of transition happened in western style poetry at about the same time. Robert Frost wrote a great many poems in classical forms, and hundreds of poems in iambic stress patterns. Frost had competitors, such as E. E. Cummings, who seemed to write almost "anti-form" poetry. Frost's dominance has diminished somewhat, and we now have the likes of Sharon Olds, Howard Nemerov, and Mary Oliver. These poets' writings are dominated by imagery, and, to a lesser extent, motivated by patterns in sound. I am convinced that form is an abstraction of patterns in sound (alliteration, stress, rhyme, etc.), and that figurative devices such as simile, metaphor, and analogy, develop from the representative function of language.

Notice the benefits of working within a form, and the difficulties. When working with a 5-7-5 pattern, for example, you will (if you are diligent) learn a great deal about words, their stresses and their meanings. You will learn much about the word "the", for example. Your standards of quality relate to how a verse sounds, how it looks on the page, whether there is redundancy, or padding. When finished, you will have crafted a verse that is, perhaps, more like a sonnet than a free verse, but still, when done well it will be commendable. Further, it is possible to carry on the kind of self-examination incumbent on those who serve the cause of haiku using this form. If you want to think through an idea, write a sonnet about it. If you want to craft an elegant personal image, write a 5-7-5 haiku. Not an easy job.

a power failure
the dark sound of winter wind
through the bending pine

Contrast this with:

urinating
the smell
of asparagus

They both have a kind of logic. However, in the second haiku, we must very carefully think through what we mean by a "line". How long is it? Where does it start and stop? How is it to be placed on the page? Does each "line" express what we want it to express? With the 5-7-5 form, the structure is already provided. And what of this:

the end of the detour
once again the moon appears
through a wandering cloud

Is this simply a near miss?

I learned to write in 5-7-5 form because my beloved teacher, Kiyoshi Tokutomi, said I should. After twenty years, I'm still glad he did. It's no accident that this form developed. Working with form is, as far as I'm concerned, a necessary part of learning the craft of haiku. Do I need to say that there's much more to it? These days I find myself writing in a variety of forms and styles, sort of a "theme and variation". In my case, the "variation" is a variation on the 5-7-5 theme.

Jerry Ball

Challenge Kigo - Lady's Slipper

pink lady's slipper
lures Prince Charming's faithful heart
Cinderella's dream

Dorothy Forman, OSF

Are they tears or pearls?
Dew on lady's slippers buds.
Magic dawn in May!

Ertore José Palmero

for her
a lady's slipper
mother's day

Laura Bell

Cinderella
lady's slipper in garden
fools Prince Charming

Eve Jeanette Blohm

Lady's Slipper
some prefer its other name
Moccasin Flower

George Knox

pink lady's slippers
the smallest ballerina
on pointe

Gloria Procsal

The advent of May
Arpeggios pink, yellow
Lady's Slippers sing

Richard Bruckart

outings with Daddy
dump-picking, then gathering
lady-slippers

Margaret Chula

Into the North woods
looking for lady's slippers
Oh good! A pink one!

Dorothy Greenlee

lady's slippers
pink tips peek forth
beneath the bathrobe hem

Lesley Einer

our conversation
a lady's slipper open
beside her footprint

Alex Benedict

Pink lady's slippers.
Memory of their pungent smell
lingers, even now.

Robert Major

after the quarrel
postponing our walk missing
the lady's slipper

George Ralph

all my I.D. books . . .
still, wondering how to write
on lady slippers

Ebba Story

my footstep
uncovers hidden color
lady's slippers

Naomi Y. Brown

a grove of plane trees
protect this lady's slipper
Cinderella size

Christine Michaels

in the deepest shade
completely motionless
pink lady's slipper

Alice Benedict

Editor's Note:

**Please note the corrected copy of
Laura Bell's haiku as follows:**

**new shopping mall
in the cement
prints of a hurried deer**

**Deadline for next issue-Aug. 15
Send your haiku and votes to: Jean
Hale,**