

# GEPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:16

*Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada*

*July/Aug 1995*

p1287

house in downtown  
still for rent  
autumnal wind

p1288

old lighthouse  
now uninhabited  
mackerel sky

p1289

wedding knot  
without a single word  
starry night

p1290

nearing the apex  
movement abruptly cropped off;  
the nervous headache

p1291

red drips into black  
intermixture of textures  
dead ants in asphalt

p1292

As quiet sentinels  
solitary trees under  
wintry frosty snow.

p1293

Near the quiet koto,  
white lilies remember me  
of her fragile hands.

p1294

Autumnal sunset  
reddens lonely beach.  
Waves carry far my footprints.

p1295

Early summer heat  
humidity and bugs galore  
picnics indoors

p1296

Great vacation  
flight back crowded and tiresome  
home home sweet sweet home

p1297

Sizzling hot sidewalk  
small girl hiphops in bare feet  
to cool candy store

p1298

canyon trail  
nothing but silence  
and a canyon wren

p1299

peering up  
along my flashlight beam  
two deer mice

p1300

rubbing gently  
the buddha's round belly  
a prayer wheel rattles

p1301

shivering naked  
on the brink of discovery  
passion realized

p1302

"strawberry parfait"  
yawns and stretches in dawn's glow  
to drink of the dew

p1303

thunder storms booming  
oppressive humidity  
lungs packed in cotton

p1304

sea sand  
hot and dry then deeper  
cool and wet

p1305  
wynoochee river  
still cool from mountain snow  
flows into the sea

p1306  
japanese snowball  
falling from the bush drops  
from a child's hand

p1307  
how perfect  
the rag tag clouds of  
the summer sky

p1308  
if the plum tree  
hears the clair de lune  
she hides her tears

p1309  
gust of summer wind  
sets the world in motion  
then dies

p1310  
heat shimmer  
the distant lake  
always distant

p1311  
cloud cover  
no shadows  
betray the hour

p1312  
reaching the eaves  
the cat's claw vine  
clutches at sunbeams

p1313  
flight of goldfinches  
feeding in the thistle patch ...  
down fluffs in the wind

p1314  
sun-warmed herb garden  
releasing essential oils...  
she ponders dinner

p1315  
in hot sun showing  
incredible mobility ...  
exposed trash maggots

p1316  
field of wild poppies,  
our sunburned fingers  
...touching

p1317  
high tide;  
the beach sleeper's  
sea-breath

p1318  
sultry midnight;  
behind thin shutters  
I watch him watching

p1319  
a neighbor  
hosing his tomatoes  
at midnight

p1320  
waking  
in the rope hammock  
shooting star

p1321  
starfish  
the grandson's  
foot print

p1322  
June afternoon  
crowds clogging the street  
hopeful graduates

p1323  
after winter storm  
snow covers mountain of ice  
Klondike shoes

p1324  
hot humid weather  
unable to do housework  
cobwebs of dust form

p1325  
Memorial Day  
again the bugler's clinker  
on the wind

p1326  
first light  
the robin motionless  
until the worm

p1327  
wrecking ball  
kids on a pile of rubble  
play king-of-the-hill

p1328  
plucked from garden soil  
a defiant weed straightens. . .  
re-rooting itself

p1329  
amorous beetle  
out of its wood  
courts a ballpoint pen

p1330  
poets talk at dusk  
light up from inside out  
like fireflies

p1331  
calm covers the lake  
canoe glides over grey silk  
listen for the loon

p1332  
dawn fog blankets hills  
coffee cup steams sun burns through  
firework smoke at dusk

p1333  
Orange orb rising  
ripe persimmons on the tree  
renew their lustre

p1334  
Sophisticated,  
the bumblebee pays no heed  
to my looming face

p1335  
Autumn afternoon  
my pile of just-raked leaves  
lost in a whirlwind

p1336  
trimming the hedge  
full of honeysuckle —  
the heat

p1337  
summer breeze —  
Persephone's lost blossoms  
sprinkle my yard

p1338  
frog hanging  
in murky water  
the heat

p1339  
counting the number  
of holes in the floorboards  
me and some housebugs

p1340  
near a woodshed  
seven sparrows patrol  
the grapevine

p1341  
black clouds  
only scarecrows and dogs  
are out

p1342  
little spider  
do you want to live  
in my feather duster?

p1343  
sports jacket  
in the pocket  
his wedding ring

p1344  
intensive care unit  
the light  
blinking off . . . .

p1345  
sunday morning lull . . .  
sound of my old dog snapping  
at the houseflies

p1346  
waiting up for him —  
the slice of honeydew rests  
in its own pale juice

p1347  
cicada  
small hands hold  
quiver

p1348  
campfire  
ember shadows silhouette  
love

p1349  
migratory birds  
straight to her dwelling  
a falling leaf chases

p1350  
foot-prints  
parallel on sea-shore  
heading towards horizon

p1351  
summer sea  
two waves depart  
endless voyage

p1352  
lone harvester  
    in the middle of the cotton field  
        moonsilver

p1353  
Autumn rain  
    bindweed flowers shivering  
        in backseat of junked Ford

p1354  
power failure  
    single candle's shadow moves  
        room to room

p1355  
Outside La Scala  
he chants with vibrato —  
the gelato vendor

p1356  
Hesitating  
while my airport cab waits --  
buds on this lily

p1357  
The same pink flowers:  
in the mountain crevices  
on the stone houses

p1358  
candlelight vigil —  
tomorrow in the Commons  
mosaics of wax

p1359  
grieving for him  
I pluck off  
dead petunias

p1360  
going down the road  
a truckful of chickens  
— whirlwind of feathers

p1361  
noonday heat  
snail into her house  
I into mine

p1362  
lone grave  
on the dry hillside  
one plastic flower

p1363  
streamers of torn silk  
on the unlit lanterns  
night of the blue moon

p1364  
    circling shearwaters  
dark against the steel-blue sea  
    just after sunset

p1365  
    on one fuzzy bract  
of scarlet seaside paintbrush  
    the small black insect

p1366  
    beyond the breakers  
a long line of pelicans  
    glide into the wind

p1367  
a call on the wind  
the shadow of a raven  
against the cliffs

p1368  
above distant hills  
tinted by the setting sun  
the harvest moon

p1369  
in the valley  
a mist too fine to see  
holds a rainbow

p1370  
Drowsy wheat fields  
during the siesta.  
Summer hot breeze.

## CHALLENGE KIGO - SEPT./OCT

by Alex Benedict

Cricket or Cicada

In late summer and early autumn, it seems the sound of crickets is particularly noticeable. In Japan, crickets are an autumn season word.

The stillness!  
the voice of the cicadas  
Sinks into the rocks.

Basho (translated by R.H.Blyth)

not a twig moving –  
a cricket for company  
upon the road home

Alex Benedict

## CHALLENGE KIGO CHALLENGE!

Submit your challenge kigo appropriate for November/December by September 15.

Include a brief paragraph (100 words or less) that describes why the word (or phrase) is an appropriate season word. Give the season and your location, and include one or two examples of haiku that use the kigo. Select 5-7-5 haiku with only one season word/phrase. Submissions must be in English, though haiku in other languages, with English translation are okay.

Preferably, at least one of the cited haiku will be your own. Include publication, date and so forth of previously published poems. Send submissions with SASE to:

Alex Benedict

or e-mail to

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

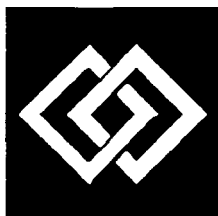
October 14: SPECIAL MEETING at Daniels Nature Center, Russian Ridge Open Space Preserve.

Ginko at 10:30, led by Donna Gallagher, followed by a meeting at 1:30 in the Nature Center on Alpine Pond. Donna will lead a nature and writing walk around the pond, and through forest and open grassland of the preserve (those with less stamina may choose to participate in the first part of the walk at Alpine Pond). During the walk, she will lead participants in quiet observation and writing.

At 1:30, after the walk, we will meet in the Nature Center on the shore of Alpine Pond, to read what we have written and to discuss human interaction with nature in haiku. Participants should bring a lunch, and wear clothes and shoes suitable for walking.

PLEASE NOTE: This is a special meeting arranged in cooperation with the Mid-Peninsula Open Space District. The meeting is free and open to the public, but space will be limited to 20 or so people. SO BE SURE to call in advance if you plan to come.

Call Donna at \_\_\_\_\_ to register, for travel directions and information on carpooling.



## MEMBERS ANTHOLOGY

The Yuki Teikei Member's Anthology will be out in late August. In addition to members' haiku, it includes a list of season words for reference. Special thanks to Kiyoko Tokutomi, Alice Benedict, and Editor Ebba Story for their work in putting together the book!

If you submitted haiku, you should be receiving it by the end of the month. If you didn't submit poems but would like to purchase a copy send \$5.00 to:

Anthology  
The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

## Challenge Kigo - Bare Feet

After rain, on yards  
and sidewalks, kids in bare feet  
splashing little ponds

Ertore Jose Palmero

A silent crowd stares  
men with bare feet are walking  
across red hot coals

Dorothy Greenlee

a pair of bare feet  
go splashing through rain puddles  
mini-tidal waves

Dorothy Forman, OSF

velvet river silt  
oozes through bare feet  
pollywog catching

Lesley Einer

contact with the earth  
and escape from intellect  
bare feet in beach sand

George Knox

school's out  
a few more freckles  
on each twin's bare feet

Gloria H. Procsal

hurting my bare feet  
the pebbles on the lake shore  
also relax me

Clark Strand

his sandals  
shucked in hot sand  
bare feet

Tom Smith

incoming tide  
I run across the beach  
hurting my bare feet

Eve Jeanette Blohm

the crashing surf  
curls around my bare feet  
back into the sea

Yvonne Hardenbrook

bare feet on grey plank  
toes curl under the rough edge  
brown satin pond waits

Christine Michaels

skinny slug  
on the cement porch  
my bare feet

Gene Doty

county road crew  
an irate foreman shouts  
"no bare feet!"

George Ralph

tracing a bird  
in the red Georgia clay  
— the bare foot girl

Ebba Story

bare feet ache  
floating sea waves  
a light chop

Robert Henry Poulin

after shower  
little boy marching in the puddle  
bare feet

Naomi Y. Brown

Her grandma's bare feet--  
the laughing child sings out  
"This little piggy..."

Donna Claire Gallagher

bare footed  
my fire-engine red toenails  
ignite the summer

Margaret Chula

stuck here and there  
to the tops of his bare feet  
dark and light sand grains

Alice Benedict

a child at low tide  
making footprints with bare feet --  
clam bucket empty

Alex Benedict

**Note:** In this issue we have awarded 3  
extra points to haiku that use one and only  
one season word.

## THE ART OF HAIKU -

Presenting another short article on the art and practice of writing haiku contributed by Paul Williams. This series is edited by Christopher Herold.

### Subjectivity in Haiku

Not long ago I was scanning the America Online haiku bulletin board known as *My Haiku*, when I came upon a discussion of haiku as wholly objective. I disagreed, but didn't think much about this until I received a copy of Robert Spiess' new book, *A Year's Speculations on Haiku*. Set up like his speculations in *Modern Haiku*, this book contains an entry for every day of the year. One of these says, in part "In the better haiku there is a surprisingly large amount of subjectivity beneath the objectivity of the haiku's entities. This subjectivity is not stated as such, but is wordlessly perceived. It is this subjective aspect that accounts for very much of the difference between a haiku that is merely descriptive per se and one that engenders intuitional feeling — and is the deciding factor between a haiku in which the poet simply records stimuli and one in which the poet is in accord with the haiku moment."

This speculation is one that I feel is central to success in haiku. As I see it, subjectivity may appear in haiku in several ways. Of course, it may be absent, in which case it is likely the poem is a rather dry observation without an implication of human feeling. It may be, as Spiess says, "not stated as such." This does not mean it is absent; in fact, its presence by implication is probably the core of the haiku moment. For example, Issa's poem, in R. H. Blyth's translation, is subjective only in its choice of details:

A brushwood gate;  
For a lock,  
This snail.

The subjectivity may be more present, as in the Basho poem in which he seems to divine a monkey's thoughts; they resemble his own wish for relief from the rain. In R. H. Blyth's translation, it reads:

First winter rain;  
The monkey also seems to wish  
For a small straw rain-coat.

The haiku masters often seem to be less fussy about the presence of the subjective than we are today. For example, Issa writes:

Simply trust:  
Do not the petals flutter down,  
Just like that?

He even uses an abstraction in this poem, "trust," which modern American haikuists would tend to avoid. And Basho wrote:



Shake, O grave!  
My wailing voice  
Is the autumn wind.

It is hard to avoid the presence of metaphor in this poem, though it may be fairly quiet.

While in haiku we do not want to discuss beauty and truth in the manner of Keats, certainly many poems have been spoiled by the absence of subjectivity, an absence which tends to result in a more dry observation. Perhaps the subjective aspect of the poem is muted. Perhaps it is only implied. But subjectivity is our feeling about things, and it gives haiku a human dimension, a human significance and poignancy that bring the poems into focus.

Paul Williams

**Editor' Note:**

**Deadline to send your haiku for the next issue is October 15. Send one to three haiku on any theme and one haiku in response to the challenge kigo. Send your submissions to:**

**Jean Hale**

**Voting: Select up to ten favorite haiku. The top three, if you highlight them, will receive five points each and the others, one point each.**

**Members' Votes for May/June**

D.L. Bachelor- 1205-9 1206-0 1207-0  
 Dorothy Forman- 1208-6 1209-1 1210-2  
 E.J. Palmero- 1211-4 1212-1  
 Laura Bell- 1213-3 1214-27 1215-7  
 Eve Blohm- 1216-3 1217-0 1218-0  
 George Knox- 1219-5 1220-5 1221-0  
 Gloria Procsal- 1222-16 1223-5 1224-14  
 Richard Bruckhart- 1225-0 1226-3 1227-0  
 Kat Avila- 1228-8 1229-2 1230-1  
 Margaret Chula- 1231-21 1232-14 1233-5  
 Dorothy Greenlee- 1234-0 1235-5 1236-8  
 Lesley Einer- 1237-6 1238-19 1239-11  
 Robert Major- 1240-0 1241-8 1242-4  
 George Ralph- 1243-3 1244-3 1245-19  
 Teruo Yamagata- 1246-5 1247-4 1248-0  
 Robert Gibson- 1249-6 1250-28 1251-12  
 Echo Goodmansen- 1252-6 1253-3 1254-27  
 Ebba Story- 1255-18 1256-10  
 Shahid Iqbal- 1257-2 1258-3 1259-0  
 Naomi Brown- 1260-9 1261-27 1262-0  
 Gene Doty- 1263-8 1264-3 1265-0  
 Y. Hardenbrook- 1266-1 1267-3 1268-18  
 Christine Michaels- 1269-3 1270-0 1271-3  
 Angela Deodar- 1272-9 1273-5 1274-3  
 Alice Benedict- 1275-14 1276-7 1277-11  
 Alex Benedict- 1278-19 1279-11 1280-4  
 Margaret Elliott- 1281-0 1282-0 1283-0  
 Mary Ann Henn- 1284-1 1285-1 1286-0

highway cafe  
 a sparrow pecks bugs  
 off parked cars

Robert Gibson

The funeral over  
 his last message  
 still on the machine

Laura Bell

porch swing  
 now and then a breeze  
 from the river

Echo Goodmansen

biopsy negative  
 volume up.  
 Beethoven's Ninth

Naomi Brown

wounded butterfly  
 powders the air  
 with her color

Margaret Chula

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

Lesley Einer

old town cannon  
 late afternoon a lizard  
 comes crawling out

George Ralph

among dry grasses  
 a herd of cattle standing  
 the cloudless sky

Alex Benedict

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

Ebba Story

stuck  
 in the old roadhouse jukebox  
 a buffalo nickel

Yvonne Hardenbrook

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

Gloria Procsal

day moon  
 down the canyon —  
 faint water sounds

Gloria Procsal

again and again  
 rose petals fall into  
 the rusty bucket

Margaret Chula

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

Alice Benedict

coolness  
 the cedar boughs move  
 with the wind

Robert Gibson