

GEPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

XVI:17

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the USA & Canada

Sept/Oct 1995

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from limb to limb
the young sparrow
dares the air

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bright star
sheds no light
into the garden

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standing behind
the darkened window
counting fireflies

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Pumpkin in the field
soon will have an inner light
and an outer smile

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Desert rest stop
panting starlings waiting
by the faucet

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Dusk falls, mists arise
humans quit the murky streets
goblins roam for treats

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long summer:
blue skies look for rain
parched land erupts

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candle flames
pierce the winter's darkness:
wax sculptures

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waves hitting rocks
cascading waterfalls
puddles meet gutter

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professor emeritus
picks up in campus
a ginkgo nut

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sand under my feet
suddenly swept off
by autumnal tide

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all the sparrows
soon make light of
a new scarecrow

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desert outback;
something wild stirs
the fluttering crows

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abandoned brothel;
in pale sunlight a peacock
spreads its feathers

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embracing dad,
his silent tremor...
the falling leaves

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sleepless at the beach ...
sursurations of the surf
a sure cure of it

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collection of shells
arranged symmetrically ...
realigned by tides

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figs still ripening ...
why should I compete with birds
now that autumn's here

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four fingers of seeds,
green inverted umbrellas,
stalks of unmowed grass.

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tiny pale green buds
on tip of oak tree branches
quiet steady rain

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mother's red lips
glisten with fallen raindrops
early winter rain

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under pine boughs
rust-colored breasts of robins
hide among dried needles

p1393
under fierce attack
bowels become shredded wheat
limbs are paralyzed

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moon's supple fingers
caress night's dark coverlet
pulling it up close

p1395
summer sea swimmers
the color of used tea bags
discarded on shore

p1396
flaming dogwood
a drop of rain travels
the length of a leaf

p1397
on my doorstep
a basket of zucchini --
his quick getaway

p1398
after the storm
windbells
perfectly still

p1399
round dark grape seed scats
baking on the asphalt drive --
coyote's passing sign

p1400
autumn fog
the vineyard worker's
cold fingers

p1401
sleeping cat
breathes white ripples
on her fur

p1402
Sea and horizon.
A white sail is going far
like an alone gull.

p1403
Obscure prairie.
Like bright eyes of the night
fireflies are spying on us.

p1404
Such as a light wind
rippling the calm lake softly,
is her remembrance.

p1405
After the night storm
Wispy morning clouds hide
Capilla peak

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After the night storm
Lark song fills the air above
The still dripping trees

p1407
After the night storm
The old pussycat sniffs
Wet grass from the porch

p1408
the ruby luster
of each pomegranate seed--
tasting my birthstone

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curve of a pumpkin
rising above the stubble
a change in the wind

p1410
indian summer
skipping school again
new sneakers

p1411
natural food store
feather dusting
plastic flowers

p1412
tired bag lady
hopelessly eyes
the red caps

p1413
Crowded parking lot
some car's loud alarm blaring
cloud blurred autumn moon

p1414
Taking down porch light
cracked after twelve hot summers
storm cloud of dead bugs

p1415
One noisy cricket
calling nightly room to room
now under my bed

p1416
cherry tomato
rolled a long way to get here—
bottom of a hill

p1417
screwdriver in hand
while birds wait for their birdhouse
I forget clockwise

p1418
drought at last broken
but all I can think about
is missing tennis

p1419
halfway there
a beautiful maple
the roadmap didn't predict

p1420
falling willow leaves
river's latest flotilla
close to journey's end.

p1421
kitchen's morning chill
grasshopper taps on window
seeking shelter here?

p1422
Autumn moor's heather
brightens worn old Yorkshire hills
missing my parents

p1423
brightness
of the autumn moon drives
the stars from sight

p1424
autumn morning
yellow chrysanthemums
touched by warm sunlight

p1425
days become
cooler and shorter partings
grip my heart

p1426
Firefly on my sundial
can you throw some light
on my future?

p1427
The paved parking lot
a dandelion grows alone
reaching to the sun

p1428
Sitting frog
sees the falling log
too late

p1429
winter stars spring out
some are steady most tremble
two fall

p1430
Barney lying dead
sulfurous fumes permeate the air
television snow

p1431
pigeons balance on Nelson
a high coo
moment

p1432
foggy night
fallen leaves muffle
our footsteps

p1433

fallen leaves
watching the old man
rake them away

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misty rain
a lone sparrow hops about
the bare apple tree

p1435

lying on pillows
outside the window - slow flight
of the white feather

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one by one
they meet on the road —
leaves and their shadows

p1437

night breeze of summer
turning on the car headlights —
piles of yellow leaves

p1438

a cooler wind:
over this endless meadow
the Milky Way

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last one off
at the last bus stop
—hunter's moon

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slowly setting sun
across fields of dry corn stalks
hurricane reports

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In pine-scented air
appetizing aroma
of barbecued steak

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Back autumn roads.
Children at the school bus stops
scuffle in the leaves.

p1443

Where raucous redwings
made bright the long green summer...
only dry brown reeds.

p1444

Wan autumn sunlight.
We scatter crumbled bread crusts
as crow tips off crow.

p1445

far from home
the Milky Way
still comforts me

p1446

Wild plum blossoms
no one comes
but the bees

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sunset -
clouds above the horizon
the color of persimmon

p1448

tsunami
darkening as they crest
monsoon afternoon

p1449

on my window pane
sprinkler deposited lime
makes a Monet scape

p1450

in the A.C. duct
a cricket Lothario
strums bony legs

p1451

Matted maple leaves
cling to clammy cobblestones,
fading into grey.

p1452

Songbirds are silent -
less than twilight, more than dawn,
one last star shines on

p1453

Haze fills the morning.
Dawn is met with bleary eyes.
It must be bedtime.

p1454

with a sudden gust
the buzzing of dry seeds
in four-chambered pods

p1455
a brown leaf twirling
from an invisible thread
- late afternoon sun

p1456
between birdcalls
whine of a persistent fly
into my left ear

p1457
yellow thistles
a yellow butterfly following
the same trail as I

p1458
a double rainbow
the distant sound of surf
on the path home

p1459
the soil turning -
a pair of oxen step
in unison

p1460
Pretty flower girl
autumn this time lingers
- some dreams for sale

p1461
hard times biography
birds migrate to winter
- the lonely wood

p1462
summer lightning
waving a lonesome cloud
- her departing look

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MEMBERSHIP DUES

1996 MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL.
The membership fee for 1996 is \$15.00.
Please renew by December 31, 1995.
Dues should be sent to:

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

MEMBERSHIP ANTHOLOGY

The Yuki Teikei Member's Anthology is now available. In addition to members' haiku, it includes a list of season words. To purchase a copy, please send \$5.00 per copy to:

Anthology
The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

NEXT TWO MEETINGS

IT'S PARTY SEASON! The next two meetings, **November 4** and **December 9** are the annual Moon Viewing Party and the annual Christmas Party respectively.

The moon viewing party is at Kiyoko Tokutomi's house in Ben Lomond. Festivities on Saturday, November 4 begin with a pot-luck, and continue with moon-viewing, writing, and rounds of reading. Bring a dish for 6-8 people and poems to read.

Saturday, December 9 from 3 to 7 p.m. is the annual Christmas party and potluck. This year it will be held in San Francisco at Alice and Alex Benedict's house. Bring a haiku gift, poems to read, and a potluck dish. For carpooling and/or directions, call Alex Benedict

Correction:

The corrected copy of a haiku by Laura Bell reads as follows:

Intensive care unit
the light
blinking off ... and on

The Art of Haiku

LINE DANCING

Line breaks in Japanese haiku are clearly defined by the 5-7-5 syllabic form. Writers of haiku in English, however, do not necessarily follow this strict count. Although we grant ourselves more liberty to arrange lines and words, we usually follow the short-long-short pattern of three phrases to create a "one breath poem." How we arrange these lines is part of the art of haiku.

Beginners often create a poetic sentence, divide it into three lines and call it haiku. As we become more skillful, however, we begin to pay attention to word choice, sound, rhythm and form. We think about ways we can use line breaks to our advantage.

I would like to focus on the second line, as this is usually where the haiku pivots into the "aha" of the final line. The following examples show how well-crafted line breaks can:

intensify the experience

I step into old growth
autumn moon deeper
into sky. ¹

hoops fallen —
'round the wine cask, slats
held up by weeds ²

Placing the word "deeper" at the end of the second line brings the reader into the experience with the echoing tones of the vowels. The "slats" stick out even more by being placed at the end of the line.

give rhythm to the haiku

the artist's brush
sable hairs that used to glide
over log and stone ³

Cold winter full moon
shining all night, shining on
the fires of Kobe ⁴

By placing "glide" and "shining on" at the end of the line, the poets have extended the moment into the white space before rhythmically moving into the last line.

give a sense of space (temporal or linear)

September stillness
the long wait for the heron
to move ⁵

One might ask whether there are any rules for delineating line breaks in English language haiku? When I asked Jim Kacian what he knew about line breaks he retorted, "Always break right after a preposition or article." We laughed at the absurdity of this and then I remembered.

just-born cicadas
start and stop and start and —
their rain-soaked wings ⁶

The staccato rhythm of the second line mimics the sound that cicadas make when their wings are wet. Ending the line abruptly with a conjunction also conveys to the reader the sense of futility. Poor cicadas, emerging from their shells during the rainy season!

Another haiku whose second line ends with an article

proud of the kitten's
first kill until I saw the
babies ⁷

is very effective. The pause created by ending on "the" induces the same mental catch or hesitation we experience when we unexpectedly see something horrible. It is also parallel to the emotional transition we make from excitement to dismay. The "shining on" haiku above ends the second line on a preposition, which leads us into the surprise of the final line.

In the latest wave of avant garde haiku, traditional line breaks are completely ignored. This visual haiku breaks after every word.

slow
rising
moon
the
cemetery
dead
quiet ⁸

And finally, there is marlene mountain, who places haiku on its side.

hot night pushy for women our rights our rites our riots ⁹

The words, like the women, are clustered together in a line, with the cadence of women marching.

Margaret Chula

¹ Ruth Yarrow, Frogpond XVII:2; ² Christopher Herold, *ibid*, ³ Emily Romano, Modern Haiku XXVI, No. 1; ⁴ James Kirkup, *ibid*; ⁵ Garry Gay, Haiku Moment; ⁶ Margaret Chula, Mainichi Shinbun; ⁷ Peter Yovu, Frogpond XVII:4; ⁸ Anthony Pupello, Frogpond XV!!:3; ⁹ marlene mountain, Wind Chimes, Issue #27

The Art of Haiku, edited by Christopher Herold, is a series of invited articles written by accomplished haiku poets. If you have ideas for an article, please contact Chris directly:

Challenge Kigo - Cricket or Cicada

burning leaves
---cricket and me---
we sing

Tom Smith

long summer night
I listen to crickets sing
in gulf of darkness

Eve Jeanette Blohm

three plump cicadas
take flight out of the garden ...
fed up with my greens

George Knox

cicada chorus
accompanies summer's warmth
Camelot made real

Dorothy Forman, OSF

late evening walk
only crickets and the neighbors'
faint blue light

Yvonne Hardenbrook

no cicadas today
instead on my gate
a rusty hinge

Elizabeth Allbright

Deep night in the woods
A cricket voice is boring
through the noiselessness

Ertore José Palmero

Cricket chirp
Answers coyote bark
Will winter still come?

D. L. Bachelor

a loose porch board
creaks beneath the rocking chair
slow drone of crickets

Ebba Story

leaving the cell
for the gas chamber
his cricket falls silent

Laura Bell

Leaves hang limp
as cicada chorus begins
could be their last hurrah

Dorothy Greenlee

children's choir in square
I translate "Cigale" - surprise!
singing cicada.

Christine Michaels

the cicada's skeleton
clinging to the tree --
No more buzzing

Richard Bruckart

crickets
the heartbreak of psoriasis
ring around the collar

Robert Gibson

walking hand in hand
deep into the Crimean steppe
cicadas louder

Zinovy Vayman

pausing on the hike:
from under a rusted Ford
a single cricket

George Ralph

city child at camp
asks what's that funny sound
cricket is singing

Louise Beaven

Hey, ventriloquist!
I'd bet you're in the woodbox,
chirping cricket child

Robert Major

ambulance siren
fades away
cicada's cry returns

Naomi Y. Brown

a light breeze
buries cicada ghosts
among fallen leaves

Lesley Einer

Cicadas drone on,
crickets join in evening song:
Ragas rise to God.

John Tabberah

whirling dust devil
on an open hillside
- arc of cricket song

Alice Benedict



beside the highway
the rattle of crickets
rising from the field

Alex Benedict

**Challenge Kigo – November/December
by Yvonne Hardenbrook**

Bare Branches or Leafless Branches

Of all the symbols of oncoming winter with its harsher weather and freezing temperatures, the bare branch seems the most dramatic. Suddenly our corner of the earth seems lonelier, and even in the sun's warmth, we shiver. The translator's choice of the word "utterly" in Kato Koko's poem paints a stark scene. Japan, Pennsylvania, and most of the U.S. are in the north temperate latitudes, the four-season zone where the changes are inexorable. Few kigo characterize the sabi/wabi of winter's beginning better than "bare/leafless branch."

Through the branches of a tree
Utterly leafless
The sky deepens.

-- Kato Koko (tr. Yuzuru Miura)

early morning walk
echoes of my own footsteps
among bare branches

-Yvonne Hardenbrook

CHALLENGE KIGO CHALLENGE SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

What are the season words of your region? Members are invited to submit candidate season words for Geppo's challenge kigo! 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. Preferably, at least one of the cited haiku will be your own. If the poems have been previously published, include appropriate citation (publication, date and so forth). The haiku you select should be a 5-7-5 haiku with only one season word/phrase. All submissions must be in English, though haiku in other languages, with an English translation are okay.

Submission deadline is one month before each issue's closing date, and must be words appropriate for the following two months. For example, the March-April issue presents a challenge kigo that refers to May-June. The closing date for general submissions for the March-April issue is April 15, but you need to submit your challenge kigo appropriate to May and June by March 15. For the May-June issue, the deadline for season words appropriate to July and August is May 15.

A committee of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will select one challenge kigo for each issue of Geppo. Submissions should include an SASE and be sent to:

Alex Benedict

You can e-mail submissions to



From your Editor -

Deadline to send your haiku for the next issue is December 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.

Have a great Thanksgiving everyone and thanks for all the kind messages you send!

Member Votes for July/Aug

Teruo Yamagata - 1287-7 1288-1 1289-5
 Mike Cluff - 1290-1 1291-1
 E.Palmero - 1292-1 1293-16 1294-2
 Dorothy Greenlee - 1295-1 1296-1 1297-1
 Hank Dunlap - 1298-9 1299-10 1300-16
 Dorothy Forman - 1301-0 1302-0 1303-2
 Robert Gibson - 1304-6 1305-5 1306-10
 Echo Goodmansen - 1307-8 1308-10 1309-7
 Lesley Einer - 1310-11 1311-8 1312-2
 George Knox - 1313-7 1314-6 1315-0
 Gloria Procsal - 1316-14 1317-5 1318-8
 Tom Smith - 1319-4 1320-4 1321-1
 Eve J. Blohm - 1322-0 1323-1 1324-0
 Yvonne Hardenbrook - 1325-3 1326-7 1327-4
 Thomas Ingalz - 1328-2 1329-3
 Christine Michaels - 1330-8 1331-7 1332-0
 Edward Grastorf - 1333-2 1334-3 1335-13
 Gene Doty - 1336-7 1337-1 1338-10
 George Ralph - 1339-1 1340-2 1341-2
 Laura Bell - 1342-2 1343-9 1344-9
 Ebba Story - 1345-15 1346-17
 Robert Poulin - 1347-3 1348-0
 Shahid Iqbal - 1349-5 1350-0 1351-1
 Naomi Brown - 1352-1 1353-7 1354-6
 Donna Gallagher - 1355-14 1356-8 1357-12
 Margaret Chula - 1358-0 1359-27 1360-16
 Pat Shelley - 1361-8 1362-9 1363-7
 Alice Benedict - 1364-1 1365-3 1366-15
 Alex Benedict - 1367-13 1368-6 1369-29
 E. Palmero - 1370-0

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

Alex Benedict

grieving for him
 I pluck off
 dead petunias

Margaret Chula

waiting up for him
 the slide of honeydew rests
 in its own pale juice

Ebba Story

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

Ertore José Palmero

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

Hank Dunlap

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

Margaret Chula

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

Ebba Story

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

Alice Benedict

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

Gloria Procsal

Outside La Scala
 he chants with vibrato —
 the gelato vendor

Donna Gallagher

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

Edward Grastorf

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

Alex Benedict

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

Donna Gallagher

heat shimmer
 the distant lake
 always distant

Lesley Einer