

GEPPO

the haiku study-work journal
of the
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XIX:4

July-August, 1996

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 1819 | green days of summer;
each one strung
on dragon kite wire | 1829 | black preacher
turning up the rap music
writes his sermon |
| 1820 | clouds across the moon;
when I am gone
the iris will bloom alone | 1830 | wool gathering
the sleepy weaver
includes his beard |
| 1821 | incessant heat;
one more day
the spider spins | 1831 | hurrying along
scent of white-clover
stops me |
| 1822 | Sparkling in the pond
koi swim above their shadows
crossing sunlit spots | 1832 | around the pond
a new barricade.....sea gull
squawking! squawking! |
| 1823 | She loves me
loves me not, oh how I'd love
another petal | 1833 | dashing for cover -
oops! I suspend my right foot
caterpillar crawls |
| 1824 | Her frigid laughter
when I ask her for a date
so much more than "no" | 1834 | a deep gorge ...
some of the silence
is me |
| 1825 | skinkskitterstoshade . . .
so hot this Borrego sand
and far from my car | 1835 | all those haiku
about the moon in the trees,
the moon in the trees |
| 1826 | approaching the pond
stealthily with tour kids . . .
turtles slip in first | 1836 | deeply green summer
from the one bare branch
a crow |
| 1827 | butterfly or moth
not found in any of my books..
released to mystery | 1837 | after a hot day
the coolness
of the full moon |
| 1828 | Throwing dirt
on my pet's grave;
her pink ribbon | 1838 | summer morning
yellow of wild mustard streaks
the green field |
-

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 1839 | sour cherry tree
with the passing years its fruit
grows sweeter | 1851 | After the slaughter ---
By the vanquished toes
Orange kitten naps |
| 1840 | one then another—
swallowtails drop from sight
in the coreopsis | 1852 | housefly
tries an escape into
a video serengeti |
| 1841 | bird count —
thirty-four crows rousting
two red-tailed hawks | 1853 | coolness
the cedar boughs move
with the wind |
| 1842 | carolina wren
its morning song larger
than itself | 1854 | the boy
points and shouts an eagle
an eagle |
| 1843 | In the forest,
a hidden cicada
sings vital song. | 1855 | swimmers too far out
sudden thunderstorm
lifeguard station empty |
| 1844 | Over the horizon,
the far line of the world,
dark billowing clouds. | 1856 | We race to reach home
ahead of a summer storm.
Door shut . . . just in time. |
| 1845 | In a corner,
captive fly is shaking
a spider's web. | 1857 | Combers rolling in.
Horses' manes in the moonlight
in the crashing surf. |
| 1846 | nationality unknown
consulting map again
summer vacation | 1858 | In this intense cold
chickadees feed from the hand ...
watchful black-bead eyes. |
| 1847 | old stone monument
of chinese character
deep tree shade | 1859 | Sparrows harvesting
the last bit of ripe chickweed-
frost report tonight |
| 1848 | emeritus professor
old eye glasses slip
midday nap | 1860 | Fat little red squirrel
cracking thin brown ash wafers
autumn sun sets soon |
| 1849 | Bad dream ---
Warmth of her
Trusting back | 1861 | Fresh sorrel green chives
in Indian summer sunshine-
what? spring salad now? |
| 1850 | She sighs ---
In the dark
Her teeth gleam | 1862 | crumpled drafts
of the same poem -
tossed to the playful cat... |

1863	stopping for the night - ah, dreams always outdistance the traveler...	1875	her butterfly net catches the cornflower without the swallowtail
1864	mama asleep -- the bright bouquet of zinnias fills a mason jar	1876	tai chi practice - spring songbirds outside the window
1865	bedside atlas ... honeysuckle perfumes the midnight air	1877	now that he has gone more often than before a game of solitaire
1866	As twilight deepens the cruising fireflies turn on their headlights	1878	cinnamon cat stepping from the garage roof down to the fence
1867	A rare butterfly caught in the SWISH! of my net Already I'm sorry	1879	on the steel mill roof a preying mantis hatchling clutches my pant leg
1868	hot wind at my back from the railroad platform a long view	1880	fishing in a pond bordered by summer grasses: no bait and no hook
1869	Humid evening the juror's conscience attached to uneasy shoes	1881	Old hills fast asleep recumbent full-bellied gods snore on summer lake
1870	Dorm room: unloading her luggage girlfriend's kiss goodbye	1882	Billowing clouds float in clear Madonna blue sky shadows over hills
1871	In the summer's shade a terminal person waits for a green light	1883	Legions of cloud peaks march down metallic sky shadows threaten hills
1872	Giant sunflower bends under the weight of its high ambitions	1884	Five perfect blue eggs Nestled in my hanging plant I peek in there daily
1873	Humble Zinnias grew as if they were called to glorify heaven	1885	Silky locks of hair Auburn tendrils hit the floor Two years sweep by me
1874	White moth spies the ball hidden by the tall daisies, but it cannot tell	1886	Puppy behind bars Yearning of playful freedom Man says time is up

COOLNESS

- 1887 lonely, lonely
at the dusk meadow and yet..
mosquitoes
Haiku with the challenge kigo "coolness"
- 1888 sore feet
on the taken off shoes
traffic of ants
leaves of the maple
somehow expanding into
morning coolness
Alice Benedict
- 1889 morning commute
negotiating the curve
around the cemetery
lingering goodbye;
the coolness of melon
fresh on my tongue
Gloria Procsal
- 1890 a dragonfly
hovers over the lawn chair
its fresh painted daisies
my friend's last weather. . .
raging fires of fever and
coolness in damp dirt
George Knox
- 1891 filling the field
with summer light
wild mustard blooms
Hot summer day
Jumping dad's lawn sprinkler
The splendid coolness
Laura Bell
- 1892 summer drought
the willow by the water
still holds its cool canopy
time out for walk by
the lake: lap--splash and oh!
coolness!
Sheila Hyland
- 1893 darkness falls
no street lamps - only
the summer moon
coolness
after a sudden storm
still sweltering car
John Stevenson
- 1894 in the kitchen
the flutter of candlelight
reflected in the sink
evening coolness —
from the corner of my eye
the Seven Sisters
Yvonne Hardenbrook
- 1895 voice in the next room
after a dream of water
as if from a well
Freshness of the early summer
in the young leaves
and the coldness of stream.
Ertore José Palmero
- 1896 at the hillcrest
the fresh odor of ocean
still hidden in fog
Morning rain ---
The coolness as the
Drought breaks
D.L. Bachelor
- coolness of hands
with soothing lotion
on my sunburned skin
Louise Beaven
- Clear summer's morning
before the heat of the day.
Savoring the cool.
Robert Major

Challenge Kigo: COOLNESS (continued)

opening the door
to let the coolness in
the evening stars
Ebba Story

under the oak,
the brief coolness of a sip
of lemonade
Alex Benedict

The rising sun arrives
The night's coolness fades away
Reveille of the birds
Richard Bruckart

summer's-end party
across the swaying dance floor
her coolness
George Ralph

Coolness
in his sea-blue eyes
chills the summer air
Mary E. Ferryman

coolness
wind chime's sound
in the breeze
Naomi Y. Brown

above the river
a bat among chimney swifts . . .
evening coolness
Timothy Russell

Like drops of water
each breath of meditation
Coolness bathes sore soul
Christine Dorian Michaels

August heat
plunging into the shower
its first shock. . . then its coolness
Mary Fran Meer

over a town
no cars
lingering coolness
Robin Chancefellow

SEASON WORDS
for autumn

selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology.

Season: autumn months*: September, October, November;
autumn equinox, beginning of autumn, chilly night, long night,
lingering summer heat

Sky and Elements: autumn rain, ~ sky, ~wind, long night,
moon (the full moon), night of stars, sardine cloud.

Landscape: autumn moor, leaves turning, reaped or harvested
fields, vineyards.

Human Affairs: autumn loneliness, end of summer vacation,
gleaning, harvest, mushroom gathering, scarecrow, school begins,
Tanabata (Star Festival), Obon Festival/dance, Labor Day, Rosh
Hashanah, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch,
black cat, ghost, haunted house), Thanksgiving.

Animals: autumn mackerel, bagworm, bird of passage, clear-
toned cicada, cricket, deer, dragonfly, red dragonfly, grasshopper
or locust, ground beetle, insects' cry, katydid, monarch butterfly,
migrating geese/cranes/storks, praying mantis, quail, salmon,
shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, wild geese, woodpecker.

Plants: apple, wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buck-
wheat, bush clover, chamomile, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn,
cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen or falling leaves (e.g. fallen
willow leaves), gourds, grapes (except green grapes), huckleberry,
maiden flower, morning glory, mushrooms, nuts, orchid, pampas
grass plumes, pear, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds,
reed flowers/tassels, rose of sharon, squash, vines, weed flowers.



Challenge Kigo for
September/October

APPLE
by
Alex Benedict

.....
All year we find apples of varying shapes and
colors in the store. But in September and Octo-
ber, the abundant fruit fills the trees and falls
on the ground. The freshness of autumn permeates
the air and seems captured by the sweet crisp-
ness of a just-picked apple.

abandoned orchard
beside a steel water trough
a fallen apple

Alex Benedict

Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

1996 Contest Winners

Congratulations to the winners of the 1996 Contest! 300 poems were received from poets all over the world. Ms. Yoko Senda was the judge. Her comments, which were translated by Mrs. Tokutomi, are included with the winning poems. Heartfelt thanks to everyone who entered for your participation!

First Prize

spring evening stillness
from the nunnery garden
an old cradle song

H. F. Noyes *Politia Attikis, Greece*

I like the word "old" for the cradle song. The first line is in cooperation with the second line. It gives a gentle feeling of warmth. This reminds me of a lullaby I heard in my childhood.

Second Prize

Our teenage daughter
swishing in skimpy black silk –
this early summer

D. Claire Gallagher *Sunnyvale, California*

The second line's expression, "swishing in skimpy black silk" is interesting. When an adult sees the teenager's youthful glow, it can seem to make a person dizzy. Akiko Yosano's composition of tanka relays this feeling. The "early summer" is also a season for teens.

Third Prize

spring evening darkens
reluctantly my mother
says no to more tea

Marian Olson *Arlington, Virginia*

A long spring day is ending; the togetherness and talking is also coming to an end. Without saying "it was fun," the good feeling among mother and daughter is apparent. This haiku gives a photograph of the scene. It is as vivid as if I was present. It also gives the effect of spring melancholy.

Honorable Mention (alphabetical)

huddled together
the street cats in the doorway
escape winter rain

Dennis Davidson *Hoboken, New Jersey*

Undesirable street cats look very appealing.

a woman's laughter
interrupting the silence
of the spring evening

Dennis Davidson *Hoboken, New Jersey*

Putting the focus on "laughter" gives the impression of the real thing. It feels alike one is peeking into a scene in a play where something might happen soon.

This remaining snow
the toddler lying in it
to make an angel

D. Claire Gallagher *Sunnyvale, California*

This haiku gives the feeling toward the infant, but it does not dote upon the feeling.

Spring evening walk
only we two hand in hand
past the weathered fence

D. Claire Gallagher *Sunnyvale, California*

This couple came through the wind and rain of life hand in hand.

by the autumn lake
two young climbers pass without
a word of greeting

Pat Gallagher *Sunnyvale, California*

Because there is usually a greeting between climbers, I can feel strain in the quietness of the autumn lake - like an overly taut string.

My teapot whistles ...
winter rain beats the window
through a cloud of steam

Constance Mele *Davidson, North Carolina*

I feel as though I can see this scene. Heart-warming steam of the tea-pot and cold rain are distinctly separated by the window. I wished to pick this as the winning haiku also.
Continued on the back page...

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPPO**

Deadline for the next issue is August 15!

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
- **Haiku** - send up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines; they will be printed as submitted.
- **Challenge Kigo Haiku** - send one 3-line haiku with the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. This poem will be printed with your name.
- **Votes** - Write the numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue you especially appreciate. Circle or otherwise indicate up to three poems to receive 5 points each; the others will receive 1 point each. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the subsequent issue .

Send to:
Jean Hale

.....
Challenge Kigo Challenge! Members are encouraged to submit candidate Challenge Kigo essays, to include a season word for your area, a 1-paragraph description, and 1 to 3 haiku (at least one of which should be your own) using the word. Send your Challenge Kigo essay to:

Alex Benedict

The Art of Haiku, edited by Christopher Herold, is an invited series of articles on haiku writing and awareness.

GEPPO

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is the bimonthly study-work journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Haiku are published as submitted, and members may cast votes for haiku from the preceding issue. In this way we learn by studying the work of others, and by the response to our own work. Subscription is \$15.00 per year, which includes membership in the Society.

**Editor • Jean Hale
Design • Alice Benedict**

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

1995-96 Officers

.....
**Alex Benedict, President • Patricia Machmiller, Vice President
Kiyoko Tokutomi, Treasurer • Alice Benedict, Secretary**
.....

News and Notes

Tanabata Celebration

Tanabata , or the Star Festival, is a traditional Japanese summer event. Celebrated on July 7, it is based on a tale of two young celestial lovers coming together once a year. She, the star Vega, is a weaver. He, the star Altair, is a shepherd or herd-boy. They must be kept apart, on opposite sides of the Milky Way, for when they are together, they do not get their work done. But once a year, when the stars appear to be closest, it is as if they have been given permission to meet for a brief period.

This year, we celebrated Tanabata on Sunday, July 7, at Kiyoko Tokutomi's house among redwood trees in the Santa Cruz Mountains. In the twilight a high fog obscured the stars: we had to use memory and imagination to write of the night sky. The kigo (season words) for Tanabata are Milky Way and river of stars. The group was small, but feelings were warm and discussion went late into the night. As a gesture toward the tradition, we brushed some of the evening's haiku onto slips of paper, and tied them to a bamboo branch - there they would flutter and convey our thoughts of the evening.

Can you hear them
spilling from pool to pool?
river of stars

Christopher Herold

the stars met tonight
crossing river in the sky
Where is my lover?

Kiyoko Tokutomi

together tonight
beneath the bridge reflections
the Milky Way

Alex Benedict

river of stars
in my hair, on my pillow
the smell of wood smoke

Alice Benedict

Upcoming Meetings

The next meeting after the Asilomar Retreat will be a moon viewing party at Mary Hill's house on October 26th at 6 p.m. Please note that this is NOT the second Saturday (but is the day after a full moon). The November meeting will be November 9 at the Saratoga Library. The Holiday Party, will be at the Benedicts' on Saturday, December 14th.

Haiku Archive Inauguration

The California State Library's inauguration of the American Haiku Archive was a delightful and inspiring gathering of haiku folk. State Librarian Kevin Starr's enthusiasm for haiku history came across in his opening remarks. Michael Welch, the program's organizer, introduced haiku reading and congratulatory remarks from many passionate haiku poets, including Kay Anderson, Dee Evetts, Garry Gay, James Hackett, Elizabeth Lamb, Barbara Ressler, Lee Gurga, Kiyoko Tokutomi, and himself. A letter of congratulation and commendation to Dr. Starr from Alex Benedict, on behalf of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society was delivered. A festive feeling prevailed among the audience of haiku poets and friends of haiku throughout the program. After lunch in Dr. Starr's spacious office, we were led on a tour of the State Library. Our guide, Gary Kurutz, principal librarian of the special collections branch, led a tour that was a fascinating look behind the scenes at this major modern library. In addition to books of all shapes and sizes, the library's special collections include such items as old photographic plates and prints, newspaper files, posters and programs for music and dance performances. After cataloging, materials sent to the Archive will be accessible for viewing in special research rooms at the Library. The Yuki Teikei Society's archives, now in the possession of various people, will eventually be sent there for preservation and public access.

1995 Members' Anthology Done!

A Shadowed Path, the 1995 Members' Anthology is now completed: this collection of poems from members, was edited by Patricia Machmiller, and features elegant ink drawings by Pat Shelley. It also includes a thoughtful essay on season words by Pat Machmiller, and comprehensive season word lists compiled by various society members over the years. Those who submitted poems will be receiving their copies shortly. Other members can order copies for \$5 each plus \$1 postage. Send requests and payment to Alice Benedict, ...

Please make check or M.O. payable to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society.

New Book by Jerry Ball

Congratulations to Jerry Ball on publication of his new book of longer poems, *world between mirrors*. Jerry will be reading and signing the book at Good Enough Books in Livermore on Saturday, September 14 in the evening.

Calendar of Events

- Oct. 26 Moon Viewing Party
Mary Hill's garden, 6:00p.m.
PLEASE NOTE CHANGED DATE
- Nov. 9 Regular Meeting
Saratoga Public Library 1:30 p.m.
- Dec. 14 Holiday Potluck and Party
Alex and Alice Benedict's, 6:00 p.m.

Deadlines

- Oct.15 Submissions to September-October
GEPP0

Members' Votes: May-June 1996 Issue

Sydney Bougy- 1738-1 1739-14 1740-13
Margaret Elliott- 1741-1 1742-2 1743-0
Deborah Beachboard- 1744-7 1745-1 1746-2
Gloria Procsal- 1747-1 1748-17 1749-12
Joan Edwards- 1750-01751-0 1752-7
Echo Goodmansen- 1753-22 1754-19 1755-5
Robert Gibson- 1756-8 1757-11 1758-8
Edward Grastorf- 1759-1 1760-1 1761-0
Richard Bruckart- 1762-0 1763-0 1764-2
Yvonne Hardenbrook- 1765-3 1766-9 1767-8
Ertore José Palmero- 1768-0 1769-0 1770-6
Margaret Watts- 1771-0 1772-5 1773-10
Louise Beaven- 1774-10
John Tabberrah- 1775-4 1776-1 1777-5
Robin Chancefellow- 1778-0 1779-1 1780-1
Joan Zimmerman- 1781-4 1782-0 1783-6
Zinovy Wayman- 1784-7 1785-0 1786-1
Marian Blum- 1787-1
Naum Vaiman- 1788-0
Dorothy Greenlee- 1789-8 1790-2 1791-1
Mary Ferryman- 1792-0 1793-0 1794-1
Michael D. Welch- 1795-2 1796-1 1797-11
Naomi Y. Brown- 1798-2 1799-6 1800-0
Elizabeth Allbright- 1801-3 1802-1 1803-0
Laura Bell- 1804-2 1805-19 1806-24
Timothy Russell- 1807-1 1808-5 1809-10
Ebba Story- 1810-2 1811-2
George Ralph- 1812-15
George Knox- 1813-11 1814-0 1815-0
Pat Shelley- 1816-1 1817-15 1818-8

May-June Haiku
Voted as Best by the readers of *Geppo*

doctor's office
 leaf shadows lengthening
 on the wall

Laura Bell

toward evening
 green leaves sink into darkness
 white lilacs

Echo Goodmansen

tail straight up
 little cat follows
 little girl

Echo Goodmansen

redwoods
 through the tourists
 a glimpse of the stream

Laura Bell

tossing a stone
 into the pond. . .
 scattering stars

Gloria Procsal

spider's perfect web
 I water the hanging plant
 from the other side

George Ralph

oh, ant
 carrying away your dead friend
 you have stayed my hand

Pat Shelley

Plaza at dusk -
 women drawing their shawls
 about their shoulders.

Sydney Bougy

Telephone ringing
 in the neighbor's empty house
 off and on all day.

Sydney Bougy

warm courtyard mist
 thinning the curve
 of a Buddha's belly

Gloria Procsal

the crows
 in the shopping mall seem
 perfectly at home

Robert Gibson

distant conversation—
 a pile of daisies
 beside the back porch

Michael Dylan Welch

summer shower stops ..
 sparrows' a cappella din
 in the jasmine hedge

George Knox

O'Keefe calendar -
 her Oriental Poppies —
 brighter each June day.

Margaret Watts

drenched with rain I wait
 for you at the library

with two stone lions

Louise Beaven

seventh inning stretch:
 swallows feeding in the dusk
 high above the lights

Timothy Russell

The Art of Haiku

Skinning the Fish

by

Jim Kacian

It is the process of haiku which matters, the growth of the spirit and the realization of our lives, moment by moment. But the actual product of this process, the haiku themselves, can be helpful in gauging one's progress. I offer this string of fish by way of illustration.

In the infancy of my encounter with haiku, I wrote

the silver carp leaps
for its dragonfly supper,
disturbing the moon¹

I was delighted with it at the time—it met all my criteria for excellence: it was 5-7-5 without seeming to strain; it was a single moment in time and yet time seemed to stand still within that moment despite the seeming action; it interrelated two disparate objects with some cohesion; and it was a pretty picture to boot.

Since then I have come to realize some of its flaws—offering as it does a rather polished and pictorial surface, but not a particularly great depth of insight—but admit to an affection for it nonetheless. There is the fish; there is the moon; they are both portrayed simply as themselves. There is a connection which unites them. So far, so good, but there is a problem, and the problem is not in this connection, nor in the subjects themselves, but in the writer: he has not enough insight into the being of these creatures. The subjects remain objects—the poet witnesses, and that is all.

After a little practice I wrote the following:

autumn twilight—
the shadow of a fish
stops at the weir²

Following the first flush of infatuation, I found this poem to be similar to the previous example, but with this difference: it possesses the beginnings of sympathy, a cognition of the circumstances of the other, regarded in the poem. There is kinship here, in the poet's mind and being, between the failing of the light and the staying of the fish's course; and the even deeper resonance that as the remaining light attenuates, so too will the fish's shadow diminish. Moreover, there is an integration of the emotion of the circumstances, a constriction binding the fish, the day, the poet, the reader. The poet witnesses, and shares.

But there can be more, of course—yet a little later:

hooked trout
feeling the life
on the line³

This is in many ways much the same, but again in an important way it is quite different. Once again, the level of connection with the subject has deepened, beyond sympathy this time, to

empathy. The difference as stated seems slight, but makes a world of difference in the experiencing: empathy is more than the recognition of circumstances, and a commiseration in kind—empathy is identification with the other, and an actual taking on of the intellectual and emotional reality of the situation. How like a fish can a human be? And how human a fish? Here the poet partakes of the struggle—actually feeling the "life" of the fish, and its play, through the connecting medium of the fishing line. He knows the trout's contortions and thrashings, thus coming to know fish-fear and fish-rage, and so gains insight into how they are like our own fear and rage. We are directly linked, by the monofilament, yes, but also by our capacity to empathize: the poet witnesses, shares, identifies.

But there is yet a ways to go. In all of the examples above, the poet is manifest—he is observing, approaching, identifying with the other, but there is yet a chasm between them—the chasm of the self. As long as the self is present, we can get only so near to the other.

We are approaching interpenetration. Interpenetration goes as far beyond empathy as empathy moves beyond sympathy. Interpenetration is total identification with the other, outside of one's sense of self. One so totally identifies with the other that one loses one's self, and in so doing takes on a oneness with all else. While this state may have a religious correlative, I am here only concerned with its application to haiku.

Consider the following:

some of the sun
glinting off the sea
is dolphins⁴

Here there is an absolute identification: sun and dolphin and poet (though he is nowhere to be found) are of the same stuff, intertwined and indistinguishable. We are all children of the sun, but only occasionally do we bear witness to this inheritance, manifesting ourselves as we do in our many disguises. But here there is no barrier to distort the oneness—sun and dolphin and poet interpenetrate—identification supersedes witness.

Of course, it is not simply a matter of using a transitive verb, or describing one thing in terms of another in order to realize such an identification. Interpenetration is rarely expressed, even in a medium such as haiku, which seeks and honors such states, because it is not easily achieved, nor easily stated. There are many ways to skin a fish, but only at a certain angle, in the proper light, will we see it shine—and then again, only by a refinement of that angle, and a focusing of that light, will we find that the scales glow from within. While it is up to us to find the fish, and the light, and the angle, haiku can help us discover how successful the fishing has been.

¹Bear Creek Haiku, August, 1992

² unpublished, © 1996 by the author

³ Six Directions (La Alameda Press, Albuquerque, NM, 1996)

⁴ Frogpond, Summer, 1996

Tokutomi Haiku Contest

1996 Winners (continued from page 6)

Honorable Mention (continued)

early spring evening
 pausing on a street corner
 for the crescent moon

Susan Rudnick *New York, New York*

This scene was caught with sharp observation. The moon was not full or half, but crescent. It matches the tone of this haiku.

After the earthquake
 A red autumn butterfly
 Settles beside me

Lorraine Ward *Mount Victoria, Wellington, New Zealand*

My mind is given relief from the quietness of the autumn butterfly.

This New Year morning
 My father pours the coffee
 Talks of his boyhood

Lorraine Ward *Mount Victoria, Wellington, New Zealand*

Quiet morning of New Years - Steam from the coffee symbolizes the warm ties of family.

across the dark sea
 a winter rain is blowing -
 the bell buoy tolls

Mark Arvid White *Palmer, Alaska*

This scene is vivid because of the concrete expression in the third line.

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