

# GE P P O

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

Volume XIX:5

September-October 1996

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## Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

1897	liquid bird song as if the green river spoke	1907	Labor Day weekend: a water-skier straightens her bikini top
1898	feathery caress then the sting - mosquito	1908	on the riverbank a buck lifts velvet antlers into morning fog
1899	night at the river waking only once - the rising moon	1909	get-well card behind the good wishes blue sky
1900	The dying orchard Limbs surrender to nature tranquil in demise	1910	get-well visitor a sparrow on the porch poops and leaves
1901	Peering through the window lusty suitors craving my frustrated house-cat	1911	leaving a path for the moon to follow a snail
1902	Honey bees visiting old red and white silk roses in my garbage can	1912	messy bedrooms boys busily cleaning the front porch
1903	for a moment above the city clatter geese calling	1913	at the yard sale a ladybug on the bottom of the "free" box
1904	hearse fades away autumn rain mingles with tears	1914	the boys' "Come see the bumblebee!" ending her morning nap
1905	for just a breath the autumn leaves sail free on sunlit wind	1915	autumn twilight watching a drizzle of rain mindlessly
1906	Columbus Day noon— a lone monarch butterfly fluttering southward	1916	autumn afternoon old dog follows for a while then goes his way

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1917	listening at night no word for wind in the trees	1929	Longest night lamp glow — reading the final pages of Heart of Darkness
1918	abandoned house - close the gate before the lawn escapes!	1930	cold wind and rain -- the smallest goblin asks "are we through trick-or-treating?"
1919	winter night - neighborhood asleep, the silence of falling snow...	1931	Meals at summer camp. We mill about the mess hall, waiting for the bell.
1920	possum stares down from cedar limb - Autumn upon him...	1932	Somewhere in the dark, a little dog barks at the moon ... moon keeps on shining.
1921	the widow's lamp slowly burns out... autumn drizzle	1933	Frosted autumn day. Opening a can of coffee. A 'whoosh' of fragrance.
1922	one more birthday; the chrysanthemum too wears a wrinkled face	1934	summer twilight vultures return to gut-opened deerer between traffic
1923	dad's kayak and clouds moving the river	1935	sun's rays on dewed gossamer iridescent
1924	public library just a building the moon obscured	1936	first the neighbor's dog then the night freight train still wide awake
1925	young in years but old in experience parasol of autumn	1937	lunar eclipse ~ the bloom on red grapes heaped in a silver bowl
1926	the dead angle of lamplight on desk a grasshopper	1938	the lustrous seed inside the slit buckeye husk a flutter of wings
1927	Night of the eclipse - ruddy ducks swim back and forth in the pale shimmer	1939	city "wildlife" refuge a duck walks the foot path
1928	After my haircut gray snippets on my shoulders— planting winter quince	1940	a shadow crosses the harvest moon evening chill

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 1941 | salt marsh<br>one white cat stalking<br>one white egret, stalking               | 1954 | remembering own<br>childhood-she rushes to store<br>five new school outfits       |
| 1942 | brimming with silver<br>spilled by the harvest moon<br>ribbon of river          | 1955 | first day of school<br>he runs out of line chasing<br>a butterfly                 |
| 1943 | Curled brown maple leaf<br>bouncing in a driving wind<br>rasps along the drive  | 1956 | little pumpkin<br>running to pick<br>her own namesake                             |
| 1944 | In from chopping wood<br>I feel no more need<br>for a fire                      | 1957 | morning breeze<br>willows cascade<br>down the hill                                |
| 1945 | His nose to the screen<br>the dog's quivering nostrils<br>sample outdoor smells | 1958 | "pick-your-own"<br>hot air balloon hovers<br>above the orchard                    |
| 1946 | October's wild call<br>Shadows dim the lantern moon<br>Wings flee arctic snows  | 1959 | lighted walkway<br>a leaping shadow lands<br>under a toad                         |
| 1947 | By late autumn, trees<br>were mere skeletons--having<br>shed their summer fat   | 1960 | Fall is in the room<br>Pull up the blankets<br>Trapping our warmth                |
| 1948 | Over the rough wall,<br>spongy mushrooms were laying<br>smoothly light tunics   | 1961 | Chamisa blooms cover<br>Desert hills with gold --<br>Is winter far away?          |
| 1949 | Reddish and golden.<br>November walking back<br>to the wintry whiteness.        | 1962 | Meditating --<br>Sunlight<br>Through my eyelids                                   |
| 1950 | Autumn in mountains.<br>Hint of shadow and coolness.<br>Ripe grapes are purple. | 1963 | full moon<br>dark water beneath the curve<br>of the tanker's hull                 |
| 1951 | silent gull above<br>below a poet pen and paper<br>waiting wordless             | 1964 | late summer heat<br>lingers in the wooden bench<br>just after sundown             |
| 1952 | blaze of fall sunset<br>through a dying pine<br>soon to go down                 | 1965 | combing West Wind Beach<br>sea lettuce wraps blue mussel shell<br>salal reddening |
| 1953 | row of sunflowers<br>in a field of ripe pumpkins<br>golden age once more        | 1966 | dragonfly hovers<br>Trillium Lake reflects white<br>Mount Hood wears new shawl    |

- 1967 hand in hand we watch  
earth's shadow slips dusky veil  
white moon turns pumpkin
- 1968 harvest moon  
the shadows of an oak  
on the hillside
- 1969 shearwaters  
flowing across the ocean  
close to shore
- 1970 harvest moon  
eclipsed, stars along its disk  
visible
- 1971 This morning, a gift  
rain washed and silver clear –  
Snails leave silver trails
- 1972 gray sky and gray sea  
gray land and one gray bird calls –  
the sun does not come
- 1973 a crust of dry bread  
on a cold frosty morning –  
two sparrows give thanks
- APPLE**  
*Haiku with the challenge kigo "apple"*
- The doctor's office  
shaded by the  
old apple tree  
Richard Bruckart
- she brings a blue bowl  
filled with sour apple wedges  
to lure me away  
Timothy Russell
- having lunch with me  
a very ripe apple  
and two fruit flies  
Jane Reichhold
- nothing in common:  
I bit into a green apple...  
he sips aged cider  
Gloria H. Procsal
- Challenge Kigo:APPLE (continued)*
- For her grandmother  
for her grandson —the apples  
baking until soft  
D. Claire Gallagher
- silently  
her hands her an apple  
--early dusk  
George Ralph
- Snow-covered landscape;  
orchard a sumi study -  
one-red-apple-chop.  
Robert Major
- cold cellar  
apples glitter  
near the potatoes  
Naomi Y. Brown
- sound of the draft horse  
biting through an apple  
twilight deepens  
Ebba Story
- Thanksgiving pie  
one long curl from Grandma's  
apple peeler  
Laura Bell
- echoing rosy colors  
of apples at roadside stands -  
the setting sun  
Louise Beaven
- Inside these withered  
apples, forgotten windfalls,  
yesterday's blossoms  
Mary E. Ferryman
- branches swaying  
the arc of a red apple  
in the setting sun  
Alex Benedict
- Under an old apple tree,  
grandfather is hearing  
the noiselessness.  
Ertore José Palmero
- autumn ennui and  
bite of apple from the fridge  
transport to winter  
George Knox
- deserted orchard  
a just-picked apple in hand  
its sweet green fragrance  
Sheila Hyland

Challenge Kigo:APPLE (continued)

art therapy  
 a semicircle  
 of watercolor apples  
 John Stevenson

Frost ate the blossoms  
 Months ago -- another fruitless year  
 Apple trees and me  
 D.L. Bachelor

halving an apple  
 for you and me, the same  
 taste of the fall  
 Christopher Herold

Land cleared of logs  
 striplings stacked for new orchard  
 already two apples  
 Christine Doreian-Michaels

weathered two by four  
 again, holding up this branch  
 heavy with apples  
 Alice Benedict

**Challenge Kigo for  
 November/December**

**HOT CHOCOLATE or  
 HOT COCOA**

by  
 Ebba Story

.....  
 Comfort comes from simple things. As the days shorten we tend to linger indoors, turning perhaps to more inward concerns, feeling perhaps old losses more acutely in the dimmer light. A cup of hot chocolate warms our chilled hands, warms and soothes our insides. A reassuring remnant from childhood. We ease into bed early with a favorite book, a long-awaited letter, the curled-up cats. And, a cup of hot chocolate sends its sweet aroma into the quiet waiting time of winter.

storm clouds darken –  
 stirring the hot chocolate  
 in my chipped white cup  
 Ebba Story

.....

**SEASON WORDS  
 for late autumn/early winter**

*selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology.*

*Season: late autumn/early winter months: October, November, December, chilly night, departing autumn, start of winter, depth of winter, short day, winter day, winter morning, winter night.*

*Sky and Elements: night of stars, sardine cloud. frost/hoarfrost, freeze, hail, ice, icicle, north wind, sleet, snow/first snow, winter cloud, winter moon, winter rain/first winter rain, winter solstice, winter wind.*

*Landscape: leaves turning, reaped or harvested fields, stubble fields (corn, pumpkin, etc.), vineyards, winter creek or stream, winter mountain, winter sea or ocean, winter seashore, winter garden, withered moor.*

*Human Affairs: gleanng, harvest, hunting for red leaves, mushroom gathering, raking/burning leaves, scarecrow, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch, black cat, ghost, haunted house), Thanksgiving; bean soup, blanket, brazier, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, foot warmer, gloves/mittens, grog, heater, hunting, falconer, fish trapper, overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl, skiing/skis, winter seclusion*

*Animals: autumn mackerel, deer, monarch butterfly, migrating birds, quail, salmon, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, woodpecker, bear, hibernation, fox, marten or sable, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter bee, winter fly, winter sparrow, winter wild geese, wolf, whale.*

*Plants: wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buckwheat, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn, cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen leaves, gourds, huckleberry, mushrooms, nuts, pampas grass plumes, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds, reed flowers/tassels, squash, vines, weed flowers; carrot, celery, dried persimmon, (dried) prunes, heavenly bamboo(Nandina), pine nuts, radish, scallion, tangerine /mandarin orange, turnip, winter chrysanthemum, winter grass, winter tree or grove, withered or frost-nipped plants.*

**--- CORRECTION ---**

Please note the following correction in the vote count for the May/June Geppo.  
 1740 - Sydney Bougy - 14 votes  
 1754 - Echo Goodmansen - 20 votes  
 1756 - Robert Gibson - 13 votes  
 1782 - Joan Zimmerman - 5 votes  
 1798 - Naomi Brown - 7 votes  
 Haiku 1740 & 1754 were printed in the May/June issue.  
 Hiaku 1756 reads as follows:

old men sigh  
 as a butterfly  
 flutters by

Robert Gibson

Thank you to the member who pointed out to me that I had not recorded his votes.

- Jean M. Hale, Editor

**July-August Haiku**  
**Voted as Best by the readers of *Geppo***

carolina wren  
 its morning song larger  
 than itself  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

mama asleep --  
 the bright bouquet of zinnias  
 fills a mason jar  
 Ebba Story

a deep gorge ...  
 some of the silence  
 is me  
 John Stevenson

at the hillcrest  
 the fresh odor of ocean  
 still hidden in fog  
 Alice Benedict

filling the field  
 with summer light  
 wild mustard blooms  
 Mary Fran Meer

hot wind at my back  
 from the railroad platform  
 a long view  
 Alex Benedict

all those haiku  
 about the moon in the trees,  
 the moon in the trees  
 John Stevenson



coolness  
 the cedar boughs move  
 with the wind  
 Robert Gibson

crumpled drafts  
 of the same poem -  
 tossed to the playful cat ...  
 Steve Bertrand

after a hot day  
 the coolness  
 of the full moon  
 Echo Goodmansen

summer morning  
 yellow of wild mustard streaks  
 the green field  
 Echo Goodmansen

the boy  
 points and shouts an eagle  
 an eagle  
 Robert Gibson

**Members' Votes:**  
**July-August 1996 Issue**

- Gloria Procsal- 1819-5 1820-3 1821-3
- Edward Grastorf- 1822-6 1823-5 1824-6
- George Knox- 1825-1 1826-1 1827-7
- Laura Bell- 1828-2 1929-6 1830-9
- Sheila Hyland- 1831-6 1832-1 1833-0
- John Stevenson- 1834-21 1835-18 1836-1
- Echo Goodmansen- 1837-15 1838-13 1839-5
- Y.Hardenbrook- 1840-1 1841-0 1842-33
- Ertore Palmero- 1843-1 1844-7 1845-2
- Teruo Yamagata- 1846-0 1847-5 1848-3
- D.L. Bachelor- 1849-0 1850-0 1851-0
- Robert Gibson- 1852-7 1853-17 1854-11
- Louise Beaven- 1855-5
- Robert Major- 1856-1 1857-1 1858-2
- Margaret Elliott- 1859-2 1860-0 1861-0
- Steve Bertrand- 1862-16 1863-3
- Ebba Story- 1864-10 1865-2
- Richard Bruckart- 1866-3 1867-6
- Alex Benedict- 1868-10 1893-7 1894-4
- Robin Chancefellow- 1869-1 1870-3 1871-6
- Mary Ferryman- 1872-7 1873-1 1874-0
- Naomi Brown- 1875-7 1876-7 1877-2
- Timothy Russell- 1878-2 1879-1 1880-7
- Christine Michaels- 1881-1 1882-5 1883-0
- Lorraine Gilberto- 1884-1 1885-2 1886-0
- Zinovoy Wayman- 1887-3 1888-1 1889-9
- Mary Fran Meer- 1890-3 1891-20 1892-4
- Alice Benedict- 1895-1 1896-11

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

*Deadline for the next issue is December 10!*

**PLEASE NOTE THE EARLIER DEADLINE**

- 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.

**GEPP0**

*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**

**Upcoming Meetings**

The next meeting is 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. We will be holding elections for 1997-98 officers at this meeting. To vote, you must be present. The nominating committee, Patricia Machmiller and Kiyoko Tokutomi, have submitted the following nominees: President - Alex Benedict; Vice President - Roger Abe; Secretary - Alice Benedict; Treasurer - Kiyoko Tokutomi; Members at large - Patricia Machmiller, Pat Shelley, and June Hymas.

The Holiday Party, will be at the Benedicts on Saturday, December 14th. Please call let us know that you plan to attend.

**1995 Members' Anthology**

*A Shadowed Path*, the 1995 Members' Anthology is now available! 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 have had their copy sent to them. 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.

**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**

- Dec. 10 Submissions to November-December GEPP0 :**  
**PLEASE NOTE EARLIER DATE!!**

**Two Omote-Awase**

composed at Asilomar, September 7, 1996  
at the Haiku Retreat's Saturday night Renku party

**Autumn River**

renku master: Kiyoko Tokutomi

pooling in the sand  
before it reaches the sea  
slow autumn river

Christopher Herold

flocks of geese vanish overhaed  
their sounds vanish in the distance

George Knox

a boy is sleeping  
big moon over the mountain  
like a basketball

Hiroyuki Yoshino

beyond the far horizon  
the afterglow slowly dims

Bun Schofield

with her fingertips  
teasing his worry lines  
into a smile

Lynne Leach

hot chocolate for the sledders  
their rosy cheeks brought inside

Laurie Stoelting

Independence Day  
Carnival view from the top  
of the Ferris wheel

Alex Benedict

little bare feet hang below  
tendrils between the pink toes

Gae Canfield

fourth story window  
and still I am blessed with these  
few cherry petals

Christopher Herold

lacewings irresistibly  
drawn upward to the porch light

George Knox

**A Visit to Old Friends**

renku master: Alice Benedict

a visit to old friends  
gleaning the fallen apples  
to make a pie

Pat Gallagher

the wooden ladder lies flat  
over the withered grass

James Ferris

Indian summer  
the breeze moves the curtains  
in the kitchen window

Ernest Jones

three raccoons come down the road  
undeterred by the light

Patricia Machmiller

from behind a hill  
the edge of the moon appears  
to the young lovers

Jerry Ball

the snowman with his coal eyes  
has fallen over the path

Liz Knox

naked in the surf  
he catches the frisbee  
with his teeth

Michael D. Welch

at the *Plein Air* exhibit  
the air conditioning fails

Patricia Machmiller

a cherry blossom falls  
into the open guitar case  
the dark, dark velvet

Michael D. Welch

grandmother blowing bubbles  
for the little boy to break

Pat Gallagher



## Notes from the Haiku Retreat at Asilomar by Joan Zimmerman

*I asked Joan if she would like to write her impressions of September's Haiku Retreat at Asilomar, as a memento for the participants, and also to let those who couldn't be there participate in some way in what was a very enlightening and enjoyable weekend. Her words capture for me the spirit of the event: my thanks to her, and again to the all the presenters and participants, who came together to make the event such a pleasure! - Alex Benedict*

What a joy and inspiration to attend the "1996 Retreat at Asilomar" of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. I knew it would be good because Alice Benedict was organizing it: her preliminary schedule included some of my favorite haiku teachers, and brimmed with opportunities to listen, talk, write, share haiku, learn Japanese calligraphy, and to join a morning meditation in a kind of spontaneous "Haiku Zendo." And it turned out even better than this promise of riches.

On arrival, we each received a beautifully prepared folder of information from Alice. Sitting on the balcony of my room as the sun moved lower through the pines, I read the page that Ebba Story had prepared of haiku on "The Feelings of Autumn." I was especially drawn to:

The light in the next room also  
Goes out;  
The night is chill

- Shiki

Gradually other participants arrived in our "haiku village." Several stepped out onto balconies, some looking quietly at the view, others calling to neighbors, re-meeting known friends or introducing themselves to new ones. The afternoon might be cool, but the lights were coming on, in joyful contrast to Shiki's poem, and at the same time enhancing its poignancy.

The sessions began that evening with a sweet celebration of the senses: Chris Herold gave us candles for sight and the touch of the hot and delicate flame, incense for scent, tea for taste, and the bell-like chime of a brass bowl for sound.

In the next days, we walked by the rims of ponds and dunes with Ebba Story. We learned from Mrs. Kiyoko Tokutomi how to hold a calligraphy brush, and how to attempt the quick and sweeping gestures, beginning with the shapes of the Japanese vowels. We paid attention to the sounds of words while Jerry

Ball spoke to us of translation and read us exquisite Italian versions of his haiku. Later Alice also drew us back to the merging of sound and sense with her own observations on translation.

One of my favorite exercises was from Ebba, who brought me close to the old shamanic practice of "throwing one's consciousness into an object." We began by choosing a natural object from a huge assortment of shells, rocks, feathers, kelp, etc., provided by Claire Gallagher. I chose a slender, 2"-long porcupine quill. Then Ebba led us through writing a physical or sensory description. Next she had us write our feelings about the object. Then we wrote about the associations of meaning we had for the object. Lastly, we wrote imagining the spirit, the voice, of the thing. It was a marvelous exercise of transformation.

Another favorite exercise was provided by Chris, though initially it sounded too challenging. It was "wordless writing:" he advised us to find a favorite place and be there, experiencing it without using words. And if we did write a haiku, to write it on the sand and let the ocean carry it away.

There were many other wonderful sessions -- more than can be told in this space. Not only was much written and shared, but also (with fond generosity) many people read to us the work of companions that could not be with us.

Finally, we were blessed by being in the presence of many other creatures. One lone stag scouted the sand dunes. Groups of deer browsed the dark green bushes. A pair of plump raccoons slid by on the first morning, turning their faces toward me in the moonlight, like the masked revelers that they are, as I stumbled to the start of the first morning at 6am in the "haiku zendo." And one fox then another sauntered by, while couples paused to talk about something they had seen or touched or smelled or tasted or heard.

I urge everyone to come to next year's retreat and experience the friendship and joy at the Asilomar Retreat!

## The Art of Haiku

### How Long Is A Moment?

by D. Claire Gallagher and Patricia Moran Machmiller

Time. Time in haiku. Haiku in time.

old pond  
frog jumps in  
watersound  
— Basho<sup>1</sup>

We often speak of haiku being a "snapshot in time." What does that mean, a snapshot? In time? Does it mean an image that is frozen--that nothing moves? An instant only--that there is no duration? We value writing that delivers an image to our mind swiftly and cleanly. But the speed with which the haiku image is delivered does not mean necessarily that there can be no development of time within the haiku.

old pond

There it is, Basho's "old pond . . .", intensely quiet and still. Forest greenness permeates the air; sunlight dapples the lily pads. Yellow-greens and deep-shade greens intermingle. Here and there a flash of red. Leaf shadows wink along reedy banks.

frog jumps in

Unexpectedly, the stillness is broken by a creature not noticed before. Its swift leap startles the inner eye and arrests our thought. We hold our breath, anticipating . . .

watersound

. . . the conclusion. The expected sound reaches our ears. Time has passed. Between leap and sound there is duration. How much? Is it one second? Maybe two? Some would say an eternity. And how long did we sit by the old pond, steeping in stillness, before that startling leap took place? To say that haiku is a snapshot in time denies the reality. Time can pass in a haiku. Haiku is an "unfrozen" moment in time; a time-elapsing photograph that has duration and a sense of life as an on-going process. The challenge for the haiku poet is to capture that "on-goingness" without losing the intensity created by singularity of focus.

So how long can a haiku "moment" be? Long enough to convey the feeling of the season, but not so long that it either defocuses or splinters the haiku by straying too far from the immediacy of the perception. When perfectly balanced, the tension between these two states (immediacy vs. "on-goingness") creates a space in the mind, a "bubble," during which the sense of time is changed. It may be drawn out, condensed, warped, even suspended. Within this "bubble" the seasonal reference (kigo) and the haiku image create an inward force, a tightening of focus. Time, its duration or suspension, applies the pressure outward, expanding the sphere. The greater the elapsed or suspended time, the greater the tension. Apply too much pressure and the haiku "bubble" collapses. Two examples of haiku that have achieved this balance between "on-goingness" and the focused swiftness of perceptions are:

yellow crocuses:  
 a rusty nail works its way  
 out of the dog house  
 — Clark Strand<sup>2</sup>

On the dark pond  
 ripples one after another  
 a peony blooms  
 — Kiyoko Tokutomi<sup>3</sup>

A sense of immediacy in haiku is achieved by writing in the present tense. The sense of time flowing, of "on-goingness," is enhanced by the use of the present participle as shown in these haiku:

Gradually moving  
 the whole forest to silence,  
 an enchanted bird.  
 — James Hackett<sup>4</sup>

constant winter rain  
 at the bottom of the hill  
 a deepening pool  
 — Alice Benedict<sup>3</sup>

Other words that give haiku a sense of duration are "again," "then," "still," "yet," "while," and "since". Two examples:

Many nights on the road  
 and not dead yet--  
 the end of autumn  
 — Basho<sup>5</sup>

Concert in the park  
 first Mozart, then Schubert  
 then the mockingbird  
 — Pat Shelley<sup>3</sup>

On rare occasions poets have been able to collapse time and merge the past with the present as shown in these examples:

after New Year's stroke  
 trying to type a haiku . . .  
 the moment fading  
 — George Knox<sup>5</sup>

Mother I never knew  
 every time I see the ocean  
 every time  
 — Issa<sup>5</sup>

So back to that "old pond . . .". How long has its image been forming in the imagination before that unremarkable frog leaps? It is an incredible jump if you think about it—first documented in 1686. Yet we sophisticated observers living in the late twentieth century, cognizant as we are that "now" (as Einstein pointed out) depends on where you are, still look back, still contemplate the old pond, and the nature of time. Our fascination with that "old pond . . ." may have something to do with the intriguing nature of time itself: its elasticity and its relationship to space. So it is, that that "old pond . . ." forever draws us into time past, and hovers in time present while seeming to shimmer on the edge of time future.

<sup>1</sup> Translation by Patricia Machmiller

<sup>2</sup> Honorable Mention, 1994 Kiyoshi Tokutomi Haiku Contest

<sup>3</sup> P.M. Machmiller, editor. *A Shadowed Path: 1995 Members Anthology*, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. 1996

<sup>4</sup> J. W. Hackett. *Zen Haiku and Other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett*. 1983. Japan Publications, Inc.

<sup>5</sup> Robert Hass. *The Essential Haiku*. 1992. Ecco Press

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