

G E P P O

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

Volume XXII:3

May-June 1999

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 3229 | Manhattan dinner --
I open a can of
chopped bamboo shoots | 3237 | evening moon—
at this end of the murky pond
a small goldfish |
| 3230 | over-ripen strawberries
at 24X7 deli
New York, New York | 3238 | car wash
wet summer girls
at every window |
| 3231 | Staten Island ferry --
I scatter rose petals
to be me again | 3239 | spring cumulus
half houses drive
down the highway |
| 3232 | splintery swing
slowly twisting memories
in the garden breeze | 3240 | athenian spring
quick string music
and slow dancing |
| 3233 | do beach fairies wear
these shiny slipper shells
under a spring moon? | 3241 | azaleas
a different shade of red
at every gate |
| 3234 | the tightly-packed flock
explodes like black fireworks
onto a blue sky | 3242 | high noon
ladybug makes her way up
to the leaf's tip |
| 3235 | with his level
the carpenter checks his work
for balance | 3243 | new field glasses
robin's eggs hatching today
tonight the moon |
| 3236 | pulling the weeds
thinking of the old poets
who would have left them | 3244 | with smile on her lips
the portrait of late mother
night is short |
-

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3245 | still front gate
of abandoned mine
evening primrose | 3256 | greeting my dying friend
the apology
in her eyes |
| 3246 | suddenly
wriggling along
a sprinkler | 3257 | outside
for a little fresh air —
and a cigarette |
| 3247 | frog on a stone
poet's pleasant honorific --
the class takes notes | 3258 | church collection
the rattle
of my small coin |
| 3248 | season's first picnic
fingers move in silent count --
the haiku poet | 3259 | shimmering
through young leaves
pale green of sunset |
| 3249 | Portobello Road --
ice skates, too costly once
he smiles at the scars | 3260 | lopsided flutter
mourning dove
backyard target practice |
| 3250 | the whale's eyes
seem small
on the whale | 3261 | hot coffee
recalling why they are friends
old friends |
| 3251 | sunny morning
my cat nibbles grass
in the garden | 3262 | hearing aids turned on
sparrows chirp
again |
| 3252 | smoothing out
the crumpled letter
how to answer | 3263 | Adirondack chairs
<i>yellowed</i>
with conifer dust |
| 3253 | a virgin cat
wild as the wind
in tall grasses | 3264 | lead clouds
screen door
<i>creaking</i> |
| 3254 | Tennessee backroads
Willie on the radio--
the budding dogwood | 3265 | broken blossoms
I don't want to live
I want to flourish |
| 3255 | where the river stills
a white-bellied fish
lighting the dusk | 3266 | unexpected wind
apple blossoms swirl
bless the bride |

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3267 mother's parasol
reminds me of her eighties
still frilled and ribboned</p> | <p>3278 makeshift hovels
at the filthy edge of town
children's laughter</p> |
| <p>3268 my wooden crane
black-capped forever in flight
daughter graduates</p> | <p>3279 this heat!
between meals and flea bites
the sleeping dog</p> |
| <p>3269 dispute lost. . .
go to the florist
buy up all their daffodils</p> | <p>3280 naked toddlers
try to catch them as they fall
cherry petals</p> |
| <p>3270 moonlight ---
finally found
the apple blossoms</p> | <p>3281 gravel driveway
with the sound of a waterfall
an argument</p> |
| <p>3271 from blossom to blossom
hummingbird at century plant
wings the only sound</p> | <p>3282 water lily
shadow of the flower
shadows of the leaves</p> |
| <p>3272 sudden shower
crouched together
in a two-man tent</p> | <p>3283 misty clouds
through the harbour
wavelets shimmer</p> |
| <p>3273 on the footpath
a squashed orange . . .
child's bare feet</p> | <p>3284 The Peace Rally below
the old oak tree—cancelled
Doves nesting above</p> |
| <p>3274 folding a box
to contain forget-me-nots
origami</p> | <p>3285 My wife's marriage album
Pictures of her happiness
with someone else</p> |
| <p>3275 summer rockslide
survivor –
proud of her long gash</p> | <p>3286 Nourished crudely in dirt
From the dankness of the earth
the pure white dahlia emerges</p> |
| <p>3276 endless summer night
endless Arctic sun
endless frozen sea</p> | <p>3287 late night cover band
anonymous number
"sorry. . .this number. . ."</p> |
| <p>3277 Midnight Arctic stroll
far under the all-night sun
river ice chimes midnight</p> | <p>3288 mowing the backyard
courtesy of my dog
nature's gift</p> |
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Challenge Kigo
Haiku with the Challenge Kigo
'Departing Spring'

- | | | | |
|------|--|--|--------------------|
| 3289 | Severe accident
pulling flames home
amber sky | departing spring
the peonies
bow deeply | |
| 3290 | sound barrier booms
wild birds circle about town
counter clockwise | Late Spring rains arrive
Quickly my grass pops up
Weeds are close behind | John Stevenson |
| 3291 | Election Day banner
an adjacent balcony –
single filed laundry | departing spring
a near-blind dog
licks my hand | Richard Bruckart |
| 3292 | sea of clouds
through Judean desert
we walk south | departing spring
yellow seeps into the lawn
after watering | Fay Aoyagi |
| 3293 | into the stop bath
my black and white photograph
of cherry blossoms | the neighbor
has gone now too
departing spring | Anne Homan |
| 3294 | after pushing through
an overgrown section of trail
two, no – three, ticks | departing spring
mention of a friend's death
... she gave us light | Carolyn Thomas |
| 3295 | above a salt flat
sky faded a paler blue
through heat shimmer | outdoor graduation
smiles turn in all directions
butterfly migration | Yvonne Hardenbrook |
| 3296 | drizzle-
a boy in a ball cap
pokes his broccoli | departing spring
dragon kites streak the sky—
a pale-winged bird | Ross Figgins |
| 3297 | a hard rain
madly making
breaking bubbles | late spring
the faded purple
of the iris | Gloria Procsal |
| 3298 | scooping up
a dead wasp,
lottery ticket | | Laura Bell |

departing spring
opening the door
for summer

Louise Beaven

fledglings land in street
traffic light changes
end of spring

D. L. Bachelor

departing spring
pansy petals
stain porch deck

Alec Kowalczyk

the end of springtime
high school grads in stretch limo
pearls in an oyster

Christine Doreian Michaels

withered azalea's pot
removed to the patio
the end of springtime

Naomi Y. Brown

departing spring
the Farallon Islands
far astern

Alex Benedict

departing spring
a plastic patio chair
printed with wet leaves

Patricia Prime

each day more tourists
on the streets of our small town
departing spring

Christopher Herold

departing spring
long leader of douglas fir
curved with its own weight

Alice Benedict

Challenge Kigo for July- August

Dog Days

by Patricia Machmiller

The Dog Star, Sirius, is the brightest star in the sky. From early July to mid-August, it rises and sets with the sun in the constellation of the Great Dog at the "heel" of Orion. In Greek, Sirius means "burning" or "scorching." It is from the Dog Star that the Dog Days of August get their name—when searing heat renders everyone, dogs, humans, horses, fish — everything except insects—listless and lethargic. The Dog Day sun cracks lips and blisters skin. In the desert the hot winds, by day's end, leave you with a salty rime on your skin even though you are not aware of sweating. In the Midwest, the East, and South, however, the sweltering heat engulfs you, the air is sodden and heavy and you never dry out. Even at night the air never cools and the sheets are damp in the morning. The coolest hour is just before daybreak when, if you're lucky, you might drop off to sleep. Summer streams are low and slow, life in the suburbs slows down to a crawl, and the cities are sooty and overheated from trapped air spewing out of the exhausts of taxis and air conditioners. As the Dog Days progress, tempers flare and minor agitations become major aggravations. It is a time of extremes.

the feel of her pearls
as she clasps her necklace on
Dog Day afternoon

broken neon sign--
its erratic bursts sizzle
in the Dog Day night

Patricia Machmiller

**Members' Votes:
March-April Issue**

Zinovy Vayman - 3144-0 3145-9 3146-0
 John Stevenson - 3147-5 3148-9 3149-9
 Louise Beaven - 3150-8
 Naomi Brown - 3151-0 3152-3 3153-0
 Dave Bachelor - 3154-3 3155-0 3156-0
 Carolyn Thomas - 3157-3 3158-13 3159-8
 Fay Aoyagi - 3160-1 3161-6 3162-16
 Robert Gibson - 3163-10 3164-12 3165-6
 Echo Goodmansen - 3166-6 3167-5 3168-5
 Patricia Prime - 3169-1 3170-0 3171-2
 George Knox - 3172-0 3173-0 3174-1
 Laura Bell - 3175-1 3176-0 3177-12
 Richard Bruckart - 3178-11 3179-0 3180-1
 Ross Figgins - 3181-0 3182-2 3183-2
 Y. Hardenbrook - 3184-10 3185-2 3186-6
 Teruo Yamagata - 3187-7 3188-0 3189-0
 Gloria Procsal - 3190-7 3191-15 3192-2
 Roger Abe - 3193-1 3194-1 3195-0
 Michael Welch - 3196-7 3197-1 3198-5
 Kristy Creekmore - 3199-1 3200-7 3201-5
 Robin Chancefellow - 3202-1 3203-0 3204-0
 Anne Homan - 3205-2 3206-11 3207-2
 Alec Kowalczyk - 3208-1 32309-0 3210-5
 Pat Gallagher - 3211-2 3212-7 3213-0
 Claire Gallagher - 3214-5 3215-7 3216-5
 William Peckham - 3217-2 3218-0 3219-0
 Jerry Ball - 3220-8 3221-2 3222-6
 Kathleen Decker - 3223-17 3224-0 3225-5
 Alice Benedict - 3226-3 3227-5 3228-8

Haiku Voted Best by Members

fingers outstretched
 the last cherry blossom
 flies on the wind

Kathleen Decker

a grandmother
 in the wheelbarrow
 . . . Kosovo spring

Fay Aoyagi

shoveling compost
 around the unexpected
 lavender blossoms

Gloria Procsal

spring melancholy:
 watching the incense burn down
 to nothing

Carolyn Thomas

scattered showers
 a worm makes it halfway
 across the sidewalk

Robert Gibson

early spring
 my calluses grow
 with the garden

Laura Bell

Lonely I sit
 while my cat goes out
 to socialize

Richard Bruckart

on this spring hillside
 so many subtle green hues
 my film is worthless

Anne Homan

again and again
 the window glass
 befuddles the fly

Robert Gibson

new moon
 horns caught for a while
 in the budding oak

Yvonne Hardenbrook

SEASON WORDS

for summer

selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology

Season: June, July, August: beginning of summer, midsummer, end of summer, summer solstice, long day, slow day, short night.

Sky and Elements: summer dew, ~ fog, ~ rain, ~ sky, ~ sun, ~ wind, south wind, scented breeze, scorching/blazing sun, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, hot, drought, coolness.

Landscape: summer hills, ~ lake, ~ moor, ~ mountains, ~ sea, ~ river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.

Human Affairs: awning, fan, beach umbrella, parasol, perfume, camp, fly swatter, fireworks, fountain, summer hat, summer house, summer vacation, summer concert/opera, ice house, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, mosquito net, midday nap, swimming, swimming pool, sunburn, sweat, sunglasses, sundress, rattan chair, reed, wind chimes, prayers for rain, cooling oneself, mowing grass, weeding, Fathers' day, Fourth of July (Independence Day), Armed Forces Day, Tanabata (Festival of the Weaver, or Star festival - traditionally, an autumn kigo).

Animals: ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, crab, cormorant, firefly, flea, louse, house fly, goldfish, blue/white/grey heron, kingfisher, moor hen or coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, silkworm, water beetle.

Plants: amaryllis, barley, summer bracken, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, summer weeds, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, calla lily, daylily, lotus, marguerite, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, phlox, pinks, rose, salvia, silk tree (mimosa), snapdragon, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca, zinnia, summer fruits and vegetables (banana, blackberry, cucumber, cherry, eggplant, green grapes, green(unripe) apple, green walnut, green peas, apricot, melon (honeydew, cantaloupe, watermelon, etc), pineapple, potato, raspberry, strawberry, tomato, zucchini



A Message from the President

Even outside of cyberspace, things have been hopping for YTHS. The public display of haiku used at the Morgan Hill Haru Matsuri was reworked into a smart, acrylic and wood, table top set. Part of the old display is still up at the Educational Park Library in San Jose. The new display was put to work on May 2 at the San Jose Nikkei Matsuri to a crowd of about 10,000 and on May 15 at the Haiku in the Teahouse reading at Kelley Park, San Jose. Thanks again to June Hymas, Patricia Machmiller and all of you who helped in creating and making the display possible.

The Teahouse reading was prefaced by a garden tour and a virtuoso performance by classical guitarist John Mardinly from the South Bay Guitar Society. Featured readers Roger Abe, Alice Benedict, D. Claire Gallagher and Paul O. Williams read a variety of haiku, haibun and renku and an open reading followed. All participants went home with colorful potted flowers courtesy of Goldsmith Seeds in Gilroy. Most of the Yuki Teikei people then enjoyed a party at Mary Hill's, thank you Mary!

With the current trend to make haiku more recognizable to the main stream, it is our responsibility to stand up and shout out! Someone may even like it. If you have any ideas to further haiku ties to our communities and raise the YTHS profile, please pass them along.

Roger Abe

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

Email: www.yukiteikei.org

1999-2000 Officers

Roger Abe, President • Pat Gallagher, Vice President
Kiyoko Tokutomi, Treasurer • Jean Hale, Secretary
Alex Benedict, June Hymas & Patricia Machmiller,
Board Members at Large

Dōjins' Corner

Haiku Commentary

By Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

We continue our commentary on haiku in the Geppo. Readers should note that, as a general rule, we have no idea of who has written any of the haiku. The haiku discussed are in numerical order.

Patricia and Jerry each chose three haiku. In this issue none of our choices is the same. Jerry chose 3144, 3163 and 3227 and Patricia chose 3195, 3211 and 3228.

3144 cloud peaks
through the desert
we walk south

J: I especially like the austere quality of this haiku. It has the quality of "slenderness." The writer conveys so much with so little. The "cloud peaks" have a great appearance, but are not substantial. The idea of dryness in walking "through the desert" is like so much of life during its *dry* moments. In spite of this we continue to "walk south." I think the idea of "south" takes one further into the austere state of life, yet still we continue. This haiku doesn't make me feel very happy, yet it is lifeful.

P:: Austere, sparse landscape. Austere, sparse language. Creating a vast enigmatic space in which we walk "south." The meaning is as illusive as the image. But we are willing to take this walk, to ponder its meaning.

3163 again and again
the window glass
befuddles the fly

J: Once more a fundamental quality of life, that of continued striving in spite of repeated failure. This, also, is a slender haiku, it does much with very little. It conveys sentiment without being sentimental; feeling without self-pity. This haiku is in the "shasei" tradition . . . that of a "nature sketch" much like what Eliot called the "objective correlative." One can see

the repetitive striving of the fly, and the recalling of that image reminds me of my frustrated strivings. Yet the fly still continues and so do I.

P: As Einstein said: "It's insanity to keep doing the same thing and expect a different result." Whether we are talking about flies or men, there are only a few Einsteins! (You notice I have left women out of this.)

3195 gazing at the sky
the Sea of Tranquility
zooms by quietly

P: The Sea of Tranquility. We own this phrase, we, twentieth century earth-dwellers, whose emissaries have been there and come back. It has become part of the lexicon of our age. It is funny how even in the Space Age we live our lives mostly unaware of the universe and its vastness. But once in awhile, something says, "Look up! Take notice!" And we are suddenly awed by the immensity we encounter. This haiku says. "Look up! While you're not looking, the cosmos is going by!"

J: This haiku reminds me of some of Issa's. I can imagine that he might write: "Look up! Look up! The Sea of Tranquility!" I like the idea of this haiku. Many times I have watched the moon with this kind of reflection.

3211 home from patrol
four submarines at the dock
spring sky

P: I admire the daring of this writing. It's not safe to put a submarine in your haiku. The safe things to write about with a large sympathy quotient are graveyards or old men or widows or street people. But you don't encounter very many submarines in haiku. Their big, bold presence is almost too big for the form. That's the challenge this poet took — and met. It is a very simple image — submarines under a spring sky, but it brings us to some deeply consequential issues of human life. On the literal level there is the long confinement of the men and women on submarine patrol being sealed off from the natural world until their return to port. And their first view when the

hatch is opened—the spring sky! Any reader who has been confined for any period of time knows the surge of joy that comes from that first exposure. Beyond the literal level this poem leads us to deeper musing of war and peace, of technology and civilization, of security and isolation versus vulnerability and openness. A truly admirable poem.

J: I think Patricia is right, submarines are not the most frequent subjects of haiku. But perhaps the writer of the poem is visiting a naval base? In which case all the things Patricia says are appropriate. Though it wasn't in my top three, I like this haiku very much.

3227 with a visitor
from the town where I grew up
touring my springtime

J: The haiku is clearly based on the metaphor "touring my springtime." Yet it is a natural metaphor and not a contrived one. It's the kind of thing one might think or say naturally to a friend. Here is a part of the circle of life, and there is a suggestion that the circle is nearing completion. Yet I feel it's done without being overly sentimental. It is also remarkable that this haiku is 5-7-5. I laud the writer. It is a technical success as well as an artistic success.

P: The word choice in this haiku is very interesting. The same word that pushed this haiku into Jerry's top three is the word that made me hesitate. The word is that small little "my" preceding "springtime." My preference would have been for "its springtime." Behind this very elementary word choice lies a deep philosophical difference. The difference becomes evident in the way we represent the world. One way is to show it as it is in its "isness;" the other is to show it either with the possibility of transformation or actually transformed by the encounter with the poet. For me—I would prefer that the transformation take place outside the poem in the mind of the reader. The poem, then, would be the entrance to this deeper, metaphorical world that Jerry describes.

3228 spring cold
the wire-haired terrier
on a short leash

P: A spring cold snap is usually short and brisk. So, too, this image: a terrier—you can see his bristling short hair—on a short leash. The brisk, one-syllable words create a resonance among the kigo, the image, and the language itself. The spondees, spring cold, wire-haired, short leash—like pizzicato on a guitar—create a lively, zingy melody for this poem.

J: I echo Patricia's comments. I like this one very much. The image is brilliant.

For comments, write:

Submission Guidelines for GEPPO

- Deadline for the next issue is August 10!
- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
 - Haiku - up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines.
 - Challenge Kigo Haiku - one 3-line haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. The poem will be printed with your name.
 - Votes - Write numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue that you especially appreciate. Choose up to three poems to receive 5 points each; others will receive 1 point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:

Jean Hale

1999 Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat

Asilomar
Pacific Grove, CA
September 9th through September 12th

Featured Speakers:

Sosuke Kanda

from Kyoto, Japan,
author of *An Owl Hoots*,
a book of his haiku translated into English
and

Violet Kazue de Cristoforo

early California haiku writer and
editor and translator of *May Sky*,
an anthology of Japanese American
Concentration Camp Haiku

plus a Noh performance by

Ellen Brooks

The retreat, held near the Pacific Ocean, offers haiku writers the opportunity to walk, write, and reflect in a setting of fresh sea air, pine groves, and sand dunes. Workshops and open readings are offered for poets to share their work. Art materials are provided for creation and display of haiga. Saturday evening poets will gather and write renku with **Kiyoko Tokutomi**. On Sunday **Claire Gallagher** will lead an excursion down the Pacific Coast to Big Sur.

NAME: _____
Address: _____
City, State, and Zip: _____
Meals: Vegetarian Yes__ No__
Handicapped Facilities Required: Yes__ No__
Enclosed: \$300 (3 nights) \$145 (1 night) \$110 (1 day) \$15 (membership) ____ (gift)
Send to: Mary Hill,
www.yukiteikei.org

Calendar of Events

July 10 – Tanabata
August – No Meeting
September 9-12 Asilomar Retreat
October 9 – General Meeting – 1:30
 Valley Health Ctr., San Jose
October 23 – Moonviewing Party (TBA)
November 13 – General Meeting – 1:30
 Valley Health Ctr., San Jose
December 11 – Holiday Potluck – 4:00 (TBA)

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