

# G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal  
of the

*Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

*Volume XXIII:1*

*January-February, 2000*

## Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 3528 | winter camellia falls –<br>deep silence into<br>the darkness                     | 3536 | in the morning sun<br>new frost and leftover snow<br>melting together        |
| 3529 | a waning moon<br>finally throw away the letter<br>into the waste basket          | 3537 | shattering<br>the egret's reflection<br>a minnow escapes                     |
| 3530 | yard sale over –<br>a pair of flamingo dragged<br>to unsold pile                 | 3538 | wedding vows<br>from her bouquet<br>a petal falls                            |
| 3531 | thin winter coat<br>so little protection<br>against her boyfriend                | 3539 | my neighbor<br>after the political meeting<br>returns my rake                |
| 3532 | ten below<br>a fine line<br>of geese   | 3540 | depth of winter<br>the roadside shrine<br>unseen                             |
| 3533 | post office trash can -<br>a batch of brochures titled<br>Tell Us What You Think | 3541 | mid-February . . .<br>altar candles flicker<br>as the bride enters           |
| 3534 | gauging last night's chill<br>by the depth of ice<br>on our bird bath            | 3542 | protecting his mate<br>from our gaze, the hisses<br>of a male swan           |
| 3535 | dining today<br>on pyracantha berries<br>tipsy robin                             | 3543 | rush hour traffic<br>crawling around stranded cars<br>dumplings in bean soup |
-

- 3544 skiing in set tracks  
then blazing trail next snowfall  
covers my mistakes
- 3545 beyond CPR  
small bird wings still on snow  
you were my angel
- 3546 all these winter stars –  
can't help feeling a little  
inebriated
- 3547 early morning light  
lingering among the sprays  
of pussy willows
- 3548 a hundred blackbirds  
start up in a rush of wings  
from the muddy field
- 3549 young boy leaning  
on his shovel...  
new flakes falling
- 3550 blizzard –  
my shouts not even  
reaching me
- 3551 houseflies  
on the windowsill --  
don't they know it's winter?
- 3552 january rain  
overflowing water pots  
scattered duckweed
- 3553 dare not gaze at  
pink and black swirled sunrise –  
brake lights ahead
- 3554 artichoke  
closer to the heart of it  
leaf by leaf by leaf
- 3555 holiday party  
a young couple arguing  
under mistletoe
- 3556 winter desk  
three line to trap  
the cosmos and me
- 3557 fallen camellias—  
I learn the name  
of a baby with his eyes
- 3558 on the stepping stone  
to her tea house  
a winter leave
- 3559 Lanterns lit on  
waking 'til early spring dawn  
rises before I do.
- 3560 At every step,  
sandals still bog. Scrape, scrape! Late  
Spring's birthplace is mud.
- 3561 Long night's heartening  
sound; I heard a nightingale  
whistling in the dark.
- 3562 creel empty  
my favorite fishing hole  
muddy with runoff
- 3563 streetlight shadows  
I step out of misty rain  
into a doorway
- 3564 mustard blossoms  
shift in the wind  
—ancient orchard
- 3565 old poodle waits  
in the dog-pound  
waits and waits

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3566 | almost snowing<br>now and then a white flake<br>in the cold rain          | 3577 | oncoming storm<br>patio windbells dancing<br>to a different tune                |
| 3567 | cats in the sun<br>when i speak their names<br>their tails twitch         | 3578 | Hokkaido's cranes<br>their stately dance barely dents<br>the snowcrusted field  |
| 3568 | autumn monarch--<br>to a cypress branch, carrying<br>my loneliness        | 3579 | taking off<br>from atop the flagpole<br>a crow finial                           |
| 3569 | the ticking of snow-<br>forgiving her sister<br>once again                | 3580 | a blinding snow<br>on Baldy-san:<br>smog  |
| 3570 | feeding each other<br>buttery artichoke leaves --<br>this urge to undress | 3581 | gray overcast --<br>some feathers missing<br>from an eagle's wing               |
| 3571 | partial moon--<br>silhouettes of geese necks<br>floating on the pond      | 3582 | her parting words -- the patter<br>on the fallen leaves<br>of sleet             |
| 3572 | unseasonably warm<br>the neighbor brings a fistful<br>of radishes         | 3583 | fat, gaudy, and dazed<br>in John Belushi costume<br>the winter bee              |
| 3573 | still, the snow<br>lingers in the shadows<br>of the mountain road         | 3584 | calling neighbors at<br>power out--Crock Pot of bean soup<br>still hot          |
| 3574 | another cup of coffee<br>served by a new waitress<br>days getting longer  | 3585 | stopping<br>past the car wreck<br>the muddy road                                |
| 3575 | a strange kite<br>flying out to sea<br>the year of the dragon             | 3586 | knocked from tree niches<br>by the blustery north wind<br>old nests roll around |
| 3576 | cat is playing<br>with a cotton ball<br>by the old fireplace              | 3587 | sleet at the window<br>her quavering hand struggles<br>to write the letter      |

- 3588 stormy winter night  
grandchildren curled at my hips  
eager for stories
- 3589 faded manuscripts  
into the packing case--  
a scent of cedar
- 3590 planting the plum tree  
in spite of his illness--  
a red bird settles in
- 3591 ancient spring  
a thin moon & my fingers  
ringed with silver
- 3592 early spring planting  
seeds in my hand  
mixed with snowflakes
- 3593 today's newspaper  
murder rape and mayhem  
lining my parrot's cage
- 3594 our family squabble  
lightning repartee flashing  
thunder in the distance
- 3595 the wind blows  
dry leaves in winter garden  
scattered dreams
- 3596 during the long night  
the wind rattles doors and windows  
the rhythm of winter
- 3597 depth of winter  
people ignore warning signs  
rebel clouds bring snow
- 3598 Lupines and poppies  
clashing orange and purple notes  
blend in harmony

- 3699 White stillness blankets  
hills, and souls sleep peacefully.  
Frosted branches sigh.
- 3600 Cool night breeze whispers  
memories across warm skin.  
A love comes to mind.
- 3601 a small snow drift  
holds the garden gate  
I check each day
- 3602 time please gentlemen –  
he pushes his shadow home  
in a wheelbarrow
- 3603 her life stacked  
beside an empty moving van  
naked for all to see

**Challenge Kigo**  
**Cold Rain**

cold rain all day  
another choshi of sake  
for the sukiyaki  
Naomi Y. Brown

cold rain,  
it comes to me  
she's not coming  
John Stevenson

Arctic Turn  
into the cold wind  
stays on course  
Laurabell

cold rain  
letters in the mailbox  
damp and wilted  
Patricia Prime

the doors clang shut locked  
 patient protected from self  
 windows weep cold rain  
 Christine Doreian Michaels

a cloud of dust  
 how easily forgotten  
 yesterday's cold rain  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

cold rain off the sea—  
 a hairline crack in this shard  
 of violet glass  
 Alice Benedict

cold rain slashes  
 my cheek -- glimpses of pink  
 in the western sky  
 Joan Zimmerman

the busker's hat  
 slowly filling up  
 with the cold rain  
 Giovanni Malito

cold rain gusts  
 I clutch my umbrella  
 high on the handle  
 Anne M. Homan

cold rain --  
 "I had a dream" tape  
 from the library  
 Fay Aoyagi

a sudden cold rain  
 filling the broken gutter  
 and my weathered boots  
 Gloria Procsal

Chilling drizzle falls  
 in a desolate hush  
 empty loneliness  
 William Peckham

my cat and I  
 warm by the window  
 the cold rain outside  
 Richard Bruckart

in the pines  
 I wait for a break  
 - this cold rain  
 Alex Benedict

cold rain falls  
 throughout the long night  
 a winter's song  
 Eve Jeanette Blohm

so nearly full  
 the cold rain splashes out –  
 granite hollow  
 Claire Gallagher

cold rain on my cheek  
 echoes beneath drifted snow  
 rhododendron buds  
 Ross Figgins

watching it again  
 with the cat: William's Twelfth Night;  
 the cold steady rain  
 Carolyn Thomas

**Members' Votes  
for November-December**

Anne Homan – 3452-1 3453-1 3454-3  
 Eve Blohm – 3455-1 3456-1 3457-0  
 Gloria Procsal – 3458-0 3459-0 3460-4  
 Teruo Yamagata – 3461-0 3462-9 3463-2  
 Dave Bachelor – 3464-3 3465-0 3466-1  
 John Stevenson – 3467-3 3468-0 3469-1  
 Carolyn Hall - 3470-10 3471-4 3472-4  
 Y. Hardenbrook – 3473-5 3474-4 3475-2  
 Robert Gibson – 3476-5 3477-5 3478-1  
 John Ower – 3479-2 3486-0 3490-0  
 Claris Moore – 3480-2 3481-4 3482-0  
 Richard Bruckart – 3483-0 3484-2 3485-0  
 Kathleen Decker – 3487-4 3488-1 3489-0  
 Echo Goodmansen – 3491-2 3492-0 3493-4  
 Patricia Prime – 3494-1 3495-1 3496-2  
 Laurabell – 3497-5 3498-2 3499-1  
 Carolyn Thomas – 3500-7 3501-3 3502-1  
 Louise Beaven – 3503-1  
 Zinovy Vayman – 3504-2 3505-2 3506-2  
 Chris Herold – 3507-3 3508-3 3509-5  
 Giovanni Malito – 3510-5 3511-4 3512-1  
 Mary Ferryman – 3513-1 3514-0  
 Ross Figgins – 3515-4 3516-2 3517-2  
 Alice Benedict – 3518-3 3519-4 3520-2  
 Roger Abe – 3521-0  
 Claire Gallagher – 3522-2 3523-5 3524-0  
 Fay Aoyagi – 3525-4 3526-5 3527-6

**November-December Haiku Voted Best  
by Readers of Geppo**

seafaring story—  
 the book rises and falls  
 on his chest

Carolyn Hall

so many days  
 already marked  
 new calendar

Teruo Yamagata

departing autumn  
 the trout's leap turns  
 into ripples

Carolyn Thomas

Pearl Harbor Day  
 I increase the speed  
 of the treadmill

Fay Aoyagi

New Year's Day  
 neighbor teaching her old dog  
 another trick

Yvonne Hardenbrook

one wing useless  
 an old gull hunts  
 the jetty rocks

Robert Gibson

autumn weekend  
 wind and leaves play  
 in the schoolyard

Robert Gibson

downpour  
 next year's seed  
 lines the gutter

Laurabell

first frost  
 click of the dog's toenails  
 across the tile floor

Christopher Herold

dead of winter. . .  
 the scarecrow guards  
 an empty garden

Giovanni Malito

the sun and I  
 so slow to rise  
 departing autumn

Claire Gallagher

San Francisco dusk  
 a homeless man and his dog  
 sharing the blanket

Fay Aoyagi

**SEASON WORDS  
 for spring**

*selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology*

**Season:** *spring months: March, April, early spring, lengthening days, spring dream, spring dusk, spring evening, spring melancholy, tranquility, vernal equinox.*

**Sky and Elements:** *bright, haze or thin mist, first spring storm, hazy moon, March wind, melting snow, lingering snow, spring breeze, spring cloud, spring frost, spring moon, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, warmth.*

**Landscape:** *flooded river/stream/brook, muddy/miry fields, muddy road, spring fields, spring hills, spring mountain, spring river, spring sea, spring tide.*

**Human Affairs:** *plowing or tilling fields, sleeping Buddha, spring cleaning, windmill, April Fools Day/April fool, Ash Wednesday, Lent, Palm Sunday, Easter ( ~ bonnet/clothes, ~ eggs, coloring/hiding ~ eggs, ~lily, ~ parade, ~ rabbit/chicken/duckling), Passover.*

**Animals:** *abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), bush warbler, cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, whitebait (a fish), nightingale, wild birds' return(geese, etc.).*

**Plants:** *asparagus, bracken, bramble, camellia, cherry blossoms/tree, crocus, daphne, blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, maple, oak, pear, pine, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, mustard, parsley, plum blossoms/tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver(nori), shepherd's-purse, violet, pussy willows or catkins, willow.*

**Challenge Kigo for March April  
 by Patricia Machmiller  
 Spring Ice**

At the beginning of spring as the sun warms the air, ice fishermen, skaters, and children of all ages are attracted to the ice on rivers and creeks. But spring ice, for all its allure, is treacherous. The thinning of the ice over sand bars and submerged logs where the sun's rays have been reflected upward is not visible from above. Winter ice is very strong laterally; when it is stressed you can hear it crack. It lulls those who frequent the ice into a false sense of security, for spring ice, weakened by the sun, has tiny invisible hairline cracks honeycombing through it. This ice, already cracked, gives way without warning. When spring ice shatters it usually breaks into small cubes.

One last deception: ice that was strong in the morning can be weak by afternoon and may fail to bear the same weight that crossed it in the morning!

unable to stop  
 the dog and his boy running  
 across the spring ice!

Patricia Machmiller

spring ice on Bad Crick -  
 in the distance the sound of  
 a calliope!

Patricia Machmiller

**Editor's Correction::**

Please note the corrected copy of Claire Gallagher's Challenge Kigo for Cold Rain, appearing in our last issue.

the first snowfall  
 in years - Silicon Valley  
 loses some edges

Dojins' Corner

Jerry Ball and Patricia J Machmiller

pjm: Jerry chose poems 3458, 3484, and 3498 to discuss. Of the poems I chose this time, 3467, 3522, and 3525, I would say that only one of them feels to me successfully completed. The two poems that still seem incomplete were chosen because they are expressing something deep, and if they have flaws, they are flaws that can be overcome and the poems, I think, are worth the struggle it will take.

3458 stunted pine  
 wrinkled arms holding  
 a night full of snow

jb This is a wonderful image. There is a truth filling it that is a truth about life. I see old age and the loneliness of old age. There is a frustration in the "stunted pine" that is rewarded by the "night full of snow," so typical of life's trials. Also, the language flows. The author knows what is meant by a "line" of poetry. Each line is complete and also flows into the next. I believe this haiku is high quality both artistically and technically.

pjm: The phrase, "night full of snow," is a beautiful expression of the enormity of life's experience. I would prefer that the image of the pine be more simply and literally drawn. This would allow the magnificent way the last line opens out to be unencumbered by the mental gymnastics required by the personification in the second line.

3484 back from the beach  
 discarding my little boy's  
 buckets of sand

jb: This haiku presents us with an image of an action so common for a parent. All the "serious" play of the child in gathering the sand is now "discarded." How often do we do similar things? The image is quite clear and the language flows. The haiku reads well and resonates to anyone who has a sense of what parents do to take care of children.

pjm: A small moment at day's end between a parent and his or her child when the whimsy of childhood meets the practicality of parenthood. There is a note of regret, I feel, but the poem is written so straight-forwardly, so un sentimentally, I had to reread it several times to discern where I got this notion. I find it in the sound, the b-b-b of back and beach and boy's, and buckets. Buried in those b sounds is the parent's unspoken reluctance so that even as the sand is poured the reader can almost hear the parent's internal voice saying but-but-but . . .

Another question this poem causes me to ask is related to the season. Without explicitly saying so the poem for me exists in summer. The question I ask is would the poem work better in another season? Autumn? Winter? Not to my mind. But spring . . .? Maybe . . . It's something to mull over . . .

3467 early Alzheimer's  
 she says she'll have . . .  
 the usual

pjm: Heartbreaking. The loss of memory. The loss of the familiar. The everyday. The ellipsis, that small hesitation, says everything. Almost. For me, this poem could go deeper. "Bare tree branches" create an image that resonates with neural synapses, or "beginning of winter" with the onset of forgetfulness, or "winter solitude," the deep-down aloneness of the



individual with a deteriorating mind. Without a kigo the poem is a poignant moment. With a kigo the poet gives the poem something to resonate with that can carry the reader even further into the experience

jb: I can respond to this image. My father died of Alzheimer's and I witnessed many scenes just like this one. Could it be that this needs some kind of kigo? The strength of this haiku lies in it's image.

3498 alone christmas eve  
the caress  
of a snowflake

jb: Again a writer presents us with a truth expressed in an image that is literally false. Of course no snowflake actually "caresses" us. Yet in the metaphorical world of this writer we realize that this may be the only caress we receive on this Christmas eve. The language also works. There is a kireji and the third line is a surprise. Nicely done

pjm: I would say that this haiku is a heroic try at putting two kigo of the same season in the same haiku. But in the time-honored tradition of Christmas, let me be scrooge! Haiku is just too small a poem for both "christmas" and "snowflake." Neither adds to the other; in fact, they drain the energy away from each other so that as the reader reflects, first, on one, and then the other, the haiku begins to deflate.

3522 lost! stopping  
for directions at the door  
hung with toyon

pjm: What makes this poem work is the sequence of perceptions. The reader

enters this poem "lost!" Frustrated and anxious, the reader casts about for help, for a sign. In the midst of confusion, the bright red toyon berries are a beacon—they say, "this house is friendly; this house has an open heart." And with gladness, our frustration falls away. "So what, I'm lost," we say. The toyon makes it matter not!

jb: Once again Patricia selects a poem that I've passed by and regret. This is a wonderful haiku! What makes it wonderful is the flow of it, and how it is filled with the life experience that we can relate to. Like the one I selected (about christmas eve) this haiku has a surprise in the third line. The image of the "toyon berries" brings us into the image. When I read this haiku I feel like I, too, stand at the stranger's door to ask directions.

3525 under the city light  
my curse to you  
in white breath

pjm: An urban image, fresh in its perception. The curse, in the physical form of "white breath," is colder, more sinister, an evil wish made visible. In some ways this is the best poem of the GEPPO: in the way that the visceral anger is given a visible, yet elusive, spirit-like container to be delivered in, and the sense that this image is exactly right and yet it is surprising in its uniqueness. But, the poem could benefit from some tinkering with syntax and grammar, I think.

jb: I feel a bit uneasy when I read this haiku, but I think that the author, too, feels uneasy. I once wrote: the remaining cold/erasing the old address/cursing the new one. These two haiku have similar feelings to me. I felt uneasy writing about

my new address; I expect that the author, too, has mixed feeling about a "curse to you/ in white breath." I think this haiku is brilliant and Patricia is quite correct in selecting it.

Please send us your comments in care of the GEPP0 or at

### A New Haiku Contest

This is not a major contest, certainly, but it ought to be fun for those who participate. There will be one prize of \$10, as well as publication of one's haiku on a postcard. The winner will receive 50 copies of the postcard, and other copies will be distributed to HPNC members attending the quarterly meeting following the contest. Those submitting poems are asked to allow their poems to be published, and a small collection of selected poems will be published as well as the winner.

**Due Date** The first contest due date is March 31. Poems should be in hand by that time.

**How to Submit** Please send your poems to

Paul O. Williams

Please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish to learn about your poem and those put in the collection. You may submit any number of poems you wish. Anyone may submit poems.

**Subject** For the first contest, each haiku should include either trees or wind or both. Poems not including either will not be considered. Poems should be original and unpublished.

**Results** Results will be presented at the spring quarterly meeting of HPNC on May 7th

### Saijiki

A subcommittee of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society has been formed to work on a Saijiki. The geographical scope of the current effort is the San Francisco Bay Area.

The subcommittee has identified some spring kigo for which they are seeking haiku: California Poppy, globe lily, California newt, singing frogs, green hills, (field) mustard, shooting star (the flower), Ceanothus, Painted Ladies, first (tree/bloom/blossom.)

If you have haiku using these kigo and you wish to have them considered for the Saijiki, you could submit them to the GEPP0 as the subcommittee plans to use the GEPP0 as a primary source for haiku (with the author's permission, of course).

### Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for the next issue is April 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 unpublished 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. Each of the poems you select 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

**The Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial  
Haiku Contest**

**In-hand Deadline: May 31, 2000**

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize \$100 • 2<sup>nd</sup> Prize \$50 • 3<sup>rd</sup> Prize \$25 •  
Honorable Mentions**

**CONTEST RULES**

- Haiku in English in seventeen syllables, arranged in three lines of 5-7-5 syllables.
- Each haiku must contain one *kigo*, or season word, from the contest list. Haiku that use more than one season word, or that do not contain one of the listed *kigo* will be disqualified.

**2000 Contest Word List**

*New Years: first sparrow, first sunrise  
first dream, new diary*

*Spring: spring evening, long day spring  
storm, soap bubble, Easter, cat's love, tulip,  
magnolia*

*Autumn: beginning of autumn, long night,  
moon, shooting star, scarecrow, closing the  
pasture, Star Festival*

*Winter: freeze, days getting shorter, the  
skate or skating, withered field, winter  
mountain, winter vacation*

- Entry Fee: \$6.00 for one page of three haiku. No limit on entries. Please keep a copy of your entries since entries cannot be returned.
- Submit 4 copies of each page with your name and address on only one copy, typewritten on 8 1/2" x 11" paper.
- Make check or money order payable to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Overseas entrants please use International Postal Money Order, in US Currency only. For a list of results, include SASE marked "CONTEST WINNERS".
- Entries must be original, unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible. The contest is open to anyone, except current officers of the Society.
- Final selection will be made by a distinguished haiku poet. Awards are announced at the Society's Retreat at Asilomar in October, 2000. The Society may print the list of winning poems and commentary in its newsletter and annual anthology.
- Send entries and requests for further information to:

Jean Hale

**Calendar**

**March 11** – 1:30 PM, East Valley Health Center, 1993 McKee Road, San Jose

**April 8** – Meeting 1:30 PM, EVHC

**May 20** – Haiku in the Teahouse, 1:00 PM, Japanese Friendship Garden, Kelley Park, 1300 Senter Rd., San Jose; YTHS 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner, Hyatt-St. Claire, San Jose

**June 10** - Meeting 1:30 PM Hakone Gardens, Saratoga

**July 8** - Tanabata Celebration, 6:00 PM, Livermore

**September 9** – Moon Viewing Party, 6:00 PM., TBA

**October 19-22** – Conference at Asilomar, Pacific Grove

**November 11** – Meeting 1:30 PM, EVHC, San Jose

**December 9** – Holiday Potluck, TBA

**GEPPŌ**

*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 \$20.00 per year in U.S. & Canada, \$25.00 International, which includes membership in the Society.*

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

**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society**

*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*

**Young Leaves:  
A Celebration of Spring**

On May 20<sup>th</sup>, 2000

**The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society**

is celebrating its

**25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**

with a

**Garden Walk and Haiku Reading**

featuring

**Kiyoko Tokutomi,**

Co-Founder of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

**Teruo Yamagata,**

Director of the Yukuharu Haiku Society, Japan

and

Past Presidents:

**PatriciaJ Machmiller, Jerry Ball,**

**David Wright, June Hopper Hymas, and Alex Benedict**

with

**Roger Abe, President**

and the

**San Jose Bando Mitsusa Kai Dance Group**

followed by an

**Open Reading**

in the

**Japanese Friendship Garden**

at 1:00 PM in Kelly Park, San Jose, CA

and

**A Celebration Banquet and Evening Program**

of haiku composition, spontaneous readings,

music, and poetic performance

featuring Noh Dancer,

**Ellen Brooks**

at 6:00PM

at the St. Claire Hotel

on Market and San Carlos in San Jose

For more information visit the Yuki Teikei Web Site:

[www.yukiteikei.org](http://www.yukiteikei.org)