

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal  
of the

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIII:2

March-April 2000

## Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 3604 | budding street maple—<br>an intersection signal<br>releases traffic        | 3612 | lone cherry tree<br>on the old boulevard<br>in full blossom                          |
| 3605 | rock garden boulder—<br>her crutches resting against<br>a translucent seam | 3613 | crossing the dawn<br>to his fields...<br>the yawning farmer                          |
| 3606 | stone-covered pinfrog –<br>empty space flowing between<br>forsythia wands  | 3614 | peach blossoms<br>and a new bird's nest<br>...alive again                            |
| 3607 | Easter lily in the pot<br>withered<br>before Easter                        | 3615 | white chrysanthemum's<br>reflection sways back and forth;<br>bee darts with pollen.  |
| 3608 | after the rainstorm<br>all daffodils face down<br>by the pool              | 3616 | paw covers whiskers<br>from the slanting strips of sun—<br>cat dreams of wide fields |
| 3609 | the uncle<br>who wore a lime green suit,<br>cremated                       | 3617 | noisy mockingbird<br>squawking on my windowsill;<br>have I overslept?                |
| 3610 | leaning<br>from behind the house,<br>blooming lilac                        | 3618 | early thaw<br>black tumbleweeds stir –<br>wind off the Sierras                       |
| 3611 | septic tank cave-in<br>the obvious<br>expletive                            | 3619 | muted in the mist –<br>a distant saxophone<br>boarded dance hall                     |
-

- 3620 smell of jasmine –  
the kneeling woman looks up  
and touches her hair
- 3621 midnight hazy moon  
lone goose circles wildly  
calling for lost mate
- 3622 on the muddy road home  
car mired too deep to move  
no supper tonight
- 3623 spring warmth —  
mother and daughter  
same smile
- 3624 snow melt  
amongst the graves  
two crows wander
- 3625 flooded meadow —  
responsively here and there  
redwings sing
- 3626 summer dew  
a new phone book  
on our cottage step
- 3627 from the smoking section  
to the nonsmoking section,  
cigarette smoke
- 3628 fingers trilling  
her gum-wood flute . . .  
the candle flickers
- 3629 construction site  
darkened giant crane  
lurid sunset
- 3630 window box  
one leaf shut inside  
paler than the rest
- 3631 flotsam and jetsam  
drifting with the current  
sleeping ducks
- 3632 playground  
swaggering across the trampoline  
daddy longlegs
- 3633 the day before  
summer time starts  
shiatsu at Japan town
- 3634 Easter - -  
the neighbor's dog licks  
my face twice
- 3635 my intermittent letter  
to father in Tokyo –  
Pac Bell Stadium opens
- 3636 She stands in spring dusk.  
I pray for a pure heart, so—  
good love comes easy.
- 3637 The sad old fool wept  
until he painted his face—  
Now a weeping clown.
- 3638 Wild geese climbed the dome  
of sky and caught my longing  
in their feather touch.
- 3639 consulting the TV Guide  
to see which show  
he wants to sleep through
- 3640 tapioca  
on the back of my tongue  
winter evening
- 3641 on a single rosebush  
every shade of  
gingersnap

- 3642 spring fields -  
a meadowlark silently  
lands on the fencepost
- 3643 sunday afternoon -  
my adult son showing me  
the full spring rainbow
- 3644 spring river -  
grandfather skipping  
a flat rock
- 3645 Family reunion  
Relatives seem much nicer  
On my desk
- 3646 in short pants  
the mannequin watches  
snow fall
- 3647 New Year's  
Old friends pour  
Older Rum
- 3648 new trail  
bends  
round the globe lily
- 3649 abandoned gold  
ghost-town graveyard  
California poppies
- 3650 lighting the path  
to the Mission  
field mustard
- 3651 saved from the thrift shop  
one folded white handkerchief  
with Dad's initials
- 3652 through a window  
spattered with raindrops  
sudden sunshine
- 3653 asparagus fern  
frozen last winter and left  
for dead – until spring
- 3654 my friendly pheasants  
shot by my friendly neighbor  
for a friendly lunch
- 3655 the 12-year old boy  
writing computer programs  
for parental controls
- 3656 my silk Ficus  
meets my little daughter  
with a sprinkling can
- 3657 Smoggy humid night  
moon takes a long time to meet  
the World Trade tower
- 3658 Finished snowwoman:  
none of my neighbors have shown  
the slightest int'rest
- 3659 Finished snowwoman:  
with my school's red pen i add  
red lips to the snow
- 3660 looking about  
making sure I'm alone  
I pluck the poppy
- 3661 first poppy  
in the fallow field...  
evening light
- 3662 morning stillness...  
lingering above the roof  
spring's half-moon
- 3663 in the riverbed,  
a red shopping cart  
filled with withered grasses

- 3664 mallards at rest  
a subtle shifting  
of eyes and necks
- 3665 a pair of mallards  
casually feed  
where the river drops
- 3666 The new gate swinging  
to the heartbeat of a storm  
more and more unhinged
- 3667 The pines flail their arms  
frantic for something to hold  
from my easychair
- 3668 Islands of light drift  
paced by the dark wreaths above  
on Monterey Bay
- 3669 scolded by doctor  
who looks younger than my son  
April Fools' Day
- 3670 arrived safely  
though suffering from jet lag  
California Poppy
- 3671 in botanical garden  
she points out suddenly  
forget-me-not
- 3672 ancient flood plain  
we walk toward hidden shallows  
and frog song
- 3673 winter's last blast  
the sharp clear call  
of a killdeer
- 3674 sudden downpour  
the early tiger lily  
standing fast
- 3675 skinny dipping  
water rings around  
the spring moon
- 3676 fragile echoes  
so many springtime voices  
moving down river
- 3677 April rain  
a crying child touches  
the Buddha's smile
- 3678 chewing sesame  
I sail again on the Nile  
back in New York
- 3679 black bean soup  
and a clove of raw garlic  
tsk, tsk, tsk
- 3680 a chosen pine tree  
with each hit of an axe  
a different sound
- 3681 rain and more rain  
the swollen creek overflows  
with frog calls
- 3682 the field of poppies  
and a poppy in our vase  
furled at twilight
- 3683 even bird song  
-downwind of the blossoming plum-  
is louder
- 3684 "Snowing," she announces  
he looks – "April Fool!" –  
again this year.
- 3685 old sick dog  
rises shakily  
licks her hand

3686 meal being tenderized  
patiently at the roadside  
waiting crow

April freeze—  
the kids sliding outside  
on spring ice

**Giovanni Malito**

3687 the melting river  
of gray – washed ice  
lover’s quarrel

cold exhalation  
on the trail behind me,  
spring ice giving way.

**Bradley J. Kayl**

3688 wide-eyed toddler  
whispers to a baby duck  
clutched in her hand

wind-swept mountain lake --  
haunted shadows of marsh grass  
twist beneath spring ice

**Ross Figgins**

3689 cold rain  
two ravens squabble  
over old bones

spring ice vanishes  
leaves Elizabethan ruff  
around the pond’s edge

**Mary E. Ferryman**

3690 as the hawk  
soars higher its shadow  
unchanged

3691 snowing  
the chickadee shells a seed  
its tiny beak

a chunk of ice  
lodged up under the bridge;  
absorbs the current

**Tom Clausen**

**Challenge Kigo  
Cold Rain**

morning sunshine  
cat licks broken spring ice  
in the gutter

**Naomi Y. Brown**

garden path  
in my spring sandals  
the crackle of thin ice

**Laurabell**

together  
choosing the slow way back—  
spring ice

**Claire Gallagher**

spring ice—  
today’s editorial on  
Cuban boy’s custody

**Fay Aoyagi**

riverside park  
slabs of spring ice  
push a picnic table

**John Stevenson**

Watching for minnows  
through thin spring ice, the heron  
greet the morning sun.

**Leo Ward**

spring ice coats the trees  
 robins sit on frozen limbs  
 gloomy silence

Richard Bruckart

fog over spring ice  
 a mitten on the river  
 sinks into darkness

Kay Grimnes

Navigating spring ice  
 it sparkles on my way  
 to teach about stars

W. Elliott Greig

in a dip in the flagstone  
 the bronze crane's frozen pose  
 spring ice

Carolyn Hall

Puddles of spring ice  
 A boy and a girl racing  
 to break the mirrors

Tony Melanio

after spring breakup  
 floating river ice clashing  
 lightly against the shore

Paul O. Williams

in the shadow  
 of the ancient blue spruce  
 spring ice

Yvonne Hardenbrook

sharp crackle  
 of spring ice –  
 mom's migraine

Gloria H. Procsal

early spring ice  
 the spot where I fell through  
 is frozen again

Zinovy Vayman

spring ice —  
 so fragile in my cupped hands  
 the last-born kitten

Helen K. Davie

last night the spring storm  
 ice in the pond this morning  
 still the dove's call

Dave Bachelor

MEMBERS' VOTES for January-February		
Naomi Brown	– 3528-1	3529-3 3530-1
John Stevenson	– 3531-9	3532-5 3533-2
Claris Moore	– 3534-1	3535-4 3536-3
Laurabell	– 3537-7	3538-4 3539-7
Patricia Prime	– 3540-5	3541-1 3542-1
Christine Michaels	– 3543-0	3544-0 3545-1
Alice Benedict	– 3546-3	3547-4 3548-0
Giovanni Malito	– 3549-3	3550-6 3551-1
Donnalynn Chase	– 3552-0	3553-0
Chris Herold	– 3554-3	3555-8
Fay Aoyagi	– 3556-0	3557-4 3558-0
William Peckham	– 3559-0	3560-0 3561-0
Alex Bernedict	– 3562-3	3563-4 3564-0
Robert Gibson	– 3565-4	3566-0 3567-2
Claire Gallagher	– 3568-1	3569-6 3570-7
Carolyn Thomas	– 3571-0	3572-4 3573-2
Teruo Yamagata	– 3574-2	3575-2 3576-0
Y. Hardenbrook	– 3577-3	3578-0 3579-1
John Ower	– 3580-0	3581-1 3582-1
Joan Zimmrman	– 3583-1	3584-0 3585-1
Ann Homan	– 3586-2	3587-3 3588-4
Gloria Procsal	– 3589-5	3590-3 3591-3
Richard Bruckart	– 3592-4	3593-3 3594-1
Eve J. Blohm	– 3595-0	3596-2 3597-0
Barbara Kelly	– 3598-0	3599-1 3600-1
Ross Figgins	– 3601-6	3602-2 3603-9

January-February Haiku Voted Best By  
 Readers of Geppo

thin winter coat  
 so little protection  
 against her boyfriend

John Stevenson

her life stacked  
 beside an empty moving van  
 naked for all to see  
 Ross Figgins

ten below  
 a fine line  
 of geese  
 John Stevenson

holiday party  
 a young couple arguing  
 under the mistletoe  
 Christopher Herold

depth of winter  
 the roadside shrine  
 unseen  
 Patricia Prime

shattering  
 the egret's reflection  
 a minnow escapes  
 Laurabell

faded manuscripts  
 into the packing case –  
 a scent of cedar  
 Gloria Procsal

my neighbor  
 after the political meeting  
 returns my rake  
 Laurabell

**Dojins' Corner**  
 by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

We had the pleasure this month of hearing from a very old friend of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and former contest winner (1983), W. Elliott Greig, of Bayonne, New Jersey. He wrote in response to our last column as follows:

feeding each other  
 buttery artichoke leaves —  
 this urge to undress  
 Claire Gallagher

"I appreciated all of your comments especially PJM's comment about the alliteration in the 'discarding my little boy's bucket of sand' haiku. Also, it has to be Summer and if 'bucket of sand' is not a kigo, you should make it one! Or 'boy's bucket of sand' which is five onji.

blizzard —  
 my shouts not even  
 reaching me  
 Giovanni Malito

"But now there is a place where I disagree with pjm. In

the ticking of snow –  
 forgiving my sister  
 once again  
 Claire Gallagher

alone christmas eve  
 the caress  
 of a snowflake

a small snow drift  
 holds the garden gate  
 I check each day  
 Ross Figgins

there is only one kigo in my opinion, christmas, of course. It didn't even enter my mind that snowflake is a kigo although of course I know it is. "One could say that Christmas is a more powerful image for many people. But a better way to say it, would be to point out that Christmas eve

is only 6 hours or so long whereas snowflakes last 4 months.

"I mean by this that the shorter the length of time a kigo lasts, then the stronger it is. Thus Hallowe'en and New year's Eve are also very strong kigo and similarly Cherry blossoms which the Japanese say lasts three days as you know. Similarly "three day moon" which lasts one night which is a kigo in Japan though probably not here. Is anyone over here going to strain their eyes to see a thin crescent that is barely perceptible?

"Also snowflake conjures up many non-nature images in my mind, such as perfection: there is an entire book of pictures of them.

"Yes the strength of this haiku does lie in the 'strength . . . of its image' as jb said and in particular the amazing contrast that something so ice cold as a snowflake can actually give a caress which by its own nature is warm. A very nice contrast. I think I have even had this experience but I would never have had the guts to write about it."

Both Patricia and Jerry had a difficult time making their final selections this month there were so many high quality haiku to appreciate. Jerry's last round included 3539, 3547, 3550, 3557, 3569, 3572, 3573, and 3574 from which he chose 3550, 3557, and 3569. From a list of these thirteen haiku, 3528, 3531, 3539, 3550, 3554, 3557, 3569, 3570, 3573, 3574, 3577, 3583, 3603, Patricia finally settled on these three, 3531, 3539, and 3557, to discuss.

3531 thin winter coat  
so little protection  
against her boyfriend

pjm: The cold of human anger, colder than a freezing winter night, is strongly evoked by this simply written and unadorned haiku. The haiku's effectiveness is in the order that the images unfold from the "thin winter coat" to the "so little protection/against" to the final and unexpected "her boyfriend."

jb: I agree with Patricia, I like this haiku very much. Of course it's not the literal thinness of

the coat that's the problem. This haiku might also be written: "thick winter coat" and the effect would still be similar (not the same, but similar.) What this haiku is about is a relationship that's not going well, and we represent this with the metaphor: Our relationship is a thin winter coat.

3539 my neighbor  
after the political meeting  
returns my rake

pjm: This haiku makes me smile that smile of recognition—yes, that's the way we human beings are—complicated, illogical, passionate. And it captures a complex human situation and emotion skillfully with just a touch of wry wit. Here are two people who are neighbors. They are on friendly enough terms that one has asked to borrow the other's rake and the request has been granted. We don't know how long this rake has been on loan—it could have been only yesterday, or a week may have passed, or longer . . . the haiku doesn't say. But however long it's been loaned out, the lender has apparently not complained. We do know that these two neighbors went to a political meeting together where we surmise they must have had a disagreement and afterwards suddenly the negligent neighbor remembers the rake and at this moment is so upset he or she does not want to have anything to do with the rake's owner—not even borrow the other's rake! This complicated sequence of events as well as the nuanced relationships and passionate interactions are all condensed here in a tale 16 syllables long. We can all take a lesson from this writer.

jb: There are many ways to interpret this haiku...I don't see the neighbor actually at the political meeting, but some time after. I can visualize him (him?) saying, "Here's your rake." Now a rake is a strong instrument. It's like returning a weapon . . . not quite, but similar. Does this mean we agree? or that we "agree to disagree"? Anyway, "Here's your rake."

3550 blizzard -  
my shouts not even  
reaching me



jb: I like this haiku for the impact of its image. Clearly this is the sort of thing that can happen in a blizzard, but that's not all that it suggests. We all (who have been in blizzards) know about the physical cold and freezing wind and noise. But again, there's more to it than that . . . it's the time when I can't even hear myself speak . . . when my own sound doesn't even reach me that is the time that I need to come to terms with. I am separated from my voice. How often have I worked very hard to accomplish something and no one pays any attention whatever? This, of course, is a very wintry quality, and very much like a blizzard and this is what this haiku suggests to me. Also for the language, it flows well and is economical. It says what it needs to say and stops. Well done.

pjm: This haiku, a haiku of fear, has many layers which build and reverberate with the kigo, blizzard. On the surface it depicts someone trapped in a blizzard where all is drowned out, even the person's own voice—a life and death situation. The phrase "my shouts not even/ reaching me" expresses this terror very succinctly and reverberates with the other meanings of blizzard: that of being surrounded in the modern world with the media, with cell phones, pagers, and Fax machines, being bombarded with information and advertising so that metaphorically one can not hear oneself think; or the "blizzard" of the static of a hearing aid, as one's hearing begins to fade, the threat of the coming of soundless isolation and aloneness. The enjoyment of this haiku lasts and lasts as it takes you further into the experience of "blizzard."

3557 fallen camellias—

I learn the name  
of a baby with his eyes

jb: This again is a haiku of separation. It seems this haiku is written by a woman in love with a man who has a child with another woman. There is a triangle here. I gaze at the baby. It has "his" eyes. If I were writing it would be "her" eyes . . . the woman I might have loved but find myself separated from.

This is part of the Buddha's sermon on the Eightfold Path . . . "being separated from what one loves" is one of the things one suffers in life, and here it is again in this haiku. The kigo . . . "fallen camellias" is excellent for this. . . my hopes are "fallen" too, I see the "baby with his eyes." I get the feeling that a path for me is closing. Once the baby is here, I am separated from my secret hopes.

pjm: The success of this haiku is in the finely-matched emotional tone of its two parts. The feeling evoked by the kigo, fallen camellias, is the same feeling the young woman feels when she is introduced to her past love's new baby. And it is all said with so few words and with so little explanation. The only suggestion of a past love is in that one well-chosen little word "his." This is haiku-writing at its finest.

3569: the ticking of snow-  
forgiving her sister  
once again

jb: This is a happening of everyday life. In the stresses of being close to family, anger often rises to the occasion. The question then, is what to do with it? Well, there are lots of options including fighting, divorce, banishment, etc., etc. But also, we have the option of "forgiving" those that we feel have somehow offended us. The forgiveness also must be real, and not simply the formality of the passive aggressive. The snow is ticking, we can hear the sticky flakes (maybe like hail?). Relentlessly they sound their notes into our theater of awareness. Tick, Tick, Tick! How annoying! What to do? Ah, time to forgive. Sometimes I need a reminder. Not only to forgive, but to "forgive once again."

pjm: There is a kind of snow where the flakes are very small and ice-like, almost like pellets, and when they are thrown against the window by a high wind, they actually make a ticking sound. This poet has taken this particular quality of snow and used it to drive home the repeatedness of the behavior of one sister and the repeatedness of the other sister's response. The snow ticking at the window is like a metronome making the

powerful suggestion of the predictability of the behavior of both sisters. I greatly admire the fresh perception and novel use of the kigo in this poem.

Your responses are invited. Please write us at the GEPP0 or

**Membership in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is \$20.00 per year In the U.S. and Canada and \$25.00 International. Membership includes six issues of the journal per year.**

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

- Deadline for the next issue is June 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. 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**

**Challenge Kigo for May-June  
by D. Claire Gallagher**

**Farewell-to-Spring  
Godetia, Claria**

When we see the profusion of Farewell-to-spring blossoms, we know what perhaps we have already felt: spring has given way to summer. The four-petaled cups open too late to hold the last of the California seasonal rains. Instead the blossoms splash the drying hillsides with hues of rose, lavender, and purple. A genus of great variety, each petal of the best know species (*Clarkia amoena*) is at least 1 1/2 inches long. The plants themselves vary from wind-stunted along the dunes to two-feet tall inland. The showy blooms grow closely along the stem and curl their petals at night, almost as if retreating a little from evening chill.

This lovely flower attracted the attention of botanists in the 19th century. Flashy, double-flowered cultivars have been widely planted in gardens, especially in northern Europe since the early twentieth century. These annuals were sold in seed packets labeled Godetia and are still known by that name. The genus has, however, been changed by researchers to Clarkia. Whatever you call them, their early June blooms herald the beginning of summer.

by a flower  
called farewell-to-spring  
my grown daughter

Paul O. Williams

hikers pausing  
at the panorama  
Farewell-to-spring

D. Claire Gallagher

# Young Leaves:

## An Old Way of Seeing New

Writings on Haiku in English

*The 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Special Edition  
of Haiku Journal*

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**SEASON WORDS  
for late spring /early summer**

*selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology*

Season: *May, June: spring dream, spring dusk, ~ melancholy, tranquility, beginning of summer, long day, slow day, short night.*

Sky and Elements: *bright, haze or thin mist, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, summer dew, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, coolness.*

Landscape: *spring or summer hills, lake, sea, or river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.*

Human Affairs: *awning, parasol, perfume, summer concert, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, swimming, sunglasses, wind chimes, mowing grass, weeding, Mothers' Day, Memorial Day*

Animals: *abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, nightingale, 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, water beetle.*

Plants: *blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, cherry, plum, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, hyacinth, mustard, parsley, California poppy, primrose, seaweed, violet, amaryllis, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, lily, lotus, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, rose, salvia, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca*

**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*

*Summer: cool, billowing clouds, bare feet,  
ant, gladiola*

*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

**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 \$20.00 per year in the U.S. and Canada and \$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

**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat  
Asilomar Conference Center  
Pacific Grove, CA  
October 19th-22nd. 2000**

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society holds a long-weekend retreat at Asilomar in a beautiful natural setting on the Pacific Ocean. There is always great opportunity for poetry-engendering experience with coastal forest and dune vegetation, shore birds and other creatures, notable Arts & Crafts architecture, as well as the historical and literary heritage of the Monterey Peninsula.

The featured haiku poet for this year's retreat will be Yoshiko Yoshino from Matsuyama, Japan. Mrs. Yoshino is author of *Sakuras*, a wonderful book of her selected haiku in English (translated by Jack Stamm), and is Director of the Hoshi Haiku Group of Matsuyama.

Walks and free periods for meditation and writing will be provided to create a relaxed, informal atmosphere. Workshops and open readings are offered for poets to share their work and learn from others. Art materials are provided for the creation of haiga. On Saturday evening poets will have the opportunity to write renku with Kiyoko Tokutomi. Excursions are planned to Point Lobos on Thursday and Carmel and its historic mission on Sunday. A \$300 attendance fee covers the conference, meals, and lodging.

For further information please contact:

Patricia Machmiller

Patrick Gallagher

*Calendar*

**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

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

# 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)