



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

Volume XXIII:3

May-June 2000

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**Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation – Jean Hale, Editor**

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|------|---|------|---|
| 3692 | her glance falls short<br>spinning me into<br>a long day                    | 3700 | boy cowboy<br>rattlesnake hatband<br>his first trophy                         |
| 3693 | tabletop stream<br>from the powergrid . . .<br>waterfall                    | 3701 | the neighbor's garden<br>lush with hydrangea blooms<br>soil tested each night |
| 3694 | calla lilies –<br>string bikinis she's bought<br>two for one                | 3702 | long work day<br>forgetting the date again<br>. . . Memorial day              |
| 3695 | on the wicker chair<br>a postcard signed by<br>her maiden name              | 3703 | barely pink<br>on the toe of a landslide...<br>globe lily                     |
| 3696 | fireflies —<br>the report on his T-cell counts<br>in hushed voice           | 3704 | bruised gardenia—<br>opalescent wrist scars<br>below satin sleeves            |
| 3697 | scarlet gladiolus<br>in the rusty gallon can<br>what a play on reds         | 3705 | the field<br>becomes foreground<br>globe lily                                 |
| 3698 | over the sagebrush<br>a dusting of late snow<br>in the pinkish dawn         | 3706 | sliced onion –<br>in the very heart of it<br>A healthy green shoot            |
| 3699 | in late afternoon<br>long shadow of the snow fence<br>across the old drifts | 3707 | shaking an apple tree<br>again, again and again –<br>flower blizzard          |
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| <p>3708 split pomegranate<br/>at its navel<br/>its withered flower</p> <p>3709 pounding waterfall<br/>heartbeat remembers waiting<br/>for him to say yes</p> <p>3710 breeze brushes bare feet<br/>tender toes spread wide apart<br/>dew-wet grass tickles</p> <p>3711 nestlings hunker down<br/>cat licks his paws beneath nest<br/>mother dive-bombs squawks</p> <p>3712 crisp June morning<br/>dew drops gliding<br/>down Sunflower stalks</p> <p>3713 a flower blooms<br/>its petals unfurl their scent<br/>and the bee hums</p> <p>3714 dark green clumps<br/>of seaweed...<br/>the tide running out</p> <p>3715 power window,<br/>letting out<br/>a mayfly</p> <p>3716 aches and pains<br/>from the way I slept<br/>mourning dove</p> <p>3717 early pollen count . . .<br/>not quite<br/>a sneeze</p> <p>3718 dead squirrel<br/>by the prickly pear<br/>sun warms its coat</p> | <p>3719 kitten<br/>finds another kitten<br/>in the mirror</p> <p>3720 again<br/>mailbox full of junk mail<br/>spring melancholy</p> <p>3721 softening up the earth—<br/>he sleeps all day now<br/>the geriatric cat</p> <p>3722 yellow ball<br/>under the daylilies—<br/>the gardener's child</p> <p>3723 bedtime argument—<br/>cranberry scones at breakfast<br/>just sweet enough</p> <p>3724 Whitecaps on dark sea<br/>Racing in and out with winds ...<br/>Regatta today</p> <p>3725 Steam inside window<br/>Cold rain outside shut from view<br/>Ocean liner near port</p> <p>3726 Temple wind chimes call<br/>Orange-clad monks to prayer<br/>Wind-blown marigolds</p> <p>3727 calm morning<br/>a brown wren disappearing<br/>into the gourd house</p> <p>3728 mountain spring<br/>clear water rippling over<br/>the rock bed</p> <p>3729 the red hibiscus<br/>a hummingbird goes gently<br/>into the center</p> |
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|--|---|
| <p>3730 she smiles<br/>he smiles<br/>white rose</p> <p>3731 Native American singer<br/>warms up<br/>"Figaro, Figaro."</p> <p>3732 drawn by the light<br/>dying elm beetles<br/>tap at the door</p> <p>3733 cliff dwelling<br/>the evening mist<br/>reclaims its own</p> <p>3734 a roofless kiva<br/>high above are tiny caves<br/>and chants on the wind</p> <p>3735 the silence after<br/>the raindrops suddenly cease<br/>one long sigh</p> <p>3736 the rusted garbage can—<br/>its overturned lid<br/>filling with rain</p> <p>3737 departing plane—<br/>a strand of her hair<br/>on the car seat</p> <p>3738 skeins of yarn<br/>in a paper bag—the picture<br/>of the missing child</p> <p>3739 country holiday<br/>through the bug smeared window<br/>smell of manure</p> <p>3740 summer trip<br/>a bus load stampedes<br/>into Burger King</p> | <p>3741 feeling good<br/>I smile back<br/>at the flower</p> <p>3742 resting on a walker –<br/>bowed legs and a silver buckle<br/>sempre vaquero</p> <p>3743 some smoke cigarettes<br/>others lean along the rail –<br/>yawning cargo doors</p> <p>3744 the poet hums along<br/>with his pencil sharpener<br/>and paper shredder</p> <p>3745 Standing in the rain<br/>she smile at him and bends to<br/>tie his sweatshirt hood</p> <p>3746 Five thousand mothers<br/>carrying signs and marching<br/>in the pouring rain</p> <p>3747 Caught in morning light —<br/>willows reach to touch their own<br/>graceful reflection.</p> <p>3748 gardenia bloom<br/>floating in a small black bowl—<br/>shadows of petals</p> <p>3749 over the phone<br/>my blind father<br/>describing the geraniums</p> <p>3750 snipping the new rose—<br/>the spirit of his death hangs<br/>in the morning air</p> <p>3751 strolling after lunch<br/>four generations –<br/>Mother's Day</p> |
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|--|---|
| <p>3752 fanning its wings<br/>on the edge of the table<br/>summer butterfly</p>        | <p>3763 clouds cross the moon<br/>the pale shimmer<br/>of magnolias</p>                     |
| <p>3753 summer hills –<br/>folded into a crease<br/>the steep footpath</p>             | <p>3764 sudden vertigo<br/>the moon falling<br/>into a dark pool</p>                        |
| <p>3754 he drops his line<br/>into the swollen river<br/>summer willow</p>             | <p>3765 sunk in stone—<br/>eternally a cypress<br/>bends with the breeze</p>                |
| <p>3755 suddenly appears<br/>right before my eyes<br/>summer butterfly</p>             | <p>3766 with a catkin branch<br/>I draw funny faces<br/>in the water</p>                    |
| <p>3756 the sound of a bell<br/>carried to me on the wind<br/>deep tree shade</p>      | <p>3767 turning to glass<br/>spring fields<br/>glazed with ice</p>                          |
| <p>3757 on the street corner<br/>the missing bookstall<br/>browser’s paradise</p>      | <p>3768 on the grass<br/>a child lies full length<br/>to study a chick</p>                  |
| <p>3758 a ball of fluff<br/>becomes a frisky kitten<br/>homeless man’s friend</p>      | <p>3769 above the pampas grass<br/>stars turning on<br/>one by one</p>                      |
| <p>3759 early summer heat<br/>sweat glands work overtime<br/>beads on the neck</p>     | <p>3770 five pelicans in flight<br/>a crooked line<br/>on the horizon</p>                   |
| <p>3760 utility pole<br/>where the hedgerow used to be<br/>a lone kestrel</p>          | <p>3771 climbing Twin Peaks<br/>the whole city<br/>at once</p>                              |
| <p>3761 naming the shorebirds –<br/>grandchild calls the old gander<br/>“Granddad”</p> | <p>3772 the invitation<br/>my good friend’s third marriage<br/>to my first wife</p>         |
| <p>3762 summer solstice<br/>sky so blue it hurts my eyes<br/>to see you go</p>         | <p>3773 tea and crumpets<br/>my quaint aunt’s ancient tea cart<br/>three spokes missing</p> |

3774 a hobo at my door  
 asking for a handout  
 a rose in his lapel

**Challenge Kigo**  
**Farewell to Spring**

deep magenta  
 of a clarkia tucked in  
 between the wild oats

**Arne Homan**

farewell-to-spring—  
 his shaving cream  
 to a recycling bin

**Fay Aoyagi**

in the other room  
 the dryer tumbles socks, shorts  
 Godetia

**Roger Abe**

high meadow  
 an aging couple holds hands  
 Farewell-to-spring

**Kathleen Decker**

in her nakedness  
 shivers as young marriage ends  
 sad farewell-to-spring

**Christine Doreian Michaels**

parting not always  
 worse for those left behind...  
 Farewell-to-Spring

**Giovanni Malito**

azalea's  
 last flower withers  
 farewell-to-spring

**Naomi Y. Brown**

trying to recall. . .  
 last year, right here?  
 Farewell-to-Spring

**Carolyn Hall**

Nest outside window  
 Holds only broken shell  
 Farewell to spring

**Elizabeth Gilliam**

farewell-to spring?  
 desert poet  
 leafs through flower book

**Dave Bachelor**

an overseas stamp—  
 farewell-to-spring seeds  
 leak from their packet

**Michel Dylan Welch**

poolside  
 Farewell to Spring  
 her new bikini

**Laura Bell**

out of breath too soon  
 old snow trickles down the trail  
 a farewell to spring

**Ross Figgins**

feeling the loss  
 not knowing the flower  
 farewell-to-spring

**Carolyn Thomas**

by a single track  
 farewell-to-spring  
 grows tall and thin

**Patricia Prime**

farewell to spring  
 as a heat wave comes  
 too early for us

**Eve Jeanette Blohm**

Farewell-to-spring  
 remembering thunderclouds  
 in the desert

**Karina Young**

Boston store  
cut godetia petals furled  
all the time

Zinovy Vayman

in a jaunty mood  
all the lipstick colors—  
Farewell-to-Spring

Gloria Procsal

The Bay's rolling slopes  
colorful Farewell-to-Spring  
Respect for William Clark

Richard Bruckart

**March-April Haiku Voted Best by Readers  
of Geppo**

crossing the dawn  
to his fields...  
the yawning farmer

Giovanni Malito

a chosen pine tree  
with each hit of an axe  
a different sound

Zinovy Vayman

smell of jasmine –  
the kneeling woman looks up  
and touches her hair

Ross Figgins

winter's last blast  
the sharp clear call  
of a killdeer

Yvonne Hardenbrook

cold rain  
two ravens squabble  
over old bones

Kay Grimnes

leaning  
from behind the house  
blooming lilac

John Stevenson

spring warmth —  
mother and daughter  
same smile

Tom Clausen

snow melt  
amongst the graves  
two crows wander

Tom Clausen

new trail  
bends  
round the globe lily

Joan Zimmerman

**MEMBERS' VOTES  
for March-April**

Claire Gallagher – 3604-2 3605-1 3606-0  
Naomi Y. Brown – 3607-3 3608-1 3629-0  
John Stevenson – 3609-4 3610-5 3611-1  
Giovanni Malito – 3612-4 3613-11 3614-4  
Bradley Kayl – 3615-1 3616-0 3617-2  
Ross Figgins – 3618-1 3619-0 3620-6  
Mary Ferryman – 3621-1 3622-0  
Tom Clausen – 3623-5 3624-5 3625-1  
Michael D. Welch – 3626-4 3627-4 3628-4  
Laurabell – 3630-4 3631-1 3632-3  
Fay Aoyagi – 3633-0 3634-0 3635-0  
Leo Ward – 3636-0 3637-1 3638-1  
Carolyn Hall – 3639-4 3640-2 3641-2  
Elsie Canfield – 3642-2 3643-3 3644-3  
T. McDonald – 3645-4 3646-1 3647-2  
Joan Zimmerman – 3648-5 3649-3 3650-4  
Claris Moore – 3651-3 3652-3 3653-0  
Richard Bruckart – 3654-1 3655-0 3656-0  
W. Elliott Greig – 3657-2 3658-0 3659-1  
Carolyn Thomas – 3660-2 3661-4 3662-3  
Kat Avila – 3663-3 3664-2 3665-0  
Tony Melanio – 3666-3 3667-0 3668-0  
Teruo Yamagata – 3669-2 3670-0 3671-1  
Y. Hardenbrook – 3672-3 3673-6 3674-2  
Gloria Procsal – 3675-4 3676-4 3677-3  
Zinovy Vayman – 3678-2 3679-1 3680-7  
Helen Davie – 3681-4 3682-0 3683-2  
Dave Bachelor – 3684-0 3685-2 3686-2  
Kay Grimnes – 3687-1 3688-1 3689-6  
Robert Gibson – 3690-1 3691-2

**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



**Challenge Kigo for July August  
B y Ebba Story**

Turtle

When the summer sun beams down on ponds and rivers, the turtles make their presence most fully known. With enviable leisure and clumsy grace they scabble onto logs, stones, and banks to take in the warmth. Sometimes they pile up on one another, turtle on turtle, and with astonishing acrobatic skill manage to balance on a bobbing log. The sun draws them out as it does a thermometer's mercury. One can do a turtle count on a familiar log and get a subjective determination of the degree of heat. And, if they happen to tumble off their perch (taking a few others along into the cooling water), they unperturbedly make their way back into a sunny spot. Often we are rewarded with only a quick splash as one then another slips into the safety of the water if we happen to step too close. The sunning turtles - a sure sign of high summer.

reflecting pool ...  
claw marks of a turtle  
on the submerged stone

**Ebba Story**

the pond turtle  
at the foot of a bronze crane  
blinks

**Claire Gallagher**

**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**

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**Dojins' Corner**

**Jerry Ball and Patricia J. Machmiller**

Jerry had a number of favorites for this issue: 3613, 3623, 3626, 3640, 3644, 3661 3664, and 3689. Of these his top three are: 3644, 3664, and 3689. Patricia narrowed her choices rather rapidly this time to these three: 3606, 3613, and 3675.

3606 stone-covered pinfrog –  
empty space flowing between  
forsythia wands

pjm: Transformation in a microcosm: in the blink of an eye smooth becomes sharp, stone becomes pin, space becomes blossom, image becomes ethereal other. However, I do think that 'wands' is a bit heavy-handed, especially as the ending word of the poem. I would consider ending the poem on "emptiness" or "space." Possible rewrites might be "... between the forsythia/ space flows into space. ." or "... from between forsythia/ emptiness flowing . .

jb: I read this haiku as being about flower arranging and the writer's perception of the often overlooked "empty space" between the "forsythia wands." I must admit, I wasn't familiar with the word "pinfrog" so I didn't quite get the point at first. However, I can now visualize the process of creating an arrangement of forsythia, and it's not just the wands that are important but also the space "flowing" between them. This is quite a dynamic picture, much more than I originally read. And there you have it. When we look closely at the flow of things we see more than we expected and a new aspect of "lifeliness" which is the essence of haiku. For some reason this reminds me of the word "anthology." We think normally of a book, but the root word in Greek is "anthos" which means "flower." An anthology is really a bouquet of flowers. This of course explains a lot about a good anthology.

3613 crossing the dawn  
to his fields . . .  
the yawning farmer

pjm: This haiku appealed to me instantly because (1) the image is so clear (the landscape must be fairly flat so the farmer can be seen in profile against the dawn sky— yawning), (2) embedded in the image is the season —late spring/ early summer, (3) the sound in "yawn" echoes that in "dawn" and, most importantly, (4) the subtle interplay of feeling in the poem: the seasonal warmth of a morning in late spring with the warm glow in the early morning sky with the comfortable ease of that yawn suggesting to us the pleasurable warmth of the bed just left . . . all so delicious, just as a morning in late spring should be.

jb: This poem is on my long list (it still is). I picked the ones I did because of a matter of taste. This haiku is a wonderful one expressing an important truth in a simple figurative image: "crossing the dawn to his fields . . ."! Wonderful line. I wish I'd written it. This image is crisp, clear, and contains a real truth of human nature. This haiku will bear many readings and still be fresh.

3644 spring river -  
grandfather skipping  
a flat rock

jb: This haiku appeals to me because of the clarity of the image, and what the image represents. It is a beautiful lyrical image. Here is grandfather doing what a boy might do. What could he be thinking? The mood of this haiku is "sabi" or loneliness. Is grandfather wishing he were young again? We can only guess, but we can certainly imagine what we would be (and inevitably will be) thinking. This haiku says more than it says and does it in simple, economic language. I notice that this is almost a polar opposite of the verse number 3661: first poppy/ in the fallow field . . ./ evening light. In the first haiku we have an old man in a young time (i.e. spring river). In the second we have a young thing in an "old" time (i.e. evening.) Both are very good haiku I think.

pjm: While I agree with Jerry's analysis of this image, I'm not sure that "spring river" is the right kigo. A spring river is full, rushing, turbulent, even flooding, possibly, so the kigo contemplativeness of rock-skipping.

3664 mallards at rest  
a subtle shifting  
of eyes and necks

jb: This haiku also is a simple, subtle, lyrical image. There is no point made here; it's just a straight forward picture in which nothing much (and yet everything!) happens. This is no dramatic intention. We are not called upon to learn something new in this haiku. We are not asked for a new perspective on life. Yet, from the simplicity of the image, we resonate to the pulse of life shown by the "mallards at rest." And, that is enough.

pjm: Yes, I've seen this — a gathering of living things amassed together, all alike and yet . . . not exactly. And what is it that's different, we begin to wonder. Jerry thinks that this is enough for the poem to do, to lead us to this perception. I think it is worth asking for more; there are four unused syllables here. Maybe these are the first two lines of a haiku with the third line still to be written - a line that will take us deep into winter . . . much deeper.

3675 skinny dipping  
water rings around  
the spring moon

pjm: In 1979 when I first met Shugyo Takaha, the famous Japanese haiku poet, he asked me what part of the human body most resonated with spring. I probably said something like the heart thinking, rather conventionally, of love, the heart, and spring. But he had obviously been giving this some deep thought and his choice was the skin for it is through our skin we experience most fully the sensuousness of spring, this time when, with the harshness of winter over, we are able to cast off our heavy garments and appreciate fully the sensations of the elements: sun, wind, and water. This poem opens with the syllable "skin-" signally for us this sensuousness that Takaha was talking about — sensuousness, bareness, vulnerability, and simple, spare beauty. The poem goes on and "skin-" becomes the word "skinny" with it's overt meaning of thin or sparse, and

underneath lurks the notion of vulnerability. Then comes the full phrase, "skinny dipping," and its explosion of sensuous pleasure and suddenly we are immersed in the tingle of cool spring water on skin, that tingle echoed in the repeated sound of the short "i" like a small bell's ding, ding, ding . . . which is then picked up in the second line with "water rings" immersing us 'further in sound as well as sensation as we proceed to the last "spring" in the phrase "spring moon" as we plunge headlong into sensation, sound, and now the radiant light of that spring moon! What an experience! What a poem!

jb: I like this haiku as well. The image is clear and expresses an insight into human nature. As James Hackett has said. . .it's not beauty that haiku are about, but lifefulness. This haiku is full of lifefulness. If I have any suggestion at all, I would arrange the haiku as follows: skinny dipping / water rings / around the spring moon. To me this reads a little better, though I understand (I think) what the author was doing when he/she phrased it as is. Please pardon me, author, for tinkering! Bravo to your haiku.

3689 cold rain  
two ravens squabble  
over old bones

jb: This haiku is truly a representation of life as it is. It is an ugly scene. What could be more repulsive "two ravens squabbling" over carrion? Yet, that's what life's all about. So we see (at least part) of ourselves in this haiku. How often do we "squabble over old bones?" I remember Walt Kelly's cartoon called "Pogo," in which the lead character "Pogo Possum" would make insightful remarks. I recall with some concern his remark: "We have met the enemy and he is us." Here we are, squabbling over old bones.

pjm: For me this haiku dimly echoes another scene — that of soldiers throwing bones beneath a cross. And the mournful sonority of the long "o"s in "over old bones" would be even more effective if we were set up in the first line to anticipate it. But one long "o" in

the first line is not sufficient to set up a pattern. I think that the poem is worth working — improving the effect of the sound will give more depth to the image.

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

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

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

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. 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**

**A Walk At Hakone**

June 10, 2000

by Patricia J. Machmiller

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society met at Hakone Garden in Saratoga CA for the June meeting. It was a warm day and the garden was full of sunning turtles, rafts of polliwogs, lively fat koi, and hovering dragonflies. The wisteria on the gazebo was past its prime and had gone to seed, waterlilies were just coming out, and the pond was undisturbed by the slight breeze that blew. Preparations for a wedding added a bustle to the atmosphere. The poets absorbed these surroundings as can be seen from these examples:

Azalea blooming —  
a lady touches a tree  
gently with her palm

—Kiyoko Tokutomi

Tadpoles gathering  
at the edge of the small pond—  
What is the big hope?

—Kiyoko Tokutomi

algae-choked pond  
the shadow of my straw hat  
moves on the surface

—Anne Homan

watching a tadpole  
the little girl says, "he's looking  
for his mama . . ."

—Patricia J. Machmiller

the whisper of lace  
on the altar carpet--  
our gazes meet

—D. Claire Gallagher

garden pond  
the tadpoles dream  
about legs to come

—Patrick Gallagher

**Young Leaves:  
Yuki Teikei Celebrates 25 Years**

by  
Patricia J. Machmiller

San Jose, CA—The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society celebrated its 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary May 20<sup>th</sup>, 2000. The society founded in 1975 by Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi is dedicated to nourishing and fostering the writing of haiku in English according to the traditional Japanese style.

young leaves: this feeling  
of wanting to know what now  
we may never know

For the first time in it's history all of the living Presidents gathered for a haiku reading and dinner. The reading at the San Jose Japanese Friendship Garden was attended by over 60 people. Kiyoko Tokutomi and Teruo Yamagata, Director of the Yukuharu Haiku Society of Japan, read as well as each of the Presidents: Patricia Machmiller, Jerry Ball, David Wright, June Hymas, Alex Benedict, and Roger Abe. The Master Of Ceremonies was Alice Benedict.

After a walk in the garden, the event moved to the Hyatt St. Claire Hotel for the celebration dinner. Rice paper hangings of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi haiku done in calligraphy by Mary Hill greeted the 50 guests:

So lightly it goes  
and so lightly it comes back  
—the butterfly

—Kiyoko Tokutomi

(translated from Japanese by Kiyoko Tokutomi and Patricia J. Machmiller)

A small cherry tree  
just transplanted—already  
casting its shadow

—Kiyoshi Tokutomi

Scattered over the tables were paper leaves with the haiku of past members and associates of the Society over the years:

at the flea market  
an inflated rubber duck—  
summer beginning

—Lillian Giskin

In soft bright gown  
and much anticipation  
new blooming peach tree

—Ed Thompson

Eighty-fifth seeing  
cherry bloom—more and pinker  
than I remembered

—Edith Shiffert

A feeling of poetry and conviviality pervaded the room—speeches by Kiyoko Tokutomi, Teruo Yamagata, and Roger Abe paid tribute to the past, honored the present, and gave an upbeat appraisal of the future of haiku in English and Yuki Teikei's role.

day-dreaming: young leaves  
of nandina, their redness  
articulated

Mr. Yamagata recalled the early beginnings of the Society: how it began as the first English-language division of the Yukuharu Society. Kiyoko Tokutomi retold the story of how she brought Kiyoshi to haiku after he was faced suddenly with total deafness due to medical complications. She praised his foresight in appointing a President, Dr. Edwin Falkowski, to follow him early in the life of the Society. She attributed the strength and vitality of the Society to the commitment of the succession of Presidents and Officers and to the creative talent of the Society's many members which has ranged from 75 to 150 over the years. Roger Abe, the current President, spoke of the Society's successes: the long tradition of GEPPO which serves the wide-spread and diverse membership, the annual Haiku

Retreat at Asilomar which gives haiku poets an opportunity to commune with nature and with each other and renew the haiku spirit of simplicity and clear thought, and the many cultural events in the area which the Society supports, such as the reading every spring in the Friendship Garden.

The evening ended with haiku being read from the day's walk in the park, with excerpts of "Cherry Blossoms Meet By-The-Wind-Sailors" (a collaborative performance inspired by a journey taken to Japan in 1997) being performed, and a celebratory Noh-style dance by Ellen Brooks. The dance was accompanied by haiku set to music—haiku chosen from Yuki Teikei Members' haiku published in the 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Issue of the Haiku Journal, *Young Leaves*, a few of which are:

light shines along thread  
of fanned-out spider web  
from leaf to pillar  
—Elizabeth M. Gilliam

stream in early spring  
its sedate flow looks neither  
backward nor forward  
—Akira Tao

from Sado Island  
found again in cotton wool  
cherry blossom shells  
—Liz Knox

Year of the Dragon  
she boldly signs each greeting  
with a broad tipped pen  
—Ebba Story

beginning of spring  
I stagger along on stilts  
with neighborhood kids  
—Alice Benedict

bright new calendar  
old routines marked plus my date  
for set of false teeth  
—Beth Martin Haas

the old man's shadow  
falls upon the child watching  
the river's spring rush  
—David Wright



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

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 Peninsula.

The featured haiku poet for this year's retreat will be Yoshiko Yoshino from Matsuyama, Japan. Mrs. Yoshino is author of *Sakura*, 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 appreciation of haiku. 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 to Carmel and its historic mission and other charms on Sunday.

This year a \$300 attendance fee covers the conference, meals, and lodging. It is anticipated that Conference enrollment will be high this year. Early registration provides the best chance of securing a place. Please submit a \$75 deposit per person with registration requests. (The deposit will be refundable up until August 19, but not thereafter.) Attendance without lodging is \$75 per day. Send registration requests and deposits to Patricia Machmiller,

**In Memoriam**

**Edward A. Thompson**  
by Patricia Machmiller

Edward A. Thompson, a dedicated Yuki Teikei Member from the early days of the Society, passed away on March 29 of this year. It is hard to imagine a more gentle man, or one more fiercely committed to the Yuki Teikei form. His haiku appear in the first *Haiku Journal*, published in 1977:

Arizona flag  
the feel of warm desert air  
many miles away

Ed came regularly in those days to the meetings in the Sumitomo Bank on First Street in San Jose and drank in the words of Kiyoshi Tokutomi; he took the teaching of Kiyoshi very seriously. In 1999 he published his own book, *How to Write Yuki Teikei Haiku* (Three Star Publishing Co. (Berry Creek, CA, 1999)), in which he uses his haiku as examples in the instruction of writing traditional haiku.

—moving so slowly  
snail travels onto stamp box  
no posting today—

—stars and stars above  
I return to count instead  
the hairs of my cat—

As you can tell from these poems he was a man with a generous spirit who loved animals and he had many pets. He loved learning, discussing, and writing. His dogged pursuit of traditional haiku was as surprising as it was heart-gladdening. Such passion he had for the form, for the idea! A special man, he was . . .

beneath scolding jays—  
his blue shirt, his blue eyes, his  
pro forma white hair

**Patricia Machmiller**

**In Memoriam**

**Emile Waldteufel**  
April 6, 1916 - June 20, 2000  
by Alex Benedict

I am saddened to announce that Emile Waldteufel has recently died at home after a brief illness. We send our deep sympathy to his wife Eugenie and their family.

Emile was an active participant in the Haiku Poets of Northern California, the Marin Renku Group, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, and the American Haiku Archives Advisory Board.

His haiku are full of close observation, and a simplicity that seems to bring his haiku moments to us as clearly as they appeared to him. Emile's experience of life and people and his sense of the fun of life came through as clearly in his writing as in his talk. I feel fortunate to have spent many pleasant hours in his company, writing haiku and renku and talking about anything and everything that would occur to us. I will miss seeing his poetry, and miss his conversation and his company.

A haiku from "birthday tomorrow," the 1998 HPNC Anthology edited by Helen K. Davie

old plum tree  
on the opening buds  
rain drops

**Emile Waldteufel**

in a meadow  
the rumble of thunder  
-- a sheep dog barks

**Alex Benedict**

<http://www.theheronsnest.com>

think of a beret  
without the attitude and  
add azaleas

**Patricia J. Machmiller**

## Calendar

**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, East Valley  
Health Center, 1993 McKee Road, San Jose

**December 9** – Holiday Potluck, TBA

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

### **Tanabata Celebration**

**July 8, 2000**

**6:00 PM**

The Tanabata celebration will take place again this year at the home of Don and Anne Homan. The stars and constellations are very accessible from the Homan's hilltop home.

For directions, call: