



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

Volume XXIII:4

July-August 2000

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 3775 | crashing wave
into it a surfer rides
the midnight moon | 3783 | friendly Yorkshire
on a long leash makes
many new friends |
| 3776 | leaving the ocean—
a briny scent
between my thighs | 3784 | beached shellfish
squeezing out water
beginning of summer |
| 3777 | sister moon—
filling her basket
with blood-red plums | 3785 | summer house –
in every corner
bird droppings |
| 3778 | all the children
just patiently wait
a shooting star | 3786 | summer vacation. . .
toweled children coming in –
their sandy feet |
| 3779 | the war memorial
for the most part hidden
in the summer grass | 3787 | rushing clouds
a sickle moon now and then
through apple blossoms |
| 3780 | able to understand
german and spanish a little
summer holidays | 3788 | fishing from the dock
my son and his son
one dozing |
| 3781 | the sleeping dog
stretches on the floor
longing for peace | 3789 | two-engine freight
its drawn-out crossing whistle
rasping in the rain |
| 3782 | man leads three dogs
along the park path
leaving calling card | 3790 | in the shade
of box elders
smell of hot tar-mac |
-

- 3791 by moonlight
the lotus and pond scum
sound of bullfrogs
- 3792 summer butterfly
crossing my path
into the dark woods
- 3793 missing the old shepherd
letting the puppy
into my heart
- 3794 alone in the fog
a blue heron
dancing
- 3795 reaching out
across sea cliffs
flying with condors
- 3796 burglarized house
the welcome mat
askew
- 3797 pieces missing
the shackled prisoner
works a puzzle
- 3798 his hot breath
popping on her cheek
soap bubbles
- 3799 August sails
the halyards slap
against the mast
- 3800 late afternoon sun
the wasps hovering slowly
past goldenrod blooms
- 3801 summer dusk
under a heron's wing
the slow flap of air
- 3802 Tanabata
a shooting star is born
must we part so soon?
- 3803 ocean fog
somewhere the beach
somewhere me
- 3804 First-time roses
delivered to his wife
in the Funeral Home
- 3805 The rain has ended
Puddles everywhere
Walking on the sky
- 3806 Grandma's picture album
Stories of her youth
A tear on my hand
- 3807 downtown synagogue
cooling themselves on its steps
eight Cambodians
- 3808 bachelor's house
fishless fish bowl turned on
and bubbles and glows
- 3809 a beakful sparrow
runs from other sparrows
go, sparrow, go!
- 3810 evening light—
a bat flies up from the wash
its gray underbelly
- 3811 excessively pink
against the white garden rock—
cactus flower
- 3812 partial moon—
down here,
all the summer racket!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3813 over the meat counter
a sign saying
"Help Wanted"</p> <p>3814 yard sale
a hard-worn Persian rug
on withered grass</p> <p>3815 low sun
a road hazard sign
blinding me</p> <p>3816 early light -
the pop of a fly swatter
in the quiet room</p> <p>3817 rainy day
the squirrel climbs down the tree
with a green apple</p> <p>3818 end of summer -
moment of full moon
and sunset</p> <p>3819 July sun...
an <i>al fresco</i> meal
of fresh fruit</p> <p>3820 dream vacation
a translucent lizard
in my coffee cup</p> <p>3821 summer breeze...
dust kicking
into a dance</p> <p>3822 after sundown
in the kitchen
mincing words</p> | <p>3823 between his manicured lawn
and my wild hillside
barbed wire</p> <p>3824 oral surgeon
humming off key—
patient hits the high notes</p> <p>3825 sultry evening
smog settled in the valley
with no hint of breeze</p> <p>3826 desert morning
three-fourths of the world
summer sky</p> <p>3827 the water bed dips
under his familiar
early rising</p> <p>3828 in the gazebo
all around me
a scent of jasmine</p> <p>3829 winter sun . . .
calico cat finds warm spot
by the begonia pot</p> <p>3830 Christmas Eve. . .
in the crowded mall
loneliness lingers</p> <p>3831 leaping up from my chair –
the telephone ringing
on television</p> <p>3832 grey autumn sky –
the end of the epitaph
etched deeper</p> |
|--|--|

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 3833 | wilted chrysanthemums --
an old grocery list
blows from the trash | 3844 | glimpsed and gone --
flash of moorland stream
naked man washing |
| 3834 | waking at sunrise
first sound on Indian Lake
lapping of water | 3845 | concert mistress of
summer music festival
revving her Harley |
| 3835 | riding the ridge
mauve, puce, indigo, charcoal
billowing clouds threaten | 3846 | withered roses
old man tries to remember
romance |
| 3836 | walking at twilight
daily worries sift settle
fireflies light the way | 3847 | alone
just the coolness
and the memories |
| 3837 | jacaranda
consumed in pale lilac lace
she welcomes dawn | 3848 | I swat a fly
remember him
swat it again |
| 3838 | he walks back down —
autumn silence grows
with each stone step | 3849 | evening fog —
a handmade sign
of a lost green parrot |
| 3839 | a box of Kleenex
he sought to ease our pain
memento mori | 3850 | at the roof top
Ginza Beer Garden
all-Japanese salsa band |
| 3840 | Weaver Festival
my cigar smoke fills the space
twixt the two of them | 3851 | Japan Town Festival—
sisters comparing
a size of their goldfish |
| 3841 | My fractious neighbor
she just might be good at heart
sunflower in bloom. | 3852 | shell pink peony
blossom of perfection shattered. . .
dancing butterfly |
| 3842 | Book of sunflowers
a present from a student
many blooms ago | 3853 | this year's wren house
gently sways from maple limb-
rocks no babies |
| 3843 | worth the stomach ache –
three fresh-picked pounds of cherries
each | 3854 | Spring's snowmelt and floods
are gone. Laughter fills the village
street making mudpies. |

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>3855 Twelve year old naiad-
morning swim in mists rising
with light, swirling pool.</p> | <p>looking after
my neighbor's pets, again
I right the turtle</p> | <p>Yvonne Hardenbrook</p> |
| <p>3856 First cactus flower
brings a warm smile-both brighten
my dinner table.</p> | <p>mother and daughter
returning the pet turtle
to a pond</p> | <p>Karina Young</p> |
| <p>3857 a small tooth
staining her small palm—
the fare-well-to-spring</p> | <p>crossing the highway
still alive
the Ninja turtle</p> | <p>Laura Bell</p> |
| <p>3858 River of Stars
Vega coyly blue-white
flirts on the bank</p> | <p>turtle island
we slide off the beach . . .
only our noses show</p> | <p>Roger Abe</p> |
| <p>3859 a half moon
behind the storm-split madrone—
she's half angry</p> | <p>a duckling splashes
between algae and duck weed
turtle eyes</p> | <p>Kay Grimnes</p> |
| <p>CHALLENGE KIGO
Turtle</p> | | |
| <p>almost unnoticed
a chevron-shaped crack
in the turtle's egg</p> | <p>Thunder and lightning
Rain pours into the stream
A turtle floats by</p> | <p>Gloria Procsal</p> <p>Richard Bruckart</p> |
| <p>the summer heat
tides wash the beach and
leave tiny turtles</p> | <p>closing her eyelids
and pulling her head inside-
my daughter's turtle</p> | <p>Eve Jeanette Blohm</p> <p>Zinoviy Vayman</p> |
| <p>hibernating . . .
the fresh-water turtle
burrows into mud</p> | <p>passing it by
thinking it a river rock
the sunning turtle</p> | <p>Patricia Prime</p> <p>Carolyn Thomas</p> |
| <p>early morning
turtles treading water
in river shallows</p> | <p>day lilies
lean into the road,
a turtle crossing</p> | <p>Richard St. Clair</p> <p>John Stevenson</p> |

blistering heat
in the French Quarter
eating turtle soup

Giovanni Malito

claws pushing sidewise
it plows over grass and gravel
in tortoise time

Anne M. Homan

rustle of a breadcrumb bag
shoreline rock
lifts its wrinkled head

Carolyn Hall

found on the highway
but lost at the comfort station
a box turtle

Naomi Y. Brown

the turtle's teeth marks--
lettuce held out
in the little girl's hands

Michael D. Welch

Son leaves for West Coast
bequeaths giant turtle skull
blind sockets guard us

Christine Doreian-Michaels

curious eyes blink
a line of rain-washed turtles
this fine slimy log

Ross Figgins

turtle's fate
I hear from the chef—
Tokyo labyrinth

Fay Aoyagi

Why did turtle cross
the road? Overconfidence:
groundless.

William H. Peckham

log in a pond
turtle slips
plop

Dave Bachelor

**Members Votes'
for May-June**

Roger Abe – 3692-2 3693-2
Fay Aoyagi – 3694-0 3695-4 3696-2
Anne Homan – 3697-1 3698-1 3699-5
Kathleen Decker – 3700-2 3701-1 3702-1
Claire Gallagher – 3703-1 3704-3 3705-0
Zinovy Vayman – 3706-5 3707-4 3708-2
Christine Doreian-Michaels – 3709-4 3710-1 3711-1
Giovanni Malito – 3712-1 3713-1 3714-0
John Stevenson – 3715-6 3716-2 3717—2
Naomi Brown – 3718-2 3719-5 3720-1
Carolyn Hall – 3721-0 3722-2 3723-4
Elizabeth Gilliam – 3724-1 3725-0 3726-3
Elsie Canfield – 3727-3 3728-2 3729-4
Dave Bachelor – 3730-4 3731-2 3732-1
Kay Grimmes – 3733-5 3734-4 3735-3
Michael Welch – 3736-3 3737-5 3738-2
Laura Bell – 3739-2 3740-1 3741-2
Ross Figgins – 3742-1 3743-0 3744-3
Jan McMillan – 3745-1 3746-2 3747-6
Carolyn Thomas – 3748-3 3749-7 3750-6
Patricia Prime – 3751-2 3752-6 3753-7
Teruo Yamagata – 3754-1 3755-1 3756-3
Eve Blohm – 3757-0 3758-1 3759-0
Yvonne Hardenbrook – 3760-3 3761-3 3762-7
Gloria Procsal – 3763-6 3764-2 3765-0
Patricia Prime – 3766-2 3767-0 3768-6
Karina Young – 3769-4 3770-1 3771-1
Richard Bruckhart = 3772-3 3773-4 3775-5

over the phone
my blind father
describing the geraniums

Carolyn Thomas

summer hills –
folded into a crease
the steep footpath

Patricia Prime

summer solstice
sky so blue it hurts my eyes
to see you go

Yvonne Hardenbrook

power window
 letting out
 a mayfly

John Stevenson

Caught in morning light—
 willows reach to touch their own
 graceful reflection.

Jan McMillan

snipping the new rose—
 the spirit of his death hangs
 in the morning air

Carolyn Thomas

fanning its wings
 on the edge of the table
 summer butterfly

Patricia Prime

cloud across the moon
 the pale shimmer
 of magnolias

Gloria Procsal

on the grass
 a child lies full length
 to study a chick

Patricia Prime

in late afternoon
 long shadow of the snow fence
 across the old drifts

Anne Homan

sliced onion –
 in the very heart of it
 A healthy green shoot

Zinovy Vayman

kitten
 finds another kitten
 in the mirror

Naomi Brown

cliff dwelling
 the evening mist
 reclaims its own

Kay Grimnes

departing plane—
 a strand of her hair
 on the car seat

Michael D. Welch

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

Richard Bruckart

Tanabata 2000
at the home of Don & Anne Homan
Livermore, CA

by Anne Homan

During the week before, fog had drifted over the hills in the evening about seven o'clock, and we worried that on Saturday, July 8, we would have no view of the stars. But the fog stayed in the bay, and from the black hills above Livermore, we watched the sky, the reservoir, and the hills as they quietly changed colors in the twilight. A half-moon floated overhead and the stars eventually appeared. Without an expert to interpret our star maps, however, we weren't sure which bright spots were Altair and Vega. Patrick Gallagher read to us the old tale of the weaver girl and her cowherd, and we shared our pot luck dinner. Emile Waldteufel, a longtime member of the Yuki Teikei Society, died recently, and we wrote a 10-verse renku in his memory with the help of our renku leader, Kiyoko Tokutomi.

Summer Hills

summer hills
 she slides the door open
 to the purple dusk

Ebba Story

filling my host's bowl
with ripe strawberries

Claire Gallagher

to scratch an itch
the fence falls again
to the horses

Roger Abe

the eagle perched high above
its sharp eyes ready

Anne Homan

anticipation
as darkness begins to fall
will you show, summer moon?

Carol Steele

playing a new violin
outside an autumn wind

Patrick Gallagher

a year of yearning
impossible to bear
Tanabata

Anne Homan

that debonair ballroom smile
under his black beret

June Hymas

windswept night
he too lifts her hair
to his cheek

Ebba Story

the party livelier
soon after sundown

Patrick Gallagher

Afterwards we separated and went out in the dark for a ginko. We then spent some quiet time writing haiku and sharing our poems. Kiyoko had decorated some stalks of bamboo with beautifully folded and cut paper—white spirit steps to heaven and colorful kimonos. We wrote our poems on special paper strips and hung them on the bamboo branches.

the laughter of friends
still laughing light years away
night of stars

Roger Abe

Tanabata
horses across the fence
breathe in the darkness

Patrick Gallagher

pointing our Draco
his face awash
with starlight

Ebba Story

Tanabata!
linen slacks flapping—the breeze
from magpie wings

Claire Gallagher

river of heaven
connects distant friends and me
on Tanabata

Mary Hill

Tanabata—
they check the star map
using a flashlight

June Hymas

It was a wonderful evening—good weather,
good food, good friends, and good poetry!

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

Dojins' Corner

by Patricia J. Machmiller and Jerry Ball

This month we have decided to deviate from our routine as we felt there were additional poems we would like to recognize beyond our usual five or six. Patricia chose four poems to comment on: 3695, 3709, 3748, and 3768.

Jerry also had great difficulty in selecting three for this column. From his "long list," 3692, 3695, 3698, 3699, 3727, 3728, 3729, and 3764, he selected 3695, 3729, and 3764 as the three best although the final cuts were difficult as is evident from his discussion.

3695 on the wicker chair
a postcard signed by
her maiden name

pjm: Like many great paintings this poem is like the opening line to a novel. We are drawn into the story behind the scene. Who is this woman who is sending a postcard that she signed using her maiden name? Is it an old postcard? Or is it recent? Who is the person who left it so casually, or is it carelessly, on the wicker chair. The wicker chair implies a porch or verandah; the feeling in the poem is of heat, of humidity, echoing the sultry and sometimes oppressive nature of relationship implied in the story that the poet leaves us to imagine. I think the poem would be better served if the grammar in the middle line were more expansive and less chopped, e.g. "the postcard she signed using/ her maiden name". Clearly it is a particular postcard and therefore is "the" postcard.

jb: What I especially like about this verse is the way in which I am drawn into the emotion of the moment by the phrase "her maiden name." There is a story here which I do not know but I can (and do) make guesses about. I am an active participant. I can relate to the sense of history (her maiden name as opposed to her married name) with all that might have taken place. Now I would like to compare this with 3692 which I think is a very fine verse also.

her glance falls short
spinning me into
a long day

This is an excellent verse with a sense of intrigue (same as 3695). The difference with this verse is that it is a sentence (or very close) and does not exhibit the "kireji" or "turning." However, I like both of these very much for the way that the reader is invited into the moment being represented by the verse.

pjm: A brief comment on 3692: The pleasure in this haiku is the play on the words long and short, but the pleasure is short-lived. If "long day" is the kigo implying summer, the "chill" of her glance falling short does not resonate very well with a long, hot summer day.

3709 pounding waterfall
heartbeat remembers waiting
for him to say yes

pjm: The drumming of the waterfall compared to the anxious heartbeat of a lover about to learn his or her fate. Wonderful use of a summer kigo. The maturation of love, the maturation of the season. And, lucky or unlucky, most of us can recall such a moment in our lives. Excellent writing. The poet might consider changing "heartbeat" to "my heart;" I think an article or a possessive pronoun is needed. And, I have to admit, my heart skips when someone can so skillfully use the five-seven-five structure.

jb: I also liked this haiku. I think there's a nice sense of the emotion of the moment. The only thing that doesn't work for me is the break in the line before the word "yes". I think the break detracts from the real meaning of the phrase. I prefer understatement in haiku to overstatement and for me the space in the line is an unnecessary guide to what I'm expected to think. If the idea is good enough, then artifice merely takes away from an already very

good idea. My apologies, author, I think this haiku is very good with this one exception.

pjm: It is odd, the different ways we respond to an artifice like the break before "yes." I happen to think it a very important part of the poem's construction, a direction to the reader to make a slight pause before the word is read. And I think its look on the page is effective. Since there is no punctuation or capitalization in the poem, the separation of that one word adds interest and a small bit of drama.

3729 the red hibiscus
a hummingbird goes gently
into the center

jb: This haiku has the appearance of a "shasei" or "nature sketch," and, in fact, there is a literal level in which that's just what it is. But it does much more. The phrase "into the center" takes one far beyond the literal. And this is what does it for me. Here's an image, interesting in itself, which calls me to look at my own "center" and to do it "gently." As a runner up to this haiku, I like number 3699:

3699 in late afternoon
long shadow of the snow fence
across the old drifts

And here the expression "the old drifts" is what changes this from a simple nature sketch to an active invitation into the reality of a moment. My choice between this one and 3729 is strictly a matter of personal taste. My apologies to the writer of 3699 for that. Nevertheless they're both fine haiku. Since I am required to vote, I choose 3729.

pjm: 3729 was on my long list. The strong sexual image of the haiku complements the kigo itself. And I like the rhythm. I think the 5-7-5 structure supports the image well although when looked at more closely I cannot justify the article in the first line. Also, I think the short "e" and short "i" sounds, could imitate, somewhat, the rapid wing movement of the hummingbird if there were a few more, especially earlier in the poem. 3699 has potential with its internal

rhyme of snow and shadow and its 5-7-5 rhythm. Perhaps the first line could be rewritten to bring something in that resonates more deeply with the "old drifts."

3748 gardenia bloom
floating in a small black bowl—
shadows of petals

pjm: Where to begin—the poem invites us to imagine a gardenia which is immediately (in the mind) floating in its own fragrance (the essence of gardenia) just as the poem says it is floating in "a small black bowl" as are the petals "floating" in their own shadows, an echo of the black aura of the bowl and so the poem leads us to the realization that the shadow of a gardenia is its fragrance! And supporting the lovely and evocative imagery are the vowels in the poem, the fragrant "ahh"s floating in the "bowl" of concrete long "o"s. And if "ah" is the shadow of "oo" and "oo" is the shadow of long "o", the shadows cast by the vowel sounds in this poem create an aural image that matches in complexity and tone that of the visual. And finally, this poem, too, done with effortless ease (or so it seems), uses the 5-7-5 form to create a rhythmical "bowl" to contain the image, blossom, shadows and all!

jb: This is a skillful development of a very nice image. This is a still life. It's also 5-7-5 (or very close) which I like, so my plaudits to the author for the sentiment and skill. A nice 5-7-5 like this doesn't come easily. While I like the image it doesn't work as well for me as some of the others. This is a matter of taste. But I do recognize the high quality of the craft.

3764 sudden vertigo
the moon falling
into a dark pool

jb: There is a literal interpretation for this and more. That's one of the features that makes it, for me, so intriguing. As follows: I am by a pool in the moonlight, and I lose my balance. Therefore "sudden vertigo," and hence "the moon falling into a dark pool." If that's all there is to it, it's still interesting. However the figurative aspects of the

language are compelling. "Sudden vertigo" can mean a sort of disorientation. "The moon falling" of course is an inversion or at least a shortened form for "I saw the moon fall." But the author chose the resonant expression: "the moon falling." I remember the story of Isaac Newton. He was under an apple tree viewing the moon. When an apple fell he asked, "Why does the apple fall, and the moon not fall?" Then the answer struck him. But the moon does fall. There's just nothing to stop it save the gravity of the earth. And we have the first of Newton's famous laws of motion. In any case the image works for me and is resonant far beyond the literal.

pjm: This haiku has to compete with all the other poems written about the moon being reflected in water and so the poet has chosen a difficult path. I think to be more effective the first line should be the last line. The stage needs to be set; I need to be standing at the edge of the pool and drawn into the depths of the pool (and this is the difficult part—"dark pool" is a too-much-used phrase) before I can really be convinced of the vertigo. I do think that the poem conveys a unique experience that makes it worth the effort to make the poem work.

3768 on the grass
a child lies full length
to study a chick

pjm: I was struck by this image—it hit me immediately and it stayed in my mind for days. It has intensity—that intensity of childhood which is reflected in the gaze of the child studying the chick which, in turn, embodies the idea of spring, of beginning — of childhood itself. Wonderful perception. But even so intense an image can fade if it is not supported by sound. And having mulled over this poem (and the others I have chosen) for a month, I begin to ask myself: imagine this image in two lines, then what? If there were a third line, what would it be? Could sound add to the poem? How? These are only questions, not answers. Thoughts and ruminations notwithstanding, the poem

still has clarity, focus, and resonance, and I thank the poet for the gift.

jb: I also like this haiku. It wasn't on my long list but I did consider it. (For what it's worth, I usually take about four to five readings to make my choices.) I can now respond to Patricia's comments positively. I agree with Patricia that this is a poignant and clear image. It wasn't on the top of my list because I don't have the strong reaction to the image as Patricia does. Also, I wish it weren't in a sentence (or near sentence.) However, this haiku is indeed a valuable contribution and deserves praise.

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

SEASON WORDS for early autumn

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology

Season: September, October; lingering summer heat, beginning of autumn, autumn equinox, chilly night, long night.

Sky and Elements: autumn rain, ~ sky, ~wind, long night, (full) moon, night of stars, sardine cloud.

Landscape: autumn moor, leaves turning, reaped or harvested fields, vineyards.

Human Affairs: autumn loneliness, end of summer vacation, gleaning, harvest, mushroom gathering, scarecrow, school begins, Tanabata (Star Festival), Obon Festival/dance, Labor Day, Rosh Hashanah, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch, black cat, ghost, haunted house).

Animals: autumn mackerel, bagworm, clear-toned cicada, cricket, deer, dragonfly, red dragonfly, grasshopper, ground beetle, insects' cry, katydid, monarch butterfly, migrating geese/cranes/storks, praying mantis, quail, salmon, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, wild geese, woodpecker.

Plants: apple, wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buckwheat, bush clover, chamomile, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn, cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen or falling leaves, gourds, grapes, huckleberry, maiden flower, morning glory, mushrooms, nuts, orchid, pampas grass plumes, pear, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds, reed flowers/tassels, rose of sharon, squash, vines, weed flowers

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 Geppo per year.

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is October 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 September-October
by Claire Gallagher and Patricia Machmiller**

Porch

Front porch, back porch, screen porch, open porch with railings, ramada. On evenings in the city, the stoop! In the East and Midwest, houses are built to keep out the winter cold—thus they aren't designed to catch cool summer breezes. Before air-conditioning, the porch was the best architectural solution for getting cooled off on sweltering days. In late summer the porch provides respite from the simmering sun or the over-heated home. Playing with dolls, trading pokemon cards, swapping jokes, sipping lemonade, chatting with neighbors, listening to the radio, or silently rocking—all these activities, and more, are possible in this communal gathering place. Perhaps while you sit, swifts spiral down into a chimney for the night.

practicing T'ai Chi
on the porch . . .
knowing which boards shift

Claire Gallagher

puddle of porchlight –
in the dark of her shadow
she fumbles for the key

Claire Gallagher

porch on the river –
time to clean up the clutter
so I can enjoy

Kiyoko Tokutomi

porch-sitting with friends
now and then someone comments
between the quiet

Patricia Machmiller



Young Leaves: An Old Way Of Seeing New

Writings on Haiku in English

*The 25th Anniversary Special Edition
of Haiku Journal*

Essays by Kiyoko Tokutomi,
Makoto Ueda, James Hackett,
George Swede, Yoshiko Yoshino, Patricia
Donegan, Clark Strand
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From the Editor's Desk:

Recognition for Yuki Teikei members

Recently, **Claire Gallagher** was one of two people chosen for the prestigious British Haiku Society's James W. Hackett International Haiku Award 1999. Her poem:

the closer we get . . .
losing my friend's heart-to-heart
to the waterfall

Yuki Teikei members were also honored in the Mainichi International Haiku Contest 2000. **Naomi Y. Brown** and **Patricia J. Machmiller** were two of six second place winners.

desert oil field
wells pump in rhythm
mackerel sky

Naomi Y. Brown

partly eroded
summer light on petroglyphs
voices and echoes

Patricia Machmiller

And last September three Yuki Teikei members were honored in the Shimanami Kaido Haiku Competition held in Matsuyama, Japan, in celebration of the completion of the last of ten suspension bridges over the Inland Sea. **Elsie Canfield** was one of three second-place winners and **Kris Kondo** and **Patricia J. Machmiller** each received one of nine third-place prizes. The poems that were recognized:

new suspension bridge
driving straight to the full moon
this evening of spring

Elsie Canfield

motorcycles
revving in the mist
Shimanami

Kris Kondo

tenth suspension bridge
closing the millennium
— canopy of stars!

Patricia J. Machmiller

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. Please submit a \$75 non refundable deposit per person with registration requests. Attendance without lodging is \$75 per day. Mrs. Yoshino has agreed to evaluate participants' haiku if received in advance of the conference. Those who send the \$75 deposit and three haiku prior to September 15 will be able to participate in this special kukai.

Send registration requests and deposits to Patricia Machmiller,

Poems from *Sakura*
 by
 Yoshiko Yoshino
 translations by Jack Stamm

my severed hair
 remains alive still fragrant
 under winter light

no earthly reason
 why I keep cough cough coughing
 since mother went

into the shiver
 of boiling tofu I put
 my whole heart

Calendar

September 9 – Moon Viewing Party and Potluck, 6:00 PM., Patricia Machmiller's house.

for directions. Bring a sweater for outdoor viewing.

October 19-22 – Conference at Asilomar, Pacific Grove

November 11 – Meeting 1:30 PM, East Valley Health Center, 1993 McKee Road, San Jose
 At this meeting there will be a discussion, led by Patrick Gallagher, of local writers and their influence on haiku composition. Participants are encouraged to share their favorite local writers.

December 9 – Winter Holiday Potluck and Haiku Exchange at Jean Hale's house,

Web Address: www.yukiteikei.org