



the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIII:5

September-October 2000

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

- | | | | |
|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 3860 | unlocked gate
frost-covered pumpkins
curious black cows | 3868 | chainsaw roar died
with a tree snap in the woods –
raindrop on my cheek |
| 3861 | a furtive glance
he slides his worn running shoes
nearer the scarecrow | 3869 | tennis shoe imprints
co-mingle with deer droppings -
quails fly startled |
| 3862 | the wind whistles –
a boneless crow man
bojangles in time | 3870 | fall clouds—the hiker
scurries along the crest line,
angles and . . . is gone! |
| 3863 | Sunday morning
entwined with her
tangled in smiles | 3871 | fall's late afternoon—
a spider stops its weaving
to ride the dry wind |
| 3864 | Long ride without her
the moon beside me
through the night | 3872 | autumn light—
cob web caught
in the cat's whiskers |
| 3865 | My lover and I
rainbow flags rippling
on a Sunday | 3873 | water garden
a red dragonfly darting
over the lilies |
| 3866 | sniffing home
from the doctor's office for
some hot chicken soup | 3874 | afternoon walk –
the autumn forest full of
monarch butterflies |
| 3867 | autumn sun on bluff —
alligator, lizard and i
both "spread-eagle" | 3875 | a wasp drinks
from the hummingbird feeder -
autumn sky |
-

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>3876 discovered
among late summer clouds,
my eyebrows</p> <p>3877 rusty pipe
the plumber's
knotted knuckles</p> <p>3878 autumn night
the reflection of a bookcase
fills the window</p> <p>3879 TV Olympics
the trainer of the wrestler
releases his breath</p> <p>3880 Rosh Hashana Day
our sins cast in water
we too walk downstream</p> <p>3881 just my umbrella
and just one wet shoulder –
yours as before</p> <p>3882 The tiny seedpod
does a little dance for me...
the wind her partner.</p> <p>3883 Up on the highway
the leaves are turning red now....
sweatshirts for breakfast</p> <p>3884 Like an avalanche,
snow clouds roll down the mountain
burying summer.</p> <p>3885 distant sound
is it bird
or baby?</p> <p>3886 on the wall
a handwritten sonnet
by the mirror</p> | <p>3887 coffee shop
comparing love-lives
over scones</p> <p>3888 beneath sardine cloud
pearl-grey backed sanderlings change
herring bone tweed coats</p> <p>3889 summer heat lingers
boy on board threads crest of wave
broderie anglais</p> <p>3890 bright paper moon
string of crystal jellyfish
trace the watermark</p> <p>3891 out of sight
but not out of mind
autumn butterfly</p> <p>3892 the sound of footsteps
faded into the distance
autumn twilight</p> <p>3893 the national park
slopes down to the river
autumn mist</p> <p>3894 midnight reverie
so many autumn voices
singing in the sound</p> <p>3895 descending the dune
into someone's footprints
a raven's harsh call</p> <p>3896 starless night
in the jack-o-lantern's eye
a flickering light</p> <p>3897 white crescent moon
hanging over a still lake
. . .the leaping salmon</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- 3898 the flying vee veers
a gradual about face...
Indian summer
- 3899 bellowing
bloodied victories
. . .the wounded stag
- 3900 in the park
a squirrel digs up a walnut
and drops it at my feet
- 3901 the mockingbird
in the nudist colony
whistling
- 3902 the ancient oak
buzzing cicadas honor it
buzzing saws cut it down
- 3903 near the summit
resting on separate rocks –
autumn loneliness
- 3904 beginning of autumn. . .
the sound of an axe
biting wood
- 3905 an officer's coat
hung on a scarecrow. . .
bird shadows
- 3906 Labor Day
finally my no-name bush
produces a bloom
- 3907 close overhead
a lesser nighthawk's
low trill
- 3908 autumn
creeping down the mountain
one day at a time
- 3909 as seasons change
the wind shifts direction
with new song
- 3910 autumn loneliness
the salty mist and
empty boardwalk
- 3911 autumn wind .
whistles a song
of endless change
- 3912 frost on the pumpkin --
the mail today
arrives early
- 3913 dried horseshoe prints
more frequent
by the blackberry bramble
- 3914 sudden downpour—
the umbrella salesman
offers a rain-check
- 3915 Autumn loneliness...
my circular puzzle ---
up high on the wall
- 3916 Aged sister moon
so pretty at a distance
like all the others
- 3917 Ancient pregnant moon
in what dark and cold sea
is my story writ?
- 3918 on a pumpkin-colored
paper napkin
B2B strategy
- 3919 Pomegranate—
how can I translate
myself for you

- 3920 colorless wind—
the flag for two Koreas
marching the stadium
- 3921 far apart
we ride home
from the therapist
- 3922 Palm Sunday morning
derelict berating
cinder block wall
- 3923 poetry reading
my date
asleep
- 3924 helping neighbors
rebuild their redwood fence – two
monarch butterflies
- 3925 first day of autumn
noticing her friend's new
wrinkles
- 3926 good neighbor —
not picking their ripe pears
till they invite her
- 3927 from her window seat
the cat takes a morning shift
neighborhood watch
- 3928 fiftieth reunion
surreptitiously glancing
at name tags
- 3929 great grandma's sidewalk
its widening crack
filled with baby tears
- 3930 pinned to the gray sky
a Monarch Butterfly
struggles in the wind

- 3931 two moons
waver in the bouquet
of the Slovenian wine
- 3932 flickering candle
background music
the moon also rises
- 3933 wet autumn morning
the robins
feasting on worms
- 3934 autumn dusk
between leaves on water
the silent trees
- 3935 harvest moon
between gray clouds
crisp melon slices

**Challenge Kigo for July-August
Porch**

under the porch rail
butterflies hang upside-down
dark thunder grows near
Ross Figgins

a pause on the porch
early autumn sunset
through ancient oaks
Karina Young

on the sagging porch:
a case of empties and
a broken stroller
Louise Beaven

father's empty house—
woven to the porch hand rail
these two perfect webs
Carolyn Thomas

end of summer
the porch remains
a dream
John Stevenson

between lace curtain
and laundry on porch the mountain
where I've never been
Zinovy Vayman

I sit on the porch
feeling summer slip away
and the lake grow still.
Jan McMillan

private porch
where I essay the world
in my underwear
Richard St. Clair

while parents sleep in
she plays alone on the porch
each doll bears her name
Christine Doreian Michaels

~~gran's riverside porch—~~
the familiar scent
of ripening pears
Gloria H. Procsal

shifting furniture
making space in the porch
for winter storage
Giovanni Malito

on the porch
the old folks' conversation
rocking back and forth
Richard E. Bruckart

sprawled on the porch
a child in her nightgown
searches the stars
Patricia Prime

after dinner
neighbor calling to neighbor
from porch to porch
Yvonne Hardenbrook

the tall maple leans
its branches, touching porch
a summer haven
Eve Jeanette Blohm

Halloween—
turned tight,
the new porch light grows warm
Michael Dylan Welch

alone on the porch
I stare at the missing slat
as if it were me
W. Elliott Greig

on the porch
Ginsberg after Ginsberg
to the moon
Fay Aoyagi

forgotten swim trunks
covered with snow
summer cabin porch
Dave Bachelor

autumn evening
sneakers lined up by the door
and the still porch swing
Karen A. Gimnes

**SEASON WORDS
for early winter**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

Season: *early winter months: November, December, chilly night, departing autumn, start of winter, depth of winter, short day, winter day, winter morning, winter night.*

Sky and Elements: *sardine cloud, frost/hoarfrost, freeze, hail, ice, icicle, north wind, sleet, snow/first snow, winter cloud, winter moon, winter rain, winter solstice, winter wind.*

Landscape: *reaped or harvested fields, stubble fields, vineyards, winter creek or stream, winter mountain, winter sea or ocean, winter seashore, winter garden, withered moor.*

Human Affairs: *gleaning, harvest, Thanksgiving; bean soup, blanket, brazier, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, foot warmer, gloves/mittens,*

grog, heater, hunting, falconer, fish trapper, overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl, skiing.

Animals: deer, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, woodpecker., bear, hibernation, fox, marten or sable, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter bee, winter fly, winter sparrow, winter wild geese, wolf, whale.

Plants: cranberry, pomegranate, dried persimmon, heavenly bamboo(Nandina), pine nuts,radish, scallion,tangerine /mandarin orange, turnip, winter chrysanthemum, winter grass,. winter tree or grove, withered or frost-nipped plants.



Members' Votes for July August

- Gloria Procsal - 3775-4 3776-1 3777-2
- Teruo Yamagata - 3778-3 3779-3 3780-0
- Eve J. Blohm - 3781-2 3782-0 3783-0
- Pat Prime - 3784-1 3785-1 3786-1
- Yvonne Hardenbrook- 3787-4 3788-3 3789-1
- Richard St. Clair- 3790-0 3791-1 3792-5
- Karina Young- 3793-3 3794-1 3795-0
- Laura Bell- 3796-3 3797-5 3798-1
- Kay Grimnes- 3799-0 3800-1 3801-8
- Roger Abe- 3802-1 3803-6
- Richard Bruckart- 3804-3 3805-6 3806-0
- Zinovy Vayman- 3807-2 3808-0 3809-0
- Carolyn Thomas- 3810-1 3811-2 3812-0
- John Stevenson - 3813-1 3814-3 3815-1
- Elsie Canfield- 3816-1 3817-0 3818-1
- Giovanni Maito- 3819-0 3820-1 3821-3
- Carolyn Hall- 3822-7 3823-4 3824-1
- Anne Homan- 3825-0 3826-4 3827-2
- Naomi Brown- 3828-3 3829-1 3830-1
- Michael Dylan Welch- 3831-4 3832-7 3833-3
- Christine D. Michaels- 3834-0 3835-0 3836-1
- Ross Figgins- 3837-1 3838-4 3839-0
- W. Elliott Greig- 3840-1 3841-2 3842-4
- Joan Zimmerman- 3843-1 3844-2 3845-1
- Dave Bachelor- 3846-1 3847-0 3848-4
- Fay Aoyagi- 3849-0 3850-1 3851-3
- Mary Ferryman- 3852-0 3853-0
- William Peckham- 3854-0 3855-1 3856-0
- Clair Gallagher- 3857-3 3858-1 3859-1

July-August Haiku Voted Best by Readers of Geppo

summer dusk
 under a heron's wing
 the slow flap of air
Karen Grimnes

after sundown
 in the kitchen
 mincing words
Carolyn Hall

grey autumn sky -
 the end of the epitaph
 etched deeper
Michael Dylan Welch

ocean fog
 somewhere the beach
 somewhere me
Roger Abe

The rain has ended
 Puddles everywhere
 Walking on the Sky
Richard Bruckart

summer butterfly
 crossing my path
 into the dark woods
Richard St. Clair

pieces missing
 the shackled prisoner
 works a puzzle
Laura Bell

crashing wave
 into it a surfer rides
 the midnight moon
Gloria Procsal

rushing clouds
 a sickle moon now and then
 through apple blossoms
Yvonne Hardenbrook

between his manicured lawn
and my wild hillside
barbed wire

Carolyn Hall

desert morning
three-fourths of the world
summer sky

Arne Homan

leaping up from my chair —
the telephone ringing
on television

Michael Dylan Welch

he walks back down—
autumn silence grows
with each stone step

Ross Figgins

Book of sunflowers
a present from a student
many blooms ago

W. Elliott Greig

I swat a fly
remember him
swat it again

Dave Bachelor

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 GEPPO**

Deadline for the next issue is December 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

GEPPO
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 Macmillan
Board Members at Large

*Young Leaves: An old way of seeing new,
Writings on Haiku in English*
A review by Donnalynn Chase

"I would like to tell you how I opened my eyes to haiku." I love that first sentence of Kiyoko Tokutomi's in her Young Leaves article as its authenticity sets the tone for the rest of the anthology. Midway through that first article, I felt very privileged to be associated with the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. I had no idea of the society's rich heritage and the depth of dedication that so many people had and have for a little short poem. As a "virtual" society member, I came to know many other members by their way of seeing new as portrayed in Young Leaves.

As a relative new-comer to writing haiku, I have taken the route from "beginner's mind" through over-studying and researching to despair and abandonment. Sorting through the many, many books, journals, and almanacs, I quickly became very confused and alienated from the poem's form. The writings collected in Young Leaves helped me navigate through "the jungle" to ground me securely in the rediscovery of my own way of being and seeing around haiku. By the end of Young Leaves, I felt confident in the knowledge that there is no one way to write in an old way as we all have our individual ways of seeing new.

The articles on haiku's form in Young Leaves are not intimidating as so many of the handbooks and collections that I have read in the past. The anthology respectfully includes many perspectives while gently advocating the traditional 5-7-5 form. A personal quality is present as each writer shares his experiences and wisdom with haiku as opposed to justifying one doctrine or theory. The articles and the outstanding haiku are offerings to help me decide for myself my relationship with haiku.

Young Leaves is an exquisite celebration of the 25th anniversary of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Patricia Machmiller and June Hopper Hymas have crafted a beautiful anthology of heartfelt reflection, commentaries, remembrances, and art by many passionate poets. Its strength is its

openness to the vastness of expression and its devotion to an old form. Clearly, haiku is more than seventeen simple syllables.



**Challenge Kigo for November-December
Clicking or Ticking Leaves**

by D. Claire Gallagher

You are at the edge of the woods, on a park bench near a sycamore, or under a meadow tree on an Indian summer day. Perhaps your back is against a maple; perhaps you are on a hill with a view; perhaps you are accompanied by a companion comfortable with silence. Listen well, beyond the obvious sounds.

It may sound like insects clicking. The sun's warmth is drying fallen leaves; as they contract into themselves, their desiccating tissue clicks-- a subtle sound, a small snapping. Once you hear it, you might hear ticking from autumn leaves drying all around you, if you listen.

recently
my husband retired--
the ticking leaves

D. Claire Gallagher

from every direction
the click of drying leaves--
your one-way ticket

D. Claire Gallagher

cabin ruins--
everywhere in the clearing
the clicking leaves

D. Claire Gallagher

Dojins' Corner

by Jerry Ball and Patricia J. Machmiller

Jerry's choices for the three best haiku for this GEPP0 are: 3794, 3799, and 3801. He also identified several others as runners up: 3776, 3777, 3793, and 3816. Patricia chose 3803, 3810, and 3836.

3794 alone in the fog
a blue heron
dancing

jb: This is close to a nature sketch haiku (shasei) except for the metaphor "dancing." What I like about this haiku is the clarity of the image and the austere quality. I think the haiku might be strengthened by omitting the "alone" which is really not needed. Consider:

fog
a blue heron
dancing

Nevertheless I think this is a fine haiku with a good feeling.

pjm: The heron dancing is somewhat interesting, but the haiku has two strong kigo from different seasons, fog (autumn) and heron (summer), making it impossible to find unity and resonance beyond the sketch that Jerry pointed out. Unfortunately, my mind cannot resolve the conflict and I am left unsatisfied. It might be useful to note that "ocean fog" is a summer kigo; use of this kigo would resolve at least the seasonal difficulty.

3799 August sails
the halyards slap
against the mast

jb: This is definitely a shasei. It's a simple "nature sketch" where everything in the haiku is the correlative of some emotion. "August sails" suggests a journey later in life, and the "halyards slap against the mast" suggests a retreat from the world of drive and ambition. This is a restful haiku. The language is simple and direct and reads well.

pjm: I like Jerry's interpretation of this haiku. I would only add that this seems to me to be two good lines in search of a third. Another haiku in the GEPP0 this time that I thought had two worthy lines in need of a third was 3821.

3801 summer dusk
under a heron's wing
the slow flap of air

jb: I seem to have an affinity for herons in this group of haiku, and also an affinity for the nature sketch. While that may be true for this particular group of GEPP0 haiku, these are well done in that tradition. This haiku has many of the same qualities as 3799. They are both lyrical. There is no great enlightenment to be found. Whatever enlightenment is small and that may be the best kind. The phrase, "the slow flap of air" is restful and slender. One can be drawn into this scene.

pjm: Since heron is a summer kigo, the word "summer" in this haiku is redundant. One can imagine that the second line could be rewritten as "at dusk under a heron's wing," and again we have two worthy lines waiting for a third. It may be that with the third line will come the enlightenment that Jerry was looking for.

3803 ocean fog
somewhere the beach
somewhere me

pjm: In this haiku the external fog has become, by the third line, an internal fog—that feeling of being lost in a landscape is compared to the feeling of being lost in the self. "Ocean fog" is a summer kigo and, perhaps, the poet is right to choose a summer kigo as it is in the summer of life when we are looking for ourselves. I suppose we are always looking for ourselves, but maybe we feel more lost in the summer of our lives. What do you think?

jb: I like the idea of this haiku very much. It is an idea of self discovery, certainly central to haiku moments. I don't think the repetition

of "somewhere" works to the poem's advantage. If I were writing this I would do something like: ocean fog/I find myself/ along the beach. Please pardon me, author, for tinkering. In one of my chat groups we've been discussing this same question: the idea of repetition in haiku. It seems to be difficult to make it work. For example: with the tide out/once again the moon/is the moon. However, I do like the thrust of this verse and want to commend the author for attending to a haiku moment.

pjm: Sorry, Jerry, but I think the repetition does work: "... somewhere... somewhere..." gives the sense of groping in the fog, a linguistic tapping in the search to find where, and by comparison, who we are.

3810 evening light—
a bat flies up from the wash
its gray underbelly

pjm: A simple image of summer—a bat suddenly flying up, its belly catching the dying light in the evening sky. The tone of the poem catches the mood of the moment — quiet, subdued, subtle—the color of evening light.

jb: This is a haiku moment: the awareness of a very simple thing, the "underbelly" of a bat. In the flow of the world it's not much of an event, but at this moment it is universal. We revere the sanctity of life by the simple act of recognition of another life.

3836 walking at twilight
daily worries sift settle
fireflies light the way

pjm: The poet's internal landscape of small worries is echoed in the glimmer of the fireflies—the motion of their lights coming and going at random have a rhythm similar to the "sift" and "settle" motion of "daily worries." The phrase "light the way" detracts, I think, from this comparison and closes down the reader's thought process. If the last line were just "the fireflies," the haiku would be more open and the reader would have more liberty to ruminate on the comings and goings of fireflies, worries, and the dailiness of life.

jb: This is another haiku of a self awareness. On a twilight walk the "daily worries" seem to attain a truer perspective with the appearance of "fireflies." Our worries are, indeed, like "fireflies," as our author reminds us. I think I would want to work a little on the craft of this haiku. In my opinion it has the sense of being a little padded. The line: "fireflies light the way" seems a little explanatory or documentary. For example, consider: a walk at twilight/ my daily worries settle/ into the fireflies. This has the 5-7-5 pattern without the sense of being an explanation. However, my commendation to the author for recognition of a true haiku moment.

Your responses are invited. Please write us at Geppo or email



Against the backdrop of the recent dramatic events in Yugoslavia, we offer this report by **Fay Aoyagi** of a Haiku gathering in Slovenia

I attended The World Haiku Association Inaugural Meeting in Tolmin, Slovenia on September 1 - 3, 2000 as an interpreter for the Japanese delegation. This is a short report of my experience in a small, but beautiful town in the former Yugoslavia.

When we arrived at the airport in Ljubljana (the capital of Slovenia), I was at the head of the group. A young blond officer asked me, "what's going on?" I told him that we came to attend the poetry meeting. "Poetry? That's a change!" With a grin, he stamped my passport.

On the way to Tolmin, we enjoyed a day at Lake Bled. We admired the calm, emerald green water. Our tour guide told us that this area has been popular as a ski resort among Europeans. We visited a church built in the seventh century, then warmed ourselves with pear brandy, followed by the excellent food.

We arrived at Tolmin late afternoon on Friday, September 1. Dimitar Anakiev, one of the founders of The World Haiku Association and a resident of Tolmin brought

us to the River Tolminka. Tolmin is surrounded by the Alps and very close to the Italian border. The river water is very pure and tasted great. Dimitar told us Dante wrote the Divine Comedy there and up in the mountain there is a cave with his name, Dante's Jama.

The reception started with a greeting from the deputy mayor and we enjoyed a performance of the folk music group. After the official speeches, all the participants introduced themselves reading one haiku each. In addition to Japanese haiku poets, a crew of NHK (a broadcasting company in Japan) was in town to film the event, as a part of their documentary program on Balkan Haiku. It might be the first time Tolmin had seen that many Asian faces.

During the next two days, we listened to the presentations, exchanged the views on haiku. It was refreshing to listen to so many Europeans and to know that haiku is very popular in Europe. Thanks to Ion Codrescu, many of us have become familiar with Romanian haiku, but I did not know that Croatia has two haiku associations!

As you might have known through *Knots*, the anthology of South Eastern European poets edited and distributed by Jim Kacian, many Balkan poets wrote about their recent experiences during the civil war.

young grasses—
the mountains bleed from a helmet
full of dreams

Dimitar Anakiev

Before the lecture, Dimitar had invited Ban'ya Natsuishi, a Japanese poet and editor of *Ginyu Magazine*, to the place where he composed this haiku. Ban'ya responded with the following :

behind a rock
on the green slope
dead soldiers' spirits

Ban'ya Natsuishi

(translated from Japanese by Fay Aoyagi)

Attendance at the conference was not huge (about 50 people), but it was an intimate gathering with enough haiku sharing. The

words of Vladimir Devide, a Croatian haiku poet and a father figure for Balkan haiku still echo in my ear: "Haiku is a kiss to nature."



**The Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial
Haiku Contest 2000**

First Prize – Margaret Chula

on Easter morning
the bread dough breathes and rises
under its damp cloth

Second Prize – Margaret Chula

blowing soap bubbles
on her eightieth birthday
the years glide away

Third Prize - Yvonne Hardenbrook

the morning paper
a black ant punctuating
the big black headline

Honorable Mentions

the cat comes indoors
to sit on the window sill
night of shooting stars

Helen Shaffer

after arguing
white magnolia blossom
cool against my cheek

Michael Dylan Welch

the winters first freeze
an empty cobweb sparkles
in the morning light

Gary Barnes

cool sunless seashore
 chair on a wet patio
 still rocking empty

Nina Wicker

the beginning of autumn—
 in the garden, grandparents
 asleep in deck chairs

Patricia Prime

Walking in bare feet—
 she moves with easy grace
 across the tiled floor

Robert Major

On the horizon,
 attended by one bright star. . .
 a sliver of moon

Robert Major

Smoky moon rising
 little boys eat marshmallows
 cooked at the campfire

Jan McMillan

tulip festival—
 the colours of all the cars
 in the parking lot

Michael Dylan Welch

Star Festival eve
 in the mail box a letter
 from an old lover

Margaret Chula

Calendar

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,

Directions: I live in a Condo complex very near Rt. 85. Going north on 85, exit at De Anza Blvd. (also called Saratoga-Sunnyvale Rd.) Turn left on De Anza to Rainbow Drive (first right after 85), follow Rainbow to Gardenside Lane, turn right, then take first left to turn right and my house is on the left at next corner .

From Rts. 280 and 101 going south, you may pick up Route 85, exit at De Anza and turn right to Rainbow, then follow directions above. On Rt. 280 going north, exit at De Anza blvd., turn left to Rainbow and follow directions above.

The complex is made up of three short streets and there are parking places on all of them. If these are all taken, you may park on Gardenside Lane.

Web Address: www.yukiteikei.org