



the haiku study-work journal

of the

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIII:6

November December 2000

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

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 3936 | shuffling footsteps<br>both ends of the wooden bridge<br>disappear into fog  | 3944 | winter morning –<br>the dog sneezes<br>on my bare foot                         |
| 3937 | a damp autumn mist<br>streaks the smooth granite<br>broken musket            | 3945 | cypress branch scripture<br>the passage<br>of woodborers                       |
| 3938 | frontier crossing -<br>barbed wire gates unblinking<br>across a shared field | 3946 | If I could just watch<br>the entire tree turn yellow--<br>liquid amber         |
| 3939 | looking for a vice<br>another match<br>goes out                              | 3947 | Boxing Day blues<br>gift to exchange<br>left at home                           |
| 3940 | waiting for<br>the work day to end<br>a vulture's slow circles               | 3948 | forty years, forty years<br>the old part of the graveyard<br>becomes a new one |
| 3941 | Thanksgiving turkey<br>not wanting to trap<br>the mice                       | 3949 | dark winter morning<br>in my bed<br>cough in the street                        |
| 3942 | morning chill –<br>my turtlenecks<br>down from the closet                    | 3950 | on this floor<br>my hands see better than eyes -<br>spilled rice               |
| 3943 | ponderosa cones<br>collected in a ravine . .<br>trail dust hovering          | 3951 | homesick for England<br>hiking into the winter rain<br>with this bulldog       |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 3952 | first winter rains<br>salamanders<br>Escher the trail                             | 3963 | skunk at the woodpile<br>I change my mind about<br>a fire in the grate          |
| 3953 | his beer belly<br>her foot warmer<br>the pleasures of age                         | 3964 | winter dawn<br>children at the school bus stop<br>chattering                    |
| 3954 | morning after . . .<br>the drape of amber beads<br>on her dresser top             | 3965 | gathering storm<br>inside-out overalls<br>frozen on the line                    |
| 3955 | up, up<br>into the tree of falling leaves<br>white butterfly                      | 3966 | new snow on the ground<br>two horses' heads turn in sync<br>to watch us walk by |
| 3956 | spin cycle—<br>autumn leaves turning<br>in my jacket pocket                       | 3967 | railroad station pit...<br>suspended in an updraft<br>a dead leaf twitches      |
| 3957 | no doubt my neighbor<br>thinks my stony zen garden<br>just another mess           | 3968 | what is that bug<br>flying into the sunlight<br>after last night's freeze?      |
| 3958 | pricey persimmons<br>or should I buy the cheap ones<br>in Shiki's honor           | 3969 | In the snowy field<br>Yucca spires can pierce my skin<br>despite their beauty.  |
| 3959 | on city sidewalks<br>vendors hawk their wares, silent<br>winter coat salesgirl    | 3970 | In winter's silence<br>the Heron's wings part the mist<br>above the river       |
| 3960 | saved in a book<br>an old letter<br>and her first haiku                           | 3971 | The warm winter sun<br>icy stream down the canyon<br>calls the deer to drink    |
| 3961 | a haiku exchange<br>on my late mother's birthday—<br>deepening winter             | 3972 | cold night<br>rattling wind....<br>Yield sign mocked                            |
| 3962 | fitting the talking watch<br>to my blind dad's bony wrist—<br>dry leaves clicking | 3973 | the owl shifting<br>from foot to foot<br>awaiting the dark                      |

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3974 | houseflies<br>on the windowsill<br>...unaware it is winter?                 | 3985 | winter clouds<br>brings a song of sadness<br>and falling snow               |
| 3975 | November roses<br>swinging in the wind--<br>best fragrance                  | 3986 | winter seashore<br>a desolate beach<br>has no visitors                      |
| 3976 | hard frost--<br>rising in dark for work<br>headache, bellyful               | 3987 | canyon floor<br>the apple orchard covered<br>with last night's snow         |
| 3977 | winter garden<br>yarrow stalks fallen<br>divining nothing                   | 3988 | withering wind<br>eyeing each other for food<br>old man and stray dog       |
| 3978 | note by note<br>the song drifts -<br>winter sparrow                         | 3989 | Oh! Winter fly,<br>your buzzing<br>wakens my lazy cat.                      |
| 3979 | on the Chinese baby<br>quilted clothes<br>his bare bottom                   | 3990 | suddenly move<br>to four-dimensional world<br>hibernation                   |
| 3980 | winter tree . . .<br>suet and bird seed strings<br>hung on a branch         | 3991 | which is which<br>parents and children<br>winter sparrows                   |
| 3981 | The cool morning air<br>Grows into afternoon heat<br>At the summer end.     | 3992 | the room for the aged<br>detached from the main house<br>a charcoal brazier |
| 3982 | Summer afternoon!<br>Old people talk about their days<br>in the green shade | 3993 | all his belongings<br>packed in a knapsack--<br>the river rushes on         |
| 3983 | A silverberry tree!<br>How do you bloom and bear fruit<br>I really wonder   | 3994 | married fifty years<br>great uncle tipsily<br>sings to the new moon         |
| 3984 | departing autumn<br>list of missing people grows<br>as days shorten         | 3995 | a kingfisher's<br>awkward silhouette--<br>sardine clouds                    |

3996	so many blackbirds whine from the telephone wires November warning		clicking leaves drop to clutter the reflecting pool clear sky darkening	Richard St. Clair
3997	bleak winter landscape the winds keen a thin sound Ophelia's singing		grieving-- night wind in the ticking leaves your long distance voice	Yvonne Hardenbrook
3998	the miles flying by with Willie's scratchy ballads and my hand in yours		the undercurrent of his slow death within me-- ticking leaves	Carolyn Thomas
*				
<b>Challenge Kigo for September-October Ticking and Clicking Leaves</b>				
	the only sound a ticking leaf caught in my hair	Gloria Procsal	oak grove the tick of leaves falling on leaves	Carolyn Hall
	sycamore tree covering the park bench the ticking leaves	Alan Mietlowski	flamenco dancing finished the park is empty only leaves clicking	Louise Beaven
	after autumn storm drying leaves cover the ground clicking as we walk	Eve Jeanette Blohm	straightening the fish it croaks ticking leaves	Roger Abe
	gale force wind -- clicking leaves scattered	Patricia Prime	70 <sup>th</sup> birthday-- father says he doesn't hear the ticking leaves	Michael Dylan Welch
	park bench regular stretching all his bones-- the clicking leaves	Ruth Holzer	blue mountains the dog's muzzle clicking the leaves	Karina Young
	last leaves clicking in the wind	Giovanni Malito	rolling dark clouds sun dial in full shadow-- ticking leaves	Ross Figgins

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

*selected from the lists In the Members' Anthology*

**Season:** winter months (January, early or mid-February), depth of winter, short day, winter day, early spring, lengthening days.

**Sky and Elements:** frost, hail, north wind, snow, winter cloud, winter moon/rain/wind; lingering snow, spring frost/snow.

**Landscape:** winter stream, winter mountain, winter sea, winter garden, withered moor; flooded stream, muddy road.

**Human Affairs:** bean soup, blanket, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, hunting, ice fishing, overcoat, winter desolation, Groundhog Day, Twelfth Night, Valentines Day.

**Animals:** bear, hibernation, fox, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter birds, winter bee, winter wild geese, whale; abalone, pheasant, wild birds' return.

**Plants:** carrot, celery, dried persimmon, early blossom, radish, scallion, tangerine, turnip, flowers in winter: winter camellia/ chrysanthemum/ narcissus/peony, withered or frost-nipped plants; azalea, bracken, camellia, crocus, daphne, grass sprouts, mustard, plum



*Young Leaves  
An Old Way of Seeing New*

Writings on Haiku in English  
The 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Special Edition  
of Haiku Journal

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**Order from:**  
**Jean Hale**

**Members' Votes for September-October**

- Ross Figgins – 3860-2 3861-2 3862-5
- Karina Young – 3863-3 3864-6 3865-1
- Louse Beaven – 3866-1
- Donnalyn Chase – 3867-0 3868-0 3869-0
- Carolyn Thomas – 3870-0 3871-3 3872-3
- Elsie Canfield – 3873-3 3874-0 3875-2
- John Stevenson – 3876-1 3877-3 3878-32
- Jan McMillan - 3882-1 3883-0 3884-1
- Richard St. Clair – 3885-1 3886-1 3887-2
- Christine Doreian Michaels – 3888-1 3889-0 3890-0
- Teruo Yamagata – 3891-0 3892-1 3893-1
- Gloria Procsal – 3894-1 3895-4 3896-2
- Giovanni Malito – 3897-3 3898-0 3899-2
- Richard Bruckhart – 3900-3 3901-3 3902-1
- Patricia Prime - 3903-6 3904-2 3905-1
- Yvonne Hardenbrook – 3906-1 3907-1 3908-5
- Eve Jeanette Blohm – 3909-1 3910-1 3911-1
- Michael Dylan Welch – 3912-2 3913-1 3914-3
- W. Elliott Greig – 3915-1 3916-0 3917-
- Fay Aoyagi – 3918-0 3919-1 3920-1
- Dave Bachelor – 3921-7 3922-2 3923-4
- Joan Zimmerman – 3924-1 3925-5 3926-1
- Claris Moore – 3927-2 3928-5 3929-3
- Roger Abe – 3930-4 3931-2 3932-2
- Karen Grimnes – 3933-0 3934-4 3935-2

**September October Haiku Voted Best  
by Reader of Geppo**

far apart  
we ride home  
from the therapist

**Dave Bachelor**

Long ride without her  
the moon beside me  
through the night

**Karina Young**

near the summit  
resting on separate rocks —  
autumn loneliness

**Patricia Prime**

the wind whistles –  
a boneless crow man  
bojangles in time

Ross Figgins

autumn  
creeping down the mountain  
one day at a time

Yvonne Hardenbrook

first day of autumn  
noticing her friend's new  
wrinkles

Joan Zimmerman

fiftieth reunion  
surreptitiously glancing  
at name tags

Claris Moore

descending the dune  
into someone's footprints  
a raven's harsh call

Gloria Procsal

poetry reading  
my date  
asleep

Dave Bachelor

pinned to the gray sky  
a Monarch Butterfly  
struggles in the wind

Roger Abe

autumn dusk  
between leaves on water  
the silent trees

Karen Grimnes



**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 February 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**

**Dojins Corner**

by

**Patricia J. Machmiller and Jerry Ball**

This month Jerry chose 3903, 3904, and 3912 from a longer list that included 3887, 3906, 3908, and 3914. Jerry says that he considered 3908 to be a runner-up. Patricia chose 3891, 3920, and 3934.

3891 out of sight  
but not out of mind  
autumn butterfly

pjm: This haiku affords us the opportunity to delve more deeply into how a kigo works as a poetic device in haiku. I hope you will bear with me as I digress from discussing the poem and focus on a more general discussion of the butterfly as a kigo. Autumn butterfly, winter butterfly, butterfly (understood to evoke spring), and summer butterfly are very old references to nature and are found in renga, tanka, and, before that, waka, a poetry form that goes back to the 8th century in Japan. In fact, references to the butterfly to evoke a season and certain feelings associated with that season can be traced back to even earlier uses in Chinese poetry. Not all kigo have such a long literary tradition as this. The traditional meanings of these kigo developed over centuries have been codified, if you will, in saijiki used by modern Japanese haiku writers. Kiyoko Tokutomi and I translated these traditional butterfly references into English and documented them in a regional saijiki we were creating for the Monterey Bay area in California. Here are a few excerpts from that book (the prose has been paraphrased for brevity):

The butterfly, a spring kigo, is lively and colorful; its bouncy flight and upward mating spirals give the feeling of lightness, of dance, of high spirits. [The following haiku by Shuson similar in sense and sensibility to 3891 had been given as an example of the use of the butterfly as a spring kigo in one of the Japanese saijiki]:

inside and outside of  
memory the butterfly  
starts flying

The summer butterfly is usually large and colorful; the swallowtail would be considered typical of this kigo

Even in autumn, butterflies bring spring, says one saijiki. Autumn butterflies are considered to be small, not-so-bright butterflies that evoke a

feeling of wistfulness, a heightened sense of fragility, and of beauty quickly passing; they are held in tender and compassionate regard. An example by Ryota from one of the saijiki:

are you tired  
resting there on the bare earth,  
autumn butterfly?

The winter butterfly is smaller, less active, sleepy. Butterflies are cold-blooded and need external heat to activate their metabolism, observes one saijiki.

winter butterfly  
crosses my window  
does not come back

**Ume-no-mon**

Recognizing that there are some specific butterfly species that these traditional definitions do not cover (the Monarch, for instance, with its migration patterns does not fit into these categories), they do hold a good deal of wisdom, nonetheless and are tied to a long literary history which is a valuable source of enrichment for reading any particular haiku. Which brings us back to haiku 3891. We can ask how well does the kigo, autumn butterfly, fit or resonate with the sense of the haiku. Would summer butterfly or butterfly work? They certainly would give the haiku a different perspective or feeling, but they don't, in my view, resonate as well. How about winter butterfly? This kigo gives a totally different and dire perspective/ feeling. For me, it is the most evocative of all the choices. Even the way it plays against the allusion to the earlier spring haiku of Shuson in its theme of beginning, the winter kigo is more effective, I think. I will say I am not positive about my assessment here. The haiku, as it was written is very well done and the subtlety of autumn butterfly appeals to me, as well. Which of the two kigo serve the haiku best is a matter requiring contemplation over time, a happy prospect for this time of winter solitude, I would say.

jb: I thought about this haiku too, but did not select it as a final choice. While I like the idea expressed, for me the "out of sight, out of mind" is a cliché. I would like to see these

lines done in more specific terms. I think the idea is good, but I wish the author would show it rather than tell it in these general terms. On the positive side, I agree with Patricia that this is a good use of the kigo, autumn butterfly.

3903     near the summit  
          resting on separate rocks  
          autumn loneliness

jb: This is a straightforward haiku with a clear image. Two people climbing have chosen to rest on separate rocks. It's so much like many relationships where two go through the motions of joining in a common task without really having their heart into it. It is a role without a soul. Of course, then, we have autumn loneliness. This image might also work with the kigo, spring melancholy, but in autumn, loneliness has a special significance. In autumn one doesn't have many chances for new joint ventures; time is running out. Also, the image of resting on rocks suggests an austere quality to the venture and the relationship. This haiku leaves me wondering if I might not have tried a little harder with some of the ventures I've tried.

pjm: A mountain peak is separate from all else in the landscape, even other peaks, and two climbers who made the arduous journey to the top now sitting and resting, perhaps contemplating their journey, are also isolated in the landscape of the poem. The poem reminds us that even though we may travel together along the road of life as we near the end (the summit), we are always alone and this aloneness is reflected in the exterior landscape of the haiku and the interior landscape of the heart.

3904     beginning of autumn  
          the sound of an axe  
          biting wood

jb: Here we have a good example of the shasei or nature sketch haiku. The author simply sets out the images for our inspection, but the choice of images resonates more strongly than the simple sum of its parts.

This makes a good shasei. I once heard Sharon Olds say that when she writes she tries to eliminate most of the adjectives and all the self-pity. This haiku does exactly that. It is minimal with a bite. Notice that the word biting can indeed have a literal and a figurative meaning and these meanings relate consistently to form a strong image. What this calls to mind is the gathering of wood as preparation for winter. In how many ways does one do this? We prepare for winter, yet winter will come.

pjm: There are small resonances within this haiku that reflect back and forth in the mind: the chill air of autumn makes the ring of the axe sharper; the notion of the beginning of autumn creates the sense that we hear the axe at its first swing; the bite of the axe parallels the bite in the autumn air; and just as autumn signals the end of the year, so too the axe signals the end of the tree. So the poem pings with revelations, each one sparking another as the reader journeys into this mental and emotional arcade which, hopefully, won't cause us to lose sight of the need to, as Jerry says, prepare for winter — the surface reading of the haiku.

3912     frost on the pumpkin  
          the mail today  
          arrives early

jb: Again we have a shasei style haiku. The author lays out the facts: frost on the pumpkin, and the mail arrives early. Could it be that the mailman is hurrying because of the cold? When I read this verse I feel that I am part of a bigger picture where the oncoming winter demands attention and preparation. As one who is older, this process has been repeated many times, and there is immediacy in this haiku. I wonder how this haiku appeals to younger readers?

pjm: Both frost and pumpkin are autumn kigo and each speaks to me strongly in different ways. In order to make clear the confusion I feel, let me offer these two truncated versions of this haiku (with apologies to the author) for purposes of clarifying my dilemma:

(1) frost: the mail arrives early



This version gives an image of the mailman hurrying through his (or her) tasks even before the frost is gone. There is an urgency here, whereas in

(2) pumpkin: the mail arrives early(!)

there is an element of joy in the expectation, of receiving a letter, of communicating with the larger world.

I think the poem would be better served if either one or the other kigo were used and the perception were developed to support the one kigo.

3920 colorless wind  
the flag for two Koreas  
marching the stadium

pjm: This haiku is a masterful complex of associations as well as a haiku of unusual subject matter. The inspiration for this haiku was the recent Olympic spectacle in Sydney, Australia, in which the athletes of the two Koreas, divided for half a century, marched in the opening and closing ceremonies under a single flag, the Unification Flag. The Unification Flag had as its central emblem the whole Korean peninsula in blue placed on a white ground, the background of the North Korean flag being blue and the background of the South Korean flag being white.

Colorless wind (a traditional Japanese autumn kigo probably derived from an earlier poetic expression used in Chinese poetry, white wind) evokes the loneliness of autumn. The word, colorless, supports the idea in the poem of unity, of seamlessness, of erasing divisiveness while the loneliness evoked by the autumn kigo reminds us of the sadness of isolation and division. The association of white, never stated directly in the poem itself, is called up both by the kigo and the flag of two Koreas. To South Koreans the white in their flag symbolizes the purity of the Korean people and their peace-loving spirit. To Westerners, white is the color of hope.

jb: Again, this haiku appeals to me but did not end in my final list. First, I don't see what the kigo is (this may be my ignorance, of course), and second, I'd like to see something done with the last line. I agree with Patricia that this haiku has a strong message about the uniting of Korea and the development of world peace. However, again the line "marching the stadium" is a little general for me. I don't get a strong picture. I realize this is a tough thing to do. I've spent some time wanting to tinker with that line, so far . . . nothing. I wonder if the author was actually present at the games?

3934 autumn dusk  
between leaves on water  
the silent trees

pjm: It is the image in this haiku and the order in which the perceptions unfold that appeals to me — the fact that a reflection is revealed without calling it a reflection. I think the sound of the haiku could be heightened a bit by considering either evening or twilight as replacements for dusk. I prefer twilight; the two long *i* vowels set up an expectation for the long *i* in "silent" and that long *i* is embedded between the long *e* vowel of "between," "leaves," and "trees."

jb: I agree with Patricia, this is a fine haiku. It is a still life, a quiet autumn scene. I get an image that resonates. This haiku relies on the use of inversion (i.e. the reversed word order) for its effect and this inversion relates to the fact that the author is witnessing a mirror image. This dramatic technique has often been overused, but in this case I think it works. I like the word dusk. I wonder how the haiku would work if the first and third line were interchanged: the silent trees / between leaves on water / autumn dusk? In this case the haiku becomes more lyrical and tends to be understated. My compliments to the author.

Please send us your comments at

We look forward to hearing from you. Please note these are new email addresses.

**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat 2000**  
by Patrick Gallagher

This year's retreat was housed at the Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, California, under Monterey pines and cypresses, and overlooking the beach and the Pacific Ocean. On Thursday the retreat started for those who could get there early with a picnic lunch and nature walks at Point Lobos, in thin fog. A highlight of the walks was the sight of a sea otter with a baby on her stomach. By evening the travelers from southern California and the Midwest had arrived. Roger Abe, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society President, opened the meeting with a greeting and a meditation. Self-introductions were made, each person describing the haiku path that had brought them to the retreat. A special welcome was provided to the keynote speaker, Emiko Miyashita, Dojin of the Ten'i haiku group. Also, our thoughts and expressions of respect went out to Yoshiko Yoshino, who had originally been invited as keynote speaker but was unable to attend the Conference. Winners of the Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest were announced, with applause for First and Second Place winner, Maggie Chula, and Third Place winner, Yvonne Hardenbrook, as well as numerous Honorable Mention awards.

On Friday morning Patrick Gallagher described for the conferees the Haiku Season Word project, which is underway and moving towards the goal of publishing a guide to season words for the San Francisco Bay area. Time to explore the dunes and beach was provided for the rest of the morning. After lunch, Emiko Miyashita and Lee Gurga provided an enthusiastically-received reading from *Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love*, their recently published translation of Masajo's haiku. Following the reading, poets created art to display with their poems, and their works were posted in the meeting room for the rest of the conference.

Friday evening Emiko Miyashita presented the conference keynote address, "Kukai: Sharing and Growing Together." She described the kukai as it is practiced by the Ten'i group under the leadership of Dr. Akira Arima, who requires a season word and 5-7-5

count (in Japanese) for each haiku. She related how the kukai practice leads to improvement of each participant's haiku writing. Of particular interest is that a poem is not considered to exist unless it receives at least one vote in the kukai. Appreciative discussion followed Mrs. Miyashita's talk, and the listeners were left eager for the next day's kukai.

On Saturday morning, Ranger Roxanne led a tour of the original YWCA Asilomar buildings, designed by Julia Morgan in the Arts & Crafts style. The ranger was very successful in evoking the early history of Asilomar from the viewpoints of the founders, Julia Morgan, the young women who attended the first sessions, and the young women and men who staffed the camp.

Saturday afternoon Emiko Miyashita led a Ten'i-style kukai based on poems that had been submitted in writing before the Retreat. Each participant was provided with a sheet showing all the haiku (anonymous) and a selection sheet. Each person wrote her or his name on the selection sheet, and copied onto it their top five favorite haiku of those submitted to the kukai. The selection sheets were collected, and Claire Gallagher and Lee Gurga took turns reading them out, naming the selector, then reading the selected poems. After each poem was read the author was supposed to speak out her or his name. This was amazingly difficult for most of the poets. As each author was identified, Emiko led applause and expressions of congratulations for the birthday of their poem. A tally was made of votes for each poem and the highest vote-getters identified. Then Emiko read out her ten selections for praise and comment, and her five selections for high praise. Here again the participants were asked to identify themselves by name when their poem was read. Each of the highly-praised selections received a gift.

The traditional kasen renku-writing party was held Saturday evening, with Kiyoko Tokutomi as Master. Emiko Miyashita provided the hokku, and the writing moved along at a spirited pace. Newcomers to renku caught on quickly and made many contributions to the final selections. The

thirty-sixth verse was completed just before midnight, when we had to scurry out so Security could lock up the meeting room.

Another kukai, based on the form taught to the Society by Clark Strand, was led by Patrick Gallagher on Sunday morning. This kukai used poems written at the Retreat, each poet submitting two poems. The poems were collected by Patrick, numbered, and read aloud by him proceeding through all the poems three times. On the third reading each poet voted for her or his favorites. Each poet had five votes. After each poem was voted upon, for those poems that received a least one vote, the author was to speak out her or his name. Most of the poets had learned their names by this time. A tally was made of the votes for each poem and the highest vote-getters were recognized.

After lunch and good-byes to those leaving at noon, the other poets paid a short visit to the attractive Barnyard shopping center and then took an extended walk through Mission San Carlos Borromeo in Carmel. The monuments on the grounds and the exhibits in the Mission Museum helped to tie the present beautiful buildings and grounds of the Basilica to the historic colonial church.

Many of those who attended the Retreat expressed hope that they could return to Asilomar for the next Yuki Teikei Haiku Society retreat there, presently scheduled for January 10-13, 2002.

**Yuki Teikei Asilomar Renku 2000**

Taking part in the Renku were:

Emiko Miyashita	Jeanne Emrich
Claire Gallagher	Peggy Lehman-Smith
Patrick Gallagher	Michael Dylan Welch
June Hymas	Una Gast
Helen Cunningham	Wendy Wright
Eugenie Waldteufel	Jerry Ball
Roger Abe	Carol Steele
Kiyoko Tokutomi	Pat Machmiller

California surf  
in our country's direction  
sanderlings and willets Emiko

moon so radiant  
it illuminates your path Claire

howling autumn wind  
covering my footsteps  
while I'm watching Patrick

a small box of blue buttons  
at the back of a drawer June

between the leaves  
tree frogs chirp incessantly  
to a steady beat Helen

reaching for a shade hat  
a daddy long legs instead Eugenie

absentmindedly  
something stuck on my forehead  
smiles in their faces Roger

she leaves the meeting  
to hug her husband Jeanne

**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 th U.S. and Canada and \$25.00 International, which includes membership in the Society.*

**Editor • Jean Hale**  
**Design • Alice Benedict**  
**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society**

*2000-2002 Officers*  
*Roger Abe, President, Anne Homan,, Vice President*  
*Patricia Machmiller, Treasurer, Jean Hale -Secretary*  
*Kiyoko Tokutomi , Board Member at Large*

twenty-five years the sash of her dressing gown yields softly	Claire	the ache in his back find its way down to his feet and back up again	Jerry
Pachelbel fills my car the wipers keeping time	Peggy	morning walk beside the lake picnic tables all taken	Carol
opening the door then wondering how much the suitcase not taken weighs	Wendy	an old resentment he sees the empty chair but will not take it	Helen
his head under our pipes the plumbers jeans slide south	Claire	bittersweet chocolate on your tongue when we kiss	Claire
winter moon my neighbor draws the curtains his wife opens them	Jerry	running through the street naked the breeze blowing in his hair (oops!) she wakes in a sweat	Peggy
scrunching ice on the sidewalk happy children out to play	Kiyoko	no justice, no gold medal positive blood test results	Roger
guilty dog eyes <i>one of the three did two</i> on the floor	Peggy	Look at that moon! the pub's regulars crowd the narrow door	Eugenie
another debate the candidates agree to agree	Jeanne	leaves on her desk arranged by colour	Michael
after the harshness cherry blossoms bud out Hakone Gardens	Carol	a chilly night he offers her a surprise in a <i>furoshiki</i>	Jerry
baseball opening day the home team wins in spirit	Patrick	the final bows are taken soon the theater is empty	Peggy
so good we thought then the markets got prickly artichoke.com	Roger	trilobites pattern hundred million year old rock— cypress roots	Claire
churchgoers from different churches argue heatedly who is right	Helen	logjams in the river early spring trout	Una

fluffy drifting clouds—  
 a bridge connecting  
 islands of cherry blossoms                      Emiko

over the trough a horsefly  
 in widespread circles skyward                      Patricia

The Sound of Haiku  
 By Edith Shiffert

I have been thinking about why for myself I prefer to make haiku in the five-seven-five syllable form. This was true from my first contact with it in Japanese while resident in Honolulu from 1938. But probably the really important reasons were that when I came to Kyoto in 1963 I lived for two years with a Zen temple family. My two small rooms were separated from the Buddha Hall only by sliding doors and every morning at about five a.m. for two years I would hear the good Reverend Tokai in the next room alone performing the morning Zen service accenting it with his steady drum beats, Japanese language as sound and rhythm, which in winter was broken by his coughing. During those same two years and for a third when I lived in Kyoto's northeast, every Sunday I was the guest of American poet, Professor Lindley Williams Hubbel, along with several other of his friends, in his private box at Kyoto's Kongo No Gakudo Theater. There, rhythms in Japanese along with the Myoshinja Temple chanting went deep within me and can never be erased. For me Japanese is a rhythmical language and haiku are a sort of musical form so I could not attempt them without listening to or hearing in them music as meaning or art.

During the seven years I worked on the Buson translations for my book, *Haiku Master Buson*, I worked by ear. Impossible, but for me, necessary. My Japanese collaborator would select a few he considered interesting, give a quick oral description, and read the haiku in Japanese. He would give me a copy of the Japanese in Romanji (the Western alphabet), so I could

read it over and over to myself and hear it. I would check each word I put into English with my dictionaries and read and reread it aloud as I shaped the whole into what was the closest I could get to the right sound. I know this seems ridiculous but after my years of hearing Buddhist rituals and Noh Theater as well as daily Japanese language all around me, as sound, I did not know how else to do what I wanted to do with the haiku. From working with Buson's haiku, I came to respect and like him; I could regard him as sort of a friend, and faulty as my results were, they were an attempt to give his sounds and feelings as what had led me to appreciate his work.

Reading Patricia Machmüller's essay on haiku (recently published in *Young Leaves*, the 25th Anniversary Issue of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society), I suddenly remember how the sound of haiku caught me when I was still in my twenties and that is probably why I had my husband, Minoru Sawano, demonstrate the sound of language in Japanese Buddhism, Shinto, theater, poetry, etc., when we were given the opportunity to speak to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society at Asilomar in 1985. I wanted to make it clear that the sound of haiku was a conscious part of serious composition by the best haiku poets.



Haiku composed at the Palace Park in Kyoto:

We sit on a bench  
 and a hundred pigeons come.  
 Faith in being fed.

Old man and turtles  
 by the summer pond with bread,  
 giving and getting.

Edith Shiffert is the author or translator of a number of books, including *Haiku Master Buson*, *Kyoto Dwelling*, *The Light Comes Slowly*, and *In the Ninth Decade*. In her ninth decade she lives with her husband, Minoru Sawano, in Kyoto, Japan.

**Challenge Kigo for January-February**  
**Toyon**  
*Heteromeles arbutifolia*

An evergreen shrub or small tree native to the chaparral and dry wooded foothills, toyon bears prodigious clusters of red berries in the winter. This festive bounty and the glossy toothed leaves inspire the common names Christmas Berry and California Holly. It is thought that masses of this shrub growing in the hills above the present-day Hollywood gave the community its name. Both the Indians and the Spanish Californios considered the sweet spicy berries to be a treat; flocks of wintering birds still do. Toyon's bright green leaves and brilliant berries color the short days of California winter.

mountain emblems on  
 his worn hiking stick breathless  
 under the toyon

D. Claire Gallagher

twinkle of sunlight  
 in the toyon berries –  
 our train clatters on

Ebba Story

**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society**  
**Officers for 2001**

President –	Roger Abe
Vice President –	Anne Homan
Treasurer –	Patricia Machmiller
Secretary –	Jean Hale
Member at Large	Kiyoko Tokutomi

**2001 Calendar**  
**of Meetings and Events**

**January 13** - Meeting 1:30 p.m., Small Conference Room, East Valley Health Center (EVHC), 1993 McKee Road, San Jose

**February 10** - Winter Haiku Workshop, 1:30 p.m., EVHC

**March 10** - Meeting 1:30 p.m., EVHC

**April 14** - Spring Haiku Workshop, 1:30 pm, Japanese Friendship Garden, Kelley Park, 1300 Senter Rd., San Jose\*

**May 12** - Haiku in the Teahouse "Young Voices", 1:30 p.m, Japanese Friendship Garden\*  
 •••This annual spring reading is sponsored by YTHS, the City of San Jose and Arts Council Silicon Valley•••

**June 9** - Ginkgo (haiku writing walk), 1:30 p.m., Hakone Garden, Saratoga\*

**July 14** - Tanabata Celebration (Party), 6:00 p.m , Livermore

**August 11** - Meeting 1:30 p.m., EVHC

**September 30** - Moon-Viewing Party, 6:00 p.m., Sunnyvale

**October 13** - Autumn Haiku Workshop, 1:30 p.m. Japanese Friendship Garden

**November 10** - Kukai (haiku review, submit poems in advance), 1:30 p.m., EVHC

**December 8** - Holiday Potluck, 6:00 p.m., TBD

Note: The next Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat at Asilomar will be held on January 11-14, 2002.

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