

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIV: 3

May June 2001

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 4130 | summer picnic
on the bee's hairy legs
fois gras | 4138 | so many paths
crisscrossing the hillside
to the spring creek |
| 4131 | the larger the blossoms
the meaner the thorns
"Peace" rose | 4139 | A-Bomb Day again –
awaiting her breast x-ray
cancer survivor |
| 4132 | blue Monday
the skylark's call
chirr-up chirr-up | 4140 | such delicacy
the old woman
her small bare feet |
| 4133 | North on I-5
farmworkers
crowd the truck | 4141 | at the rodeo
suddenly proud
of his bow legs |
| 4134 | boarding the bus
The Mexican maids
innumerable transfers | 4142 | now silent landslide
still blocking the country road
summer butterfly |
| 4135 | hundred of gulls
above the fish restaurant
back and forth | 4143 | the pebble boy throw
skipped along the water surface
summer vacation |
| 4136 | upon her mantel
behind yellowed photographs
spider threads | 4144 | the dry ground
absorbed the water at once
daylight saving time |
| 4137 | prancing foal
its tail held high on a run
across the pasture | 4145 | spring dream
school children crowd
the congested streets |
-

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 4146 | spring dream
school children leave concert hall
echoes of singing | 4157 | breeze through the window...
it's too early to put away
the extra blankets |
| 4147 | band shell
a summer concert in park
a distant dream | 4158 | just a trim -
spring rain drapes
my still damp hair |
| 4148 | Memorial Day
the purple rose
she always wore | 4159 | during my run,
pausing to count
the camouflaged ducklings |
| 4149 | first picking
a small ant follows
spinach to the pot | 4160 | feline cries of passion
old couple roused
fall asleep again |
| 4150 | lingering dusk—
the reverence
in her lined face | 4161 | beach path
bordered by sunflowers
ends at vending machine |
| 4151 | trying to focus
through a streaky old window—
distant circling crows | 4162 | rival's book reviewed
seeking humility
I read it |
| 4152 | almost stepped on it,
belly-up bumblebee
so still on the sidewalk | 4163 | white azaleas
make this afternoon
seem cooler |
| 4153 | a squirrel peering
into my room. . . as I freeze
he scurries away | 4164 | honeylocust—
white flags waving:
take notice |
| 4154 | just past the bend
in the woodland trail
violets | 4165 | after rain—
striking the oriole's breast
a sunbeam! |
| 4155 | spring rain
seeping into everything
the scent of grass | 4166 | no mail today
even the windbells
empty |
| 4156 | departing spring
just one plum blossom
left on each tree | 4167 | Venus hanging
from the new moon's horn
spring twilight |

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4168 something slams the gate
a swirl of dry leaves
resettles</p> <p>4169 in silence he cuts
flowers from his own garden
Memorial Day</p> <p>4170 on the stylist's shelf—
one stalk of purple iris
in a clear glass vase</p> <p>4171 late evening light—
a baby rabbit returns
to the hedge shadows</p> <p>4172 grapes in the arbor—
your hand touches mine
as we pick</p> <p>4173 summer dew--
the park bench dry
at one end</p> <p>4174 mountain shadows—
we move our lawn chairs
along with the sun</p> <p>4175 almost invisible
in the flowing water –
bare feet</p> <p>4176 over summer hills
a hot-air balloon –
its sudden flare</p> <p>4177 broken stem
a caterpillar probes
beyond</p> <p>4178 Judean hillside
between the barbed wire barbs
a swinging sparrow</p> | <p>4179 cherry blossoms –
a bumble bee is crawling
upon a candy wrapper</p> <p>4180 he asks, "no ice"
the waiter brings water
with no lime either</p> <p>4181 billowing cloud spreads
dark blue shadows the landscape
couple in silence</p> <p>4182 flaunting their feathers
oil-slick grackles rasp in yard
shed door's rusty hinge</p> <p>4183 edged with d'oiley frill
forget-me-nots fill posy
old friend's grateful smile</p> <p>4184 Tipping up
beside the dredging bucket
— a duck's tail.</p> <p>4185 Meadow rivulet –
bankside bee gurgles
in a foxglove</p> <p>4186 A stirring breeze –
reflected chains of moored boats
breaking in ripples</p> <p>4187 pausing at twilight ...
to watch bats
scoop the air</p> <p>4188 under the birdfeeder—
a displaced turkey
dines with a chipmunk</p> <p>4189 Mother's Day
planting dahlias...
she watches from her wheelchair</p> |
|---|--|

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 4190 | Oil baron's villa;
sparrows feather their nest
under the roof tiles | 4201 | flowers gone
the trees make do
with leaves and style |
| 4191 | Her-high school yearbook ...
each face stares at a future
beyond the camera | 4202 | in my cubicle,
leaving some of her perfume
and some of her work |
| 4192 | Shadows sweep the grass;
headstones stand as gnomons
of unmarked sundials | 4203 | fawns frolic
around a rusted
Edsel |
| 4193 | splashes of scarlet –
frail pond reeds bend in the wind
mating of dragonflies | 4204 | bones in the meadow
the boys have
a sword fight |
| 4194 | behold Orion rise –
chill off the frozen mountain
long owl lit nights | 4205 | the music
of Niagara Falls –
a Canadian folk tune |
| 4195 | the pier, a memory
white gulls philister
blackened pilings | 4206 | two kittens
one ball of yarn
...détente |
| 4196 | scent of acacia
on gold yellow blossoms sent
sneezing to the sky | 4207 | cloudbreak...
the rain-sopped dog
scatters rainbows |
| 4197 | moon catches her glow
as she makes horizon blush
soon he turns sky white | 4208 | sun through colored glass
shines rainbow on the floor –
grandsons snatch at it |
| 4198 | blue dragonfly rests
on top of two blades of grass
while me on thousands | 4209 | Before the storm comes
the windchimes start to tinkle
louder and louder |
| 4199 | orange dragon flies
high on the mountainside
a maiden's laughter | 4210 | Rocking on the porch
the song of the nightingale
fills the still evening |
| 4200 | a bench in shade
old folks plotting
their next move | 4211 | ocean fog—
I can't recall the name
of my first lover |

- | | | |
|---|---|----------------------------|
| <p>4212 thin dust
on her piano—
a cicada's born</p> | <p>holding
onto the moon
vernal pool</p> | <p>Carolyn Thomas</p> |
| <p>4213 Angel island—
fragment of the summer
I share with the wind</p> | <p>vernal pool
the shapes
of the past</p> | <p>Michael Dylan Welch</p> |
| <p>Challenge Kigo
Vernal Pool</p> | | |
| <p>intent children
seeking the last fairy shrimp
in a vernal pool</p> | <p>this clear evening
many more stars
in the vernal pool</p> | <p>Patricia Prime</p> |
| <p>after the thunderstorm
reflections of sky and clouds
in vernal pool</p> | <p>Spring pond in the field . . .
migrating ducks settle down
to rest for the night</p> | <p>Robert Major</p> |
| <p>Vernal pool
something breaks the surface—
my fading lifeline</p> | <p>rings of wild flowers
the ages of a vernal pond
here, feel the dampness</p> | <p>Ross Figgins</p> |
| <p>from the vernal pool
behind the old stone wall,
a single black fly</p> | <p>pink at dawn
the vernal pond maps
the contours of the land</p> | <p>Patrick Gallagher</p> |
| <p>vernal pool
adrift on its surface
a few loose clouds</p> | <p>vernal pool
on the mountaintop
we take our rest</p> | <p>John Stevenson</p> |
| <p>endangered species
keeping the bulldozers away
from these vernal pools</p> | <p>long winter
but lives thrive. . .
vernal pool</p> | <p>Giovanni Malito</p> |
| <p>blossoms reflected
in the garden's vernal pool
...chickadee too</p> | <p>a photo
of her secret lover
— vernal pools</p> | <p>Fay Aoyagi</p> |

Members' Votes for March April

Carolyn Hall -4067-1 4068-5 4069-9
 Yvonne Hardenbrook -4070-4 4071-1 4072-10
 Eve J. Blohm - 4073-0 4074-0 4075-1
 Teruo Yamagata - 4076-1 4077-5 4078-2
 Anne Homan - 4079-1 4080-7 4081-2
 Joan Ward - 4082-6 4083-4 4084-0
 Gloria Procsal - 4085-6 4086-1 4087-1
 Carolyn Thomas - 4088-7 4089-4 4090-0
 Ross Figgins - 4091-3 4092-1 4093-1
 Richard St. Clair - 4094-6 4095-6 4096-2
 Ruth Holzer - 4097-0 4098-3 4099-1
 Michael Welch - 4100-5 4101-2 4102-0
 Pat Prime - 4103-01 4104-0 4105-3
 Kat Avila - 4106-2 4107-3 4108-6
 John Stevenson - 4109-3 4110-3 4111-9
 Dave Bachelor - 4112-2 4113-7 4114-10
 Zinovy Vayman - 4115-0 4116-0 4117-0
 Fay Aoyagi - 4118-2 4119-3 4120-0
 Giovanni Malito - 4121-0 4122-3 4123-1
 Kay Grimnes - 4124-3 4125-5 4126-2
 Claire Gallagher - 4127-2 4128-2 4129-4

Editor's Note:

Attribution was omitted in Members' Votes of the last issue for Poem Nos. 4064-5, 4065-3 and 4066-1 of Michael Dylan Welch

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

powwow twilight
 the Fancy Dancer removes
 his shades
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

frontier cemetery
 so close together
 the dates
 Dave Bachelor

Home for the Aged
 rose petals curled
 beside a crystal vase
 Carolyn Hall

no reservations
 the drama begins
 at the box office
 John Stevenson

spring wind
 wild oats restlessly surging
 in waves up the hill
 Anne Homan

first day of spring—
 the anthill that wasn't
 there yesterday
 Carolyn Thomas

ticking clock
 in a cold moonbeam
 settling dust motes
 Dave Bachelor

Easter
 shut in alone—
 saying the rosary
 Joan Ward

upset by something
 I cannot name—
 the mock rose blooms
 Gloria Procsal

out for a Spring walk
 caught behind a caravan
 of baby strollers
 Richard St. Clair

...on a park bench
 gazing out at the melting snow
 his writing hand still
 Richard St. Clair

the flowers
 from two weeks ago
 at someone else's grave
 Kat Avila

hurricane season—
 a brown leaf twirls
 at the end of spider silk
 Carolyn Hall

naked light bulb
hanging from an old tree
spring thunder

Teruo Yamagata

passing cloud—
the bush wren tips
to water in a hoofprint

Michel Dylan Welch

flooded marshland
the swoop of swallows
low over the water

Kay Grimnes

Submission Guidelines for GEPPO

Deadline for the next issue is August 10!

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
- Haiku - up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines.
- Challenge Kigo Haiku - one 3-line haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Votes - Write numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem will receive 1 point. Poems with the most votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:

Jean Hale

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 *Geppo* per year

SEASON WORDS for summer

selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology

Season: June, July, August: beginning of summer, midsummer, end of summer, summer solstice, long day, slow day, short night.

Sky and Elements: summer dew, ~ fog, ~ rain, ~ sky, ~ sun, ~ wind, south wind, scented breeze, scorching/blazing sun, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, hot, drought, coolness.

Landscape: summer hills, ~ lake, ~ moor, ~ mountains, ~ sea, ~ river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.

Human Affairs: awning, fan, beach umbrella, parasol, perfume, camp, fly swatter, fireworks, fountain, summer hat, summer house, summer vacation, summer concert/opera, ice house, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, mosquito net, midday nap, swimming, swimming pool, sunburn, sweat, sunglasses, sundress, rattan chair, reed, wind chimes, prayers for rain, cooling oneself, mowing grass, weeding, Fathers' day, Fourth of July (Independence Day), Armed Forces Day, Tanabata (Festival of the Weaver, or Star festival - traditionally, an autumn kigo).

Animals: ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, crab, cormorant, firefly, flea, louse, house fly, goldfish, blue/white/grey heron, kingfisher, moor hen or coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, silkworm, water beetle.

Plants: amaryllis, barley, summer bracken, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, summer weeds, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, calla lily, daylily, lotus, marguerite, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, phlox, pinks, rose, salvia, silk tree (mimosa), snapdragon, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca, zinnia, summer fruits and vegetables (banana, blackberry, cucumber, cherry, eggplant, green grapes, green(unripe) apple, green walnut, green peas, apricot, melon (honeydew, cantaloupe, watermelon, etc), pineapple, potato, raspberry, strawberry, tomato, zucchini

Dojins Corner

by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

From the March-April issue of GEPP0, Jerry chose 4086, 4110, and 4111. Patricia chose 4076, 4095, and 4119. They each had a few comments about their process of choosing.

pjm: On my first read-through of the haiku in the March-April issue, I compiled, as is my practice, two lists. The first is the list of haiku with the most striking first impression and the second are those, while flawed, have a glimmer of something interesting in language or image or heart. The haiku on my first list were: 4071, 4072, 4076, 4081, 4082, 4088, 4092, and 4119. The second list consisted of 4069, 4070, 4073, 4074, 4083, 4085, 4094, 4095, 4104, 4124, and 4127. After making these choices, I then let them be for several days to see if any of the images or words surface without prompting. But nothing spoke up during that gestation period so I was back rereading the poems. The one poem from the first list that survived the second (and more critical) reading was 4076.

I then turned to the second list. Upon studying this list again, I decided that 4095 had the kind of resonance that I look for in a haiku. There are others in this list that have some excellent lines. Consider, for example, "overalls hang limp on the line/ the sky yellow" from 4070. This wonderful description of an impending storm is undercut by the first line, "tornado weather." The poet could consider interchanging the first and third line and maybe change the flat, explanatory phrase "tornado weather" to something that evokes the apprehension in this moment before the storm by using a question like "tornado coming?" or a phrase such as "tornado alert!"

I learned something from 4104 (that a kauri is a New Zealand conifer), but the additional information didn't deepen the haiku for me. So I returned to the first list and chose 4119. I resisted this haiku as long as I could being always skeptical of haiku written about graves and cemeteries, words heavily freighted with emotional connotations so they attract the heart often beyond the merit of the poem.

jb: I appreciate many of the haiku (and senryu!) written. My long list included 4085, 4088, 4101, 4102, 4119, and 4126. My final three are: 4089, 4100, and 4125. I feel I should also point out that 4086, 4110, and 4111 seem to me to be clever and interesting senryu, but not haiku. There's more to haiku than bright ideas.

4076: the spire of the church
can be seen from afar
remaining snow

pjm: I imagine this church to be like the church I attended as a child, a white, wooden frame building with a single spire. It stood on a hilltop and in winter it was the only structure that stood out in the snow-covered landscape. The view in the haiku is from afar—representing a distance, perhaps, in geography, perhaps in age, or both. Perhaps the view is now a memory only, an image in our mind's eye seen years afterward, or it is an image from childhood now being reassessed as an adult. Another reading might be that the distant church represents the religion of one's youth being looked at with the perspective of age, the "remaining snow" being the spirituality that remains and is deepened after being tested in the trials of daily living.

Or the poem could speak to the dying prairie towns with their declining populations. As fewer and fewer people make their living by farming so, too, congregations dwindle like the "remaining snow."

Or the poem could be read as a social commentary on the morality of our current society, the spire of the church representing the values of a different and older generation and the "remaining snow" the pockets of purity and spiritual strength that seem to be ever-shrinking.

The many readings and perspectives offered by this haiku are its source of appeal and enjoyment.

jb: I agree with Patricia that this is a fine haiku. I feel remiss in not including it on my list. It is a shasei—a nature sketch—and the parts work well together. The image fits well with the kigo and together they produce a strong emotional response.

4089: vernal equinox –
 footprints in the creek bed
 parting the snow

jb: There is a sense in which holding onto, or clinging to, things too long is like winter. Winter is a time of inhibition, and to separate from winter (sometimes grudgingly) seems to need a demarcation. Part of life is to be accustomed to the cold and to know its certainties. Part of life is to cling to such certainties. Here we have the parallel of the "vernal equinox" and the "footprints" that "part the snow." Even the snow itself is tenuous in that it can be parted. It is the end of the snow, the remaining snow. How often do we cling to those things or memories that signal a time of cold? There is a time for letting go. That's how I read this haiku.

pjm: The interplay between "parting" and "equinox" is overpowered for me by the chasm between the opening reference to "vernal equinox" which squarely places the poem in the middle of spring only to be jarringly wrenched into winter by the final, unmodified reference to "snow." In Jerry's reading he actually put in the notion of "remaining snow." If the poem used this kigo, it would help. Other kigo to consider might be "spring snow" or "melting snow."

4095: ... on a park bench
 gazing out at the melting snow
 his writing hand still

pjm: The human process of writing is interrupted, but the natural process of the melting of the snow goes on as does the time that it represents, and we all watch with the writer as time and our lives move inexorably on toward a certain and unalterable end.

jb: I like this haiku as well with a proviso or two. First I think there's too much going on. The author hasn't decided if this is a narrative (i.e. a story about a writer) or a picture (the image of a lonely person on a park bench). Second, both of these images are already well documented. That's not to say they can't be done again, but – for me – it will take something special to make the poem work.

4100: passing cloud –
 the bush wren tips
 to water in a hoof print

jb: In this haiku we have a tiny event that speaks to us of transition. Clearly the passing cloud and the bush wren tell us that the time is that of spring rains. The ground is soft enough for "hoof prints." As observers we are making our own marks in the earth, we cannot avoid it. Then, a "passing cloud," and we watch a "bush wren" "tip" to the "water in the hoof print." The author of this verse seems to me to have a very good eye. I wonder if I would have seen this tiny event that tells me I must "get on with life." I'm happy this event was seen and recorded.

pjm: The integration and complexity of nature are hinted at here. The cycle of water in all its phases and the dependence of all of us—large animal, small bird, human observer—on it is in this sketch. Jerry believes that he can see that it is spring in this haiku. If this is so, the indications are a bit too subtle for me. I think the haiku could benefit from use of a specific kigo. By mentioning one season, the poet brings in the suggestion of the cycle of seasons. And by avoiding the specific mention of a season, the seasonal aspect of this complex world is lost. How do you think the poem would work if the passing cloud were a spring cloud (light and fluffy with an air of changeableness)? A summer or billowing cloud (large towering cumulus)? An autumn cloud (heavy, gray rain cloud)? A sardine cloud (an autumn cloud formation made of small, cirrus-like clouds arranged like fish scales; it is considered to be a harbinger of rain)? Or a winter cloud (swiftly moving clouds presaging a snowstorm or blizzard)? My personal favorites are "spring cloud" and "sardine cloud" for this haiku; I would have to spend more time reflecting on them to determine which would be my final choice

4119 looking down
 at soldiers' graves
 white magnolia

pjm: Magnolias are so solemn and regal; this poem uses that sense of the towering presence of the trees to honor the soldiers. The poem leaves unstated the fact that in most cemeteries in which veterans are buried the markers are simple crosses or headstones and are often white. White comes into the poem through the simple description of the magnolia blossoms and gives us the hint we need to fill in the image with white rows of markers marching across the hills under the great trees. A simple and eloquent tribute to the fallen.

jb: I also like this haiku. This is an image appropriate to Memorial Day which gains its strength from the memories of friends and family gone. I thought quite a bit about this verse, but decided not to include it in my top three for two reasons: (1) it depends on the grammatical inversion for some of its effect. The substance of this haiku is simply the sentence: The white magnolia ... looking down at the soldiers' graves. I'm not sure from the text if it's the author looking down, or the white magnolia. It seems to me that's a good image, one worth keeping. In the language of fishing: "It's a keeper!" However, I resist the grammatical inversion as a trick. If an image is worthwhile, one needn't invert the grammar to make it work. It will work anyway. (2) Isn't it enough to say "magnolia"? Aren't all magnolias white? I'm not sure of the answer to this, since I like the sound of the expression "white magnolia" very much.

pjm: That is a good question, Jerry, and it is the one I was asking myself when I realized that it is the word that triggers the image of rows of white crosses or white headstones. So I believe this is justification enough to keep white in the poem.

4125: flooded marshland
the swoop of swallows
low over the water

jb: Like both of my other choices, this is a shasei (a nature sketch.) The author presents us with a glimpse of an instant in time. Also note, that it's not the "swallows" that are the central image but "the swoop of swallows." Notice, then, that this is not an action, but the image of a peak of action. For me, it's useful to think of the different ways this haiku might have been written: flooded marshland/

swallows swoop low / over the water. The central image here is the "swallows" and not their "swoop."

OK, so what's the import of the image? Swallows feed on the wing. They snatch insects from the air. That's their way of life so they are dependent on their "swoop" for their existence. This haiku is about "right effort." In Zen, sometimes, it's said, "Chop wood. Carry water." For the swallow, it might be said, "Swoop low, over the water."

pjm: I'm glad Jerry described the swallows' flight in greater detail because I would like you to see that their flight at the macro level is reflected in the text of the poem at a micro level—right down to the letters used in the words. Look at the letters "v" and "w." What shapes do they suggest? Wings? Pointed swallow wings. The forked swallow tail? The flight of the swallows (two "w"s) as they swoop (one "w") over (one-half a "w") the water (one "w")—each swallow is a flying "w" joined with a "v." The shape of the letters in the language evoke the very shape of the swallow image in our mind—it's as though the letters on the page are about to take flight like darting swallows feeding over a marsh!

Patricia and Jerry welcome your comments. They can be reached at

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Common elder: *Sambucus canadensis*
(eastern USA)

Elderberry, Blue Elderberry: *Sambucus mexicana*
(western USA)

by D. Claire Gallagher

Flat-topped clusters of white elderberry blossoms gently usher in summer. Although large, the lace-like clusters seem dainty. The flowers are borne on a large shrub among toothed oval leaflets. Look for it along streams and country roads as well as in fields and tucked into a corner of the spacious gardens of old homes. Or look in your memory for the rangy elderberry that grew perhaps in your parent's or grandparent's garden, or along the route of the family Sunday drive of childhood.

The white pith center of elderberry stems can be easily removed—thus, giving us the old English name bore-wood. The hollow tubes were used both to make whistles and to blow alive coals for a fire. Some California Indians called elderberry the "tree of music" for the flutes they made from the stems.

This charming herald of summer brings the promise of berries to come. Do not be tempted by the species or elderberry near the Pacific shore which bears inedible red berries.

The smooth hollow
of this bedrock mortar--
elderberry flowers

D. Claire Gallagher

Are you Interested in Journal Writing?

Workshops are offered in San Jose on July 24 and September 6. Call Donnalynn Chase at for details.

From your editor:

I would like to extend a welcome to some new 2001 members of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society –

- Kathy Chamberlin
- Elaine Cleveland
- Trice Cunningham
- Graham High
- Quintin J. McMahon
- M. Jean Purnal
- Linda Robeck
- Joan C. Sauer
- Akira Tao
- Alison Woolpert

I hope I haven't forgotten anyone. Happy reading and writing to you all!



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

2000-2002 Officers
Roger Abe, President, Anne Homan,, Vice President
Patricia Machmiller, Treasurer, Jean Hale -Secretary
Kiyoko Tokutomi, Patrick Gallagher –
Board Members at Large

Calendar

July 14 - Tanabata Celebration (Party), 6:00 p.m., Livermore Call Anne Homan –

August 11 - Meeting 1:30 p.m., East Valley Health Center, 1995 McKee Rd., San Jose

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

October 13 - Autumn Haiku Workshop, 1:30 p.m. Japanese Friendship Garden, Kelly Park, 1300 Senter Rd., San Jose

November 10 - Kukai (haiku review, submit poems in advance), 1:30 p.m., East Valley Health Center, 1995 McKee Rd., San Jose

December 8 - Holiday Potluck, 6:00 p.m., in Cupertino,

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

Website: www.yukiteikei.org

The Southern California Haiku Study Group

...meets the third Saturday of every month at Borders Bookstore on Bellflower Boulevard in Long Beach from 200 to 400 PM.

The group has just published its first anthology, *The Southern California Haiku Study Group 2001 Anthology*, edited by Jerry Ball. In addition to Jerry, David Priebe, Greg Kunz, Judy Sunderland, Naia, Peggy Hehman-Smith, Tom Bilicke and Wendy Wright participated. The anthology is available for \$5.00. Order from Jerry Ball.

Also available, a chapbook by Peggy Hehman-Smith titled, *Dedicated to Abandoned Animals*. The book includes haiku poems and illustrations (by the author and Wendy Wright) of animals she has rescued.