

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIV:4

July-August 2001

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 4214 | deep in the desert
another day of longing
for a summer rain | 4222 | flat stubble field –
in the middle a rock
crowded with goats |
| 4215 | on the kigo list—
purple thistle in the field
along the back road | 4223 | August Six —
I change a channel
to the news from Tokyo |
| 4216 | elderly neighbor
the tear in her straw hat
hidden by flowers | 4224 | summer dusk—
my left foot on
the tip of his shadow |
| 4217 | Hole in wooden fence
Tiny mouse barely escapes
Slender garden snake | 4225 | two worlds
I've been juggling . . .
August again |
| 4218 | Red amaryllis
Tall thin Texas soldier
Guards quiet garden | 4226 | with my head thrown back
eyes closed to any details
I welcome the wind |
| 4219 | Golden apricot
Valuable heart brings hope
Answer to cancer | 4227 | faint memory
teetering on the edge
like a wisp of fog |
| 4220 | ships pass in the narrows –
along the rail men stare into
the widening gap | 4228 | early winter dusk
tools and boxes fill the garage
he meant to clean out |
| 4221 | the sun falls
into a red sea
how odd | 4229 | barefoot boy
he puts blue shoes
on Mr. Potato Head |
-

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4230 snap of a flyswatter
grandma wants to know
who didn't eat their pie</p> <p>4231 from plate
to dog's dish
the roll of green peas</p> <p>4232 old man's lost glasses
turning up
his hearing aid</p> <p>4233 driving
the radio around
-- new car</p> <p>4234 beginning of summer...
a queue forms
at the ice-cream van</p> <p>4235 sudden shower -
the pressure of a hand
curled in mine</p> <p>4236 low tide
a blue heron
beachcombing</p> <p>4237 at ocean's edge
a broken starfish
baby's faint footprints</p> <p>4238 unripe apricot
rough on the outside—
sweet at the seed</p> <p>4239 a huddle of gnats
in my eye in my ear
and under there</p> <p>4240 the castle on the hill
along everlasting stream
a shooting star</p> | <p>4241 watching alone
gradually become composed
autumn water</p> <p>4242 the gray-haired
once a famous child star
rattan chair</p> <p>4243 garden stakes
pruned from the old crabapple
... leafing out</p> <p>4244 recess bell
overhead a vee of geese
changes formation</p> <p>4245 new telescope—
focusing on you, I miss
the shooting star</p> <p>4246 great blue heron
reappearing now
as memory</p> <p>4247 killing mosquitoes
my blood spatters
on the walls</p> <p>4248 the poet
seeing blue hydrangea
lives again</p> <p>4249 summer night
sudden clap of thunder
then silence</p> <p>4250 anniversary gift
nearly dies in vase
flowers rearranged</p> <p>4251 hot summer day
visit to the eye doctor
glare of sun through haze</p> |
|---|--|

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4252 summer school
my son, still reading
the Inferno</p> <p>4253 bats at twilight - -
looking and
not looking</p> <p>4254 summer Sunday
a relaxed
sermon</p> <p>4255 it's a complete day
when just the sound of this peach
is conversation</p> <p>4256 bird calls, weed whacker
morning's sounds just don't mix well!
lovers rescue day</p> <p>4257 billowing clouds float
shadows seep deep into earth
blue the beige hillsides</p> <p>4258 Stubborn summer sun
Hammers down each mental bend
Clangs with every ray.</p> <p>4259 Cherries black and bursting
Rot and drop from papa's tree
lately left to die</p> <p>4260 The allure of fog
To be lost in mute embrace
Seeing only me.</p> <p>4261 sundown
I coax the orange cat
into my lap</p> <p>4262 steep climb—
in the oak's deep scar
a handhold</p> | <p>4263 arboretum
New Zealand to California
via a gravel path</p> <p>4264 The beach umbrella
draws the lightning from the sky
bringing sudden death</p> <p>4265 Fourth of July –
Mother Nature showing her own
fireworks tonight</p> <p>4266 big, red, hazy sun
ducks and geese splash down
into scarlet water</p> <p>4267 polished granite
loose scree – rearranging my fear
as I climb</p> <p>4268 meditating
by the river – one eye open
for poisoned oak</p> <p>4269 forest sanctuary
logging truck races past
brakes failing</p> <p>4270 foot fracture . . .
a thicker layer of dust
on the car</p> <p>4271 light smog
hypnotized by streams of traffic
beyond the highrise window</p> <p>4272 power line towers
as far as one can see
disappearing into hills</p> <p>4273 again tonight
the bats cross the moon
back and forth</p> |
|---|--|

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4274 | sunflowers
drooping
....august heat | 4285 | blocking the exit
he stands in the blazing sun,
smoking cigarettes |
| 4275 | long past midnight
swimming rings
around the moon | 4286 | summer resort
slender waitresses serve
fat customers |
| 4276 | gardening
his rump in the air
the beetle scurries | 4287 | talking rapidly
outside the pulmonary clinic
two nurses smoking |
| 4277 | no wind
beneath the trees
a deeper shade of green | 4288 | such heat
she gazes into his eyes
summer wedding |
| 4278 | dashing out
to dance in it
summer rain | 4289 | bullet train:
rice paddy channels flash
in twos...in threes... |
| 4279 | evening sky
adrift within it
lotus blossoms | 4290 | first walk after stroke
his shoes are placed most neatly
in the far corner |
| 4280 | becalmed
a cottonwood puff
sails into the boat | 4291 | rain water puddle:
prestigious high rise
upside down |
| 4281 | children play tag
with the towels of strangers
summer beach | 4292 | twining green vines
blue sky blooms morning elegance
hides rusted trash bin |
| 4282 | summer lightning
white branches
of manzanita | 4293 | winter chill—
she hesitates between
eye chart letters |
| 4283 | two ants colliding:
the big one runs off faster
than the little one | 4294 | shifting conversation—
sandpipers disappear
into thick air |
| 4284 | slowly ambling geese
dropping turds on the fairway
the size of golf balls | 4295 | a gliding cloud
softens the pond—carp
below the swans! |

- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------|
| <p>4296 The rainbow's a pale
reflection of my garden,
an airy mirror.</p> | <p>two lane black top
white petals
of the elderberry</p> | <p>Laura Bell</p> |
| <p>4297 In my garden,
watered, nurtured; small pockets,
yet cool, deep. . . tree shade.</p> | <p>sipped from crystal
home-made elderberry wine. . .
Grandma's Christmas treat</p> | <p>Patricia Prime</p> |
| <p>4298 Wind born, water borne:
uncountable fireflies,
all wind water light</p> | <p>dusk falls across the trail
elderberry blossoms
lighting the way</p> | <p>Gloria Procsal</p> |
| <p>Challenge Kigo
Elderberry</p> | | |
| <p>returning
to the old homestead—
elderberry blossoms</p> | <p>between the homestead
and a slow-moving river—
ripe elderberries</p> | <p>Yvonne Hardenbrook</p> |
| <p>Carolyn Thomas</p> | <p>elderberry
will you yield sweet wine
or jelly?</p> | <p>Ruth Holzer</p> |
| <p>End of summer love
Hollow common elder stock
Nothing more inside</p> | <p>summer afternoon
blue elderberry on bush
ripe for picking</p> | <p>Eve Jeanette Blohm</p> |
| <p>Kathy Chamberlin</p> | <p>I had heard
you could make wine with them. . .
elderberry mould</p> | <p>John Stevemson</p> |
| <p>the grandkids' present
her sons' elderberry whistles
a grandmother's smile</p> | <p>Elderberry bush –
full of waiting whistles
in its hollow stems</p> | <p>Joan C. Sauer</p> |
| <p>Ross Figgins</p> | <p>elderberries –
shall I make wine
or medicine?</p> | <p>Giovanni Malito</p> |
| <p>elderberries
his childhood ritual
unfamiliar to me</p> | <p>Fay Aoyagi</p> | |
| <p>last time I noticed
many ripe elderberries
had been hanging here</p> | <p>Anne M. Homan</p> | |
| <p>trail marker
the bicycle tracks end
at the elderberry</p> | <p>Cindy Tebo</p> | |

the old farmhouse
long since torn down
elderberries

Linda Robeck

hot summer sun
the elderberry whine
of cicadas

Kay Grimnes

Russian proverb's popping up,
"In my garden common elder
and in Kiev uncle"

Zinovy Vayman

elderberry white
graces the ditch crushed fruit
countryman's champagne

Mary E. Ferryman

a gangling soldier
by the elderberry —
empty album pages

Claire Gallagher

Elderberry panpipes
by a 14 year old naiad
no Pan could catch

Bill Peckham



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- Ruth Holzer - 4163-2 4164-0 4165-3
- Yvonne Hardenbrook - 4166-5 4167-3 4168-6
- Carolyn Thomas - 4169-7 4170-2 4171-2
- Michael Dylan Welch - 4172-1 4173-9 4174-4
- Patricia Prime - 4175-2 4176-1 4177-7
- Zinovy Vayman - 4178-4 4179-3 4180-1
- C. Doreian-Michaels - 4181-2 4182-1 4183-1
- Graham High - 4184-2 4185-4 4186-5
- Joan Ward - 4187-1 4188-2 4189-5
- Robert Major - 4190-3 4191-4 4192-2
- Ross Figgins - 4193-0 4194-0 4195-1
- Alison Woolpert - 4196-1 4197-0 4198-2
- Pat Gallagher - 4199-0 4200-12 4201-0
- John Stevenson - 4202-10 4203-1 4204-0
- Giovanni Malito - 4205-3 34206-0 4207-7
- Joan C. Sauer - 4208-1 4209-4 4210-1
- Fay Aoyagi - 4211-9 4212-2 4213-3

**May-June Haiku Voted Best by
Readers of Geppo**

a bench in shade
old folks plotting
their next move

Pat Gallagher

in my cubicle
leaving some of her perfume
and some of her work

John Stevenson

summer dew —
the park bench dry
at one end

Michael Dylan Welch

ocean fog
I can't recall the name
of my first lover

Fay Aoyagi

in silence he cuts
flowers from his own garden
Memorial Day

Carolyn Thomas

broken stem
a caterpillar probes
beyond

Patricia Prime

cloudbreak. . .
the rain-sopped dog
scatters rainbows

Giovanni Malito

first picking
a small ant follows
spinach to the pot

Gloria Procsal

something slams the gate
a swirl of dry leaves
resettles

Yvonne Hardenbrook

at the rodeo
suddenly proud
of his bow legs

Joan Zimmerman

just past the bend
in the woodland trail
violets

Linda Robeck

spring rain
seeping into everything
the scent of grass

Linda Robeck

no mail today
even the windbells
empty

Yvonne Hardenbrook

A stirring breeze
reflected chains of moored boats
breaking in ripples

Graham High

Mother's Day
planting dahlias. . .
she watches from her wheelchair

Joan Ward



**SEASON WORDS
for early autumn**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dojins' Corner
by
Jerry and Patricia

In response to our last article we had several very insightful e-mails from Claire Gallagher that we would like to share with you. As you know, we have a great desire to expand the discussion of haiku and haiku writing since the haiku path, while it may be steep, is richly rewarding to those who are open to its many twists and turns.

Claire writes: I always find your article to be the highlight of *GEPPO*. It always stimulates me to revisit and think more about the poems. When you list your "also rans," it gives me even more to think about.

I want to comment on Jerry's question regarding "Aren't all magnolias white?" No, Jerry, they are not. We have a lovely BRIGHT pink/magenta magnolia in our front yard. It is the deciduous species with the large chalice flowers borne on bare branches. It is a common tree around San Francisco. In addition, I agree with PJM that, in any case, the word "white" enhances the poem and echoes the unstated whiteness of the crosses we know to be there.

Also, in my opinion, if people find ambiguity about whether the magnolia or a viewer (the unexplained observer) is doing the "looking down," there seems even more richness. It is not confusion for me, but a deepening of possibilities. That would be the only reason I would write or accept "white magnolia" in the last line—to provide that ambiguity.

In addition, I do agree with Jerry that the grammatical inversion of using "white magnolia" in the last line is rather forced; nevertheless it is a common technique which people seem to use to avoid the dreaded and not generally accepted "sentence chopped into three lines." Because it is common, does not make it the most skillful technique. Do you each think the poem would work if written in grammatical order somewhat as a sentence? If so, is it because this poem has powerful imagery that transcends form? Or do you believe that haiku can be successful when written with such subtle juxtaposition that it reads without caesurae. It would be

interesting to hear different points of view on this, yours and perhaps [other] members.

pjm: I am going to weigh in here with my thinking on grammatical inversions. First of all, I do think that Jerry is right to be concerned that a haiku is not dependent on what he calls a "trick" or a contrivance to make it work. Ultimately if a haiku is contrived, it will not be one that we come back to again and again. But I also worry that we make "rules" that then become "enforced" beyond their usefulness. I would say that if something sounds like a rule, be suspicious of it. Look at what kind of guidance the "rule" is trying to convey and don't apply it without thought. Now I am not saying that Jerry was unthinking in his analysis of the "white magnolia" poem. The inversion to him was noticeable. For me the test is this: how do the perceptions in the poem unfold and is it effective. That is, if you could only see the first line what would you know or perceive; then add the second line as if you were being led by the poet to the next perception; and finally, the third line. So we are talking about the perceptions and how we feel as the world is revealed to us by the poet. With this in mind compare "looking down/ at soldiers' graves/ white magnolia" with "white magnolia/ looking down/ at soldiers' graves." For me the world created by the first version is bigger, more mysterious, and more deeply poignant than the world of the second version. In the first version the magnolia becomes more than a tree, it has a god-like presence that is not there in the second version—it stands for eternity. So I definitely stand with Jerry on the side of no "tricks," but if a grammatical inversion creates an experience like this poem, I call it genius.

Claire[on senryu]: As I see senryu frequently in the submissions, it might be helpful if *GEPPO* would provide a statement about whether Yuki Teikei is soliciting haiku with season words only or senryu also. I am never sure when I am voting, so I usually vote for haiku unless the senryu is extremely skilled. However, it does seem to be true that many voters seem to prefer the senryu.

pjm: Generally, *GEPPO* is a forum for haiku. I always assume that people who submit are submitting haiku and that the reason their poem has no kigo is because (1) they thought it did, (2) they are using a different kigo list than I am, (3) they are trying to write haiku without a kigo,

or (4) they are attempting to blur the line between haiku and senryu. In any case, I have heard many different, and conflicting, definitions of haiku and senryu, and I am not sure that one definition fits all circumstances. I do know that I have seen very few haiku without a kigo that I think are successful. But just in case you think I have made a rule here, I have chosen just such a haiku to write about this month, and I do believe it to be a very expertly written haiku. Please see my discussion of 4178 below.

Claire: Sometimes I find a few haiku in *GEPP0* which seem to have many elements of success, but have extra words or provide too much explanation, etc. which disqualifies it for me. But perhaps the theme is fresh and worthy. There is no good way (and there could be none) to honor these. On the other hand, I should not presume to be in the business of telling people how to fix their poems as I see fit. But, just in case it's possible to occasionally convey thanks to an author I didn't vote for, here is my two-cents worth on . . . poems [in the last *GEPP0*].

4191 Her-high school yearbook . . .
each face stares at a future
beyond the camera

Perhaps the hyphen in the first line is a misprint. [The hyphen was misplaced; it should have been between the words "high" and "school." Apologies to the author. *Ed.*] However, my main thought on this one is that the haiku would be much stronger if "at a future" would be omitted to provide something for the reader to work on. It seems explanatory enough without those words.

high-school yearbook . . .
each face stares beyond
the camera

Among the others I found one more I'll mention:

4179 cherry blossoms—
a bumble bee is crawling
upon a candy wrapper

This contains a very nice implied metaphor of the bee bypassing the beautiful, nectar-laden cherry blossoms for traces of candy on litter. It

is humorous when we consider the reverence that cherry blossoms are accorded. This is a nice observation with implications to human nature and our proclivities toward the unnatural and unhealthy.

This poem seems to contain quite a few syllables, albeit many are in multi-syllabic words that are mellifluous. Nevertheless, some slight editing might offer improvement—especially to improve the rather clunky "upon."

cherry blossoms—
a bumble bee is crawling
on a candy wrapper

In my mind the second line could nicely be written as "a bumble bee crawls" for better syntax. I suspect the "is crawling" structure is to achieve seven syllables. Where is it best to make the trade off on too much text?

I like this poem and probably should have voted for it. It is a fresh use of an old, old kigo. Of course, cherry blossoms and bees are both likely kigo. But they seem to be in the same season and it doesn't horrify me, as would "vernal equinox" and "sunflowers" in the same poem.

Is this more than (my) two cents?

pjm: Hmm—I wonder . . . The "candy wrapper" poem has eighteen syllables and is structured 4/7/7 so I am not sure the poet was striving for seven syllables in the second line when he or she used the participle form of the verb. I would say that in some instances the participle form is attractive because it directs our attention to the process of the action. Whether "is crawling" or "crawls" works best in this poem is a question for the poet. The important thing is that the poem spoke to at least one discerning reader with depth and humor. Thanks for sharing your thoughts with us, Claire.

Moving to Jerry's and Patricia's choices this time: Patricia chose 4178, 4193, and 4199; Jerry's long list was 4140, 4141, 4150, 4155, 4158, 4159, 4200, 4202, 4211, and 4213—his three favorites were 4141, 4159, and 4200.

jb: It took me a while, but I came up with a long list. I found that some of these haiku take more than one reading. As I read them, I like them better. It seems to me that's a good sign. Often we react very strongly to a haiku that's witty or clever or sentimental. A good haiku, however, should have a resonance beyond being merely witty, clever, or sentimental.

4141 at the rodeo
suddenly proud
of his bow legs

jb: This is clearly a summer haiku, and a haiku about special circumstances: a rodeo. The rodeo is a vestige of the agricultural heritage of this country, and while there are some hints of its popularity, it rarely makes the pages of the Los Angeles Times. Those of us who know the rodeo know how the superior rider becomes a hero for a brief instant, rather like a boxer, or a track star. Then the moment of fame is gone. So this is an image of one who seems to take special pride in his looking like a rodeo hero. We know this is a real and important moment, and we know it is ephemeral. The author has constructed a haiku which reads well also, hence for me, this is a very good haiku.

pjm: It is funny how such a few words can conjure up such different responses. I see this haiku as a little vignette depicting the constant tension in human life between difference and sameness, between belonging and ostracism. We feel isolated and marginalized when we see ourselves as different; we feel comfortable and accepted when we are among others like ourselves. For me the situation in the haiku had complicated undertones because I read this as being from a child's point of view. Because bow-leggedness in a child can be from lack of proper nutrition or illness, the slightly humorous image has, upon reflection, darker implications. I am sure the poet was writing sympathetically about the subject, but there is a concern that, however unintentional, the humor might be perceived as being at someone else's misfortune. This is what haiku does: it goes farther and deeper than we, the writer, can ever imagine.

4159 during my run
pausing to count
the camouflaged ducklings

jb: This is a haiku about "mindfulness." The image is clear, and the language is flowing. It is clearly a narrative, i.e. a story, and the "story" is one in which (it seems to me) many of us have participated. The story is about the theme of finding beauty in the simple and the natural. Recall Gerard Manley Hopkins, "Glory be to God for Dappled Things." It's easy to praise the lights in Las Vegas, or the lighting on the Bay Bridge in San Francisco, but all these are artificial things, and (I contend) are not beautiful at all. They may be attractive, and compelling, but not beautiful. As for the ducklings, there is a simplicity which is a kind of beauty, and this evokes a resonance beyond the mere fact. The act of responding to the simple is mindfulness and that's what this haiku is about.

pjm: Camouflaged ducklings—an interesting subject that catches the imagination. I have the feeling that this haiku is written from a real experience. I have to say that I am not sharing the experience to the level I would like (it feels churlish to say this after Jerry's high praise). While I want very much for the runner in this poem to be so sharp-eyed that he or she can spot camouflaged ducklings at fifty paces while at a full sprint, the fact is that I don't quite believe it. This is a small, but crucial, point. I would encourage the poet to go back to the experience again and relive it as I feel certain there is a critical detail in the scene that caught the runner's eye and betrayed the ducklings' place. It is that detail that is needed in the second line to lead the reader from perception to perception so we too can experience the moment that the ducklings become distinct from the roadside landscape.

4178 Judean hillside
between the barbed wire barbs
a swinging sparrow

pjm: This haiku can be studied for what it does successfully—something from which every haiku writer (and poets writing in longer forms too) can learn. The subject here is enormous; nothing less than the human penchant for war and the hope for peace. Novels and epics and sagas have been written on this subject. But here it is rendered with grace, poignance, and sorrow in seventeen syllables. The haiku is masterfully done: first, the formal use of seventeen syllables reflects the solemnity of the subject and the deep, non-judgmental anguish

the poet has concerning the present political situation. And second, the haiku breaks the traditional "rule" of using a "traditional" kigo, but this deviation from tradition is not done idly. The poem is packed (but not overcrowded) with images that resonate to a worldwide audience.

Consider these three images: Judean hills, barbed wire, and swinging sparrow. "Judean hills" gives us the place, a place of history, a place of age-old conflict, a place occupied since prehistoric times and ruled according to the American Heritage Dictionary by a succession of "Hebrews, Egyptians, Romans, Byzantines, Arabs, and Turks." In this way the phrase is both timeless and current; it evokes a landscape that is at once spiritual in nature and yet at the same time conflict-ridden and violent. "Barbed wire" is a graphic symbol worldwide of oppression, of division, of war. And a "swinging sparrow," while not a traditional kigo, speaks universally to all of spring, especially that spring in the human heart that hopes for peace.

Through these images the haiku itself addresses the complex relationships of human beings in nature, human beings in time, and human beings in relation to one another. Or to put it another way, it addresses nature as it relates to human beings: that the ultimate hope, no matter what we do to each other, is that the "swinging sparrow" will prevail—that we will live to see another "spring."

jb: My comment for this haiku relates to Patricia's note concerning "inversions" in haiku. It's clear this is an inversion since the subject of the sentence "a swinging sparrow" comes at the end. I agree with Patricia that an "inversion" can work if properly done. My test for this is to compare it with the simple (non-inverted sentence) to see if it works. For this haiku that would be:

Judean hillside
a sparrow swinging
on the barbed wire

At least it would be something like that. Now I like this haiku very much. And I like the idea being expressed also. I think the idea expressed

is a good one. However, I prefer the direct language rather than the inverted. The inverted feels to me like a trick.

pjm: Jerry—I'd like to understand more why you believe this haiku is inverted. It is not clear to me what the trick is. If the sentence implied by this haiku uses an intransitive verb, as in "on a Judean hillside between barbs of barbed wire a swinging sparrow (rides)," or a linking verb, as in "on a Judean hillside between barbs of barbed wire (there is) a swinging sparrow," then there is no inversion as I see it. I think either of these "sentences" could be condensed and the verb dropped to create the haiku as it has been written. And by changing the order, as you seem to indicate you prefer, I even think that you are changing the meaning of the haiku; the rewrite shifts the emphasis from the swinging sparrow to the barbed wire, and the poem becomes more about hopelessness than about hope.

4193 splashes of scarlet—
frail pond reeds bend in the wind
mating of dragonflies

pjm: I chose this haiku for how its erotic imagery resonates with the dragonfly as a kigo. The English root of the word dragon comes from the Greek (through Latin) where it referred to a large serpent. In modern English a dragon is a mythical monster represented as a "gigantic reptile with lion's claws, tail of a serpent, wings, and a scaly skin" [*American Heritage Dictionary*, fourth edition]. In the southern US the dragonfly with its overlarge eyes is called "snake doctor," a name based on a folk belief that dragonflies take care of snakes [*Am. Heritage Dictionary*]. The "pond reeds" and the echo of the origins of "dragon" conjure up a visceral, swamp-like atmosphere in which the delicate, scarlet dragonflies are mating.

jb: With this haiku I can easily visualize a natural scene with "splashes of scarlet" and "mating of dragonflies." However, this image doesn't work very well for me. I don't see how the "splashes" and "mating" work together, and I think they should for a successful haiku. Secondly, for me this haiku is a little on the busy side; it speaks of too many things. I

would rather see less content, and more emotional feeling. I commend the author for the (nearly) perfect 5-7-5. This is a neat trick. There is a nice feeling for anyone who masters this form.

pjm: The sexual connotations of "splashes of scarlet" are many, Jerry—*The Scarlet Letter*, Scarlet O'Hara, a *scarlet* woman—to name a few.

4199 orange dragonflies
high on the mountainside
a maiden's laughter

pjm: This haiku, too, caught my imagination with its use of dragonfly as the kigo and its use of a rather old-fashioned word "maiden" creating a fairytale-like atmosphere. This poem also takes advantage of the old root of the word for dragon as well as the word itself conjuring up the mythical beast of many a folk tale (see discussion of 4193 above). The poem is enhanced, as well, by the other names for dragonfly used in the West, North, and New England regions of the US, such as, darnier, darnin' needle, devil's darnin' needle, or needle, and on the New Jersey coast, spindle [*Am. Heritage Dictionary*]. For those who know these other names for the dragonfly, the poem takes on additional magic.

jb: I agree with Patricia that there is a good feeling with this haiku. One can make the case for the serendipity of the flight of dragonflies and the simplicity of "maiden's laughter." There is also the double meaning relating to the combination of words "dragon" and "maiden." With this resonance there is a mythical element for this haiku. While I do like this haiku very much, I decided not to select it as a top choice because I do not get a "natural feeling" from this haiku. Clearly this is matter of personal taste, and I credit the author with a very nice verse.

4200 a bench in the shade
old folks plotting
their next move

jb: This also is a verse with resonance. Here we have a clear image of two "old folks" sitting in the shade and holding some kind of intense talk. The expression "plotting their next move" has many connotations which is part of the

strength of the haiku. While there are many possible "next moves" that can come to mind, the simplest is that of walking to their next location (whatever that might be). If you're old enough, it sometimes takes plotting to find your next location. For me, then, the impact of this image is the difficulty and willfulness necessary to make that "next move." The resonance of this image applies to all such difficult transitions that anyone might have in life, old or not. I think the language of this haiku is also good; it reads well. The first line gains my interest, the second line raises a climax, and the third extends the climax without resolving it.

pjm: Moving with the sun, moving with advancing age, moving, moving—that is life. The poem reminds us of this reality with a little humor. The poem also reminds me that I always wish there was a way to say "old folks" without saying "old folks"—especially now that I (almost) am one.

As always your comments are welcome.



Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for the next issue is October 15!!

- 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

Challenge Kigo

Summer fog, coastal fog
by Patrick Gallagher

During much of the summer, a great fog bank hangs over the central California coast and many neighborhoods of San Francisco. The fog is caused by cooling of moisture-laden winds from the Pacific when they pass over a cold current of coastal waters. The fog extends inland until it reaches sun-warmed slopes or lowlands, where it quickly evaporates without a trace.

The varying cloud cover leads to great contrasts in weather between the coast and inland valleys. Unwary travelers are likely to get chilled when they dress for sunny inland skies and encounter the cold and windy coast. This season word can imply the possibility of a significant change of circumstances.

summer fog
the barley water
clearing
James Chessing

summer fog
somewhere the beach
somewhere me
Roger Abe

ocean fog –
I can't recall the name
of my first lover
Fay Aoyagi

The Society's New Website

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is happy to announce a new website address and updated content and appearance. The address is www.youngleaves.org.

Members may have bookmarks on their web browsers to our old URL. Unfortunately that address has fallen into the wrong hands. To keep from accessing the old URL and suffering consternation from what you will find there, we ask that you update all your browser's bookmarks to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society to our new URL. We realize that this is a chore for you, but believe it is the best remedy to the truly vexing circumstances in which we and users of our website find ourselves.

If you do not have a bookmark to our old website we invite you to add one to our new address, and visit there often. We expect to keep news of the Society's events up to date and to be continually adding new information. If you access our new site, please note the announcement of the Asilomar retreat in January 2002. We hope you will join us. A chance to receive a significant discount is available for sending in a \$100 deposit by 1 October.

Please send comments, suggestions, and complaints relative to the new website to Patrick Gallagher, the webminder, at

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

Calendar

September 30 - Moon-Viewing Party, 6:00 p.m., Sunnyvale at 864 Elmira Drive. For information, call Patrick/Claire Gallagher at

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

www.youngleaves.org

Editor's Note:

Please note that I have extended the deadline date for submitting poems for the next issue to October 15. A combination of a minor injury and the shocking news from the East Coast has made this issue later than I would like it to be. I am also mindful that the mail delivery, both domestic and overseas, may be affected. So just keep the haiku coming even if they are a little late. They are food for the soul, which is something we all need at this time.

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 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.

The Long Beach group is hosting the quarterly meeting of the Haiku Society of America to be held the weekend of December 1, 2001. Check-in is on Friday, November 30. Participants will stay at the Seaport Marina Hotel. There will be haiku writing every day and a boat ride around the harbor on Sunday morning.

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
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Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove,
CA
January 10th-13th 2002

You are invited to join the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society at a long-weekend haiku retreat in a beautiful natural setting on the temperate Pacific shore. There will be great opportunity for poetry-engendering experience with coastal forest and dune vegetation, shore birds and other creatures, notable architecture, as well as the historical and literary heritage of the Monterey Peninsula. The first day of the retreat will include a walk through the stunning scenery of Point Lobos, and the final day will include a visit to the Robinson Jeffers' home, Tor House and its accompanying Hawk Tower, in Carmel.

A featured haiku poet for the retreat will provide teaching and inspiration. Walks and free periods for meditation and writing create a relaxed, informal atmosphere at the retreat. Workshops and open readings are offered for poets to share their work and learn from others. Art materials are provided for the illustration of poems. On Saturday evening poets traditionally have the opportunity to write renku with Kiyoko Tokutomi.

A \$350 attendance fee covers the conference, meals, and lodging. A \$35 discount on total registration is given for \$100 deposits paid before October 1, 2001.

Remit reservations to: Anne Homan

For more information Patrick Gallagher
contact:

Mark your calendar for the 2002 autumn retreat, September 6-9, 2002 !