

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIV:5

September-October 2001

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

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4299 | reaped cotton field—<br>raven on a fencepost turns<br>its back to the wind  | 4307 | rattles<br>dry hemlock waves<br>talk of war                               |
| 4300 | dry grass—<br>the wind tosses up<br>a plastic bag                           | 4308 | across the sky<br>gently fading stars<br>—desert sunrise                  |
| 4301 | passing stubble fields —<br>on the trucker's antenna<br>a flag at half-mast | 4309 | wispy clouds<br>the colors of twilight<br>—a cricket chirps               |
| 4302 | a boy and a girl<br>carving Halloween pumpkins<br>his scary, hers smiling   | 4310 | one golden leaf<br>stubborn to the end<br>autumn wind                     |
| 4303 | backyard empty<br>children back at school<br>brings autumn loneliness       | 4311 | Autumn's mulch -<br>no longer a way to tell<br>where leaves become earth. |
| 4304 | red dragonflies<br>with gold spotted wings<br>a beautiful sight             | 4312 | Garden chairs put away<br>for the year. Two squares<br>of yellowed grass. |
| 4305 | as we walk outside<br>autumn moon<br>quiets our laughter                    | 4313 | Clutching<br>at each other,<br>the brambles and I.                        |
| 4306 | moon viewing<br>dear friends meet new ones<br>lamps lit inside              | 4314 | temperature<br>of a turnstile—<br>autumn deepens                          |

- 4315 Cassiopeia—  
a rhyming dictionary  
on my lap
- 4316 thinning moon—  
I choose boxercise  
over him
- 4317 far from the oak  
under the great white pine—  
acorn cups
- 4318 hospital window  
downtown high-rise above the mist  
reflecting sunup
- 4319 clinic waiting room  
I pick the little pink pills  
from my sweater
- 4320 dead leaf  
swept from under foot  
by a puff of wind
- 4321 smoke from rubble. . .  
a common tomb  
slowly dismantled
- 4322 sultry forenoon. . .  
holding up traffic flow  
fireman's funeral
- 4323 hidden  
in the golden hills  
surviving natives.
- 4324 new millennium  
turkey vultures search the road  
for dot-com liver
- 4325 night of cold rain  
straining to understand  
the Irish actors
- 4326 sun ceramic -  
its cupped hands  
hold autumn rain
- 4327 autumn wind -  
across the train tracks  
clatter of billboards
- 4328 kindergarten children  
make a jack o' lantern. . .  
juice-stained hands
- 4329 abandoned beaver lodge  
the water level  
a foot low
- 4330 last cup of coffee  
a fly hovers motionless  
over goldenrod
- 4331 turning leaves  
the flame of a scarf  
cut off the loom
- 4332 long night  
the spinning disk  
in a power meter
- 4333 a fairly good view  
of a nearly  
full moon
- 4334 our friendship,  
begun with a recipe  
for apple crisp
- 4335 so many crows  
in the withered tree. . .  
in the next one too
- 4336 caressing the crow's  
feather, I look upward  
with renewed interest

- 4337 the bee struggling over  
a carpet of tiny flowers  
falls to earth again
- 4338 Autumn loneliness,  
feel it as the wind blows  
through this tourist town
- 4339 corn field for sale,  
tattered scarecrow still on guard  
crops dried up now
- 4340 In place of leaves  
monarch butterflies brighten  
this ocean town
- 4341 September morning  
all is changed  
but my birds song
- 4342 after a cold night  
the bumble bee  
warms in my hand
- 4343 Thanksgiving Day--  
a plastic ghost  
twists in the tree
- 4344 the first rice crop  
of the year in this valley  
offerings to the gods
- 4345 the scarecrow  
sure to be look nice  
in this new hat
- 4346 unexpectedly  
met an old forgotten friend  
autumn festival
- 4347 warm winter day  
on the lawn one leopard-print glove  
curled up in the sun
- 4348 breath steam—  
she leans closer  
to catch his words
- 4349 2001  
beach fireworks pale  
in solstice moonlight
- 4350 how the mine horses  
must have strained up this muddy hill  
with the caskets
- 4351 hillside grasses  
now only shards of pale straw  
where the insects cry
- 4352 Easter Sunday  
the soprano's clear solo  
above the choir
- 4353 Fall constellation  
of pumpkins glowing orange  
paints me with its light.
- 4354 Where water ran wild:  
Silence of dull stones, crisp moss,  
whisper of dry grass.
- 4355 Golden autumn light  
where I emerge from shadows  
leaves me cold and dark.
- 4356 war news  
biting into  
a blood-red plum
- 4357 ancient chimes  
in tempo with fronds  
falling from the pine
- 4358 carving a pumpkin--  
intuitively  
he closes the gate

- 4359 first autumn rain -  
removed for replacement  
eight windows
- 4360 autumn loneliness  
finding your postcard  
from Manhattan
- 4361 shimmering  
on the old damp log  
butterfly fungi
- 4362 evening silence  
stepping over poems  
a cricket
- 4363 after the attack  
autumn night  
full of stars
- 4364 October over--  
so many months ahead  
without baseball
- 4365 interstate 5  
following a turkey  
thanksgiving traffic
- 4366 coralled cattle  
shoulder to shoulder-  
bun to bun with cheese
- 4367 tiny car  
signaling a big rig  
both arms
- 4368 autumn rain  
washes the tears and pain  
from our hearts
- 4369 beginning of autumn  
mother walks many blocks  
to her child's school
- 4370 autumn wind  
blows across the city  
smoke and many flags
- 4371 October seance  
a soft meow  
from under the table
- 4372 miles from home  
the familiar shape  
of pumpkins
- 4373 long night  
the uncounted raindrops  
outside our tent
- 4374 when I was eight  
flying paper was invented  
kites and fire balloons
- 4375 traveling snake show  
trembling white fur  
not an eye blinks
- 4376 after dad pays  
the kids want to sit alone  
whopper king and fries
- 4377 sun rises  
with its own weight  
lake ice groans
- 4378 last goodbye  
stony soil  
striking casket's polished wood
- 4379 at the sunrise edge  
dark forms of pines  
becoming green
- 4380 September one-one  
fire looking so unnerving  
unbelievable dust cloud

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>4381 September one-one<br/>disarrayed votive candles<br/>speak eloquently</p> <p>4382 September one-two<br/>trying to find where it was<br/>across the Hudson</p> <p>4383 so many twisted<br/>and tortured bodies...<br/>grapevines at harvest</p> <p>4384 rain stroked<br/>the full moon<br/>dancing</p> <p>4385 swans nesting<br/>in the reeds<br/>under the bridge</p> | <p>4392 in spite of the terror<br/>Monarchs fly on fragile wings<br/>migrate on schedule</p> <p>4393 October windstorm<br/>clicking leaves charge the hilltop<br/>invade the girl scout camp</p> <p>4394 long drive home—<br/>the sleeping baby's<br/>pulsing neck</p> <p>4395 thunder—<br/>the empty hammock<br/>swaying</p> <p>4396 pigeons at the curb—<br/>a late-December paper<br/>folds into a puddle</p> |
|--|--|

4386 Death Valley—  
sand raked sinuously  
by the Zen snake

**Challenge Kigo for July-August  
Summer Fog**

4387 winter rain  
slashing the gorge—  
loggers' stumps

Summer fog -  
drivers by the Thames  
hearing the other bank

Graham High

4388 Mt. Hood squeezed  
into our rear-view mirror—  
returning autumn

ocean fog—  
joggers vanish  
into the bluffs

Carolyn Thomas

4389 City Hall Plaza:  
on the bubble-gummed paving  
spilled candle wax

obscured  
by the coastal fog—  
a flag at half mast

Fay Aoyagi

4390 rays of darkness  
beneath far away clouds  
rays of the sun

yesterdays downpour  
rain drenched trees  
summer fog

Hank Dunlap

4391 pitch dark puddle:  
soundless raindrops become  
flashes of light

Point Reyes ocean fog curls up over the cliff between us	Yvonne Hardenbrook	summer fog— pattern of small feet on river stones	Gloria Procsal
thin coastal fog burnishing silhouettes— clam diggers	Richard St. Clair	revealing cliffs concealing highway the coastal fog	Ruth Holzer
summer fog the honored guest chooses to avoid it	Patrick Gallagher	the wind and his arrival stirring the summer fog	Laura Bell
summer fog a river boat inches up-stream	Patricia Prime	summer fog hides the ocean empty boardwalk	Eve Jeanette Blohm
river fog the full curve of the valley	John Stevenson	summer fog a light turnout for the class reunion	Cindy Tebo
summer fog trying to remember what I studied only yesterday	Kat Avila	the night sky turns pale shrimp boats crisscross the bay gathering the fog	Ross Figgins
figures on the boardwalk disappear from sight – coastal fog	Joan C. Sauer	summer fog gray crows calling in a corn field	Dave Bachelor
summer the Golden Gate bridges the fog	Carolyn Hall	coastal fog through the eucalyptus— the downed kite	Michael Dylan Welch
summer fog roiling. . . who will see it disappear from the ridgetop oak	Anne Homan	this car stopping summer fog yet a chance for human interaction	W. Elliott Greig
summer fog smoke before the fire.	Fred S. Matsumoto	summer fog -- at the foot of the oak grass turning into mulch	Giovanni Malito

above dizzy cliff  
 warm morning fog turns into  
 departing cloud

Zinovy Vayman

fish kite soars seaward  
 dips into coastal fog . . . yet  
 it tugs at the string

Mary Ferryman

**SEASON WORDS  
 for early winter**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Members' Votes for July August 2001

- Carolyn Thomas - 4214-8 4215-1 4216-10
- Kathy Chamberlin - 4217-1 4218-1 4219-1
- Ross Figgins - 4220-5 4221-2 4222-1
- Fay Aoyagi - 4223-2 4224-4 4225-2
- Anne Homan - 4226-4 4227-4 4228-4
- Cindy Tebo - 4229-4 4230-5 4231-2
- Laura Bell - 4232-3 4233-2 4276-3
- Patricia Prime - 4234-2 4235-7 4236-3
- Gloria Procsal - 4237-5 4238-0 4239-3
- Teruo Yamagata - 4240-2 4241-2 4242-1
- Y. Hardenbrook - 4243-6 4244-9 4245-3
- Ruth Holzer - 4246-3 4247-4 4248-1
- Eve Jeanette Blohm - 4249-0 4250-0 4251-1
- John Stevenson - 4252-6 4253-2 4254-1
- Alison Woolpert - 4255-4 4256-0 4257-0
- Fred Matsumoto - 4258-0 4259-1 4260-2
- Carolyn Hall - 4261-3 4262-4 4263-3
- Joan Sauer - 4264-1 4265-0 4266-1
- Joan Zimmerman - 4267-3 4268-2 4269-0
- Kat Avila - 4270-0 4271-1 4272-1
- Giovanni Malito - 4273-3 4274-2 4275-3
- Linda Robeck - 4277-2 4278-4 4279-5
- Kay Grimes - 4280-5 4281-4 4282-3
- Richard St. Clair - 4283-3 4284-3 4285-2
- Dave Bachelor - 4286-1 4287-7 4288-4
- Zinovy Vayman - 4289-3 4290-2 4291-5
- Mary Ferryman - 4292-0
- Claire Gallagher - 4293-9 4294-3 4295-2
- Bill Peckham - 4296-0 4297-0 4298-1

**July-August Haiku Voted Best by  
 Readers of Geppo**

elderly neighbor  
 the tear in her straw hat  
 hidden by flowers

Carolyn Thomas

winter chill —  
 she hesitates between  
 eye chart letters

Claire Gallagher

recess bell  
 overhead a vee of geese  
 changes formation  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

deep in the desert  
 another day of longing  
 for a summer rain  
 Carolyn Thomas

sudden shower –  
 the pressure of a hand  
 curled in mine  
 Patricia Prime

talking rapidly  
 outside the pulmonary clinic  
 two nurses smoking  
 Dave Bachelor

garden stakes  
 pruned from an old crabapple  
 leafing out  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

summer school  
 my son, still reading  
 the Inferno  
 John Stevenson

ships pass in the narrows –  
 along the rail men stare into  
 the widening gap  
 Ross Figgins

snap of a flyswatter  
 grandma wants to know  
 who didn't eat their pie  
 Cindy Tebo

at ocean's edge  
 a broken starfish  
 baby's faint footprints  
 Gloria Procsal

evening sky  
 adrift within it  
 lotus blossoms  
 Linda Robeck

becalmed  
 a cottonwood puff  
 sails into the boat  
 Karen Grimnes

rain water puddle  
 prestigious high rise  
 upside down  
 Zinovy Vayman

**Submission Guidelines  
 for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is December 10!

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

Send to:

**Jean Hale**

**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.**



Dojins' Corner

by  
Patricia and Jerry

In response to our last column we heard from Michael Dylan Welch on the subject of counting syllables. We thought we would share his e-mail with you.

mdw: I appreciate the fresh perspectives Patricia and Jerry give to the haiku that appear in *GEPP0*. You each bring to light poems that I sometimes failed to notice sufficiently, and I appreciate the dialog that your comments facilitate.

I recently read the latest issue of *GEPP0* (XXIV:4), and was puzzled, however, to read your reference to one particular haiku as having seventeen syllables when I believe it has only sixteen. Here is the poem in question, by Zinovy Vayman (#4178):

Judean hillside  
between the barbed wire barbs  
a swinging sparrow

The problem words here are "barbed" and "wire," and they are worth commenting on for the benefit of *GEPP0*'s readers who choose to count syllables.

Let me start with "barbed." A syllable is a unit of sound (not of spelling), thus "barbed" is correctly counted as one syllable. To clarify the point, consider the word "stacked." I have seen some writers count this word as two syllables in haiku, yet soundwise it is really "stact," which, if this were its spelling, I don't believe anyone would miscount as two syllables. The problem is presumably that some words with the "-ed" ending do gain an additional syllable with this suffix, as in "netted," so some writers of syllabic haiku may make what I believe is the incorrect assumption that words such as "stacked" and "barbed" are two syllables when they really aren't. One needs to listen to each word, not just look at them, a valuable insight for all haiku composition, whether syllabic or not. Now for the word "wire," which is more of a problem. In some geographical regions of the United States and

elsewhere in the English-speaking world, certain diphthongs and digraphs may be pronounced in such a way as to make them sound like two syllables, as in "why-er." However, such pronunciations are not necessarily standard English, and by definition each of these diphthongs and digraphs is counted as a single syllable/sound. Furthermore, in deciding such matters when they are in doubt, I would advise haiku writers intent on counting syllables to always turn to a dictionary. Every reputable dictionary not only provides meanings and histories of each word but also indicates the number of syllables, often with a raised dot between independent syllables. In all of several dictionaries I have checked, including printed and online versions, both "barbed" and "wire" are indicated as being one-syllable words. Thus I humbly submit that the poem referred to as "rendered with grace, poignance, and sorrow in seventeen syllables" uses, in fact, just sixteen.

I would allow, Patricia, that you chose to be gracious in your comment by assuming that the author of this poem may have intended the poem to be seventeen syllables, but I do believe, by the standard and linguistic definitions of a syllable, that it is not.

None of this diminishes the value of the poem, of course, and it remains one of grace and poignance, but I do wish to point out this small matter so that haiku writers who count syllables might be aware of potential problems. Haiku poets are routinely concerned with small details; I should hope, if they count syllables, that consistent and accurate counting be among them.

pjm: Michael, thanks for writing. Of course, you're right. And if this were a contest with rules requiring seventeen syllables, the dictionary would have the last say and, unfortunately, this poem could not be a winner unless the judge were willing to defend choosing a poem that broke the rules of the contest. But this isn't a contest—it's poetry and, as you said, I gave the poet the benefit of the "dwell time" inherent in the common pronunciation of the technically one-syllable word, "wire."

And now to our choices from the last *GEPP0*. Patricia chose 4220, 4229 and 4255; Jerry chose 4220, 4230, and 4235. About his selection process Jerry says:

jb: I had a difficult time reaching my final three. My long list is: 4212, 4220, 4221, 4230, 4234, 4335, 4236, 4277, 4278, 4282, and 4285. I picked three because they moved me the most: 4220, 4230, and a toss-up between 4235 and 4236. Finally I chose 4235. I must say that my final choices are predicated on the fact that I must (by protocol) choose only three. So I do it. In doing so I am trying to make a choice so that I am honest with myself. As I write this I do not expect every reader to think as I do. A useful maxim is: If everyone thinks alike, no one thinks very much. So I hope for productive disagreements. When I select one haiku over another I try to find some "reason" why I might make such a selection, but the "reason" is usually mined from the subterranean recesses of my past. Hopefully, my dredging will have some utility. In no way am I trying to say something negative about any author's works. As I have said to Patricia, "I reserve the right to be wrong."

4220 ships pass in the narrows—  
along the rail men stare into  
the widening gap

jb: I chose this verse because of the clear and poignant image. (I get the feeling of fog, though there is no actual statement about fog.) And, I like the fact that I can quibble with it. Technically, I suppose, this might not be a haiku – since there is no kigo. Secondly, I think the language of the second line is awkward. Allowing a line to end with "...the men stare into" gives me a bit of a pause; though, on second thought, to end with "... the men stare into ..." literally leaves the reader with a "widening gap," and this is useful. So, I think this verse is successful because of the sheer strength of its image and its demand for the involvement of the reader. What is conjured here (and I think the word "conjured" is correct) is the feeling of inevitable passage of time and how one is caught up in it. I get a sense of the necessity of adapting to loss, certainly appropriate to haiku.

pjm: As our readers know, it is not very often that Jerry and I make the same choices. But, of course, just in case you thought we NEVER picked the same poems, this month we made an exception. For me, the success of this poem stems from two factors: (1) the simplicity of the image and the words and (2) the complexity of the image and the words. The layered meanings and connotations of "ships," "narrows," "widening," and "gap" give the overall image depth and resonance. I have to say, however, how much I long for this poem to have a kigo; I know a kigo would add even another, deeper layer to the poem:

ships pass in the narrows—  
into the widening gap  
the autumn sea

I am sorry; I could not control the urge to offer this suggestion.

jb: I also noticed the absence of a kigo. I thought about it, and did a bit of "tinkering" myself, but haven't come up with anything I like better. I agree with Patricia's remarks.

4229 barefoot boy  
he puts blue shoes  
on Mr. Potato Head

pjm: Art and life! Even a boy, young and barefoot, imagines the life of another, a Mr. Potato Head—a life with Blue Shoes! The poem shines with the joy of bright blue and the inner light of summer and barefootedness, which in turn evoke the innocent exuberance of a "blue-shoed" imagination. Which finally gives a light-hearted joy to the poet, who is watching. And our joy matches the poet's as we watch with him or her.

jb: I agree with Patricia, this is a very nice, light-hearted haiku. As we can see, it's in the haikai tradition where the author makes reference to a cultural artifact, except in this case, it is an American child's toy giving it a modern flavor. I like this verse.

4230: snap of a flyswatter  
grandma wants to know  
who didn't eat their pie

jb: This is a very "folksy" haiku. The image is very strong and clear, and the language is smooth and natural. I can imagine "grandma" looking hurt and indignant and wondering "Now just *who* didn't eat their pie?" This is a haiku of summer, or late summer, and hints of a family gathering very much like ones I remember in the midwest. These days, one tends to buy a pie at the supermarket. No one would worry about who did and who did not eat their pie.

Recently, a friend of mine, a mathematician named Bob, died of a brain tumor. Three days before he was to die a group of his colleagues visited him for the last time. His wife had baked an apple pie for the occasion and offered pie to Bob's friends. They all accepted. Bob laughed and said, "No mathematician ever turns down pie."

pjm: A bit of Americana with an attitude. It's the attitude that keeps it from becoming too precious.

jb: I agree with Patricia. This haiku is close to being "cute," but makes a skillful escape.

4235: sudden shower—  
the pressure of a hand  
curled in mine

jb: I am somewhat ambivalent about this haiku. I like the image very much though my initial response is that the language is a little "cute." I think of a boy and a girl in the sudden rain in a romantic moment. So we simply have the "moon - June - croon" phenomenon. Yet the more I think about it, there's more to this verse than that. What about a grandmother with her grandchild's hand "curled" in hers? Aren't there many other scenarios possible? After some thought, I believe there are. Here we have the "curling" of one hand in another as an icon of human affection. Every reader I can think of has tightened his hand in a "sudden rain" to feel another hand "curled" in his. This is a wonderful moment and worth remembering.

pjm: Interesting juxtaposition of the "sudden shower" and "the pressure of a hand." But the poem leaves me wondering. When I contemplate the "sudden shower," there is no kigo here to give me a clue. In

Japan a "sudden shower" is summer, I think; in a large part of the US, it would be spring or summer; in California, it would be late autumn, winter, or spring; and in the southwest, spring or autumn. And how the "sudden shower" rubs up against "the pressure of a hand" is not clear since, as Jerry noted, the hand could be that of a child, or a frail, elderly person, or a lover. Each offers intriguing possibilities but without more guidance from the poet, I don't feel I have enough to latch onto to go deeper.

4255 it's a complete day  
when just the sound of this peach  
is conversation

pjm: A ripe peach—the ultimate in perfection. And we feel as satisfied as the poet in the completion of the peach, of the day, and of the slurp-making "conversation."

jb: I'm glad Patricia selected this one, I passed it over, but probably shouldn't have. Now that I read it again I like it very much. I suppose I could quibble with the language, and the fact that this is simply a sentence without a kireji (or break). I might like it a little better if it were something like:

a complete day  
the sound of the peach  
is conversation

Nevertheless, my plaudits to the author, and thanks to Patricia for the selection.

To our readers: please write to us with your

### From the Editor:

At the Yuki Teikei Winter Party last year, Kiyoko Tokutomi made a little gift of haiku to the people who attended. We thought the wider Yuki Teikei membership would enjoy this gift as well. Mrs. Tokutomi is a member of dojin rank of Kari, a haiku group in Japan headed by the eminent Shugyo Takaha, and these are haiku that had been selected by him

for the monthly periodical he publishes of Kari members' haiku. The translations are by Mrs. Tokutomi and Patricia Machmiller. These are part of a larger project by Patricia and Fay Aoyagi to translate and publish a book of Mrs. Tokutomi's haiku in English.

- Christmas Holidays—  
the gala festivities  
keep on expanding Jan 1993
- Snow starting to fall  
the announcer's voice takes on  
added excitement Dec 1993
- In deep of winter  
I find I'm not invited  
into my backyard Dec. 1993
- A child's New Year gift—  
the days are far away when  
I last received one Dec. 1994
- New Year's phone call  
waiting silence before I hear  
my old mother's voice Jan. 1995
- Use of my hands and legs  
has been taken from me  
—down with the flu bug Jan 1995
- Withering blast!  
Mother, how fast you ran to  
that other country Nov 1997
- My last year's sweater—  
wearing it reminds me of  
last year. . Dec. 1997

Challenge Kigo

Snake into a hole  
Snake at a loss  
by Fay Aoyagi

The word "snake" by itself is a summer kigo; however, according to tradition in Japan, a snake goes into a hole at autumn equinox into a pre-hibernation. This kigo catches the transition between the glorious days of summer sun and the first chill of autumn with its shortened days. While we can anticipate winter, we do not interchange "snake into a hole" with "hibernating snake," as "hibernating" is a winter kigo. In human affairs this kigo accentuates the loss of vibrant summer activity and even our withdrawal from dark evenings or escape from the harsh reality of perhaps the rattle of war sabers.

torn pieces  
of a crime scene tape—  
a snake into a hole  
Fay Aoyagi

her husband called up  
by the National Guard—  
snake into a hole  
Claire Gallagher

The flip side of this kigo is another kigo, "snake at a loss." On an unseasonably warm day, a snake can be seen above ground. The snake may seem confused, especially if it is chilly enough for the snake to be somewhat sluggish; the viewer may be very startled, also confused. This kigo can express a befuddling situation or feeling. It may also convey nuances of a conundrum not easy to solve or explain in five minutes of social chatter.

snake at a loss—  
she uses her last paycheck  
at Gucci  
Fay Aoyagi

poster of the child  
abducted by a parent—  
snake at a loss  
Claire Gallagher



*Calendar*

**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

**Directions:** I live in a Condo complex very near Rt. 85. Going north on 85, exit at De Anza Blvd. (also called Saratoga-Sunnyvale Rd.) Turn left on De Anza to Rainbow Drive (first right after 85), follow Rainbow to Gardenside

left at next corner .

**January 10 – 13 – Asilomar Retreat.**

**February 9** - East Valley Health Center, 1:30 PM, 1995 McKee Rd., San Jose. Roger Abe will discuss his recent trip to Japan.

**March 9** – East Valley Health Center, 1:30 p.m. Program to be determined.

**April 13** – East Valley Health Center, 1:30 p.m. Program to be determined

**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. Contact \_\_\_\_\_ for information

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.

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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.

Fay Aoyagi will be the featured haiku poet this year. Fay was born in Japan and immigrated to the United States nearly twenty years ago. An accomplished haiku poet, she has also enjoyed success as a translator. Her translation of haiku by Madoka Mayuzumi will soon be published by Hokumei-sha, Japan.

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. In addition, there will be a Kukai under the leadership of Emiko Miyashita, Dojin of Ten'i. Poems for the Kukai, a maximum of three per person, should be submitted by December 15. Send them to Patricia Machmiller,

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 contact: Patrick Gallagher

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