

G E Φ Φ O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVI:6

November-December 2001

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 4397 | Secret love affair
Chilly night and solemn vows
Real life interferes | 4405 | through sardine clouds--
floating a red balloon
to heaven's dead |
| 4398 | A desolate night
the party is winding down
My window fogs up | 4406 | inmates
shuffle to the window
first snow falling |
| 4399 | boats ride nature's waves
abandoned by autumn storms
stray farther from home | 4407 | January
undressed Christmas trees
along the curb |
| 4400 | in the one tree
with no more leaves
three preening crows | 4408 | even so -
I transfer her birthdate
to the new calendar |
| 4401 | departing autumn
a few seeds left
in the sunflowers | 4409 | November morning --
we don't have to visit
the old age home now |
| 4402 | Christmas in Hawaii
a snowman melts
in the neighbors yard | 4410 | Vesper bell--
doves gleaning corn
in the monastery field |
| 4403 | quietly peeling
a fresh tangerine--
the scent of new love | 4411 | under the tree
an owl pellet with teeth
cold dawn |
| 4404 | departing autumn
cat on the hearth
oblivious | 4412 | memories of the past
gradually come back to me
village theatricals |
-

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4413 just healthy
no desire to be wealthy
foot warmer</p> <p>4414 something in the music
must have touched
a winter fly</p> <p>4415 scrub jays scold . .
as I enter their space
— a smell of old leaves</p> <p>4416 many moons
shining on the pavement
— rain puddles</p> <p>4417 soiled bed sheets
the smell of love. . .
a bouquet of roses</p> <p>4418 late november
starlings
on the kitchen table</p> <p>4419 november rain —
walking our path
all alone now</p> <p>4420 november 11th
candles weeping wax
in the silent church</p> <p>4421 wrapped in winter blankets—
a boy counts each “star”
of the meteor shower</p> <p>4422 another hand
lifts the pot lid
bean soup</p> <p>4423 wind from the north
placing the last love stamp
on the envelope</p> | <p>4424 the falcon’s dive
at the window birdfeeder—
a failure this time</p> <p>4425 at ninety-nine years
her laugh lines deepest of all—
July reunion</p> <p>4426 full moon rising
long shadows drape the courtyard
with quietness</p> <p>4427 Cold winter morning
Aroma of fresh coffee
Daily exercise</p> <p>4428 World-weary fighters
Sit around crackling campfires
Mugs of steaming grog</p> <p>4429 Sharp crack of gunfire
Black clouds scampering away
One remaining shriek</p> <p>4430 the cat’s gaze
fixed on the ceiling
winter spider</p> <p>4431 almost solstice
even the south windows
a little frosted</p> <p>4432 back country jog
a roadkill already
in its winter coat</p> <p>4433 start of winter
the stars in sky become
lights on a tree</p> <p>4434 winter grass
becomes a bed
for the falling snow</p> |
|--|--|

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4435 | woodpecker
found in the city
urban wilderness | 4446 | cold rain
the isopod curls tighter
into a ball |
| 4436 | New Year's Eve
among absent friends
my hunger | 4447 | winter solstice
another tuna can
goes into the trash |
| 4437 | night train
rocking
a sleeper's head | 4448 | train window:
through palms of ice
birch trees |
| 4438 | Thanksgiving weekend
looking for mom's
teeth | 4449 | city fringe dusk:
in the well lit window
silhouette of inmate |
| 4439 | bare winter garden -
at last I see the bird
who sang all summer | 4450 | muddy entrance
a snow white ad MATH
(not expensive) |
| 4440 | credit card making
ice-tracks across the windscreen,
roads hidden in snow | 4451 | I clear the garden
twist a wreath from Russian vine
still remembering |
| 4441 | slabs of ice
and slabs of stone -
in between - the river | 4452 | I don a headscarf
Islam Center welcomes us
pine nuts in rice |
| 4442 | father and son
playing frisbee
with a straw hat | 4453 | my phantom limb aches
I feel my dead cat brush past
wind stirs the dry leaves |
| 4443 | gibbous moon . . .
its bright face posterized
by thin autumn mist | 4454 | seasons of friends
but not more than one kigo
winter greetings |
| 4444 | shaft of warming sun
touches the nightie
she wore last night | 4455 | fog lifts
back to the paint store
this yellow too cheery |
| 4445 | first snow
pumpkins outlined
by the moon | 4456 | winter dusk
a neighbor's light turns on
warms my sickbed |

- 4457 wilted lilies
I back over
the roofer's shadow
- 4458 talk of war
the report
of a neighbor's shotgun
- 4459 new year's eve
shaking the down up to the top
of the comforter
- 4460 chilly night
from the doorway sleeping bag
a man's muffled cough
- 4461 this quiet forest
each pine branch unruffled –
winter Solstice
- 4462 turnip –
even the cows' milk
tastes of it
- 4463 Asilomar parking lot—
an unfolded map
on every passenger seat
- 4464 winter rainbow—
sparrows in the hedgerow
somewhere
- 4465 my soda quieting--
the exchange student photographs
her airline dinner
- 4466 Finished; it begins:
fields, harvested, harrowed, rest.
Seed catalogs
- 4467 Woodpecker hammers
diligently repairing
nest roof's timeworn leaks.
- 4468 Nests, all mouth gaping—
a few pinfeathers, shell chips—
hoarfrost echoes.
- 4469 "Pearl Harbor"
on his VAIO
year of the snake ends
- 4470 owl moon
another year
with or without him
- 4471 withered chrysanthemum—
his multi-colored pills
for AIDS
- 4472 old veteran's grave
a sprouting mushroom reaches
for the light
- 4473 hillside graveyard
sounds of city life
through the mist
- 4474 anthrax scare
standing in line
for a flu shot
- 4475 again winter starts
my magnum opus never
seems to get finished
- 4476 and where it was ---
blackened hull in the north wind,
a large iridescent flag
- 4477 she brings out the game
she lost so screamingly --
outside, winter's wind

Challenge Kigo
Snake into a Hole
Snake at a Loss

her mothers voice
 on the answering machine
 snake into a hole

Lin da Robeck

who turned off the sun?
 everything at its own pace--
 snake into a hole

Gloria Procsal

many ballots
 fewer counted:
 snake into a hole

Ruth Holzer

long sticky tongue
 grasps the dragonfly
 snake into a hole

Hank Dunlap

not quite empty
 this niche in the wall —
 snake at a loss

Giovanni Malito

snake into a hole--
 my old father
 no longer knows me

Carolyn Thomas

anthrax death
 in Connecticut—
 snake at a loss

Anne Homan

Snake at a loss
 Anesthetic wearing off
 After surgery

Kathy Chamberlin

the marathon ends
 but the crowds persist
 snake at a loss

Eve Jeanette Blohm

heated discussion
 of an autumn kigo-
 snake at a loss

John Stevenson

warm late autumn day
 my feet sink into cold sand—
 snake at a loss

Richard St. Clair

rattling on my side
 darkness under the roots
 has pulled in the snake

(A haiku by Vladimir Ghertzik, staunch 5 7 5
 haiku poet from Moscow, translated by Zinovy
 Vayman)

sun still shines on beach
 daughter inhales cloud of death
 snake at a loss

Christine Doreian Michaels

painted over the lip
 of the porcelain vase--
 snake into its hole

Michael Dylan Welch

snake at a loss--
 a plumber's white rubber glove
 outside the motel

Patricia Machmiller

a slow train
 to my old turf—
 snake at a loss

Fay Aoyagi

Snake at a loss: first
 warm weekend! And he's shackled up
 with a garden hose!

William Peckham

SEASON WORDS
for late winter/early spring

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

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

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

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

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

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

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



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Jean Hale

Members' Votes for September-October

- Carolyn Thomas - 4299-6 4300-4 4301-6
- M. Jean Purmal - 4302-2 4303-1 4304-1
- Alison Woolpert - 4305-4 4306-1 4307-0
- Hank Dunlap - 4308-1 4309-1 4310-4
- Graham High - 4311-2 4312-3 4313-7
- Fay Aoyagi - 4314-2 4315-1 4316-4
- Yvonne Hardenbrook - 4317-3 4318-0 4319-4
- Richard St. Clair - 4320-1 4321-2 4322-1
- Pat Gallagher - 4323-0 4324-0 4325-3
- Patricia Prime - 4326-0 4327-4 4328-1
- Kay Grimnes - 4329-1 4330-3 4331-4
- John Stevenson - 4332-4 4333-2 4334-1
- Kat Avila - 4335-2 4336-1 4337-1
- Joan Sauer - 4338-3 4339-0 4340-0
- Joan Ward - 4341-3 4342-0 4343-2
- Teruo Yamagata - 4344-0 4345-1 4346-3
- Carolyn Hall - 4347-2 4348-3 4349-1
- Arne Homan - 4350-3 4351-2 4352-1
- Fred Matsumoto - 4353-0 4354-2 4355-0
- Gloria Procsal - 4356-5 4357-0 4358-1
- Joan Zimmerman - 4359-0 4360-9 4361-1
- Ruth Holzer - 4362-1 4363-2 4364-0
- Laura Bell - 4365-1 4366-2 4367-1
- Eve Jeanette Blohm - 4368-1 4369-0 4370-2
- Cindy Tebo - 4371-4 4372-4 4373-0
- Ross Figgins - 4374-1 4375-0 4376-0
- Dave Bachelor - 4377-2 4378-1 4379-3
- W. Elliott Greig - 4380-1 4381-0 4382-1
- Giovanni Malito - 4383-3 4384-2n 4385-0
- Claire Gallagher - 4386-1 4387-3 4388-6
- Zinovy Vayman - 4389-1 4390-1 4391-1
- Mary Ferryman - 4392-1 4393-2
- Michael D. Welch - 4394-3 4395-3 4396-1

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

autumn loneliness
finding your postcard
from Manhattan

Joan Zimmerman

Clutching
at each other,
the brambles and I.

Graham High

reaped cotton field—
raven on a fencepost turns
its back to the wind

Carolyn Thomas

passing stubble fields—
on the trucker's antenna
a flag at half mast

Carolyn Thomas

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

Claire Gallagher

war news
biting into
a blood-red plum

Gloria Procsal

dry grass—
the wind tosses up
a plastic bag

Carolyn Thomas

as we walk outside
autumn moon
quiets our laughter

Alison Woolpert

one golden leaf
stubborn to the end
autumn wind

Hank Dunlap

thinning moon—
I choose boxercise
over him

Fay Aoyagi

clinic waiting room
I pick the little pink pills
from my sweater

Yvonne Hardenbrook

autumn wind -
across the train tracks
clatter of billboards

Patricia Prime

turning leaves
the flame of a scarf
cut off the loom

Kay Grimnes

long night
the spinning disk
in a power meter

John Stevenson

October séance
a soft meow
from under the table

Cindy Tebo

miles from home
the familiar shape
of pumpkins

Cindy Tebo

Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for the next issue is February 10!

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

HSA Quarterly Meeting
by Margaret Hehman-Smith

The HSA Quarterly Meeting took place on Friday evening, November 30, through Sunday afternoon, December 3, 2001, at the Seaport Marina Hotel in Long Beach, CA, within walking distance of boat docks and marinas. Although rain threatened, we had beautiful weather for the weekend including an awe-inspiring sunset Saturday evening ordered for the occasion by the host, the Southern California Haiku Study Group

Friday evening, people arrived at different hours and participants enjoyed a lovely dinner at The Crab House, overlooking the harbor. After dinner they retreated to the hotel to socialize.

On Saturday our first speaker was Mark Brooks, a widely published writer, who presented "Poetics of Kigo." He made us think again what the purpose of kigo should be, stating that the simplest and weakest layer of meaning is the seasonal association and that there is a deeper layer of meaning relating to classic haiku poems that use the same kigo.

Our next speaker was Patricia Machmiller. Her presentation "Haiku Etudes: an Unveiling of the Haiku Form through Art," showed us, for example, that the structure of a 5-7-5 haiku can be linked to the composition of a painting. Patricia had as many as thirteen examples of artworks along with the haiku that had inspired her. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed this unique and artistic expression.

Final speaker of the day was David Lanoue Professor of English at Xavier University in New Orleans. His presentation, "Rediscovering Issa," was enlightening to the point of teaching us the correct pronunciation of the name. He provided historic facts, plus reading and explaining some of Issa's haiku. Fay Aoyagi contributed to David's presentation by reading Issa's haiku in Japanese; David then read the translations.

Saturday evening there were open readings at Borders Bookstore from members and guests. Then we all proceeded to Wendy Wright's home on the harbor for a relaxing social until the wee hours.

Sunday morning we held a kukai and afterward a walk through the Farmers' Market. We returned to the conference room and had four or five rounds of reading our haiku and senryu. Our last goodbye was from the beautiful Japanese Garden at Cal State Long Beach

Jerry Ball wanted me to mention that there were no executive decisions made because he was the only executive committee member present.



Welcome to New Members

Una Gast

Lois Bendixen

Janeth Ewald

Jenna Clark

Fred Matsumoto

Sandra Mueller

Yoshiaki Kato

Becky Bunsic



Dojins' Corner
by
Jerry and Patricia

[That's Jerry Ball and Patricia J. Machmiller; if you would like to join the conversation, they can be reached at]

GEPPPO.]

or by writing to

In the last GEPPPO Jerry and Patricia discussed Ross Figgins' poem, #4220

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

prompting Carolyn Thomas to write her thoughts.

ct: I agree for the most part with Jerry's and Patricia's comments. However, I believe that trying to further deepen this particular poem with a kigo would shift its focus. In my opinion it would detract from rather than deepen the meaning—at least the meaning I place on it. A new and different poem would emerge. For me, Ross's poem is not about season, it is about slowing down, looking "into" the essence of things, and about how one thing depends on another to exist—if the "ships" did not "pass in the narrows" there would not be a "widening gap" to "stare into." When I compare it to Patricia's suggestion -

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

I come from two very different perspectives. Ross's poem emphasizes the action of men. While I observe them I share the experience, and wonder what might be going on in their minds. Patricia's haiku emphasizes the autumn sea. Season is essential to the poem, and I experience the moment as if I am alone. Each poem brings up strong but different emotions, and each holds a different meaning. Also, stating a season is not necessary in Ross's poem for it to be a haiku. Just as Jerry could "get the feeling of fog," I get the feeling of the ocean air, and feel invited to supply the season

appropriate to my experience. His haiku is complete without kigo.

pjm: Thanks, Carolyn, for this insightful analysis. One of the difficulties inherent in demonstrating by specific example how a kigo would function in a haiku is that the poem is profoundly changed. I especially appreciate your discussion because it makes this clear.

Turning to this month's haiku, my three choices are 4299, 4307, and 4312. These were chosen from a longer list of 4299, 4301, 4307, 4308, 4309, 4312, 4319, 4320, 4325, 4327, 4333, 4334, 4341, 4352, 4356, 4358, 4360, 4362, 4365, 4371, 4372, 4377.

jb: I had a difficult time choosing my three haiku this issue. I selected from this list: 4309, 4313, 4315, 4333, 4334, 4348, 4356, 4373, 4384, 4394, and 4395. Of these my favorite is 4348, with 4356 and 4394 as runners up. I must say upfront, that on reading Patricia's choices I am forced to rethink my own. On reading her comments I find that I actually see more in these haiku than before. My thanks. What does this say about choices of haiku as a reflection of mood?

4299 reaped cotton field—
raven on a fencepost turns
its back to the wind

pjm: This dark, late autumn image combining a "reaped . . . field," a "raven," and "the wind" gives us the feeling of coldness. The stark bareness of the image has an ominous quality. The puzzle is why. After all, a "reaped cotton field" represents the harvest, a seasonal event usually accompanied by hope, joy, and a sense of accomplishment. Here the harvest leaves us cold with a feeling of loss—even devastation. I think it starts with the word "reaped"; it has echoes of the word "raped" and brings in the notion of environmental abuse. Adding to this is the type of field—cotton, as we know, is particularly hard on the land. So the first line of the haiku even as it describes the harvest contains within it an underlying darkness. And the raven, already an ominous literary figure, represents a darkness, perhaps, within us that "turns its back" to "the wind," the wind being the reality of the devastation we wreak upon

the earth. And so this poem about harvest and the joy we take in the yielding of the fruits of the earth turns itself inside out and let's us see, at the same time, the underside of overuse and environmental damage for which we are responsible. To accomplish this in 16 syllables is a remarkable achievement.

jb: I like this haiku very much. I see it as a dramatic image like Basho's "crows have landed on a barren tree... autumn evening." It is, as Patricia suggests, an ominous image, which perhaps suits this time in history. After September 11th, many of us are still waiting for the "other shoe to drop."

4307 rattles
dry hemlock waves
talk of war

pjm: I chose this haiku for what it attempts to do—capture the ominous uncertainty and unsettled fear brought on by the prospect of war. The words "rattles," and "hemlock" combine with "talk of war" to give us that jittery, sinking feeling in the pit of the stomach. The other techniques that work are the short lines and the abbreviated syntax, which echo the discordant nature of the subject. There are two aspects of the haiku that I think could be tweaked to help the haiku achieve its full potential. The first has to do with the words, "rattles" and "waves." Both these words can be nouns or verbs and because of the truncated syntax (which I think is effective) one can't tell how to read them, making the image refuse to sit still (which I think is ineffective). The second suggestion I have has to do with the sound. The word "rattles" in the first line by itself sets up an expectation that sound will be a strong element of the haiku, and when the reader finds none, it is a disappointment. Particularly since the "rattle" of sabers, conjured up by the first line, echoes so well with the "talk of war" image. I'd really like to hear some more rattling in the poem.

jb: Again I agree with Patricia. I would only add that "hemlock" is highly poisonous.

4312 Garden chairs put away
for the year. Two squares
of yellowed grass.

pjm: "Two squares!" "Of yellowed grass!" A unique, totally fresh image that marries the "yellowed grass" with the never-mentioned couple whose presence is in their absence. And an image echoed in the unique form of the poem itself, which is broken in two parts each ending in a period! It is delightful to encounter such unique and imaginative use of the haiku form.

jb: I like this haiku as well with the exception of the language. I read the phrasing as a little abrupt. I would prefer seeing this as a two-line verse:

Garden chairs put away for the year/ Two
squares of yellowed grass.

I like the image, very much. It suggests the latency of the pleasure of a recent time.

pjm: Jerry, I have to chime back in in defense of the poet's use of the three-line format. The way the two sentences play against the three-line form is what makes the poem work so well—their folding over the haiku frame reflects the very act of folding up aluminum garden chairs for storage.

4348 breath steam
she leans closer
to catch his words

jb: This is a lyrical haiku. It's also a narrative. There are two sequential events: (1) breath steam, and (2) her "leaning closer." I read it as about the closeness of a relationship. It's just a nice moment in a cold time when "breath" turns to "steam." I see this as paradigm for so many times when one makes an effort to be "closer" to a friend or loved one; perhaps not for anything more important than simply "catching his words." The time is not robust, apparently, or the words would be too—she wouldn't need to "lean closer," but she does. And that (Robert Frost) "makes all the difference."

pjm: A little human warmth on a cold day—the intimacy of breath reflecting the intimate interaction of two companions.

4356 war news
biting into
a blood-red plum

jb: Whereas my first choice is clearly lyrical, this haiku is dramatic. Here we have a "bitter-sweet" situation. The war and the bite into the plum are in a dramatic antithesis. There is a metaphor here: war is biting into a blood-red plum. To me this says so much about wartime. Yes there is blood, but also there is heroism. There is the worst, which can bring out the best. Isn't it true that when we think of history we very often speak of war? We think of the Twentieth Century as the century of the "Great Wars." Do we also think of the Marshall Plan and the reconstruction of Japan? So this is a dramatic haiku with fitting imagery and appropriate haiku language. I commend the author.

pjm: Discordant and jarring "war news" is compared to the bite of a plum. I find it interesting—this comparison of a visual or aural sensation ("war news") with a taste sensation. While the poet has left the taste of the plum to our imagination (I imagine the taste to be tart or sour; Jerry imagines it to be "bitter-sweet"), the description of the plum's color is blatant and, therefore for me, not as effective it might be.

4394 long drive home—
the sleeping baby's
pulsing neck

jb: This haiku is lyrical like my first choice. It is a private, soft image, and the language is well suited and properly flowing. Unlike my first choice, however, this is an image (a "still life," as it were) and not a narrative. We are not expected to learn anything here, merely to feel the reaction to the poignant scene. One then is given (by the author) the opportunity to feel the reaction that a parent might feel for their sleeping child. That is how I read this successful haiku.

pjm: The comfort of a child asleep with its "pulsing neck" so vulnerable is a detailed and fresh observation, an image with the potential to carry us farther. My suggestion is that a kigo would help—a kigo that brings out the vulnerability. For example, "Thanksgiving Day" would only add to the blandness of the image. "Winter carnival" or "crack of icicles," on the other hand, have an edge that would give the image the contrast it needs.

...And so this brings the discussion of kigo and revision, which Carolyn Thomas so eloquently started, full circle. Keeping Carolyn's analysis in mind, please remember I've chosen these kigo off the top of my head as examples to stimulate thinking on the subject of kigo, not as the final word in revising this particular haiku.

**Challenge Kigo for January/February
Winter Solstice**
by D. Claire Gallagher

Winter solstice is mid-winter in some cultures or the beginning of winter in others. The sun is at its lowest arc in the sky; at this time of year, the arc changes very little from day to day. Does the pale sun seem to be standing still?

The darkness of the longest night conjures up an atavistic human need to gather with others by a fire. Sunset on winter solstice was keenly and anxiously watched in by-gone times. Ancients, fearing that the sun would not return without a vigil of invocation or celebration of gratitude, often gathered around bon fires and hearth fires for Yule observations. Yule is an ancient name for the winter solstice as well as its celebration; some attribute an even earlier association with "wheel," referring to the solar wheel of the year, which begins anew after winter solstice. The weeks leading to winter solstice are still celebrated with festivities and frantic preparation.

winter solstice~
the sunset incantations
of red-winged blackbirds

--D. Claire Gallagher

winter solstice—
drawing our chairs closer
to the shifting logs

--D. Claire Gallagher

winter solstice
a raven rises
from the median strip

--D. Claire Gallagher
after Bashō

Message From The President - 2002

Welcome to 2002! To all appearances it is the holiday season as I write this. The usual parades and festivities and other such goings on are going on. San Jose/ the South San Francisco Bay Area is having cool weather, and the first seasonal dusting of snow on local mountain tops has just come and gone. But there is a difference this year.

I like to think that haikin have a slightly firmer grip on reality than most people. And that practicing this craft may in itself be one small way to teach understanding, compassion and tolerance. There exist many organizations sharing haiku internationally. Write, share, learn, enjoy in small circles or large. Peace on earth, goodwill to all is often wished, often said, but not often enough done.

In our group, we look forward this year to more insights into writing through the Dojin's Corner, an Asilomar Retreat (in January! and then again in the fall), probably moving our regular meetings to the Markham House in History Park, San Jose, more work on our local saijiki, our Geppo every other month (thank you, Jean Hale!) and more to be announced later. We certainly send our best wishes to our sensei and cofounder, Kiyoko Tokutomi, whom we hope to see strong and recovered soon. We are very thankful to Patrick Gallagher for renovating and caretaking our web presence at www.youngleaves.org, as well as coordinating other projects. And we are indebted to the dedication, leadership and work put in by Patricia Machmiller and Anne Homan and all the others who have contributed to Yuki Teikei's continuing health.

I know many of you live far from this area. But if your travels bring you close, please try to attend our local meetings and events. If you live in the area, your participation is more than welcome. The snow on our mountains is very transient, which makes it all the more beautiful.

snow on the mountains
we close our doors and fill cracks
with golden lamplight

Respectfully Yours,
Roger Abe



Calendar

January 10 – 13 - Asilomar Retreat

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

March 9 - 1:30 -East Valley Health Center, 1995 McKee Road, San Jose. Program to be determined.

April 13 – 1:30 – East Valley Health Center, 1995 McKee Road, San Jose. Program to be determined.

Note: As Roger mentioned in his address, we may change the location of our monthly meetings. If you are a first time attendee or have not attended in a while, I would recommend calling before coming to any of the above meetings. (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.