



the haiku study-work journal

of the

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVII:1

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

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|------|---|------|---|
| 4478 | affair over<br>so much trash clogging<br>the irrigation ditches                   | 4487 | needing to let go –<br>all day long I cannot lose<br>smell of burnt popcorn |
| 4479 | summer fog<br>gray crows calling<br>from the corn field                           | 4488 | camellia flower<br>floating in bowl of water –<br>he has stopped            |
| 4480 | cold morning<br>while she scolds<br>I try not to shiver                           | 4489 | snow to 1,200 feet<br>limp hardy geraniums<br>new doctor hopeful            |
| 4481 | angry winter sea,<br>the roar of the breakers<br>even at this distance            | 4490 | when did you stop<br>flirting with the wind<br>valentine roses              |
| 4482 | Our good friend's cough<br>deep in the night we hear him –<br>more tests tomorrow | 4491 | online blackjack<br>in the flannel shirt<br>once belonged to him            |
| 4483 | Blooming camellia<br>mid-January heat wave –<br>tomorrow, who knows               | 4492 | descending footsteps<br>of a stranger<br>Valentine moon                     |
| 4484 | a double feature<br>both movies are foreign films<br>winter nights                | 4493 | downy woodpecker<br>hangs upside down on suet<br>pecks seed not insects     |
| 4485 | memories of Blyth<br>memories of Smile<br>days getting longer                     | 4494 | pink nipples of quince<br>bare to sun then sudden snow<br>unseasonal bloom  |
| 4486 | meandering path<br>through the darkly shadowed woods<br>winter moon               | 4495 | near Valentines Day<br>you grace seventy four years<br>ever more precious   |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 4496 | ceanothus hands –<br>knowledge of the plant’s cleansing<br>blossom before word | 4507 | ice fishing<br>father teaching his son<br>silence                              |
| 4497 | fifty-five degrees<br>and called winter –<br>bare-legged laughter              | 4508 | at the research lab<br>outlined in Christmas lights<br>whale skeleton          |
| 4498 | Valentine Day:<br>she’s puffing her cheeks<br>one by one                       | 4509 | cresting the pass<br>rain turning white and heavy<br>morning pillow fight      |
| 4499 | old mill pond<br>in the spreading oil<br>a bluer sky                           | 4510 | midnight<br>snow falls<br>and melts  |
| 4500 | Venetian facade:<br>not enough time to catch<br>crumbling plaster              | 4511 | scent of the book<br>rising and falling<br>on my chest                         |
| 4501 | new home<br>I plant a lemon tree<br>with a prayer                              | 4512 | life as we know it –<br>snowflakes<br>in an updraft                            |
| 4502 | “House for Sale”<br>bindweeds overflow<br>the white picket fence               | 4513 | the cat pounces<br>on a fallen puzzle piece<br>last days of winter             |
| 4503 | Christmas cactus<br>last flower opens<br>Valentine Day                         | 4514 | days getting longer—<br>the waitress pokes a pencil<br>through her coiled hair |
| 4504 | Venice trattoria—<br>everything seasoned<br>by the sea                         | 4515 | in the lunch box<br>a baggie of candy hearts<br>under the napkin               |
| 4505 | parallel ridges<br>of grass clippings—<br>she rakes the aroma                  | 4516 | red nandina leaf<br>tethered on the spider’s thread<br>endlessly spinning      |
| 4506 | plaza tulips—<br>the magician’s array<br>of colored silks                      | 4517 | gray rain dawn<br>bread rising . . .<br>the barometer falls                    |

- 4518 noiseless hawk soaring  
the winter wind  
cuts swift to the bone
- 4519 winter moon  
the bath bomb explodes  
its rose scent
- 4520 winter garden –  
still my Chinese neighbour  
practices tai-chi
- 4521 hospital bed . . .  
an early blossom  
on the dinner tray
- 4522 lantern light —  
footprints shadow  
frost covered snow
- 4523 hard-edge moon —  
the old iron bridge twists  
swirling dark water
- 4524 five generations now . . .  
she pauses to add  
another, now
- 4525 ironing clothes  
in the depth of winter –  
the steamy odour
- 4526 winter day  
bread swells around  
its tin-shaped form
- 4527 parking warden  
challenges their rights –  
her cough louder
- 4528 Waking to new snow . . .  
brilliant light on the ceiling,  
softer sounds outside
- 4529 Pause on winter's hike . . .  
gazing through a skim of ice  
held against the sun
- 4530 Down the rampart steps;  
as youth descends left, right, left . . .  
we put the right foot first
- 4531 warming his hands  
over the steam vent –  
the war veteran
- 4532 a snowflake  
falls on my sword blade  
and then another
- 4533 by hospital bed  
at the gravesite too  
chrysanthemums
- 4534 cafeteria  
an old lady explains why  
she can't have bean soup
- 4535 first dream of the year  
I wake myself chuckling  
out loud
- 4536 frosty dawn  
only one downtown high-rise  
catching the sun
- 4537 gust of winter...  
the punching wind  
meets my forehead
- 4538 February rain...  
stale Christmas wreath thumps  
against closed door
- 4539 snowflakes whirl...  
little children dancing  
on a northern wind

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|------|--|------|---|
| 4540 | Valentines Day<br>on a diet again<br>he brings chocolates                | 4551 | from ham to cheese<br>settling on roast beef<br>— deli fly                |
| 4541 | the winter sea<br>changing the shoreline<br>as his words change me       | 4552 | a siren wails—<br>you reach for my hand<br>and hold it                    |
| 4542 | a homeless woman<br>pokes in the snow<br>purple crocus                   | 4553 | a dried persimmon<br>wedged into the corner. . .<br>summerhouse deck      |
| 4543 | sanderlings on the run<br>create their own curving wave<br>winter poetry | 4554 | below the eaves,<br>a pulsating cobweb<br>as the postman passes           |
| 4544 | is there a God<br>or is there no God<br>migrating whales                 | 4555 | depth of winter<br>gray mood in heart and sky<br>the snow starts to fall  |
| 4545 | satisfying crunch<br>of my steps on the gravel<br>new year's resolution  | 4556 | depth of winter<br>my mother can no longer<br>read my haiku               |
| 4546 | winter tree<br>almost unrecognizable<br>what is its name?                | 4557 | winter loneliness<br>the empty shell of bandstand<br>silenced music       |
| 4547 | late winter –<br>new running partner<br>leaves me red-faced and panting  | 4558 | annual diet<br>last stalk of celery<br>withers in the frig                |
| 4548 | late winter -<br>fallen chunks of swallow nests<br>on the sidewalk       | 4459 | military leave<br>nothing can keep them apart<br>walk down muddy road     |
| 4549 | after the storm –<br>each puddle full of stars<br>cricket sounds         | 4560 | cancer survivor<br>nursing a pain in the chest<br>praying for cold or flu |
| 4550 | rush hour traffic<br>click clacking down the street<br>sycamore leaves   | 4561 | above<br>the snow throwers clatter<br>chickadee                           |

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|--|---|
| <p>4562 winter moon<br/>a single tree<br/>sheds its snow</p> <p>4563 short day<br/>my last candle<br/>even shorter</p> <p>4564 cracked abalone<br/>a screaming gull<br/>plops on my hat</p> <p>4465 snow covers<br/>the ancient pine<br/>mom's tinted hair</p> <p>4566 where the river stills<br/>a benevolent<br/>icy reflection</p> <p>4567 Valentine's Day gift<br/>a ceramic cupid<br/>with a broken heart</p> <p>4568 walk on a muddy road<br/>that same butterfly<br/>passing me</p> <p>4569 out of monopoly money<br/>my hot chocolate<br/>no longer hot</p> <p>4570 first blossoms<br/>two lovers looking for<br/>an empty bench</p> <p>4571 after the sirens<br/>relief to be awakened<br/>cats in love</p> <p>4572 Valentine's card<br/>she sent by mail<br/>to how many others?</p> | <p>4573 Buddhist school—<br/>stopping to hear the trickle<br/>of the winter creek</p> <p>4574 homeless in winter-<br/>second-hand eyeglasses<br/>better upside-down</p> <p>4575 after jazzercise<br/>choking<br/>on a snowflake</p> <p>4576 shuffling<br/>through maple leaves—<br/>a young friend's death</p> <p>4577 all-day-Sunday rain<br/>hothouse tulips droop<br/>in the crystal vase</p> <p>4578 steam rising<br/>from road apples<br/>winter orchard</p> |
|--|---|

**Challenge Kigo**  
Winter Solstice

winter solstice –  
can't stop eating chocolate  
thinking of him

Donnalyn n Chase

Winter Solstice  
I wake in the dark  
alone

Dave Bachelor

winter solstice  
the chrysanthemum has faded  
on my passport

Fay Aoyagi

even at midday  
spiky trees cast soft shadow  
winter solstice

Christine Doreian Michaels

a candle flickering  
by the window  
winter solstice

Naomi Y. Brown

spending so much time  
with the moon and stars today —  
winter solstice

Giovanni Malito

eye floaters...  
darting through the alpenglow  
of winter solstice

Claire Gallagher

snow dusts the crate  
where a veteran sleeps  
.....winter solstice

Joan H. Ward

house fire  
on the tv  
winter solstice

John Stevenson

sun threading  
through a hole at the cave top  
*winter solstice*

Anne M. Homan

winter solstice—  
pottery in moonlight  
casting a shadow

Carolyn Thomas

winter solstice –  
trucking useless things  
to the Goodwill

Kat Avila

in city canyon  
winter solstice slot of sun  
hearth warm

Janeth H. Ewald

the last clinging leaves  
rattle against my window  
winter solstice

Hank Dunlap

winter solstice . . .  
a passing shower  
on the tin roof

Patricia Prime

string balled  
in the corner of a drawer—  
winter solstice

Michael Welch

recalling crickets  
half a solstice away –  
songs they never heard

Ross Figgins

winter solstice  
the dark night mourns  
for my mother

Eve Jeanette Blohm

Winter Solstice;  
toasted-cheese sandwiches  
and hot chocolate

Robert Major

winter solstice  
icicles wait patiently  
for spring thaw

Kathy Chamberlin

winter solstice  
the lamplighter  
comes early

Ruth Holzer

winter solstice  
two stars through  
the evening clouds

Linda Robeck

winter solstice  
the chenille bedspread's mark  
on her cheek

Yvonne Hardenbrook

holding fast  
we spin into the light  
winter solstice

Pät Gallagher

"who let the dogs out?"  
that darn song again—  
winter solstice

Gloria Procsal

winter solstice  
I scrape the black  
off burnt toast

Cindy Tebo

winter solstice-  
telling lies to move him  
to the rest home

Richard St. Clair

dawnlight funneled  
through a chink in the hedge  
winter solstice

Carolyn Hall

November-December Haiku Voted Best by  
Readers of Geppo

even so –  
I transfer her birthdate  
to the new calendar

Gloria Jaguden

quietly peeling  
a fresh tangerine —  
the scent of new love

Gloria Procsal

another hand  
lifts the pot lid  
bean soup

Carolyn Thomas

inmates  
shuffle to the window  
first snow falling

Gloria Jaguden

the cat's gaze  
fixed on the ceiling  
winter spider

Yvonne Hardenbrook

bare winter garden  
at last I see the bird  
who sang all summer

Graham High

winter dusk  
a neighbor's light turns on  
warms my sickbed

Alison Woolpert

chilly night  
from the doorway sleeping bag  
a man's muffled cough

Joan Zimmerman

in the one tree  
with no more leaves  
three preening crows

Linda Robeck

Members Votes for Nov/Dec

Jenna Clark - 4397-1 4398-1 4399-0  
Linda Robeck - 4400-6 4401-6 4402-1  
Gloria Procsal - 4403-12 4404-1 4405-0 -  
Gloria Jaguden - 4406-7 4407-1 4408-13  
Ruth Holzer - 4409-5 4410-4 4411-4  
Teruo Yamagata - 4412-1 4413-0 4414-4  
Hank Dunlap - 4415-1 4416-4 4417-0  
Giovanni Mailito - 4418-0 4419-6 4420-3  
Carolyn Thomas - 4421-0 4422-9 4423-1  
Anne Homan - 4424-1 4425-6 4426-1  
Kathy Chamberlin - 4427-0 4428-1 4429-0  
Yvonne Hardenbrook - 4430-7 4431-3 4432-3  
Eve J. Blohm - 4433-0 4434-0 4435-0  
John Stevenson - 4436-6 4437-3 4438-3  
Graham High - 4439-7 4440-1 4441-  
Richard St. Claire - 4442-2 4443-1 4444-3  
Kay Grimnes - 4445-4 4446-1 4447-5  
Zinovy Vayman - 4448-2 4449-1 4450-0  
C. Doreian-Michaels - 4451-2 4452-0 4453-2  
Alison Woolpert - 4454-0 4455-1 4456-7  
Carolyn Hall - 4457-3 4458-1 4459-6  
Joan Zimmerman - 4460-7 4461-1 4462-5  
Michael Welch - 4463-3 4464-2 4465-1  
William Peckham - 4466-1 4467-1 4468-1  
Fay Aoyagi - 4469-2 4470-5 4471-3  
Laura Bell - 4472-3 4473-6 4474-0  
W. Elliott Greig - 4475-0 4476-1 4477-0

departing autumn  
a few seeds left  
in the sunflowers

Linda Robeck

november rain —  
walking our path  
all alone now

Giovanni Malito

at ninety nine years  
her laugh lines deepest of all—  
July reunion

Anne Homan

New Year's Eve  
among absent friends  
my hunger

John Stevenson

new year's eve  
shaking the down up to the top  
of the comforter

Carolyn Hall

hillside graveyard  
sounds of city life  
through the mist

Laura Bell

November morning —  
we don't have to visit  
the old age home now

Ruth Holzer

winter solstice  
another tuna can  
goes into the trash

Kay Grimnes

turnip —  
even the cows' milk  
tastes of it

Joan Zimmerman

owl moon  
another year  
with or without him

Fay Aoyagi

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**SEASON WORDS**  
**for spring**

*selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology*

**Season:** spring months: March, April, early spring, lengthening days, spring dream, spring dusk, spring evening, spring melancholy, tranquility, vernal equinox.

**Sky and Elements:** bright, haze or thin mist, first spring storm, hazy moon, March wind, melting snow, lingering snow, spring breeze, spring cloud, spring frost, spring moon, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, warmth.

**Landscape:** flooded river/stream/brook, muddy/miry fields, muddy road, spring fields, spring hills, spring mountain, spring river, spring sea, spring tide.

**Human Affairs:** plowing or tilling fields, sleeping Buddha, spring cleaning, windmill, April Fools Day/April fool, Ash Wednesday, Lent, Palm Sunday, Easter ( ~ bonnet/clothes, ~ eggs, coloring/hiding ~ eggs, ~lily, ~ parade, ~ rabbit/chicken/duckling), Passover.

**Animals:** abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), bush warbler, cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, whitebait (a fish), nightingale, wild birds' return(geese, etc.).

**Plants:** asparagus, bracken, bramble, camellia, cherry blossoms/tree, crocus, daphne, blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, maple, oak, pear, pine, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, mustard, parsley, plum blossoms/tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver(nori), shepherd's-purse, violet, pussy willows or catkins, willow.



**Dojins' Corner**  
by Patricia and Jerry

pjm: I think it is worth noting before we start the impressive number (well over half) of startling and innovative haiku elicited by the "snake in a hole" and "snake at a loss" kigo in the Challenge Kigo Column in the last *GEPP0*. These unusual kigo seemed to give writers permission to be freer in their associations, and as a result, the haiku submitted have a fresh and light (and I don't mean light as in frivolous—I mean light as in unlabored) quality that is admirable. So kudos to the Column editor, Claire Gallagher, and to Fay Aoyagi, who proposed these kigo, and to all the writers who participated. Good writing!

In response to the last *GEPP0*'s "Dojins' Column" Richard St. Claire was prompted to write to us:

rsc: It is interesting how often comments in the "Dojins' Corner" open my eyes to subtleties in haiku that I had not seen in the first few readings. One such haiku, in *GEPP0* XXVI-6 (Nov.-Dec. 2001), is Gloria Procsal's

war news  
biting into  
a blood-red plum

While I agree that the "blood-red" is an obvious, maybe too obvious, reference to the bloodshed of war, there is, I feel, an alternate way of looking at it. There is something about biting into a rich, juicy and ripe plum that is sensuous, a stark contrast to "war news." Then what is the connection that makes it a coherent unified poem? As I read it, the person who is simultaneously hearing war news is eating an enjoyable piece of fruit, suggesting that this person is far away from the line of fire. This is true, certainly, of Americans whose soldiers have been waging war thousands of miles away in Afghanistan. Thus the poem is making a point: Life goes on in spite of war, no matter how gruesome the news from the distant front may be. Even the enjoyment of life goes on in spite of the ominous shadow of war (the World Series was played in New York City, which had

only weeks earlier been ravaged by a bloody terrorist attack). It could also be a biting commentary on the comparatively easy life in America compared to that poverty-stricken, war-torn country where America's soldiers have been waging war.

In addition, the word "biting" can be interpreted as a pivot, reading both "war news biting" (or "war news biting into") and "biting into a blood-red plum." Pivot words are not typically seen in haiku as they are in five-line Japanese court poetry (waka), but this is a compelling exception. Considering "biting" or "biting into" as a pivot between two sharply contrasting subjects can even suggest a sense of guilt in the person who, though war news is biting her deep sense of humanity, nonetheless is taking pleasure in eating a tasty piece of fruit, which "bites" at her conscience. These are some of the feelings that this remarkable haiku stirred in me.

pjm: Thanks, Richard, for writing to us. We can be reached at \_\_\_\_\_ if you have ideas you would like to share.

And now to the choices for this month. I chose 4406, 4415, and 4453 from this long list of possible candidates: 4405, 4406, 4408, 4410, 4411, 4414, 4415, 4423, 4429, 4436, 4446, 4447, 4448, 4449, 4453, 4455, 4459, 4461, 4462, 4464, and 4465.

jtb: Here are my choices for this month. 4401, 4406, 4408, 4415, 4422, 4437, 4447, 4459, and 4462. My top three choices are: 4408, 4459, and 4462.

4406 inmates  
shuffle to the window  
first snow falling

pjm: Why did I pick this poem over all the reservations that I have about poems written about prison and prisoners? Most of the time such poems seem false or contrived created to elicit sympathy. But this poem does not. I hope that the person who wrote this poem is not in prison, but the writing feels authentic to me. Perhaps because in some ways we all can be "inmates"—that is, imprisoned by our own fears, tied down in

conventionality, or immobilized by illness. In whatever ways that we are "inmates," the miraculous beauty of the "first snow falling" draws us to the window to look out and behold something beyond ourselves — ephemeral as it is. And in that act of beholding lies hope—hope that within us is that which can free us. I would also note the sound in this haiku—the "f" sound in "shuffle," "first," and "falling" gives the poem the sound of quiet that is the sound of snow falling.

jtb: I agree with Patricia's choice. I like this poem very much too. Yes, we are all "inmates."

4408 even so –  
I transfer her birthdate  
to the new calendar

jtb: I think what attracts me to this verse is the use of the words "even so"—I can think of so many reasons to use this expression. I realize that there are many reasons to choose another haiku, but "even so" I have chosen it as a favorite. I like the language. I like the idea, and I like the subtext, which hints at a kind of struggle to perform a simple act. "Even so" I am between making a choice and the reasons not to. In the face of adversity, I choose to go ahead.

pjm: At the turn of the year a bitter-sweet moment remembering someone who was close to the writer, close enough that the birthday is part of each year's cycle. And now that the cycle has come to an end—"even so"—the person's memory is honored in this small act.

4415 scrub jays scold  
as I enter their space  
—a smell of old leaves

pjm: First, I checked with Jean to see if the two periods at the end of the first line of this poem were misprints, and they were. The poem is printed correctly here. The poem brings together simultaneously the sense of sound and the sense of smell, and it tells us that the jays' penchant for protecting their territory is as old a habit as the leaves

decaying underfoot. There is no cause and effect here; only the wisdom of centuries.

jtb: This is one of my choices also. Even though this was not one of my top choices I still rate it very highly. My choosing another verse is a matter of personal taste.

4453 my phantom limb aches  
I feel my dead cat brush past  
wind stirs the dry leaves

pjm: In the same way that 4415 brought two different sensory experiences together so too does this poem—which brings together the sense of touch and the sense of sound. I could also say that the poem brings together the extrasensory and the sensory in that the touch of the dead cat here is imagined to be like that of the wind and the sound of the dead cat's movement is like the sound of wind in dry leaves. And all this explanation cannot explain the delicacy of the feeling given by these perfectly matched images. But it is the delicacy of the whole that I appreciate so much. Well done.

jtb: Patricia and I are in high agreement this month. Again, I say that I like this haiku but it's not one of my top choices. I think my recommendation for this verse would be to try to make the three lines work together. I read three lines and feel that they're independent, three separate lines. Please forgive me: dry leaves/I feel my dead cat rub/against my phantom limb. I like every line in the verse.

pjm: Although I agree that Jerry's version solves the "problem" of three independent lines which is usually thought to be something to be avoided, I think in this case the three lines are effective. The disembodied limb, the ghost of the cat, the wind in this world—these three separate phrases match the meaning and add to the significance of the poem as a whole. And whatever the poet decides about the syntax, the "wind" to my mind is very important to this poem—it is not extraneous and should not be dropped. Finally I find the use of the seventeen-syllable form particularly apt for this subject matter—it has an elegiac quality that moves the poem to another level.

4459 new year's eve  
shaking the down to the top  
of the comforter

jtjb: New year's eve...a cold time, and a time for adjustments. We haul out the comforter and discover that the down fill has shifted. Well, we need to shake it out. We have done this so often...like making the bed. It becomes a ritual that puts me in touch with the season. To me this fits very well with the idea of "new year's eve." This verse also seems to me to have a nice lyric sense. I don't feel intense about it, just "comfortable."

pjm: At the turn of the year—a cold time—shaking the comforter to rearrange the down—a simple image expressing preparation for the New Year and also, in the simplicity of this act of home-keeping, expressing continuity. I would note that there are two *kiigo* here—New Year's Eve and comforter, but they seem to work well together, one supporting the other, and so the poem is unified.

4462 turnip—  
even the cows' milk  
tastes of it

jtjb: Turnip has a strong taste, one that I don't like every day. When I'm up for munching a turnip, though, it's thoroughly enjoyable. When I do this, though, the taste is so strong that it flavors many other things. I have a strong reaction to this image...how many things are like this? How many turnips are there in your life? How many things are there that are strong and unfrequentable and lend their flavor to their surroundings? What an olfactory image! I can still smell the turnips my grandfather sliced with his pocketknife.

pjm: I've experienced the taste of milk being changed by cows eating spring grass, but

never turnips. But I'm sure if cows eat turnips, their milk would take the flavor! In this way the poem enhances one of the primary characteristics of the turnip. Clearly the poem attracted both Jerry and I. But I think the poem could be even more; what if the last two lines were "even the cows' milk/tastes of turnip" and there was a new first line—one that gave us a deeper and more subtle interaction to think about?  
Hmum

Your comments on our column are always welcome. Please write to us at our e-mail addresses or send a letter to Jean Hale. She will see that we get it.

**KIGO CHALLENGE**  
by Claire Gallagher

rushing water  
rushing river / stream / creek / water in  
street gutter/ etc.

The rivers of early spring often swell with the pell-mell rush of snow melt and runoff from rain. This release of water is both a harbinger of spring's glory and a cleanser of debris. Excess water overruns its bed with great energy. Whether in an urban gutter or a mighty river, spring waters rush urgently ~ for a few hours or many days.

Brookside Café —  
recorded Bach drowns  
a rushing creek

D. Claire Gallagher

**Haiku: Silent Dance with a Kigo Mask**  
by Fay Aoyagi

Thank you for giving me an opportunity to talk about my approach towards writing haiku. I am not a haiku scholar. I just want to share with you how I write haiku. And if what I tell you today helps you enjoy haiku better, I will be happy.

To give you a little of my background, I will tell you that I have been living in San Francisco since November 1994. I was born in Tokyo and grew up there. I immigrated to the United States in 1984. My first hometown in the US was New York City. Though I attended several writing workshops there, I did not write haiku while I was in New York. I did not know then that there were people who wrote haiku in English and that the Haiku Society of America was founded there. I now belong to a Japanese haiku group, Ten'i (Providence), which I joined in June 2000 and I write haiku in both Japanese and English. Today, however, I plan to talk only about my English-language haiku, which I started writing in 1995.

Shortly after I moved to San Francisco from New York, I attended a poetry reading at a Clean Well Lighted Place. Leza Lowitz, the editor and translator of *A Long Rainy Season* was the reader. Her book features haiku written by modern Japanese women. Many of the topics of these haiku were about women's lives in modern urban settings. They hit me very hard. Before this reading I thought haiku was boring—too rigid, too traditional, and only for old people who had nothing else to do. After that evening, I started attending coffee house readings with my "tanka" (I called the short four-line poems I had written "tanka"). Then one day Jerry Kilbride, one of the regulars at the Yakety Yak Coffee House, invited me to an HSA quarterly meeting and the rest is, as they say, history.

My haiku writing process begins with the emotion I want to express. To obtain the maximum impact in a few words, I utilize the power of the kigo. For me, a kigo is not the mere reference to the season. It can represent the emotion, scent, sound, history—it has the power to be provocative. A kigo in my haiku operates sometimes like a prop in a play does or like the mask a Noh dancer wears. Through haiku I try to present my history—who I am—hoping that with subtle movements I will evoke deep feelings in the audience.

There are three deliberate elements in my haiku:

- (1) My subjects are urban
- (2) I often speak in the first person
- (3) I strive to develop my own voice

I am not a bird watcher. I don't go camping or hiking. I know nothing of plants and flowers. The materials I use in my writing are from my urban life. I think of haiku as a screen onto which I can show the black and white image I am creating much like a silent movie.

intact zero fighter  
at the Smithsonian  
cherry blossom rain

Early in my writing career, I was told by a prominent haiku poet that in writing haiku one should not change what really happened. I think he meant we should not change the weather, the season, the flower that we saw to be more dramatic. But I'm not sure I agree.

This haiku about the Zero Fighter, a famous kamikaze fighter plane used during WWII, was based on an actual experience. Last spring, I went to Washington, DC, on a business trip. We had a couple of hours to kill between meetings so I suggested to my clients that we go to the Air and Space Museum where I saw the Zero Fighter. It was spring. So far, so good. But was it raining? No. Were there cherry blossoms outside the museum? No.

I could have used March afternoon because it was March or spring warmth because it was warm. Why made me think I could include cherry blossoms, which were not there? Cherry blossoms, like chrysanthemums, are very special flowers to me. Cherry blossoms are the national flower of Japan. On a Japanese passport, the chrysanthemum, the official flower of the royal family, is stamped. These flowers are symbols of my country, the place where I was born and raised; their significance to me goes far beyond the season in which they bloom.

That day when I saw the Zero, the words that I had heard fighter pilots say came back to me. Their voices had been in my head ever since I worked to translate ten to twelve hours of videotaped interviews of Japanese fighter pilots for a PBS special documentary titled "Fighters in the Sky." Here in Washington, DC, after all those years, I find myself in front of a fighter plane in perfect shape, no bullet holes, no rust. Instead of writing "I cry silently" I chose the kigo "cherry blossom rain." The cherry blossom here represents me as well as the kamikaze pilot; it represents his mother and, perhaps, his lover—all those who lost as a result of his death.

I felt the poem needed a water or sky element and so from these possible kigo, cherry blossom cloud, cherry blossom dew, cherry blossom blizzard, and cherry blossom rain, I thought the last would be the best choice.

I often write in the first person. For example

August waves  
I tell my history  
to jelly fish

Technically speaking this haiku has two kigo—August and jellyfish. Both are summer kigo. When I read this haiku at the HSA Haiku Conference in Decatur, I was asked if I had truly talked to jellyfish. Although I do not, I did find this an effective way to write about my "August."

My first boyfriend in the US was a Dutch graduate student. Towards the end of the summer semester, his father came from Holland to see how his son was doing in the Big Apple. I was not invited to the dinner. His father was not comfortable dining with a Japanese. He was a prisoner of war in Indonesia during WWII and was treated badly by the Japanese soldiers. It was the first time I was denied something because I was Japanese. This event happened in August. Also, it was on August 15 that Emperor Hirohito announced on the radio that Japan had lost the war. So the choice of August is straightforward.

But why jellyfish? When I was a child I spent my summer vacations in Tateyama, a beach town where my maternal grandparents lived. Around mid-August, a lot of jellyfish appeared in the water. I don't know if it is true or not but my grandmother always told me I should be very careful because some people died from the sting of the jellyfish. In this haiku I wanted to tell jellyfish, which have the power to kill me, my side of the story, my history, who I am and what happened to me in that special month—August.

For me, it is important to have one's own voice. Though I must warn you that not every editor is looking for unique voices and that pursuing your own distinct path has inherent in it the danger of rejection. If the ultimate goal is to publish as many haiku as possible or to win as many contests as possible, then don't choose to be unusual or different.

cold rain—  
my application  
to become a crab

You may ask yourself, is Fay crazy? First, she was a cherry blossom, then she talks to jellyfish and now she wants to become a crab. This haiku was published in Mariposa 2. There are few editors, aside from Claire Gallagher, who would publish this haiku.

I wrote this haiku after reading an article about Tohta Kaneko's haiku which had been written by Dhugal Lindsay and Yoko Sugawa in *Modern Haiku* (Winter-Spring 2000). One of Tohta Kaneko's haiku as translated by Lindsay and Sugawa was

snow, on the seabed  
dyer's safflowers piled up  
is that how crabs are made

This haiku has three kigo: two summer kigo, crab and dyer's safflower, and one winter kigo, snow. The structure of the original poem in Japanese is 7,6,7. Kaneko's use of three kigo in two seasons gave me permission to write my haiku with two kigo: cold rain and crab from two different seasons.

And like many of my haiku, there is a story behind it. A crab in Japanese is *kani*; my zodiac sign is *kani* in Japanese, Cancer in English. Cancer, as you know, has two meanings in English—the zodiac sign and the disease. It has two personal meanings for me as well—both as a sign and as a disease. The audience may not get the exact same story that I have in mind, but I am a haiku dancer here. I show my costume, my mask, my movements. It is my intention that the audience will finish the story as they like.

Sometimes the kigo comes first for me. When I choose a particular kigo, I look at it from many angles like a painter looks at a model or a photographer looks at a scene. I check my Japanese saijiki or other haiku collections to understand how haiku masters have used the kigo. One of my favorite kigo is "fallen camellia" and one of my favorite haiku using this kigo is by Shugyo Takaha, Kiyoko Tokutomi's master.

fallen camellia  
if it were me, I'd drop there  
where the current's swift  
(Translated by Patricia J. Machmiller and Kiyoko Tokutomi)

Camellia itself is a spring kigo, but fallen or falling camellia is a winter kigo. After choosing the kigo, I ask myself what experience or memory do I have that involves this kigo. I use the kigo as the key to a door to the deeper, wider, inner world of me. Then through the haiku I write I present this inner landscape to the audience, and in doing so I try to tap into their deep feelings. I write because I want to share my story, but I cannot tell everything in three lines. I choose the climax. I show only the essence of the story.

fallen camellias  
I learn the name  
of a baby with his eyes

Why did I choose to use camellias instead of camellia? The actual story is long and complicated, but to me fallen camellias are a metaphor for a family or families—a family I could have, a family this baby's father chose, my own family scattered in three countries and separated more than by distance, the family that is the audience.

According to *Frogpond*, HSA's definition of haiku is "an unrhymed Japanese poem recording the essence of a moment keenly perceived, in which Nature is linked to human nature and foreign adoption of it." My approach toward achieving "the essence of a moment" may be different from the approach of others. I am not a "nature" person, I cannot write haiku without a lot of "me" in it, and having my voice in the haiku forest or ocean is important to me. Fortunately, there are hundreds of kigo that I can use as a prop, as a mask, as a key to invite the audience into my world, and I can continue as a director, producer, and dancer on the haiku stage and as such, I hope the audience will enjoy my three-line, silent haiku dance.

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Asilomar Retreat, January 2002.

On January 10th-13th, 2002 the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society members and friends enjoyed a long-weekend haiku retreat in the beautiful natural setting of the Asilomar Conference Center on the temperate Pacific shore.

Fay Aoyagi was the featured speaker for the retreat. Fay is a Japanese translator and interpreter for the haiku community, and writes haiku poetry in both English and Japanese. In her poetry Fay combines seasonal references with urban settings, and her keynote talk featured her personal approach to this modern combination.

The retreat included a kukai of the style introduced to us last year by Emiko Miyashita. We were delighted that Miyashita-sensei directed the kukai again this year! The final day included an oral kukai on poems written at the retreat, led by Patrick Gallagher.

A number of the conferees took a short walk to Pacific Grove to see massed clumps of wintering Monarch butterflies, and many individual butterflies fluttering in the sunlight. One afternoon was spent illustrating haiku with art created by nature printing on paper, and other techniques. In addition the participants prepared a collection of illustrated birthday greetings for Kiyoko Tokutomi, and celebrated her birthday with a party. On Saturday evening this year the poets wrote renku, always a stirring experience, with Fay Aoyagi.

The first day of this year's retreat included a walk through the stunning scenery of Point Lobos, and a beautiful sunset at Asilomar Beach just before the first meal of the retreat. Views the poets saw are on the web at <http://www.youngleaves.org/images/PtLobos/index.htm>. Many of the attendees took a thrilling whale-watching boat excursion from Monterey on the last day of the retreat. Plentiful "migrating whales" were seen, giving the poets experience for future use of this season word.

Those interested in participating in the next Asilomar retreat should mark their calendar for September 6-9, 2002!

Renku – Asilomar Retreat January 2002

afternoon sun  
through its wings  
a Monarch butterfly

Emiko Miyashita

in woolen scarves and mittens  
they gather round the starfish

Patricia Machmiller

physical therapy  
one hand of the clock  
lurches forward

Claire Gallagher

the ranger rubs the blue flowers  
to demonstrate soap

Anne Homan

a dancer at dusk  
the collie chases nothing  
under the moon

Wendy Wright

sitting on the bench  
I enjoy a persimmon

Kiyoko Tokutomi

a small crowd  
at the farmers' market  
Day of the Dead

Patrick Gallagher

heart cracking open  
to possibilities

Donnalynn Chase

leaves off his hat  
quick against her lips  
like his will later

Alison Woolpert

feeling out of place  
her lover takes her home

Kay Anderson

in the back seat  
her deflowering  
now complete

Hank Dunlap

lonely years ending  
she had longed for him

Carol Steele

grandparents  
wheelchair bound  
watching fireworks

Ann Bendixon

now and then through the carousel  
low summer moon

Michael Dylan Welch

together  
past the metal detector  
into the next world

Jerry Ball





**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPPO**

Deadline for the next issue is April 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.**

**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
Asilomar Retreat  
September 6-9, 2002  
(Friday to Monday)**

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is happy to announce another in its series of retreats at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, California. In this beautiful natural setting on the Pacific Ocean, there is always great opportunity for poetry-engendering experience. At their leisure the poets may explore coastal forest and dune vegetation, observe shore birds and other creatures, and enjoy notable Arts & Crafts architecture, as well as the historical and literary heritage of the Monterey Peninsula.

Walks and free periods for meditation and writing will be provided to create a relaxed, informal atmosphere. Workshops and open readings are offered for poets to share their work and appreciation of haiku. Materials and guidance are provided for the creation of art to accompany haiku. One evening the poets will have the opportunity to write renku with an experienced leader. Excursions are planned to Point Lobos and other beautiful sites on the Monterey Peninsula.

This year a \$360 attendance fee covers the conference, meals, and lodging. Vegetarian meals are available; no smoking is allowed in any building at Asilomar. *A \$25 discount on conference fees will be given for registrations submitted with a \$100 deposit by May 1, 2002.* Send registration requests and deposits to:

Carol Steele

**Editor's Corrections:**

The first line of poem 4415 by Hank Dunlap should read *scrub jays scold* with no punctuation after the line. My apologies.

I missed Patricia Prime in the last issue and here is her challenge kigo:

snake at a loss . . .  
the chook pen  
empty

(Chook, I am told, is New Zealand for chicken.)

# Calendar of Events

**March 9 - 1:30** –East Valley Health Center, 1995 McKee Road, San Jose. Discussion of Jane Reichhold article.

**April 13 - 1:00** – 10695 Morgan Territory Rd., Livermore. Activities will include a walk in Morgan Territory Park. Call Anne Homan for directions -

**May 18 - 1:00** – Tour of Japanese Garden, Kelly Park, Senter Rd., S.J. 2:00 Meeting in Teahouse

**June 8 - 1:30** – Hakone Gardens, Big Basin Way, Saratoga

**July 13 - 6:00 PM** – Tanabata Celebration at Anne Homan's home, Rd., Livermore. Call Anne for directions -

**September 6-9** – Asilomar Retreat - 2002

**October 20 - 6:00 PM** – Moon viewing – Location TBD.

**November 9 - 1:30 PM** – Edwin Markham House. Pat Gallagher will deliver a talk on Markham, the poet.

**December 14 - 6:00 PM** - Holiday Party,

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