



the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVII:2

March-April 2002

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

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|------|--|------|---|
| 4579 | museum courtyard
a benevolent Buddha
holding the sky | 4587 | apple farm morning
the windmill slows
to a stop |
| 4580 | one magnolia
falls into my V
spring moon | 4588 | broken finger posts
surrounded by rhododendrons
some would say I was lost |
| 4581 | third day of rain
his ninetieth birthday—
waiting it out | 4589 | for just a moment,
sunset on the Ring of Kerry
Another Guinness, lad? |
| 4582 | spring mountain sunshine
she waves bravely
toward his departing back | 4590 | borrowed rifle —
finally returned clean and oil
with testimonials |
| 4583 | open fireplace glow
dead leaves crackle solemnly
spring melancholy | 4591 | short-term gains
long-term loss—
Tax Year 2001 |
| 4584 | slow-moving bee
checking each bright new bud
looking for last year | 4592 | early spring
the dove already
drowsing on her nest |
| 4585 | 60 today—
snowmelt
feeds the creek | 4593 | admiring
the new green leaves
I tread in a turd |
| 4586 | a waft of spices
from the pantry
this yearning. . . | 4594 | first hint of colour –
a mist of nascent buds
tints the naked trees |
-

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 4595 | low Spring sun
my step extended
in an oak's longer shade | 4606 | a breath of wind
bumblebee at the lip
of the tulip |
| 4596 | après ski,
looking at the girl's legs
covered in plaster | 4607 | last of June
tree frogs in the courtyard
still courting |
| 4597 | Rainy March day –
what a blessing for the earth
dry for so long | 4608 | in the dying pine
seven titmouse nestlings
hatching all at once |
| 4598 | Easter egg hunt
noisy children all dressed up
darting here and there | 4609 | out of the current
another leaf drifting
in the eddy |
| 4599 | All the budding trees
except the crepe myrtle -
little sign of life | 4610 | movie producer
paying back taxes
his biggest hit |
| 4600 | lengthening days. . .
swiveling in mid-air
paraglider's legs | 4611 | buttocks tattoo
an 'M' on each cheek
Mom |
| 4601 | driving south
the emptiness of the plains -
spring melancholy | 4612 | two-day old calf
curled in the tall grass
only one ear alive |
| 4602 | spring breeze
separates each blade of grass
momentarily | 4613 | three-tone gray clouds
stacked high in the spring sky
a horse nickers |
| 4603 | into the house
on little red boots
the muddy road | 4614 | cloud shadows
a crucifix on the wall
its paint fading |
| 4604 | March wind . . .
my new cap
rafting down stream | 4615 | pitching ferryboat
hit suddenly by side waves
a summer willow |
| 4605 | spring moon . .
the skunk odor
ends meditation | 4616 | overseas calls
wrong number again
April Fool's Day |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 4617 | when I approach
slightly eyes open
sleeping Buddha | 4528 | wall calendar
day by day crossed off
. . . terminal patient |
| 4618 | in the study
toddler intently
shredding parenting magazines | 4529 | hummingbird —
flowered ice tea glass
no nectar |
| 4619 | morning after the Spring storm
snow cover disappears
into the brown grass | 4530 | spring
daffodils on the hill
horns play a song |
| 4520 | filigree shadows
beneath the honey locust tree
the still kittens | 4531 | spring
the lacework design
of tree branches and limbs |
| 4521 | Palm Sunday
following the plow
to church | 4532 | spring
the dreams of winter
blossom in garden |
| 4522 | early Easter
a sharp,
shifting wind | 4533 | at corner flower vendor
I buy forsythias
for my shut-in friend |
| 4523 | winter goes on
beyond the equinox
blah, blah, blah | 4534 | wine spill
on grandma's best tablecloth
one deep silence |
| 4524 | dark morning—
counting the days
to vernal equinox | 4535 | winter dusk. . .
dog by the stone wall
hugs last ray of sun |
| 4525 | vernal equinox
strains of Buddhist chant
from the other room | 4536 | melting snow
what remains keeps getting
grittier |
| 4526 | sunlit world
the eternal hum
of lemon blossoms | 4537 | abandoned field
months since the attack
thin mist rising |
| 4527 | eclipse
merging into night
twilight and dusk | 4538 | spring rain —
a friend whistling up the steps
fresh-ground coffee |

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|---|---|
| <p>4539 stamp sized lily
where to send
this blank card</p> <p>4540 lingering snow
the last bowl of oatmeal
with maple syrup</p> <p>4541 Easter's over
one basket on its side
and a cat under the couch</p> <p>4542 the plane flies over
newly tilled fields lie in strips
bandage rain puddles</p> <p>4543 spring fields in Bali
all the village threshes rice
grains held by fine nets</p> <p>4544 love's Spring dream
grand-daughter shares her longing
I offer more tea</p> <p>4545 spring slush
a kestrel in the aspen
beside the highway</p> <p>4546 locust pods
in snow-plowed piles
spring thaw</p> <p>4547 spring morning
bedclothes curled
into the cat's shape</p> <p>4548 wooden clothespins
anchoring sheets in the sun
- the snap of full sail</p> <p>4549 Easter dawn –
night nurse in faded denims
putting plants in the sun</p> | <p>4550 gold deer grazing
amid silver grasses
- circa 16th century</p> <p>4551 falling petals
... somewhere
the suicide bombs</p> <p>4552 the expired pass
to mars
april first</p> <p>4553 double espresso
one thousand frogs
one thousand one frogs...</p> <p>4554 sitting neglected
our champagne glasses dusty -
new way of being</p> <p>4555 thinking of making
pink valentine's day cookies -
two weeks too late</p> <p>4556 through the woods —
the stately glidewalk
of wild turkeys</p> <p>4557 shooting pigeons
on the high school roof—
to make pies, he said</p> <p>4558 random rhythm of
baby playing with blocks—
grandfather clock ticks</p> <p>4559 moccasins
of the grass dancer
puffs of drought</p> <p>4560 winter blackout—
the washcloth softens
in my candle-lit bath</p> |
|---|---|

<p>4561 Memorial Day — pines in the shade of pines in the sun</p>	<p>rushing water — the surf board returns without its rider</p>	<p>Patricia Prime</p>
<p>Challenge Kigo Rushing Water</p>	<p>long drought ended... into the basement the rushing water</p>	<p>Joan H. Ward</p>
<p>groundwater— into the churning creek a steady trickle</p>	<p>neighbor's pickup through the flooded streets comes to pick me up</p>	<p>Yvonne Hardenbrook</p>
<p>Carolyn Hall</p>	<p>where the river runs— into the rift a silver fish</p>	<p>Spring flood the river's debris caught at the bend</p>
<p>Gloria Procsal</p>	<p>Laura Bell</p>	<p>uprooted trees twist in the brown surge— highland storm</p>
<p>Ross Figgins</p>	<p>creek rushing through the arroyo an Indian flake</p>	<p>Anne Homan</p>
<p>fast flowing stream picks up loose leaves with insect passengers</p>	<p>rushing water out of this nowhere town</p>	<p>John Stevenson</p>
<p>Kathy Chamberlin</p>	<p>rushing stream Peace Valley Park opens again</p>	<p>late afternoon— the creek's rush shaped by stones</p>
<p>Ruth Holzer</p>	<p>Carolyn Thomas</p>	<p>Rushing water streams to the bottom of the hill the neighbors' yards awash</p>
<p>Joan C. Sauer</p>	<p>snow melt — a rushing torrent to the far off sea</p>	<p>Hank Dunlap</p>
<p>rushing rivers — the flood under the flyover halts our flow</p>	<p>Rio Grande swollen yesterday another wetback drowned</p>	<p>Naomi Y. Brown</p>
<p>Graham High</p>		

rushing stream
 an assortment of rocks
 on the rinse cycle

Cindy Tebo

a Race of water
 family name died with dad
 rests in dragon pool

Christine Doreian-Michaels

on the wooden bridge
 over rushing water
 the toddler sheds his diaper

Janeth H. Ewald

rushing water
 shall I bet
 on my leaf boat?

Fay Ioyagi

rushing river—
 even the clouds
 seem in a hurry

Richard St. Clair

house in the redwoods –
 the rushing creek rushes by
 its staring windows

Patricia J. Machmiller

**SEASON WORDS
 for late spring /early summer**

selected from the lists In the Members' Anthology

Season: *May, June: spring dream, spring dusk, ~ melancholy, tranquility, beginning of summer, long day, slow day, short night.*

Sky and Elements: *bright, haze or thin mist, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, summer dew, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, coolness.*

Landscape: *spring or summer hills, lake, sea, or river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.*

Human Affairs: *awning, parasol, perfume, summer concert, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, swimming, sunglasses, wind chimes, mowing grass, weeding, Mothers' day, Memorial Day*

Animals: *abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, izard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, nightingale, ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, crab, cormorant, firefly, flea, louse, house fly, goldfish, blue/white/grey heron, kingfisher, moor hen or*

coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, water beetle.

Plants: *blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, cherry, plum, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, hyacinth, mustard, parsley, California poppy, primrose, seaweed, violet, amaryllis, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, lily, lotus, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, rose, salvia, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca*



**Submission Guidelines
 for GEPPO**

Deadline for the next issue is June 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.

Members' Votes for January-February

Dave Bachelor – 4478-3 4479-2 4480-5
 Joan C. Sauer – 4481-2 4482-2 4483-0
Teruo Yamagata – 4484-0 4485-0 4486-1
Donnalynn Chase – 4487-3 4488-2 4489-0
 Fay Ioyagi – 4490-2 4491-0 4492-0
 C. Dorean-Michaels – 4493-0 4494-0 4495-1
Alison Woolpert – 4496-0 4497-0
 Zinovy Vayman – 4498-0 4499-3 4500-0
 Naomi Brown – 4501-2 4502-0 4503-1
Claire Gallagher – 4504-3 4505-4 4506-5
Joan Zimmerman – 4507-11 4508-1 4509-1
 John Stevenson – 4510-0 4511-6 4512-1
 Carolyn Thomas – 4513-4 4514-4 4515-3
Janeth Ewald – 4516-5 4517-3 4518-4
Patricia Prime – 4519-2 4520-0 4521-3
Ross Figgins – 4522-2 4523-1 4524-0
Patricia Prime – 4525-3 4526-2 4527-0
Robert Major – 4528-2 4529-3 4530-0
Ruth Holzer – 4531-4 4532-2 4533-1
Y. Hardenbrook – 4534-6 4535-4 4536-0
Giovanni Malito – 4537-0 4538-2 4539-0
Joan Ward – 4540-3 4541-3 4542-6
Anne Homan – 4543-0 4544-2 4545-5
Kat Avila – 4546-0 4547-1 4548-1
Hank Dunlap – 4549-2 4550-1 4551-7
Michael Welch – 4552-5 4553-2 4554-2
Eve J. Blohm – 4555-0 4556-9 4557-1
Kathy Chamberlin – 4558-0 4559-0 4560-1
Linda Robeck – 4561-0 4562-3 4563-4
Gloria Procsal – 4564-3 4565-0 4566-1
Cindy Tebo – 4567-0 4568-6 4569-4
Pat Gallagher – 4570-4 4571-0 4572-1
Richard St. Clair – 4573-5 4574-1 4575-1
Carolyn Hall – 4576-5 4577-0 4578-6

**January-February Haiku Voted Best By
 Readers of Geppo**

ice fishing
 father teaching his son
 silence

Joan Zimmerman

depth of winter
 my mother can no longer
 read my haiku

Eve Jeanette Blohm

from ham to cheese
 settling on roast beef
 — deli fly

Hank Dunlap

scent of the book
 rising and falling
 on my chest

John Stevenson

cafeteria
 an old lady explains why
 she can't have bean soup

Yvonne Hardenbrook

a homeless woman
 pokes in the snow
 purple crocus

Joan Ward

walk on a muddy road
 that same butterfly
 passing me

Cindy Tebo

steam rising
 from road apples
 winter orchard

Carolyn Hall

cold morning
 while she scolds
 I try not to shiver

Dave Bachelor

plaza tulips—
 the magician's array
 of colored silks

Claire Gallagher

red nandina leaf
 tethered on the spider's thread
 endlessly spinning

Janeth Ewald

satisfying crunch
of my steps on the gravel
new year's resolution

Anne Homan

a siren wails—
you reach for my hand
and hold it

Michael Dylan Welch

Buddhist school—
stopping to hear the trickle
of the winter creek

Richard St. Clair

shuffling
through maple leaves—
a young friend's death

Carolyn Hall

Dojins' Corner

by jb (Jerry Ball) and pj (Patricia J. Machmiller)

jb: It took me a long time to make my final selection since there are a large number of haiku that I like very much. Here is my long list: 4480, 4486, 4498, 4501, 4502, 4505, 4510, 4512, 4514, 4526, 4545, 4558, 4567, and 4573. Of this group my three top choices are: 4505, 4514, and 4526. I am asking myself why I chose these three. What about them makes me want to choose them as special? I find that after my initial positive reaction I have tried to focus on the impact, sharpness, and quality of the image; the flow of the language used to represent the image; and then the technical qualities of the language. I try to look for both inspiration and craft. I also try to imagine how I will feel about this verse after viewing it for a long time. One of the techniques I use for my own haiku is to post it on the wall for a period of three to six months. If I still like it after that time, then I will think about submitting it somewhere for publication. Now, what can I say about my three choices?

pj: I, too, had a long list this time, but there were three that stood out for me and they are 4513, 4514, and 4544.

4505 parallel ridges
of grass clippings—
she rakes the aroma

jb: I especially like this haiku for the image which is sharp and strong, and which actually shows a special shaping of reality. To "rake the aroma" is, of course, a structural metaphor, which suggests an alteration of the way we perceive the world. We normally "rake grass." In a strictly empirical world this would be the case. But in this haiku we are not in a "shasei" world; we are in the world of imagination where we can rake things like "aromas." We have moved from the visual world of "parallel ridges" into an imaginative world of "raking aromas." Now why should this matter? Well, for anyone who has done work with the lawn (or garden) the "aromas" are a very strong part of what's happening. I remember watering the tomatoes and the aroma of the tomatoes coming from the plants almost as a "thank you" for the water. So the image speaks to me. The "aroma" gives me a sense of being immersed in the same world as the plants themselves. This haiku beckons to that special world.

pj: This simple backyard image and the mundane act of raking are enlivened by the notion that the aroma is *raked!* And we savor this fresh usage as we do the smell of cut grass.

4513 the cat pounces
on a fallen puzzle piece
last days of winter

pj: I am glad for this haiku and the non-logical way the pouncing cat fits with the *kigo*. We didn't know that these two pieces of the world fit together so pleasingly until the poet showed us: the playful cat, perhaps, shut indoors too long has found a stray puzzle piece to entertain himself with, the puzzle piece indicating the way the cat's human is also whiling away the "last days of winter." And the whole understated image creating an atmosphere of a cozy and enclosed household sharing the intimate pleasures of cat-watching and puzzle-doing.

jb: I, too, liked this haiku though it wasn't one of my favorites. I have a special fondness for cats and their antics. The "puzzle" piece does indeed suggest a feeling of the winter season.

4514 days getting longer
the waitress pokes a pencil
through her coiled hair

jb: As the days get longer it seems as if the work in the restaurant becomes more routine. The busy waitress doesn't have the time to put her pencil in a pocket or by the cash register, she needs to "poke it" through her "coiled" hair. The "coiled" hair tells me she cares for her appearance (she's had her hair done) but even so she's busy enough to "poke" the pencil into it. For the moment, then, her appearance takes second priority to the job. How often does one do something similar? Put off what you would like to do because the job demands it? This image speaks to me at many levels.

pjm: The pleasure of this haiku is in its intuitive leap from the "days getting longer" to the simple unconscious act of the waitress. It's almost as if by poking the pencil into her coiled hair, summer will spring forth! The whole notion delights me!

4526 winter day
bread swells around
its tin-shaped form

jb: It's a winter day, all right, when we bake the bread. In winter we take the time to do this wonderful job. Baking bread is a lot of work, but it's fulfilling (no pun intended.) The bread rising is very much like the raking of aromas. Could this be because of the powerful aroma of bread rising, of bread baking, and then the breaking of the baked bread and watching the butter melt into it before the first bite? So when we watch the process of the bread rising into its "tin-shaped" form we anticipate the taste of the

freshly baked bread and thus have a sense of gratitude for this experience.

pjm: Homemade bread rising in a warm kitchen offers the interior comfort that we so much desire on a winter day. The image of swelling bread in its tin is vivid and tantalizingly real. As Jerry said, already we anticipate the aroma of the baking bread and the taste of that first hot-buttered bite.

4544 is there a God
or is there no God
migrating whales

pjm: We can debate the existence or non-existence of God, but one thing about which there is no disagreement is the magnificence of the whale. Our wonder is unanimous. And its migration patterns—only cause for greater wonder. In our minds the whale is as awesome as the cosmos, as mysterious as the deep, as hallowed as Mecca.

jb: I agree with Patricia. There are sometimes events (sometimes sudden, unexpected...) that are so striking that we react by asking fundamental questions. Faced by a whale I can imagine a sense of power far beyond my own personal sense of power. I like the idea of this haiku.

We invite your comments; our e-mail addresses are Jerry at

to write to us at the GEPP0, Jean will forward your missive.



CHALLENGE KIGO FOR MAY-JUNE

CEANOTHUS

California Lilac, Jim Bush, Deer Brush, Red Root, New Jersey Tea, etc.

by

Claire and Patrick Gallagher

Ceanothus species brighten spring in many parts of North America. California has an amazing variety of species; they range in size from woody recumbent ground covers to small trees. Blooms, from deep-reddish blue through pale blue to white, are fragrant flower clusters composed of tiny individual flowers amid thick green leaves. Commonly, plants in the wild are shaped by browsing deer, coastal winds, or other environmental forces. In the west the larger forms with blue flowers are collectively dubbed California Lilac. The white species widespread in eastern North America, from Quebec to Florida and west to Minnesota and Texas is often referred to as New Jersey Tea. Ceanothus is noted for its ability to regrow after fire, and it often becomes the predominant shrub in burned-over ground.

If ceanothus blossoms are rubbed vigorously with water, they yield a fragrant soap foam. It is reported that part of a marriage ceremony for some coastal Californian Native Americans once included the bride and groom's washing each other's hair with ceanothus blossoms. Tea can be prepared from both flowers and leaves. Other uses once included tobacco, dye from the roots, stems for basketry, and a tonic made from the bark.

above blackened earth

Ceanothus blooming—

a Weatherman jailed

Pat Gallagher

all the way

to the blue-sky moon—

scent of ceanothus

Claire Gallagher

Editor's Note: I am reprinting the Renku from Asilomar here because some verses were omitted in the January-February issue.

Monarch Butterfly

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

her favorite book hidden
in her secret corner

June Hopper Hymas

just before Vegas
the beautiful glow
of cherry blossoms

Roger Abe

small footprints beside mine
under the swallows' nest

Claire Gallagher

The March 2002 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Meeting:
A Discussion of Jane Reichhold's Article "Haiku Techniques"

("Haiku Techniques" was published in the Autumn, 2000 issue of *Frogpond* and is available on the web at <http://www.ahapoetry.com/haiartjr.htm>)

The following notes were taken during the discussion. As written they omit nuances of expression, and most of the friendly banter that ensued in response to the claims reported here.

"Isn't the tradition of haiku writing to write from an inspired moment rather than use technique? I am uncomfortable with the use of technique in writing haiku." ... "Is it clear that Jane used these techniques when writing, or did she look through her haiku and tabulate the techniques she found?" ... "A quote from her article seems to settle that question, 'I would like to discuss and illustrate some of the haiku writing techniques which I have recognized and used.'" ...

"In haiku writing, depicting a real experience is not enough." ... "We must combine experience and technique; and sometimes we fail to find the right words." ... "In writing poetry we must use craftsmanship; rules can be violated if the effect compensates." ... "I'm not aware of using technique in poetry." ... "Well, you have advocated the use of literary reference in English language haiku; that's a technique." ... "There's an additional technique of using an improbable word, and perhaps also "telling about the truth as if it were false" [the use of hyperbole] should be listed as a technique." ... "We could use Jane's list as the basis for a writing exercise." ... "I'd rather not even do it as an exercise, for fear it would get me thinking that way and affect my writing." ... "My experience is that haiku journal editors don't appreciate poems with literature references." ... "Shiki's *shasei* [sketch of nature] poems [described in Jane's article] don't always resonate." ... "My goal is to write poems that meet the description I found in Winston Fuller's 'The Riddle'. In it he describes an experience in an orchard where 'all the links of signification snapped.' I hope to achieve the effect of Kiyoko Tokutomi's haiku which are characterized by a trust in the scene as observed. I believe in the haiku moment, and that technique gets in the way of intuition." ... "I suggest an exercise that might be interesting: two lines are provided, then each poet writes 20 third lines, using different techniques." ... "That reminds me of a practice of the New Zealand Haiku Society. Before each meeting they provide an incomplete haiku for poets to finish, also a prose description of a scene for each poet to write a haiku about." ... "I appreciate the technique of repetition of a word or phrase; it was not listed in the article." ... "I read Jane's article to prepare for this meeting. Then I used some of the techniques in writing haiku; I found they made writing much easier. Particularly helpful were comparing and contrasting."

Notes by Patrick Gallagher, who is responsible for any inaccuracies.

Editor's Note: If you are interested in Jane Reichhold's article and have no access to the internet, send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I will be happy to send you a copy. Jean

Honors for Yuki Teikei Members

The Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest for 2000-2002. has recognized two members of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society for their work. They are D. Claire Gallagher of Sunnyvale, CA and Robert Major of Poulsbo, WA.

HOW FAST THE GROUND MOVES by D. Claire Gallagher (Saki Press Chapbook ISBN: 1-893823-12-1). Claire is the editor-in-chief of *Mariposa*, the journal of the Haiku Poets of Northern California, as well as a new editor for *Red Moon Anthology*. The haiku in her collection focus on those moments in nature, time, space and perception...when a shift or transition, however small, occurs. The haiku reflect the poet's keen awareness and attention to cycles of nature and man's kinship to it.

budding maples—
how fast the ground moves
under his tricycle

"It is the transitions, not the distinct (seasonal) divisions, that I am interested in..." D. Claire Gallagher

COASTING THROUGH PUDDLES, by Robert Major (Saki Press Chapbook ISBN: 1-893823-14-8). Robert is a retired editor from the University of Washington's Office of Publications and a former Regional Coordinator for the Northwest Region of the Haiku Society of America. His chapbook collection, subtitled "haiku of childhood," allows the reader a nostalgic return to a simpler time when life seemed easier and a lot more fun. The haiku embrace the strength and security of home, family, and community, which provide a continuity in childhood...

Playing hide-and-seek
on a long summer's evening...
called home one by one

"In youth we learn; in age we understand."
- Marie Eschenbach

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



Calendar of Events

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, 10695 Morgan Territory Rd., Livermore. Call Anne for directions -

September 6–9 – Asilomar Retreat - 2002

October 20 – 6:00 PM – Moon viewing – Pat Machmiller’s home,

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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Editor’s Corrections:

Poem 4521 by Patricia Prime suffered a typographical mistake in the last issue. Here is the corrected copy,

hospital bed . . .
 an early blossom
 on the dinner tray