

# G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

## Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

GEPPPO XXVII:3

May-June 2002

---

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

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4662 | grunion are running<br>in rippling layers of light—<br>a small boat sets sail | 4670 | ancient woodland trees<br>caressing one another<br>gusting southern wind  |
| 4663 | a biting remark<br>less noticed because<br>grapes are ripening                | 4671 | spring dream<br>our lives unfold<br>into a flower bud                     |
| 4664 | loosening my gown<br>like a bride<br>open to the moon                         | 4672 | melancholy<br>the yellow sunset<br>becomes indigo black                   |
| 4665 | late spring rain<br>heavy, unexpected<br>good for the vines                   | 4673 | beginning of summer<br>the roses on a bush<br>in mother's garden          |
| 4666 | tiny fawns<br>on wobbly legs<br>try to follow                                 | 4674 | Mother's Day<br>the stepdaughters<br>won't call                           |
| 4667 | purple wild iris<br>at home<br>on rugged coast                                | 4675 | the last one<br>snipped for a friend—<br>peony bud                        |
| 4668 | the hanging scroll<br>by an obscure painter<br>spring mosquito                | 4676 | spring rain —<br>playing the harpsichord<br>for myself                    |
| 4669 | conversation<br>growing more lively<br>distant thunder                        | 4677 | dark clouds gathering<br>blue heron swoops over swamp<br>to come up empty |
-

- |      |  |      |   |
|------|--|------|---|
| 4678 | welcome to the world<br>kitten takes tentative steps<br>over discarded rope      | 4689 | late May sun...<br>sharing a birthday<br>with this butterfly              |
| 4679 | ants climbing mountains<br>bare feet cooling in the grass<br>subtle challenges   | 4690 | tree in full leaf<br>meeting its own shadow...<br>whine of the buzz saw   |
| 4680 | forest edge at dusk –<br>a stand of firebreak beaters<br>raised against the sun  | 4691 | rising out of mist<br>this bridge stretches<br>into an orange sky         |
| 4681 | nest-building in the park;<br>fetching and carrying sticks,<br>— the dog barking | 4692 | ...airless night<br>on the tips of my fingers<br>dust of the window frame |
| 4682 | manure silo<br>next to the rape field<br>— flowers of sulphur                    | 4693 | gorgeous day<br>all fallen azalea blooms<br>upside down                   |
| 4683 | melancholy –<br>comparing my face to that<br>in a Botox ad                       | 4694 | my roommate's iron<br>spit on its hot bottom<br>familiar stench           |
| 4684 | mowing grass –<br>handy in my pocket<br>a screwdriver                            | 4695 | Memorial Day picnic<br>flies land where<br>soldiers have fallen           |
| 4685 | climbing<br>the summer hills<br>a glider's shadow                                | 4696 | alone at last!<br>a single violet<br>trampled on the path                 |
| 4686 | wilted garden<br>a bloom of wildflowers<br>in the drainage ditch                 | 4697 | one branch above me<br>the bumbling<br>of a bumble bee                    |
| 4687 | night gown<br>opening the door for the cat<br>that's no longer there             | 4698 | night approaches<br>gently curved horizon<br>a ship slips over            |
| 4688 | rest home<br>old man can't tell his wife<br>her name anymore                     | 4699 | far purple mountains<br>across the desert waste<br>— back fence mural     |

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 4700 | flycatchers<br>hover the pond<br>— mosquitoes drone                        | 4711 | autumn –<br>once again trusting leaves<br>find the ground                        |
| 4701 | wind in waves<br>the grass<br>to be cut. . .                               | 4712 | doctor's appointment soon<br>eaves on the sunny side<br>icicles dripping rapidly |
| 4702 | summer dusk<br>insulation hanging from<br>a power line                     | 4713 | blue slate roof<br>rain drips off<br>the windchimes                              |
| 4703 | summer solstice –<br>his first full day<br>of death                        | 4714 | Interstate<br>red-winged blackbirds<br>spaced along the fence                    |
| 4704 | on night breezes<br>a skunk's odor<br>ends my meditation                   | 4715 | late frost<br>first rays touch<br>the tomato plants                              |
| 4705 | Grampa's feeble steps<br>follow the lawn mower<br>-- the heat              | 4716 | creek water<br>unmoving<br>on this unmoving day                                  |
| 4706 | watching from<br>her sickbed<br>only tree shadows move                     | 4717 | another slow day—<br>the cat hangs her head over<br>the edge of the chair        |
| 4707 | a woodsman carves<br>a giant bear with a chainsaw –<br>the whittler smiles | 4718 | ice cubes settle<br>in the glass<br>our long conversation                        |
| 4708 | swift mountain stream<br>flash of blue butterflies<br>a twig snaps         | 4719 | tucking her head<br>deep in the azalea<br>the honey bee dies                     |
| 4709 | heat lightning –<br>geckos hang from the ceiling<br>first splash of rain   | 4720 | summer dew drops<br>shrinking before breakfast<br>a stomach rumbles              |
| 4710 | this dense book<br>even the study window<br>is unclear                     | 4721 | sipping zinfandel<br>watching the bats zipping in<br>the drunken sky             |

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4722 | mother and daughter<br>girl talk halts<br>red dragonfly                             | 4733 | dried mud logos<br>stamped in a California road<br>Japanese treadmarks              |
| 4723 | thunder . . .<br>colt shies behind mare<br>spring pasture                           | 4734 | china thimbles<br>aligned on the mantle—<br>the screen door bangs                   |
| 4724 | geese migrate<br>quiet lake<br>quiet breeze   | 4735 | strangers approaching<br>on the autumn beach. . .<br>the lull in their conversation |
| 4725 | barefoot musician<br>shaking rain from his tuba<br>— midsummer concert              | 4736 | between the fence slats<br>headlights<br>of the lost car                            |
| 4726 | echoing coot cry<br>the bugle across the dusk<br>— late summer concert              | 4737 | outside the soup kitchen<br>a homeless man making friends<br>with a stray dog       |
| 4727 | six downy cygnets<br>trail their white gliding mother<br>in wobbly conga            | 4738 | shaft of warming sun<br>touching the silk nightie<br>she wore last night            |
| 4728 | his hide twitches<br>the flies away<br>but my depression                            | 4739 | growing roar<br>of the approaching train—<br>saxophonist bops                       |
| 4729 | call from the garden:<br>"I'm gathering mint<br>for our iced tea."                  | 4740 | new greens<br>no pedestrians allowed<br>in the golf course                          |
| 4730 | cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, ripe<br>Robert Herrick's age-old cry<br>on roadside stands | 4741 | Holy May<br>two women with hat and gloves<br>waiting for a cable car                |
| 4731 | two thousand two<br>the sixtieth remembrance<br>cherry blossom rain                 | 4742 | yoga craze —<br>thirty pairs of bare feet<br>almost touching                        |
| 4732 | exchanging yen<br>he takes her spring dream<br>visit to Japan                       | 4743 | day winding down—<br>at the roofline<br>woodsmoke lifts the fog                     |

- |      |  |  |                  |
|------|--|--|------------------|
| 4744 | lakeside walk<br>deep in thought—<br>ducks in a row                          | deer in the clearing<br>hot ceanothus tea<br>cools on the counter              | Kathy Chamberlin |
| 4745 | buttercup sky<br>looking up<br>wildflower names                              | back country road<br>blue ceanothus flowers<br>bloom beside a ditch            | Patricia Prime   |
| 4746 | under the table<br>their conversation makes<br>more fresh cherry pits        | bride and groom<br>blue ceanothus blossoms<br>in their hair                    | Ruth Holzer      |
| 4747 | climbing out to the tip<br>then back to the leaf's stem<br>— ladybug reasons | ceanothus blue<br>held up in your hand against<br>the sun-white sky            | Graham High      |
| 4748 | in all the garden<br>this one matches the bride's maids—<br>lavender iris    | spring sun<br>a ceanothus leaf glistens<br>the fire scarred ground             | Laura Bell       |
| 4749 | great-grandmother's quilt<br>young girl's dancing skirts<br>four generations | tribe half forgotten<br>by the sunset ocean, aye!<br>ceanothus blossoms        | Zinovy Vayman    |
| 4750 | climbing sweet peas<br>lost in paperwhite profusion<br>look for a trellis    | tongue between his missing teeth<br>a six-year old tries to say<br>"ceanothus" | Cindy Tebo       |
| 4751 | roadside cafe<br>sign says opossum delights<br>can hardly wait               | deep and starless night<br>we walk by unseen lilacs –<br>feckless moon         | Ross Figgins     |

**Challenge Kigo  
Ceanothus**

California lilac  
the stars in Hearst Castle  
the hidden coastline  
Eve Jeanette Blohm

Ceanothus tea  
sip after sip-  
my guest forgotten  
Gloria Procsal

asking a stranger  
about a glorious smell  
— Ceanothus  
Kay Grimnes

scent of lilac  
in the nursery—  
late pregnancy

Carolyn Thomas

wildfire sculpture –  
thorn of the ceanothus  
in black silhouette

Janeth H. Ewald

blue ceanothus flowers  
loose on my palm—  
your breath scatters them

Michael Dylan Welch

Ceanothus blooming—  
other flowers have faded  
and fallen

Richard St. Clair

California lilac —  
Steinbeck  
I rediscovered

Fay Aoyagi

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is August 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.**

**SEASON WORDS  
for summer**

*selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology*

**Season:** June, July, August: beginning of summer, midsummer, end of summer, summer solstice, long day, slow day, short night.

**Sky and Elements:** summer dew, ~ fog, ~ rain, ~ sky, ~ sun, ~ wind, south wind, scented breeze, scorching/blazing sun, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, hot, drought, coolness.

**Landscape:** summer hills, ~ lake, ~ moor, ~ mountains, ~ sea, ~ river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.

**Human Affairs:** awning, fan, beach umbrella, parasol, perfume, camp, fly swatter, fireworks, fountain, summer hat, summer house, summer vacation, summer concert/opera, ice house, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, mosquito net, midday nap, swimming, swimming pool, sunburn, sweat, sunglasses, sundress, rattan chair, reed, wind chimes, prayers for rain, cooling oneself, mowing grass, weeding, Fathers' day, Fourth of July (Independence Day), Armed Forces Day, Tanabata (Festival of the Weaver, or Star festival - traditionally, an autumn kigo).

**Animals:** 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, silkworm, water beetle.

**Plants:** amaryllis, barley, summer bracken, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, summer weeds, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, calla lily, daylily, lotus, marguerite, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, phlox, pinks, rose, salvia, silk tree (mimosa), snapdragon, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca, zinnia, summer fruits and vegetables (banana, blackberry, cucumber, cherry, eggplant, green grapes, green(unripe) apple, green walnut, green peas, apricot, melon (honeydew, cantaloupe,

watermelon, etc), pineapple, potato, raspberry,  
strawberry, tomato, zucchini



**Editor's Note:**

Congratulations to the savvy Y.T. membership for taking in stride my number goof in the last issue. There were no repeat numbers within the issue, so the voting proceeded without a hitch. To avoid further confusion the numbers used in the vote tally below will be the same as those printed erroneously in the Mar/ April *Geppo*.

**Members' Votes for March/April**

Gloria Procsal – 4579-8 4580-1 4581-2  
 Kathy Chamberlin – 4582-2 4583-2 4584-0  
 Carolyn Hall – 4585-0 4586-6 4587-4  
 Ross Figgins – 4588-1 4589-0 4590-0  
 Ruth Holzer – 4591-1 4592-6 4593-3  
 Graham High – 4594-2 4595-1 4596-1  
 Joan Sauer – 4597-1 4598-0 4599-2  
 Patricia Prime – 4600-1 4601-4 4602-5  
 Joan Ward – 4603-6 4604-2 4605-2  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook – 4606-2 4607-1 4608-1  
 Pat Gallagher – 4609-3 4610-1 4611-2  
 Aznn Homan – 4612-1 4613-1 4614-3  
 Teruo Yamagata – 4615-0 4616-0 4617-0  
 Dave Bachelor – 4618-3 4619-0 4620-2  
 John Stevenson – 4521-5 4522-0 4523-1  
 Carolyn Thomas – 4524-1 4525-1 4526-2  
 Hank Dunlap – 4527-1 4528-5 4529-1  
 Eve. Blohm – 4530-0 4531-0 4532-2  
 Naomi Brown – 4533-1 4534-4 4535-2  
 Joan Zimmerman – 4536-4 4537-0 4538-2  
 Cindy Tebo – 4539-3 4540-2 4541-0  
 C. Doreian-Michaels – 4542-1 4543-0 4544-3  
 Kay Grimnes – 4545-0 4546-0 4547-10  
 Janeth Ewald – 4548-5 4549-6 4550-2  
 Fay Aoyagi – 4551-6 4552-2 4553-2  
 Donnalynn Chase – 4554-2 4555-1  
 Richard St. Claire – 4556-3 4557-1 4558-2  
 Claire Gallagher – 4559-2 4560-6 4561-10

**March April Haiku Voted Best By  
Readers of Geppo**

spring morning  
bedclothes curled  
into the cat's shape

Kay Grimnes

Memorial Day —  
pines in the shade  
of pines in the sun

Claire Gallagher

museum courtyard  
a benevolent Buddha  
holding the sky

Gloria Procsal

a waft of spices  
from the pantry  
this yearning. . .

Carolyn Hall

early spring  
the dove already  
drowsing on her nest

Ruth Holzer

into the house  
on little red boots  
the muddy road

Joan Ward

Easter dawn —  
night nurse in faded denims  
putting plants in the sun

Janeth Ewald

falling petals  
.. somewhere  
the suicide bombs

Fay Aoyagi

winter blackout—  
the washcloth softens  
in my candle-lit bath

Claire Gallagher

**Dojins' Corner**

by Patricia J. Machmiller and Jerry Ball

spring breeze  
separates each blade of grass  
momentarily

Patricia Prime

Palm Sunday  
following the plow  
to church

John Stevenson

wall calendar  
day by day crossed off  
... terminal patient

Hank Dunlap

wooden clothespins  
anchoring sheets in the sun  
- the snap of full sail

Janeth Ewald

apple farm morning  
the windmill slows  
to a stop

Carolyn Hall

driving south  
the emptiness of the plains -  
spring melancholy

Patricia Prime

wine spill  
on grandma's best tablecloth  
one deep silence

Naomi Brown

melting snow  
what remains keeps getting  
grittier

Joan Zimmerman



jb: As usual I'm including my long list of haiku, which I will then reduce to three. I want to exhibit my thoughts for the selection. When I choose my long list, I try to find haiku that move me. When I select my short list, I try to select those that move me after reading them a number of times. I try to choose on the basis of freshness, originality of idea, craft, and the use of language. When I select my short list, I've probably read all the haiku in the *GEPP0* at least fifteen times.

Here's my long list: 4579, 4586, 4601, 4606, 4521, 4540, 4547, and 4561. My three favorites are: 4521, 4540, and 4547.

pjm: At the top of my long list this time were 4601, 4520, 4521, 4526, 4547, 4559, 4560, and 4561. I chose 4601, 4520, and 4561 for discussion. I was pleased to see that two of Jerry's choices stood out for me as well.

4601 driving south  
the emptiness of the plains—  
spring melancholy

pjm: The Great Plains of North America stretch from Canada to Mexico in one long sweep—a long drive south. While the plains in this haiku are not necessarily those of North America, they are the plains of my childhood. I know the "emptiness" of which the writer speaks. While this haiku may have been written by a passing traveler bored with the landscape, the word "emptiness" captures a deeper meaning for me; that is, a landscape so vast, a sky so all-encompassing that it provides a visual metaphor for a Zen-like state of mind achieved through meditation. Kathleen Norris in her book, *Dakota*, writes of the spiritual quality that the minimal landscape of the plains evokes. I find the kigo, spring melancholy, with its notion of renewal and yet an undercurrent of sadness gives just the right balance to the empty, yet spiritually fulfilling, landscape.

jb: I'm happy that Patricia chose this one...I like it very much too. For me the image evokes a feeling that is central to the melancholy of



haiku. I find it very easy to enter into this image.

4520 filigree shadows  
beneath the honey locust tree  
the still kittens

pjm: The dappled light suggested by "filigree shadows" and its movement contrasts with the stillness of the sleeping (I assume) kittens. The delicacy of the shifting light and the lacey shadow shapes match the fragility of the newborns, and the entire poem evokes that exquisite tenderness our hearts associate with spring.

On the other hand, if the word "still" is read to mean the kittens are dead, then the specter of violence is brought in since kittens, as off-spring of domestic animals, are subject to human will. Thus with this one word "still" the poem is a visual illusion in which there are two images, only one of which can be seen at a time.

jb: While there are many things about this haiku that I do like, I found myself having difficulty focusing the image. I like what I think the image is, but then again I'm not sure. Also, for me the word "filigree" doesn't work. I don't see how something "ornamental" (i.e. dictionary definition) relates to the rest of the content of the haiku. Perhaps this is just my taste. I'd prefer to see something like "shadows/still kittens/ beneath the locust tree."

4521 Palm Sunday  
following the plow  
to church

jb: Right off, I wanted to say that this is the poem of a mid-westerner. Then, on second thought, I realized that this could take place in a number of places, including California, Oregon, Arizona, Colorado, etc. However, I do get a rural feeling. This is a narrative haiku. What's the story? Have you ever followed a plow on a narrow road? When I was in Minnesota this was (is) a frequent event. There are many feelings. First, there is the frustration since the plow is traveling so slowly. Next we look for a way to pass on a narrow road. If we can't find a way to pass, then we must

reconcile ourselves to our situation. We must realize that the farmer driving the plow doesn't have any choice, he must move the plow sometime, and this Sunday morning is it. If we were Hindu, we would think of Ganesha, the remover of obstacles. This sort of situation (removing obstacles) is so frequent that there is a god devoted to just this. And so this haiku is on the mark. "Following the plow to church" is a symbol for all of life's obstacles. I am moved by the simplicity and directness of this image.

pjm: Palm Sunday commemorates that ancient procession when Jesus and his followers bearing palm leaves entered the City of Jerusalem—a day of joy. This haiku's image of another modern-day procession of cars following a plow down a country road is delightful, bringing to modern readers that same light-hearted feeling. I would like to ask the poet to reconsider the last line of this haiku. The phrase "to church" is a very slight phrase both in length and in stature and makes for a somewhat weak last line. One thought would be to include it in the second line leaving room for a new last line.

4540 lingering snow  
the last bowl of oatmeal  
with maple syrup

jb: Whereas haiku 4521 is a narrative haiku, this one, 4540 is a lyrical one. Note that there is no verb. The reader is invited to supply a verb should any be felt necessary. So here we have an image of a breakfast at the end of winter. It's still cold, but we believe that life will improve since we are at the end of the season, e.g. "lingering snow." Notice the parallel between "lingering" and "the last bowl." Again, I raise a rhetorical question: How many times have you made a large pot of oatmeal? By itself, it's quite bland. Some would say it's boring. Imagine oatmeal repeatedly for breakfast? Appealing? Or no? Also, this is "the last bowl". Even with something bland like oatmeal we are destined to run out. For me, this image is again at the center of one of life's routines. What can we do with oatmeal? Well, add maple syrup. It's that simple.

pjm: A quiet enjoyment of one of the pleasures of a winter morning and the feeling of ritual

with which this human act is performed for the last time giving both author and reader a formal sense of the end of winter—another season brought to a close. It will keep us until the next time the snow falls.

4547 spring morning  
bedclothes curled  
into the cat's shape

jb: Here again is a lyrical image; it's life's humor. What are we doing up this spring morning? Well, going to work maybe? This is our routine, of course. We go to work so often that we no longer even think about it, until . . . we are reminded, by the cat, that there are alternatives. While we are preparing to go about our daily routine, the cat has other ideas. I am led to question whether I, too, wouldn't like to curl up in the bedclothes. But what am I to do? We, all, know the answer. Off to work. So the cat, under the bedclothes has done us a service by reminding us of the obvious. If I take the hint, I might think of how important some of my routines really are. Maybe my external routines won't change very much . . . but my internal life might change quite a lot.

pjm: This is one of the blessings of writing haiku—the small moment preserved. This haiku describes that moment just prior to making the bed. The author has captured the simple delight he or she felt of being alive on this spring morning, of the sensual feel of the unmade bed, and the small joy experienced with the discovery of the cat's shape in the twisted sheets.

4561 Memorial Day—  
pines in the shade  
of pines in the sun

pjm: A fitting image for Memorial Day—a phalanx of straight-standing "pines in the sun" rendered in their role as a shield for the "pines in the shade." I have a minor suggestion for the poet: move "of" from the third line to the second line. In this way the reader will pause in anticipation of what the last line will reveal and the last line with the phrase "pines in the sun" is stronger.

jb: Patricia and I agree on this one. I do like the sound of the contrasting "pines in the shade" with "pines in the sun." Nice use of language.

We invite your comments to Jerry at

### Challenge Kigo Summer moon by Fay Aoyagi

As you know, moon is an autumn kigo. However, combined with a summer kigo, it is possible to compose a haiku with the moon. The fastest and surest way to achieve this is to use the phrase "summer moon." But, here, I'd like to challenge you to use moon as the secondary image and choose another summer kigo as the primary image. When you are writing, you should not forget that the summer kigo, and the richness that kigo brings, has to merge with the moon image. The moon should compliment the summer kigo and its image. To achieve this, place the emphasis on the summer kigo, not on the moon. One strategy I've found to be successful in English is to establish the summer image quickly and strongly.

The two haiku below are examples for you; I have italicized the summer kigo:

Fuyuno Hyakutake wants to write about the sound of a drum played for long-distance swimmers, and it happens to be on a moonlit beach. She has captured the joyful summer night at the seashore.

enei no taiko no hibiku tsuki no hama

the drum beat  
encouraging them to *swim* further out  
moon beach

Fuyuno Hyakutake  
from Kasen "Kyorai" in *Nekomino Anthology VII*  
translated from Japanese by Fay Aoyagi

moonlit *sunflowers*  
at a 24-hour deli--  
his 'good night' lingers

Fay Aoyagi

The main character in this haiku is a sunflower at night. I decided to use the moon because I wanted to tell the reader this is not the sunflower's prime time, i.e., day time, and I thought the moon would help me convey that the feeling in this haiku is not about a never-ending happy summer.

### President's Recap of Recent Events

On Saturday, May 18, we enjoyed a public reading in the Teahouse of the Japanese Friendship Garden in Kelley Park, San Jose. The garden still had a late spring feel with many blossoms gone, but still verdurous. The first featured reader was Kiyoko Tokutomi. Kiyoko read her haiku in Japanese, followed by her English translation read by Patricia Machmiller. Kiyoko was in top form with a selection of poems simple and elegant. Hank Dunlap travelled all the way from Prescott, Arizona to read next. We were treated to Hank's wit and humor with the flavors of the Southwest. Claire Gallagher concluded the reading with her earthy and sensual haiku. The combination of hearing all three distinct voices was . . . , well, sorry, you just had to be there.

On Saturday, June 8, five of us met at Hakone Gardens, Saratoga, for our annual convening at that beautiful spot. As we (The Straw-Hatted Five) talked and wrote and shared haiku a cooling breeze filtered through the bamboo and shimmering cottonwoods; a Stellar's Jay, a rufous-sided Towhee and several brown Towhees scratched in the leaf litter and sang as they capered around our picnic table; a wedding party arrived and prepared for their guests; and the rest of the garden—plummeting waterfalls, splashing koi, tag-playing red dragonflies, a variety of irises and fading peonies all counted the seconds of eternity. We told each other to submit poems written that day to the Geppo. If you see them, now you know some of the context.

June 10, I received a gift in the mail of *If Someone Asks . . . Masaoka Shiki's Life and Haiku*, September, 2001. This is an excellent presentation of 113 of Shiki's haiku, selected and translated by The Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers (many good friends of ours among them) and published by the Museum.

Poems are presented chronologically in Japanese, English and Romaji with many helpful explanations to bridge the cultural and historical gap to Shiki's life and times.

Matsuyama Municipal Shiki-Kinen Museum,  
1-30 Dogo Koen, Matsuyama City, 790-0857,  
Japan. Tel. 089-931-5566. E-mail:  
[sikihaku@city.matsuyama.ehime.jp](mailto:sikihaku@city.matsuyama.ehime.jp)

Roger Abe



### The New Pond: An English-Language Haiku Anthology

New from Emiko Miyashita, a guest for the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's last two Asilomar retreats, is *The New Pond: An English-Language Haiku Anthology*. The book collects a year's worth of Emiko's columns published in *Haikukai*, a leading Japanese haiku journal, about haiku in English. The book includes a healthy selection of poems by members of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and HPNC. Though the introductory paragraphs to each section are in Japanese, the book is mostly poems, which are in English and Japanese.

Emiko also hopes to translate the prose into English for those who order a copy. The book has 128 pages, is 6 by 7.75 inches, perfectbound, and is U.S.\$18.00 (including postage -- U.S. cash is welcome), available from

you would like to contact Emiko Miyashita about this book, her e-mail address is

**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

**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, Jean Hale's home,

*Young Leaves*  
*An Old Way of Seeing New*  
 Writings on Haiku in English  
 The 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Special Edition  
 of Haiku Journal  
**\$19.50 Plus Postage**  
 U.S. postage \$3.95  
 Elsewhere \$5.00  
 (For a copy signed by Kiyoko Tokutomi  
 and inscribed with one of her haiku  
 add \$10.00 to quoted price)

Order from:  
 Jean Hale