

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

GEPP O XXVII:4

July/Aug 2002

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 4752 | between empty fields
and a featureless sky
honeysuckle | 4760 | the afternoon darkens
the sea of clouds brings thunder
baseball rain delay |
| 4753 | cricket in the kitchen
good luck. . .
for the cat | 4761 | unknowing
he sprays
the silkworms too |
| 4754 | country drive
shirts on a firehall clothesline
different shades of red | 4762 | summer evening
past the No Trespassing sign
my shadow goes |
| 4755 | soft patter of rain
echoes through open door
the scent of wet earth | 4763 | from the garden hose
last summer's water
gurgles |
| 4756 | as heat waves ripple
shirts drying on a clothesline
empty sleeves waving | 4764 | Summer heat
my best buddy acts so much
like a woman on the phone |
| 4757 | salt scented breezes
sweeping across sandy beach
caressing my face | 4765 | waiting for the gingko to start
the dancer
twists her legs |
| 4758 | Fourth of July
we celebrate quietly
loud fireworks | 4766 | the magnolia tree
on a hopeful gingko
has blossoms to spare |
| 4759 | dry summer grasses
become a place to rest
from burning heat | 4767 | plum blossoms
the sap moon caps
the highest hill |
-

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 4768 | anniversary
just enough wild flowers
to make a bouquet | 4779 | LP album covers
subterranean termites
nouvelle cuisine |
| 4769 | skittering lizard
coaxes the kitten out of
the old cat | 4780 | insects enjoy
any nakedness anyyy . . .
slap, slap, there! |
| 4770 | through the canopy
muted sunlight on the grave . . .
a balloon escapes | 4781 | the river —
she walks into it
seven times this day |
| 4771 | country road walk
timing the traffic
and the puddles | 4782 | in this town
no one knows me
starry night |
| 4772 | lump on the roadside
in our dreams leaping lightly
over fences | 4783 | no more hovering
between life and death
shooting star |
| 4773 | Hozuki Festival—
mother and daughter
both in love | 4784 | couple invited
from home for the elderly
opening of the pool |
| 4774 | day moon-
my naturalization oath
on Hiroshima Anniversary | 4785 | before I realize
I've turned from the viewpoint
my turning away |
| 4775 | this parasol
and I
"Made in Japan" | 4786 | sudden fall —
stain on my skate lace
from a rusted aglet |
| 4776 | cooling my feet
in the summer creek
sunset | 4787 | long curve of the interstate —
the light through my sunroof
crosses the dash |
| 4777 | summer house
the cool of the tile
under my feet | 4788 | in our sleeping bags
the scent
of doused ashes |
| 4778 | midsummer
a date palm divides
the morning moon | 4789 | summer school
a fly buzzing
on its back |

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4790 | in the tall grass
stones that spell out
God Bless America | 4801 | having settled things
the old fashioned way --
sharp tang of cherries |
| 4791 | August dawn
a seagull's shadow
across the sails | 4802 | long road to Taos
under billowing clouds
cluster of ravens |
| 4792 | clear cut forest
the long train whistle
signals a crossing | 4803 | Peach salmon roses
Clustered in threes and in fours
And some are dying |
| 4793 | squeal of brakes
two geese cut off
from the vee | 4804 | Covert garden plot
Blue Plumbago sneaking through
The Dusty Miller |
| 4794 | slow day
the restless rise
of mercury | 4805 | Our green glass bird bath
Caught this morning's sprinkler rain
Yet now it's empty |
| 4795 | huge watermelon
the woman carrying it
so pregnant | 4806 | pick of the litter
surrounded by laughing hands
the last kitten |
| 4796 | deep tree shade
hard to see his granddaughter
after the funeral | 4807 | swiftly melting snow
feral pussy willows
rub against the glass |
| 4797 | summer hills
breaking free of houses:
the same route reach day | 4808 | crowded beach . .
on a no parking sign
a mockingbird |
| 4798 | in the distance
first triangles of a lake
appear . . . disappear | 4809 | mountain scene
the mirror image breaks
. . . . a loon |
| 4799 | waiting carefully
a spray of summer butterflies
brushes fingertips | 4810 | summer playground
squeals from a swing
. . . empty wheelchair |
| 4800 | Kansas sunflowers
brighter than the prairie sun --
mother's dark brown eyes | 4811 | wind in the foxtail
grasses one stem steadied
by a damselfly |

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4812 the cat stretches
the sun stretches
on the evening lawn</p> | <p>4823 Bamboo container . . .
its pens already holding
unwritten haiku</p> |
| <p>4813 seed heads
of summer grasses
shuffling the sky</p> | <p>4824 Clucking to herself,
the hen performs a two-step
scratching in the dirt</p> |
| <p>4814 calm evening
she chops on a cutting board
of my ex-wife</p> | <p>4825 Their song echoes still
from that summer long ago . . .
'Taint gonna rain no more'</p> |
| <p>4815 sudden shower
above the japanned Portland
flight of a seagull</p> | <p>4826 visiting a sick friend
bright rainbow in the sky
stretching end to end</p> |
| <p>4816 he wants to drive north
till the road ends—
summer breeze</p> | <p>4827 On the boardwalk
a thick fog creeps in –
suddenly alone</p> |
| <p>4817 canoe glides softly
paddles partner in two-step
sun dance on ripples</p> | <p>4828 Twinkling fireflies
light up the darkness
flash off and on</p> |
| <p>4818 the summer woodlands
more shades of green than I know
shade without envy</p> | <p>4829 the sails don't lean
and the boat drifts...
mid-summer sun</p> |
| <p>4819 silted river bed
green with shoots
red dragonfly</p> | <p>4830 a dull hum
from the long grass
.. summer haze</p> |
| <p>4820 looking skyward
heart of Buddha
in a sea of clouds</p> | <p>4831 the purpling stems
of blackberries
bowed toward autumn</p> |
| <p>4821 talk of war
a new memorial
for last year's dead</p> | <p>4832 sundown
through the dirty windows
whole world is uneven</p> |
| <p>4822 Labor Day
what wasn't done
on a new list</p> | <p>4833 argument ends
slowly the morning sun
revives the white moth</p> |

- 4834 AA meeting
whiff of whiskey
during the prayer
to see it clearly
I remove my sunglasses—
the daylit moon
Yvonne Hardenbrook
- 4835 winter rain
barefoot puddler splashing
galoshes on the curbstone
a desert landscape
shimmers in summer moonlight
pierced by coyote's song
Kermit DeLaurant
- 4836 Tule marsh –
a brown-tipped reed
puncturing the fog
summer moon
the walk on the meadow
a lost ring found
Eve Jeanette Blohm
- 4837 wet clay bowls
in sun by the yellow wall
half-baked
waxing moon
how heavy the sheet is—
a hot night
Ruth Holzer
- 4838 picking cucumbers
"My, what a big one you've got!"
produce aisle pleasures
white convolvulus surprise
at midnight
the moon not noticed
W. Elliott Greig
- 4839 smoke and crowds disperse-
in the darkness after fireworks
still the sparks fly . . .
nasturtiums cascade
to the emerald lake—
summer moon
Carolyn Hall
- 4840 110 degrees . . .
willow's shadow stands still
in the pond
moon river . . .
listen to the flow all night
washed-out stars
Alison Woolpert
- 4841 new home
i plant bougainvillea
for my new beginning
moon rising
with our prayers for rain
over windless hills
Anne M. Homan
- 4842 siesta . . .
loaded donkey sleeps
with his master
watching fireworks
through the neighbor's trees
moon in the grass
Carolyn Thomas
- Challenge Kigo**
Summer Moon
- morning laughter
from the summer house
the white moon stays
Gloria Jaguden

barefoot dance
in the moonlight—
I'm a swan 'til tomorrow

Fay Aoyagi

lingering heat
lost in a sea of stars
moonglow

Richard St. Clair

mowing the grass
by moonlight
celebrity neighbor

Michael Dylan Welch

Under the moon's spell,
the calls of a whip-poor-will
haunting the shadows

Robert Major

bases loaded
the moon among
stadium lights

John Stevenson

Watching for the moon
to rise above the summer grove –
ah, there it is

Joan C. Sauer

on a string-trellis
sweet peas unfold beneath
the pale full moon

Patricia Prime

heat lingers
on datura's white blossoms
summer moon

Naomi Brown

a grey heron
dips into the river –
rippling the moon

Gloria Procsal

scent of melon
honey dew
in the moonlight

Janeth H. Ewald

The summer moon spies
Children on the sleeping porch
And wonders, "Oooh!"

Sandie Mueller

summer moon on rise
a clear sky that sparkles less
than six months before

Giovani Malito

muggy
fitful sleep -
moon on my pillow

Joan H. Ward

drying sweat
tickles my face
summer moon

D. L. Bachelor

Tango Society
Harvard's Weeks Bridge hosts it
on full moon Thursdays

Zinovy Vayman

barefoot, the lake waters
beckon for a deeper plunge—
the moon in your eyes

Roger Abe

warm aired evening
the sound of distant laughter
as thin as the moon

Graham High

naked in the pond
brown silk water clings to skin
gleams under full moon

Christine Doreian Michaels

**SEASON WORDS
for early autumn**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology

Season: *September, October; lingering summer heat, beginning of autumn, autumn equinox, chilly night, long night.*

Sky and Elements: *autumn rain, ~ sky, ~wind, long night, (full) moon, night of stars, sardine cloud.*

Landscape: *autumn moor, leaves turning, reaped or harvested fields, vineyards.*

Human Affairs: *autumn loneliness, end of summer vacation, gleanings, harvest, mushroom gathering, scarecrow, school begins, Tanabata (Star Festival), Obon Festival/dance, Labor Day, Rosh Hashanah, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch, black cat, ghost, haunted house).*

Animals: *autumn mackerel, bagworm, clear-toned cicada, cricket, deer, dragonfly, red dragonfly, grasshopper, ground beetle, insects' cry, katydid, monarch butterfly, migrating geese/cranes/storks, praying mantis, quail, salmon, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, wild geese, woodpecker.*

Plants: *apple, wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buckwheat, bush clover, chamomile, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn, cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen or falling leaves, gourds, grapes, huckleberry, maiden flower, morning glory, mushrooms, nuts, orchid, pampas grass plumes, pear, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds, reed flowers/tassels. rose of sharon, squash.*



**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is October 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**

email:

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 May June

Gloria Procsal – 4662-4 4663-2 4664-6
 M. Jean Purmal – 4665-1 4666-1 4667-2
 Teruo Yamagata – 4668-4 4669-12 4670-2
 Eve J. Blohm – 4671-2 4672-1 4673-0
 Ruth Holzer - 4674-6 4675-1 4676-9
 Kathy Chamberlin – 4677-2 4678-4 4679-0
 Graham High – 4680-2 4681-1 4682-1
 Patricia Prime – 4683-1 4684-2 4685-14
 Laura Bell – 4686-8 4687-5 4688-5
 Giovanni Malito – 4689-11 4690-1 4691-2
 Zinoviy Vayman – 4692-4 4693-2 4694-1
 Cindy Tebo – 4695-1 4696-0 4697-1
 Hank Dunlap – 4698-1 4699-1 4700-0
 John Stevenson – 4701-3 4702-1 4703-8
 Joan Ward – 4704-1 4705-2 4706-4
 Ross Figgins – 4707-1 4708-1 4709-1
 Dave Bachelor – 4710-4 4711-1 4712-0
 Kay Grimnes – 4713-3 4714-2 4715-0
 Carolyn Thomas – 4716-3 4717-4 4718-5
 Joan Zimmerman – 4719-1 4720-0 4721-3
 Naomi Brown – 4722-1 4723-0 4724-0
 Janeth Ewald – 4725-4 4726-3 4727-2
 Anne Homan – 4728-3 4729-2 4730-0
 Alison Woolpert – 4731-0 4732-1 4733-2
 Michael Dylan Welch – 4734-3 4735-5 4736-3
 Richard St. Clair – 4737-5 4738-2 4739-1
 Fay Aoyagi – 4740-2 4741-0 4742-1
 Caroline Hall – 4743-1 4744-4 4745-1
 Roger Abe – 4746-2 4747-2 4748-1
 Ann Bendixen – 4749-1 4750-1 4751-2

**May-June Haiku Voted Best
by Readers of Geppo**

climbing
the summer hills
a glider's shadow

Patricia Prime

conversation
growing more lively
distant thunder

Teruo Yamagata

late May sun . . .
sharing a birthday
with this butterfly

Giovanni Malito

spring rain —
playing the harpsichord
for myself

Ruth Holzer

wilted garden
a bloom of wildflowers
in the drainage ditch

Laura Bell

summer solstice —
his first full day
of death

John Stevenson

loosening my gown
like a bride
open to the moon

Gloria Procsal

Mother's Day
the stepdaughters
won't call

Ruth Holzer

night gown
opening the door for the cat
that's no longer there

Laura Bell

rest home
old man can't tell his wife
her name anymore

Laura Bell

ice cubes settle
in the glass
our long conversation

Carolyn Thomas

strangers approaching
on the autumn beach . . .
the lull in their conversation

Michael Dylan Welch

outside the soup kitchen
a homeless man making friends
with a stray dog

Richard St. Clair



**Challenge Kigo for Sept/Oct
Huckleberry; Blueberry
by Patrick Gallagher**

On the west and east coasts and much of the midwest, these plants of the Heath Family provide their sweet berries for wildlife and the efficacious picker's pies. The western Evergreen Huckleberry is a much-branched, stout shrub that is often the dominant plant under Douglas fir and redwoods. A large number of other varieties called huckleberry or blueberry are found in various forms and habitats in many parts of the continent. Whatever called, the dark-blue to black berries with a whitish bloom mark the beginning of the harvest season and its treats.

filtered sunlight-
in a rotting redwood stump
huckleberries ripen

Claire Gallagher

pioneer park
around the abandoned cabin
sweet huckleberries

Patrick Gallagher

Dojins' Corner
by Patricia and Jerry

jb: There are many fine haiku in this Geppo. I chose a long list and then required considerable time to make my final selections. Here is my long list: 4669, 4671, 4674, 4675, 4776, 4689, 4696, 4702, 4713, 4714, 4715, 4716, 4717, and 4718. My final selections are grouped together: 4715, 4716, and 4718. Two of these haiku are shasei, that is, a "nature sketch" (numbers 4715 and 4717), and 4716 is a "shaped introspection" type.

pjm: I had five top choices: 4668, 4702, 4718, 4744, and 4747; from these I chose to write about 4702, 4744, and 4747.

4702 summer dusk
 insulation hanging from
 a power line

pjm: On the surface this modern-day image has a simple tranquility about it—in the darkening sky the even darker strip of insulation dangles from a high-line wire. But that very darkness along with the power line is suggestive of a threat, of a potential danger. Or of a danger that has just passed—a storm, for instance. And on a third level is the comparison of ourselves on a summer evening stripped to the bare minimum of clothing to face the heat, open and vulnerable to the force and danger of a stripped electrical power line. And even deeper, the overtones of human sexual energy in the context of the highly charged and dangerous power line.

jb: I like this haiku very much. It is one of my choices and nearly one of my final choices. This one is a nature sketch and, for me, evokes that feeling of summer. To me it's similar to #4717. Anyway, I like the feeling very much and would like to compliment the author.

4715 late frost
 first rays touch
 the tomato plants

jb: As I mentioned this is a nature sketch. The idea is to make a list of phenomena and the combination itself will produce an emotional effect. For me this haiku works as a shasei. Anyone interested in the idea of "shasei" might be interested in researching T.S. Eliot's concept of the "objective correlative."

In any case, here we have a still life with a hint of slow motion. The subtext, for me, is that we wait for dawn and at last it arrives. The arrival is mundane, true; it merely touches the tomato plants, but from a spiritual point of view an instance like this is a miracle. These are the miracles we take for granted. To see it, one must be in the haiku state of mind...i.e. the state of "mindfulness," and that is what this haiku is about.

pjm: The order of the words "late frost/ first rays" gives us two images layered one upon the other: the rays of the frost crystals and the rays of the rising sun. I did find one thing confusing: frost is an autumn kigo and so the meaning of "late" threw me until I figured out the poet was writing about spring. I think it would help the haiku if this confusion were cleared up.

4716 creek water
 unmoving
 on this unmoving day

jb: This haiku is not a shasei, it is the recognition and expression of an internal state of heart and mind. Notice that the "day" is personified...it is a thing that is "unmoving." But the haiku is not about the day—it's about the state of mind that sees the day as "unmoving." Someone in a melancholy state can be wandering aimlessly, and then by seeing the creek water that is "unmoving" realize that the whole day is "unmoving" as well. There are those writers that think that this "breaks" the rule of not using figures of speech in haiku, and I suppose that they are right. However, for me, in this case, I think it works. It works because I read the expression as honest and not sentimental.

pjm: A very effective summer image! This is a hot day in which nothing is moving—not the creek, not the wind, and certainly not the humans. It's the kind of heat that makes the poet want to be still and avoid exertion of any kind.

4717 another slow day –
the cat hangs her head over
the edge of the chair

jb: Again we have a list of phenomena, but this time the list is against the background of a mood...“another slow day.” Even the cat seems to feel that today is a slow day. We can feel that it's the kind of day that we just want to let things happen. This is a moment of self-awareness.

pjm: When the weather is hot, cats do lay around stretching themselves to let their fur breathe. The poet has captured the moment and in doing so confirms the slowness of this long summer day; one of the occupations of humans on slow days is cat-watching!

4744 lakeside walk
deep in thought—
ducks in a row

pjm: An interesting use of the winter kigo, ducks. Winter is that time of introspection and so the season and the mood and the surface of the poem are in alignment. But under the calm and ordered surface of the poem lies the interior struggle to line up the thoughts which come willy-nilly, behaving not at all like “ducks in a row.”

jb: I also like the mood of this haiku. (Seems like this is a month of ‘mood pieces.’) However, I have difficulty with the flow of language for this haiku. I read the lines as three related but separate lines. I want to see more connection between (I presume) lines one and two. As I read this, I see a person on a “lakeside walk” who is “deep in thought.” The author then (apparently) sees “ducks in a row.” Now, I get the idea, but I don't see it clearly expressed in the text of the verse.

4747 climbing out to the tip
then back to the leaf's stem
—ladybug reasons

pjm: Nature is fascinating, and the perambulations of insects is one of those details we observe and wonder about. They change our perspective. Obviously the poet can see the whole leaf and can see the ladybug's journey; we do not know what the walk accomplished as it was done for “ladybug reasons,” but we can, from our greater perspective, wonder about it. And also, the journey, as well as this haiku, gives us pause to reflect on the larger metaphor: that our journey through life might be viewed by some perspective more expansive than our own and might be puzzled in like manner.

jb: I see this verse as a nature sketch. The author observes the lady bug's journey, and then, apparently, enters into the mind of the lady bug to infer “ladybug reasons.” I read this as something interesting is happening (i.e. the journey) and the ladybug must have its reasons for doing this. I would like the verse much better with the word ‘reasons’ removed . Try it, see what you think?

Patricia J. Machmiller and Jerry Ball can be reached at

or. Or if you like, write to them at the GEPP0.

GEPP0
is the bimonthly study-work journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Haiku are published as submitted, and members may cast votes for haiku from the preceding issue. In this way we learn by studying the work of others, and by the response to our own work. Subscription is \$20.00 per year in th U.S. and Canada and \$25.00 International. which includes membership in the Society.

Editor • Jean Hale
Design • Alice Benedict
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From Michael Dylan Welch:

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publication of **finding the way: haiku and field
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and his work has appeared in numerous
journals and anthologies. He recently won the
first place judges' selection in the World Haiku
Club's 2002 haiku tournament, and has also
placed in other contests. "A serenity of quiet
confidence marks these poems, a serenity borne
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Dylan Welch. The book is 52 pages, 4.25 by 5.5
inches, and comes with a wrap cover and a
bookmark. The price is \$6.00 postpaid in the
United States, or \$7.00 elsewhere, and is
available from Press Here, P.O. Box 4014,
Foster City, CA 94404-0014, USA (please
make checks or international money orders
payable to "Michael D. Welch"). Two sample
poems:

solitary walk
a pine tree's bare roots
in the river

barren peak
a pebble from the meadow
in my pocket

Calendar of Events

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,

Web Address: youngeaves.org

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