



the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVII:5

September-October 2002

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

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4843 | soft morning light
mist shrouded willow
red dragonfly | 4851 | autumn insomnia—
a drake's spurt of quacking
in utter darkness |
| 4844 | a mourning dove's coo
sound of loneliness, empty
life without you | 4852 | forest millipede
leg after leg after leg
glides over the log |
| 4845 | only wailing wind
across barren fields
last day of summer | 4853 | clear cut
a whisper-thin pine
shifts in the wind |
| 4846 | now he is gone
the last withered squash
diced into stew | 4854 | October sunset
the underside of geese wings
gilded with fire |
| 4847 | war planes
shatter the night
silence of doves | 4855 | east window
the winter sun rising
around the corner |
| 4848 | coyote voices
and cannon's echo
all strung out | 4856 | reeling them in
with his new deerhair lure. . .
throwing them back |
| 4849 | loading dock --
geese scatter
in front of the shunting train | 4857 | frostbitten apples
even the Harvest moon
...waning |
| 4850 | seedless grapes
in a wooden bowl—
the wet receipt | 4858 | leaves turning –
waxing our boots
before a bush walk |
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|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4859 | beginning of autumn –
disappearing into the river
the old fishing jetty | 4870 | amid the dry grass
naked ladies all abreast
the busy highway |
| 4860 | migrating geese
above the back country road -
I'm far from home | 4871 | running the yellow
red lights flash for pull over
sudden urge to pee |
| 4861 | upon its landing
the grasshopper slides a bit
awkward teenager | 4872 | she spends her birthday
on transcontinental flight
same day twice |
| 4862 | frantic moment . . .
at the high school reunion
without name tags | 4873 | planes arrive and depart
every two minutes or so
autumn sunset |
| 4863 | early yellow leaves
a nuthatch inches along
the dying tree branch | 4874 | he fights seriously
against the invisible
praying mantis |
| 4864 | passing through —
sparrows and the autumn wind
chain link fence | 4875 | for more than two months
the film has been showing
autumn twilight |
| 4865 | measures of true love –
whisker-deep in soap bubbles
her black cat's private frown | 4876 | up on the highway
the leaves are turning red now
oatmeal for breakfast |
| 4866 | an unhappy shrike
continues to blame
the setting sun | 4877 | like an avalanche
white clouds roll down the mountain
burying summer |
| 4867 | my birthday poem
folded inside a sketch
of morning glories | 4878 | five migrating ducks
weave checkerboard squares of light
across the water |
| 4868 | on the ground
rolling all around —
loathsome bagworms ! | 4879 | strong autumn wind
- leaf-covered pond closing
to the opening sky |
| 4869 | Yom Kippur eve
the neighbors
are smoking dope | 4880 | the dead oak
still a fine presence
over the gravestones |

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|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>4881 cutting my thumb
while making a happy face
- Halloween pumpkin</p> | <p>4892 first the moon spill
then the moon
I search windows to find</p> |
| <p>4882 autumn farm stand
where canning jars
hold summer hostage</p> | <p>4893 still life
falling out of the bowl
a brown-skinned grape</p> |
| <p>4883 a faded scarecrow
still on the job
watches nothing</p> | <p>4894 corn maze
pieces of straw caught
in my shoelaces</p> |
| <p>4884 tiny feet
splash tiny puddles
full of autumn sky</p> | <p>4895 divided highway
signs for Jesse James' hideout
on the way to the vineyard</p> |
| <p>4885 peach tree shade
the hot juice
down my chin</p> | <p>4896 smell of the rain
before it has touched
anything else</p> |
| <p>4886 park stroll
the hearts we carved
still there</p> | <p>4897 a tide pool
. . .lifeless
at first</p> |
| <p>4887 biker
dressed in dusty leather
the Ross label showing</p> | <p>4898 rock-pounding surf
the urge to shout
and shut up</p> |
| <p>4888 Indian Summer
outdoor arts and craft show
dreamcatchers sold out</p> | <p>4899 Even now
lingering summer heat –
storm clouds pass by</p> |
| <p>4889 fall fair
gypsy with her crystal ball
harvests a small fortune</p> | <p>4900 September –
packing up the car
missing him already</p> |
| <p>4890 never so close . . .
the gray transparency
of dragonfly wings</p> | <p>4901 October's diamonds
sparkle on the calm sea –
seagulls reclaim the beach</p> |
| <p>4891 a long way from home . . .
the woodpecker's echo
begins again</p> | <p>4902 lingering summer
sanderlings stamp their cross-stitch
bills riffle damp sand</p> |

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| <p>4903 transparent ghost crab
eyes swivel on stalks at last
Fall bunker sighted</p> <p>4904 honeymoon couple
the only catch on the beach
autumn mackerel</p> <p>4905 morning sunshine . . .
four arms swinging
along the canal</p> <p>4906 all day drizzle
on the giant saquaro
Basho's Anniversary</p> <p>4907 moonlight . . .
from the dark
the scent of lilac</p> <p>4908 chilly night
from her black hair
scent of color</p> <p>4909 blue green sky
instead of demolished Armory
Armory demolished</p> <p>4910 lingering summer
my learned son-in-law goes on
"future defines the present"</p> <p>4911 intently the toddler
examines empty snail shell
wind pushes autumn nearer</p> <p>4912 breeze
warping lake surface
distant light goes on</p> <p>4913 Mozart helping me
boil down
the last of the apples</p> | <p>4914 neighbors gossiping
on unlit porches
night of stars</p> <p>4915 chilly night
beneath the American missile's
trail of fire</p> <p>4916 Labor Day
making the first schedule
in her retirement</p> <p>4917 Moonrise;
dangling from a power line
a dolphin balloon.</p> <p>4918 Stillness
at high tide;
fog.</p> <p>4919 A moonlit night;
flying up from the marsh
a dusky ibis.</p> <p>4920 picking
wild mushrooms
in the cemetery</p> <p>4921 a few feathers
floating on the breeze...
October sky</p> <p>4922 tall grass browned
the grasshoppers
jumping</p> |
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Challenge Kigo

Huckleberry/Blueberry

Indian stories told
at grandma's knee
huckleberry moon

Gloria Procsal

sounds of rustling
amid ripe huckleberries
a wren pops out

Kermit DeLaurant

new white T-shirt
full of blueberries and stains
his mother's eyes

Ross Figgins

blueberries bursting
shadow
of the mountain

Ruth Holzer

family hike
breaking for wild huckleberries
and blue teeth laughter

Carolyn Fitz

clink of pie tins –
a colander of blueberries
dripping in the sink

Michael Dylan Welch

winding road
around the next curve
blueberries again

Yvonne Hardenbrook

picking blueberries
I see on my ring finger
the ring of paler skin

Anne M. Homan

changing the colour
of the Waterford cut glass
blueberries

Patricia Prime

inside the grey bloom
the blueberry taste wakens
my red interior

Graham High

Huckleberries
quickly filling my basket
bear tracks

Laura Bell

at the nursing home
sharing huckleberry pie
with a lonely man

Joan H. Ward

blueberry muffins
hot from the oven

I remember Mama

Louise Beaven

picking blueberries —
the last bucket half-full
of evening light

Carolyn Thomsas

empty baskets
he admits he has forgotten
where the huckleberries are

Cindy Tebo

everything
from the sun
blueberries, for instance

John Stevenson

Blueberry field
picking fat, juicy fruit,
blue fingers and lips

Joan C. Sauer

sunshine . . .

first picked blueberries
for the Buddha

Naomi Y. Brown

to the lakes again
with pancake mix safely stowed
wild huckleberries
Christine Doreian Michaels

reading in Russian
PRIKYUCHENIYA.. Tom Sawyer..
Gekkelberry Finn.
Zinovy Vayman

Wading in the sand dunes
ankle deep;
ripe blueberries!
Richard St. Clair

huckleberry
or is it blueberry –
the birds feast
Giovanni Malito

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is December 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: jeanhale@redshift.com

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 early winter**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

Season: early winter months: November, December, chilly night, departing autumn, start of winter, depth of winter, short day, winter day, winter morning, winter night.

Sky and Elements: sardine cloud, frost/hoarfrost, freeze, hail, ice, icicle, north wind, sleet, snow/first snow, winter cloud, winter moon, winter rain, winter solstice, winter wind.

Landscape: reaped or harvested fields, stubble fields, vineyards, winter creek or stream, winter mountain, winter sea or ocean, winter seashore, winter garden, withered moor.

Human Affairs: gleaning, harvest, Thanksgiving; bean soup, blanket, brazier, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, foot warmer, gloves/mittens, grog, heater, hunting, falconer, fish trapper, overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl, skiing.

Animals: deer, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, woodpecker., bear, hibernation, fox, marten or sable, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter bee, winter fly, winter sparrow, winter wild geese, wolf, whale.

Plants: cranberry, pomegranate, dried persimmon, heavenly bamboo(Nandina), pine nuts,radish, scallion,tangerine /mandarin orange, turnip, winter chrysanthemum, winter grass., winter tree or grove, withered or frost-nipped plants.



Dojins' Corner
by Jerry and Patricia

Jerry's long list is: 4752, 4774, 4778, 4782, 4783, 4788, 4789, 4812, 4813, 4830, 4831, 4832, 4833, 4836 and Patricia's is 4752, 4762, 4765, 4774, 4783, 4787, 4791, 4792, 4817, 4824, and 4836. Jerry chose to write about: 4832, 4833, and 4836 while Patricia chose 4774, 4787, and 4817.

4774: day moon—
my naturalization oath
on Hiroshima Anniversary

pjm: Jerry and I pick the haiku we choose to write about blindly, that is, we do not know the author. But we are not blind, and we do see *GEPP0* contributors in their life and, therefore, in their art. In all candor, although I have never seen this haiku before, I know that Fay Aoyagi recently went through the naturalization ceremony to become a US citizen. Congratulations, Fay, and welcome to this side of the Pacific. Because of this knowledge, I suspect I know the author of this poignant haiku. Did you notice my phrase "this side of the Pacific"? In life we often have to choose this side or that side. The moon has two sides—the one that faces us, and the one that faces away; the bright side and the dark side. And so does the author have two sides, her birth nation and her adopted nation. These two nations have had bright times of peace and dark times of war and so the author has deftly chosen Hiroshima Anniversary to represent the strong and complex feelings she must have on this day of her naturalization—the love of her birth nation and its culture that is so much a part of her and at the same time the joy of the new, adopted place and the "war" in her heart of these emotions. "Day moon" is a fitting kigo; the author is signaling that it is summer and this moon is not the moon of full luster—this moon's light is paler just as the author's joy at completing her naturalization must be dimmed somewhat by the sadness of having to choose "this side" at the expense of her "other side."

jb: I think this haiku has a direct and positive emotion appeal. I can relate to someone who is

taking a naturalization oath with the tensions that this can involve. And then to take the oath on Hiroshima Day! This is very strong for me.

4787 long curve of the interstate—
the light through my sunroof
crosses the dash

pjm: The visual depiction of the passage of time—how clear this image is. Like a sundial speeded up, the sunlight moves across space—the dash—and we feel both soothed by the continuity of life and disturbed a bit by its passage—so rapid and right before our eyes as if we were in a great cosmic experiment that is measuring our very mortality.

jb: I like this haiku as well, especially the craft in creating it. I did not choose it as one of my favorites, however, because I don't feel moved by the image. I expect that Patricia sees something that I don't.

4817 canoe glides softly
paddles partner in two-step
sun dance on ripples

pjm: Because this is a work-study journal, I decided to choose this haiku both for the sparks I see its images creating and for the potential it has to burst into flame. The two potentially incandescent images are (1) a canoe propelled by paddles (I think there are two people in this canoe, but I'm not sure) gliding soundlessly on a lake, and (2) the sun dancing on the lake's ripples. When the haiku is fully realized the dance of the paddles and the dance of sunlight on the lake ripples will sparkle in our imagination. However, the phrasing, syntax, and diction of the present version don't dance yet. But they will—this haiku is well worth the effort it will take to revise it.

jb: This is a lyrical haiku . . . it's a very peaceful image and I enjoy it. I did not choose the haiku as a favorite, though, because for me the three lines don't seem to connect into a unity. I see three lines, which for me, somehow, are separate from each other.

4832 sundown
through the dirty windows
whole world is uneven

jb: This looks like a *shasei* haiku, but on closer examination we find that it is more than that. There is more to the expression that the "whole world is uneven" than a simple tilting of the landscape. When we say the "world is uneven" we imply a disorientation, something out of place. And of course, this would take place at sundown when the world changes from light into shadows. The nice feature about this haiku is that there is an almost literal interpretation, which gives us a very clear image. Looking at the world through "dirty windows" is rather common with the resulting distortions. But in this case, it is the "whole world" that is distorted. This tells us that a soul somewhere needs attention. From this point of view the haiku appears to be unhappy but I think there is more to it. The first step in overcoming unhappiness is the recognition that we are unhappy. Perhaps that's why poetry is sometimes called therapy.

pjm: Here is another haiku with potential. I noticed this haiku but kept trying to fix the image and could not. Not that the image is unclear, but that it needs something else—a sounding—the bass string of a season, perhaps, with which it can resonate. Also, the way the articles are used might be reconsidered; for example, a rewrite of the last two lines might be "through muddy windows/the whole world uneven" or "through the mud/the whole world uneven." This last gives another sense besides sight the feeling of the unevenness of the world—a feeling in the derriere. This, of course, is just an idea to show where this haiku could lead if the author chose to take it further.

4916 argument ends
slowly the morning sun
revives the white moth

jb: Again this haiku has an initial appeal as a *shasei* (nature sketch). There is a direct and literal image that one can imagine. But again I think there is more to it. What happens when an argument ends? Well, of course, the white moth that has been quiescent is revived. What was it that Wallace Stegner said about a fight between a man and wife? Something like (passim) "when the fight is over the best part is the pampering." So now that the argument ends we can look forward to the pampering, that is, to the revived moth.

pjm: Ye-e-es, the parallel between how one feels after an argument and how the moth feels after a cold night is clear, and the sun as the source of revival brings in healing both directly through its warmth and metaphorically, i.e., psychologically. What isn't here is a resonance that would take us deeper. For example, moth is an autumn kigo. If the haiku used the kigo as a springboard to take the poem's meaning beyond the direct comparison, something that expanded the thought—this would be haiku at the most accomplished.

4836 Tule marsh –
a brown-tipped reed
puncturing the fog

jb: Looking back, I see a similarity in all my choices in this issue. Each one of them expresses a direct and powerful image, which raises many further considerations. Imagine a "brown-tipped reed" (which I can see very well...) *puncturing* the fog. I can see this image very well, until I take the word "puncturing" seriously, then "Oops!" It's no longer *shasei*. Puncturing implies making a hole into something that is puffed up. Could this be an "ego"? In my mind I recall things that have stood up against the "fog". In the real world, there is something about a conflict of wills being represented here. But in the image, in the damp fog of the tule marsh, this is a dramatic contrast. There is conflict, but also something lonely about the reed in this damp fog that has the audacity to somehow take a stand.

pjm: The image of Tule fog, its denseness obscuring all but the tip of a reed poking through. Sometimes the image, clean and unvarnished, is all that is needed. Our souls are fed by such an image.

Patricia J. Machmiller and Jerry Ball can be reached at

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



Members' Votes

Yvonne Hardenbrook-4752-1 4753-2 4754-1
 Kermit DeLaurant - 4755-8 4756-1 4757-1
 Eve J. Blohm - 4758-1 4759-0 4760-0
 Ruth Holzer - 4761-8 4762-3 4763-2
 W. Elliott Grieg - 4764 -1 4765-2 4766-0
 Carolyn Hall - 4767-1 4768-8 4769-8
 Anne Homan - 4770-0 4771-1 4772-0
 Fay Aoyagi - 4773-0 4774-2 4775-5
 Carolyn Thomas - 4776-4 4777-3 4778-6
 Alison Woolpert - 4779-0 4780-0 4781-0
 Teruo Yamagata - 4782-5 4783-4 4784-0
 Michael. D. Welch - 4785-0 4786-1 4787-1
 John Stevenson - 4788-5 4789-3 4790-1
 Kay Grimnes - 4791-2 4792-2 4793-2
 Joan Zimmerman - 4794-2 4795-6 4796-0
 Patricia Prime - 4797-0 4798-1 4799-0
 Gloria Procsal - 4800-3 4801-1 4802-1
 Sandie Mueller - 4803-0 4804-0 4805-0
 Ross Figgins - 4806-2 4807-1
 Joan Ward - 4808-2 4809-1 4810-5
 Graham High - 4811-3 4812-4 4813-5
 Zinovy Vayman - 4814-8 4815-3 4816-4
 Christine Michaels- 4817-0 4818-2 4819-2
 Richard St. Clair - 4820-3 4821-1 4822-2
 Eobert Major - 4823-6 4824-2 4825-1
 Joan Sauer - 4826-3 4827-3 4828-0
 Giovanni Malito - 4829-1 4830-4 4831-2
 Dave Bachelor - 4832-0 4833-1 4834-3
 Janeth Ewald - 4835-0 4836-4 4837-4
 Roger Abe - 4838-0 4839-0
 Naomi Brown - 4840-1 4841-2 4842-4

**July-August Haiku Voted Best
 By Readers of Geppo**

soft patter of rain
 echoes through open door
 the scent of wet earth
 Kermit DeLaurant

unknowing
 he sprays
 the silkworms too
 Ruth Holzer

anniversary
 just enough wild flowers
 to make a bouquet
 Carolyn Hall

skittering lizard
 coaxes the kitten out of
 the old cat
 Carolyn Hall

calm evening
 she chops on a cutting board
 of my ex-wife
 Zinovy Vayman

midsummer
 a date palm divides
 the morning moon
 Carolyn Thomas

huge watermelon
 the woman carrying it
 so pregnant
 Joan Zimmerman

Bamboo container . . .
 its pens already holding
 unwritten haiku
 Robert Major

this parasol
 and I
 :Made in Japan"
 Fay Aoyagi

in this town
 no one knows me
 starry night
 Teruo Yamagata

in our sleeping bags
 the scent
 of doused ashes
 John Stevenson

summer playground
 squeals from a swing
 . . .empty wheelchair
 Joan Ward

seed heads
 of summer grasses
 shuffling the sky
 Graham High

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest 2002

Judged by Emiko Miyashita

The first place: Not awarded.

The haiku submitted this year were not as strong as the ones that were entered last year. Therefore I would like to leave the first place vacant in honor of the history and the prestige of the contest.

The second place (tie):

*His Father's Day brunch
From among the lemonades
he picks up the check*

Gloria Jaguden, Malibu, California

I like the *karumi* (lightness) of this haiku. At a Father's Day gathering, and when the time comes to pay the bill, it is again the Father who picks up the check. The table they shared may be on a terrace, the sun shining through the lemonade glasses. Father's content smile and his habitual deed in taking care of the family expenses bring a smile to the readers as well.

Here, two *kigo* are involved, Father's Day as the dominant *kigo*, and lemonade as the secondary *kigo*. Usually a single *kigo* in a haiku is preferred. However, when one *kigo* is obviously dominating the other and the two *kigo* are not competing with each other in such a way as to prevent the readers from focusing on the main subject, a double *kigo* is not a serious problem in Japanese haiku. A lovely sketch from the Father's Day brunch.

*returning robins –
Father's spirit has missed them
by only these days*

Carolyn Thomas, Cathedral City, California

The returning robins and the departed spirit of Father. Birds come down from the sky and the spirit has gone toward heaven. The pause after the first line does not yet hint at the poet's feelings. Returning robins give a cheerful tone to begin with. The associations we have from these *kigo* are the cheerful chirping of the various kinds of birds that have returned to our neighborhoods. The second and the third line make a strong contrast to the merry and lively presence of the birds. The poet has lost his/her Father only a few days ago, the loss of the father is deepened by the precise contrast.

The third place:

*a sunlit prism –
my first poem of the year
has written itself*

Michael Dylan Welch, Redmond, Washington

This may be an honest feeling one gets at the beginning of his/her haiku career. I took this haiku to honor the freshness of the poet's mind toward writing haiku. The first poem of the year is written on the second day of January in Japan. The winter sunlight shines from a lower angle, enabling it to reach the prism inside the living room, projecting the belt of colors on the wall. The pause between the first line and the rest is the poet's admiration. The readers are invited to see the seven colors on the wall here. Congratulations for such an experience!

Honorable Mention:

*after the long rest
finally the forte flute
- late blossoming pear*

Janeth Ewald, St. Helena, California

*dark stains on her pants
she smiles holding all that's left
of the blackberry*

Cindy Tebo, Catawissa, Missouri

The Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

This contest is for English-language haiku written in the traditional form in three lines of 5, 7, 5 syllables. Each poem is required to contain one and only one, season word (*kigo*) from an assigned list.

This year poets chose from among designated season words, as follows. New Year: first writing / poem, New Year's resolution; spring: late frost, spring cleaning, blossoming pear, migrating robins; summer: Father's Day, slug/snail, thunder, blackberry; autumn: scarecrow, mackerel sky, apple, praying mantis; winter: Winter Solstice, ice hockey, oyster, north wind.

The contest committee was Kiyoko Tokutomi, Roger Abe, Anne Homan, Patricia Machmiller and contest coordinator, Jean Hale. The final judge was Emiko Miyashita, renowned haiku author and translator and Dojin of the Ten'i haiku group.

The contest committee and judge congratulate the winners and express our appreciation to everyone who participated.

**Kigo Challenge
for Nov/Dec**

**Kelp Wrack
by Patrick and Claire Gallagher**

Underwater forests of bull kelp and giant kelp grow in favorable habitat along the coast of California. Winter storms uproot and break these huge algae and carry them to the beaches. Wave action and the ebb and flow of the tides entangle the leaves, stipes, and flotation bulbs of the kelp with other debris, forming large piles called wracks. The beached wracks provide shelter and food for a variety of life, including kelp flies and sand fleas. In turn these creatures provide food for the many shore birds that so picturesquely patrol the strand. When examined closely, kelp wracks provide a variety of patterns for appreciation.

Kelp does break free and individual stalks are washed ashore in most seasons, providing the great fun of kelp bulb popping when the plant is mature. How-ever, it is the winter occurrence of kelp wracks on the beach that is the focus of this kigo challenge.

kelp wracks
finding the way around
with new friends
Patrick Gallagher

beached kelp
a cobble from the sea
held fast to its stalk
D. Claire Gallagher

Haiku Honoring Kiyoko

by poets attending
the Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat
at Asilomar - 2002

A seasonal apple
Perched in William Tell fashion
"Watch out, Emiko!"

—Jean Hale

she doesn't notice
lovers by the autumn sea
singing to herself

—Patricia M. Machmiller

a pine bent inland—
this level headland path
through wild asters

—D. Claire Gallagher

mouthng words
over her breakfast—
she awakens to Buson

—Karina Young

petals still closed
the beach poppy
after breakfast

—Betty Arnold

Tossed all night
and left on the beach—
Bundles of kelp

—Jim Arnold

Kiyoko—
her treasure revealed
slowly and fully

—Carolyn Fitz

Asilomar dunes—
she rests her hand
against the tree she planted

—Michael Dylan Welch

hot cereal
"she doesn't like sugar"
but she shovels it in

—Roger Abe

she reads my wild shirt—
poking, giggling and mumbling
in her language

—Donnalynn Chase

memory quickens
her sumi-e brush strokes
winter narcissus

—Anne Homan

Calendar of Events

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,

Web Address: youngeaves.org

Editor's Omission:

In reporting the 2002 Kaji Aso Studio Haiku Contest in the last issue of Geppo, I neglected to mention the deadline for submitting poems. It is January 31, 2003.

Young Leaves
An Old Way of Seeing New
Writings on Haiku in English
The 25th Anniversary Special Edition
of Haiku Journal
\$19.50 Plus Postage
U.S. postage \$3.95
Elsewhere \$5.00
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and inscribed with one of her haiku
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