

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVII:6

November-December 2002

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4923 | sweeping fallen leaves
for my brother – his arms and legs
paralyzed | 4931 | the suspect caught
at a traffic checkpoint
migrating birds |
| 4924 | small snowflake swirling
after chemotherapy
cold inside and out | 4932 | departing autumn
crowds in park try to capture
lost youth |
| 4925 | pelting his widow
when she exits the hospital
blood-colored leaves | 4933 | start of winter
gray days follow one another
orderly manner |
| 4926 | Wildflowers
as many as the stars
earth bound galaxy | 4934 | short day
the sun refuses to shine
gray follows gray |
| 4927 | daffodils
pollen laden bees
reluctant to leave | 4935 | field of aspen
and a raven's call
echoing winds |
| 4928 | the world spins eastward
toward the molten ball
--- desert sunrise | 4936 | a kayak drifts by
the silent heron –
autumn mist |
| 4929 | in the villain's role
smelling of sweet perfume
chrysanthemum doll | 4937 | making amends
she brings me persimmons –
the bitter taste |
| 4930 | new calendar
from overseas
different national holidays | 4938 | pine branches clash
swords against the sky
and somewhere an owl |
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|---|--|
| <p>4939 cold sunday dawn
trudging home
in the sleet</p> <p>4940 cold moon
on speckled walls
the silent frost</p> <p>4941 poop lands on my head—
pigeons on the ledge
perched backwards</p> <p>4942 Indian summer—
ah, the roses on the vine
smell like roses</p> <p>4943 low-hanging clouds
a crow silently making
a lazy eight</p> <p>4944 cold day
bean soup and hot biscuits
for dinner</p> <p>4945 six hungry deer
looking longingly
through closed gate</p> <p>4946 first cold
kleenex and good book
bring some comfort</p> <p>4947 at the gate post
a marble lion guards
a lost snow mitten</p> <p>4948 soft starlight
settling on flakes of snow
falls all over me</p> <p>4949 slightly drunk
marveling at the blue moon
through the tinted windscreen</p> | <p>4950 snow lights the night
flake upon flake
the silence deepens.</p> <p>4951 power outage. . .
wrapped in firelight
will we reconcile?</p> <p>4952 sleet peppers the window
supper grown cold
the dog and I pace</p> <p>4953 six short poets
crowded in the garden
the croak of a frog</p> <p>4954 bell tolling
through the pines
throat-sear scent of turpentine</p> <p>4955 flickering shadows
the tidepool anemones
speaking my name</p> <p>4956 hurrying
toward the cafe's warmth
winter rain</p> <p>4957 snowy owl
poised on a branch
new calendar page</p> <p>4958 keen wind
finding the holes
in my knit hat</p> <p>4959 with one hand
I pluck mandarin oranges. . .
their thick skins</p> <p>4960 staring at pieces
on a chess board
winter night</p> |
|---|--|

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|---|---|
| <p>4961 votive candles
lined along the fireplace
departing autumn</p> <p>4962 sunset
one by one
stars gather the dusk</p> <p>4963 smoky casino
the gambler's
oxygen tank</p> <p>4964 desert sky
the ever moving sand dune
its stillness</p> <p>4965 first snowman
the use of all the snow
in the yard</p> <p>4966 suspense in church
will the candle
stay lit</p> <p>4967 Christmas snow
before anything
is open</p> <p>4968 leaving church —
thinking about
leaving the church</p> <p>4969 mourners gone
listening to
the silence</p> <p>4970 he confesses —
rain beads
course down the window</p> <p>4971 Departing autumn —
always a sadness in the air
as winds strip the trees</p> | <p>4972 Weak sunshine —
a winter fly buzzes
across the porch screen</p> <p>4973 Frost-nipped plants
their faded heads hanging low —
tiny droplets shine</p> <p>4974 pale light
through frosted window
winter morn</p> <p>4975 bitter cold wind
echoing my heartache —
father's gone</p> <p>4976 a manhole cover
glistening with fallen rain
sends off clouds of steam</p> <p>4977 cold snap
pale camellia buds open
hot pink</p> <p>4978 pawnshop vault
Navajo bangles
losing their sheen</p> <p>4979 lengthening days—
at the feeder, more birds
than perches</p> <p>4980 deepening snow
in the echo of one gunshot
another</p> <p>4981 chilly night
I'm still waiting
for an answer</p> <p>4982 piles of empty shells
his first raw oyster
spit into the sand</p> |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 4983 | leaden skies press down
on blank-eyed office buildings
day after Thanksgiving | 4994 | winter morning . . .
a flock of robins attack
pyracantha berries |
| 4984 | slowing down with years
a needle stuck in a groove
this persistent cough | 4995 | blowing snow
the history park trolley
back and forth |
| 4985 | chilly night
in bed with you
untouched | 4996 | first storm-
all the melted ice-cream
you can eat |
| 4986 | depth of winter
in our small apartment
relationships strained | 4997 | under the pine
we take shelter from
the falling snow |
| 4987 | retreat's fireplace:
her head's search for a soft spot
on my bony shoulder | 4998 | a victim of AIDS
wisteria fronds
brush his bald head |
| 4988 | Baruch Spinoza:
"Peace is not absence of war" –
golden haze of winter | 4999 | alone again
the old man
and his park bench |
| 4989 | flat granite rock
where she rested by the trail . . .
skirling winter leaves | 5000 | mottled shadows
the path of the maple leaf
over cool paving stones |
| 4990 | moon viewing party
the neighbor's children giggle
behind the board fence | 5001 | driving into town
ahead, the winter mountains
framed by the blue sky |
| 4991 | the word needed
hanging up in memory . . .
late winter rain | 5002 | I can see dancing
in the winter moon tonight
good friends together |
| 4992 | drizzles ..
through the copse
the smell of winter earth | 5003 | bonfire on the beach
burning a forgotten past
a new start to life |
| 4993 | she passes
her scent still hovers
in the air | 5004 | Laughter on TV
Wishing for my foot warmer
The joke escapes me |

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|--|--|---------------------------|
| <p>5005 Peering through skylight
Shadow dances cheerily
Winter Moon's caress</p> | <p>from this cliff
we spot dolphins swimming
between kelp beds</p> | <p>Patricia Prime</p> |
| <p>5006 a plop on my head
falling with delicate force
winter camellia</p> | <p>kelp wrack
marking the tidelines
high and low</p> | <p>Ruth Holzer</p> |
| <p>5007 tideline in twilight—
ropes of giant kelp
not floating</p> | <p>over and under
the kelp wrack
fiddler crabs
weave the waves</p> | <p>Graham High</p> |
| <p>5008 moon festival—
again this year it rises
from the neighbor's tree</p> | <p>high above the cove
finding words in patterns
of kelp wracks</p> | <p>Richard St. Clair</p> |
| <p>5009 bristles of dune grass—
a day dream about pagodas
at ocean's end</p> | <p>the tide receding ...
a sextant rises
shrouded in kelp</p> | <p>Giovanni Malito</p> |
| <p>Challenge Kigo
Kelp Wrack</p> | | |
| <p>setting sun
casting shadows
sandy kelp prints</p> | <p>stepping into
a kelp wrack —
forgiving my sins</p> | <p>Gloria Procsal</p> |
| <p>On the weathered beach
clumps of washed up sea kelp –
not even a sea gull</p> | <p>tides ebb and flow
bringing driftwood and seashells
entangled in kelp</p> | <p>Eve Jeanette Blohm</p> |
| <p>little sister
tags along
kelp among the rocks</p> | <p>washed up kelp
I tell him it's hair
from 'the little mermaid'</p> | <p>Cindy Tebo</p> |
| <p>a rock
floating in the surf
bull kelp</p> | <p>sunny Cape Cod Bay
hissing sound of sand grains
breaking off kelp wrack</p> | <p>Zinovoy Vayman</p> |

twisting and turning
 through the stranded kelp, we two
 let go a moment . . .
 Patricia Machmiller

sand fleas . . .
 a wave rises and settles
 on the kelp wrack
 Michael Dylan Welch

October sunset
 the underside of geese wings
 gilded with fire
 Kay Grimnes

cutting my thumb
 while making a happy face
 - Halloween pumpkin
 Graham High

clear cut
 a whisper-thin pine
 shifts in the wind
 Kay Grimnes

only wailing wind
 across barren fields
 last day of summer
 Kermit DeLaurant

seedless grapes
 In a wooden bowl —
 the wet receipt
 Michael Dylan Welch

beginning of autumn —
 disappearing into the river
 the old fishing jetty
 Patricia Prime

a long way from home
 the woodpecker's echo
 begins again
 Carolyn Thomas

Moonlight . . .
 from the dark
 the scent of lilac
 Naomi Brown

helping me
 boil down
 the last of the apples
 Dave Bachelor

Labor Day
 making the first schedule
 in her retirement
 Joan Zimmerman

Members' Votes
 for September/October

- Kermit DeLaurant – 4843-0 4844-2 4845-5
- Gloria Procsal – 4846-10 4847-0 4848-0
- Michael D. Welch – 4849-3 4850-5 4851-2
- Kay Grimnes – 4852-4 4853-6 4854-8
- Y. Hardenbrook – 4855-2 4856-3 4857-3
- Patricia Prime – 4858-2 4859-5 4860-3
- Anne Homan – 4861-1 4862-2 4863-3
- Ross Figgins – 4864-3 4865-0 4866-0
- Ruth Holzer – 4867-2 4868-0 4869-4
- Carolyn Fitz – 4870-1 4871-0 4872-2
- Teruo Yamagata – 4873-0 4874-1 4875-0
- Jan McMillan – 4876-0 4877-3 4878-2
- Graham High – 4879-2 4880-3 4881-7
- Joan Ward – 4882-2 4883-2 4884-4
- Laura Bell – 4885-1 4886-1 4887-0
- Louise Beaven – 4888-1 4889-1
- Carolyn Thomas – 4890-2 4891-5 4892-1
- Cindy Tebo – 4893-3 4894-3 4895-0
- John Stevenson – 4896-4 4897-4 4898-4
- Joan Sauer – 4899-0 4900-1 4901-2
- Christine D. Michaels – 4902-2 4903-0 4904-3
- Naomi Brown – 4905-1 4906-4 4907-5
- Zinovy Vayman – 4908-3 4909-0 4910-3
- Dave Bachelor – 4911-1 4912-0 4913-5
- Joan Zimmerman – 4914-4 4915-0 4916-5
- Richard St. Clair – 4917-3 4918-2 4919-1
- Giovanni Malito – 4920-2 4921-3 4922-0

September-October Haiku Voted Best
 By Readers of *Geppo*

now he is gone
 the last withered squash
 diced into stew
 Gloria Procsal

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is February 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.

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

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

Season: winter months (January, early or mid-February), depth of winter, short day, winter day, early spring, lengthening days.

Sky and Elements: frost, hail, north wind, snow, winter cloud, winter moon/rain/wind; lingering snow, spring frost/snow.

Landscape: winter stream, winter mountain, winter sea, winter garden, withered moor; flooded stream, muddy road.

Human Affairs: bean soup, blanket, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, hunting, ice fishing, overcoat, winter desolation, Groundhog Day, Twelfth Night, Valentines Day.

Animals: bear, hibernation, fox, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter birds, winter bee, winter wild geese, whale; abalone, pheasant, wild birds' return.

Plants: carrot, celery, dried persimmon, early blossom, radish, scallion, tangerine, turnip, flowers in winter: winter camellia/ chrysanthemum/ narcissus/peony, withered or frost-nipped plants; azalea, bracken, camellia, crocus, daphne, grass sprouts, mustard, plum

Dôjins' Corner

by
Patricia and Jerry

Jerry's choices from the last issue are: 4846, 4849, 4850, 4852, 4853, 4854, 4858, 4880, 4890, 4891, 4898, 4905, 4907, and 4914. His three top choices are: 4853, 4890, and 4891.

Patricia's choices: 4883, 4888, 4890, and 4891; of these, she elected to write about 4883, 4888, and 4891.

jb: I made my final choices with some difficulty and ultimately my choices are a matter of taste. The craft of the haiku on my long list are all consistent, and quite good, I think. I chose the three that moved me the most.

pjm: Having made my three final choices, I was delighted to learn that Jerry picked 4890 as it meant that I would be able to write about it, as well.

4853 clear cut
a whisper-thin pine
shifts in the wind

jb: A haiku with a message: the "whisper-thin pine" appears to be a tree left from the clear cut of the lumber industry. For me the image is sharp and clear, and the author's language reads easily and well. In any case, it's a lonely tree, an orphan, the remains of a forest. This

image is strong to me. The tree's situation is thrust upon it, and it must react. I get a sense of resolve, and perhaps some bravery. The tree is in a position where it must survive on its own, so what choice has it? It must "shift in the wind."

pjm: This poem gives us the opportunity to reflect on what it means to be stewards of the land. And on what we reap as a society if we are negligent in our duty as caretakers of the earth. The chopped form of the first line deviating from the traditional haiku form fits the subject matter—a hacked-down forest. I would encourage the poet to consider incorporating a kigo into the haiku that would match the mood and carry the thought deeper.

4883 a faded scarecrow
still on the job
watches nothing

pjm: Here we have an example of how a traditional kigo can be successfully used to comment on modern life. The scarecrow is an old agrarian image, but as it is used here, it reflects the condition of the modern worker in the impersonal society of the corporation; it calls to mind how one expend one's life performing a job. But even though the worker is still committed to the task and still wants to contribute, our work, even as we do it, becomes obsolete.

jb: I like the idea of this haiku, but the expression "watches nothing" doesn't work for me. I much prefer a concrete expression, though the implication is that there is an empty field. I think I'd like it better if it were written"

a barren field
the faded scarecrow
still on the job

My apologies for tinkering.

4888 Indian Summer
outdoor arts and craft show
dreamcatchers sold out

pjm: Indian summer is that unexpected warming that comes in the middle of autumn. The days and nights have been progressively becoming cooler. Just when we have resigned ourselves to the inevitability of winter, this

warming happens and for a few days we experience a golden time of balmy air, sunshine, and yellow leaves. The three together weave an almost magical spell; we bask in the luminescence of it, and we giddily embrace the spring-like quality of the days loosing the firm grasp on reality we had. This is the mood of the strollers who wander through the arts and crafts fair buying up all the dreamcatchers - dreamcatchers to catch the magic of Indian summer days and the strollers' wistful hope that such a time could last forever. That mood of wistfulness and optimism and desire are all wrapped up in the kigo, Indian summer, which seems to stand for all those moments in our lives when what we wish for seems not only palpably possible, but within a whisker of coming true.

jb: Once again, I like the idea of this haiku, but would like to see it written more simply. For me this verse is a little too busy. I respect the author who appears to be working for a 5-7-5 form—a worthy objective, but in this case I get the feeling of padding. I do, however, think the image is strong and is worth the effort.

pjm: What to Jerry seems like padding seems to me to be expressively rich and full and matches the abundantly luxurious feeling of an Indian summer afternoon.

4890 never so close . . .
the gray transparency
of dragonfly wings

jb: I like this haiku for its penetration into the natural world. What the poet sees in this haiku moment is not the wings of the dragonfly, but the "the gray transparency" of the wings. With the author we look right through them. And where are they? Well, "never so close ..." The dragonfly has flown very near to me, in fact, it has been "never so close." So close that I can see the "transparency" of the wings. For me this is a haiku about mindfulness. By paying close attention to the world around us we can "see" right into things, and even right through them. I read this as a spiritual message. I like both the idea and the craft of the author.

pjm: Tantalizing—the echoes and reverberations in this haiku. With the phrase "never so close," we imagine the writer is describing his or her dragonfly encounter. But it may also refer to the dragonfly's wing

formation. And in this subtle phrasing is the sense of the breath-taking wonder of nature itself as it is represented by these delicate and miraculous wings. And turning on this image, the experience itself of a never-so-close encounter feels just as miraculous.

4891 a long way from home ...
the woodpecker's echo
begins again

jb: Both Patricia and I agree that this is a fine haiku. This haiku also shows penetration into the world in which we live. I imagine a walk in a wooded area, and I hear, not the sound of the woodpecker, but the *echo* of the woodpecker. The idea of an echo conjures all sorts of messages . . . there must be some kind of reflecting surface, there is a sense of distance (which "echos" the expression "a long way from home . . ."), plus the idea of repetition: "begins *again*." So I am alone but not alone in a forest, and a "long way from home."

pjm: I was surprised—and pleased—to find that Jerry selected this haiku. I selected it, but I worried that my reason was based on a personal and erroneous association I had made as a child—that that telltale rat-tat-a-tat was the sound of a woodpecker house under construction. Obviously I have come to know that woodpeckers don't build their nests by drilling out a hole in a tree, but this association has survived in my mind buried under the layers of later learning, and the "echo" of the woodpecker's sound and "home" is very strong for me. Aside from this association, the haiku creates feelings of loss and of lonely passage — both feelings strongly match our sense of autumn.

From the Editor:

Thank you to Claire and Pat Gallagher for providing the Challenge Kigos for the *Geppo* for more than a year. Fay Aoyagi is going to take over this function and because of this transition, we have two Challenge Kigos in this issue. Members may feel free to respond to one or both of them.

Challenge Kigo
Winter Fog; Tule Fog
by Patrick Gallagher

In many parts of the world winter is accompanied by episodes of fog generated when warm moist air is cooled. In low-lying inland areas near San Francisco Bay, winter rains are often followed by heavy ground fog. This fog is locally called tule fog, *tule* (tool'-ee) being the Spanish-Aztec name for the bullrushes that grow in the bay and river margins where the fog appears.

Tule fogs present a significant hazard to travel. Sometimes the fog is so persistent that travelers are marooned at the San Francisco airport for days. Around the Bay, mountain peaks and the tops of tall buildings stand above the Tule fog. From view points above the fog the visible peaks of the Santa Cruz mountains appear to be an archipelago of green islands.

In many other localities winter fog may be less prevalent, but is a familiar characteristic of the season. Winter fog does not generally give the feeling of winter harshness, but rather provides a cloaking aspect to the landscape.

winter fog—
the trail leading through the scent
of eucalyptus

Patrick Gallagher

tule fog—
one gray pine
perhaps another

Claire Gallagher

Challenge Kigo
Hatsu-kagami
First Mirror
By Fay Aoyagi

In Japan, New Year is the biggest holiday of the year. Prefaced by the word "first," many non-kigo words become new year kigo. "Mirror" is one such example. "First mirror" refers to the moment that one uses a mirror for the first time in the year, as well as, the mirror itself on New Year's Day.

Sumifurishi ie no kogurasa hatsu kagami

dimness of the house
I've lived long —
the first mirror

Toshio Takahama

Hatsu kagami musume no ato ni tsuma suwaru

first mirror
after my daughter
my wife sits at it

Sojō Hino

the first mirror —
squinting until I catch
a glimpse of tomorrow

Fay Aoyagi

Sample haiku by Toshio and Sojō is from
Nihon Dai-Saijiki (Big Saijiki of Japan)
published by Kodansha.

New Address for Press Here and Tundra

Effective immediately, Press Here and Tundra have a new address. Please no longer use the old address of P.O. Box

Instead, because Michael Dylan Welch has moved to the Seattle area, please send Press Here book orders, Tundra submissions, and personal correspondence to the following new address:

Michael's e-mail address continues to be
Thank you.

Editor's Correction:

I made an error in attribution several issues ago. For the record Haiku 4609, 4610 and 4611 are the work of Laura Bell - not Pat Gallagher.

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Commentary by Shugyo Takaha

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Kiyoko Tokutomi
1928 - 2002

The Yuki Teikei Christmas gathering on December 14 was very special this year. In spite of a raging rain and wind storm, which prevented several of our stalwart members from making the trip to Cupertino from the coast, Kiyoko Tokutomi, her daughter Yokiko, and granddaughter, Nicolette, challenged the weather and arrived safely.

A highlight of the evening was Kiyoko reading in Japanese poems from her newly published book, *Kiyoko's Sky*, after which Pat Machmiller provided the English translation. We ate, we drank, everyone shared haiku and greetings, but Kiyoko's reading is what will remain in everyone's mind as a lasting memory.

Kiyoko died peacefully on December 25, 2002 in her sleep and surrounded by family, her haiku books and greetings from her many friends on two continents.

The following haiku are offered in honor of Kiyoko –

Yule icicle lights—
all I wanted to ask her
sticks in my throat

June Hymas

two days past Christmas
drawn to read the book: young leaves
not yet knowing why

Carolyn Fitz

her childlike delight
in greeting the moment—
cherry blossom sky

Anne Homan

first dream of the year
I'm talking with Kiyoko
about a haiku

Carol Sreele

withering blast!
in its aftermath the redwoods
sha-la-la-ing her

Patricia Machmiller

a winter bird starts
singing to Kiyoko's sky—
I too join its song

Fay Aoyagi

unsteady steps
toward a moon beam—
her *man ju* offering in frail hands

Kay Anderson

singing childhood songs
life of the winter party
her mind Alzheimer's

Yukiko Tokutomi Northon

in this present age
that old autumn butterfly
dreams of Kiyoko

W. Elliott Greig

chanting in Japanese
as we follow the winding paths
autumn sky

Jean Hale

Calendar

February 8, 1:30 PM San Jose History Park,
Intersection of Senter Road & Phelan San Jose
(Entrance to Park on Phelan). Bring five or six
haiku for use in workshop.

March 8, 1:30 PM San Jose History Park,
Phelan Street, off Senter Road, San Jose.
Program TBD.

Web Address: youngeaves.org