

# G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

## Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVIII:1

January-February 2003

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

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 5010 | winter wind . . .<br>a horse's tail tosses<br>behind its float        | 5018 | storm's end . . .<br>peeking through broken clouds<br>half a rainbow          |
| 5011 | overnight stay<br>wild birds return<br>to the roof space              | 5019 | rose petals<br>cling to tangled bedsheets<br>the morning after                |
| 5012 | inside your letter<br>the brown tail feather<br>of a barn owl         | 5020 | my long shadow<br>floats onto the distant hill . . .<br>first sunrise         |
| 5013 | Taos twilight<br>old father sheds<br>his buffalo robe                 | 5021 | suddenly<br>my granddaughter's long legs<br>beginning of summer               |
| 5014 | after the foal<br>pitching horseshoes<br>under a morning moon         | 5022 | red barn with new paint —<br>astonished white windows<br>stare across the ice |
| 5015 | ice melt<br>a bubbling brook's<br>unfamiliar song                     | 5023 | our elevator slowly<br>climbs a tall hotel wall —<br>lazy winter fly          |
| 5016 | last night's cricket<br>in my old dog's water bowl<br>no song tonight | 5024 | bundled shapes gather<br>stare into a sidewalk grate<br>clouds of warm steam  |
| 5017 | right down main street<br>chasing a tumbleweed<br>dry summer wind     | 5025 | an empty snail shell<br>fills with night's rain<br>spring breeze              |
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- |      |  |      |   |
|------|--|------|---|
| 5026 | cherry blossoms fall<br>in the Imperial Palace moat<br>a stillness                 | 5037 | The pond in moonlight;<br>in the cold of winter,<br>nothing moves.        |
| 5027 | one after another<br>the hot balloons float away<br>grandson shouts "Hurrah"       | 5038 | A cold winter night;<br>the Hunter's belt pointing<br>to a million stars. |
| 5028 | New Year's Eve<br>the last drink<br>becomes the first                              | 5039 | Heavy rain;<br>even with a new umbrella,<br>soaking shoes                 |
| 5029 | winter sky —<br>girders for the hospital's<br>new wing                             | 5040 | returning home<br>the whole valley yellow<br>with mustard                 |
| 5030 | folds in the back<br>of the scarf she's wearing<br>New Year fireworks              | 5041 | I ask the neighbor<br>what <i>are</i> they?<br>the blossoming plums       |
| 5031 | she says my name twice<br>not sure that she is right<br>north wind, ah, north wind | 5042 | going through their things<br>the Valentine cards<br>half-century old     |
| 5032 | laden pine branches<br>release their snow burden<br>as the crow settles            | 5043 | A breath of wind<br>falls on my cheek -<br>an owl passing?                |
| 5033 | her sudden death<br>while she still recognized me<br>bleak fallow fields           | 5044 | only memories<br>disturb the silence-<br>winter garden                    |
| 5034 | upright in my tea<br>a floating tea stem<br>Valentine's Day                        | 5045 | back yard bird bath<br>sound of ice breaking<br>a sparrow landing         |
| 5035 | after meditation<br>in a branch temple<br>planting seeds                           | 5046 | skin of ice<br>upon the Susquehanna—<br>going home                        |
| 5036 | meeting childhood friend<br>first time in fifty years<br>Valentine's Day           | 5047 | short and bitter<br>days of January<br>salt in the wind                   |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 5048 | old overcoat<br>giving me<br>the cold shoulder                           | 5059 | Epiphany Day<br>pruned the plum tree, drained water<br>still not enlightened |
| 5049 | Winter clouds remain<br>as the days pass<br>cold hearts of stone         | 5060 | shining all morning<br>silver behind the stone wall<br>sedge-shaped frost    |
| 5050 | lingering snow<br>covers the park hills<br>empty benches                 | 5061 | acting out in a dream<br>stowing away on a train –<br>end of summer night    |
| 5051 | north wind<br>blows across the city<br>gray and white landscape          | 5062 | ringed turtle-dove<br>you, like me, blown off course<br>february storm       |
| 5052 | through the window<br>the day collected<br>in a drop of rain             | 5063 | unsymmetrical –<br>the bruised pomegranate<br>perfect like me                |
| 5053 | an ancient kettle<br>boiling in the darkness<br>of another room          | 5064 | winter devastation<br>friend weathers surgery<br>dies before spring          |
| 5054 | weighing heavy –<br>snow on the tennis court net<br>where I used to play | 5065 | after a hard frost<br>I mulch the rock garden<br>pray we both survive        |
| 5055 | sunup turns cloudy<br>the cardinal keeps changing<br>his winter song     | 5066 | one day from deadline<br>gastric flu ends commitments<br>I unfold GEPP0      |
| 5056 | another ring<br>around the Hunger Moon<br>new bifocals                   | 5067 | historic morro bay<br>piles of abalone<br>in a photograph                    |
| 5057 | the moon a cradle<br>my firstborn's<br>fortieth death-day                | 5068 | ski lodge<br>with winter mountains<br>on a placemat                          |
| 5058 | winter storm passing<br>the baby falls asleep<br>one last sob            | 5069 | things I didn't plant<br>grass sprouts<br>in the flowerpot                   |

5070 a good sign  
the days are lengthening –  
after supper walks

5071 Reindeer tracks  
in the back yard's fresh snow –  
leading, where . . .

5072 The winter sea  
cold and grey and restless –  
empty boardwalk

5073 skating on dark pond  
in police car's beam of light  
I become a short tree

5074 Setsubun night:  
picked up beans of my age  
still fit in my palm

5075 drift of soap bubbles . . .  
rainbow hollows  
from her puffed lips

5076 darkening sky  
the bat's sudden exit  
from the chimney

5077 abandoned station  
butterflies through  
the open window

5078 soft bottom  
children in the lake  
squeal with horror

5079 high mountain trail —  
a boot print emerging  
from melting snow

5080 late for matins—  
red paintball paint  
at the boy's neck

5081 Christmas music—  
just fog  
out the airplane window

**CHALLENGE KIGO**

First Mirror

By Fay Aoyagi

same face  
but different –  
first mirror

Ruth Holzer

sunlight  
catching its edge  
the first mirror

Carolyn Thomas

New Year's—  
the mirror where she preened  
now empty.

Richard St. Clair

first mirror  
the eyes of the wooden image  
wide open

June Hymas

a moment's pause  
with a styptic pencil—  
the first mirror

John Stevenson

I stop and smile  
a line of infinite mirrors —  
each me knows the joke

Ross Figgins

drawing themselves  
looking in their first mirror  
pre-school children

Patricia Prime

the first mirror  
no longer clouds with her breath  
reflects memories

Christine Doreian Michaels

first mirror  
a new part  
in my hair

Cindy Tebo

my mother's looking  
into her kitchen window –  
her first mirror

Zinovy Vayman

first mirror –  
my long-faced reflection  
in the bright kettle

Graham High

first mirror: a child  
whispering to her Barbie  
*who is the fairest . .*

Patricia Machmiller

first look in the mirror  
I stare back  
at yesterday

Michael Dylan Welch

**CHALLENGE KIGO**

Winter Fog, Tule Fog  
By Patrick Gallagher

mother  
fails to recognize me  
winter fog

Ruth Holzer

tule fog  
lifting  
I'm still lost!

Kermit DeLaurant

just having heard  
when her services will be  
winter fog

June Hopper Hymas

all day  
the sound of ship's fog horn  
winter fog

Naomi Y. Brown

more arguing, then  
she finds an acceptable hat  
her first mirror look

W. Elliott Greig

furiously she  
clangs the heavy ranch gate shut  
against the winter fog

Anne Homan

tule fog  
softening squint lines  
and two white hairs

Gloria Procsal

winter fog  
one shape on the pathway  
becomes two

Patricia Prime

winter fog  
my driveway someplace  
after the mailbox

Cindy Tebo

Across the bay  
A phantom city hovers –  
winter fog

Joan C. Sauer

winter fog  
wondering once again where  
I have put my glasses

Louise Beaven

winter fog  
clouds my glasses  
and hides the world

Eve Jeanette Blohm

tule fog: she's good  
I've noticed at reading  
between the lines

Patricia Machmiller

winter fog  
an unwanted conversation  
becomes interesting

Jerry Ball

tule fog  
houses without basements  
trees without roots

Jerry Ball

winter fog —  
from somewhere the squeak  
of a neighbour's garage door

Michael Dylan Welch

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is April 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 spring**

*selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology*

**Season:** spring months: March, April, early spring, lengthening days, spring dream, spring dusk, spring evening, spring melancholy, tranquility, vernal equinox.

**Sky and Elements:** bright, haze or thin mist, first spring storm, hazy moon, March wind, melting snow, lingering snow, spring breeze, spring cloud, spring frost, spring moon, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, warmth.

**Landscape:** flooded river/stream/brook, muddy/miry fields, muddy road, spring fields, spring hills, spring mountain, spring river, spring sea, spring tide.

**Human Affairs:** plowing or tilling fields, sleeping Buddha, spring cleaning, windmill, April Fools Day/April fool, Ash Wednesday, Lent, Palm Sunday, Easter (~ bonnet/clothes, ~ eggs, coloring/hiding ~ eggs, ~lily, ~ parade, ~ rabbit/chicken/duckling), Passover.

**Animals:** abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), bush warbler, cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, whitebait (a fish), nightingale, wild birds' return(geese, etc.).

**Plants:** asparagus, bracken, bramble, camellia, cherry blossoms/tree, crocus, daphne, blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, maple, oak, pear, pine, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, mustard, parsley, plum blossoms/tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver(nori), shepherd's-purse, violet, pussy willows or catkins, willow.

**CHALLENGE KIGO  
For March/April  
By Fay Aoyagi**

Plum Blossom (*Ume*)  
early spring

At the time of the plum blossoms, the season is not yet truly spring for the air is still cold. But it is

considered one of the first harbingers of the spring to come. The red or white blossoms come out before the leaves; the red blossoms are eye-catchers on the bare branches, and the pure white petals have a wintry beauty. In the ancient time of Manyo waka poets, the plum blossoms were appreciated even more than cherry blossoms. The fruit of the plum, by the way, is an autumn kigo.

*saku made no ume o fushigi na ki to omou*

before it blooms  
I think a plum tree is  
a strange tree Kinichi Sawaki\*

*kobai ya edaeda wa sora ubai au*

Red plum-blossoms . . .  
branches fighting branches  
for a share of sky Shugyo Takaha\*\*

where the battle  
began . . . and ended  
red plum blossoms Fay Aoyagi

\*haiku from *Saijiki for You Who Want to Start Writing Haiku Now*, Kadokawa (Tokyo, 1997), translated by FA

\*\**One Year of Haiku*, Shugyo Takaha, translated by Jack Stamm.

**Members' Votes  
For November-December**

- Joan Zimmerman - 4923-0 4024-2 4925-1
- Hank Dunlap - 4926-3 4927-0 4928-1
- Teruo Yamagata - 4929-0 4930-1 4931-3
- Eve J. Blohm - 4932-0 4933-0 4934-1
- Gloria Procsal - 4935-4 4936-6 4937-7
- Giovanni Malito - 4938-3 4939-0 4940-2
- Riuchard St. Clair - 4941-2 4942-3 4943-2
- M. Jean Purmal - 4944-0 4945-0 4946-0
- Graham High - 4947-4 4948-2 4949-0
- Joan Ward - 4950-3 4951-2 4952-2
- Janeth Ewald - 4953-1 4954-2 4955-0
- Ruth Holzer - 4956-2 4957-4 4958-6
- Patricia Prime - 4959-1 4960-3 4961-1
- Laura Bell - 4962-4 4963-4 4964-1
- John Stevenson - 4965-1 4966-1 4967-1
- Dave Bachelor - 4968-4 4969-2 4970-1
- Joan Sauer - 4971-0 4972-0 4973-1
- Kermit DeLaurant - 4974-1 4975-3 4976-1
- Carolyn Hall - 4977-0 4978-3 4979-5
- Cindy Tebo - 4980-7 4981-4 4982-3
- C. D. oreian-Michaels - 4983-1 4984-0 4985-2
- Zinovy Vayman - 4986-1 4987-2 4988-2
- Anne Homan - 4989-3 4990-2 4991-5
- Naomi Brown - 4992-2 4993-1 4994-0
- Pat Gallagher - 4995-5 4996-1 4997-0
- Michael Dylan Welch - 4998-0 4999-4 5000-1
- Jenna Clark - 5001-1 5002-1 5003-1
- Yukiko Northon - 5004-0 5005-0 5006-1
- Claire Gallagher - 5007-1 5008-7 5009-3

*Young Leaves*  
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**November-December Haiku Voted Best  
By Readers of GEPP0**

making amends  
she brings me persimmons -  
the bitter taste

Gloria Procsal

deepening snow  
on the echo of one gunshot  
another

Cindy Tebo

moon festival—  
again this year it rises  
from the neighbor's tree

Claire Gallagher

sunset  
one by one  
stars gather the dusk

Laura Bell

a kayak drifts by  
the silent heron –  
autumn mist

Gloria Procsal

smoky casino  
the gambler's  
oxygen tank

Laura Bell

keen wind  
finding the holes  
in my knit hat

Ruth Holzer

leaving church —  
thinking about  
leaving the church

Dave Bachelor

blowing snow  
the history park trolley  
back and forth

Pat Gallagher

chilly night  
I'm still waiting  
for an answer

Cindy Tebo

lengthening days—  
at the feeder, more birds  
than perches

Carolyn Hall

alone again  
the old man  
and his park bench

Michael Dylan Welch

the word needed  
hanging up in memory . . .  
late winter rain

Anne Homan

field of aspen  
and a raven's call  
echoing winds

Gloria Procsal

at the gate post  
a marble lion guards  
a lost snow mitten

Graham High

snowy owl  
poised on a branch  
new calendar page

Ruth Holzer

*Kiyoko's Sky*  
**The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi**

Translations by Patricia Machmiller and Fay  
Aoyagi  
Introduction by June Hopper Hymas  
Text by Kiyoko Tokutomi, Patricia Machmiller  
Fay Aoyagi and Yukiko Northon  
Commentary by Shugyo Takaha

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Teikei Haiku Society in the amount of \$16.00  
and send to:

Jean Hale



Dojins' Corner

By Pat and Jerry

pjm: First, a comment from W. Elliott Greig:

Although Haiku 4883 has a strong haiku moment as PJN says, I also agree with Jerry Ball that the last line "does not work" well. One choice, maybe not the best, is to delete it and emphasize "still" and write

4883	a faded scarecrow still on the job watches nothing	a faded scarecrow still . . . on the job
------	--	--

Another choice is to introduce a kigo. Scarecrow is Autumn as everyone knows but what season is "faded scarecrow?" It is not still Autumn. Is it Winter, Spring or next Summer? As a boy I remember seeing a scarecrow on my grandfather's farm in late May. When I asked about it I was told he was far too busy planting crops to take it down. And so the last line can be replaced with some legitimate kigo of which there are many. I think I should not suggest a kigo here but rather let the author think of one.

jb: For the November-December *GEPP0*, I chose: 4937, 4939, 4951, 4958, 4961, 4968, 4970, 4979, 4980, 4981, and 4991. After some consideration my top four choices are: 4958, 4961, 4970, and 4981. I eliminated 4970 on the basis of the lack of kigo; otherwise I liked it.

pjm: My long list was 4943, 4955, 4962, 4980, 4989, and 4991. I chose to write about 4955, 4962, and 4980. In haiku, they say, it's the unsaid that counts. These three haiku are examples of how deep meaning can be conveyed without strong or blatant use of language and how subtle associations are more effective than obvious ones. The work of these three poets is worth studying: how they unfold their perceptions from line to line, how they avoid obvious words and rhetoric, and how they use what I call their peripheral vision.

4955	flickering shadows the tidepool anemones speaking my name
------	---

pjm: A small thing, a tide pool. Even smaller the anemone in the tide pool. And the anemone's "petals" waving in the flickering shadows smaller still in this small moment of calm before the surge returns to inundate the tide pool and the anemone. In the flickering light which shadows and echoes the flickering motion of the anemone's "petals," the poet hears his or her name being called. In this close encounter we can sense how vulnerable to outside forces they / we are—the tide pool, the anemone, the poet, ourselves . . .

jb: I like many things about this haiku: the image is clear and interesting, the craftsmanship is commendable, and I enjoy the metaphor of the anemones "speaking my name."

4958	keen wind finding the holes in my knit hat
------	--

jb: I love the word "keen" which means "sharp" or "brave." It is a good Anglo-Saxon word with a strong array of meanings and implications. Of course it would be a "keen" wind that would "find the holes" in the knit hat. This verse has that asymmetry based on the dual meanings of sharpness (keen), which can be "cold" (and therefore the kigo "knit hat") and also "sharp" with the connotation of intelligence. I like the image and the language. There is much to explore for me in this haiku.

pjm: "Keen" is a fine word to convey the sharp coldness of the wind. The cutting cold is in the sound as well as in the meaning of this word. And "knit" is a fine word to convey the comfort of a hat on such a winter's day. And that comfort is in the sound of the short "i" just as the sharpness of "keen" comes from its long "e" sound. I think that by paying attention to the sound in the rest of the poem the contrast between the two could be amplified.

4961     votive candles  
          lined along the fireplace  
          departing autumn

jb: This is a lyrical haiku with a touch of sadness. The idea of "votive" conjures a religious tone, and for me is a strong image. I can smell the candles. Yet, I ask, why should this image be joined with the kigo "departing autumn"? I get the feeling that the votive candles are there for a purpose, perhaps to commemorate a loved one (who has departed?). The language is simple and direct. Notice that there is no action taking place. This is simply a still life, and for me a good one.

pjm: Like a vigil—a solemn offering of respect and mourning for the loss of autumn—that loss symbolized by the unlit fireplace. I do wonder if the association might not be a bit too obvious though. Something to think about.

4962     sunset  
          one by one  
          gather the dusk

pjm: A simple image of the transition from day to night written in a way that helps us see that daily occurrence anew. The haiku, word by word, like the stars themselves, draws our attention to that space between and we see the coming night in a wholly new way. Instead of foregrounding the stars, the poets reveals to us how the approaching dusk becomes more and more apparent with the appearance of each star.

jb: Again this is a very nice lyrical image bound together with the metaphor of stars "gathering the dusk." I get a sense of loneliness and a sense of serenity in this haiku. One gets the impression that something interesting might be about to happen?

4980            deepening snow  
          in the echo of one gunshot  
          another

pjm: An atmosphere of cold is created in the first line, a cold that deepens with the gunshot that echoes in the cold air of the second line and deepens even further in the third line with "another" gunshot and this deepening of the feeling of coldness as the poem progresses is done without ever mentioning the word, cold. A very accomplished haiku.

jb: I like the first two lines of this haiku, but, for me, the third line needs work. I wonder a little where this haiku is going? I see this as a dramatic haiku (one that suggests some insight) but the idea of two gunshots, one after another, isn't enough for me.



Windows Wide Open

A kasen renku

led by Roger Abe and Anne Homan

written by Carolyn Fitz, Anne Homan, June Hopper Hymas, Alison Woolpert, Roger Abe, Ann Bendixen, Donnalynn Chase, Carole Steele, and Patricia J. Machmiller  
at Monterey Dunes on January 18, 2003.

- |   |                               |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1) windows wide open<br>to the light winter breeze<br>airing out the beach house      | <i>Anne Homan</i>             |
| 2) as the marsh hawk turns<br>how white his rump patch feathers                       | <i>Roger Abe</i>              |
| 3) wrapped in woolen scarves<br>we share flat champagne and some<br>leftover crackers | <i>Patricia J. Machmiller</i> |
| 4) arching over<br>spray of vanilla scent   | <i>Donnalynn Chase</i>        |
| 5) faint traffic sounds—<br>on each eucalyptus leaf<br>an edge of moonlight           | <i>June Hopper Hymas</i>      |
| 6) toddler's discovery<br>a bagworm cocoon  | <i>Ann Bendixen</i>           |
| 7) binding sheaves—<br>many voices become one<br>against war                          | <i>Alison Woolpert</i>        |
| 8) as I remeet an old flame<br>the spark still kindles                                | <i>Carol Steele</i>           |
| 9) elderly couple<br>remember their honeymoon:<br>different versions                  | <i>Carolyn Fitz</i>           |
| 10) idle curiosity—<br>a hyphen goes where?   | <i>Alison Woolpert</i>        |

- 11) after so many years  
waiting, waiting for  
a new seed of faith
- Donnalynn Chase*
- 12) intent on Kiyoko's poems  
her hair backlit by the sun
- Anne Homan*
- 13) report almost due  
on WMDs—  
inspectors sweat
- Patricia J. Machmiller*
- 14) six sand dollars in a row  
summer moonlight
- Ann Bendixen*
- 15) is she  
or isn't she?  
a clone
- Roger Abe*
- 16) acrobats defy gravity  
Cirque de Soleil
- Ann Bendixen*
- 17) she sings "Sakura"  
the young woman from Japan—  
mourners' tears
- Anne Homan*
- 18) he rolls over when touched  
his kitten-fur ever so soft
- Donnalynn Chase*
- 19) learning to forgive  
I sign my homemade card "with  
love on Mother's Day"
- Donnalynn Chase*
- 20) up to the first knuckle  
water over basmati rice
- Alison Woolpert*
- 21) he tells Judge Judy  
he had taken that jewelry  
out for steam cleaning
- June Hopper Hymas*
- 22) from a billow of dust  
the buffalo charges
- Patricia J. Machmiller*

- 23) my therapist  
declares it's a process—  
blizzard expected  
*Donnalynn Chase*
- 24) Raiders in the playoff  
"Just win, baby!"  
*Roger Abe*
- 25) child's library trip—  
she spends her time  
stacking the cushions  
*Carolyn Fitz*
- 26) tickets for Herbie Hancock  
we both mark the calendar  
*Carol Steele*
- 27) the story goes that  
he was into passion fruit juice  
when they met  
*Patricia J. Machmiller*
- 28) tonight I drive home  
and know he'll be in my bed  
*Alison Woolpert*
- 29) no going back now  
the decision is made  
rainy moon  
*June Hopper Hymas*
- 30) another transfusion  
we made it through the long night  
*Donnalynn Chase*
- 31) watercolor lesson—  
try to mix a match for  
aspen yellow  
*June Hopper Hymas*
- 32) what was the name  
of Paul Bunyan's ax?  
*Roger Abe*
- 33) double-decker bus—  
motoring to London  
to tickle the Beefeaters  
*Ann Bendixen*
- 34) in some pocket or other  
the magician put his keys  
*Alison Woolpert*
- 35) two guardians catch  
and lift her down the mountain—  
cherry blossom light  
*Patricia J. Machmiller*
- 36) the butterfly's wet wings—  
first unfolding  
*June Hopper Hymas*

**A Literary Find for Your Haiku Library!**

Twenty-five copies of *Haiku Journal*, Vol. 1 and Vol. 2, once thought to be out of print, were found among Kiyoko Tokutomi's possessions. Volumes 1 and 2 are keepsakes: Volume 1 contains early articles written by Kiyoshi Tokutomi on kigo and form as well as three of his haiku and a translation of the preface to ShugyoTakaha's famous book, *The Pleasure of Haiku*; Volume 2 includes more writing by Kiyoshi on the kigo and the value of a saijiki to the haiku poet, the results of Yuki Teikei's (then Yukuharu's) first haiku contest (Eric Amann was the winner), and haiku by Kiyoshi Tokutomi, Raymond Roseliep, Louise Sommers Winder, Ian Wolfe, Roberta Stewart, Ross Figgins, Dave Wright, Lorraine Ellis Haar, and Patricia Machmiller among others. Both of these volumes contain Kiyoko Tokutomi's kigo lists, the first ever compiled in English. The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is offering these for sale:

<i>Haiku Journal</i> , Vol. 1 (1977).....	\$10.00
<i>Haiku Journal</i> , Vol. 2 (1978).....	\$10.00
<i>Haiku Journal</i> , Vol. 3 (1979).....	\$ 5.00
<i>Haiku Journal</i> , Vol. 4 (1980).....	\$ 5.00
<i>Haiku Journal</i> , Vol. 5 (1981-82).....	\$ 5.00
<i>Haiku Journal</i> , Vol. 6 (1986) .....	\$ 5.00
<i>Haiku Journal</i> , Vol. 3 through 6.....	\$10.00
A complete set, Vol. 1-6.....	\$25.00

Also among the books were found copies of *Season Words in English Haiku*, Jun-ichi Sakuma, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (1980). This work lists the results of a survey of all the haiku in English language literary journals to determine what kigo were being used in the United States, Canada, and Australia. It is available for \$5.00.

Please add \$1.00 for postage for each book ordered.

**From the Editor:**

Haijin, Tom Clausen, librarian at the Mann Library at Cornell University, has begun publishing daily haiku on the Library's Home Page - mannlib.cornell.edu. He features a favorite poet for a month at a time, with each weekday a new haiku (Friday's stays on all weekend.) Yuki Teikei member, Yvonne Hardenbrook is the featured poet for March! Check it out!

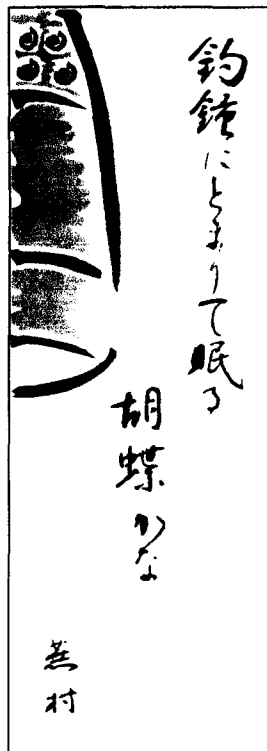
*Officers of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society for 2003 – 2004*

Anne Homan	President
Carol Steele	Vice President
Pat Machmiller	Treasurer
Donnalynn Chase	Secretary
Jean Hale	<i>Geppo</i> Editor
Pat Gallagher	Web Site Manager
Roger Abe	Member at Large
June Hymas	Member at Large

*Haiku in the Teahouse*  
**Haiku Workshop**

*1:30 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.*  
**Saturday, April 12, 2003**  
**Japanese Friendship Garden**  
**Kelley Park**  
**1300 Senter Road, San José**

\$5.00 parking fee : 408.779.5783-further information



**New to Haiku? Don't be shy! This workshop is for you.**

*Come and learn the elements of this fascinating and fun form of very short poetry. You will be mentored with gentle encouragement from fellow, experienced, local poets.*

*Withering blast! mother, how fast you ran to that other country*

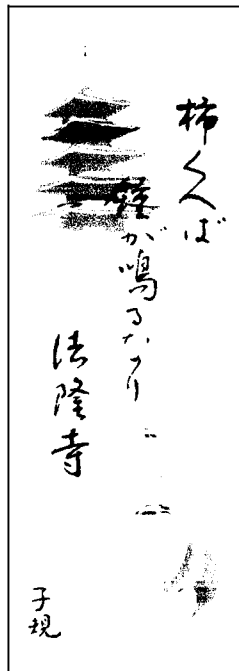
**Kiyoko Tokutomi**

**Haiku in the Teahouse**

**Garden Tour 1:00 p.m.**  
**Reading 1:40 p.m.**

**Saturday, May 10, 2003**  
**Japanese Friendship Garden**  
**Kelley Park**  
**1300 Senter Road, San José**

\$5.00 parking fee : 408.779.5783-further information



*Please meet at the Teahouse for the Garden Tour.*

*Featured Haiku Poets:*

**Kay Anderson**  
**Alice Benedict**  
**Donnalynn Chase**  
**Karina Young**

*An open reading will follow.*

*four in the morning  
a mockingbird  
sings madly  
awakes my self doubts*

**Donnalynn Chase**

*For persons needing an accommodation to participate in any of these programs, please call (408) 277-5130 (voice) or (408) 298-9527 (TTY) at least 48 hours before the program.*

**Presented by:**

**The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society**  
[www.youngleaves.org](http://www.youngleaves.org)



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