

G S P P O  
the haiku study-work journal  
of the  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVIII:2

March/April 2003

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

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5082 | a drifting log<br>floating to the river's mouth<br>spring twilight | 5090 | crossing<br>the Rio Grande<br>a hawk's shadow.                               |
| 5083 | he thrust<br>his resignation at his boss<br>April Fool's Day       | 5091 | night of stars—<br>singed spots<br>on the hearth rug                         |
| 5084 | still I don't know<br>island or peninsula<br>this mist             | 5092 | afternoon cool<br>a sheepdog runs circles<br>around the ewes                 |
| 5085 | already April<br>rental ad with a new word<br>"fanabulous"         | 5093 | the beetle<br>whether or not<br>to step on it                                |
| 5086 | blue haze of March<br>memories through no memory<br>of last spring | 5094 | first spring storm<br>thunder booms shake the windows<br>suddenly - darkness |
| 5087 | asparagus trucks<br>over bowls of beef chili<br>Saddam jokes       | 5095 | the muddy fields<br>too wet to plow -<br>late growing season                 |
| 5088 | rabbits all gone<br>a lone coyote<br>yips at the moon              | 5096 | frog song<br>in the early evening -<br>such a welcome sound                  |
| 5089 | war news<br>forgetting a while—<br>spring moon                     | 5097 | War!<br>the buds on the maple tree<br>deep red                               |
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|---|--|
| <p>5098 yellow violets<br/>stopping to pick them<br/>....I moved on</p> <p>5099 the greening fields<br/>white geese waddling everywhere<br/>as fast as they can</p> <p>5100 urban shopping mall<br/>blooming with potfuls of spring<br/>I forget groceries</p> <p>5101 early evening hours<br/>loud clap of thunder<br/>during our worship</p> <p>5102 a birthday surprise<br/>helium balloons remain<br/>on our ceiling</p> <p>5103 early evening<br/>large clap of thunder and rain<br/>distant sounds of war</p> <p>5104 thin morning sun –<br/>crushed leaves of wild thyme<br/>he brings to her wheelchair</p> <p>5105 almost sunset –<br/>peregrine whistling<br/>dives to the tether</p> <p>5106 after the firestorm<br/>a tiny white spider<br/>making lace</p> <p>5107 Lantern Moon<br/>guiding mother’s footsteps<br/>around the duck pond</p> <p>5108 middle of March<br/>I bake Irish soda bread<br/>and hamentaschen</p> | <p>5109 peace lily<br/>blooming<br/>as war breaks out</p> <p>5110 spring river<br/>a feather clings<br/>to the reeds</p> <p>5111 gossamer down<br/>webbed by dew<br/>tranquillity</p> <p>5112 farmer’s hands<br/>the way he lays violets<br/>on her grave</p> <p>5113 summer foghorn<br/>forging my new male friendship<br/>deep blast by deep blast</p> <p>5114 it changes my world<br/>knowing egyptians worshipped<br/>Orion’s belt stars</p> <p>5115 dressing for summer<br/>though fully aware of the<br/>still lingering snow</p> <p>5116 the ground rises<br/>a thousand starlings<br/>taking the sky</p> <p>5117 passing stranger<br/>our two shadows one<br/>for a moment</p> <p>5118 airport closed<br/>a vee of Canada geese<br/>in for a landing</p> <p>5119 spring dream—<br/>the flowers arrive<br/>without a note</p> |
|---|--|

- |      |   |      |  |
|------|---|------|--|
| 5120 | screams at the Easter egg hunt<br>someone's found<br>the rubber snake         | 5131 | brisk breeze<br>stripping the dandelion<br>one fluff at a time             |
| 5121 | overdone asparagus<br>he tells me what a good cook<br>his first wife was      | 5132 | smiling back<br>at the flower<br>spring sunshine                           |
| 5122 | hazy moon rising<br>over the surfers<br>suddenly big waves                    | 5133 | snail's trail<br>up and over<br>the locked gate                            |
| 5123 | all singing<br>five children in the truck bed<br>the roadside poppies         | 5134 | the homeless puppy<br>given a home<br>bag lady                             |
| 5124 | if you could save<br>our President, would you,<br>oh spotted owl?             | 5135 | stones thrown in the pool<br>swallow the open calls<br>of passing birds    |
| 5125 | sleeping Buddha<br>the cat curled into a ball<br>opens one eye                | 5136 | sudden hailstones<br>on the lily pads<br>hopping froglets                  |
| 5126 | these two cats in love —<br>and the sliding glass door<br>that separates them | 5137 | new water feature<br>a young thrush the first neighbour<br>to be impressed |
| 5127 | St. Patrick's Day<br>another rain<br>the greening fields                      | 5138 | a soaring skylark<br>cutting the overcast sky —<br>the first drops of rain |
| 5128 | my sister e-mails<br>about sharing many faiths<br>so orange, these poppies    | 5139 | early spring morning —<br>filling the new apartment<br>with old furniture  |
| 5129 | old red rooster<br>crowing away the night<br>cloudless morning                | 5140 | quiet spring morning<br>looking into the temple,<br>the buddha within      |
| 5130 | the golden glow<br>of California poppies<br>- desert sunrise                  | 5141 | killing time<br>at the mall . . .<br>counting navels                       |

- 5142 wharf dinner  
a napkin slips  
into dark water
- 5143 this rain  
that rain . . .  
you're still gone
- 5144 we never got along  
the dead cousin  
and I
- 5145 argument ends –  
slowly morning sun  
revives the white moth
- 5146 summer –  
shoveling steaming manure  
remembering her perfume
- 5147 after the quarrel  
taking a night walk  
a scent of orange blossoms
- 5148 alone . . .  
moonlight through the screen door  
late night TV
- 5149 backyard party . . .  
neighborhood dogs in commotion  
the smell of barbecue
- 5150 wind drops  
still flying  
on hope
- 5151 again the crocus  
shows her secret to the sun  
saffron for my rice
- 5152 thin mist  
fairies dance by tea house  
for a six-year-old

- 5153 misty rain  
a line of yellow tulips  
against the bricks
- 5154 peonies  
the tight whorl of petals  
beneath the ants' jaws
- 5155 morning mist  
the birds descend  
to strip the toyon
- 5156 the redwing blackbird  
balances so perfectly –  
how does he manage?
- 5157 puffy drifts of fog  
a continent away  
from the battlefield
- 5158 from the pine's tip-top  
the fluid song of a lark  
lightens my day

**Challenge Kigo  
Plum Blossom  
By Fay Aoyagi**

chilly cheeks  
redden –  
plum blossoms

Gloria Procsal

plum blossoms!  
again he washes  
his new red bike

Carolyn Hall

faintly visible  
on the stark branches  
early plum blossoms

Joan C. Sauer

starry night  
 trying to catch the plum taste  
 chewing on plum petals  
 Zinovy Vayman

on the kimono  
 red plum blossoms  
 . . . she changes her lipstick  
 Louise Beaven

during the year  
 plum blossoms fall  
 and become fruit  
 Eve Jeanette Bloom

from a brown clay jug  
 scent of plum blossoms  
 uncorked in the sun  
 Janeth H. Ewald

the red plum blossoms  
 have come and gone  
 in my absence  
 Ruth Holzer

damp grass  
 a circle cast  
 by plum blossom  
 Patricia Prime

I stay indoors all day  
 practicing its kanji  
 --- white plum blossoms  
 W. Elliott Greig

from your house to mine  
 all up and down Plum Street  
 plum blossoms  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

plum blossoms  
 in the same dream  
 I'm falling again  
 Cindy Tebo

midlife  
 the virgin white  
 of plum blossoms  
 Carolyn Thomas

plum blossom rain –  
 gently, the dark crevices  
 of the bark brighten  
 Roger Abe

plum blossoms  
 a new road map  
 in my pocket  
 Laura Bell

harsh wind following –  
 plum blossom chasing me  
 - in front of me  
 Graham High

early morning walk —  
 shaking the lingering snow  
 off the plum blossoms  
 Richard St. Clair

a kind of fever  
 even the plum blossoms  
 are imaginary  
 John Stevenson

old man jogs  
 to the top of the hill  
 white plum blossoms  
 Dave Bachelor

challenged  
 by deep steps of the Great Wall  
 plum blossoms through smog  
 Christine Doreian-Michaels

new oranges  
 turning color  
 early spring  
 Naomi Y. Brown

she tries to resist  
a look back as she hurries—  
the first plum blossoms

PJM

filled with plum blossoms  
water in the rain barrel  
risen to the top

Jerry Ball

a day of rain  
the plum blossoms  
draw into themselves

Jerry Ball

suddenly  
my granddaughter's long legs  
beginning of summer

Anne Homan

after the foal  
pitching horseshoes  
under a morning moon

Gloria Procsal

my long shadow  
floats onto the distant hill . . .  
first sunrise

Anne Homan

ice melt  
a bubbling brook's  
unfamiliar song

Gloria Procsal

right down main street  
chasing a tumbleweed  
dry summer wind

Hank Dunlap

rose petals  
cling to tangled bedsheets  
the morning after

Anne Homan

laden pine branches  
release their snow burden  
as the crow settles

June Hopper Hymas

returning home  
the whole valley yellow  
with mustard

Carolyn Thomas

only memories  
disturb the silence—  
winter garden

Kermit DeLaurant

through the window  
the day collected  
in a drop of rain

Graham High

**Members' Votes  
for January-February**

Patricia Prime – 5010-1 5011-0 5012-4  
Gloria Procsal – 5013-4 5014-7 5015-6  
Hank Dunlap – 5016-6 5017-6 5018-3  
Anne Homan – 5019-6 5020-7 5021-8  
Ross Figgins – 5022-0 5023-3 5024-1  
Naomi Brown – 5025-1 5026-3 5027-0  
John Stevenson – 5028-9 5029-2 5030-0  
June Hymas – 5031-0 5032-6 5033-1  
Teruo Yamagata – 5034-3 5035-2 5036-2  
Richard St. Clair – 5037-1 5038-2 5039-2  
Carolyn Thomas – 5040-6 5041-0 5042-3  
Kermit DeLaurant – 5043-0 5044-6 5045-1  
Ruth Holzer – 5046-1 5047-2 5048-3  
Eve J. Blohm – 5049-0 5050-0 5051-0  
Graham High – 5052-6 5053-6 5054-1  
Yvonne Hardenbrook – 5055-3 5056-3 5057-5  
Joan Zimmerman – 5058-5 5059-0 5060-1  
Donnalynn Chase – 5061-0 5062-2 5063-1  
Christine D-Michaels – 5064-0 5065-1 5066-0  
Cindy Tebo – 5067-5 5068-3 5069-4  
Joan Sauer – 5070-1 5071-1 5072-1  
Zinovy Vayman – 5073-2 5074-2 5075-5  
Kay Grimnes – 5076-3 5077-6 5078-3  
Michael D. Welch – 5079-6 5080-0 5081-2

**January-February Haiku Voted Best  
by Readers of Geppo**

New Year's Eve  
the last drink  
becomes the first

John Stevenson

an ancient kettle  
boiling in the darkness  
of another room

Graham High

abandoned station  
butterflies through  
the open window

Kay Grimnes

high mountain trail—  
a boot print emerging  
from melted snow

Michael Dylan Welch

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is June 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 spring /early summer**

*selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology*

Season: *May, June: spring dream, spring dusk, ~ melancholy, tranquility, beginning of summer, long day, slow day, short night.*

Sky and Elements: *bright, haze or thin mist, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, summer dew, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, coolness.*

Landscape: *spring or summer hills, lake, sea, or river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.*

Human Affairs: *awning, parasol, perfume, summer concert, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, swimming, sunglasses, wind chimes, mowing grass, weeding, Mothers' day, Memorial Day*

Animals: *abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, nightingale, ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, crab, cormorant, firefly, flea, louse, house fly, goldfish, blue/white/grey heron, kingfisher, moor hen or coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, water beetle.*

Plants: *blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, cherry, plum, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, hyacinth, mustard, parsley, California poppy, primrose, seaweed, violet, amaryllis, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, lily, lotus, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, rose, salvia, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca*

\*

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**Order from:  
Jean Hale**

Dojins' Corner  
January-February, 2003  
by Jerry and Patricia

pjm: From the following list of preferences—5029, 5031, 5033, 5044, 5046, 5052, 5054, 5055, 5057, 5062, 5063, 5077, 5079, and 5080—I decided I would like to write about these three: 5057, 5062, and 5079.

jb: My long list includes: 5011, 5012, 5013, 5014, 5015, 5029, 5052, 5055, 5057, 5079. From these I selected 5014, 5029, and 5052 as favorites.

5014 after the foal  
pitching horseshoes  
under a morning moon

jb: This is a rural haiku written in a rural setting. Having pitched horseshoes when I was young I understand the feeling of the sport. This is a lyric haiku with a narrative background. We have just assisted in the birth of a young animal, a horse probably. This has taken much of the night. Now that the day dawns there's not much point in going to sleep, but there is time from some relaxation—playing horseshoes. It's a good feeling of reward for a job well done. This is a moment worth preserving.

pjm: Spring typically has a feeling of lightness; the lightness of the physical world shimmering in the moist air is echoed in the lightness we feel as we free our bodies of heavy winter clothes and that lightness of spirit we feel as we see buds sprouting and animals and insects giving birth. The playful quality of this haiku comes with the game being played and, more subtly, in the language with the interplay between the words "horseshoes" and "foal." In fact, it is striking (pun intended) that an image using horseshoes can convey a feeling of lightness. Quite a challenge, I would say, aptly met by the poet.

5057 the moon a cradle  
my firstborn's  
fortieth death-day

pjm: As a mother who lost her firstborn, there is no way for me to be objective or analytical about this haiku. It touched me deeply. I would

like to offer this small rewrite for the poet to consider.

the moon a cradle  
my firstborn would be  
forty today

Not knowing the actual circumstances behind this haiku, I had to take a few liberties in order to construct this example. I've changed the memorial day of the firstborn to his or her birthday because the phrase "death-day" seems to me to be very harsh in the feeling it conveys. Maybe this dire feeling is the feeling the poet wants, and I would respect that if that should be the case. Also because the poet uses the image of a cradle to describe the moon, I made the assumption that the firstborn died as a baby. This last assumption does not necessarily have to be true for the original haiku to be effective; I was only trying to explain why I chose to make the firstborn forty in the example I gave.

jb: I, also, am moved by this verse. It is clearly a strong emotional verse, and—in my opinion—well crafted. This is a lyrical verse with a narrative background. The poet provides the image and the reader brings the narrative. That the "moon is a cradle" is reminiscent of the time of birth of a child. The moon, of course, is transient as is all of life, even the life of a small child.

5029 winter sky—  
girders for the hospital's  
new wing

jb: This is a *shasei* (nature sketch) haiku. It is an austere image in an urban setting. Clearly, there is some construction in the foreground, with the winter sky (*kigo*) as the background. This is classical haiku form. The fact that the girders are intended for a new hospital changes the character of the austerity. One can get an idea of this by imagining the various types of facilities that might be under construction: a nuclear plant, an arms' factory, a new school, a new version of the twin towers, etc. In this case, a "new hospital." The image says it all. It is nicely crafted. The language is direct, unsentimental, and economical. Well done.

pjm: A powerful modern image very effectively set against an old traditional *kigo*. As Jerry says this haiku is a *shasei* haiku; it states only what is seen and no more. And yet there is more than



just the image. I'd like to focus on the writing if I may: notice how the three lines overlaid with two phrases are used to give us three images—three separate images that combine into one completely unified image. In the first line in the distance we see a winter sky, heavily overcast; the second line presents the girders in the foreground—we can see them bold with angular lines and the hardness of steel. And then comes the third line, "new wing," linked by phrase to the hospital of the second line, but set up for us to separately and distinctly perceive a wing—a bird wing, an angel wing—by the line break. The poet has given us an opening for our imaginations to come in and enhance the image with our own associations. This third image works because the associations that arise are subordinate to and compatible with the image of a hospital wing and so they add to the thoughtfulness and depth of the haiku.

5062      ringed turtle-dove  
              you, like me, blown off course  
              february storm

pjm: For me this haiku is interesting for what it does not say. Turtledoves are often symbols for lovers. These two, a turtledove and the speaker, have been "blown off course" by a storm in February, the month of Eros and Valentine's Day. So I read this as a love poem in which the vicissitudes of life have dealt a blow to the lovers individually and we can sense the loneliness one can feel at such times even in (or especially in?) a relationship.

jb: This is an "Issa style" haiku; one (apparently) directed to the turtle dove. Actually, it's directed as an aside to the reader who is allowed to overhear the brief conversation. As such we are informed that the poet is "blown off course." This is a metaphor indicating the life might not be going quite right. I agree with Patricia that this expresses the loneliness of the poet.

5052      through the window  
              the day collected  
              in a drop of rain

jb: This is not a shasei haiku, but rather a "shaped introspection" style (as indicated by Yatsuka Ishihara.) This is an image but not a

factual image. It is rather an image of a mental state, and a positive one at that. It represents, for me, an expansive feeling, a possible epiphany. After viewing the raindrop closely, I now view the whole world differently.

pjm: I am intrigued by this image and drawn in ready to contemplate with the poet the day that has passed. But I am stopped by the lack of information about what kind of day it is—happy, sad, meditative, rushed—there are too many choices. Kiyoko Tokutomi used to say that the kigo provides a window through which the reader can look into the poet's world. This haiku is a very good example of how a kigo, spring day, winter day, autumn day, would give us the "window" we need to partake in the poet's vision.

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

pjm: If you have ever struggled to write about events over time in a haiku, study this one in which time has been condensed into one simple, clear image. The kigo, melting snow, tells us it is spring. We know immediately *without being told* that the boot print was left by some hiker sometime earlier (in the winter just past or, even possibly, more than one winter ago) and frozen there. Subsequent snows have covered up the tracks and now it is spring. Two seasons, winter and spring, have been collapsed into one and all that information about the mountain, hikers past and present, and snowstorms that have come and gone are packed into this fourteen-syllable image written in the present tense giving the reader the first-hand thrill of seeing a boot print emerge from the snow. As Robert Hass says, to write such an image is to have "lived twice." This is writing of the highest caliber.

jb: I agree with Patricia. This is a haiku recording an event: the emergence of a "boot print" in the melting snow. Immediately, we realize there must be a history. We are both alone and not alone at the top of a mountain.

Patricia and Jerry invite your comments at

of Jean Hale.

**Challenge Kigo**  
by Fay Aoyagi

Blue Storm (*Aoarashi*)  
early summer

*Ao arashi* literally means "blue storm." It occurs when a strong wind rustles the fully-leafed-out trees. "Blue" is used here to express the special the best season to go hiking to admire the very fresh green in the mountain.

*ao arashi fukinuke omoi kutsugaeru*

the blue storm  
passing through—  
my thought somersaults      Shuson Kato\*

*akanbo ni hajimete no kutsu ao arashi*

the first shoes  
for the baby—  
blue storm      Kai Hasegawa\*\*

the balance beam  
in and out  
of the blue storm      Fay Aoyagi

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

\*\*haiku from *Kajitsu* (Fruits), Kai Hasegawa, Kashin-sha, translated by FA.

**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 the 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. (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 to 6	\$25.00

Also among the books were found copies of *Season Words in English Haiku*, Jun-ichu 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.

Childrens' Corner

Stephanie Richardson, Age 9, offers the following haiku –

Breasted with scarlet  
Singing mightily with heart  
Oh, how gay a song!

Butterfinger sits  
Watching Snickers in the shade  
They both squeak softly.

Plums are sweet purple  
Staining little hands, Uh-oh!  
Mothers are not pleased.

**The British Haiku Society  
announces  
The James W. Hackett International Haiku  
Award 2003**

ENTRY PROCEDURE: Up to five haiku per entrant (each poem on three separate 5 x 3 in. (125 x 75 mm) sheets, one only with name and address on the back to: **Hackett Award, Newton House, Holt Road, North Elmham, Norfolk, NR20 5JQ, UK** accompanied by the flat entry fee of £2.50 or US \$4.00. Please note that entries cannot be returned. (We regret that due to high currency and clearance charges, payment can only be accepted in Sterling by cheque drawn on a UK bank branch, or by British Postal Orders, or by International Money Order, or in Sterling / US cash. Cheques to be made payable to The British Haiku Society, **not** to Hackett Award, please).

For notification of winner(s), enclose a self-addressed envelope with appropriate UK stamp or one IRC or US\$1.00 cash (so a US\$5.00 bill will cover entry fee and notification).

ADJUDICATION: The donor of the award, James W. Hackett, will himself choose the winner(s) (and possibly commended poems) from an anonymous shortlist presented to him by a BHS sub-committee (**All** committee members are debarred from entering.)

Direct further questions regarding this award to David Steele at the above **Newton House** address.

*Calendar*

- June 12**      **1:30** -Hakone Gardens, Route 9, Saratoga. Newcomers welcome. Garden walk and haiku writing. Meet at picnic tables at lower entrance
- July 12**      **600 PM** - Tanabata Celebration. Home of Anne Homan  
  
Newcomers welcome.
- TBD**            **6:00 PM** -Moonviewing celebration. Home of Patricia Machmiller, San Jose. Newcomers welcome.
- Oct. 2-5**      **Haiku Retreat** at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA Newcomers Welcome.
- Nov. 9**        **1:30 PM** – Autumn Haiku Workshop at the Markham House, History Center, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose.
- Dec. 13**      Holiday Party. Newcomers welcome. Location TBD



Moonlight  
with a breeze  
splendid shadows  
of bamboo  
dance for my eyes



Carolyn  
Fitz