



the haiku study-work journal

of the

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVIII:3

May/June 2003

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

- |      |  |      |   |
|------|--|------|---|
| 5159 | such soft fur<br>the bee's body strokes my cheek<br>then the sting       | 5168 | bamboo shoots<br>overturn<br>the flagstone                                  |
| 5160 | who is sadder<br>me or the small black bee<br>that stung my cheek?       | 5169 | May Day –<br>no one notices<br>my red blouse                                |
| 5161 | solitary hike<br>stumbling the last painful mile<br>bee stinger in cheek | 5170 | sprouting this spring<br>in the same place –<br>poison ivy                  |
| 5162 | under the bridge<br>the reflections very still<br>spring dusk            | 5171 | sudden summer storm<br>mannequins sit in dark windows<br>passing headlights |
| 5163 | summer grove<br>beneath the picnic table<br>a scatter of crumbs          | 5172 | torch lit fishing boat<br>insouciant frogs offer<br>similar advice          |
| 5164 | invited backstage<br>at the summer concert –<br>furs in the wardrobe     | 5173 | wooden sidewalk -<br>lizards the color of time<br>blink in the sun          |
| 5165 | flavor of sunscreen<br>drifts among the chaise longues--<br>lazybones    | 5174 | different wind<br>when I crouch by<br>forget-me-not                         |
| 5166 | at the flower<br>till I grab my camera<br>three hummingbirds             | 5175 | summer holidays<br>made more bearable by<br>old detective story             |
| 5167 | peony buds<br>like Michaelangelo's <i>Slave</i><br>passions bound        | 5176 | a drifting log<br>to the river's mouth<br>summer sunset                     |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 5177 | water iris—<br>raindrop circles spread<br>and touch each other                | 5188 | the drone of bees –<br>a sea of wildflowers<br>announces spring        |
| 5178 | three hundred years<br>since Basho wrote that poem—<br>willows in spring rain | 5189 | squinting in the sun<br>this kid with his ball cap<br>on backwards     |
| 5179 | her swift decline<br>still, her calligraphy brush<br>remembers summer         | 5190 | kitchen garden<br>quiet but for the hand plow<br>tearing at the roots  |
| 5180 | sweet peas on strings –<br>my grandma and mother<br>in my sister's garden     | 5191 | hillside garden<br>he rests in the old lawn chair<br>with no hind legs |
| 5181 | line of pelicans<br>turning then disappearing<br>into the horizon             | 5192 | whatever I thought<br>before the lily bloomed—<br>unforgettable light  |
| 5182 | third day of zazen<br>on the edge of bursting open<br>flowering laurel        | 5193 | Al Green on stage<br>a make-love song<br>a make-love moon              |
| 5183 | unpacking<br>my husband's suitcase<br>I find a map of mars                    | 5194 | as guests depart<br>watching the moon set—<br>a bottle half-drunk      |
| 5184 | smoking patio<br>going inside<br>for a breath of fresh air                    | 5195 | deep in the blossoms<br>bees<br>shimmering heat                        |
| 5185 | cloudless sky<br>a lone crow calls<br>across the empty field                  | 5196 | fat caterpillar<br>reeling in the anise grass<br>scent of Mykonos      |
| 5186 | laced with birdsong<br>a field of sunflowers<br>faces the sun                 | 5197 | soft<br>across my lips<br>wings of a butterfly                         |
| 5187 | cottonwood fluff<br>drifting slowly to earth<br>summer snow                   | 5198 | Siberian iris<br>the butterfly<br>pauses                               |

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 5199 | spearmint in the sun<br>a resting fly<br>scissors its legs          | 5210 | children running<br>through the open screen door —<br>a pile of winter boots  |
| 5200 | thick drops of rain<br>the dandelion's<br>white halo                | 5211 | a dusty roadside plaque—<br>all that's left<br>of Manzanar dreams             |
| 5201 | fluttering sunlight<br>wind in the<br>tall elms                     | 5212 | winter rain—<br>the neighbour's garage door<br>squeaking more softly          |
| 5202 | peeking from the grass<br>exotic pink blossom<br>dirty plastic comb | 5213 | first visit<br>to the graves —<br>summer hills                                |
| 5203 | wind stops<br>laying in bed<br>still I listen                       | 5214 | on the countertop —<br>a water drop wets the feet<br>of a mosquito            |
| 5204 | mother quail calls<br>her last brood<br>afterglow                   | 5215 | evening light —<br>under the bird feeder<br>a new corn stalk                  |
| 5205 | sun overflows<br>opposite bank of the river<br>bluebonnets          | 5216 | granite pathway<br>seethes in the heat haze —<br>winged ants                  |
| 5206 | estate sale. . .<br>buying part of her life<br>in a cardboard box   | 5217 | dusk in the garden-<br>on the breeze, police sirens<br>become more plaintive  |
| 5207 | soft mud<br>where the puddle was<br>this morning                    | 5218 | twisting and turning —<br>the butterflies among<br>the barbed wire            |
| 5208 | spring sun<br>we decide to walk<br>across the bridge                | 5219 | mold forming on the north side<br>too much of a good thing,<br>spring rain    |
| 5209 | for the bees,<br>whatever meadow flowers<br>are not for her         | 5220 | this wet, wet weather<br>dense ocean fog drifts in —<br>sound of the fog horn |

5221 suddenly, silence,  
my neighbor's wind chimes  
blown down in the storm

5222 sound of chimes  
lifts fevered spirit  
tranquility

5223 Iced tea  
aglow with fire –  
caught by the sun

5224 pausing  
on stairway  
purple hyacinths

5225 tai chi class  
stiff joints make first corner  
spring dusk

5226 tender or frail  
each face a precious blossom  
flower communion

5227 this glass of red wine  
tanqueros flow through old bones  
a summer concert

5228 nearly white night  
on a make believe mannequin  
a ticking watch

5229 summer perspiration  
they embrace each other  
and her cell phone

5230 sunny may day  
on a peeling wall of old  
my childhood's color

5231 hot June night  
watching the moon  
swim in my cup

5232 heavy rain -  
umbrellas  
racing satchels

5233 wheel ruts ...  
the sweet fragrance  
of grass rising

**CHALLENGE KIGO  
Blue Storm (Aoarashi)**

gone is gone  
as you said –  
blue storm

**Ruth Holzer**

blue storm  
intricate patterns  
on the greystone wall

**Patricia Prime**

raised wood grain  
on the weathered outdoor bench—  
blue rain

**Anne Homan**

blue storm  
a sparrow worries a tough seed  
on the veranda

**June Hymas**

unseen locusts  
electric sound fills the trees  
blue storm

**Ross Figgins**

twice this week  
I was called a warrior –  
blue storm

**Donnalynn Chase**

restless sleep  
aware of the blue storm  
and me not there

**Yvonne Hardenbrook**

blue storm  
 baby's blue eyes  
 turning green

Gloria Procsal

blue storm  
 out of the west  
 racks the cherry tree

Janeth H. Ewald

blue storm  
 the shift of an osprey  
 on her nest

Kay Grimnes

late reservations  
 for the bed and breakfast  
 blue storm

John Stevenson

aspen leaves  
 turn white  
 blue storm

Naomi Y. Brown

blue storm —  
 I open the screen  
 to let out a moth

Carolyn Thomas

blue storm—  
 she undoes  
 her last stitch

Michael Dylan Welch

packing  
 for nephew's wedding  
 a blue storm

Christine Doreian Michaels

new green of the trees  
 like a fresh painting  
 blue storm

Joan C. Sauer

blue storm  
 the Buddha along the trail  
 is freshly washed

Jerry Ball

blue storm approaching  
 unperturbed the old spider  
 weaves its web

Giovanni Malito

after hailstorm  
 clear sharpness of small leaves  
 against blue sky

Zinovy Vayman

blue storm  
 I enjoy imagining  
 ribbons in her hair

Jerry Ball

**Submission Guidelines  
 for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is August 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**

**NOTE NEW ADDRESS!!**

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.**

green peas, apricot, melon (honeydew, cantaloupe, watermelon, etc), pineapple, potato, raspberry, strawberry, tomato, zucchini



**SEASON WORDS  
for summer**

*selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology*

**Season:** June, July, August: beginning of summer, midsummer, end of summer, summer solstice, long day, slow day, short night.

**Sky and Elements:** summer dew, ~ fog, ~ rain, ~ sky, ~ sun, ~ wind, south wind, scented breeze, scorching/blazing sun, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, hot, drought, coolness.

**Landscape:** summer hills, ~ lake, ~ moor, ~ mountains, ~ sea, ~ river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.

**Human Affairs:** awning, fan, beach umbrella, parasol, perfume, camp, fly swatter, fireworks, fountain, summer hat, summer house, summer vacation, summer concert/opera, ice house, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, mosquito net, midday nap, swimming, swimming pool, sunburn, sweat, sunglasses, sundress, rattan chair, reed, wind chimes, prayers for rain, cooling oneself, mowing grass, weeding, Fathers' day, Fourth of July (Independence Day), Armed Forces Day, Tanabata (Festival of the Weaver, or Star festival - traditionally, an autumn kigo).

**Animals:** 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, silkworm, water beetle.

**Plants:** amaryllis, barley, summer bracken, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, summer weeds, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, calla lily, daylily, lotus, marguerite, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, phlox, pinks, rose, salvia, silk tree (mimosa), snapdragon, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca, zinnia, summer fruits and vegetables (banana, blackberry, cucumber, cherry, eggplant, green grapes, green (unripe) apple, green walnut,

**MEMBERS' VOTES  
for March-April**

- Teruo Yamagata – 5082-3 5083-2 5084-4
- Zinovy Vayman – 5085-0 5086-1 5087-0
- Gloria Procsal – 5088-0 5089-2 5090-7
- Carolyn Hall – 5091-4 5092-3 5093-5
- Joan Sauer – 5094-0 5095-0 5096-0
- Joan Goswell – 5097-4 5098-1 5099-0
- Louise Beaven – 5100-1
- Eve J. Blohm – 5101-2 5102-2 5103-0
- Janeth Ewald – 5104-6 5105-2 5106-7
- Ruth Holzer – 5107-3 5108-0 5109-0
- Patricia Prime – 5110-5 5111-0 5112-5
- William E. Greig – 5113-0 5114-0 5115-0
- Yvonne Hardenbrook – 5116-4 5117-1 5118-2
- Cindy Tebo – 5119-4 5120-1 5121-6
- Joan Zimmerman – 5122-0 5123-3 5124-1
- Carolyn Thomas – 5125-4 5126-0 5127-1
- Roger Abe – 5128-1
- Hank Dunlap – 5129-0 5130-1 5131-3
- Laura Bell – 5132-1 5133-3 5134-3
- Graham High – 5135-2 5136-2 5137-0
- Richard St. Clair – 5138-5 5139-3 5140-2
- John Stevenson – 5141-2 5142-2 5143-6
- Dave Bachelor – 5144-2 5145-5 5146-0
- Naomi Brown – 5147-1 5148-1 5149-0
- Christine Michaels – 5150-0 5151-3 5152-0
- Kay Grimnes – 5153-3 5154-3 5155-1
- Anne Homan – 5156-0 5157-1 5158-1

**MARCH-APRIL HAIKU VOTED BEST  
BY READERS OF GEPP0**

crossing  
the Rio Grande  
a hawk's shadow

Gloria Procsal

after the firestorm  
a tiny white spider  
making lace

Janeth Ewald

passing stranger  
our two shadows one  
for a moment

Yvonne Hardenbrook

thin morning sun –  
crushed leaves of wild thyme  
he brings to her wheelchair

Janeth Ewald

overdone asparagus  
he tells me what a good cook  
his first wife was

Cindy Tebo

this rain  
that rain . . .  
you're still gone

John Stevenson

the beetle  
whether or not  
to step on it

Carolyn Hall

spring river  
a feather clings  
to the reeds

Patricia Prime

farmer's hands  
the way he lays violets  
on her grave

Patricia Prime

a soaring skylark  
cutting the overcast sky —  
the first drops of rain

Richard St. Clair

argument ends –  
slowly morning sun  
revives the white moth

Dave Bachelor

still I don't know  
island or peninsula  
this mist

Teruo Yamagata

night of stars—  
singed spots  
on the hearth rug

Carolyn Hall

War!  
the buds on the maple tree  
deep red

Joan Goswell

the ground rises  
a thousand starlings  
taking the sky

Yvonne Hardenbrook

spring dream—  
the flowers arrive  
without a note

Cindy Tebo

sleeping Buddha  
the cat curled into a ball  
opens one eye

Carolyn Thomas

**Editor's Corrections:**

Okay, it's Mea Culpa time.

The in-hand deadline to submit a poem to the James W. Hackett International Award 2003 sponsored by the British Haiku Society is November 30, 2003.

Plum Blossom was suggested by Fay Aoyagi as a challenge kigo for the March-April issue. In her write-up she stated that the fruit of the plum is an autumn kigo. In fact, it is a summer kigo. I omitted this fact in last Geppo.

**Dojins' Corner**  
**March-April 2003**  
 by Patricia and Jerry

jb: Another nice group of haiku! I selected the following: 5091, 5092, 5110, 5112, 5116, 5119, 5132, 5133, and 5145. I like them all very much. I had some difficulty selecting my final three, but I did select: 5091, 5092, and 5133.

pjm: And my choices are 5129, 5147, and 5151.

5091    night of stars—  
           singed spots  
           on the hearth rug

jb: What I like best about this haiku is the image behind the image. We are given simply, the facts of a "night of stars" and a statement of "singed spots on the hearth rug." But this is a case in which the "whole is greater than the sum of its parts." These two phrases work in dynamic opposition to produce (for me) a warm and comfortable (and loving?) scene during a winter night (hearth is a winter kigo). My reaction is that I wish I were there. The actual timing of the haiku is after, at, or toward the end of the "night of stars," so the facts evoke memories. The language is economical, and the image clear. Very nicely done!

pjm: To make this image work, I imagine a white rug in front of the fireplace and then the white "holes" in the sky (the stars) create the inverse image of the "singed spots/ on the hearth rug." If I have this image given swiftly with the insertion of the word, white, I can move on to deeper contemplation of the earthly ruin under my feet compared to the apocalyptic ruin in the night sky.

5092    afternoon cool  
           a sheepdog runs circles  
           around the ewes

jb: As with 5091 this is a shasei (nature sketch) haiku. The "facts" are given and lead the reader toward the emotional circumstances surrounding them. This is a lyrical scene. Again, the image is crisp and economical and,

for me, it resonates. I applaud both the poetic insight and the craft.

pjm: I note the contrast between the cool afternoon and the sheepdog's energetic activity. I also note the sound in the haiku: the cool sounds of oo in "afternoon," "cool," and "ewes." Then I am left to enjoy the scene.

5129    old red rooster  
           crowing away the night  
           cloudless morning

pjm: I have been in a place like this—the feeling of strangeness of the rooster crowing all night as if there were something unexpected coming, something portentous, and then in the morning to find no clouds. There are faint echoes here of the story of the betrayal of Christ by Peter: *before the cock crows thou wilt betray me thrice*. But echoes only, for in the biblical story the cock is silent until just before dawn. Which leads one to wonder, if the cock on the night before Christ's crucifixion had crowed all night, would Peter, being constantly reminded of Christ's prophecy, would he have remained loyal? And if so, would this have changed any of the events that followed. In this way this haiku leads us deeper and deeper into issues of memory, courage, betrayal, consequences, and even the history of western civilization. And all this without a kigo. And here's the lesson: haiku without a kigo need something equally powerful to give them depth, something like this religious inference, such as the story of Peter's betrayal of Christ.

jb: I enjoyed reading Patricia's reaction to this haiku, and, once explained to me, I see the allusions. I must confess I did not see them on my own. What I *do* see, and like very much, is the natural image of the rooster crowing at dawn to a cloudless sky.

5133    snail's trail  
           up and over  
           the locked gate

5116    the ground rises  
           a thousand starlings  
           taking the sky



jb: I think the comparison of these two is instructive. 5133 is a shasei with a dramatic understatement. Every inch of the "snail's trail" might be seen. The "punch" of this haiku is contained in the phrase "the locked gate." Locked gates are barriers, and, based on the given facts, we imagine this frail and vulnerable creature overcoming its obstacle. With 5116, while the expression "the ground rises" may be taken literally (rises uphill) it is also possible to think of this metaphorically as a kind of barrier. (Remember the Irish blessing: May the paths be downhill under your feet; uphill being more difficult.) And who (or what) can overcome this? Well, not one starling, but a thousand starlings, a swell of starlings! I sense something undulating here. So 5116 is *overstated*, but effectively. I like them both very much and make a reluctant choice between the two.

pjm: I see 5133 as a little humorous allegory to help us to keep the adversities of life in perspective. 5116 has an image that captured my imagination. The poet has nailed a moment that I have seen many times and I admire the manner in which the poet has encapsulated it so succinctly. I would encourage the poet to consider putting a season in the haiku. For example, "autumn sky" would give "the ground rises" something to play against and give it greater heft.

5147            after the quarrel  
                  taking a night walk  
                  a scent of orange blossoms

pjm: A quarrel ends in a walk under blossoming orange trees—the orange blossoms signal that these are lovers whose passions have spilled over into anger and in the aftermath of the fight the feelings of hurt linger much as the orange blossom scent does in the night air. We can see here how the poet has used the kigo, first, to elicit these feelings and, second, to make the subtle comparison of the *scent* of orange blossoms to the bruised *feelings* of hurt.

jb: This haiku is one of my initial choices that gave way in my process of selection. I think the image is very strong, just like the "scent of orange blossoms."

5151    again the crocus  
          shows her secret to the sun  
          saffron for my rice

pjm: Beneath the blatant connections of pollen, the sun, and saffron and beyond the erotic play of language, lies the "secret" of this haiku. The obvious characteristic of saffron is its bold, outspoken color; the less-obvious quality is its subtle, hidden flavor. The haiku invites the comparison of an understated, yet refined taste of saffron to the understated, simple image of the crocus, and it is this buried invitation that moves this haiku beyond ordinary.

jb: I like all the images in this verse, but, forgive my blindness, I just don't see how they hang together.

Patricia and Jerry invite your comments at

of Jean Hale.

Editor's Comment:

I seldom have anything to add to the insights of our Dojins, but in view of Jerry's last comment .....At a Food/Wine/ Art event a couple of days ago, I learned that saffron comes from the pistil or stigma of the crocus. A brand new fact to me, but, I suspect, not to the author of poem #5151. JMH

*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

To order, make your check out to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in the amount of \$16.00 and send to:

Jean Hale

Hank Dunlap offered a spirited defense of haiku in response to an article in a national publication recently. An excerpted version is printed here.

Editor  
USA Weekend

Dear Editor:

I am writing in reference to an article you published April 18-20, 2003, titled "Haiku and you" by Elizabeth McCall.

It would seem to me that a weekly Sunday newspaper magazine as widely read and prestigious as USA Weekend would research their writers to assure that they are knowledgeable and competent to write about the subject matter they are presenting to your readers.

To begin with the examples she cites in her article as "haiku" are actually "senryu". Senryu abide by the same rules as haiku in as much as syllable count and being three lines but deal with social and psychological principles and phenomena and are more concerned with human "Who/What" situations that can be humorous, satirical, ironic, or sarcastic, etc.

Haiku however is a completely different ball of wax . . .

Ms McCall states "Virtually anyone can compose one, . . ." I suppose that is true but to compose a "good" one is another matter. She also states, "One explanation for the appeal of this simple verse: Nearly anyone can compose one" and in another place she states "It's easy for people to create their own". These statements are an insult to a serious haiku poet and I disagree with her on all counts. There is nothing easy nor simple about creating a "good" haiku. Yes, it's easy to jot down a few words that resemble a soap ad jingle and call it haiku or senryu but that's not what it's all about.

In my opinion, haiku is the most difficult, disciplined and complex poetry anyone can attempt to write. Because the poems are short does not mean they are simple. Good haiku

are not only subtle but complex and often have inner meanings. . . . .

Haiku are usually written about nature but can be about anything in life. Due to their shortness haiku can rarely give the reader a complete picture but suggest just enough to fill in the blanks, enabling the reader to experience the event without being there. "Good" haiku suggest just enough that more words would take away from the picture.

Grammatically proper sentences rarely make good haiku. Two or more ideas are generally expressed and create a heightened awareness of the suggested relationship between non-related subjects.

Well written haiku give the reader an image vivid enough that they experience emotions of their own without the poem telling them how to feel.

Japanese in origin, haiku writing is believed to have started early in the thirteenth century. It became a refined form roughly in the mid-1600s by Matsuo Basho, who is regarded by most as "THE" haiku master of all time. He described haiku as " . . . simply what is happening in this place at this time."

Ms McCall has done irrefutable damage to the haiku community in this country. She has made haiku sound like some child like game of just making a three lined poem about something without taking into consideration the rules (all of them) of good haiku representation of the subject matter.

She is correct in stating that there is a wide interest in haiku in the USA and there are many very fine haiku writers around today but none of them write the poorly composed kind of work she shows in her article.

Hank Dunlap  
Haiku Poet

I HAVE A NEW ADDRESS!!:

**Challenge Kigo for July/Aug**  
by Fay Aoyagi

**Goldfish (Kingyo)**  
summer

I used to have a friend who was an expert at catching goldfish with a paper net during the summer festival. We paid 100 yen (equivalent to \$1) to a seller and tried out our luck again and again. Usually, however, those red tiny goldfish all died before the summer vacation ended.

*ame harete chirijiri ni aru kingyo kana*

sunshine after the rain  
goldfish scatter  
in all the directions                      Soju Takano\*

*omoide mo kingyo no mizu mo ao o obinu*

both the memory and  
the water in the goldfish tank  
wear a trace of blue                      Kusatao Nakamura\*

a cousin's suicide—  
goldfish hides  
under a miniature castle                      Fay Aoyagi

\*haiku from *Nihon Dai-Saijiki*, Kodansha (Tokyo, 1983), translated by FA.

My email address remains the same. Telephone will change, but I don't know new number yet.

There are no less than twelve streets named Cribari this or that – Cribari Way, Cribari Green, Cribari Heights, Cribari Glen, Cribari Gulch. Actually I made up the Gulch, but you get the idea. You have to state Cribari PLACE or the mail will never get to me.

Cribari, by the way, was the gent who owned all the land on which the houses are built and used it to make quite nice wine.

The symmetry between house number and ZIP code is fortunate though. Easier to remember.

Jean

*Calendar*

**July 12**                      **600 PM** - Tanabata Celebration.  
Home of Anne Homan

Newcomers welcome.

**Sept. 27**                      **6:00 PM** -Moonviewing  
celebration. Home of Patricia

**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

