



the haiku study-work journal

of the

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVIII:4

July/August 2003

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

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5234 | billowing<br>summer clouds<br>this wine . . .                    | 5242 | new subdivision<br>a white heron stands<br>in the drainage ditch           |
| 5235 | ground being broken<br>wild irises in the<br>first bucketful     | 5243 | last thin edge of dust—<br>looking around for somewhere<br>to sweep it     |
| 5236 | porch sitting . . .<br>the sweet smell of<br>new mown hay        | 5244 | night wind<br>the patio umbrella<br>inside out till morning                |
| 5237 | summer breeze<br>the frisky widow's<br>ancient chimes            | 5245 | baffled squirrels—<br>the new squirrel baffle<br>on the bird feeder        |
| 5238 | touching<br>my sister's husband<br>a white dog howls             | 5246 | with a gust of breeze<br>bamboo shadows quivering<br>the flute's overtones |
| 5239 | memories line<br>the widow's face<br>magnolia scent              | 5247 | a train whistle fades<br>under the red parasol<br>shakuhachi flute         |
| 5240 | civil war map<br>a lone ant on the trail<br>of Stonewall Jackson | 5248 | her blossoming smile<br>watching ikebana<br>the zen abbess                 |
| 5241 | layoff notice<br>in tonight's coolness<br>the smell of smoke     | 5249 | after lightning<br>counting tree rings<br>in the sawn stump                |
-

- 5250 brief rest  
warmth of summer bracken  
through jeans
- 5251 summer morning  
strolling among the herd  
two grey herons
- 5252 checking my teeth  
to see the new space—  
mother opens her mouth
- 5253 a box of wooden matches  
floating on the pond —  
a mallard shakes its wings
- 5254 a still, deep brook—  
the round harvest moon  
shimmers in duck weed
- 5255 thunderstorm  
the Perseid meteors  
another year wait
- 5256 bedroom  
the firefly's  
soft glow
- 5257 leaf on the water  
a long journey  
begins
- 5258 my husband watches  
the TV with his eyes closed  
migrating monarchs
- 5259 the ants  
teaching about infinity  
at my kitchen sink
- 5260 egret rookery  
a sudden silence brings me  
up from the eyepiece
- 5261 fiesta flower  
by the abandoned mineshaft  
Quicksilver Park
- 5262 this faint soft green  
under the powder-pale sky  
beach sagewort
- 5263 I must admit  
I do not frequent your haunts  
gray fox
- 5264 day trip to seaside  
drinking tea in car again  
English summer rain
- 5265 almost broke the web  
sunflower shell did wild jig  
new spider decor
- 5266 on empty feeder  
a cardinal couple wait  
I respond to the bell
- 5267 rowdy ravens  
in autumn cottonwoods  
golden leaves fall
- 5268 litterbugging  
the unpardonable sin  
mountain majesty
- 5269 lightning—  
the rain begins to pour  
then comes the thunder
- 5270 her summer visit —  
she tears the face of her ex  
from last year's photo
- 5271 fireflies . . .  
our road still goes  
nowhere

- 5272 wild flowers  
beside the highway  
record box office
- 5273 pelting rain  
the lock tender's  
leisurely gait
- 5274 summer butterfly  
on the great oak lightly  
filtered sunshine
- 5275 summer concert –  
shaking the rain  
out of his tuba
- 5276 full bloom concerto  
the scent of old roses  
fills my hands
- 5277 the blue heron  
returns to the pond  
we share binoculars
- 5278 yucca blossoms ...  
wind finds the white swans  
of the desert
- 5279 dozing in the hammock  
the breeze reads through  
"Brothers Karamazov"
- 5280 mist shrouded pines  
orchids beyond reach  
cloud forests
- 5281 dividing chattel —  
pale finger where a ring was  
easier than not
- 5282 bright summer light  
leaves shift to orange –  
skeletal winter lace
- 5283 foxglove trumpet  
louder  
with the bee inside
- 5284 new point to my pencil –  
the sound of a cicada  
sharpening my sketch
- 5285 after the downpour  
horses steaming in the field –  
sun warm on my back
- 5286 reaching the top  
of the wooded trail—  
the rising wind
- 5287 the heat!  
what stillness this pond,  
and the lilies
- 5288 carried on the wind  
from across the rolling plains,  
a distant killdeer's cry
- 5289 a foggy morning  
occasionally prevents  
early chirping song
- 5290 Formally dressed up  
Zap! the sound of insect traps  
villa garden party
- 5291 ghostly visages  
among the many spider webs  
former SAMURAI
- 5292 childhood friends  
we buy matching  
summer hats
- 5293 evening quiet  
cherry pits  
in the bowl of my hand

5294 summer evening  
strings hang from the rim  
of the sun tea jar

5295 waterfall...  
turning turbines  
birthing rainbows

5296 morning fog...  
sound of the stream  
in the near dark

5297 dead of august...  
the crackle of ice  
in my glass

5298 this red ant  
going  
my way too

5299 end of summer  
the wind  
shifts north

5300 tenth-inning tie—  
I slide headfirst  
into bed

5301 twilight walk  
the scorching yellow sun  
blinds our eyes

5302 sudden thunder  
the annual fireworks  
on river barge

5303 Fourth of July  
the music fills the night  
of memories

5304 half full synagogue  
in a monsoon season  
prayers for rain

5305 stifling night:  
in an air conditioner's exhaust  
trembling leaves

5306 a rising hand  
in the hospital gown sleeve  
parchment of body

**Challenge Kigo**  
Goldfish (Kingyo)

tasting the sole  
one goldfish  
swims in the bowl

Gloria Procsal

fairground prize  
in a plastic bag  
two goldfish

Patricia Prime

third trimester—  
our garden pond  
without a goldfish

Michael Dylan Welch

August moon  
goldfish at the surface  
gulping air

Karen Grimnes

the child leans too far  
over the fountain coping  
goldfish!

Anne Homan

goldfish swims in circles—  
his stock certificates  
have lost half their worth

June Hymas

I scoop flapping fish  
into bowl toddler toppled  
tears turn to sunshine

Christine Doreian-Michaels

back to sleep—  
a goldfish stares  
through cloudy water

John Stevenson

child's fish bowl  
or Japanese Garden  
goldfish

Eve Jeanette Blohm

empty goldfish bowl  
small hands digging  
a hole with a spoon

Janeth H. Ewald

school of goldfish  
water does not fill  
empty gullets

Zinovy Vayman

toddler takes a nap  
goldfish under the algae  
one big silence

Naomi Y. Brown

brilliant sun  
the goldfish, too  
finds a shady spot

Jerry Ball

caught in my webnet  
compassionate fishkeepers  
Goldfish Sanctuary

Ross Figgins

first-graders getting  
all dolled up in mermaid dos—  
the bug-eyed goldfish

Patricia Machmiller

the window pouring  
the eye swimming  
the goldfish dissolving

Graham High

goldfish grave  
after a good rain  
the cross disappears

Cindy Tebo

At the pet shop—  
the last goldfish in the tank  
finally bought

Richard St. Clair

computer wires  
in a tangle below the desk —  
goldfish in a bowl

Patricia Machmiller

treasure box —  
the guru's first poem  
mourns a red goldfish

Carolyn Thomas

best present ever -  
my 41<sup>st</sup> my daughter  
bought me a goldfish

Giovanni Malito

goldfish shining  
in a plastic bag —  
first prize

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

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

Jean Hale

**MEMBERS' VOTES**

For May-June

Joan Zimmerman -5159-1 5160-1 5161-0  
 Patricia Prime - 5162-5 5163-4 5164-0  
 Anne Homan - 5165-0 5166-4 5167-1  
 Ruth Holzer - 5168-6 5169-1 5170-2  
 Ross Figgins - 5171-1 5172-0 5173-6  
 Teruo Yamagata - 5174-3 5175-0 5176-2  
 June Hymas - 5177-4 5178-4 5179-5  
 Donnalynn Chase - 5180-6 5181-0 5182-5  
 Laura Bell - 5183-7 5184-3 5185-3  
 Hank Durlap - 5186-3 5187-1 5188-0  
 Y. Hardenbrook - 5189-2 5190-0 5191-2  
 Gloria Procsal - 5192-3 5193-0 5194-2  
 Janeth Ewald - 5195-4 5196-2 5197-2  
 Karen Grimnes - 5198-3 5199-5 5200-4  
 Dave Bachelor - 5201-2 5202-0 5203-2  
 Naomi Brown - 5204-1 5205-0 5206-6  
 John Stevenson - 5207-0 5208-3 5209-0  
 Michael Welch - 5210-3 5211-2 5212-4  
 Carolyn Thomas - 5213-5 5214-3 5215-2  
 Graham High - 5216-0 5217-2 5218-4  
 Joan Sauer - 5219-2 5220-1 5221-2  
 Kermit DeLaurant - 5222-0 5223-2 5224-3  
 C. Doreian Michaels - 5225-0 5226-0 5227-1  
 Zinovy Vayman - 5228-3 5229-1 5230-3  
 Giovanni Malito - 5231-5 5232-3 5234-4

**Editor's Note:**

Please note a correction in last issue's vote tally. Yvonne Hardenbrook received 7 votes - not 1 - for haiku #5117.

**MAY-JUNE HAIKU VOTED BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0**

unpacking  
 my husband's suitcase  
 I find a map of mars

Laura Bell

bamboo shoots  
 overturn  
 the flagstone

Ruth Holzer

wooden sidewalk -  
 lizards the color of time  
 blink in the sun

Ross Figgins

sweet peas on a string  
 my grandma and mother  
 in my sister's garden

Donnalynn Chase

estate sale...  
 buying part of her life  
 in a cardboard box

Naomi Y. Brown

under the bridge  
 the reflections very still  
 spring dusk

Patricia Prime

her swift decline  
 still, her calligraphy brush  
 remembers summer

June Hymas

third day of zazen  
 on the edge of bursting open  
 flowering laurel

Donnalynn Chase

spearmint in the sun  
 a resting fly  
 scissors its legs

Kay Grimnes

first visit  
 to the graves —  
 summer hills

Carolyn Thomas

hot June night  
 watching the moon  
 swim in my cup

Giovanni Malito

summer grove  
beneath the picnic table  
a scatter of crumbs

Patricia Prime

at the flower  
till I grab my camera  
three hummingbirds

Anne Homan

water iris—  
raindrop circles spread  
and touch each other

June Hymas

three hundred years  
since Basho wrote that poem—  
willows in spring rain

June Hymas

deep in the blossoms  
bees  
shimmering heat

Janeth Ewald

thick drops of rain  
the dandelion's  
white halo

Kay Grimnes

winter rain  
the neighbour's garage door  
squeaking more softly

Michael Dylan Welch

twisting and turning—  
the butterflies among  
the barbed wire

Graham High

wheel ruts . . .  
the sweet fragrance  
of grass rising

Giovanni Malito

**SEASON WORDS  
for early autumn**

*selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology*

**Season:** September, October; lingering summer heat, beginning of autumn, autumn equinox, chilly night, long night.

**Sky and Elements:** autumn rain, ~ sky, ~wind, long night, (full) moon, night of stars, sardine cloud.

**Landscape:** autumn moor, leaves turning, reaped or harvested fields, vineyards.

**Human Affairs:** autumn loneliness, end of summer vacation, gleaning, harvest, mushroom gathering, scarecrow, school begins Tanabata (Star Festival), Obon Festival/dance, Labor Day, Rosh Hashanah, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch, black cat, ghost, haunted house).

**Animals:** autumn mackerel, bagworm, clear-toned cicada, cricket, deer, dragonfly, red dragonfly, grasshopper, ground beetle, insects' cry, katydid, monarch butterfly, migrating geese/cranes/storks, praying mantis, quail, salmon, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, wild geese, woodpecker.

**Plants:** apple, wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buckwheat, bush clover, chamomile, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn, cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen or falling leaves, gourds, grapes, huckleberry, maiden flower, morning glory, mushrooms, nuts, orchid, pampas grass plumes, pear, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds, reed flowers/tassels, rose of sharon, squash, vines, weed flowers.

**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.**

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is October 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

**Challenge Kigo for Sept/Oct**

Cockscomb (Keito)

by Fay Aoyagi

Cockscomb is one of few flowers I can recognize: its red flower looks like the comb of a rooster. My late grandfather believed they were a weed and did not want them in his garden. Meanwhile, my mother liked them because she was born in September and kept planting them every year despite the protest from her father-in-law. The haiku by Shiki below is very famous.

*keito no jyu shigo hon mo arinu beshi*

cockscombs  
there must be  
fourteen or fifteen of them      Shiki Masaoka\*

*keito o sanjyaku hanare mono omou*

three feet away  
from the cockscombs  
lost in thought      Ayako Hosomi

*ware sareba keito mo sariyukinikeri*

when I walk away  
the cockscombs, too,  
walk away      Takashi Matsumoto\*

as though they were  
Miss America contestants  
the cockscombs      Fay Aoyagi

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

**Dojins' Corner**  
**May/June 2003**  
by Patricia and Jerry

jb: Here is my long list: 5174, 5176, 5183, 5185, 5192, 5199, 5200, 5232, 5233. I narrowed these to three with some difficulty: 5176, 5192, and 5233.

pjm: And my long list is 5172, 5173, 5174, 5179, 5192, and (a late addition) 5233 of which I chose to write about 5172, 5174, and 5192 (although I am very glad Jerry chose 5233 to write about).

5172: torch lit fishing boat  
insouciant frogs offer  
similar advice

pjm: One word in this haiku caught my attention and another held it. Starting with those blithely nonchalant frogs, which give the haiku an appealing lightness, I then had to consider their offering of "similar advice." "Similar" the poet says, not identical. A slight difference, of course, but enough to provoke the thought that even within the cacophony of a frog chorus the poet must have been able to discern different voices, and from this one comes to realize that like any chorus, frog choruses, too, are made up of individuals. This was a unique discovery, which the poet, to our delight, has shared with us.

jb: I too, have a fondness for this haiku. I like the image and I like the idea of the "unworried" frogs offering their advice. I presume this means that I am to be "insouciant" as well. Well, I can take that advice with pleasure thanks to the author of this haiku.

5174 different wind  
when I crouch by  
forget-me-not

pjm: The tiny for-get-me-not, its name begging you to not forget, and the poet who stops to notice notices also a shift in the wind . . . a nuance of place, of mood, of memory . . . It is a non-egotistical self that bends down to observe the flower—a human being humbled by the humbleness of the flower and by so humble an act the poet is granted a "different" experience. There is nothing heavy-handed here.



The writing has a plainness and a lightness that is very charming. One suggestion: I would like the poet to put an article ("the" or "a") before forget-me-not.

jb: This is also one of my choices. A warm, personal lyric it is. Yes, I agree that when I crouch by the forget-me-not the "wind" will become different. I think it was Issa who wrote about getting close to a tiny waterfall:

a tiny waterfall  
yet it too has a sound  
and at night is cool

The tiniest thing can cause a great effect.

5176: a drifting log  
to the river's mouth  
summer sunset

jb: This is a simple, and direct image; yet it is on the edge of a metaphor. As it stands, we have a shasei haiku in which the poet is observing nothing more than a log floating to the mouth of the river. But, the mouth of the river is the place where the river empties into the great ocean. Everything changes at the mouth of the river. That this happens at a summer sunset also says that the writer is on the downhill side of the middle of life. The log is poised at the edge of the familiar and the opening to the voyage in the sea. I also like this haiku for the economy of language. It is simple and direct, and yet, to me, it conveys much.

pjm: A strong, visceral image that strikes me below the ribs.

5192: whatever I thought  
before the lily bloomed –  
unforgettable light

jb: This is not a shasei (nature sketch) haiku but a direct personal report. The author shares with us an insight brought about by the special quality of the light on the lily. Again, I feel that the author has paused and moved close to this flower. I suspect that this is a report of epiphany in a silence. Truly, in the presence of the lily, the "light" is unforgettable. (I must say, also, that to me, this is similar to #5200. See what you think?)

pjm: The experience of light coming through a lily is as indescribable as it is unforgettable. The poet has expressed this loss of language and thought most eloquently. Reading this seventeen-syllable haiku I hear echoes of another English-language haiku:

lily  
out of the water  
out of itself                      Nicholas Virgilio

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

jb: With this haiku we are in summer, and again we are close to something that might well be inconspicuous. But having noticed the "wheel ruts ..." we also see the effect of the wheels: the grass is pressed into the earth. Is it possible that the grass might die? Certainly it's disturbed. Yet the grass rises and we witness that. And as we see the grass rising after being pressed down by wheel, we notice the "sweet fragrance." What more needs to be said?

pjm: After I started writing about this haiku, I realized it should have made, at least, my long list. I am very glad Jerry chose it so that it was put before me again. The past and present are bound together in this haiku. Even the future is here in the word "rising." I think of the Oregon Trail where wagon train ruts still show in places—scars on the land which the grass has yet to obliterate. The poem speaks in this way about the relationship of human beings to the earth; about grass and its qualities of persistence, resilience, and expansiveness. And floating behind this haiku are other poems from other times. I'll quote two here: one from the east—

Only summer grass grows  
where ancient warriors  
used to dream                      Basho

(translation by Toshiharu Oseko)

And one from the west—Carl Sandburg's  
"Grass":

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.  
Shovel them under and let me work—  
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg  
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.  
Shovel them under and let me work.  
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the  
conductor:

What place is this?  
Where are we now?

I am the grass.  
Let me work.

In these two poems the scars being obliterated are from war. And the scars are obliterated. But in this haiku the "wheel ruts," are not necessarily caused by war and they are still visible. They expand our idea of what human activities scar the earth and so this poet, using a metaphor that has been used before, has built on the notion of grass as a healer in a way that modernizes and deepens our understanding of the consequences of our human acts.

Your comments are always welcome. Contact

**A Performance of Music and the Spoken  
Word  
by Emi Goto  
San Jose City College  
2100 Moopark Avenue  
October 5, 2003  
4:30 PM**

Emi Goto, a singer, composer and haiku writer (and incidentally this year's guest lecturer at Asilomar) creates a spontaneous, high-energy musical journey onstage. Her compositions are inspired by classical haiku poets as well as modern. She will recite Basho, Santoka, Hosai, Tota, Shinji Saito, and Akito Arima while accompanying herself on the piano in a bi-lingual English and Japanese performance.

In a new work she will present poems of contemporary American writers along with haiku composed by Haruka Goto and herself. She has been widely acclaimed in France, Japan and Southeast Asia.

## Calendar

- Sept. 13** 6:00 PM -Moonviewing celebration. Home of Patricia Machmiller, San Jose. Newcomers welcome. **Please note this change of date.**
- Oct. 2-5** **Haiku Retreat** at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA Newcomers Welcome.
- Oct. 5** 4:30 PM Emi Goto Concert, San Jose City College
- Nov. 9** 1:30 PM – Autumn Haiku Workshop at the Markham House, History Center, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose.
- Dec. 13** Holiday Party. Home of Jean Hale, Jose. Call for directions requested.
- Jan. 10** 1:30 PM Meeting at Markham House, History Center, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose. Newcomers welcome.
- Feb. 14** 1:30 PM – Meeting at Markham House, 1650 Senter Road, History Center, San Jose
- Mar. 14** 1:30 PM Meeting at Markham House, History Center, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose
- April 10** 1:30 PM Meeting at Markham, House, History Center, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose.

**Haiku Society of America**

The HSA quarterly meeting will be held at Fort Mason, Room 235C, San Francisco on Saturday, December 6 from 10:00 AM to 5:00 PM.

# 2003 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA. Thursday - Sunday, October 2 - 5

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is happy to announce another in its series of retreats at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, California. In this beautiful natural setting on the Pacific Ocean, there is always great opportunity for poetry-engendering experience. At their leisure the poets may explore coastal forest and dune vegetation, observe shore birds and other creatures, and enjoy notable Arts & Crafts architecture, as well as the historical and literary heritage of the Monterey Peninsula.

Walks and free periods for meditation and writing will be provided to create a relaxed, informal atmosphere. Workshops and open readings are offered for poets to share their work and appreciation of haiku. Materials and guidance are provided for the creation of art to accompany haiku. One evening the poets will have the opportunity to write renku with an experienced leader. Excursions are planned to Point Lobos and other beautiful sites of the Monterey Peninsula and Big Sur coast.

This year a \$375 attendance fee covers the conference, meals, and lodging. Vegetarian meals are available; no smoking is allowed in any building or on the grounds at Asilomar. A \$25 discount on conference fees will be given for registrations submitted with a \$100 deposit by May 31, 2003. Balance of the payment is due on arrival at the Retreat. Send registration information and deposits to

Please note any requirements for lodging,  
such as ground floor access.



