

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume -XXVIII:5

Sept-Oct 2003

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5307 | "very good" pencilled
by her fading recipe
for lemon pudding | 5315 | Mission trail
petitioners' arms fill
with dogwood blossoms |
| 5308 | belched up by the storm
in the blob of jelly fish:
perfect purple star | 5316 | oak shadows
on a windy night:
the street light bending |
| 5309 | he deepens the groove
with another wood chisel
calm morning | 5317 | first morning light—
the comb's broken tooth
down the drain |
| 5310 | gray boulders and
distant blue mountains
now sunset purple | 5318 | roadside stand—
I ask the farmer's daughter
to reweigh my potatoes |
| 5311 | weeds on mother's grave
a gopher mound on dad's
perpetual care? | 5319 | he seems to speak
both English and Japanese
scarecrow |
| 5312 | bright early stars
Indian summer dusk
sounds of the creek | 5320 | still railroad
to abandoned mine
weed flowers |
| 5313 | an otter
is breaching
endless rain | 5321 | standing firmly
a small praying mantis
ready for a fight |
| 5314 | borne on the breeze
a sparrow shares
Basho's pine | 5322 | bright desert moon
but, down here, the absence
of turning leaves |
-

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>5323 lengthening shadows
the field pregnant
with pumpkins</p> <p>5324 curled on the coverlet
the black cat
in a slice of moon</p> <p>5325 night of stars
the empty meadowland
casts dark shadow</p> <p>5326 leaves turning
as squirrels gather acorns
for the long winter</p> <p>5327 autumn loneliness
the memories of childhood
and the full schoolyard</p> <p>5328 Rosh Hashanah cards—
nowhere
to send them now</p> <p>5329 Labor Day—
another cup of coffee
on the patio</p> <p>5330 after Halloween
all this candy
just for me</p> <p>5331 there before me
the grasshopper jumps
to the place I'm walking to</p> <p>5332 orchid show
I'd give each one
a blue ribbon</p> <p>5333 the things mom saved
a baby jar
full of pumpkin seeds</p> | <p>5334 from the kennel
only the dog's nose
autumn rain</p> <p>5335 impromptu picnic
not once wiping the skin
of the shared apple</p> <p>5336 wrapping itself
into my son's shirt
monarch butterfly</p> <p>5337 halloween vampire
purchasing
a blood test</p> <p>5338 long shadows
on fallen leaves
the smell of rain</p> <p>5339 tolling school bells
the puppy's tail
tucked in</p> <p>5340 Tyrannosaurus
Saw the greatest asteroid
Rex is King no more</p> <p>5341 There in the classrooms
Mighty pea-brained dinosaurs
They can't educate</p> <p>5342 Bone-head dinosaur
Has a natural helmet
It plays great football</p> <p>5343 vineyards stripped
in slanting sun
rigid row on row</p> <p>5344 October moonlight. . .
the bugling of elks
lights the flatbed</p> |
|---|---|

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5345 | clear-toned cicada
in my bedroom all night long
- this is good luck? | 5356 | late again
a pair of squirrels
spiral up a tree |
| 5346 | each day a small shift –
the sunbeam which visits me
through the keyhole | 5357 | end of the journey
sea foam dapples
the moon |
| 5347 | the subdued trickle
of the water feature
clogged with leaves | 5358 | tracked in
from the tropical storm,
a dead leaf |
| 5348 | after fireworks
the stars tarnished
in sulphurous air | 5359 | in the forest
the smell of rotting wood—
autumn sunshine |
| 5349 | tired gossip
the taste
of a bitten thread | 5360 | almost colliding,
a white autumn butterfly
and a falling leaf |
| 5350 | game over
men turn to leave
the tv department | 5361 | September morning
the house finch sings no longer
I turn to Mozart |
| 5351 | bare trees
she won't give me
her Christmas list | 5362 | autumn equinox
this morning the honey
is crystallized |
| 5352 | October sky
so blue my throat aches
to tell you | 5363 | autumn equinox
neither rain nor sun
a day on the edge |
| 5353 | wind picking up—
lazy song of the chimes
segues to a jig | 5364 | pill kicks in
softly call her name
bull elk bugles |
| 5354 | early dark
in the windows nothing
but reflection | 5365 | evening wind
tuning
the chimes |
| 5355 | waiting for fireworks –
the erratic path
of a bat | 5366 | ants cross the hall floor
fleeing or exploring
lecturer drones on |

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 5367 | driven by instinct
greying salmon swim upstream
we shuffle and wait | 5378 | pulling weeds
while talking with loan broker
dog days again |
| 5368 | cutting out
half this overbearing hedge
rose of Sharon | 5379 | heavy fog ...
how thick the taste
of fallen leaves |
| 5369 | October poet
turns the leaves slowly
distilled wisdom | 5380 | towering above
the autumn woods-
the autumn woods |
| 5370 | after the quarrel
I buy a brighter color
of nail polish | 5381 | autumn drizzle
wild asters blooming
deep purple |
| 5371 | last magpie
settles in the pine tree
afterglow | 5382 | last morn of summer
college girls dump keg beer
onto the front lawn |
| 5372 | first frost. . .
extra dried cranberries
in the oatmeal | 5383 | silent dinner
my stepdaughter chooses
unripened peach |
| 5373 | seafog swirling
past the fish shop
the men in aprons | 5384 | spectral mist
contested names
of the cable-stay bridge |
| 5374 | October sun rings
gold-flecked waves ripple ashore
two women bicker | 5385 | glorious sunset
brilliant red autumn sky
slowly fading to dusk |
| 5375 | mixing chablis with
rosé – another renku party
another headache | 5386 | puffy cotton clouds
hanging in a blue sky –
leaves beginning to turn |
| 5376 | warmed by refuge –
under the autumn moon
taking the precepts | 5387 | at the front door
a witch, ghost and a skeleton
hoping to scare us |
| 5377 | one year later
remembering how I left -
moon with mars rising | 5388 | birds circle the steeple –
flower petals and crushed rice
await an ancient broom |

5389 last of the cinnamon
three golden popovers
yesterday's windfall

through the kitchen window
you can hear them talking
--the cockscombs

PJM

5390 ruts full of brown grass
lead the wind among the trees --
fallen mail box

twilight stroll
the last rays of the sun come to rest
in the cockscomb

Jerry Ball

Challenge Kigo

Cockscomb
by Fay Aoyagi

cockscomb flat
the red and yellow
small jester's cap

Janeth H. Ewald

suddenly
my friend passes away
cockscomb

Naomi Y. Brown

from fence to curb
every hue and shade
cockscombs

Patricia Prime

in the park
pigeons strut
round the cockscombs

Dave Bachelor

brilliant cockscombs
it almost hurts
to close my eyes

Cindy Tebo

red cockscombs
raising their heads
to be noticed

Barbara Campitelli

lovers parting
in the public gardens—
feathery cockscomb

Ruth Holzer

through the window
the setting sun's brilliance—
cockscomb cuttings

Richard St. Clair

the fall afternoon
the cap of the jester
sits proudly on his head

Eve J. Blohm

garden colors
blended and fading. . .
but the cockscombs!

Yvonne Hardenbrook

swishing the brush
in the water jar
red of cockscombs

Carolyn Thomas

herbarium
sixty year old cockscomb
almost white

Zinovy Vayman

sun behind a cloud
cockscombs and a fallen limb
shadows on the wind

Ross Figgins

cockscombs this way, that—
behind her great put-on smile
the Diva's anger

PJM

old-fashioned cockscomb
one of my mother's favorites,
remembering her

Joan C. Sauer

cockscombs swaying—
the mended slats
in the neighbour's fence

Michael Dylan Welch

cockscombs—
the widow's hair
a deeper red

Gloria Procsal

eighteenth-century
kitchen garden replanted—
cockscombs in a row

Anne Homan

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is December 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**

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.

Members' Votes for July-August

Joan Goswell - 5234-4 5235-6 5236-6
Gloria Procsal - 5237-3 5238-6 5239-4
Cindy Tebo - 5340-10 5241-9 5242-8
Y. Hardenbrook - 5243-3 5244-4 5245-2
Joan Zimmerman - 5246-4 5247-2 5248-3
Patricia Prime - 5249-3 5250-0 5251-4
Michael Welch - 5252-2 5253-0 5254-1
Kay Grimnes - 5255-1 5256-2 5257-5
Anne Homan - 5258-1 5259-1 5260-5
June Hymas - 5261-1 5262-0 5263-3
Christine Michaels - 5264-1 5265-0 5266-1
Hank Dunlap - 5267-0 5268-0 5269-0
Gloria Jaguden - 5270-0
John Stevenson - 5271-6 5272-2 5273-3
Janeth Ewald - 5274-2 5275-11 5276-5
Naomi Brown - 5277-3 5278-1 5279-4
Ross Figgins - 5280-1 5281-3 5282-1
Graham High - 5283-7 5284-3 5285-1
Richard St. Clair - 5286-6 5287-3 5288-1
Teruo Yamagata - 5289-1 5290-0 5291-1
Carolyn Thomas - 5292-5 5293-7 5294-3
Giovanni Malito - 5295-3 5296-4 5297-5
Ruth Holzer - 5298-2 5299-2 5300-2
Eve Blohm - 5301-1 5302-0 5303-1
Zinoviy Vayman - 5304-1 5305-5 5306-0

**JULY-AUGUST HAIKU VOTED BEST
BY READERS OF GEPP0**

summer concert -
shaking the rain
out of his tuba

Janeth E. Ewald

civil war map
a lone ant on the trail
of Stonewall Jackson

Cindy Tebo

layoff notice
in tonight's coolness
the smell of smoke

Cindy Tebo

new subdivision
a white heron stands
in the drainage ditch

Cindy Tebo

egret rookery
a sudden silence brings me
up from the eyepiece

Anne Homan

foxglove trumpet
louder
with the bee inside

Graham High

full bloom concerto
the scent of old roses
fills my hands

Janeth E. Ewald

evening quiet
cherry pits
in the bowl of my hand

Carolyn Thomas

childhood friends
we buy matching
summer hats

Carolyn Thomas

ground being broken
wild irises in the
first bucketful

Joan Goswell

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

Giovanni Malito

porch sitting ...
the sweet smell of
new mown hay

Joan Goswell

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

Zinoviy Vayman

touching
my sister's husband
a white dog howls

Gloria Procsal

billowing
summer clouds
this wine . . .

Joan Goswell

fireflies . . .
our road still goes
nowhere

John Stevenson

memories line
the widow's face
magnolia scent

Gloria Procsal

reaching the top
of the wooded trail—
the rising wind

Richard St. Clair

night wind
the patio umbrella
inside out till morning

Yvonne Hardenbrook

leaf on the water
a long journey
begins

Kay Grimnes

with a gust of breeze
bamboo shadows quivering
the flute's overtones

Joan Zimmerman

summer morning
strolling among the herd
two grey herons

Patricia Prime

dozing in the hammock
the breeze reads through
"Brothers Karamazov"

Naomi Brown

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

Giovanni Malito

Challenge Kigo
for Sept-Oct 2003
by Fay Aoyagi
Quail (*Uzura*)
autumn

In ancient Japan the quail, especially its sound, appeared frequently in Japanese poems. My quail memory is associated with a school lunch. Somehow, my school gave us tiny quail eggs, instead of chicken eggs.

nuimono ni hari no koboruru uzura kana

at her sewing
the needle drops—
the quails' cry

Chiyo-ni*

yukaze ya taruho ni aruku kata uzura

evening breeze:
under the heavy ears of rice
a single quail walks

Dakotsu Iida**

feeling as small as
the quail without a spouse
the distant ocean scent

Fay Aoyagi

*haiku from *Chiyo-ni*, Patricia Donegan and Yoshie Ishibashi, trans., Charles E. Tuttle (Boston, 1998).

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

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:

Iean Hale

(Editor's Note: Dojin, Pat Machmiller, is traveling and did not contribute to this Dojins' column.)

Dojins' Corner
September/October 2003
by Jerry Ball

jb: Here's my long list: 5235, 5236, 5237, 5243, 5244, 5259, 5260, 5270, 5273, 5284, 5286, 5292, 5294, 5294, 5286, 5299, 5300. My three final choices are: 5236, 5296, and 5299.

5236 porch sitting
the sweet smell of
new mown hay

jb: Here is a lyrical moment in time. It is a lyrical epiphany. I especially like the directness and the austerity of the image. The olfactory image is strong on its own and is supported by the direct and economical language.

5259 the ants
teaching about infinity
at my kitchen sink

jb: This is an interesting haiku. At first it appears to be about the outer world, that is, about the ants. But it is really about the inner world of awareness of what we feel the ants

teach us. Clearly it's a metaphor, "ants as teachers," and, as such, it teaches the reader to pay closer attention to small things.

5270 her summer visit –
she tears the face of her ex
from last year's photo

jb: This is a moment that any divorcee can understand. It is a haiku about the frustration of one who still clings to what a marriage "might have been." So it is a narrative: she visits, sees the photo, and "tears the face of her ex" from the photo. The events speak for themselves. How many times has it repeated itself?

5279 dozing in the hammock
the breeze reads through
"Brothers Karamazov"

jb: A happy, restful, reflective moment. Again this is a metaphor. I can imagine "the breeze" reading over my shoulder, and when I doze, it keeps on reading. In my view, the "breeze" has good taste in literature.

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

jb: Several things I especially like about this haiku: the auditory image, the directness and economy of language, and the distinction between the "near dark" and, well, ...what? The "far dark" or the "distant dark." I just like this insight. Sometimes the darkness closes in, "the near dark", and it has a familiar feel to it. This is especially true when it carries the sound "of the stream." How pleasant, and refreshing is the sound of the stream, especially in the "near" dark.

. 5299 end of summer
the wind
shifts north

jb: I'm tempted to say, "Well, that does it! Summer really is at an end." Even the wind agrees that summer is at an end. There is a

finality about this haiku that is shown and that therefore need not be stated. And this is what we really mean by "end of summer." This also is a very simple haiku. The language is brief but sufficient. Nothing more needs be said. Summer indeed, is at an end.



SEASON WORDS for early winter

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

Season: *early winter months: November, December, chilly night, departing autumn, start of winter, depth of winter, short day, winter day, winter morning, winter night.*

Sky and Elements: *sardine cloud, frost/hoarfrost, freeze, hail, ice, icicle, north wind, sleet, snow/first snow, winter cloud, winter moon, winter rain, winter solstice, winter wind.*

Landscape: *reaped or harvested fields, stubble fields, vineyards, winter creek or stream, winter mountain, winter sea or ocean, winter seashore, winter garden, withered moor.*

Human Affairs: *gleaning, harvest, Thanksgiving; bean soup, blanket, brazier, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, foot warmer, gloves/mittens, grog, heater, hunting, falconer, fish trapper, overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl, skiing.*

Animals: *deer, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, woodpecker., bear, hibernation, fox, marten or sable, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter bee, winter fly, winter sparrow, winter wild geese, wolf, whale.*

Plants: *cranberry, pomegranate, dried persimmon, heavenly bamboo(Nandina), pine nuts,radish, scallion,tangerine /mandarin orange, turnip, winter chrysanthemum, winter grass., winter tree or grove, withered or frost-nipped plants.*



Bigger Than the Moon

Kasen Renku
written at Asilomar
4 October 2003

led by Patricia Machmiller

bigger than the moon
the tremendous shadow
of my backbone

Haruka Gotō

a reunion of my class
pumpkins and scarecrows included

Patrick Gallagher

long night—
the string of her old buttons
gleams in the lamplight

Wendy Wright

practicing the clarinet
a new book of jazz standards

Carol Steele

walk-off home run
the ex-baseball player tells
of his father's fame

Jerry Ball

I try to think and nothing comes
fireworks!

Betty Arnold

Sierra dawn
Arnold gropes his way
to the statehouse

Patrick Gallagher

her smile is different
so, too, is his

Bill Peckham

sitting alone
at our old table—
green-lipped mussels

Wendy Wright

sudden decision
to go mountain climbing

Una Gast

in her bright pink playsuit
she waddles off
holding her pacifier

Betty Arnold

lights flashing sirens wailing
my chilled heart flutters

Bill Peckham

winter moon
here in Brisbane, Australia, I'd swear
it's upside down

Jerry Ball

piling into the weasel
I hope to see polar bears

Una Gast

slippery slope
the President fails the test
of metaphor

Patrick Gallagher

this minestrone so rich
it fills my emptiness

Betty Arnold

it's spring already
another three months of bad
cherry blossom haiku

Bill Peckham

a skyscraper above the city—
blowing soap bubbles

Wendy Wright

Memorial Day Parade
honoring all veterans
past and present

Una Gast

the laughing clown is missing
a front tooth

Betty Arnold

raven's descent—
the street market vendor
scoops up her beads

Wendy Wright

thousands of children
dying of AIDS world wide

Betty Arnold

holding a parasol
a garden bodhisattva—
feeling blessed

Donnalynn Chase

cherry blossoms
on my new Furojiki
a boom box blares

Carol Steele

loneliness lifts
as the campfire flares

Kay Anderson

he charges at the windmill
"For Dulcinea!"

Roger Abe

high wind warning
the sailboat trip to Angel Island
canceled

Anne Homan

Search for the Sea

Half Kasen Renku
written at Asilomar
4 October 2003
led by Anne Homan

she talks to him
like looking into still water

Wendy Wright

by-the-sea wedding
he writes her name in
the convertible's dust

Carol Steele / Anne / dl

sea disappeared
soles of my feet
kissing the sand

Emi Gotö

between snores
he mumbles another's name

Donnalynn Chase

the pines leeward reach
away from the moon

D. Claire Gallagher

my granddaughter
scolding the dog—
harvest moon eclipse

Bill Peckham

gifts for sensei
wild asters all around
her portrait

Roger Abe

apples float I the tub
towels in a pile

Kay Anderson

the alarm clock rings
dreams of a foreign land

Jim Arnold

gossamer landing
the party talk questions
UFOs

Alison Woolpert

dust devils ahead
he pops it into fifth
and adjusts the rearview

Alison Woolpert

in the carpet store window
a going-out-of-business sign

Jim Arnold

the children have wilted
it's one hundred and five

Ellen Brooks

bend in the river
standing on the rocks
I wave my stick at Mars

Robert Major/Wend

my hara expanding
with each of hr bellows—
I loosen my belt

Donnalynn Chase

a calligrapher places her hand
before the stroke

Wendy Wright

he returns my glance
and smiles

Robert Major

honeymoon rock
Alice Algae still hot
for Freddy Fungus

Roger Abe

golden anniversary—
he steps over the sweeper tracks

D. Claire Gallagher

Grandma's bean salad—
the kids dial the phone
and order pizza

Jim Arnold

Den den mushi mushi
den den mushi! mushi!

Ellen Brooks/Roger

winter moon
somewhere in the wall
a mouse sneezes

Roger Abe

Napoleon's army defeated
by a snowfall

Anne Homan

as we leave the ballet
we dance a *pas de deux*
on the sidewalk

Robert Major

chaos and string theory—
questions for the void

Ellen Brooks

train's acomin'—
it's the cherry blossom special
bringing my baby back

Jim Arnold

tranquility—
bouncing dough balls

Roger Abe

Asilomar

by Donnalynn Chase

This year's annual Yuki Teikei Asilomar Retreat was held October 2nd to 5th. About twenty haiku writers assembled at the Asilomar State Beach and Conference Grounds in Pacific Grove, California. Emi Goto with her daughter,

Haruka, were our featured presenters. Not only are they gifted performers and haiku writers, they are also editors of the monthly haiku magazine, Kurumaza. Emi lead a kukai with a talk, gave a presentation on international haiku writing, and delivered an amazing performance using music and haiku. It was a preview of the performance she was to give on Sunday at San Jose City College.

In addition, there was a reading of *Kiyoko's Sky* by Patricia Machmiller and Haruka Goto, an afternoon of art, a walk with Ranger Bill, a haiku workshop led by Patricia Machmiller, an informal ginkgo, a renku party, and six Kyogen and Noh dances by Ellen Brooks, of the Theatre of Yugen.

Thirty-eight poems were included in the retreat's kukai. The process Emi introduced to us was: choose five haiku and write each on thin strips of paper identifying the one we thought was the best, collect all the pieces of paper and shuffle the pieces, hand five haiku back to each participant, everyone reads out loud the five haiku indicating the *toku sen* (voted as best), and everyone keeps track of the "votes." Each selection read was given one point and the one noted as the "best" was given two points. After we had read all the selected haiku, we went through the poems and validated the number of votes.

Then Emi gave us some commentary about the haiku voted as the best, by the highest points, and about kukai, in general. Basho, she said, thought that the haiku voted as best in a kukai were not always the best haiku. Haiku voted the best in a kukai are usually "powerful and clear with a new discovery." Poems that are more philosophical or layered with meaning are less likely to be fully appreciated in a quick reading of so many haiku. Yet on this occasion, she thought that we were discerning voters as she picked three that received the top votes from us. Emi continued to tell us that a kukai is not about the points - it is about having conversations, giving voice to the haiku, and connecting with others.

Calendar

- Nov. 8** **12:00** – Meet at Kubota
 Restaurant near Jackson & N. 5th
 Sts. After lunch at 1:30 we will
 go to the Japanese American
 Museum of Art. 535 N. 5th St.
 to see an exhibit about a WWII
 Japanese internment camp - and
 have a tour of Japan Town. If
 you have a copy of *May Sky*
 by Violet Kazuo de Cristoforo,
 please bring it with you.

- Dec. 13** Holiday Party. Home of Jean
 Hale,
 Jose. Call for directions
 or email

RSVP

 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.

