



the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume –XXVIII:6

Nov/Dec 2003

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 5391 | windy morning –
the maple tree shaking off
red leaves | 5399 | doves huddled
on the balcony --
winter drizzle |
| 5392 | after Thanksgiving –
the passing garbage truck
partakes of leftovers | 5400 | soft spotted breast
of the young red-shouldered hawk . . .
Gaza Strip check point |
| 5393 | autumn 2003
crossword puzzle 911
never published | 5401 | around midnight
she adjusts the IV drip
slow winter moon |
| 5394 | all this snow –
only a wandering creek
to tell me where I am | 5402 | tire ruts deep
in the runaway truck ramp
autumn mountain |
| 5395 | snowy morning
after the barn chores
frying up bacon and eggs | 5403 | a second opinion
another shake of salt
in dad's bean soup |
| 5396 | another day
longing for spring
the lengthening icicles | 5404 | restaurant calendar
two black swans
over the highchair |
| 5397 | through the prism
of the suncatcher –
first snowfall | 5405 | Thanksgiving conversation—
only three channels
on Grandma's TV |
| 5398 | depth of winter
shut in with the flu
my head my head | 5406 | an early blizzard
no one at home
to take the pizza |
-

- 5407 atop the barren tree
a noisy crow
talks to no one
- 5408 winter wind
looking for dad's
new headstone
- 5409 quiet morning
the noisy crunch of new snow
with every step
- 5410 his last illness
a favorite fishing lure
hooked to the curtain
- 5411 storm clouds
skimming the rooftops
Canada geese
- 5412 winter sparrow
hopping
mad
- 5413 winter seashore
half an abalone
the sound of pink
- 5414 across tundra ice
wrapped with her clavichord
hidden in furs
- 5415 winter seashore
just seagulls on the beach -
my footsteps echo
- 5416 Ladies club meeting
the empty tree fills up
with small gloves and mittens
- 5417 in back of the house
a deer family nibble -
displaced from their home
- 5418 the Grand Central clock
an antique for all travelers
hidden in plain sight
- 5419 wild bear's new lifestyle
no longer hibernating
wanders to forage
- 5420 fogbound freeway sign
trucks only - weigh in scale
weight watchers' meeting
- 5421 morning stillness
the first tree
wintering
- 5422 last colored leaves
a change
in the cat's purr
- 5423 winter rain
warp
of the door
- 5424 the cat rolls
onto her back
bright half of the moon
- 5425 news from Iraq
Orion
hugs the horizon
- 5426 partly cloudy
she takes the cute red car
for a test drive
- 5427 a secret garden:
two butterflies open themselves
on autumn flowers
- 5428 breakfast sunshine:
saliva projectiles fly
towards my best friend

- 5429 Sea of Japan . . .
two windmills are humming
in the wind from Russia
- 5430 wind rise . . .
a field of goldenrods
bend with the wind
- 5431 waiting for mail
from back home
lucid sunset
- 5432 drizzle . . .
I cut tarot card
hanged man again
- 5433 reading at lunchtime
a crumb between
the new page and old
- 5434 winter solitude
this night
that is about to pass
- 5435 a fast computer
the weather coming
from so far away
- 5436 for the library
yet another computer
the dusty stacks
- 5437 clear sky
a gift of gold
the winter sun
- 5438 in the dump
the old umbrella
fills with rain
- 5439 reminded once more
darkness and the winter path
a mouse squeals
- 5440 neighbor's window
small flag with a gold star
too young then
- 5441 sipping days
my teeth start to ache
snow-chilled cider
- 5442 thoughts of marriage –
the wishbone
broken evenly
- 5443 drought-brown hills—
the horses in the pasture
bent to yellow hay
- 5444 sun after rain—
a flock of sparrows
in newly mown grass
- 5445 My brown-eyed daughter
crawling on her hands and knees
Wild Aster blossom
- 5446 doing laundry, the
Autumn colors on his jeans
fade, like memories
- 5447 many times this night
light flickers to the footsteps
jack-o-lantern laughs
- 5448 a gentle snowfall;
nothing but swirling whiteness
and muffled voices
- 5449 Present she has made . . .
the excited child asks us
to open it first
- 5450 Pause on winter hike . . .
gazing through a skim of ice
held against the sun

5451 through a hole
in the millennium rock
the winter mountain

5462 rattle of hailstones
on her black umbrella
honk of the school bus

5452 hot chocolate
a cinnamon heart decorates
the froth

CHALLENGE KIGO

Quail

5453 school bell
mandarin orange peel
left on the playground

the weaver's fingers
brushing past each other
quail mother's quail chicks

Patricia Machmiller

5454 not possible
to retrace my steps
dry and withered field

low-hanging bush
quail gathered in conference
and a cottontail

Barbara Campitelli

5455 the wheelchair
goes on one more outing
Indian summer

a flurry of quail
the old horse
spins and bucks

Joan Goswell

5456 trying to conjure up
the spirits of the deceased
village theatricals

covey of quail
dusting themselves . . .
soft twilight shadows

Anne Homan

5457 departing autumn
how shameless he is
the hazel-eyed boy

a flurry
of speckles and plumes—
mountain quail

Ruth Holzer

5458 roguish breeze
my pithy neighbor's
pithy radishes

monday morning
rain instead of
the quail's song

Cindy Tebo

5460 the creak of a gate
winter moonlight on metal
night train whistling by

like a princess in
her hand-me-down hand-me-down —
the quail-feathered quail

Patricia Machmiller

5461 insomniac
answering e-mail — ah!
electric foot warmer

sudden gust of wind —
quail chicks follow their mother
into the deep grass

Richard St. Clair

Sunday drive
two quail at roadside
looking back at me

Yvonne Hardenbrook

the quail's cry
locked inside the fortress
listening

Janeth H. Ewald

picking berries
the call of the quail
fills the quiet field

Joan C. Sauer

evening stillness
the shift
of the quail's head

Carolyn Thomas

whispered secrets
the bobble
of a quail's topknot

Carolyn Hall

a bevy of quail
parade on the stone wall
sunset

Naomi Y. Brown

still hungry
bluish insides
of quail eggshells

Zinovy Vayman

paying bills -
out the window
quail at the feeder

Laura Bell

autumn path —
perfectly still
the quail's heartbeat

Ross Figgins

cautiously
with small sounds quail feed
the cat so still

Eugenie Waldteufel

fading sunset—
a quail track disappears
under the hedge

Michael Dylan Welch

a midday so hot
men take time-out from haying —
a bobwhite calls

Robert Major

lost
in the lake side mist
quail's cry

Patricia Prime

mountain path
call of a quail
leading me home

Gloria Procsal

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPPO**

Deadline for next issue is February 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**

**SEASON WORDS
for late winter/early spring**

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

Season: winter months (January, early or mid-February), depth of winter, short day, winter day, early spring, lengthening days.

Sky and Elements: frost, hail, north wind, snow, winter cloud, winter moon/rain/wind; lingering snow, spring frost/snow.

Landscape: winter stream, winter mountain, winter sea, winter garden, withered moor; flooded stream, muddy road.

Human Affairs: bean soup, blanket, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, hunting, ice fishing, overcoat, winter desolation, Groundhog Day, Twelfth Night, Valentines Day.

Animals: bear, hibernation, fox, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter birds, winter bee, winter wild geese, whale; abalone, pheasant, wild birds' return.

Plants: carrot, celery, dried persimmon, early plum blossom, radish, scallion, tangerine, turnip, flowers in winter: winter camellia/ chrysanthemum/ narcissus/peony, withered or frost-nipped plants; azalea, bracken, camellia, crocus, daphne, grass sprouts, mustard, plum blossoms, plum tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver(nori).



PLEASE NOTE:

The papers and correspondence of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi are being preserved in the California State Library Haiku Archives. If you had correspondence with either or both of them, which you would like to preserve, please send to:

Karen Smith
Haiku Archives
Special Collections Branch
California State Library
PO Box 942837
Sacramento, CA 942837-0001
U.S.A.

Members' Votes for September-October

- Anne Homan - 5307-4 5308-0 5309-4
- Hank Dunlap - 5310-1 5311-2 5312-1
- Gloria Procsal - 5313-2 5314-1 5315-1
- Michael Welch - 5316-4 5317-6 5318-6
- Teruo Yamagata - 5319-2 5320-0 5321-1
- Carolyn Thomas - 5322-1 5323-4 5324-6
- Eve Blohm - 5325-1 5326-1 5327-0
- Ruth Holzer - 5328-4 5329-3 5330-1
- Cindy Tebo - 5331-1 5332-1 5333-5
- Patricia Prime - 5334-6 5335-0 5336-3
- Laura Bell - 5337-1 5338-1 5339-1
- Kevin Fish - 5340-0 5341-0 5342-0
- Janeth Ewald - 5343-1 5344-1 5345-2
- Graham High - 5346-2 5347-0 5348-0
- John Stevenson - 5349-4 5350-4 5351-3
- Y. Hardenbrook - 5352-5 5353-0 5354-3
- Kay Grimnes - 5355-1 5356-0 5357-2
- Richard St. Clair - 5358-1 5359-1 5360-2
- Barbara Campitelli - 5361-2 5362-5 5363-0
- Dave Bachelor - 5364-0 5365-6 5366-0
- Christine - 5367-1 5368-0 5369-1
- Naomi Brown - 5370-4 5371-1 5372-3
- Joan Zimmerman - 5373-4 5374-0 5375-1
- Donnalynn Chase - 5376-0 5377-3 5378-0
- Joan Goswell - 5379-5 5380-4 5381-2
- Zinoviy Vayman - 5382-1 5383-5 5384-0
- Joan Sauer - 5385-1 5386-0 5387-1
- Ross Figgins - 5388-0 5389-1 5390-0

**SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER HAIKU VOTED
BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0**

first morning light—
the comb's broken tooth
down the drain

Michael Dylan Welch

roadside stand—
I ask the farmer's daughter
to reweigh my potatoes

Michael Dylan Welch

curled on the coverlet
the black cat
in a slice of moon

Carolyn Thomas

from the kennel
only the dog's nose
autumn rain

Patricia Prime

evening wind
tuning
the chimes

Dave Bachelor

the things Mom saved
a baby jar
full of pumpkin seeds

Cindy Tebo

October sky
so blue my throat aches
to tell you

Yvonne Hardenbrook

autumn equinox
this morning the honey
is crystallized

Barbara Campitelli

heavy fog . . .
how thick the taste
of fallen leaves

Joan Goswell

silent dinner
my stepdaughter chooses
unripened peach

Zinovy Vayman

"very good" pencilled
by her fading recipe
for lemon pudding

Anne Homan

he deepens the groove
with another wood chisel
calm morning

Anne Homan

oak shadows
on a windy night:
the street light bending

Michael Dylan Welch

lengthening shadows
the field pregnant
with pumpkins

Carolyn Thomas

Rosh Hashanah cards—
nowhere
to send them now

Ruth Holzer

tired gossip
the taste
of a bitten thread

John Stevenson

game over
men turn to leave
the tv department

John Stevenson

after the quarrel
I buy a brighter color
of nail polish

Naomi Brown

seafog swirling
past the fish shop
the men in aprons

Joan Zimmerman

towering above
the autumn woods -
the autumn woods

Joan Goswell

Membership in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is \$20 U.S. and \$25 International per year. Fee includes six issues of *Geppo*.

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE

By Fay Aoyagi

Tapir pillow, dream-eating pillow
(*Baku-makura*)
New Year

Japanese believe that a tapir eats a bad dream. On the night of New Year's Day, people used to place a drawing of a tapir under their pillow hoping to have an auspicious dream. If you have a dream about Mt. Fuji, you are a winner! The second best dream is of a hawk, the third is of an eggplant. Don't ask me why.

baku makura ogi hiroge ni kami o toki

tapir pillow—
like a dancing fan
I loosen my hair Kiyoe Nagasaku*

baku makura ko no yoki yume o tsuyu shirazu

tapir pillow—
my child's auspicious dream
is a mystery to me Toshi Akao**

dream-eating pillow—
tapir vs. Godzilla
ends in a draw Fay Aoyagi

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

** 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:

Jean Hale

Dojins' Corner
by Pat and Jerry

jb: Here is my long list: 5313, 5317, 5318, 5319, 5323, 5324, 5338, 5351, 5357, 5362, 5370, 5372, 5379. My final three are: 5313, 5362, and 5379.

pjm: My long list is 5313, 5317, 5328, 5331, 5332, 5334, 5337, 5347, 5349, 5352, 5353, 5355, 5373, 5377, 5380, and 5383. I chose to write about 5349, 5352, and 5373.

5313 an otter
 is breaching
 endless rain

jb: Here is a pair of contrasting images which meld into a resonance. The idea of the otter "breaching" the pelted surface of the water is a story of persistence against eternal irritation of the nature of the world. It takes persistence and an occasional "breach" sometimes to align one's psyche and this haiku calls that to me.

I also like the language of this haiku. It is simple, direct, economical, and, to me, has a good feeling to it. There is a natural "kireji" (a breach?) at the end of the second line, which is a time to pause and think a little. I think it's nice to build this into the structure of the verse.

pjm: I am very glad that Jerry chose this poem to discuss. For me, this haiku was the highlight of this issue of GEPP0 until I realized that I had misread "breaching" as "breathing." As

much as I liked the haiku, the change in that one word altered the feeling, the meaning, and the sound enough to cause me to rank it just below the three others I chose. Ranking is, of course, a very subjective process, and so, as Jerry and I are both suggesting, the haiku is still successful as it is written. But I thought that my response to the haiku with one word changed would be worth sharing as the experience allowed me to see clearly see how one word can effectively alter the total impact of a haiku. The two words, breaching and breathing, while very close in sound, are miles apart in meaning. Breaching is a rough, even violent, break, a discontinuity. Breathing, on the other hand, even though it is broken into breathing in and breathing out, is associated with feelings of calm, of tranquility, of ongoing-ness. And so, breathing, which is made up of parts, is analogous to rain in that it appears seamless even though it is made up of continuous drops. This idea of continuity is picked up in the word "endless"; an endless rain is not violent, it is steady and boringly persistent—like breathing. And the sounds of the two words, while similar, hold in their pronunciation their individual meanings: the "ch" in "breaching" forces the breath to discharge forcefully in the middle of the word, whereas pronouncing the "th" in breathing the breath glides easily over the tongue unimpeded. And in this very act of speaking the word "breathing" the body senses the feeling of continual rain, ongoing and endless.

tired gossip
the taste
of bitten thread

pjm: The unusual comparison of a taste sensation to gossip is the first attraction of this haiku. And the expression "tired gossip" is a fresh description that gives a different face to gossip used by itself. This very specialized and different feeling of "tired gossip" is being compared to the *taste* of a bitten thread. This uncommon reference makes us try to recall that sensation, an odd, slightly unattractive—not exactly repellent, but one we wouldn't seek out as pleasurable—flavor. The subtle match of this odd feeling and odd taste is very effective. And of this, the best haiku are made. I'd like to suggest that the use of a kigo could heighten the experience of this haiku. For example, were the

second line to read "the winter taste" the subtlety of the comparison would not be disturbed but another dimension of thought would be added—that of the deadness of winter at the heart of gossip.

jb: When I saw Patricia's choices I was happy to take a second look at some haiku that I'd skipped. For some reason I didn't react on my first harvest, but on the gleaning I saw a new light. A word of explanation: I see this particular work as a senryu and not haiku. An excellent senryu, but a senryu none the less. However, I must agree with Patricia that this is a powerful verse. The two images work well together in a dynamic relation and produce a strong effect. Someone has gossiped (at least) once too often, and it produces a "bad" taste, or at least a taste of something of severity.

5352 October sky
so blue my throat aches
to tell you

pjm: The poet has captured in this haiku that stab of recognition so well that the reader is able to experience it immediately, as well. The recognition I am speaking of is of the blue sky, so clear, so absolute, simultaneously with that awareness of the season, of the year, of one's life unstoppably passing, and the desire to share the experience and the recognition is so powerful it hurts physically. This comparison of a painful sensation to a color is an unusual and fresh way of describing an otherwise ho-hum blue sky.

jb: For me, this is a lyrical haiku. It is an expression of emotional intensity so strong that sharing it produces pain. This is nicely done. The image is clear and direct and there are no false moves with the language.

5362 autumn equinox
this morning the honey
is crystallized

jb: Two statements of fact are juxtaposed for an enquiry. Why should the honey be crystallized? What has this got to do with the balancing of the seasons? I can think of some answers, and when I do, I find that I have more questions. This haiku invites me to reach out to "weigh and consider."

After I thought about this haiku, I went to the cupboard in my kitchen and looked at the jar of honey. It isn't crystallized. But if it were? Today isn't the equinox. But if it were? What if the season were balanced? And where is the fulcrum? It's nice to have a subjunctive world for an occasional visit.

pjm: At this point of the year when the day and night are equal, but moving toward darker days and longer nights, the honey, life's sweetness, inexplicably but definitely, has changed state. When exactly is it that we grow old? The honey's structure in changing from liquid to crystal has become visible; it is clear now, as happens to us often in life: as we progress, grow, and mature things that were not apparent to us before become clearer; as our awareness deepens so does our ability to see beyond the surface, to see things as they really are. Autumn, and particularly, the autumn equinox, is a time for such reflection and seeing.

5373 seafog swirling
 past the fish shop
 the men in aprons

pjm: In spite of the swirling sea fog, this image is sharply focused—it is so real we can almost touch the blood on the aprons of the men. They are frozen for an instant in our mind's eye in front of that fish shop; only the sea fog is moving. It could eclipse them from view at any moment, but for now we see them in their aprons at their work gutting and scaling the fish we will eat. The haiku gives a clear-eyed, nonjudgmental view—it is neither too pretty nor too harsh. It just is. And the "s" and "sh" sounds throughout the haiku add to the feeling of the fog nearby attaching the human world to the natural world in the same way that, as mammals in the food chain, we are intimately tied to our food sources and the work of these "men in aprons."

jb: While I like the idea that I think I see in this haiku, I think the language isn't clear. I'm not clear whether the fog is swirling past the fish shop, or the men in aprons are (moving somehow) past the fish shop. I'm reading it this way:

men in aprons
seafog swirling
past the fish shop

So it's the fog that is doing the swirling. Well, I like the idea, anyway. Somehow it moves me whatever the idea ...they both do.

5379 heavy fog ...
 how thick the taste
 of fallen leaves

jb: Right off I'll admit that this haiku has two kigo: fog and fallen leaves. And, often the use of two kigo weakens the strength of the verse. But, for me, I think that these two kigo work very well to construct a "thick" image. I am called into the wet world of the "fog" and the "fallen leaves." The image is so strong I can almost "taste" it ...oh, that what the author said, isn't it? For me, the metaphor works.

pjm: I like the notion behind this haiku—the idea of comparing the density of the fog to a taste. Somehow, however, I would like the taste to be something I would have tasted. For instance, 5349 worked for me because I have a physical memory of tasting bread. I have never tasted fallen leaves and so my memory cannot reproduce the sensation for me, and, as a consequence, reading the haiku doesn't produce a visceral feeling in my body. Yes, my imagination can conjure up a taste that I might associate with fallen leaves, but this intellectual response is like milk toast when compared to the chocolate-truffle wallop that would be delivered if the haiku tapped into the deep knowledge my body has gained over the years from my own taste buds. This aspect of writing poetry cannot be over emphasized. And for haiku it is fundamental; if there were to be a first law, it would be this.

We invite your comments.

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Calendar

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** Y.T. Members will participate in a Workshop for Teenagers at Martin Luther King Library, 4th & San Fernando Sts., San Jose. Meeting in Childrens Exploration Room, Mezzanine Level.

Free parking is available across the street from the library.

