

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXVIII:1

January-February 2004

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

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|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5463 | deep grey winter sky
doctor's piercing words confirm
time for long term care | 5472 | pea sprouts
the Chinese waiter's eyes
are not there |
| 5464 | computer spilling
slides taken in the fifties
the spiders' spinning | 5473 | they ask the soldier
for his stories of Iraq
goldfinches return |
| 5465 | the North wind
moaning at the window
crying to get in | 5474 | geese return
the weight of water
sunset |
| 5466 | breaking through the greyness
Valentine's Days red hearts
flutter on the flagpole | 5475 | pale winter sun
on the palm tree
F-16's roar |
| 5467 | after the thaw
muddy country roads –
who will get stuck next | 5476 | blue heron's shadow
shifts
in the sunset |
| 5468 | after the thaw
muddy country roads –
who will get stuck next | 5477 | winter birds flying
far across the horizon. . .
her fresh-brewed coffee |
| 5469 | in the harsh wind
the sound of winter grasses
all rustling at once | 5478 | night stillness—
another week of cold
another blanket |
| 5470 | grey winter day –
my extended face mirrored
in the kettle | 5479 | the neighbor's cough
heard through the wall—
ice on the window |
| 5471 | daffodils in bloom
the season unrelated
to the girl's laughter | 5480 | brisk clatter of hail
on the pool-hall windows –
the hustler's white teeth |
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| <p>5481 Epiphany gift –
a bottle of placebos
for the doctor</p> <p>5482 February dawn –
a woman lighting red candles
in the cathedral</p> <p>5483 clamorous Schonberg
told I must listen to more –
paradise unclaimed</p> <p>5484 women in black shawls
bend to explain this new place
children with adult eyes</p> <p>5485 horned orange
in the Buddha’s hand -
the Buddha’s hand</p> <p>5486 winter wild geese
the ancient chant of plain song
the beat of wings</p> <p>5487 steaming nori
cupped between my hands
this fog in my heart</p> <p>5488 fat sardines
crackling over charcoal fire
nudist beach</p> <p>5489 an eagle screams
beyond thunder
the rippling sky</p> <p>5490 having settled things
the moonlight
in his open shirt</p> <p>5491 snow flurries
an old sparrow’s
frozen song</p> | <p>5492 from how far away
did those three kings journey. . .
Mars landing</p> <p>5493 chilly night
I snuggle deeper in bed
toward the sweet spot</p> <p>5494 silver lines waver
in the flooded stubblefields
Charlie Chaplin film</p> <p>5495 suddenly slipping
into the fourth-dimension
winter hibernation</p> <p>5496 teacher talks on and on
about the good old days
chimney corner</p> <p>5497 beyond the next hill
an observation balloon
early spring breeze</p> <p>5498 alone together
sharing Valentine’s Day
with the whole world</p> <p>5499 January sunset -
watching planes taxi
from my bed on wheels</p> <p>5500 winter day –
wind wrapping itself
around the houses</p> <p>5501 seen through plum blossom
my neighbour picking
last year’s fruit</p> <p>5502 spring frost
sheltering in its blanket
the busker’s guard dog</p> |
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|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5503 | winter day
the slow movement
of chess pieces | 5514 | old elm
shaping the sky
just beyond |
| 5504 | soaking beans for soup
I notice my hands
dry and wrinkled | 5515 | in the dark
one hand
touching another |
| 5505 | Pungent mist
from tangerine peel
transports me | 5516 | flying upriver
swan of January
with his neck stretched out |
| 5506 | oyster makes pearl
from irritant sand
I visualize a beach | 5517 | the bamboo fence
fallen to pieces—
withered field |
| 5507 | New Year's Day
dishes
in the drainer | 5518 | quarter moon
the ice
creaks |
| 5508 | extreme wind chill
my thoughts extend
too far ahead | 5519 | overweight lady
buys vanishing cream
labeled 'use till gone' |
| 5509 | Oscar night
adjusting the cuffs
of my pajamas | 5520 | nursing home
she rereads
the final chapter |
| 5510 | evening snow
on top of the cedar
on top of the lime kiln | 5521 | gossip's phone call
a snail crosses
the patio |
| 5511 | "Happy Groundhog Day!"
I mail Mom a card
with the prairie in bloom | 5522 | warbler
on the cottage railing
whistle duel |
| 5512 | early spring
paintball splatters
on the cottonwood | 5523 | plum blossoms
the baby's hand
reaches up |
| 5513 | outside
church
waiting | 5524 | midges in the sunset
the sound of two ducks
snapping |

<p>5525 serving coffee to workers shoveling snow— spoonsful of sugar</p>	<p>winter sunrise we whisper ourselves awake dream eating pillow</p>	<p>Ross Figgins</p>
<p>5526 after the rain fog fragments on the meadow become sheep</p>	<p>Tapir pillow braids in a tumble sixteen again</p>	<p>Gloria Procsal</p>
<p>5527 Chatauqua the speaker discussing Alps keeps looking up</p>	<p>tapir pillow, please drink deep at the water hole in last night's forest</p>	<p>Janeth Ewald</p>
<p>5528 opposite windows the snow in the southern one descends slowly</p>	<p>dream-eating pillow a graceful bird suspended above the wave crest</p>	<p>Anne Homan</p>
<p>5529 ashram hallway he coughs like his deadbeat dad</p>	<p>tapir pillow a dream voyage to children beyond the ocean</p>	<p>Barbara Campitelli</p>
<p>5530 thickening darkness empty rattle of the street car towards the last stop</p>	<p>tapir pillow playing around my ear the tip of your tongue</p>	<p>Patricia Prime</p>
<p>CHALLENGE KIGO tapir pillow by Fay Aoyagi</p>		
<p>dream eating pillow - waking suddenly out of breath my pillow all bunched up</p>	<p>tapir pillow heavy covers bring leaden dreams release me</p>	<p>Joan C. Sauer Christine Doreian Michaels</p>
<p>tapir pillow - plumped with a satisfied hand this golden morning</p>	<p>tapir pillow. . . I tried it but couldn't sleep</p>	<p>Graham High John Stevenson</p>
<p>our Japanese guest telling a dream of Fuji— her tapir pillow</p>	<p>tapir pillow I drift off into the summer of trumpet vines</p>	<p>Richard St. Clair Cindy Tebo</p>
<p>sometimes they fly those birds sitting on the lake Tapir pillow</p>	<p>two tapir pillows— we share a dream of Fujiyama</p>	<p>Roger Abe Ruth Holzer</p>

one eye open
on the wrinkled pillow
light of the new day

Zinovy Vayman

Members' Votes for November-December

- Barbara Campitelli – 5391-2 5392-1 5393-0
- Joan Goswell – 5394-12 5395-1 5396-4
- Ruth Holzer – 5397-6 5398-2 5399-1
- Anne Homan – 5400-1 5401-4 5402-3
- Cindy Tebo – 5403-3 5404-1 5405-2
- Richard St. Clair – 5406-1 5407-4 5408-7
- Y. Hardenbrook – 5409-2 5410-7 5411-4
- Janeth Ewald – 5412-8 5413-2 5414-2
- Joan Sauer – 5415-1 5416-0 5417-0
- Una Gast – 5418-0 5419-1 5420-1
- Carolyn Thomas – 5421-2 5422-3 5423-4
- Carolyn Hall – 5424-2 5425-2 5426-1
- Zinovy Vayman – 5427-2 5428-0 5429-6
- Naomi Brown – 5430-1 5431-0 5432-3
- John Stevenson – 5433-2 5434-2 5435-0
- Laura Bell – 5436-1 5437-0 5438-4
- Ross Figgins – 5439-2 5440-1 5441-1
- Michael D. Welch - 5442-7 5443 5444-1
- Yukiko Northon – 5445-2 5446-1 5447-1
- Robert Major – 5448-3 5449-0 5450-1
- Psatricia Prime – 5451-1 5452-1 5453-5
- Teruo Yamagata – 5454-1 5455-6 5456-1
- Gloria Procsal – 5457-3 5458-2 5459-3
- Joan Zimmerman – 5460-3 5461-0 5462-1

**NOVEMBER-DECEMBER HAIKU VOTED
BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0**

all this snow –
only a wandering creek
to tell me where I am

Joan Goswell

winter sparrow
hopping
mad

Janeth Ewald

winter wind
looking for dad's
new headstone

Richard St. Clair

his last illness
a favorite fishing lure
hooked to the curtain

Yvonne Hardenbrook

thoughts of marriage –
the wishbone
broken evenly

Michael Dylan Welch

through the prism
of the suncatcher –
first snowfall

Ruth Holzer

Sea of Japan. . .
two windmills are humming
in the wind from Russia

Zinovy Vayman

the wheelchair
goes on one more outing
Indian summer

Teruo Yamagata

school bell
mandarin orange peel
left on the playground

Patricia Prime

another day
longing for spring
the lengthening icicles

Joan Goswell

around midnight
she adjusts the IV drip
slow winter moon

Anne Homan

atop the barren tree
a noisy crow
talks to no one

Richard St. Clair

storm clouds
skimming the rooftops
Canada geese

Yvonne Hardenbrook

winter rain
warp
of the door

Carolyn Thomas

in the dump
an old umbrella
fills with rain

Laura Bell

drought-brown hills—
the horses in the pasture
bent to yellow hay

Michael Dylan Welch

**SEASON WORDS
for spring**

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

Season: spring months: March, April, early spring, lengthening days, spring dream, spring dusk, spring evening, spring melancholy, tranquility, vernal equinox.

Sky and Elements: bright, haze or thin mist, first spring storm, hazy moon, March wind, melting snow, lingering snow, spring breeze, spring cloud, spring frost, spring moon, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, warmth.

Landscape: flooded river/stream/brook, muddy/miry fields, muddy road, spring fields, spring hills, spring mountain, spring river, spring sea, spring tide.

Human Affairs: plowing or tilling fields, sleeping Buddha, spring cleaning, windmill, April Fools Day/April fool, Ash Wednesday, Lent, Palm Sunday, Easter (~ bonnet/clothes, ~ eggs, coloring/hiding ~ eggs, ~lily, ~ parade, ~ rabbit/chicken/duckling), Passover.

Animals: abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), bush warbler, cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, whitebait (a fish), nightingale, wild birds' return (geese, etc.).

Plants: asparagus, bracken, bramble, camellia, cherry blossoms/tree, crocus, daphne, blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, maple, oak, pear, pine, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, mustard, parsley, plum blossoms/tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver (nori), shepherd's-purse, violet, pussy willows or catkins, willow.

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.

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is April 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**

Dojins' Corner

by Patricia and Jerry

Nov-Dec 2003

This month we received a letter from Yvonne Hardenbrook about an experience that John Stevenson's haiku

tired gossip
the taste of
bitten thread

brought back for her. We thought we would share an excerpt from it.

Yvonne Hardenbrook: I'd like to comment on [Patricia and Jerry's] take on the "tired gossip" gem. When I was little, my home, the parsonage, was often the site of a quilting bee. Older women in the church sat around a large rack cranked taut so a needle could be punched through and pulled back up by the seamstress. Sometimes, though, a small child was pressed into service under the rack to push the needle back up. Sometimes me.

When a woman threaded a needle, it was often handier to bite the thread rather than reaching for scissors. Thread was cotton in those days, and cotton often picked up other odors, so either way there was a taste. The reference to "tired gossip" meant to me that what the women talked about was often the same old things—tired gossip. But since these get-togethers didn't happen often, any subject of conversation was welcome, tired or not. If I recall correctly, quilting bees were a winter event, when warm weather chores didn't call women elsewhere. Interestingly, I first read "bitten" as "bitter," yet "taste" took me to "bitten" anyway.

pjm: Thank you, Yvonne, for writing. Your experience gives a context for John's haiku that adds dimension. And now on to this month's haiku.

jb: Here is my long list: 5391, 5397, 5402, 5403, 5406, 5423, 5425, 5429, 5430, 5438, 5442, 5457, 5459. With some difficulty I choose to write about: 5406, 5423, and 5425.

pjm: My long list, 5394, 5395, 5396, 5398, 5399, 5400, 5401, 5402, 5403, 5404, 5405, 5406, 5407, 5410, 5411, 5412, 5414, 5416, 5422, 5423, 5425, 5429, 5432, 5434, 5446, 5450, 5453, 5454, 5457, and 5458, was shortened to 5400, 5401, 5403, 5404, 5407, 5410, 5422, 5425, and 5454. I chose to write about 5400, 5404, and 5425.

5410 Soft spotted breast
of the young red-shouldered hawk
Gaza strip checkpoint

pjm: The many layers as well as the gravity of the subject matter give this haiku depth and resonance. In the first layer we see the literal image of a young hawk on a fence near a guarded gate in the desert. Just that image of life in the stark surroundings is grippingly immediate. But this isn't just any desert or just any gate—it's the Gaza Strip, a place that even if you haven't been there, conjures up images of a no-man's-land, a place hostile to life, a place of little or no hope. In the next layer of the poem we are drawn to compare the hawk to the guards at the checkpoint. (It is interesting that the guards are not mentioned, but we know they are there.) Both the hawk and the guards are young, both are—dare we say—predators? A chilling thought. And, yes, both are vulnerable. Heart-breakingly so. Which brings us to "red-shouldered" and the third level. That one phrase pulls into our ruminations the notions of wearing one's heart on one's sleeve (the vulnerability), the "red badge of courage" which calls up bravery, brashness, and fear all at once, and finally ribbons worn by decorated military heroes. In the last layer the hawk as a winter kigo matches and deepens the feeling of desolation. Only in the word "young" as ascribed to the central figure of this haiku are we able to see a glimmer of hope that winter, too, has an end.

jb: I can understand Patricia's comments about this haiku, yet it is not one of my favorites. I'm wondering if this is an eye witness account, or perhaps a subjunctive image? I have a hard time connecting the "soft spotted breast" ...the vulnerability ...with the dirty business of running a border checkpoint. I don't say it can't be so connected, I simply own up to my own blindness here.

5404 restaurant calendar
two black swans
over the high chair

pjm: One of the first things I look for when I read a haiku is how does the kigo relate to the image. If I find I can explain the relationship too easily my interest in the haiku falls away. But if I find the relationship is not immediately apparent, I am intrigued and I am willing to give the haiku some time to reveal itself. At first glance, this haiku seems to present a very ordinary scene in an ordinary restaurant: a high chair against a wall with a calendar hanging above it. The calendar has an image of two black swans. The scene has an Edward Hopper quality to it. So ordinary and so mysterious at the same time, And there are no people here; only objects that people made and that people use. Every day objects. A calendar that people use to keep track of time. and a high chair. Even the swans are not real. They are a reproduction of an image. They are an image within an image. They are a kigo for winter. What have they to do with the highchair? Is the high chair empty? Has a child been lost? Birds in many cultures are symbols of passage from this world to the spirit world. And in western culture swans are transformative figures—young maidens in many fairy tales in the form of swans were free beings. If, however, they lost their protective features, they could be caught and made to marry. Then there is the Zeus as swan myth. And black swans in aboriginal lore are the two sister-wives of the All-Father. Which myth best fits the interpretation of this haiku is an open question, but one that only needs to be answered by each individual reader. For my part, I am interpreting the swans as transporters of a child's soul to the spirit world. But over time and upon more reflection I could gain more understanding of the haiku's meaning and come to a different realization. This is haiku, I think, at its best.

jb: "two black swans" over the high chair...I immediately recall the duet in Menotti's opera "The Medium" ...the black swan as a portent of fear and doom. I wonder about the mood of the author when writing this? Has a child been lost? And, why a "restaurant" calendar? I agree with Patricia's speculations, and particularly her comment "which myth best fits

the interpretation of this haiku is an open question." I feel there's something more that I need to know to understand this verse.

5406 an early blizzard
no one at home
to take the pizza

jb: Here is the epitome of a good humored haiku. Generically, a haiku is a "fun verse" and this one is certainly that. One can read many possible narratives into a subtext for this verse, and that makes it interesting to me. Also, I like the language. There is a natural rhythm that I find appealing: a *kireji* at the end of the first line, and a smooth, even, sentence to complete the verse.

pjm: From my first reading of this haiku, I conclude the pizza guy got to the house before the people who ordered the pizza. The next layer down I perceive that nature has a way of reminding us that we are not in control of the future. In the third layer I find a little resonance between the blizzard (a winter fury) and the phrase "no one at home," but for me, the last line undercuts a haiku that could have led to a deeper, more profound realization.

5423 winter rain
warp
of the door

jb: While I have a quibble or two with this, I still think the combination of "winter rain" and the "warp ... of the door" is a strong one. I must admit that I find the austerity of the language a little sharp... (I'd rather see something more rhythmical than just "warp" for the second line) ... but still, overall this haiku is successful. I find the central idea compelling.

pjm: The pleasure of this haiku is in its sound: the way the "winter" "warps" into "door." In a similar way the image itself turns on the word "warp." The sound of the rain comes through more clearly because the warp in the door prevents a tight seal. And, in turn, we are aware that the warp has been caused by many seasons of winter rains.

5425 news from Iraq
Orion
hugs the horizon

jb: I confess that I have an affection for the constellation of Orion. I have watched it every winter since the third grade both casually and through a six-inch reflecting telescope. To me, Orion, the hunter, signifies winter. With the phrase "news from Iraq" it is appropriate that a "hunter" will "hug the horizon." This image calls to mind a summation of the Iraq war: "it's dangerous," "keep low," "hug the horizon," ... "take care!" The hunter becomes the hunted.

pjm: Orion, the legendary hunter, a swordsman, of Greek mythology, is a winter constellation. He ended up as a constellation because Diana, the huntress, was tricked by her brother, who didn't like Diana getting involved with Orion, into killing him. This convoluted story of deceit with life-and-death consequences matches well for our present day involvement in Iraq.

Please write to us with your comments on our comments at the GEPP0 or e-mail us at

Editor's Note:

I apologize for the confusion I caused by forgetting to change my address on the membership renewal slip. Mail from the old address is being forwarded to me, presumably until next July, and I received many renewals.

If, however, the P. O. slipped up and returned yours to you, send again to me at .

Challenge Kigo for Next Issue

Cats in Love
by Ebba Story

When I saw the photographer, Hans Silvester's newest book, *Cats in Love*, I decided to experiment with this seemingly odd kigo. His photos of freewheeling, love-silly cats in the radiant light of the Greek Isles enchanted and inspired me. Such languorous grace and ease in courtship as well as the raw compelling necessity to mate can lead our minds in many directions. Cats are cats - in Greece, Japan, the backyards of America. Their squalls and screeches give voice to the rising of the sap in spring and announce the new lives, the kittens, to come.

Between boiled barley
and romance, the female cat
has grown thin

Basho (1)

The she cat -
grown thin
from love and barley.

Basho (2)

Cats making love -
when it's over, hazy moonlight
in the bedroom.

Basho (3)

Out from the darkness
back into the darkness -
affairs of the cat

Issa (4)

cats in love
the tug of my comb
through tangled hair

Ebba Story

The first two examples are different translations of the same haiku.

#1 and #4 are from *A Haiku Menagerie: Living Creatures in Poems and Prints* by Stephen Addiss with Fumiko and Akira Yamamoto.

#2 and #3 are from *The Essential Haiku: Versions of Basho, Buson, & Issa* edited by Robert Hass.

Calendar

March 13 **130 PM** - Meeting
 at Markham House, San Jose
 History Center, 1650 Senter
 Road.
 Newcomers welcome.
 Prepare for this meeting by
 choosing two kigo and writing
 about them. You can write in
 paragraphs or make a list. There
 is no wrong way to do it.. Jot
 down all the connotations that
 each kigo brings to your mind –
 memories, feelings, events, colors
 paintings, poems, music, places,
 smells, etc.
 Bring your ideas to the meeting
 and **Anne Homan** will lead a
 sharing.

April 10 **130 PM** – Haiku Teen
 Workshop at Martin Luther King
 Library, 4th and San Fernando,
 San Jose. All newcomers
 welcome. **Roger Abe** will host..

May 8 **1000 AM** - Writing workshop,
 Japanese Teahouse, Friendship
 Garden, Kelly Park, Senter Road,
 San Jose.

100 PM - Garden walk
 with nature leader.

130 PM - Reading by Carole
 Steele, Laurie Stoelting and
 Renku Group.
 Carole Steele, the current vice-
 president of Yuki Teikei Haiku
 Society, is a student of both
haiku and ikebana.
Laurie Stoelting, is an award-
winning poet and author of
Light on the Mountain (Swamp
 Press, 2000).

June 12 **130 PM** -Meeting & Garden
 Walk, Hakone Gardens, Route 9,
 Saratoga

July 10 **600 PM** - Tanabata Party at
 home of Anne Homan.
 Newcomers welcome.

Aug. 28 **600 PM** - Moon Viewing
 celebration at home of
 Patricia Machmiller,

 Newcomers welcome.

Oct. 9 **130 PM** – Haiku Workshop &
 Kukai, Markhm House, San Jose
 History Park, Senter Rd.

Nov. 12-15 Asilomar Retreat

Dec. 11 Christmas Party – TBD

Visit the **Yuki Teikei Haiku Society** website
 at youngleaves.org.

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
2003 Members Anthology

Migrating Mist

including a special section of haiku
 honoring Kiyoko Tokutomi
 is available for sale at \$7.00
 including postage.

Contact: Jean Hale

**Haiku Publications Available
from The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society**

Young Leaves; An Old Way of Seeing New - edited by June Hopper Hymas and Patricia Machmiller - Writings on Haiku in English, The 25th Anniversary Special Edition of Haiku Journal. 2000. \$19.50 plus postage. A few with an inscription by Kiyoko Tokutomi are available for \$29.50 plus postage. Postage for U.S. add \$3.95; elsewhere add \$5.00

Kiyoko's Sky; The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi - translations by Patricia Machmiller and Fay Aoyagi - Introduction by June Hopper Hymas - other contributors are Yukiko Tokutomi-Northon and Shugyo Takaha. 2002. Brooks Books. \$16.00*

2001 Members' Anthology; Spring Sky - edited by June Hopper Hymas. \$6.00*

2002 Members' Anthology; The Heron Leans Forward... - edited by Anne M. Homan and donnalynn chase. \$6.00*

2003 Members' Anthology; Migrating Mist - edited by Anne M. Homan and donnalynn chase - includes haiku honoring Kiyoko Tokutomi. \$7.00*

Haiku Live! This performance by Emi Goto and YT members in October, 2003, can be appreciated by a program created by Patrick Gallagher of all the "written words" in both the Japanese and English. It features the lives and poetry of Basho, Santoka, and Hosai & haiku from contemporary poets. \$5.00*

Blush of Winter Moon - haiku by Patricia Machmiller. 2001. Jacaranda Press. \$17.00*

How Fast the Ground Moves - haiku by D. Claire Gallagher. A Virgil Hutton Haiku Memorial Award Chapbook Contest Winner 2001-2002. \$5.00*

Found copies - limited quantities!!!

Haiku Journal, Vol. 1 (1977). \$25.00 plus \$1.00 postage

Haiku Journal, Vol. 2 (1978). \$10.00 plus \$1.00 postage

Haiku Journal, Vol. 3 (1979). \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage

Haiku Journal, Vol. 4 (1980). \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage

Haiku Journal, Vol. 5 (1981-82). \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage

Haiku Journal, Vol. 6 (1986). \$5.00 plus \$1.00 postage

Haiku Journal, Vol. 3 through 6. \$10.00 plus \$2.00 postage

Haiku Journal, a complete set. \$50.00 plus \$3.00 postage

Season Words in English Haiku by Jun-ichi Sakuma and Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (1980). This work lists the results of a survey of all the haiku in English language literary journals to determine what kigo was being used in the United States, Canada, and Australia. \$6.00*

**To order any of these publications, make your check out to Yuki Teikei
Haiku Society
and mail to: Jean Hale,**

