



the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIX:3

May-June 2004

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

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|------|--|------|---|
| 5606 | mist settling on the fields
children seem to run legless -
their laughter echoes | 5614 | lizard's tail
under the cats paw
very much alive |
| 5607 | somewhere nearby
a smell of strong perfume
suddenly sneezing starts | 5615 | A giant strawberry
Its inner emptiness
After first bite |
| 5608 | flower seeds as favors -
to the new secretary
forget-me-nots | 5616 | Gust of warm wind
Shadows of dragonfly wings
Become thinner |
| 5609 | moon-bright sardine sea
each mast in the fishing fleet
black as a cast net | 5617 | Pussyfoot rain-
On the oak tree foliage
A sticky birch leaf |
| 5610 | rainbow in the spray
Vernal haloing the lame
garlands of flowers | 5618 | her eyes and mine—
the wary mourning dove nests
in our hanging pot |
| 5611 | Yosemite Falls
windswept into airy plumes
the monks' orange robes | 5619 | tangerine-laden
the thin branches droop and sway
more news of this war |
| 5612 | spring has come ...
the birds build nests
I buy new furniture | 5620 | departing spring—
pictures of all the war dead
scroll across the screen |
| 5613 | genista petals fall
on the new headstone
sunset | 5621 | coyote
the taut ears
of a rabbit |
-

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 5622 | marshland
skeleton branches
against the sky | 5633 | in the night
only a trace
of the day gone by |
| 5623 | cattails
the yellow sulfur's
erratic flight | 5634 | old man
cramming for finals
bible in hand |
| 5624 | his tai chi flock
stands patiently on one leg
the master's cell phone | 5635 | summer wind
across the wheat field
caress of her hair |
| 5625 | strutting wren
holds a white moth in its beak
and brags too | 5636 | early spring
gravediggers tentatively
test for permafrost |
| 5626 | key to the Bastille
in the hall by the stairs –
Mount Vernon | 5637 | quarry pond
we each make a pile of stones
for skipping |
| 5627 | another wrong turn
the stinging nettles next to
the forget-me-nots | 5638 | wet summer
the school recess bell silenced
by bindweed |
| 5628 | the kitten stretched out
on the sock
without a mate | 5639 | rustling brush-wood
a lady slipper escapes
the child's grasp |
| 5629 | blameless
a dead sapling
before the cicadas arrive | 5640 | sharing homeland roots
her tears
on the peony blossom |
| 5630 | a long gaze
over the canyon—
swallows circling | 5641 | summer concert
umbrellas click open
every tree seized |
| 5631 | ocean fog—
a seal carcass fills
with sea foam | 5642 | campaign poster
flown to neighboring town
spring storm |
| 5632 | her light blue dress
in the Jardin de Luxembourg—
a sudden shower | 5643 | suddenly
a change of direction
an inchworm |

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5644 | I hear
an unfamiliar word
deep tree shade | 5655 | feeble cries
of a nestling —
Planting Moon |
| 5645 | shifting shadows
the old man's song
slightly off-key | 5656 | water lilies
float on the scum —
Mirror Lake |
| 5646 | adobe wall
California poppies
hiding the ruin | 5657 | Buddha's birthday
gentle chime
of the towhee |
| 5647 | silverfish
more henna
for mother's hair | 5658 | summer pasture
swallows all over
the water trough |
| 5648 | mowing grass —
at the edge of the garden
dock weeds | 5659 | climbing up and down
the summer hills
monkey flower |
| 5649 | summer hills
running out of spruce
before and behind | 5660 | under the plum trees-
silence from the meditation house
coming out, coming out |
| 5650 | California poppy —
the seeds sent from overseas
refuse to sprout | 5661 | doctor's office-
in the waiting room forget-me-nots
that never die |
| 5651 | Midsummer morning . . .
a slight breeze moves the curtain,
sparrows chirruping | 5662 | the blackbird swoops
for just on more crumb-
spring twilight |
| 5652 | Wind driving the surf
stirs ash from last night's fire ...
beach blazes with light | 5663 | one in each booth
heads bowed
to the menus |
| 5653 | Around and around
melding in flight ... starlings seek
a place for the night | 5664 | ground beef patties
the sky
turning grey |
| 5654 | emerging slowly
from its husk —
big white cicada | 5665 | married
in a formal garden
how unlike them |

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5666 weeds
even they
reach up</p> <p>5667 empty playground
only the cold wind
moving the swings</p> <p>5668 across the empty lot
derelict pushing
the grocery cart</p> <p>5669 evening beach
abandoned sun glasses
darken the sand</p> <p>5670 late afternoon
the harshness and gentleness
of summer wind</p> <p>5671 waiting for the bus—
carefully, the old woman
folds her parasol</p> <p>5672 overnight
from barren gray gravel
three blue hyacinths</p> <p>5673 now the green heron
skimming the trees
just here at the pond</p> <p>5674 in the museum
a black and gold waterfall
tumbling silent</p> <p>5675 it has been five years –
why am I still grieving?
bamboo autumn</p> <p>5676 halfway through sesshin
my shoulders start to relax -
midsummer rain</p> | <p>5677 the sprinkler shudders
stiff from a season of disuse –
passing spring days</p> <p>5678 woods near sunset—
in the stag’s antlers
wisteria vine</p> <p>5679 beach combing at dawn
looking for nothing special
... nothing special</p> <p>5680 footprints
in the muddy field—
rotting decoys</p> <p>5681 the molting hens
bustle about the garden
brief winter sun</p> <p>5682 city library
outside the whispering
of light spring rain</p> <p>5683 a flock of sparrows
settles under the ivy
thin winter drizzle</p> |
|--|--|

CHALLENGE KIGO
Scented Breeze
by Ebba Story

“back in 5 minutes”—
the scrawled note shuts and opens
in the scented breeze

pjm

interrupting
our afternoon tête-à-tête
the scented breeze

pjm

the smell of lilac
scented breeze takes me back
mother's lilac bushes

Joan C. Sauer

suddenly,
as I round the corner
the scented breeze

Yvonne Hardenbrook

leaving the arbor
all around me
scented breeze

Naomi Y. Brown

the scented breeze
memories of childhood
spirea bush

Laura Bell

neighborhoods
breeze in a posh one
scented with plants

Zinovy Vayman

love's first kiss
time travels
on scented breeze

Joan H. Ward

scent of hyssop
in Hebrew "morning breeze"
one word- TSA`FREER

Zinovy Vayman

scented breeze—
recapping
my Tabu

Gloria Procsal

scented breeze
the man with no sense of smell
hearing about it

Jerry Ball

scented breeze
an elderly couple
rest on the driftwood

Patricia Prime

scented breeze—
my once-hippie daughter
on the township council

June Hopper Hymas

Opening the bill
from a fancy store . . . spills out
a perfume scented breeze

Robert Major

scented breeze
last echo of a distant bell -
lilies of the valley

Ross Figgins

a painted lady
flutters past —
scented breeze

Ruth Holzer

scented breeze
I drift towards
the wood smoke

Cindy Tebo

scented breeze
on the playground
trading baseball cards

G. J. Longenecker

a scented breeze
opening again the pages
of Swann's Way

Wendy Wright

twice-scented breeze -
something to notice and
something to ignore

John Stevenson

scented breeze-
my smile embraces
a garden of jasmine

Barbara Campitelli

scented breeze
I turn around
no one there

Barbara Campitelli

Chicago memories
wafting from the summer stockyards
scented breeze

Dave Bachelor

scented breeze
the young man on his corner
arranges his cart

Carolyn Thomas

scented breeze
a faint memory
quickly fading

Richard St. Clair

cactus-scented breeze
only the horse's hoofbeats
the night blooming

Janeth H. Ewald



Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for the next issue is August 10!

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
- Haiku - up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines.
- Challenge Kigo Haiku - one 3-line haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Votes - Write numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose 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 summer

selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology

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

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

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

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

Animals: ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, crab, cormorant, firefly, flea, louse, house fly, goldfish, blue/white/grey heron, kingfisher, moor hen or coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, silkworm, water beetle.

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

(banana, blackberry, cucumber, cherry, eggplant, green grapes, green(unripe) apple, green walnut, green peas, apricot, melon (honeydew, cantaloupe, watermelon, etc), pineapple, potato, raspberry, strawberry, tomato, zucchini



Members' Votes for March April

- Laura Bell – 5531-2 5532-3 5533-4
- M. D. Welch – 5534-2 5535-3 5536-7
- Ross Figgins – 5537-1 5538-0 5539-1
- Y. Hardenbrook – 5540-1 5541-3 5542-1
- Gloria Procsal – 5543-5 5544-4 5545-10
- Paul Williams – 5546-2 5547-1 5548-0
- Teruo Yamagata – 5549-5 5550-0 5551-1
- PatriciaPrime – 5552-3 5553-2 5554-4
- Ruth Holzer – 5555-7 5556-1 5557-4
- Anne Homan – 5558-3 5559-2 5560-1
- Joan Goswell – 5561-6 5562-2 5563-5
- Joan Sauer – 5564-0 5565-0 5566-0
- Carolyn Thomas – 5567-6 5568-2
- Donnalynn Chase – 5569-2 5570-3 5571-7
- Richard St. Clair – 5572-1 5573-3 5574-7
- C. Doreian-Michaels – 5575-1 5576-4 5577-0
- Una Gast – 5578-0 5579-1 5580-0
- John Stevenson – 5581-2 5582-6 5583-3
- Kay Grimnes – 5584-1 5585-3 5586-3
- Joan Zimmerman – 5587-0 5588-2 5589-1
- Zinoviy Vayman – 5590-0 5591-2 5592-1
- Carolyn Hall – 5593-4 5594-3 5595-5
- Dave Bachelor – 5596-7 5597-0 5598-4
- Barbara Campitelli – 5599-1 5600-1 5601-1
- Janeth Ewald – 5602-6 5603-2 5604-4
- Roger Abe – 5605-1

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

deep in redwoods
the silence
of spring rain

Gloria Procsal

a swallowtail butterfly . . .
deeper and deeper
into the woods

Michael Dylan Welch

the soldier binds
a nosegay of buttercups
on her helmet

Ruth Holzer

the altar candle
extinguishes itself –
first plum blossom

donnalynn chase

therapist's office —
branches of the potted tree
bent down by their weight

Richard St. Clair

twitch of the
flycatcher's tail
I recall the waitress

Dave Bachelor

news of the war
spring cleaning
spring cleaning again

Joan Goswell

vernal equinox
a rake
in the shadows

Carolyn Thomas

Easter snow
one can see she was
a great beauty

John Stevenson

spring mist ...
 steam rising from the hay
 and a newborn foal

Janeth Ewald

his spring letter
 within sharp angles
 of origami

Gloria Procsal

wholly unaware
 at the memorial service
 spring thunder

Teruo Yamagata

after the storm
 the forsythias
 full of sparrows

Joan Goswell

roots
 reaching for the sky
 the toppled pine

Carolyn Hall

Dojins' Corner
 March-April 2004
 by
 Patricia and Jerry

jb: Here is my long list: 5545, 5554, 5557, 5562, 5563, 5567, 5574, 5581, 5582, 5586, 5593, 5594, 5596, 5597, 5598, 5602. I narrowed this list to five: 5563, 5567, 5581, 5582, and 5594. And then, with some difficulty I chose to write about: 5563, 5581, and 5594.

pjm: My long list is: 5536, 5554, 5558, 5561, 5563, 5583, 5584, 5586, 5587, and 5588. I chose to write about 5561, 5583, and 5587.

5561 news of the war
 spring cleaning
 spring cleaning again

pjm: It is of interest to note how this haiku opens itself in our mind. Starting with "news of the war" we can feel ourselves draw in a little, stiffen a little, bracing ourselves for

more bad news. This brief statement speaks to the undercurrent of all our days for the past year—that constant drone of news from TV, from radio, of the persistent headlines telling of more firefights, more mayhem, more dead. We are immediately aware of the gnawing feeling of anxiety that we have been carrying, of the dread that permeates our daily activities. Which leads us to the second line of the haiku, "spring cleaning." With this feeling of dread we are hit with the first word of that line, "spring," which gives us a momentary psychological lift, but then, taking in the whole phrase, we are plunged into the arduous and obsessive domestic activity of "cleaning," a word that has several meanings by itself (physical scrubbing, spiritual cleansing) in addition to the notion of "spring cleaning"—that once-a-year, thorough-going, top-to-bottom housecleaning. And we are suddenly contrasting the obsessiveness of the news trying to catch our attention all day, every day and the obsessiveness of cleaning as an antidote—a way of drowning out the unpleasant messages. And we come to the third line "spring cleaning again" and we are confirmed in our assessment that this activity is being used to shut off the bad news, or perhaps, offered like a prayer, a ritual of cleansing, a way of acting in some small way to make the corner of the world the poet controls better.

jb: This haiku is an emotional one that reflects feelings about the war. In the action of "spring cleaning" I sense a wish that the author would like the war also to be "cleaned" or "cleaned up." The image that's created for me is one of someone hearing the news, then getting busier than need be as a kind of escape. One round of "spring cleaning" isn't enough; we need to do it again.

5563: after the storm
 the forsythia
 full of sparrows

jb: What strikes me about this image is its simplicity. This is an excellent example of a shasei (nature sketch) haiku. We juxtapose two elements: the storm and the forsythia being full of sparrows. The emotional connection of this image is, for me, high contrast. We have just experienced a storm with the relief of the storm passing, and now

we have the forsythia *full* of sparrows. The storm, powerful and threatening; and the forsythia, a sign of spring, delicate yet still protecting the tiny sparrows. I sense something maternal about the forsythia. Who would dare to protect tiny creatures in the face of the storm? Well? Do I need to answer that question? The forsythia, of course.

pjm: A delightful haiku that calls upon the unique shape of the forsythia. We see clearly the yellow-flowered umbrella sheltering a lively and chatty troop of sparrows.

5581: spring flooding
new damage
to the usual houses

jb: This is a humorous haiku. The word "usual" suggests that this is something that is repeated, and -- if repeated -- then it can't be disastrous. True, there is damage, but the tone of this haiku suggests that we have again "dodged a bullet." So the flooding is here, and so we have the usual damage to the usual houses. If this is funny, it is because of our (my) expectations. When you say "flooding" I expect to hear of something powerful, bad, and lingering. But in this case, I feel a sigh of relief, though I do expect that something might happen during the next "spring flooding."

pjm: The first two lines, "spring flooding/new damage" lead us to think that the flooding has happened in an unusual place when the last line, "of the usual houses," makes a U-turn and brings us back to the place where flooding happens spring after spring—and we are reminded again of the grand cycle of life we are in, disasters included.

5583: damp tea bag
wrapped in a muffin paper
March morning

pjm: Another cold-morning-when-a-cup-of-tea-tastes-good haiku? Well, yes—but you have to find this one in the mundane: a soggy tea bag and a wadded-up muffin wrapper.

The focus on these cast-off items gives us a new way of seeing a common activity.

jb: Here we have a shasei type haiku. We have the elements of a simple breakfast in the cold of the March morning. The author has had a muffin and a cup of tea. Now the used tea bag is wrapped in the "muffin paper." How many times have I done this? The use of "March morning" is a good kigo, I think. March morning is the end of winter and beginning of spring. It is a time of transition and determination with a hope for the immediate future. Tired of winter mornings, what do I do? Have a cup of tea with a muffin, and then, well . . . just wait.

5587 January again
now the Temple of the Sun
is the River God's

pjm: This haiku expresses the phenomenon of annual flooding in mythic terms and in doing so conveys the awesome power of the flood at the same time reminding us of the thousands of years human beings have been dealing with natural devastation. The kigo "January" stopped me for a minute. Even though floods happen in January in California, I think of flooding in the US as mostly a spring event. Further reflection, however, brought in the monsoon season of the other half of the globe, the southern hemisphere, and it pleased me greatly.

jb: This is a judgmental type of haiku. The author seems to look at the weather conditions, or to think of the winter season. I infer that there is either rain or the threat of rain, and this condition is substantial. There, then, is the *feeling* that the Temple of the Sun will be reclaimed by the River God. This is a comment on the relation of the author to the geography of the Temple, and a comment on the power of being in contact with such a powerful image as the Temple of the Sun. Anyone who has witnessed this will likely agree.

5594: towering redwoods
my daughter and I
share a peach

jb: This is a narrative haiku. There is an action implied: looking at the redwoods; and an action performed; the sharing of a peach. Again, these are juxtaposed for emotive impact. I must confess that I don't get much of a cognitive connection between these two, but I do get an emotional connection. It has to do with the "sharing." This haiku works for me if I place myself into the scene of the "towering redwoods." Once there, I can feel the power of the great trees, and I can taste the peach. I share the taste as I have shared the power of the redwoods.

pjm: The symbolism in this haiku is sexual. I read this haiku as a mother's appreciation of a daughter coming into womanhood within the sheltered protection of home, the redwoods symbolizing the male, the father.

Jerry and Patricia welcome your comments on these poems or on our commentary. Please contact us at

in care Jean Hale.

MOSQUITO

Challenge Kigo
by Ebba Story

Such small creatures to cause such irritation! Mosquitoes prefer damp, dim places to hangout during the heat of the summer day and when evening comes, out they swarm looking for a meal. Not that the heat constrains them, mosquitoes are just more active around dusk. It's only the female mosquito that sucks blood, as she's the one in need of high-energy food to lay her eggs. It's just natural. But, oh the itching whelps she can leave on our bare arms and legs. And in other times and places, much, much worse. Yet in some odd way I appreciate the presence of the mosquito. I know for sure it's summer! I'm also equally glad they detest the odor of tiger balm and citronella. Off! Off!

*hitorine ya
yo waturu oiga no
koe wabishi*

I sleep alone...
as he crosses the night the mosquito's
voice is lonely

Chigetsu (1632—1706)*

All the time I pray to the Buddha
I keep on
killing mosquitoes

Issa (1763—1827)**

all he does
is talk about himself
midnight mosquito

Ebba Story

* From *The Haiku Seasons: Poetry in the Natural World* by William J. Higginson, Kodansha, 1996.

** From *The Essential Haiku Versions of Basho, Buson, & Issa*, edited and with verse translations by Robert Hass, Ecco Press, 1994.



Correction:

The fee to submit poems to the 2004 Members' Anthology is \$7.00 and not \$1.00 as stated in the flyer sent with the last issue of Geppo. You may submit 5 to 15 haiku.

Calendar

July 24 **600 PM** - Tanabata Party at
home of Anne Homan.
Newcomers welcome.

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

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.**

Jean Hale's email is :