

G S P P O  
the haiku study-work journal  
of the  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

*Volume XXIX:4*

*July-August 2004*

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

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|------|---|------|---|
| 5684 | the children's table<br>erupts<br>yellow jackets give chase       | 5692 | still standing tall<br>mast of sunken ship<br>mackerel sky                    |
| 5685 | discussing sad news<br>a butterfly<br>changes the subject         | 5693 | a prize black marlin —<br>the victor buys their photo<br>turns and walks away |
| 5686 | empty bird cage<br>the house echoes<br>the void                   | 5694 | the hood's gone<br>and so is the engine —<br>kudzu planter                    |
| 5687 | giving her<br>the scent of home<br>magnolia                       | 5695 | the warmth<br>of a red dragonfly —<br>faded water lily                        |
| 5688 | summer heat<br>all the tall grasses<br>brown to the ground        | 5696 | ripening—<br>the neighbor's tomatoes<br>behind a fence                        |
| 5689 | caught in the act<br>a plump blackberry<br>curving my cheek       | 5697 | fireflies<br>lighting the way<br>a little while                               |
| 5690 | as I pass<br>a new mannequin<br>strange perfume                   | 5698 | bamboo flute<br>in the moonlight—<br>summer mountain                          |
| 5691 | the aged talk and talk<br>about the good old days<br>rattan chair | 5699 | wanting to hug it,<br>the big retriever<br>with fleas                         |
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|--|---|
| <p>5700 gift of a worm:<br/>the robin's full-size offspring<br/>can't swallow it all</p> <p>5701 thunder and lightning—<br/>an ant carrying an aphid<br/>up a tree</p> <p>5702 taxis in a line<br/>at the county airport—<br/>migrating geese</p> <p>5703 long vacation over—<br/>the dry snail shell<br/>drops from the front doorknob</p> <p>5704 misty morning—<br/>a humming bird alights<br/>on the bonsai pine</p> <p>5705 garden wedding<br/>he puts a seed<br/>in her hand</p> <p>5706 marriage vows<br/>under the willow<br/>the deepening roots</p> <p>5707 repeating<br/>their wedding vows<br/>I reach for your hand</p> <p>5708 hot August day<br/>one slow snake and two quick ones<br/>earthquake county</p> <p>5709 rainstorm's first splatters<br/>outside the sickroom window<br/>leaves darkening</p> <p>5710 thumbnail-sized egg shell<br/>pecked open this July Fourth –<br/>some small dinosaur.</p> | <p>5711 spread in his glide<br/>the buzzard's wing-tip feathers<br/>deepening summer</p> <p>5712 burning the rice fields –<br/>such dark smoke and that thin line<br/>of advancing flame</p> <p>5713 the gull's red-rimmed eye<br/>as its shadow touches me –<br/>Independence Day</p> <p>5714 Young woman. Not pretty.<br/>Her box with giveaway kittens<br/>Marked "FOR GOOD PEOPLE"</p> <p>5715 a huge piece of bread –<br/>measuring up each other<br/>three large crows</p> <p>5716 daisy meadow<br/>marching from one cloud shadow<br/>to another</p> <p>5717 his 18<sup>th</sup> summer<br/>I stand on a stool to measure<br/>my grandson</p> <p>5718 power failure<br/>we start on the first gallon<br/>of ice cream</p> <p>5719 wet summer<br/>wind chimes at the burned out house<br/>wrapped in bindweed</p> <p>5720 this year<br/>the oak more limb than leaf—<br/>Father's Day</p> <p>5721 long day<br/>St. Francis leans<br/>against a tree</p> |
|--|---|

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|------|--|------|--|
| 5722 | summer beginning<br>the hummingbird chases after<br>a crow                         | 5733 | a long drought. . .<br>a kit fox steals a drink<br>from the dogs bowl        |
| 5723 | glassy lake—<br>a man with a stutter<br>counts turtles on a log                    | 5734 | faraway from my home<br>Orion bright above<br>the Joshua tree                |
| 5724 | Leap Year day<br>a zigzag pattern<br>in the spider's web                           | 5735 | walking the boardwalk -<br>just the sound of breaking waves,<br>ocean fog    |
| 5725 | awkward goslings<br>I contemplate a visit<br>to my home town                       | 5736 | an unseen critter<br>bitten while weeding,<br>doctor visit                   |
| 5726 | silkworm spinners<br>unwinding rough ravel<br>into luster                          | 5737 | broken wind chimes<br>a strong wind blew them down -<br>silence now          |
| 5727 | in the cave<br>underneath the waterfall<br>sudden hush                             | 5738 | what was the sermon? —<br>beautiful girl passes by<br>once again             |
| 5728 | the pot marigold<br>common calendula<br>quivering with light                       | 5739 | fence painting forgotten —<br>wind tosses branches<br>in the browning willow |
| 5729 | in the store window<br>summer hat softly posing<br>must call that old friend       | 5740 | she wants to explain —<br>roof tin taps in the<br>cold wind                  |
| 5730 | Summer shower trails<br>gusts of air slamming windows<br>how quick the mood change | 5741 | belly tight in cold rain<br>same belly softens under<br>a tree's canopy      |
| 5731 | Clinging to vines<br>green grapes are teens awaiting<br>that eighteenth birthday   | 5742 | at the window,<br>my habit even in darkness -<br>looking for birds           |
| 5732 | 110 degree heat. . .<br>everything is quiet<br>but the dog's tongue                | 5743 | chilly morning<br>picking the spinach<br>already washed                      |

5744 high noon  
a crow struts slowly  
through the grass

5745 garden pool  
a flicker of orange  
beneath the surface

5746 house finch –  
I walk in the shadow  
of your song

5747 summer solstice –  
the song of the house finch  
lingers with daylight

5748 geraniums, geraniums –  
grateful for your presence  
full of silence and sun

5749 workday morning  
windshield wipers  
clear the dew

5750 thunder unrolling  
a falcon  
takes its prey

5751 a lazy  
summer day  
at the dentist

CHALLENGE KIGO

Mosquito  
by Ebba Story

a persistent  
mosquito  
wins the tussle

Joan H. Ward

mosquito concert —  
ripples of applause  
evening trout

Ross Figgins

mosquito  
the frantic sting  
of betrayal

Gloria Procsal

out for blood —  
the female mosquito  
and me

Ruth Holzer

annoyed—  
the cat pawing at  
the circling mosquito

Richard St. Clair

summer heat  
the buzz of a mosquito  
I lock the screen door

Laura Bell

baby's first birthday -  
mosquito larvae  
scooped from our pond

Michael Dylan Welch

is this jealousy?  
I pinch the arm of my chair  
- mosquito's thin whine

June Hopper Hymas

oblivious 'squito  
pushing her sting into me  
she lifts her left leg

Zinovy Vayman

**Editor's Correction:**

My apologies to Barbara Campitelli.  
Here is her haiku #2662 without my  
typo.

the blackbird swoops  
for just one more crumb-  
spring twilight

Noisy mosquito  
 makes quick landing in fish pond  
 . . . . nets were ready!

Una Gast

goodnight kiss  
 song of the mosquito  
 cuts it short

Yvonne Hardenbrook

giant sequoias  
 the persistent itch  
 of this 'skeeter' bite

Carolyn Hall

mosquito ...  
 the sound of the dentist's drill  
 ever so lonely

Janeth H. Ewald

after  
 the heated dispute  
 mosquito catcher hums

Naomi Y. Brown

inside the netting  
 I fall asleep to the  
 mosquitoes' hum

Dave Bachelor

evening stroll,  
 uninvited mosquitoes  
 fast walk back home

Joan C. Sauer

window ledge  
 the mosquito waiting there  
 for lights out

Barbara Campitelli

sincerely  
 glad I'm here  
 mosquitos

John Stevenson

**SEASON WORDS  
 for early autumn**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



**Submission Guidelines  
 for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is October 10!

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

Membership fee in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is \$20.00 per year in the U.S. and \$25.00 international. Membership includes six issues of Geppo.

**Members Votes for May-June**

Joan Sauer - 5606-3 5607-0 5608-0  
 Joan Zimmerman - 5609-3 5610-0 5611-4  
 Naomi Brown - 5612-1 5613-0 5614-2  
 Zinovy Vayman - 5615-5 5616-4 5617-1  
 June Hymas - 5618-3 5619-2 5620-6  
 Karen Grimnes - 5621-7 5622-4 5623-1  
 Ross Figgins - 5624-4 5625-1 5626-1  
 Cindy Tebo - 5627-1 5628-5 5629-2  
 Wendy Wright - 5630-1 5631-8 5632-0  
 Laura Bell - 5633-3 5634-3 5635-1  
 Y. Hardenbrook - 5636-3 5637-3 5638-1  
 Joan Ward - 5639-2 5640-1 5641-2  
 Teruo Yamagata - 5642-1 5643-4 5644-5  
 Gloria Procsal - 5645-7 5646-4 5647-2  
 Patricia Prime - 5648-0 5649-0 5650-1  
 Robert Major - 5651-0 5652-0 5653-0  
 Ruth Holzer - 5654-0 5655-3 5656-1  
 G. J. Longenecker - 5657-2 5658-2 5659-3  
 B. Campitelli - 5660-1 5661-4 5662-1  
 John Stevenson - 5663-4 5664-0 5665-0  
 Dave Bachelor - 5666-3 5667-2 5668-3  
 Carolyn Thomas - 5669-5 5670-0 5671-3  
 Janeth Ewald - 5672-4 5673-3 5674-3  
 Donnalynn Chase - 5675-5 5676-4 5677-0  
 Richard St. Clair - 5678-4 5679-4 5680-1  
 Anne Homan - 5681-5 5682-5 5683-3

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

ocean fog —  
 a seal carcass fills  
 with sea foam

Wendy Wright

coyote  
 the taut ears  
 of a rabbit

Kay Grimnes

shifting shadows  
 the old man's song  
 slightly off-key

Gloria Procsal

departing spring—  
 pictures of all the war dead  
 scroll across the screen

June Hymas

A giant strawberry  
 Its inner emptiness  
 After first bite

Zinovy Vayman

the kitten stretched out  
 on the sock  
 without a mate

Cindy Tebo

I hear  
 an unfamiliar word  
 deep tree shade

Teruo Yamagata

evening beach  
 abandoned sun glasses  
 darken the sand

Carolyn Thomas

it has been five years —  
 why am I still grieving?  
 bamboo autumn

donnalynn chase

the molting hens  
bustle about the garden  
brief winter sun

Anne Homan

city library  
outside the whispering  
of light spring rain

Anne Homan

**CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE**

Pampas Plumes or Pampas Grass  
by Ebba Story

As summer ripens into autumn the cliffsides along the Pacific are whitened with towering bunches of pampas grass. On close inspection one finds the airy plumes are iridescent with tinges of purple and pink. As dusk settles the plumes seem even whiter and more mysterious. The pampas grass of Japan is more elegant and delicate than its Western cousin but it still evokes the same wonder. Wherever the pampas ripens, its airy plumes sway gracefully on sturdy stalks like prayers or poems lifted into the sky.

All waving in the wind—  
Tall and short—  
Pampas flowers - Natsume Soseki \*

Plumes of pampas grass,  
it's the helplessness  
of their trembling Issa \*\*

pounding surf...  
the glow of sunset lingers  
in the pampas plumes Ebba Story

\* *Zen Haiku Poems and Letters of Natsume Soseki*, translated and edited by Soiku Shigematsu, Weatherhill, 1994.

\*\* *The Essential Haiku Versions of Basho, Buson, & Issa*, edited by Robert Hass, Ecco Press, 1994.

**Dojins' Corner**  
May-June 2004  
by Jerry and Patricia

jb: Here is my long list: 5614, 5618, 5622, 5623, 5631, 5633, 5637, 5646, 5647, 5655, 5656, 5657, 5662, 5664, 5666, 5685. I think this month's haiku are generally very good and I would like to have written about many of them. My narrowed list is: 5618, 5623, 5637, 5657, and 5666. I choose to write about: 5623, 5637, and 5666.

pjm: My long list is: 5609, 5611, 5613, 5618, 5627, 5628, 5632, 5643, 5644, 5645, 5646, 5654, 5657, 5667, 5676, 5679, 5682. My choices for writing are: 5609, 5618, and 5682.

5609 moon-bright sardine sea  
each mast in the fishing fleet  
black as a cast net

pjm: From a cursory search of the Internet, I find that sardine fishing is done at night and the best fishing is at the dark of the moon. I found, for example, from a study made of fishing off the Monterey coast in the 1920's, the best sardine catches were on the 16 to 20 nights around the dark of the moon, especially between the third and first quarters. So I assume that in the image of this haiku the boats are close together in the harbor. The blackness of their masts contrasts with the "moon-bright sardine sea," where the waves of the sea flashing in the moonlight appear as a silvery school of sardines. The poet has connected through sound the words black, mast, and cast which leads us to imagine the masts to be that deep, non-reflective black of cast iron heightening the contrast with the moon-bright sea. Another sound that works effectively in this haiku is the t, t, t, t sound, which winks throughout the haiku in the same way the moonlight winks like sardines on the sea. The haiku, in addition, to creating a captivating image, seems also to be a study in reality and illusion: the moon that drives the sardines deep creating the surface illusion of sardines, the fleet that is at rest in the harbor creating the illusion of "cast nets."

jb: This is not one of my choices though there are some things I like about this verse.

Particularly I like the image. I am, however, not moved by the image. I confess this as a matter of personal taste. Also, I have a difficult time with the language. I wish the haiku were more slender. Having said that, I do think the simile "black as a cast net" works very well.

5618 her eyes and mine –  
the wary mourning dove nests  
in our hanging pot

pjm: Here the human and the wild encounter each other, eye to eye. The mourning dove having chosen to nest in the hanging pot now finds herself at eye level with a human. The poet describes the dove as wary, but the reader senses that the adjective might apply to the author, as well. We sense the mixture of pleasure and dismay in the poet, for he or she knows how vulnerable the dove's new born will be in this low hanging pot. We can sense also the dove's conflict—on the one hand the strong sense of fright and urge to flee, on the other hand, the commitment to her eggs. Overcoming the one, she stays "eye to eye" with the human.

jb: As I said above this is on my narrowed list. I think there is a clear and strong image and it is well crafted. I am moved by this image. How many times do we "nest in a hanging pot"? The dove is discovered out in the open for all the world to see? I get a feeling of vulnerability. Here we are breaking some kind of rule or practice, and what happens? We are discovered and we meet our authority figure eye-to-eye. We are, simply, a "dove in a hanging pot."

5623 cattails  
the yellow sulfur's  
erratic flight

jb: Initially this looks like a shasei haiku, but a deeper look shows that there is a good deal more than a simple nature sketch. The word "sulfur" is a metaphor (or at least a near metaphor) for the pollen of the cattails, which floats on the breeze at the end of a "blooming" season for the cattails. The word "sulfur" has a deeper meaning, inviting us to imagine dust from the bowels of the earth. I think the word yellow is necessary

from a lyrical point of view and fits very well. So what does happen at the end of the "blooming" season of the cattails? Well, the pollen (i.e. "sulfur") is emitted and flies erratically in the breeze. I can imagine a life like this? Also, technically, this is a most efficient haiku. Few words, well chosen, and a well constructed image. And, for me, the image is poignant.

pjm: Jerry has interpreted the phrase "yellow sulfur" as referring to cattail pollen; I read it as the yellow sulfur butterfly. The haiku image with its strong cattail verticals and the jagged horizontal butterfly flight path, takes me to an unusual place. Abstracted, the image is of a cross and this combined with the word "sulfur" and its allusion to hell leads me to sin and transformation. In this reading the butterfly's "erratic flight" speaks to human waywardness in our quest for redemption. I am probably over-reading what was intended to be a simple study in yellow and brown, and yet, intended or not, the associations are there.

5637 quarry pond  
we each make a pile of stones  
for skipping

jb: This haiku is a nature sketch. It is a simple narrative. "At the quarry pond, we each gathered stones which we intend to skip across the pond." And that's all. But, for anyone who has skipped stones, it's not all. I remember the summers at the river or lake looking for smooth, flat stones that were "just right for skipping." Most stones can be skipped two or three times. Once in a while, you can skip a stone four times. But I do remember once skipping a stone five times. It was talked about for a week or two. What a joy, what a joy to remember, and here it is again in this haiku.

pjm: A sport of children and adults alike. The notion of wordless companionship is strong in this poem. I wish it had a kigo to give it another dimension to play with.

5666 weeds  
even they  
reach up



jb: Here again is a haiku that looks simple but on inspection has more to it than just what is said. For me it is similar to Patricia Donegan's:

spring wind\_  
I too  
am dust

These both are idealizations. We see the obvious in a non-obvious way. Weeds are small and unimportant. Or are they? The author of this haiku thinks not.

pjm: The image I have is of weeds and the poet both reaching up—is it in supplication? Or in praise? If it is the former, the word "even" doesn't quite work. Only if it is an act of praise does it work. The haiku asks us to consider the ways in which we humans, in the act of appreciation, are like weeds "reaching up," assertive and vigorous, their life force undeniable.

5682 city library  
outside the whispering  
of light spring rain

pjm: What attracts me to this haiku is its sound. The phrase "city library" has a whispery quality that enhances the notion of rain "whispering" outside. And the actual sound of a "light spring rain" is like a whisper. Then there's the assonance of the long i's in "library," "outside," and "light" mingled with the short i's in "city," "whispering," and "spring" that tie the poem together in a pleasing way—sort of the same pleasure we feel in a library enclosed in a "light spring rain."

jb: Though this is not one of my choices I think it does have merit. It is an auditory haiku though it is not a shasei (nature sketch.) The reason it's not a simple shasei is the metaphor: "rain whispering." I think, in this case, the metaphor works. I like the economy of the words, and the simplicity of the image. Here is a person in the library who becomes aware of a light rain outside. So a person in one situation becomes aware of a broader alternative, a wider universe. Of course this sort of verse has been done before. If you look for them you will see them

in this month's *GEPP0*. Consider: 5651, 5632, and 5612 .

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

in care Jean Hale.



## Calendar

Oct. 9 1:30 – 5:00 PM  
Haiku Workshop & Kukai,  
Japanese-American Museum, 535  
N. 5<sup>th</sup> Street, San Jose. **Please  
note change of location.**

Nov. 12-15 Asilomar Retreat

Dec. 11 6:00 PM  
Christmas Party – Jean Hale's  
house,

Visit the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society website  
at [youngleaves.org](http://youngleaves.org).

Jean Hale's email is



**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 25<sup>th</sup> 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,**

**2004 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat  
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA  
November 12th-15th**

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society holds a long-weekend retreat at Asilomar in a beautiful natural setting on the Pacific Ocean. There is always great opportunity for poetry-engendering experience with coastal forest and dune vegetation, shore birds and other creatures, notable Arts & Crafts architecture, as well as the historical and literary heritage of the Peninsula.

This year's retreat will feature Gerard Yun, master of the shakuhachi flute. Dr. Yun, conductor, composer, and ancient music specialist, will prepare and play an original composition based on haiku of the participants submitted before June 1, 2004.

Walks and free periods for meditation and writing will be provided to create a relaxed, informal atmosphere. Workshops and open readings are offered for poets to share their work. Art materials are provided for the creation of haiga. On Saturday evening poets will have the opportunity to write renku. Excursions are planned on Thursday and on Sunday. A \$400 attendance fee covers the conference, meals, and lodging

For further information e-mail  
Carol Steele at  
or send your registration along with a deposit of \$100  
(make checks payable to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society) to:  
Carol Steele

Name:	_____
Address:	_____
Phone:	_____
e-mail:	_____
Special Considerations:	_____

winter rains—late:  
cracking the patio door  
to listen, listen

J Meckmiller