

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIX:5

September-October 2004

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 5752 | colored leaves —
echoing hammer
echoing ax | 5660 | color of the lake
suddenly changes
autumnal cold |
| 5753 | autumn pines —
chimney smoke
from the week-enders' cabin | 5661 | picnic table
spread with leaves —
autumn grove |
| 5754 | pumpkin carving
concentration on faces
of children | 5662 | autumn is clearing —
from the ruins
a taller tower |
| 5755 | pale pink bindweed
spreadeagled on the roadside
dog days of August | 5663 | raking leaves
the two of us together
until dark |
| 5756 | Tanabata
quiet burning of the stars
by the country road | 5664 | moving day—
perfect and imperfect leaves
under the backyard maple |
| 5657 | half-buried bucket
by the sea he loved so well
autumn evening | 5665 | ringing church bell—
moonlight dimmed
by a gentle snowfall |
| 5658 | much patched shirt
cloth, both new and old
scarecrow | 5666 | tenement shadows —
a single window-box
filled with marigolds |
| 5659 | grandfather
talks on and on
long night | 5667 | he thanks me for
the medic who saved him
night chill |
-

-
- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 5668 | homecoming game
fireworks
fading light | 5679 | after the chopper
the September ocean
pacing and growling |
| 5669 | waiting outside
optometrist's shop –
autumn fog | 5680 | Labor Day bike path
two dozen fat wheels parked
by the doughnut shop |
| 5670 | the harvest is in:
over the potato field
a killdeer's faint cry | 5681 | September moon
after the harsh cliff hike
sweet blueberry crumble |
| 5671 | counting twenty-one,
now twenty-two twenty three
starlings in the grass | 5682 | harvested fields –
university students
return to studies |
| 5672 | the city at night:
swift low-hanging clouds
blot out the moon | 5683 | my suitcase
last on the carousel –
autumn loneliness |
| 5673 | a tattered scarecrow
oversees
a field of stubble | 5684 | the farm dog barks
at nothing on the dirt road –
chilly night |
| 5674 | trick or treat
children hide
in plain sight | 5685 | rotted trunk
the New York end
of a hurricane |
| 5675 | little feet
crunching yellow leaves
not finding the mitten | 5686 | no sleep lost
over my troubles –
flight of geese |
| 5676 | reed flowers
the Parson's
tangled hair | 5687 | autumn rain
my roof
needs a roof |
| 5677 | trick or treat
neither tricked
nor treated | 5688 | lingering summer –
that egret in the frame
taking the same step |
| 5678 | squash blossoms
where he gardened
a dying crow | 5689 | autumn equinox-
in the air only silence
where the birdsong was |

- 5690 autumn equinox-
one red leaf
on the hot sidewalk
- 5691 praying mantis
trapped inside the window
praying
- 5692 full moon
a raccoon in an alleyway
washing his hands
- 5693 six seeds of pomegranate
Prosérpina's deal
six months of grain and blossom
- 5694 evening shadows
the sun takes leave
of one last rose
- 5695 autumn tattletale
a field mouse rustles
through the kitchen trash
- 5696 builders gone
a squirrel inspects their trench work
digs its own hole
- 5697 early morning funeral
headlights lead us safely back –
river of broken ice
- 5698 black plastic bags
rows of dead leaves -
white frosted lawn
- 5699 All Saints Day
wine brown paper vestments
shared libation
- 5700 katydidkatydidkatydid . . .
oh, how it kept me awake
this hot autumn night
- 5701 visiting mother
in the hospital
. . . night of stars
- 5702 the autumn leaves
fall so lightly
please have some tea
- 5703 low-carb diet –
a slanted fall
of the small leaf
- 5704 Yom Kippur night
behind the tenement wall
her groans and moans
- 5705 departing summer -
looking down the cleavage,
not just a front one
- 5706 aspen leaves
fall on the stone church
without a sound
- 5707 morning sunshine
the cottontail's big ears
color of tellina
- 5708 burgundy spilled
soaking into the white carpet
one big silence
- 5709 leaving quince on tree
until the first frost yellows
my sharp bright sick friend
- 5710 my buckwheat pillow
luxury from discount store
deeper sleep tonight
- 5711 shunned in summer
now cicada, a tone welcome
holding on

- | | | |
|---|---|----------------------------|
| <p>5712 orange peel
the shower of sparks
as a log shifts</p> | <p>pampas grass —
the lawn police
pay me a visit</p> | <p>Ruth Holzer</p> |
| <p>5713 Jamaica
three generations
raising cane</p> | <p>pampas plumes
brush my arm—
the swoop of a hawk</p> | <p>Michael Dylan Welch</p> |
| <p>5714 baseball game
a long row of poplars
catching the sunset</p> | <p>book on chest
gazing out on
nodding pampas grass</p> | <p>G. J. Longenecker</p> |
| <p>5715 autumn loneliness
at the resort town
young workers leaving</p> | <p>swaying pampas plumes
captured
in watercolor</p> | <p>Joan H. Ward</p> |
| <p>5716 scarecrow in the fields
blown over by strong winds —
mice investigating</p> | <p>pampas grass
waves of wind
waves of water</p> | <p>Richard St. Clair</p> |
| <p>5717 migrating geese
their calls in the early dawn
enter my sleep</p> | <p>pampas plumes
stilling
her tremor</p> | <p>Gloria Procsal</p> |
| <p>5718 unpacking —
the addressed picture postcards
I was going to send</p> | <p>the ones who survived
nodding in the seaside sun—
plumes of pampas grass</p> | <p>pjm</p> |
| <p>5719 my hoarse voice
someone in the checkout line
suggests lemon-honey-tea</p> | <p>pampas grass
rinsed after rain
I wait for bird song</p> | <p>Patricia Prime</p> |
| <p>5720 her long illness
fragrance of funeral lilies
lingering</p> | <p>pampas grass
I remember
waving goodbye</p> | <p>John Stevenson</p> |
| <p>Challenge Kigo
Pampas Grass, Plumes
by Ebba Story</p> | <p>pampas grass
towering over the trail
white clouds</p> | <p>Barbara Campitelli</p> |
| <p>his clarity of mind
before his passing —
wind through the pampas</p> | | <p>Carolyn Thomas</p> |

a quiet afternoon
blooms of the pampas grass
in a lazy sun

Jerry Ball

grass tall and golden
listen to the whispering –
wind weavers

Ross Figgins

pale pampas plumes
in a hallway urn
catching scattered dust

Janeth H. Ewald

field-side pampas
this hunchbacked rice farmer
wears a white bonnet

Michele Root-Bernstein

long walk
in the rain
the sway of the pampas grass

joan iversen goswell

pampas plumes —
behind an aluminum plane
two white streaks

Zinovy Vayman

moonlight
a silver ripple
of pampas plumes

Naomi Brown

towards each other –
small waves of pampas grass,
huge waves of the ocean

Zinovy Vayman

pampas plumes
flare first in my yard
then grace my hearth

Christine Doreian-Michaels

early dusk
plumes of pampas grass
their ghostly presence

Yvonne Hardenbrook

swaying softly
golden pampas plumes
like single threads of light

Joan C. Sauer

MEMBERS VOTES FOR JUL-AUG

Joan Ward – 5684-2 5685-5 5686-2
Gloria Procsal – 5687-6 5688-5 5689-2
Teruo Yamagata - 5690-0 5691-0 5692-3
Ross Figgins – 5693-1 5694-2 5695-3
Ruth Holzer – 5696-5 5697-4 5698-5
Richard St. Clair – 5699-3 5700-1 5701-2
Michael Dylan Welch – 5702-8 5703-1 5704-1
Laura Bell – 5705-4 5706-3 5707-1
Joan Zimmerman – 5708-0 5709-2 5710-1
June Hymas – 5711-3 5712-1 5713-0
Zinovy Vayman – 5714-0 5715-2 5716-3
Yvonne Hardenbrook – 5717-7 5718-13 5719-3
Gregory Longenecker – 5720-1 5721-5 5722-0
Carolyn Hall – 5723-5 5724-3 5725-2
Janeth Ewald – 5726-4 5727-2 5728-2
Una Gast – 5729-2 5730-0 5731-0
Naomi Brown – 5732-3 5733-1 5734-2
Joan Sauer – 5735-1 5736-0 5737-0
Dave Bachelor – 5738-4 5739-1 5740-3
Donnalynn Chase – 5741-0 5742-2
Kay Grimnes – 5743-4 5744-2 5745-3
Barbara Campitelli – 5746-3 5747-1 5748-0
John Stevenson – 5749-3 5750-3 5751-1

JULY-AUGUST HAIKU VOTED BEST
BY READERS OF GEPP0

power failure
we start on the first gallon
of ice cream

Yvonne Hardenbrook

taxis in a line
at the county airport —
migrating geese

Michael Dylan Welch

his 18th summer
I stand on a stool to measure
my grandson

Yvonne Hardenbrook

giving her
the scent of home
magnolia

Gloria Procsal

discussing sad news
a butterfly
changes the subject

Joan Ward

summer heat
all the tall grasses
brown to the ground

Gloria Procsal

ripening—
the neighbor's tomatoes
behind a fence

Ruth Holzer

bamboo flute
in the moonlight —
summer mountain

Ruth Holzer

long day
St. Francis leans
against a tree

Gregory Longenecker

glassy lake—
a man with a stutter
counts turtles on a log

Carolyn Hall

fireflies
lighting the way
a little while

Ruth Holzer

garden wedding
he puts a seed
in her hand

Laura Bell

silkworm spinners
unwinding rough ravel
into luster

Janeth Ewald

what was the sermon? —
beautiful girl passes by
once again

Dave Bachelor

chilly morning
picking the spinach
already washed

Kay Grimnes



Submission Guidelines for GEPPO

Deadline for the next issue is **December 10!**

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

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

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

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

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

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

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

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



**DOJINS' CORNER
July-August 2004
by Patricia and Jerry**

jb: For me this GEPP0 is filled with good haiku. I have a very long list, and an extremely difficult time selecting just three to comment upon. Here is my long list: 5686, 5688, 5689, 5696, 5698, 5699, 5705, 5712, 5716, 5718, 5720, 5721, 5722, 5725, 5734, 5742, 5743, 5744, 5749. My narrowed list: 5689, 5699, 5705, 5718, 5721, 5725. I chose to write about: 5705, 5721, 5725.

pjm: My list is shorter: 5712, 5713, 5720, 5722, 5732, 5746, and 5747. I chose 5712, 5713, and 5747 (5732 was a close fourth) to write about because I felt tension between the kigo and the subject of these haiku was greater giving these haiku more spark. When I write about tension in a haiku I am thinking of the two parts being on two ends of an elastic string. If the two parts are too close together, that is, if the pairing is predictable, then the elastic between them is limp and there is no tension. In 5746 (a haiku which I admire for its aural image) there is no kigo so there is no tension or reverberation to consider. At the other extreme the two parts can be so far apart that the elastic breaks in two and the poem is pulled apart.

5705: garden wedding
he puts a seed
in her hand

jb: Technically this is a simple shasei haiku. The author has given us a simple script, an action in context. Yet it's the constructive ambiguity, the symbolic character, of the action that makes a strong (for me) ritual of the action. So it becomes more than a simple shasei. I sense something primitive about it. I'll be interested to see the voting in this GEPP0.

Also, I like the direct language. It's quite minimal. There is no glitter, and for me, this adds strength to the image.

pjm: It is minimal, Jerry. I think these lines contain the seed of a good haiku. The kigo, seed, with all its symbolic power of spring and fertility and promise is poised to blossom, but without a unique third line (I consider " in her

Editor's Note:

The following link may be of interest:

<http://www.baymoon.com/~ariadne/form/haiku/haiku.workshop.christopher.herold.htm> . Its topic is "The Practice of Writing Haiku: Notes on the Pescadero Weekend Workshop with teacher Christopher Herold". This is a summary by Joan Zimmerman and Beth Vieira of the recent workshop that several Yuki Teikei members attended on Labor Day Weekend.

hand" to be an extension of the second line) to provide a foil, the reader is left with no further insight to discover.

5712 burning the rice fields—
such dark smoke and that thin line
of advancing flame

pjm: I was drawn to the dramatic image the poet has constructed here, and the use of the word "advancing" to describe the fire line gives the image an edge—not just visually, but emotionally. Controlled burning as a way of managing and preparing cropland has a long tradition. But it is also very controversial these days as we have come to understand its impact on air pollution and its subsequent consequences. So modern readers are led to contemplate the "thin line" between the life-giving and the life-threatening aspects of fire and its use as an agricultural method. A small suggestion about the writing: the poet can probably find a better modifier for smoke than "such dark."

jb: I agree with Patricia that an image is compelling here. Like a moth I am drawn to an advancing flame. My problem is how to connect it with either the "such dark smoke" or "that thin line." I think I recognize the author's intention to write a 5 – 7 – 5 haiku and therefore needing more syllables for the second line so I am sympathetic.

5713 the gulls red-rimmed eye
as its shadow touches me -
Independence Day

pjm: The poet in describing a close encounter with a seagull calls our attention to both how we are related to the wild and how we are different. The *shadow* of the gull touches the poet—in this phrase the poet is acknowledging that which all living things share and at the same time using the kigo, Independence Day, there is an acknowledgement and an honoring of the profound difference between the wild and the human.

jb: I must admit I don't see the connections that Patricia sees. Neither do I see how the kigo relates to the other two lines. What I do see is the intensity of the perception. I'd like to see some other kigo...say "summer solstice." Try a few and see?

5721 long day
St. Francis leans
against a tree

jb: Again this appears to be a simple nature sketch, but on inspection becomes much more. Actually, it's not St. Francis, but (I assume) a statue of St. Francis that leans against a tree. Where would one find such a scene. One place that I know is a Franciscan retreat center in Northern California. Here we can imagine a long day (and therefore summer and heat) and a tranquil (though somewhat tired) scene in a Franciscan Garden.

The statue of Francis is discovered leaning against a tree. Well, the middle of life (summer) can sometimes induce fatigue even for the likes of Francis. We realize that even Francis shares our tribulations. We, too, can "lean against a tree."

pjm: For me this St. Francis is carved from wood, a human-made object honoring a human who revered the wild. This object from the human world leans against the tree, an object from the natural world, and the leaning can be read to mean "is dependent upon" both as source (the tree as wood) and habitat (the tree as environment/shelter). I have to admit that the connection to the kigo, long day, escaped me at first. I can accept Jerry's reading of it as suggesting heat and fatigue and the desire to lean on something at the end of the day—yes, that has some resonance with the notion of dependence. Still—there's a small part of me that wonders if "long day" is irrefutably the best kigo for this image.

5725: awkward goslings
I contemplate a visit
to my home town

jb: I imagine the "awkward goslings" walking in a yard. Their clumsy behavior is a bit humorous but there is more. I remember when I was an "awkward gosling" and left my hometown. And today, when I see them, the goslings remind me to return. In Greek the word "oikeosis" means to return home and is a central theme of Homer's *Odyssey*. It is the root of our word "nostalgia." Our author has (skillfully, I think) included this theme in this simple haiku. Nice work.

pjm: Forgive me, Poet, for being just a bit picky. This time I am thinking that the kigo might be a little too obvious a connection to hometown and adolescence. For the tension to be exactly right, the kigo must have just the right distance from the subject—not too remote, yet not too obvious. On second thought, maybe the kigo is right—maybe it's the word "awkward" that gives too much away. What if the first line were a simple statement, something like "goslings in a row"? I think this would create some much-needed distance so the reader is not deprived of the chance to discover the relationship between goslings and a contemplated return home.

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

pjm: The lilting song of the house finch is a lovely figure to hold our longing for this longest day to linger. The looping song and the filigreed light play off one another in the same way that the purplish-red of the house finch suggests the color of the world at the end of this longest day. The way image folds into image is the ongoing pleasure of this long day brought to us in this short poem.

jb: This is a haiku I overlooked. I'll add it to my list. I like this very much, and agree with Patricia's comments.

Your comments on our comments are always welcome; Patricia can be contacted at

ANNOUNCEMENT

Electronic Geppo

Thanks to Patrick Gallagher, we now have the capability to send Yuki Teikei Members the *Geppo* electronically. This has a number of advantages: Yuki Teikei will save on the cost of paper and postage, etc., you can receive it faster than by waiting for printing and surface mail, and you can store the Geppos on your computer.

For this issue, we will send a full mailing, but in addition will send a copy to some members for whom we have e-mail addresses.

If you wish an electronic copy of future issues of *Geppo*, please send an e-mail request to Patrick Gallagher. –

By this means we can confirm all e-mail addresses as well as your preference regarding future Geppos.

We have tested the system, but if you have any problem with the procedure, please let Patrick know.

Needless to say, if this is not relevant to your situation your *Geppo* will come to you by U.S. mail as usual. To avoid confusion please indicate your preference.

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE

Christmas Cookies

by Ebba Story

Mere shape can transform dough into Christmas cookies. Everyday butter or sugar cookies become special holiday treats when made into bells, fir trees, angels, sleds, Santas. Candy sprinkles, red and green icing, a dusting of powdered sugar can dress-up a cookie like decorations dress the tree. And any cookie, especially the homemade kind, when given as a present at Yuletide becomes a Christmas cookie.

THE 2004 YUKI TEIKEI ANTHOLOGY.

DREAMS OF SLOW MICE,
Edited by Ann Homan
is available for sale!

Send \$7.00 to Jean Hale

Christmas cookies -
 nibbling
 stars.

Alexis Rotella *

reading Joyce aloud -
 a plate of christmas cookies
 passes round the circle

Ebba Story

* The Haiku Anthology, edited by Cor van den
 Heuvel, W. W. Norton, 1999.



NEWS FROM ONE MEMBER

At a recent dinner party Janeth Ewald was
 asked to share some of her expertise
 regarding haiku.

The participants at this party were given
 two translations of a Basho poem, one by R.
 H. Blyth:

From time to time
 The clouds give rest
 To the moon-beholders
 and the other by an unknown poet::

clouds come from time to time
 and bring to me a chance to rest
 from looking at the moon

In addition, they had xeroxed copies of
 Blyth's, The Moon Segment.

While viewing the moon, a group of first-time
 haiku writers then wrote:

MOONSPENDERS*

from the trees
 the moon rises up
 clear cold all-knowing

tall and angular
 standing as a wisp of white
 swaying gracefully

music surrounds us
 rhythmically monotonous
 beckoning us all

the sounds of 100
 hummingbirds resonate
 like the beat of a drum

flute playing
 moon shining
 memories of Osaka Castle

pine tree filters moonlight
 like fingers sifting sand
 I reach to touch

the moon has risen
 over the blackness of pines
 a flute sings softly

the garden path snakes
 through chipped bark
 unexpected sweetness

fog
 rising from the valley floor
 sudden chill

the moon is full now
 neither waxing nor waning
 o, the constant moon!

* devices for finding buried treasure by
 moonlight and/or the people who use them

Calendar

- Nov. 12-15** Asilomar Retreat
- Dec. 11** **6:00 PM** - Winter Party - at home of Pat/Claire Gallagher,

change of location.
- Jan. 8** **1:00 PM** - Meeting at Markham House, San Jose History Park, Senter and Phelan Sts.
- Feb. 12** **1:00 PM** - Meeting at Markham House, San Jose History Park, Senter and Phelan Sts.
- Mar. 12** **1:00 PM** - Meeting at Markham House, San Jose History Park, Senter and Phelan Sts.
- Apr. 9** **1:00 PM** - Meeting at Markham House, San Jose History Park, Senter and Phelan Sts.

Visit the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society website at youngeaves.org.

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*.



SUMMER STILLNESS...

CATALPA LEAVES SHADOWS

SOME FUZZY, SOME NOT

花
影



haiku by Z. Vaynshteyn

Butterfly by Kaji Aso, sumi painting