



the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXIX: 6

November-December 2004

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5721 | autumn chill . . .
to think that it's
just the beginning | 5729 | splash of sun
on my daughter's hair –she pulls
the radishes |
| 5722 | gusting wind
November
blows into December | 5730 | this bee
in the flower's golden heart
distant thunder |
| 5723 | New Year's Day
a sweater over pants
that can't be buttoned | 5731 | children's faces
children's fingers, red with
pomegranate juice |
| 5724 | river ice
one boat drifted
far from shore | 5732 | Elvis lookalikes
"back by popular demand"
winter solstice |
| 5725 | rising storm
a jay pauses
to scold the cat | 5733 | our laughter mingles
easily with talk of death
– autumn beach song |
| 5726 | dusting of snow
the tracks of a dog
crisscross the pueblo | 5734 | the bamboo flute's cry
overflows my begging bowl –
harvest moon |
| 5727 | cloud shift
only a few monarchs flit
between the trees | 5735 | we face inward
with our chairs in a circle –
forced narcissus |
| 5728 | rocky skeleton
bared on the autumn beach
at low low tide | 5736 | after the helicopter
a deeper pulse
September ocean |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 5737 | on the wino's bench
a fresh Painted Lady
drying out | 5748 | November winds
bellow
the skeleton of a barn |
| 5738 | our hostess vacuums
before the Zen teacher begins
slow September flies | 5749 | ice storm
two women falter
one of them blind |
| 5739 | distant rooflines
in the brilliant sky
blossoms of black smoke | 5750 | Thanksgiving dinner
told
it is his last |
| 5740 | Christmas store window
Yamaha disklavier
plays by itself | 5751 | harvested fields
so long ago
a dream of heaven |
| 5741 | Jerusalem psalm
belivers in believers
spreadeagled on stones | 5752 | sardine cloud
the old fisherman
baits another hook |
| 5742 | science project
students surf the net
for a whale's song | 5753 | mandarin orange
lute song
ripples the air |
| 5743 | sunny window
all the cherry cough drops
stuck together | 5754 | cyclist pausing
on the snowy bridge--
a flask of brandy |
| 5744 | sculpture park
frost around the toes
of a headless ballerina | 5755 | looming ahead
an eye operation--
winter moon |
| 5745 | scarred gullies
awash in fresh snow
broken fence posts | 5756 | harrier
tethered to her perch--
short day |
| 5746 | divergent paths
crisscross a frosted commons
early seminar | 5757 | digital printing
she edits out the age spots
on her hands |
| 5747 | New Year's morning
refolding the newspaper
two pounds of sadness | 5758 | first star tonight
shivering in the cold dark
a million more |

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- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5759 flat water
we both reach for the same stone
for skipping</p> | <p>5770 snow forecast
even my skis
are impatient</p> |
| <p>5660 turning over a rock
a cricket and I
startle each other</p> | <p>5771 how many
red leaves does it take
to make a filigree?</p> |
| <p>5761 old beachcomber asks
how'd'ya like to have
this sea slug as a pet?</p> | <p>5772 College cheerleader ...
resting a hand on one hip,
she flirts with the coach</p> |
| <p>5762 snowy first night
smoke rising slowly
from the hobos' camp</p> | <p>5773 last but not least ...
in the toe of the stocking,
a tangerine</p> |
| <p>5763 the cat
parts the curtain with her head
winter moon</p> | <p>5774 This bright New Years Eve ...
wind blowing from far away
stirs up memories</p> |
| <p>5764 so bright, winter moon!
white cat on the ottoman
curls into a ball</p> | <p>5775 youngest boy
being from outer space ?
Halloween</p> |
| <p>5765 in her note she writes
of first snow . . .one foot here
one foot there</p> | <p>5776 irritated by
strange cigarette smoke
narcissus on the table</p> |
| <p>5766 full moon
her bloomers
on backward</p> | <p>5777 a ferry boat
passes the small island
wintry blast</p> |
| <p>5767 broken clouds
a stream of sunlight
on the clothesline</p> | <p>5778 Christmas shopping done ...
a vee of geese
crosses the moon</p> |
| <p>5768 "freedom of the road"
a truckload
of chained horses</p> | <p>5779 dimly lit museum —
a shiny penny
in the stringless koto</p> |
| <p>5769 crocheted shawl —
what does Christmas mean
to one with alzheimers</p> | <p>5780 abandoned service station —
long-ago gas price
still posted</p> |
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5781 driving in rain
past stubble fields
turning up the music

Advent of Christmas
in the Butcherie store
Hanukkah cookies

Zinovy Vayman

5782 he's not to blame
for reindeer antlers askew
front porch dog statue

homeless shelter
a scene from Norman Rockwell
on the christmas cookie tin

Cindy Tebo

5783 winter moon
coyotes' howl
rouses my dog

Christmas dinner alone
the waitress nods and leaves
gift-wrapped cookie

Ross Figgins

5784 a sardine cloud
scouting the morning's blue sky
in minutes turned all white

shiny sprinkles
from the Christmas cookies
crunching underfoot

Yvonne Hardenbrook

5785 long white beach
fat sardines cooking crackling
over charcoal fire

Christmas cookies
a twinkle
in the shut-in's eyes

Joan H. Ward

5786 heavenly bamboo
crowned with red berries
transcending white frost

Christmas cookies
scent of ginger—
Mother's hands

Gloria Procsal

CHALLENGE KIGO

Christmas Cookies
by Ebba Story

blue eyes, brown eyes
already wide they get wider —
Christmas cookies

PJM

in the mail
Auntie's Christmas cookies
eating the broken ones first

Richard St. Clair

scraps of cookie dough —
not enough
for another star

John Stevenson

Christmas cookies —
I pass the plate
to my son's new wife

Carolyn Thomas

she stands on a chair
to put the frosted snowmen
on the highest shelf

June Hoppere Hymas

a worn path
to the neighbor's kitchen
smell of Christmas cookies

Laura Bell

Christmas cookies—
which one is
the perfect star?

Barbara Campitelli

Story of wise men . . .
 three chefs make christmas cookies
 stuffed with marzipan

Robert Major

first light of dawn —
 Christmas cookie crumbs
 by the fireplace

Michael Dylan Welch

oh! the joy of —
 the taste of — the smell of
 Christmas cookies

Janeth Ewald

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

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Submission Guidelines
 for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is February 10

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

THE 2004 YUKI TEIKEI ANTHOLOGY.

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

Send \$7.00 to Jean Hale

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR SEPT-OCT.

Carolyn Thomas – 5752-2 5753-3 5754-3
 Anne Homan – 5755-0 5756-3 5657-3
 Teruo Yamagata – 5658-0 5659-2 5660-3
 Ruth Holzer – 5661-4 5662-2 5663-3
 Michael Welch – 5664-1 5665-3 5666-5
 Gregory Longenecker – 5667-2 5668-0 5669-4
 Richard St. Clair – 5670-6 5671-4 5672-2
 Joan Ward – 5673-2 5674-4 5675-0
 Gloria Procsal – 5676-0 5677-0 5678-1
 Joan Zimmerman 5679-0 55680-3 5681-0
 Patricia Prime – 5682-1 5683-6 5684-9
 John Stevenson - 5685-1 5686-2 5687-4
 Barbara Campitelli – 5688-1 5689-5 5690-0
 Janeth Ewald – 5691-2 5692-6 5693-2
 M. Root-Bernstein – 5694-5 5695-0 5696-1
 Ross Figgins – 5697-2 5698-0 5699-0
 Joan Goswell – 5700-2 5701-4 5702-1
 Zinovy Vayman – 5703-1 5704-2 5705-0
 Naomi Brown - 5706-8 5707-0 5708-1
 C. Doreian-Michaels - 5709-0 5710-1 5711-0
 Kay Grimnes – 5712-3 5713-5 5714-5
 Joan Sauer – 5715-1 5716-0 5717-7
 Y. Hardenbrook – 5718-4 5719-3 5720-4

Editor's Note

:
 The numbers were wonky in the last issue.
 No duplicates so I just left them in place.
 Sorry !

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

the farm dog barks
 at nothing on the dirt road –
 chilly night

Patricia Prime

aspen leaves
 fall on the stone church
 without a sound

Naomi Brown

migrating geese
 their calls in the early dawn
 enter my sleep

Joan Sauer

the harvest is in:
 over the potato field
 a killdeer's faint cry

Richard St. Clair

my suitcase
 last on the carousel
 autumn loneliness

Patricia Prime

tenement shadows —
 a single window-box
 filled with marigolds

Michael Dylan Welch

autumn equinox –
 in the air only silence
 where the birdsong was

Barbara Campitelli

full moon
 a raccoon in an alleyway
 washing his hands

Janeth Ewald

evening shadows
 the sun takes leave
 of one last rose

Michelle Root-Bernstein

Jamaica
 three generations
 raising cane

Kay Grimnes

baseball game
 a long row of poplars
 catching the sunset

Kay Grimnes

Dojins' Corner
September-October 2004
 by Jerry and Patricia

jb: Here are my selections from the September-October Geppo: 5752, 5754, 5756, 5659*, 5663*, 5666, 5673, 5774*, 5657, 5683, 5684, 5687*, 5688, 5692*, 5695, 5712, 5714, 5715. The *'s are my short list. I chose to write about 5663, 5674, and 5687.

pjm: I came across a quote of Lafcadio Hearn written in 1899 that beautifully expresses what I am searching for when I read a haiku:

[Haiku leaves] in the mind something unsaid. Like the single stroke of a temple-bell, the perfect short poem should set murmuring and undulating, in the mind of the hearer, many a ghostly aftertone of long duration.

And so "listening" for those aftertones I have chosen the following haiku from this *GEPP0*: 5683, 5684, and 5689.

5663 raking leaves
 the two of us together
 until dark

jb: For me this is an inviting image. How many times have you raked leaves till late in the day, and with a friend? Perhaps this is more of a mid-west image? A rural image. I think of Minnesota, or Nebraska. Everyone shares the task of raking leaves and every autumn we expect it and plan to join together for the autumn cleanup. Raking leaves typically happens after harvest, so there is a sense of fatigue mixed with a feeling of accomplishment and happiness. As for this haiku, I like the austere image and the direct economy of words.

pjm: A twosome cooperating in an autumn domestic endeavor. "Raking leaves" is one of those routine seasonal activities that goes into making a home and building a life. It's part of being human. And the way we go through life, largely, is two-by-two "until dark." And with this phrase the haiku opens out bringing in the greater question of the singularity of our mortality.

5674 trick or treat
 children hide
 in plain sight

jb: "Trick or treat" happens everywhere; in both the country and the city with deep roots. I picture the image of children at the front door, ringing the doorbell, and then pretending to hide as one answers the bell. It's a ritual simulating the day of the dead and the attendant loss (tricks) combined with hopes of "treats" to compensate somehow. Children are initiated into this ritual with candy. It seems a bittersweet mixture with the parting of summer and autumn, the coming of the cold and winter, but the promise of spring. In this haiku the author has represented the image with great skill. How often do children tell us what we already know?

pjm: A small amusement caught in a haiku. These toddlers seems to have their games/holidays mixed up. After knocking on a neighbor's door and yelling "trick or treat," they run and hide "in plain sight." The whole thing's a muddle much like Halloween itself—that time of the unintended when nothing is as it should be.

5683: my suitcase
 last on the carousel –
 autumn loneliness

pjm: It is interesting how an object can take on meaning. Here a suitcase "last on the carousel" conveys the feeling of being alone in the world. The traveler may just have arrived in a strange town and is feeling particularly alone and vulnerable. Or, even more poignant, is the thought that the traveler is returning home after a long trip or absence. Even returning home we can find ourselves to be alone, separate, as we ultimately are, like a suitcase, full of baggage, much like ourselves, "last on the carousel." The word "carousel," too, pulls in the notion that the trip we have been on is a not-very-meaningful, going-in-circles ride which can parallel the feeling we have sometimes about our daily routine.

jb: This haiku is also one of my selections. I recently returned from Japan and this is exactly what happened to me. This is an "absorbing haiku." That is, the final line absorbs the impact of the first two: the fact of being last on

the carousel somehow is the substance of the autumn loneliness.

5684 the farm dog barks
at nothing on the dirt road –
chilly night

pjm: A dog barking at nothing feels so futile. There is no light on this night and it's cold and the road is unpaved and there's only a dog barking. The lonesome feeling in this haiku is very acute, and there's a bit of despair, too.

jb: This is not one of my selections though it might be. I want to "tweak" this one so that the language flows more easily for me. Also, I get the feeling that the author is writing to a pattern. Look at the three in a row: 5682, 5683, and 5684. Am I wrong? The strength of the haiku is the image itself...I think it's a strong one.

5687 autumn rain
my roof
needs a roof

jb: In this haiku I feel the sigh of autumn. There is the realization that, no matter what, things need repair, even the roof. This is so pervasive that the "roof" is no longer functioning as a roof, but itself needs "a roof." From the Buddhist perspective this is the interdependence of things. Well, theory aside, I am moved by this verse. Perhaps by the word play. It's bittersweet. We make a joke about our chronic problems. Comedy is serious business.

pjm: A light-hearted approach to a chary predicament. The poet uses word play to convey a rueful tone that matches the rueful feeling of having a house without a roof in the autumn rain.

5687: autumn equinox –
in the air only silence
where the birdsong was

pjm: "silence/ where the birdsong was"—here is a sense of things in suspension, of the world hanging in the balance, a feeling so apt for this day of equal light and dark. The poet has created just the right feeling, an aura of being on the cusp of something that was and something that is going to be.

jb: The equinox is a time of balance and exchange. We exchange the long days for the coming of long nights, etc. So we must exchange the birdsong for silence. The more I think about this haiku, the better I like it.

Please send you comments to Patricia at

you.

CHALLENGO KIGO FOR JAN/FEB
Camellias
by Ebba Story

It's midwinter and amid the shiny evergreen leaves of camellia shrubs we find a profusion of rosette blossoms. Camellias have the notable habit of dropping their flowers completely whole and intact. When you pass a camellia this time of year the ground beneath will be strewn with whole blossoms as if someone has carefully arranged them instead of the flowers merely falling in the capricious wind and rain. Camellias have long been valued in Asia. In the Japanese emperor's garden some of the camellias are known to be over 500 years old. And the tea we sip with crumpets is made from the leaves of the Chinese camellia. Now, American gardens in temperate zones are graced with these beautiful blossoms in winter.

The camellia –
it fell into the darkness
of the old well.

Buson*

some white, some red
fallen camellias
and my lies

Fay Aoyagi**

just what is left –
I linger awhile longer
with the camellias

Ebba Story

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

** Chrysanthemum Love Haiku by Fay Aoyagi. Blue Willow Press. 2003

Thistle Seeds

Tanka written at Asilomar 2004 led by pjw

brisk autumn morning
tiny goldfinches
feeding on thistle seeds

Hank Dunlap

Venus and the crescent moon
hang low in the eastern sky

Anne Homan

fallen peaches
collected in a basket
the jam pot boils

Danielle Dubrasky

quietly she finds
the lost eyeglass screw

Roger Abe

on the porch
I mix my watercolors
- fragrant breeze

donnalynn chase

that frog jumped
under my cupped hand

Ann Bendixen

daycare SIDS death
the officer talks
to the baby's spirit

Kay Anderson

seeing you again
a thousand petaled eyes

Danielle/Roger

heat at zenith
he asks me to read the book
he found erotic

Alison Woolpert

hands grope in the darkened hallway – sound
of a soft sigh

Ouzel

the sheen of silk
as she sits at the piano
playing Chopin

Jerry Kilbride

estate sale
a drawer full of wishbones

Wendy Wright

moon of deep snows
one parfleche of pemmican
left in the cache

June Hopper Hymas

cold drizzle falling
into desolate hush

Bill Peckham

sake in her glass
she says it will improve
the writer's chances

Carol Steele

cascade of giggles
the two play peek-a-boo

Betty Arnold

cherry blossom
stationery – the gift
from one who's missing

Alison Woolpert

monastery perched on a cliff
under a double rainbow

Anne Homan

closing the fireplace
we load up the car
for the trip back home

Carol Steele

Dover, Delaware
the undercounted war dead
Jerry Kilbride

Babe Ruth's curse finally
laid to rest by the Red Sox
Anne Homan

speech therapy
the teenager reads to the pony
each day after school
June Hopper Hymas

obsessive squirrel
all tail and nose, paws and jaws
'til no acorns remain
Bill Peckham

peanut shells on the floor
no one can find the cue ball
Ouzel

lucid dreaming, I see
an evanescent hue around her
donnalynn chase

say it fast ten times
"sombreros de braceros"
blaze of the mid day sun
Alison Woolpert

for five years
he worked in the state library
haiku archives
Anne Homan

monarch caterpillars
I raised them long ago
Ann Bendixen

smothering buckwheat pancakes
with lots of butter
Betty Arnold

Vioxx pulled –
what will kill the pain now?
hot water & Epsom salts?
donnalynn chase

cherry blossoms –
entering the elevator
before me
Wendy Wright

e-harmony.com
she keeps sending him e-mail
Anne/Carol

Primary candidates –
in a shower of red, white and blue
pjm

reflections
in the tea shop window
exchanging sips
Wendy Wright

she escapes the embrace
of Pepe le Pew
Roger Abe

moonlit road
the old oil wells
for company
Wendy Wright

2004 KIYOSHI TOKUTOMI MEMORIAL
HAIKU CONTEST

Contest Judges – Ritsuo Okada
Shokan Tadashi Kondo

First Prize

soldier's funeral
a steady gust of March wind
tears at the colors
Richard St. Clair

This haiku reflects the severe global conditions that surround the USA. The color that designates something for which the soldier fought the battle is still exposed to a steady threat from the external world. The war is not over yet.

Second Prize

Golden path of light
swiftly scans the muddy field
face upturned, I wait
Desiree McMurry

One feels the landscape where the clouds play with the sun. The poet is right on this dynamic stage where the heavenly actions take place, and there all he do is wait.

Third Prize

this winter ocean –
following its shore until
I've reached my limit
An'ya

We have the instinct to explore the geographical boundary, and usually we have the limit inside us.



Honorable Mention

unripe tangerine
peeling it with his good hand
soldier on home-leave
Roberta Beary

Here is a lucky soldier who is alive, but his hometown may taste as sour as the unripe tangerine.

wisteria blooms
over his front door as if
my neighbor still lived
Elizabeth S. Lamb

The neighbor is gone for some reason, but the wisteria simply follows the course of mother nature, stirring up the association of the good old face.

mushroom gathering –
how many hues of off white
there are to pick from!
An'ya

White is a color just like any other color in the world and the world of mushrooms is rich with different hues of white.

no conversation
just the winter ocean surf
heard beyond the dunes
Richard St. Clair

They just remain silent, while listening to the roaring sound of the winter waves. One scene in so many different kinds of unknown dramas.

cerulean sky
torn clouds hurried by March wind
shadow-swept fields sleep
Desiree McMurry

The winter fields need warm rains to wake up and here comes the March wind, bringing the clouds and heralding the approaching spring.

Calendar

- Feb. 12** **1:30 PM** - Meeting at Markham House, San Jose History Park, Intersection Senter Rd. and Phelan St.
- Mar. 12** **1:30 PM** Meeting at Markham House, San Jose History Park, Intersection Senter Rd. and Phelan St.
- Apr. 9** **1:30 -5:00 PM** Haiga Workshop at Conference Room, Hotel at the San Jose History Center, Senter Rd. and Phelan St.
- This program will teach the art of haiga, in which haiku is allied with a visual image. Participants are to bring haiku or images they find inspirational.
- May 14** **10:00 AM-4:30 PM** – Haiku in the Tea House, Friendship Garden, Kelley Park, San Jose (adjacent to History Center).
- Schedule:**
~~10:00–Neon~~ Introduction to Haiku by YTHS
12:00 – 1:30 - Tour the garden on your own, write or break for lunch.
1:30-4:30 – Featured Readers, Richard Ellis Tice and Alison Woolpert.
- Sept 15-18** **2005 Asilomar Retreat**

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