



the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXX:1

January-February 2005

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 5787 | muddy road
I lose the name
of my running shoes | 5795 | first correspondence
thank you's in unsteady hands
from distant grandchildren |
| 5788 | flashing lights
the chopped celery
left on the cutting board | 5796 | from a glass vase
with lemons, mimosa cascading
into spring |
| 5789 | bark peeling
from the pine
my fading lifeline | 5797 | supermarket produce —
the only thing seasonal
is the calendar |
| 5790 | field of poppies
recalling
where we lay | 5798 | yanking the quilt
this way and that —
old married couple |
| 5791 | giddy with spring
old auntie's
shaky handstand | 5799 | mouse tracks
under my boot —
snowy woods |
| 5792 | the red
of a cardinal
after the blizzard | 5800 | another nail
pokes through the ceiling —
winter isolation |
| 5793 | above ice sculptures
fireworks splatter color —
First Night in Boston | 5801 | first day of spring
tossing peanut shells
over the shrubbery |
| 5794 | Valentines Day
no red hearts
for a blue lady | 5802 | hothouse tulips -
one item too many
for the express checkout line |
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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5803 | swelling quince buds
a wild turkey teeters
on the fence | 5814 | the morning after
raindrops hang from the tree limb
— first breeze |
| 5804 | I wear for you
a kokopelli pendant
Valentine's Day | 5815 | new snow
over old ice
baby steps |
| 5805 | geese gone
water still ripples
from their clamor | 5816 | daybreak
a pair of swans
twine necks |
| 5806 | after the nap
blue heron still
standing tall | 5817 | withered stalk
in a crystal vase
the setting sun |
| 5807 | day of tsunami
mail request for money
from Ocean Conservancy | 5818 | doctor's office
another patient
lets in the cold |
| 5808 | shopping rush
Santa cuts me off
in traffic | 5819 | end of the workday
eye level with
the winter sun |
| 5809 | 77 th birthday
life insurance company
offers more coverage | 5820 | cemetery plot
his new wife and child lay
claim to all places |
| 5810 | light dusting of snow
time to throw out
the withered chrysanthemums | 5821 | cranberry farmer
the local bank
floats him a loan |
| 5811 | chasing off the crows —
finally bearing fruit
wild strawberries | 5822 | traffic jam
the bison meander
from lane to lane |
| 5812 | roadside picnic stop —
protected by the tree shade
except from hornets | 5823 | tanoak forest
a winter wren's warning note
near the broken sign |
| 5813 | study of self
never ends, always beginning
— new year diary | 5824 | the whole forest
running through the river
one water ousel |

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5825 ramshackled
that old garden shed
this winter garden</p> <p>5826 winter months . . .
through coinspot gauze
filtered light</p> <p>5827 sipping bean soup
designer-clad skaters
beside the rink</p> <p>5828 short day game
the child's secret messages
written in milk</p> <p>5829 early risers
plant tips deadened by frost
I sleep in</p> <p>5830 tracery of trees
catching rays in more windows
fat cat</p> <p>5831 reflected glory
West PA bleeps world radar
Punxatawney Phil</p> <p>5832 cancer diagnosis
a waning moon
on the horizon</p> <p>5833 phone call
a snail inches along
the garden wall</p> <p>5834 coffee klatch
the chip
on her Chippendale</p> <p>5835 tropical new home
searching the skies for my mom
I find Orion</p> | <p>5836 in the waiting room
of the isolation ward
hope - a plum tree</p> <p>5837 winter mist
a detective disappears
without looking back</p> <p>5838 a wanted fugitive
pursued into a pasture
now withered field</p> <p>5839 Valentines day
Sweets, love cards, flowers received
My son's birthday</p> <p>5840 Sweet cold red bean soup
Mom's Chinese dessert for me
No more forever</p> <p>5841 Manhattan skyline –
an oyster on the half shell
rich as Rockefeller</p> <p>5842 mid-February ...
miniature violets
trapped beneath thin ice</p> <p>5843 grass sprouts
silver in a slant of sun
their other side green</p> <p>5844 lengthening days
light one minute longer –
can't wait for the week's end</p> <p>5845 in the back yard
deer tracks in the snow
coming from where?</p> <p>5846 the winter sea –
distant buoy bell rings
rising on the waves</p> |
|--|--|

5847 Snowstorm
 he watches her footprints
 fill

5848 winter beach
 old shopping cart
 all she needs

5849 snow-covered Rockies
 poking the fire
 he says they have dreams

5850 mighty wild mustard
 rising high above its peers
 it's still a stranger

5851 the poor cold sparrow
 would rather be by itself
 broken feather time

5852 morning sun —
 pears in a bowl
 striped by window blinds

5853 flooded field —
 a magpie squawks
 from the scarecrow's head

5854 another late frost—
 seed packets rattle
 across the kitchen counter

5855 Holocaust Day
 "Never again!"
 happening again

5856 uphill on our skis
 I print a stylized fir tree
 she draws a herringbone

5857 great expanse . . .
 lifting from the beach
 frozen sand footprint

5858 native rope-bridge
 halfway across both dead men
 vanish in spring mist

5859 wind-blown spring snow
 masks the far shore —
 fallen wooden bridge

5860 a cold night wind slips
 among broken lobster traps
 snow-wrapped trawlers

CHALLENGE KIGO
Camellia

 camellia
 the color of his new wife's
 lipstick

Gloria Procsal

 eastern blizzard —
 outside my window
 white camellias

Barbara Campitelli

 stopping my walk
 I contemplate perfection —
 pink camellias

Joan H. Ward

 brown and white bird
 on a branch of camellia—
 falling snow

Ruth Holzer

 camellias fall
 F-16 returning
 to base

Naomi Y. Brown

 cold snap
 pale camellia buds open
 hot pink

Carolyn Hall

corsage in her hair
 camellia petals brushing
 his cheek
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

greenhouse visit:
 camellias on display
 a bit expensive
 Richard St. Clair

past sunset
 the outside lingers indoors
 camellia
 Michelle Root-Bernstein

lost argument
 a perfect camellia
 on my pillow
 Karin A. Grimnes

last night's wind
 sets the garden on fire -
 red camellias
 Patricia Prime

weathered southern belle
 frail but not fallen
 camellia
 Christine Doreian-Michaels

in my tea
 one perfect camellia petal
 the cracked cup
 Laura Bell

Pink camellias
 Open umbrellas on ground
 Fresh and whole face down
 Ellen Wong

winter camellias
 the old woman curves into
 a bloom to her cheek
 Janeth H. Ewald

lots of ice and snow -
 my camellia bush
 buds brown on the edge
 Joan C. Sauer

Damewithcamellias
 since my childhood
 it is one word
 Zuinovy Vayman

rain runs down the glass
 fallen camellia
 empty corridor
 Ross Figgins

camellia in bloom—
 soon, you tell me,
 your divorce will be final
 Michael Dylan Welch

- MEMBERS' VOTES FOR NOV/DEC**
 John Stevenson - 5721-7 5722-3 5723-8
 Kay Grimnes - 5724-2 5725-4 5726-4
 Anne Homan - 5727-4 5728-2 5729-1
 June Hymas - 5730-4 5731-1 5732-3
 Donnalynn Chase - 5733-3 5734-6 5738-0
 Joan Zimmerman - 5736-2 5737-6 5738-0
 Zinovy Vayman - 5739-1 5740-3 5741-2
 Cindy Tebo - 5742-6 5743-6 5744-4
 Ross Figgins - 5745-1 5746-0 5747-5
 Joan Ward - 5748-2 5749-1 5750-5
 Gloria Procsal - 5751-1 5752-2 5753-2
 Ruth Holzer - 5754-3 5755-5 5756-3
 Yvonne Hardenbrook-5757-7 5758-3 5759-2
 Richard St. Clair - 5660-4 5761-0 5762-3
 Carolyn Thomas - 5763-8 5764-1 5765-5
 Laura Bell - 5766-3 5767-3 5768-0
 Barbara Campitelli 5769-1 5770-1 5771-0
 Robert Major - 5772-2 5773-0 5774-3
 Teruo Yamagata - 5775-0 5776-0 5777-3
 M. Dylan Welch - 5778-1 5779-2 5780-1
 Gregory Longenecker - 5781-3 5782-0 5783-4
 Janeth Ewald - 5784-2 5785-1 5786-2

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER HAIKU
VOTED BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0

New Year's Day
a sweater over pants
that can't be buttoned

John Stevenson

the cat
parts the curtain with her head
winter moon

Carolyn Thomas

autumn chill . . .
to think that it's
just the beginning

John Stevenson

digital printing
she edits out the age spots
on her hands

Yvonne Hardenbrook

on the wino's bench
a fresh Painted Lady
drying out

Joan Zimmerman

science project
students surf the net
for a whale's song

Cindy Tebo

sunny window
all the cherry cough drops
stuck together

Cindy Tebo

New Year's morning
refolding the newspaper
two pounds of sadness

Ross Figgins

Thanksgiving dinner
told
it is his last

Joan Ward

looming ahead
an eye operation —
winter moon

Ruth Holzer

in her note she writes
of first snow...one foot here
one foot there

Carolyn Thomas

rising storm
a jay pauses
to scold the cat

Kay Grimnes

dusting of snow
the tracks of a dog
crisscross the pueblo

Kay Grimnes

cloud shift
only a few monarchs flit
between the trees

Anne Homan

this bee
in the flower's golden heart
distant thunder

June Hopper Hymas

we face inward
with our chairs in a circle —
forced narcissus

donnaLynn chase

sculpture park
frost around the toes
of a headless ballerina

Cindy Tebo

turning over a rock
a cricket and I
startle each other

Richard St. Clair

winter moon
coyotes' howl
rouses my dog

Gregory Longenecker

Dojins' Corner
November-December 2004
 By Patricia and Jerry

jb: Here are my selections for November-December: 5722, 5723, 5724*, 5725*, 5726, 5730*, 5742*, 5743, 5753, 5660*(5760?), 5763, 5766, 5770, 5773, 5778, and 5783. The "*" are my short list. I chose to discuss: 5724, 5725, and 5660.

pjm: And my list is 5721, 5723, 5724, 5725, 5726, 5729, 5735, 5736, 5739, 5740, 5743, 5744, 5753, and 5769. I chose 5726, 5736, and 5740 to write about.

5724 river ice
 one boat drifted
 far from shore

jb: This is a shasei... a nature sketch. The image is austere and understated. The time of "river ice" is a time of caution, something we all should be aware of. Yet, during this time, one of us has drifted far into the river ice. For this we must pay attention and have some concern. Is it truly a danger? We are not told but are left to imagine and resolve the question on our own. Yet we still must have some concern for our "boat" that has drifted "far from shore."

pjm: River ice, so treacherous. And in this haiku it has taken a boat out away from the safety of the group, away from the safe haven of the shore. We feel the caught-ness of the boat, its aloneness and isolation—and danger. We are disquieted by the uncertainty; we do not know the outcome.

5725 rising storm
 a jay pauses
 to scold the cat

jb: For me this is an *aware* (or compassionate) haiku. The language expresses a simple fact that the jay is squawking at the cat. We interpret this as "scolding," which reflects the contextual "rising storm." These petty (petty?) squabbles, however, occur in the face of the "rising storm" which has much more power. With this, I am reminded of the many times

in which I think of my own irritations as being very important. Yet, the truth is, that personal irritations are humbled in the face of the power of nature. We therefore might have compassion for the jay and the cat.

pjm: Another poem with a sense of danger, but this time it is tempered with a little humor and a play on the word "storm" which can be read literally as the coming of wind and rain or figuratively as the approaching row between the jay and the cat. Something for the author to think about is the season. Is this a spring storm (a spring storm, for instance, would turn this confrontation between the cat and the jay into a more serious event—it would bring in the jay's nestlings and the danger the cat poses), a summer storm, or an autumn storm? Each would change the feeling of the poem slightly and the direction of our thought as we go deeper into the poem. Without a specific season we are stopped from going beyond the comparison of the petty squabble to the "real" fury of nature. In fact, if this were a spring storm the confrontation would take on the gravity of life and death in the natural world.

5726 dusting of snow
 the tracks of a dog
 crisscross the pueblo

pjm: Although I like all three of these haiku, 5724, 5725, and 5726, all of which are by the same poet, I preferred this one for four reasons:

1) The image is so clear, it almost sparkles: the snow is not just snow, it's a "dusting of snow." (Contrast this with the vagueness of "river ice"). The tracks of the dog don't just cross the pueblo, they "crisscross" it. And the pueblo itself is very distinctive in place and image.

2) The language that makes the image clear is also evocative. "Dusting," "crisscross," and "pueblo" each conjure up many associations. For example, "dusting" leads us to dust which in turn brings up thoughts of mortality. "Tracks" are a sign of something that was there, and now is not—another

intimation that the poem on another level is operating at the threshold of this world and the spirit world. "Crisscross" brings in the cross as a symbol of transformation. And in the context of these other associations the pueblo, an Indian home/enclave, takes on a larger significance representing a way of life that once was, but is now on the decline—a transition. In this specific poem is the pueblo occupied with real human beings or does it house only ghosts of the past?

3) These associations come into focus when we think of the dog as a symbol. In ancient Mexican mythology the dog was a guide to the spirit traveling into the afterlife. To the North American Indian the dog was the one spirit, when all the other spirits were leaving man and traveling to the Upper World, who leapt back across the chasm between the two worlds to stand with the human beings. So the poem, it seems to me, can be read in two ways; either with the dog as companion to the living or as guide to the spirits who are in transitions.

4) And finally, the kigo snow, that transitory element, brings in and confirms that this poem is about impermanence and transition. The form of the snow, a dusting, echoes our sense of the fragility of this life, and brings in thoughts of the fragility of Indian life in the modern world.

This is a big poem; the imagery is beautiful, the thoughts it evokes are deep, complex, and profound. This is haiku.

jb: Here also is a shasei haiku. We see the image of snow covering the landscape, perhaps looking like the surface of the moon. From the language it seems this is a quiet time with only the "tracks of a dog" as a sign of life. The image is one of loneliness I like the language of this haiku very much. It's very direct, and efficient, and implicitly conveys the necessary emotion.

5736 after the helicopter
a deeper pulse
September ocean

pjm: This haiku brings back memories to me of the time when California, in a desperate attempt to control an infestation of the

Mediterranean fruit fly, began spraying neighborhoods with Melathion. Every evening at dusk a phalanx of helicopters would appear. A distant rumble would become louder and louder until at full roar they would break over the rooftop of our house, four abreast and very low. It was very disquieting, especially, since each day on television were the images of helicopters in Vietnam flying in and out of that far-away jungle. And so the sound of the "September ocean," the pulse of the natural world, whatever its potential for destruction, is a relief to hear after the "man-made" destroyer has passed over

jb: While this is not one of my choices, still I like much about this haiku. The image is clear, and the internal comparison is evident and clean. I found other verses, however, with images that are more appealing to me. Nevertheless, I applaud the craft of the author.

5740 Christmas store window
Yamaha disklavier
plays by itself

pjm: I applaud the poet's use of contemporary language to create an urban image juxtaposed with a traditional kigo. The discord created echoes the larger sense of discord we experience in the over-commercialization of Christmas. The robot-like image gives us a feeling of alienation and loneliness. And yet . . . we note the robot is playing "by itself" as though the humans have all left for home where they have gathered to celebrate the real Christmas—that of the heart and the spirit.

jb: From this verse, I get the sense of distance from the mirth and warmth of the holiday season. While I am shopping and musing about the store window, the technological instrument operates on its own. Is it possible there is also a sense of irony?

5660 turning over a rock
a cricket and I
startle each other

jb: This is a narrative haiku. It begins with "turning over a rock" and next both the author and the cricket are "startled." It's possible that the "startling" of the cricket is

a projection of the author, and I would really like to know just what the cricket did to appear startled. However, I got a natural reaction to this haiku and I can imagine myself in the position of the author. Little things sometimes are magnified.

pjm: This moment of encounter with a small creature is captured with a lightness that has the tone of Issa—appreciative and kind. And we are reminded when thinking beyond the cricket to appreciate and be open to difference wherever we find it.

We invite your comments or questions.

Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for the 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 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 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.*



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

April Fools' Day or April Fool!
by Ebba Story

On April 1st people play pranks and jokes on each other. It's a day children especially enjoy. On April Fools' Day we get to act naughty. On other days we'd get scolded. The holiday got started when the Julian Calendar (established in 46 BC by Julius Caesar) was replaced by our current Gregorian Calendar (established by Pope Gregory in 1582). The older calendar had kept the ancient celebration of New Years on April 1st which loosely coincides with the vernal equinox. The Gregorian calendar started the new year on January 1st. In France people who continued to celebrate on April 1st started having tricks played on them by their more 'modern' neighbors. The playful teasing spread to other European countries and the American colonies. Today the serious origins of April Fools' Day don't matter a bit. It's a chance to poke fun and play tricks on each other.

Being afraid of revenge
if I do something—
April Fools' Day

shikaeshi no ho o osorete shigatsubaka

April Fools' Day—
my husband who loved to play tricks on me
already gone

bangusetsu katsugishi otto sude ni naku

Kiyoko Tokutomi *

I'm not sure
he meant that in jest—
April Fool!

Ebba Story

* both poems from *Kiyoko's Sky: The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi*, translations by Patricia J. Machmüller & Fay Aoyagi, Brooks Books, 2002.

Alison Woolpert, Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest Coordinator, received this letter from our 2004 First Prize Winner, Richard St. Clair, Cambridge MA - we thought you would enjoy it too!

Dear Alison.

Just wanted to thank you for sending me the issues of Haiku Journal in recognition of my prize-winning haiku. I have already begun reading them. They are full of interesting articles about haiku, including those by Kyoko Tokutomi, who wrote so well on the aesthetic and spirituality of this wonderful poetic path. The journals also give me an opportunity to "catch up" on what has happened to YTHS over the years . . . a long and illustrious history!

I am also enjoying the more recent Kasen Renku booklet.

I only wish I was able to join you and the other California members. Hopefully someday that may become possible.

And thank you for your kind words about my haiku.

Sincerely,

Richard St. Clair

Yuki Teikei Member, Zinovy Vayman, and his colleague, June Moreau, offer this Renku for your consideration...

The Willow Moon

the raven is a ventriloquist
it can hide its voice
in the billow of a cloud JM

forgotten scents hover
above city's black snow ZV

mountain path, hey!
just a view of mountain ridge
from my southern window ZV

her eyes ask questions-
only the sky can answer JM

captive for a while
in its golden branches
the willow moon JM

it's better to lose love
than never have it. Autumn. ZV

Russian serenade:
"Yellow leaves are circling
above our town..." ZV

in the distance I can hear
the old windmill creaking JM

the day in 2002
in Holy Sepulchre church
no pilgrims ZV

my hand is on the door knob
the name I cannot remember JM

summer meadow
hide and seek
in the waist deep fog ZV

all tangled in the cornfield
skeins of moonlight JM

free at last-
I smile to meter maids
after junking my car ZV

scattered on the moonlit bed
the books I love JM

nothing particular
just the fragrance of coffee
from the kitchen JM

orchids out of season
out of Ecuador ZV

in pocket of coat
not worn for many year
a crisp twenty dollar bill JM

mole's rudimentary eyes...
warmth seeps into its hole ZV

spring wind within
spring wind without
ah, the spring wind JM

say, permanent impermanence
and we blossom with smiles ZV

Calendar

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 -Noon Intoduction 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

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Sponsors the annual

KIYOSHI TOKUTOMI MEMORIAL HAIKU CONTEST

IN-HAND DEADLINE: MAY 31, 2005

PRIZES: \$100 - \$50 - \$25

CONTEST RULES;

- HAIKU IN ENGLISH OF 17 SYLLABLES, IN 5-7-5 PATTERN
- EACH HAIKU MUST USE ONE KIGO (SEASON WORD) FROM THE CONTEST LIST. HAIKU WITH MORE THAN ONE RECOGNIZED KIGO, OR THAT DO NOT USE A LISTED KIGO WILL BE DISQUALIFIED.

2005 CONTEST KIGO LIST

NEW YEAR:	TOASTING THE NEW YEAR, FIRST CORRESPONDENCE
SPRING:	HUNGER MOON, PUSSY WILLOW, MEMORIAL DAY
SUMMER:	PLEIADES AT DAWN, ICE CREAM, GREEN-LEAFED WIND, LOON
AUTUMN:	ROSE OF SHARON, DRAGONFLY, STATE FAIR, SCENT OF AUTUMN
WINTER:	ORION, WITHERED GARDEN, JANUARY THAW, BASKETBALL

- Entry Fee \$7.00 per page of three haiku. No limit on entries. Entries will not be returned.
- Submit 4 copies of each page, with your name and address on only one copy, typed on 8 1/2 X 11" paper.
- Make checks or money orders payable to "Yuki Teikei Haiku Society." Overseas entrants please use International Postal Money Order in U.S. Currency only.
- For results list, send an SASE marked "Contest Winners."
- Entries must be original, unpublished and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible. The contest is open to anyone, except for current officers of the Society.
- Final selection will be made by a distinguished haiku poet. The Society may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, annual anthology, and current brochures.
- Send entries to: Jean Hale, Secretary
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society