



the haiku study-work journal

of the

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXX:2

March-April 2005

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

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 5861 | Fast of Esther<br>hunkered down at their farmstead<br>the last pioneers         | 5869 | flooded farm fields,<br>a new place<br>for ducks to swim                      |
| 5862 | brrr chilly wind<br>inside the trembling crocus<br>a slow gray fly              | 5870 | cold, rainy Easter<br>Easter egg hunts washed out,<br>no fancy clothes today  |
| 5863 | my Japanese wife...<br>when she gets upset<br>her face becomes Jewish           | 5871 | the crammed shopping bags<br>of girls on motorbikes –<br>bees in the lavender |
| 5864 | Passover<br>Death of first born Egyptian son<br>Christ nailed to the cross.     | 5872 | April boardwalk<br>the fat lady's white terrier<br>his candy-floss tongue     |
| 5865 | Palm Sunday sermon<br>Delivered weeks in advance-<br>Church members out of town | 5873 | Summer boardwalk<br>two girls in white bikinis<br>push his wheelchair         |
| 5866 | Collecting roadside<br>California poppies –<br>Hospital visit                   | 5874 | at first planting<br>the white pansy<br>yawns, opens her eyes                 |
| 5867 | April again<br>a new magnet arrives<br>from the tax lady                        | 5875 | stealing pieces<br>of firewood-<br>Spring begins                              |
| 5868 | the March winds<br>blowing trash can lids, roof shingles<br>and people          | 5876 | rippling melody of wind<br>on April's first<br>moon-hidden day                |
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| <p>5877 starting her shift,<br/>the blonde bartender<br/>puts on a wedding ring</p> <p>5878 shared soda —<br/>the coolness of your breath<br/>on my wet lips</p> <p>5879 a thought of sex—<br/>rain streaming<br/>my darkened bedroom window</p> <p>5880 barrio pizza joint<br/>free cookies<br/>for the kids</p> <p>5881 piano recital<br/>stumbling over Mozart's<br/>Easy Sonata</p> <p>5882 late night clinic<br/>the cleaning lady<br/>whistling</p> <p>5883 sunrise shore<br/>yellow foam across the wave<br/>blooming mustard</p> <p>5884 spring cleaning<br/>her plastic trash container filled<br/>with fresh laundry</p> <p>5885 spring rain<br/>falls on water<br/>pumped from the cellar</p> <p>5886 among the first buds<br/>the hanging exoskeleton<br/>of a wolf spider</p> <p>5887 old man at the window —<br/>the amaryllis<br/>rising from its pot</p> | <p>5888 new-formed rockery -<br/>spring growth linking<br/>geo-centuries</p> <p>5889 ✓ early spring<br/>how much we make<br/>of a little warmth</p> <p>5890 <u>April sunrise</u><br/><u>frost on the tire tracks</u><br/><u>in the mud</u></p> <p>5891 fine mizzle<br/>the leafless marsh bush<br/>a stand of small trees</p> <p>5892 spring fever<br/>two ducks sunning<br/>by the drainage ditch</p> <p>5893 ✓ only now<br/>remembering where I put them<br/>spring bulbs</p> <p>5894 early spring rain —<br/>a flint arrowhead exits<br/>the rift wall</p> <p>5895 the swallows are late —<br/>wearing his heaviest coat<br/>he welcomes the sun</p> <p>5896 groans from the river<br/>she closes the last suitcase —<br/>spring thaw</p> <p>5897 in the <u>dismal</u><br/>waiting room...<br/>a burst of daffodils</p> <p>5898 a fragment<br/>of dry foliage<br/>...until it jumps</p> |
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|--|---|
| <p>5899 <u>Easter greetings:</u><br/>at dawn<br/>new fallen <u>snow</u></p> <p>5900 home-made net<br/>made from a stocking –<br/>fishing for tadpoles</p> <p>5901 flooded river<br/>the <u>melancholy</u> cow<br/>up to its hocks</p> <p>5902 whitebair fishermen<br/>waiting for the tide to turn<br/>laze in the grass</p> <p>5903 suddenly<br/>a change of direction<br/>an inchworm</p> <p>5904 I was completely lost<br/>in a maze<br/>of sunflowers</p> <p>5905 watching his balloon<br/>the child loses sight<br/>of his parents</p> <p>5906 crashing my hip<br/>into the doorknob—<br/>bunch of violets</p> <p>5907 a blue shell<br/>spilling <del>its</del> yolk<br/>the going of spring</p> <p>5908 Passover —<br/>at this door and that<br/>the Angel of Death</p> <p>5909 valentines day<br/>the tail begins<br/>with a fork</p> | <p>5910 quince blossoms<br/>she sweeps the front steps<br/>in her Sunday best</p> <p>5911 shifting clouds<br/>the sway of the gondola<br/>above the pines<br/>. . . . .</p> <p>5912 apology accepted<br/>biting into<br/>a wormy apple</p> <p>5913 dawn light<br/>cock and crow<br/>shattering stars</p> <p>5914 an egret too far<br/>to break the shadow<br/>✓ of our silence</p> <p>5915 melted snow –<br/>in need of a child, <u>it seems</u><br/>this forsaken ball</p> <p>5916 pink and white-<br/>the magic of spring blossoms<br/>in the parking lot</p> <p>5917 on the trail-<br/>my pointer and I alert<br/>to the scent of spring</p> <p>5918 94<sup>th</sup> birthday<br/>he doesn't renew<br/>his calendar</p> <p>5919 funeral<br/>4 year old on grampa's lap<br/>helping him cry</p> <p>5920 spring drive<br/>view of the countryside<br/>through bug guts</p> |
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- 5921 morning sun  
fog fragments on the meadow  
become sheep  
therapist's office  
the hyacinths have no scent  
April Fool  
Richard St. Clair
- 5922 Easter morning  
the sting of rain on the wind—  
sunrise anyway  
April Fool!  
the fox squirrel reburies  
an old chestnut  
Michele Root-Bernstein
- 5923 → Valentine's Day  
a pair of Canada geese  
peel off from the vee  
you find the bay  
and I'll bring the tea —  
April fool  
Ross Figgins
- 5924 spring rain —  
my grandmother's wedding ring  
on my aging finger  
a torrent of rain  
claims the mall parking lot —  
April Fool's Day  
Joan H. Ward
- 5925 restaurant closing time  
still a sliver of moon  
in the western sky  
first visit  
the child pinches me  
for April Fools' Day  
Patricia Prime
- 5926 stalk of iris buds  
where does she live this year?  
I wonder

CHALLENGE KIGO

April Fools' Day or April Fool

- Day of Fools  
she remarks "Many haibun"  
I bristle "Many haibuns"  
Zinovy Vayman  
Barbara Campitelli
- April Fools Day  
waiting for the jokester  
with apprehension  
Joan C. Sauer  
Laura Bell
- ah, April fool —  
purple waves of wisteria  
toss in the cold rain  
Melissa Stepien  
Gloria Procsal
- April Fool's Day —  
again today  
the mail has not come  
Michael Dylan Welch  
Patricia J. Machmiller
- April Fool —  
the rest of the time  
not so smart either  
Ruth Holzer
- April Fools' Day-  
and my printer  
won't. . .  
getting even  
husband's haircut  
April Fools Day
- April Fool's Day  
the fool next door  
plays his midnight sax  
awaking to  
the love doves' bickering  
April Fools Day

**MEMBERS' VOTES  
JANUARY-FEBRUARY**

Cindy Tebo – 5787-3 5788-4  
 Gloria Procsal – 5789-3 5790-6 5791-0  
 Joan Ward – 5792-1 5793-0 5794-3  
 Barbara Campitelli-5795-2 5796-1 5797-3  
 Ruth Holzer – 5798-6 5799-4 5800-8  
 Carolyn Hall – 5801-0 5802-1 5803-2  
 Naomi Brown – 5804-1 5805-3 5806-1  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook-5807-3 5808-9 5809-2  
 Richard St. Clair – 5810-1 5811-2 5812-0  
 Donnalyne Chase – 5813-0 5814-2  
 M. Root-Bernstein – 5815-2 5816-0 5817-1  
 John Stevenson – 5818-5 5819-3  
 Kay Grimnes – 5820-0 5821-4 5822-2  
 Joan Zimmerman – 5823-2 5824-2 5825-0  
 Patricia Prime – 5826-0 5827-1 5828-3  
 C. Doreian-Michaels – 5829-2 5830-0 5831-0  
 Laura Bell – 5832-5 5833-5 5834-1  
 Yukiko Northon – 5835-1  
 Teruo Yamagata – 5836-1 5837-0 5838-0  
 Ellen Wong – 5839-0 5840-2  
 Janeth Ewald – 5841-2 5842-2 5843-2  
 Joan Sauer – 5844-1 5845-2 5846-2  
 Gregory Longenecker – 5847-4 5848-2 5849-2  
 Kevin Fish – 5850-0 5851-0  
 M. Dylan Welch – 5852-2 5853-7 5854-4  
 Zinovy Vayman – 5855-1 5856-0 5857-1  
 Ross Figgins – 5858-0 5859-3 5860-2

**JANUARY-FEBRUARY HAIKU VOTED  
BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0**

shopping rush  
 Santa cuts me off  
 in traffic

Yvonne Hardenbrook

another nail  
 pokes through the ceiling —  
 winter isolation

Ruth Holzer

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

Michael Dylan Welch

field of poppies  
 recalling  
 where we lay

Gloria Procsal

yanking the quilt  
 this way and that —  
 old married couple

Ruth Holzer

doctor's office  
 another patient  
 lets in the cold

John Stevenson

cancer diagnosis  
 a waning moon  
 on the horizon

Laura Bell

phone call  
 a snail inches along  
 the garden wall

Laura Bell

flashing lights  
 the chopped celery  
 left on the cutting board

Cindy Tebo

mouse tracks  
 under my boot —  
 snowy woods

Ruth Holzer

cranberry farmer  
 the local bank  
 floats him a loan

Kay Grimnes

Snowstorm  
 he watches her footprints  
 fill

Gregory Longenecker

another late frost—  
 seed packets rattle  
 across the kitchen counter

M. Dylan Welch

SEASON WORDS  
for late spring /early summer

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

Season: May, June: spring dream, spring dusk, ~ melancholy, tranquility, beginning of summer, long day, slow day, short night.

Sky and Elements: bright, haze or thin mist, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, summer dew, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, coolness.

Landscape: spring or summer hills, lake, sea, or river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.

Human Affairs: awning, parasol, perfume, summer concert, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, swimming, sunglasses, wind chimes, mowing grass, weeding, Mothers' day, Memorial Day

Animals: abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, nightingale, ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, crab, cormorant, firefly, flea, louse, house fly, goldfish, blue/white/grey heron, kingfisher, moor hen or coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, water beetle.

Plants: blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, cherry, plum, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, hyacinth, mustard, parsley, California poppy, primrose, seaweed, violet, amaryllis, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, lily, lotus, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, rose, salvia, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca

Dojins' Column

Jan/ Feb 2005

by Jerry and Patricia.

jb: Here are my selections; an "\*" indicates my short list: 5788\*, 5789, 5790\*, 5791, 5792, 5795, 5798, 5799, 5800\*, 5801, 5805\*, 5815, 5817, 5818\*, 5819\*, 5837, 5860. I choose to write about: 5790, 5800, and 5818.

pjm: And the three I've chosen to write about are 5824, 5852, and 5860; others that caught my attention are: 5823, 5826, 5828, and 5833.

5790: field of poppies  
recalling  
where we lay

jb: This haiku presents the action of the memory. It is a kind of nostalgia. The author views the "field of poppies" and his/her

memory is flooded with the moments of "we" being together "laying" in this field. The details of what happened is left to the imagination of the reader. All of this is familiar to one who has pursued the dance of courtship – for that is what I believe this represents. It is the time of the "poppies." However, this is not simply a nature sketch haiku, since it focuses not only on the poppies but on the act of memory. It is a representation of a moment's return to a special time past.

As for technique, I believe the writer is direct and economical. The image is one of memory, and this emergence of memory itself is what evokes the emotional response. In moments such as this we discover who we are. These are the memories that make life what it is. I recall James Hackett's remark, "Remember that lifefulness, not beauty, is the real quality of haiku." (See: Hackett, *Haiku Poetry*, Vol. 1, Japan Publications, Tokyo 1968.)

pjm: A haiku with a pivot word known as *kakekotoba* in Japanese—a poetic device used in Japanese tanka, and also in English but with more difficulty as English grammar is not as slippery as Japanese. But here is an example of it working in a haiku. The poem can be read two ways. In the first the field of poppies is the subject of the verb recalling—the field is telling anyone who looks where we were lying only a few minutes ago. In the second reading, the poet is the subject of the verb recalling and the poem's meaning unfolds as follows: upon seeing the field of poppies I (the poet) am reminded of that day and that (other?) place when we lay in a similar field. The two different readings convey two different images of the poppy field and two different senses of elapsed time. In the first the field with the flattened poppies in the middle gives us a sculptural effect and we feel that the two people have only just left the scene. In the second reading the image has no negative space and the elapsed time could be a year or, maybe, many years. Although the text allows these two readings, they cannot exist at the same time. They are two separate experiences.

5800: another nail  
pokes through the ceiling –  
winter isolation

jb: This haiku is a reminder that life is transitory. All things change, including this principle. That's the paradox. This is a moment of awareness evoked by a sense of common and familiar surroundings. The image is clear: here is someone in a time of reflection who views the ceiling *again* (it must be *again* since this is a cumulative verse) and discovers another nail has poked through. This understanding demands a familiarity with the surrounding and a perception of things changing. Perhaps the process could stop there, but it doesn't. There is the reverberation that life is going on regardless.

This kigo is appropriate. The time of winter is a time of reflection and isolation. Consistent with this is "another nail" – for the author must have seen other nails. The emotion evoked is "sabi" or loneliness.

pjm: The feeling of this image—someone so alone he or she is studying the ceiling—matches the kigo perfectly. And it is an unusual image so it did snag my attention. But when I thought about the physics of it, I became confused. Nails do move; changes in temperature and humidity cause wood to expand and contract working the nails loose. This poem implies that the nails can be worked in, as well as out. The image might well convey a psychological truth, but I think for the haiku to reach another level it is important that the reading be supported by physical truth, as well.

5818: doctor's office  
another patient  
lets in the cold

jb: The direct effect of this haiku is humor. "Oh, well, here's another patient letting in the cold again!" And, I am tempted to laugh at the simple inconvenience or discomfort. Yet there is also a subtext. This is, after all, a doctor's office. We go *there* only when sick (and all that that implies from fever to cancer.) We are told that the process of "letting in the cold" is being repeated. I can see patients coming in through the door in coats and jackets. Perhaps they are coughing. Perhaps they look stressed. Perhaps they are in need of help to enter through the door. Yet all are sharing this situation. My

mother, at age 95, was in a hospice. She told me, "I'm here to get well!" I realized that "getting well" was an option, albeit a distant one. We have no choice but to live through such times, and, possibly, to share and be compassionate.

pjm: I have two thoughts about this haiku. The first has to do with technique. The haiku depends on two possible readings of the word, "cold"—another *kakekotoba* or pivot word.

Cold can either be read as the temperature of the air or as a gaggle of microbials housed in a person with a cough. Because of grammar the dominant reading has to be cold read as temperature since "the cold" usually refers to an atmospheric condition. If we are referring to an illness, we say "a cold": "I have a cold, you have a cold, etc." Funny, we can have *the* flu, but not *the* cold! This poem demonstrates the difficulty we writers in English have with making pivot words work.

The second thought that this haiku prompts has to do with a desire to deepen the meaning beyond word play. It occurred to me that because of the use of the word "patient" in the second line, the poem may not need the first line. Thus, the possibility is open to introduce some other element that could play against "cold" in both its meanings. Just a thought.

5824: the whole forest  
running through the river  
one water ousel

pjm: With no punctuation at the end of the second line, I read that "the whole forest" was "running through the river"—an astonishing way of perceiving the relationship of the forest and the river. It wasn't until the third line that I realized that the water ousel was the subject of "running." So we have another haiku using the pivot technique. In this instance an entire phrase "running through the river" is the pivot, and here the haiku has one meaning up to the end of the second line and another meaning after

the second line. This is different from the way the pivot words worked in 5790 and .5818. In these poems the entire poem changed meaning depending on the reading of the pivot word. Both ways have long, respected traditions in Japanese tanka writing.

jb: I think I get the picture of this haiku, but I am a bit confused by the language. I see the (reflection of ?) the whole forest "running through the river" and a water ouzel somewhere by the river. I confess I don't see the relation. I speculate that the image of the black bird with the ringed neck is being juxtaposed against the background of the immensity (the metaphor) of the "whole forest" running through the river. I am intrigued by this, but not attracted to it.

5852: morning sun –  
pears in a bowl  
striped by window blinds

pjm: This image struck a chord for me. So simple. So clear. And yet . . . the straight (rigid?) lines of light are being molded (we are not told this, we see it) by the curved shapes of the fruit making the lines less harsh. Those same straight (harsh?) lines of light warm the fruit—pears—the fruit of Aphrodite, goddess of love. But there are lines of shade, as well, cast by the window *blinds*—blind Homer singing his long poem of the beautiful Helen over whom men went to war, blinds behind which lovers make love, blinds through which morning sun comes streaming—and we have come round again ready to enter once more this provocative, inviting image.

jb: This appears to me to be a "still life." The light from the sun is filtered through the blinds and so causes the pears in a bowl to appear to have stripes. Here is an image of stillness in which the natural elements (the pears) are contrasted with the artificial elements (the stripes from the blinds.) It is an everyday image that often goes unnoticed. The writer is moved by this and calls on readers to share in a reflective mood.

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

pjm: Another image that echoed for me. Those snow-wrapped trawlers hunkering down against the night wind in their snow coats like shades of the fishermen themselves pulling their heads down into their heavy mackinaws—dark forms on a dark night. The sound, too, tightens the poem. Notice the assonance of cold, broken, and snow; of wind and slip; and especially, of traps and wrapped. This last pairing leads us to the unstated and unusual comparison of the snow as a trap enclosing the trawlers.

jb: Clearly this is a winter scene with an overtone of loneliness and a touch of despair. I am reminded of Buson's haiku:

winter moon  
strolling through back alleys  
in the poor part of town

I feel the cold, and I see the "broken lobster traps" among the "snow-wrapped trawlers." From this "objective correlative" I feel a sympathy for the lobster fisherman who needs to repair his traps. Why do they remain broken and not repaired? The snow? Or is there something in the fisherman's life that prevents him from taking this necessary action?

I am moved by this haiku and very happy that Patricia chose to discuss it.

Comments or questions Contact:



CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE

Heat Waves  
by Ebba Story

How strange and miraculous that we can see heat. Not with infrared vision like some other creatures but those waves rising from summer-hot asphalt, wide sandy beaches, long stretches of highway. The mirage that tricks and plays with the desire of lost travelers in search of gold or water or some signpost up ahead. Heat-waves – an elusive response of the earth to the sun. Heat made visible.

Heat waves;  
The holes of the stick  
That went to the temple.

Issa\*

Sixteen-foot Buddha –  
from your stone base,  
rising heat-waves.

Basho \*\*

shimmering heat-waves  
the man at the jack hammer  
gives me a wink

Ebba Story

\* *Haiku, Summer-Autumn* by R. H. Blyth.  
Hokuseido Press. 1984.

\*\* *On Love and Barley: Haiku by Basho*,  
translated by Lucien Stryk. Penguin. 1985.

National Poetry Month Celebration  
Haiku Workshop at Gilroy Library  
April 27, 2005

Patricia Machmiller and June Hymas of Yuki Teikei led an extremely interested group of beginners in a writing exercise. Ten kigo were supplied, each paired with an unrelated word or phrase. Here are some examples: fog and apron, green plum and eyebrow. During preparation for the workshop these pairs were chosen rapidly, and almost at random. Each of us tried to write ten haiku in ten minutes. No agonizing, just trust your impulses! Here are some of the resulting haiku by the participants, after simple revisions or excisions were made during the discussions.

Spock's eyebrow arched high  
branch  
of the green plum tree

Kat Teraji

sour green plum  
pulls my eyebrows together  
I wipe it with my apron

Brenda Cherami

moonrise over water  
it took me forty-nine years  
to appreciate it

Karin Ajimal-Pousson

coolness of the water  
touching the body  
words crying in silence

Ruben Dozal, Jr.

After the writing, we discussed the results. This was a very interesting way to proceed because we were able to talk about the use of

the kigo, the break in the haiku, how less is often more, the way the second line can complete something different when read with either the first or the third line, the use of sound in haiku, and many other topics. In a straight lecture you would have never tried to cover so much. Because we were working with something fresh - something that had just been written - participants had better ways to remember many of the specific points that were made.

After a shorter writing exercise, the program closed with more reading and discussion and a question and answer session. It was a very enjoyable and worthwhile time. We felt fortunate to be able to introduce people to *yuki teikei* haiku! J.H. Hymas

### -HAIGA MEETING

On April 9, 2005 the Yuki Teikei monthly meeting was a special workshop in *haiga*, or haiku painting. It was held in the Red Room of the Hotel in San Jose History Park, near the Markham House where our regular meetings are usually held. We thank the City of San Jose for providing the facility. After a discussion of *haiga* and ways the poem and painting might relate, Patricia Machmiller demonstrated sumi ink on rice paper, Donnalynn Chase demonstrated collage and June Hymas demonstrated watercolor. Supplies and paper were provided; soon, everybody began to create. The resulting artwork varied in size from small to large and from simple to complex using more than one medium. Pat Gallagher even did a sumi-e painting of Mount Fuji on a sheet of newspaper! It was so wonderful to see what our friends - even those who claimed to have no talent - produced. We had to squeeze a short viewing of all the work into the last few minutes before the ranger had to lock up the room. Most of us could happily have stayed there for a few more hours! We invite all the members to experiment with combining paintings or pictures with their haiku. A good resource on *haiga* is [www.haigaonline.com](http://www.haigaonline.com). J. H. Hymas



**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is June 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:

**Iean Hale**

**Calendar**

- June 11** 1:30 –Gingko (walk a nd haiku in the garden) Hakone Gardens, Rt. 9 , Saratoga. Meet at picnic tables near the front gate, Newcomers are welcome.
- July 9** 6:00 PM – Tanabata Celebration at home of Ann Homan,  
Call for directions –
- Sept. 15-18** 2005 Asilomar Retreat
- Oct.** 6:00 PM – Moon Viewing Celebration. Location to be announced.
- Nov. 12** 1:30 PM Meeting at Markham House, History Center, San Jose. Newcomers are welcome.
- Dec. 10** 6:00 PM - Holiday Party. Details to be announced.

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*.

**Editor's Note:**

Details regarding the Asilomar Retreat are enclosed with this issue!

I've had computer problems recently so this issue is latish. For this reason we are pushing out the deadline date for the Y. T. Memorial Contest to June 7!

Also enclosed – information about the 2005 San Francisco International Competition of Haiku Tanka, Senryu and Rengay sponsored by the Haiku Poets of Northern California!

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Sponsors the annual

## **KIYOSHI TOKUTOMI MEMORIAL HAIKU CONTEST**

**IN-HAND DEADLINE: JUNE 7, 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