

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

Volume XXX:3

May-June 2005

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

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5927 | the Enola Gay article<br>lying on Dad's desk—<br>the tips of pirates light green   | 5935 | not knowing<br>its age or mine—<br>summer butterfly                  |
| 5928 | a break in spring traffic —<br>a bicycle passes<br>silently                        | 5936 | being patronized<br>stomping a termite<br>on a cloudy day            |
| 5929 | at the ball game<br>her sweater<br>stretched across their hidden hands             | 5937 | one I lusted for<br>moving slowly<br>into his shadow                 |
| 5930 | pulled by the puppy<br>Mrs. McGillicuddy<br>pops by the violets                    | 5938 | after the storm<br>this mad insanity<br>of twisted pines             |
| 5931 | peeling the membrane<br>inside the robin's egg<br>releasing the blue               | 5939 | the road crosses<br>the track obliquely<br>lightning                 |
| 5932 | the first day of May<br>five new swans – all in a row<br>too, five white roadsters | 5940 | now waiting alone<br>at the once crowded bus stop<br>thunder shower  |
| 5933 | Meadowlark Gardens—<br>cherry blossoms<br>alight on the lake                       | 5941 | quietly<br>reciting a sutra<br>deep tree shade                       |
| 5934 | spring twilight<br>lingering<br>on the expressway                                  | 5942 | lilacs and wind chimes<br>mingle on the breeze —<br>family gathering |

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 5943 | in tender silence<br>we watch<br>for fireflies                             | 5954 | a burst of light<br>streaming through the clouds—<br>swans on the pond                 |
| 5944 | the black ant<br>claims<br>my ice tea                                      | 5955 | through the telescope<br>Jupiter's giant red spot—<br>fireflies                        |
| 5945 | without a glance<br>off comes her new scarf —<br>distant thunder           | 5956 | summer butterfly<br>finding a place to light<br>on a cactus flower                     |
| 5946 | faded tattoos —<br>a big heart . . . LOVE<br>and something in red          | 5957 | keen-nose Papillon<br>forages in spring-damp earth<br>truffles in New York?            |
| 5947 | the floor drops again<br>not a sound, until we laugh<br>after shocks       | 5958 | babies face mothers<br>in English prams toddlers<br>in strollers face out              |
| 5948 | spring in the deer park —<br>the wind in my scalp<br>through thinning hair | 5959 | spring in Strauss parklet<br>benches face outward inward<br>old men choose which dance |
| 5949 | undulating ears<br>of a young rabbit among<br>flattened ears of corn       | 5960 | waning autumn moon<br>the line of pelicans dips<br>past the lighthouse                 |
| 5950 | by the farm gate<br>new wheat grows through<br>a rusty padlock             | 5961 | September heat<br>she lifts her black curls<br>from his bare shoulders                 |
| 5951 | full moon<br>the soft silence<br>of an owl                                 | 5962 | Indian summer<br>the bridal couple<br>still squabbling                                 |
| 5952 | summer sun<br>one blue dragonfly<br>escorts another                        | 5963 | bird cherry tree<br>in abundant blossoms<br>a leaf skeleton                            |
| 5953 | cicadas<br>the wind clears a path<br>for moonlight                         | 5964 | graduation exercise<br>a drug overdose earns<br>ten seconds of silence                 |

- 5965 exploding lilac  
not twenty, Nineteen!  
don't count a bomber
- 5966 aftershocks  
letters in the mail  
he'll never open
- 5967 split rail fence —  
in case the azaleas  
should wander
- 5968 evening fog  
the lost cries  
of a peacock
- 5969 Purchase price of our house  
also pays for a dry pond  
and termite.
- 5970 Mosquitoes at dusk  
"stay out!" I shut the front door.  
Some get in anyway.
- 5971 Cactus flower blooms  
to give thanks to a heartless soul —  
no water last year.
- 5972 counting sheep  
the sudden sting  
of a deer fly
- 5973 out of the bog  
the swarming blue  
of dragonflies
- 5974 summer garden  
a worn path  
around the ant hill
- 5975 podiatrist's office  
five polished shoes and  
a white sock waiting
- 5976 wind in the cottonwoods  
dance of shadows  
across the napper's face
- 5977 affair is over  
irrigation ditch  
clogged with weeds
- 5978 ocean fog  
drifting off the water —  
hides the water tower
- 5979 taking a side road  
into the deep tree shade  
like entering a tunnel
- 5980 listening to the music  
summer concert on the beach —  
storm clouds gather
- 5981 after the parade  
kids  
in the street
- 5982 the wonderful haiku  
from my dream . . .  
something about a fish
- 5983 lawn mowing?  
each dandelion  
goes down with a puff
- 5984 Mothers' Day  
she licks the chocolate back  
of her calf
- 5985 warm weather Mass —  
his hula girls and mai tai's  
freshly pressed
- 5986 watching traffic  
the boy leans on his bike handles  
- spring melancholy

5987 summer concert  
sky-high falsetto notes  
from the all-girl band

5988 pond's depths  
fingerling trout  
dart from stone to stone

5989 this summer grove  
the near-naked children  
playing cricket

5990 long before dawn  
the crashing summer sea  
my turbulent mind

5991 summer moon  
the last surfer  
climbs the bluff

5992 summer's minus tide  
a gull on one leg  
stands in its reflection

5993 ER waiting room:  
empty tissue box  
water pitcher and no cup

5994 a girl dips her brush  
into summer  
flying cursive lines

5995 an old book  
of someone else's love letters  
pulled apart

5996 deep tree shade  
all I can see of the thrush  
is its song

5997 lingering conversation  
peony petals  
fall to the table

5998 resting beside the  
bottle of detergent  
dingy white moth

5999 crumbling in spring rain  
the flood wall built years ago  
after the flood

6000 screen door June bug  
the napping cat opens  
one eye

6001 pool boy  
jabbing his net at the geese  
practicing landings

**CHALLENGE KIGO**

Heat Waves  
by Ebba Story

the road ahead blurred  
by heat-waves and tears —  
far from home

Ruth Holzer

heat waves  
on the highway  
a cracked turtle

Michael Dylan Welch

bees  
all over the songbird tree  
shimmering heat waves

Janeth H. Ewald

heat wave —  
in Mom's hair  
spit curls

Gloria Procsal

heat waves rise—  
the pavement  
too hot for tiny feet

Joan H. Ward

shimmering  
in the heat of noon –  
wings of a dragonfly

Ross Figgins

heat waves —  
the dip in the distant road  
goes on forever

Graham High

as the sun slips  
beneath the horizon  
red heat waves

Richard St. Clair

car packed weather bright  
this time the beach will be warm  
on the road first mirage

Christine Doreian Michaels

waves of white heat  
the desert highway ends and ends  
in a shimmering lake

Zinovy Vayman

As heat waves surf in  
out go pink dots from my back.  
Here, there heat rashes itch.

Ellen Wong

heat wave –  
puffy clouds  
sit on their shadow

Laura Bell

popsicle melting  
little girl watches  
the shimmer of approaching cars

Dave Bachelor

the road before us  
seems to be floating -  
heat waves rise and fall

Joan C. Sauer

wavering heat  
I'll have to carry  
whatever I buy

John Stevenson

shimmering heat waves  
a river on the highway  
appears . . . disappears

Patricia Prime

heat waves  
the car in the distance  
begins to take shape

Carolyn Thomas

heat waves, or tsunami  
rising  
between cracks in the concrete

Melissa Stepien

a winding creek  
parting  
the heat waves

Desiree McMurry

Chataqua:  
despite heat waves, the speaker  
brings us The Alps

Yvonne Hardenbrook

the picket fence —  
in the in between shadows  
of heat waves

Patricia Machmiller

SEASON WORDS  
for summer

*selected from the lists in the 1994 Members' Anthology*

**Season:** June, July, August: beginning of summer, midsummer, end of summer, summer solstice, long day, slow day, short night.

**Sky and Elements:** summer dew, ~ fog, ~ rain, ~ sky, ~ sun, ~ wind, south wind, scented breeze, scorching/blazing sun, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, hot, drought, coolness.

**Landscape:** *summer hills, ~ lake, ~ moor, ~ mountains, ~ sea, ~ river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.*

**Human Affairs:** *awning, fan, beach umbrella, parasol, perfume, camp, fly swatter, fireworks, fountain, summer hat, summer house, summer vacation, summer concert/opera, ice house, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, mosquito net, midday nap, swimming, swimming pool, sunburn, sweat, sunglasses, sundress, rattan chair, reed, wind chimes, prayers for rain, cooling oneself, mowing grass, weeding, Fathers' day, Fourth of July (Independence Day), Armed Forces Day, Tanabata (Festival of the Weaver, or Star festival - traditionally, an autumn kigo).*

**Animals:** *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, silkworm, water beetle.*

**Plants:** *amaryllis, barley, summer bracken, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank grasses, summer weeds, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, calla lily, daylily, lotus, marguerite, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, phlox, pinks, rose, salvia, silk tree (mimosa), snapdragon, sunflower, summer thistle, leafy willow, yucca, zinnia, summer fruits and vegetables (banana, blackberry, cucumber, cherry, eggplant, green grapes, green(unripe) apple, green walnut, green peas, apricot, melon (honeydew, cantaloupe, watermelon, etc), pineapple, potato, raspberry, strawberry, tomato, zucchini*

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP<sub>O</sub>**

Deadline for the next issue is August 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**

**MEMBERS' VOTES  
for March-April**

- Zinovy Vayman -5861-0 5862-2 5863-3  
 Ellen Wong -5864-0 5865-0 5866-3  
 Cindy Tebo - 5867-6  
 Joan Sauer - 5868-0 5869-4 5870-0  
 Joan Zimmerman - 5871-4 5872-1 5873-6  
 Melissa Stepien - 5874-1 5875-2 5876-0  
 M. Dylan Welch - 5877-9 5878-1 5879-3  
 Richard St. Clair - 5880-1 5881-0 5882-6  
 Greg Longenexker - 5883-1 5884-0 5885-2  
 Graham High - 5886-4 5887-9 5888-0  
 John Stevenson - 5889-6 5890-1  
 M. Root-Bernstein - 5891-0 5892-1 5893-9  
 Ross Figgins - 5894-3 5895-0 5896-2  
 Joan Ward - 5897-2 5898-4 5899-0  
 Patricia Prime - 5900-1 5901-1 5902-0  
 Teruo Yamagata - 5903-1 5904-4 5905-4  
 Ruth Holzer - 5906-1 5907-1 5908-1  
 Carolyn Hall - 5909-0 5910-3 5911-1  
 Gloria Procsal - 5912-4 5913-2 5914-2  
 Barbara Campitelli - 5915-2 5916-3 5917-  
 Laura Bell - 5918-6 5919-3 5920-0  
 Y. Hardenbrook - 5921-10 5922-1 5923-6  
 June Hymas - 5924-4 5925-1 5926-5

**MARCH-APRIL HAIKU VOTED BEST BY  
READERS OF GEPP<sub>O</sub>**

morning sun  
 fog fragments on the meadow  
 become sheep

**Yvonne Hardenbrook**

starting her shift  
 the blonde bartender  
 puts on a wedding ring  
 Michael Dylan Welch

old man at the window  
 the amaryllis  
 rising from its pot  
 Graham High

only now  
 remembering where I put them  
 spring bulbs  
 Michelle Root-Bernstein

April again  
 a new magnet arrives  
 from the tax lady  
 Cindy Tebo

Summer boardwalk  
 two girls in white bikinis  
 push his wheelchair  
 Joan Zimmerman

late night clinic  
 the cleaning lady  
 whistling  
 Richard St. Clair

early spring  
 how much we make  
 of a little warmth  
 John Stevenson

94<sup>th</sup> birthday  
 he doesn't renew  
 his calendar  
 Laura Bell

Valentine's Day  
 a pair of Canada geese  
 peel off from the vee  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

stalk of iris buds  
 where does she live this year?  
 I wonder  
 June Hopper Hymas

flooded farm fields,  
 a new place  
 for ducks to swim  
 Joan C. Sauer

the crammed shopping bags  
 of girls on motorbikes –  
 bees in he lavender  
 Joan Zimmerman

among the first buds  
 the hanging exoskeleton  
 of a wolf spider  
 Graham High

a fragment  
 of dry foliage  
 . . . until it jumps  
 Joan H. Ward

I was completely lost  
 in a maze  
 of sunflowers  
 Teruo Yamagata

watching his balloon  
 the child loses sight  
 of his parents  
 Teruo Yamagata

apology accepted  
 biting into  
 a wormy apple  
 Gloria Procsal

spring rain –  
 my grandmother's wedding ring  
 on my aging finger  
 June Hopper Hymas

**Editor's Note:**

With apologies to Carolyn Hall, here is the corrected version of a poem she submitted for the last issue.

valentines day  
the trail begins  
with a fork

**Dojins' Corner**  
**March-April 2005**  
by Patricia and Jerry

jb: Here are my selections; an "\*" indicates my short list: 5867\*, 5875\*, 5882, 5889\*, 5892, 5893 5904, 5909, 5910, 5911, 5912\*, 5913\*, 5914, 5915\*, 5919, 5921, 5926\*. I chose to write about: 5889, 5912, and 5913. This list shows the manner in which I decide about haiku. I read through the Geppo 5 – 10 times, and make small marks by the haiku that speak to me. As I repeat this process I add more dots. I especially go back to the full list to see if there are any which I would really like to include but missed. Eventually, I narrow my selections to three. This is not an easy process. I believe that I am representing my own taste and conviction and that these have something to do with the quality of the haiku.

pjm: I chose these three to write about this month: 5910, 5915, and 5926.

5889 early spring  
how much we make  
of a little warmth

jb: This haiku is a simple expression of realization and feeling. It might be preceded by the clause: "I just realized that ..." Still, it is honest and full of life. It is not a sermon like some haiku tend to be. There is no attempt to convince me of anything. Rather one might call it an "I message." It is somewhat like the haiku that Basho wrote:

The cicada shell ...  
Did it yell until it became  
all voice?

For me, the criterion for quality is the feeling of sincerity. This is what I get from the direct and simple language.

pjm: The depth of this haiku springs from the word *warmth* which can be the physical touch of the sun (one of the lovely and welcome aspects of the coming spring), or it can be read as the warmth of one human reaching out to another—of acceptance, of empathy. We are grateful for both after a long winter.

5910 quince blossoms  
she sweeps the front steps  
in her Sunday best

pjm: Of all the blossoms—cherry, plum, pear—quince seems to me to be the most rustic, the simplest, the least lavish. And the poet writing about a domestic act as humble as sweeping the steps seems to be saying that in this simple act there can be elegance—after all, the woman is in her Sunday best. Perhaps she is preparing for guests. So, too, the quince blossoms, elegantly simple and unadorned, give us their Sunday best.

jb: This haiku is also one of my choices. It is smooth. The language is simple and uncluttered and the lyrical image is peaceful. It is a happy image. The quince is an ancient plant with an ancient name, derived from the Greek. The blossoms are white and the pear-like fruit is edible when cooked. So the name "quince" gives a sense of tradition and effort required for harvest. This is consistent with her "Sunday best."

5912 apology accepted  
biting into  
a wormy apple

jb: Here we have a dramatic juxtaposition of images. The act of accepting an apology is held up against the act of biting into a wormy apple. I think this is a skillful image that expresses the feelings we get when we "accept" (maybe not fully??) an apology.

This is the stuff of which metaphors are made. One might say: "Accepting an apology *is* biting into a wormy apple." But the author *doesn't say that*. The author gives us the raw material of a metaphor. The comparison is left for the reader. I contend that a haiku should leave something for the reader to do and this haiku is an example of such.

pjm: Is the apple a peace offering given after an argument? We assume the giver is innocent of the knowledge of the worm, and so we can empathize with him or her as the discovery of the worm undermines the well-intentioned gift, and ultimately, the peace.

5913 dawn light  
cock and crow  
shattering stars

jb: This haiku is also (like 5889) about awareness. Yet though this haiku represents the realization, it does not express it directly. I recommend that you compare the two. In number 5913 we are given what begins as a shasei (nature sketch) of a situation in which the collection of dawn light, the behavior of the rooster and the crow eventually leads us to (metaphor) "shattering stars." This haiku is about "sudden awakening." How can the cock and the crow (nice language) shatter the stars? Well, *how they do it* is not the question. We are simply presented with the assertion that *they DO do it*. There is clearly work for the reader. I enjoy this work.

pjm: We had two very noisy crows nest in our yard this spring. I have been awakened this way on many a morning recently—"shattering stars" says it all.

5915 melted snow—  
in need of a child, it seems  
the forsaken ball

pjm: Snow is secretive, the way it covers all. And for a span of considerable duration. The whole of winter. By the time the melting begins in earnest much has transpired and the game the child was playing is long since over. Then, seemingly out of nowhere, the ball appears and we are startled to realize how much has changed including ourselves. And

that child, too, changed, grown, his or her attention is elsewhere now. The transient nature of the snow, the seasons, and of ourselves is eloquently evoked here.

jb: This also is one of my choices and, in fact, made my short list. I like the idea very much. For me, it's a great insight to think of a "ball" that is "in need of a child." I am reminded of Buson's classic (Henderson's version):

As the spring rains fall,  
Soaking in them, on the roof  
Is a child's rag ball.

Our author writes in the same tradition and the haiku is fresh.

5926 stalk of iris buds  
where does she live this year?  
I wonder

pjm: The image of iris buds on a stalk, the way they alternate from one side to the other is almost a physical map of the poet's question. Does she live here . . . or here . . . or here? And the kigo, buds, expresses, perhaps, the hope the poet has about the friend beginning anew in some new place. And yet, in the expression "*this year*" there is the slight suggestion of worry that all may not be well. A small point: the poet might consider dropping the question mark. I don't think it is necessary.

jb: This haiku reminds me of Chiyo-ni's:

the dragonfly hunter  
today how far has he got to  
I wonder

And, of course, the dragonfly often wanders near the iris at the edge of a pond. Iris is the goddess who is the messenger of the gods and displays the rainbow as her sign. This is where we get the word "iridescence." So our author is consistent with the tradition. I see the iris as a sign of loneliness, and the author's question as a result. Nicely done.

CHALLENGE KIGO

for next issue

by Ebba Story

Shooting Star, Falling Star, Meteor

Meteors are constantly entering our atmosphere and burning up. They fall in the daytime but we don't think of that because we never see them. With so much urban light pollution they are even hard to see at night in many areas. But in mid-August the Earth's orbit swings us through a dust cloud left behind by a comet. On several peak nights we get a brilliant display of up to a hundred shooting stars every hour. Each of these shooting stars is only the size of a grain of sand but is moving at 132,000 mph. With so many streaking across the sky we are much more likely to see them. The intense yet oh-so-brief life of the falling star touches our hearts and imaginations in a very special way. We gasp and point and all is still again until the next one (if we are lucky) flashes across the sky. Hardly time to make that wish.

midstream halt-  
the horseman looks up  
at the falling stars

H.F. Noyes \*

behind the clouds  
I can almost feel  
the promised meteors

George Marsh \*

windy meadow -  
I tuck a shooting star  
into my pocket

Ebba Story

\* Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac by William J. Higginson, Kodansha, 1996.

Calendar

- Aug. 1      **Deadline** for submitting to the Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology
- 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.

Haiku North America Conference

Port Townsend, Washington

September 21 to 25, 2005

Make plans now to attend a long weekend of haiku workshops, panel discussions, readings, presentations, haiku book fair, and more at the biennial Haiku North America Conference. Port Townsend is about 60 miles north of Seattle. This spectacular ocean-side retreat setting has beach, hill and woods trails for walking, a lighthouse, maritime museums, and much more, plus very inexpensive accommodations. Haiku North America is the weekend after the Ailomar retreat so perhaps you can extend your trip to one event or the other to include both! For further information, including fees, schedules and accommodation details see [www.haikunorthamerica.com](http://www.haikunorthamerica.com) or contact Michael Dylan Welch at

**2005 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat**  
**Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA**  
**September 15-18**

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

This year's retreat will feature Patricia Machmiller, a long-time student of the haiku tradition. Patricia will lead the participants in a master class in haiku that involves reading, writing, and dialogue. (If you are a beginning writer, don't be intimidated by the word "master"—these discussions and handouts will give you the perfect foundation for writing haiku). The readings will be from selected handouts of the best that has been written in English on form, kigo, image, rhythm and other sound elements. The discussions will compare haiku writing to other forms of poetry writing in English and give insight into the development of poetry writing in the West and the East. Participants will focus on and closely observe their own writing processes to better understand themselves as writers thereby to encourage their own unique process. Each session will be half lecture and half haiku critique and discussion. Reading assignments will be done between sessions.

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

For further information e-mail  
Carol Steele at

or send your registration along with a deposit of \$100  
(make checks payable to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society) to:  
Jim and Betty Arnold,

Name: _____
Address: _____
Phone: _____
e-mail: _____
Special Considerations: _____
Vegetarian meals: Yes _____ No _____

*Hank Dunlap*

by June Hopper Hymas

Early this month, after an illness, friend and Yuki Teikei member, Hank Dunlap passed away peacefully; his wife, Vivian, at his side. Hank served in the US Air Force from 1950-1951 and received the Korean Service Medal. Vivian said, "I will miss him forever as he was one in a million."

Some of the people at Tanabata on July 9th had not met Hank—who used to be so delightful a presence at the Asilomar Retreat—so we talked about his life. How much it meant to him to have Vivian's companionship these last five years! He often spoke of what a blessing she was. I remember him, in earlier times, speaking about the sad feeling of being alone, except for his "old dog" who was featured in so many of his haiku. We plan to tell you more about Hank in a future issue. Here are some haiku written during the evening:

his widow sends  
the sad news by email—  
Diablo wind

June Hopper Hymas

Milky Way shadows  
barely visible, the white  
of the donkey's bray

Patricia J. Machmiller

hearing of his death  
they speak of his last love  
—river of stars

Alison Woolpert