

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXX:4

July-Aug 2005

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

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|------|--|------|--|
| 6002 | echinacea on its spinning spirals of seeds a bee crawls in circles | 6010 | hilltop pagoda — guarding the overgrown path a small Buddha |
| 6003 | side vision her laptop lines rising | 6011 | midsummer darkness — mistakes show me how to be the person I am |
| 6004 | sweltering heat New York Times promises human immortality | 6012 | the porcelain vase with hand-painted plum blossoms - gift of forgiveness |
| 6005 | summer morning dew sparkles on the thirsty grass- no rain in sight | 6013 | we pass one leaf hand to hand to hand to hand wild peppermint |
| 6006 | summer weeds choking out the widow's garden- too hot for her to work | 6014 | deep into the mud deer hooves thrust your tiny seeds lady slipper orchid |
| 6007 | blooming butterfly bush bountiful buffet before their long journey | 6015 | high on an aspen neat rows of sapsucker holes - scented breeze |
| 6008 | summer camp reveille — wanting to keep sleeping | 6016 | back from vacation crabgrass choking the garden release each flower |
| 6009 | crashing surf — the amateur artist can't paint waves | 6017 | copper pans spiral driftwood and flowers on deck drip drip tinkle |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 6018 | petals fall the rose's essence endures | 6029 | salmon run a pile of scales between the rocks |
| 6019 | lotus reflections the hospice volunteer just sits | 6030 | cattle farm an old collie walks up the drive |
| 6020 | faintly MacMillan's "A Deep but Dazzling Darkness" through the summer fog | 6031 | mint ice cream in a white china bowl— cool spoonful |
| 6021 | waiting for stillness the old gardener pauses – lotus reflections | 6032 | summer flood— a piglet floats down Market Street |
| 6022 | Chinese opera singer Fan in hand, out on stage, Yawns a big yawn. | 6033 | charred parts of the passenger plane— field of ripe barley |
| 6023 | Along this road Choir evening practice – Mosquitoes hum. | 6034 | sitting on a log just sitting on a log, summer sun |
| 6024 | City garden Children chasing around Summer butterflies. | 6035 | senior vacation driving around the campground site seeing |
| 6025 | another summer – wrinkles gathering friends across his forehead | 6036 | breaking camp sorting the rocks - again |
| 6026 | early summer- even the Italian Riviera has shifting sands | 6037 | 'pandora's box' I find shades of hope in the daylilies |
| 6027 | one window open- is it for a breeze or a bird song? | 6038 | dust-covered shoes this year's blackberries never ripen |
| 6028 | hard rain a cicada skin sheltered by elderberries | 6039 | mid-July in an old timetable twa's flight 800 |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 6040 | on the teacher's platform a student gift carnation | 6051 | peeling potatoes— a strand of red hair falls into the sink |
| 6041 | above the grove of the village shrine lightening | 6052 | river island a butterfly lands with me |
| 6042 | beetle on the desk is at a standstill as teaching material | 6053 | uncertain which way to face the scarecrow |
| 6043 | scorching sun even the cracked earth begs for rain | 6054 | midsummer moon who will I be when I wake up? |
| 6044 | the savage sea takes another bite of Cape Cod | 6055 | pharmacy drive-thru... an ant running in circles on the hot pavement |
| 6045 | morning harvest— zucchini overload | 6056 | releasing the firefly... his warm hand leaves mine |
| 6046 | no shade in the park – the city gent unable to manage his ice-cream | 6057 | murmuring stream of anxiety... another day of drought |
| 6047 | gathering grassheads – the Velcro on my new sandals | 6058 | late summer – a lone batter tosses a ball to the dusk |
| 6048 | head in the clouds – that distant hill I only think of climbing | 6059 | forgotten balloon tied to his wrist— summer sun |
| 6049 | contemplation: the keen eye of a heron in the silkscreen scroll | 6060 | sprinting on my bike a woman follows in her car smiling |
| 6050 | small bowl the cherries and the pits mix in together | 6061 | shared beach umbrella our outstretched legs a shade of pink |

6062 low tide
lone blue heron
beachcombing

6073 fording the stream
weary grandad's
dream of heaven

6063 child's garden plot
a single sunflower
and her smile

6074 a life that was
an open book
old devil moon

6064 jog through a flickering
cloud of gnats
some jog with me

6075 war news
sea of clouds
river of woe

6065 walking off my anger
finding half a tiny
blue egg shell

CHALLENGE KIGO
Shooting Star, Falling Star, Meteor

6066 below the rookery
a dead bird
ants seeing to the burial

there, in the dark sky
a shooting star,
make a wish quickly

Joan C. Sauer

6067 hard rain
a cicada skin sheltered
by elderberries

beach combing:
a glance up at the sky
shooting star

Richard St. Clair

6068 salmon run
a pile of scales
between the rocks

shooting star –
hoping to see another
with my teen grandsons

June Hopper Hyman

6069 cattle farm
an old collie
walks up the drive

Meteor on ground
I look up – the sky
Starless.

Ellen Wong

6071 her last summer —
nursing home on the same street
we walked to school

night sky
I look toward her voice
miss the falling star

Dave Bachelor

6072 patio evening
neighbor's furred umbrella
stabbing at the moon

your love
surprised grounded me
shooting star

Christine Doreian -Michaels

on her way to bed-
take my pail, she says,
to catch a falling star

Barbara Campitelli

another
great moment in history—
falling stars

Ruth Holzer

no closer
after it fell
shooting star

Laura Bell

shooting star
in one swoop
the owl disappears

Cindy Tebo

night walk
with my moody self
till the shooting star!

Eugenie Waldteufel

a shooting star
punctuates
our engagement

Joan H. Ward

obsessed with something
I cannot name—
shooting star

Gloria Procsal

just the one of me
waiting between meteors
to utter a sound

Carolyn Thomas

just one shooting star –
the constant journey of a
single satellite

Graham High

shallow breaths
of mountain air
shooting stars

John Stevenson

the children in bed...
in spite of meteors
my eyelids fall, too

Denise McMurry

shooting stars
from somewhere in the meadow
come questions

Alison Woolpert

home late
we stay outside to watch
a shooting star

Patricia Prime

reminding us
of the pre-dawn falling stars
her flute improv

Yvonne Hardenbrook

**SEASON WORDS
for early autumn**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology

Season: *September, October; lingering summer heat, beginning of autumn equinox, chilly night, long night.*

Sky and Elements: *autumn rain, ~ sky, ~wind, long night, (full) moon, night of stars, sardine cloud.*

Landscape: *autumn moor, leaves turning, reaped or harvested fields, vineyards.*

Human Affairs: *autumn loneliness, end of summer vacation, gleanings, harvest, mushroom gathering, scarecrow, school begins, Tanabata (Star Festival), Obon Festival/dance, Labor Day, Rosh Hashanah, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch, black cat, ghost, haunted house).*

Animals: *autumn mackerel, bagworm, clear-toned cicada, cricket, deer, dragonfly, red dragonfly, grasshopper, ground beetle, insects' cry, katydid, monarch butterfly, migrating geese/cranes/storks, praying mantis, quail, salmon, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, wild geese, woodpecker.*

Plants: *apple, wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buckwheat, bush clover, chamomile, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn, cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen or falling leaves, gourds, grapes, huckleberry, maiden flower, morning glory, mushrooms, nuts, orchid, pampas grass plumes, pear, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds, reed flowers/tassels, rose of sharon, squash, vines, weed flowers.*

**MEMBERS' VOTES
for May-June**

Michael Dylan Welch – 5927-1 5928-0 5929-2
 Janeth Ewald – 5930-1 5931-4 5932-0
 Ruth Holzer – 5933-0 5934-4 5935-6
 Gloria Procsal – 5936-0 5937-2 5938-1
 Teruo Yamagata – 5939-2 5940-2 5941-3
 Joan Ward – 5942-5 5943-1 5944-2
 Ross Figgins – 5945-3 5946-0 5947-0
 Graham High – 5948-1 5949-1 5950-3
 Kay Grimnes – 5951-4 5952-5 5953-14
 Richard St. Clair – 5954-1 5955-0 5956-1
 C. Doreian-Michaels – 5957-0 5958-1 5959-0
 Joan Zimmerman – 5960-4 5961-6 5962-3
 Zinovy Vayman – 5963-0 5964-6 5965-1
 M. Root-Bernstein – 5966-4 5967-55968-4
 Ellen Wong – 5969-0 5970-0 5971-1
 Laura Bell – 5972-2 5973-1 5974-5
 Dave Bachelor – 5975-4 5976-3 5977-4
 Joan Sauer – 5978-2 5979-1 5980-0
 John Stevenson – 5981-0 5982-3 5983-2
 Greg Longenecker – 5984-2 5985-1 5986-3
 Patricia Prime – 5987-2 5988-4 5989-1
 Carolyn Thomas – 5990-5 5991-4 5992-2
 Melissa Stepien – 5993-0 5994-2 5995-4
 Desiree McMurry – 5996-9 5997-4 5998-1
 Yvonne Hardenbrook – 5999-0 6000-1 6001-1

**MAY-JUNE HAIKU VOTED BEST
BY READERS OF GEPP_O**

cicadas
 the wind clears a path
 for moonlight

Kay Grimnes

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

Desiree McMurry

not knowing
 its age or mine—
 summer butterfly

Ruth Holzer

September heat
 she lifts her black curls
 from his bare shoulders

Joan Zimmerman

graduation exercise
 a drug overdose earns
 ten seconds of silence

Zinovy Vayman

lilacs and wind chimes
 mingle on the breeze —
 family gathering

Joan Ward

summer sun
 one blue dragonfly
 escorts another

Kay Grimnes

split rail fence
 in case the azaleas
 should wander

Michelle Root-Bernstein

summer garden
 a worn path
 around the ant hill

Laura Bell

long before dawn
 the crashing summer sea
 my turbulent mind

Carolyn Thomas

peeling the membrane
inside the robin's egg
releasing the blue

Janeth Ewald

summer moon
the last surfer
climbs the bluff

Carolyn Thomas

spring twilight
lingering
on the expressway

Ruth Holzer

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

Melissa Stepien

full moon
the soft silence
of an owl

Kay Grimnes

lingering conversation
peony petals
fall to the table

Desiree McMurry

waning autumn moon
the line of pelicans dips
past the lighthouse

Joan Zimmerman

aftershocks
letters in the mail
he'll never open

Michelle Root-Bernstein

evening fog
the lost cries
of a peacock

Michelle Root-Bernstein

podiatrist's office
five polished shoes and
a white sock waiting

Dave Bachelor

affair is over
irrigation ditch
clogged with weeds

Dave Bachelor

pond's depths
fingerling trout
dart from stone to stone

Patricia Prime

Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for the next issue is October 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 Canada and \$25.00 international. Membership includes six issues of *Geppo*.

subject using haiku as his or her form. This is no easy thing to do, and I commend the effort. Keep going—you are on the right track.

5973 out of the bog
 the swarming blue
 of dragonflies

pjm: Here's a haiku that resists explanation. It is a compelling image that sticks in the mind. This is, I think, the pinnacle of haiku writing—pure image that cannot easily be parsed. I've mulled it over for some time now, and I am still having difficulty finding words to express my attraction to the haiku. It is an image that is, at once, beautiful and ominous. Much like dragonflies themselves. The *American Heritage Dictionary*, fourth edition, says the English root of the word dragon comes from the Greek (through Latin) where it referred to a large serpent. In modern English a dragon is a mythical monster represented as a "gigantic reptile with lion's claws, tail of a serpent, wings, and a scaly skin." In the southern US the dragonfly with its overlarge eyes is called "snake doctor," a name based on a folk belief that dragonflies take care of snakes. So the beautiful dragonflies by their very name call up feelings of dread and apprehension, feelings that are similarly evoked by the words bog and swarm. It is this intuitive compatibility of feeling between the image and the kigo that is at the root of the haiku's success.

jb: There are many things I like about this haiku: simplicity, compactness, and the flow of language. While I have some difficulty relating to the image (I don't see how one gets the "swarming blue" of dragonflies) nevertheless, it's a nice image.

5984 Mothers' Day
 she licks the chocolate back
 of her calf

jb: As with 5938 this is an almost natural image (except, perhaps, for the 'chocolate.')

Yet, there is an immediate natural image expressed here, one of a mother cow licking the back of her calf. Cows are mothers too, and they do things which express affection for their

children. This is a soft image; a lyrical one. The 'chocolate' is, of course, ambiguous since it can mean either a flavor, or a color. However, the ambiguity is also strong and useful. In either case, for me, the affect is strong. It works.

pjm: Here the poet is playing with us. The pleasure in this poem is the complete overturning of the image, and therefore the meaning, of the haiku when we encounter the last line. In our initial reading we see a woman, a mother, who upon receiving a chocolate treat for Mother's Day proceeds to lick the back of . . . what? a calf! And suddenly the image is turned inside out: the mother, the she, is a cow and the chocolate being licked is her heifer's brown back! This is the marvel and magic of language.

5986 watching traffic
 the boy leans on his bike handles
 —spring melancholy

pjm: This is what we all hope for in a haiku—that the feeling of the image (the first two lines) matches exactly the feeling in the kigo (the last line), and there is no logical explanation for it. The two together make an intuitive rightness, a whole that we can't explain, but only admire.

jb: This was also one of my choices. I think the image is clear, and the idea of the boy waiting and watching traffic, relates clearly to the kigo "spring melancholy." Very nice shasei.

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

pjm: A clear image of summer pulled together by sound, the t, t, t, t, t of trout, dart, stone, and stone, sounds that ricochet like darting fish!

jb: This also is one of my choices, again a shasei. Here is an image, which relates to much of life. Are we not "fingerling trout" darting from stone to stone? While the haiku uses direct language there still is the substance of a metaphor as a subtext. For me, this is a good haiku.

5991 summer moon
the last surfer
climbs the bluff

jb: Of my three choices this is the only shasei (nature sketch.) This is a direct, non ambiguous, lyrical image. Very simply it is the end of a day of enjoyment and we are invited to say farewell to a day of relaxation and pleasure. All things are transitory and this haiku gives us a reminder of that verity. As with life itself, it is bittersweet As W.C. Fields once said, "Life if funny, you're lucky to get out of it alive."

pjm: This image captures the feeling we've all had at the end of a day spent in a pleasurable pursuit that requires great physical exertion. There is an immense satisfaction ("summer moon") married with immense, yet satisfying fatigue ("last surfer / climbs the bluff") that comes from giving our all to nature.

Patricia and Jerry invite your comments at

care of Jean Hale.

**MESSAGE FROM ANNE HOMAN
REGARDING THE 2004 YUKI TEIKEI
ANTHOLOGY**

We have chosen the poems for the 2004 anthology. Patrick Gallagher will start working on the booklet the last week in September, so we hope to have it to the 29 people who submitted poems some time in October. We are very pleased with the quality of the poems submitted this year. We are sorry to have missed putting a reminder in the May-June Geppo, but more poets participated than last year, so perhaps we all work better under pressure. We hope that even more of you will consider joining us in the 2005 edition.



**CHALLENGE KIGO
for next issue
by Ebba Story**

Walnut

Walnuts have long been one of the most highly prized nuts. Various varieties of the tree grow throughout the temperate zones of the world. Its Latin name, *Juglans*, derives from 'Jove's glans' or more commonly, 'Jove's nuts.' In autumn the branches of the walnut tree droop from the weight of the ripe nuts. A thick, fleshy husk, that can stain fingers or fabric a yellowish tinge, protects the nut inside. When the husk is peeled away the familiar contoured shell is revealed. And inside that resides the tasty nut.

*te ni miteri
oto no samishiki
kurumitachi*

a palm-full
their sound so desolate
these walnuts

Tokihiko Kusama *

my call unanswered ...
a bitter sliver of shell
in the walnut bread

Ebba Story

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

Tanabata Poems

July 9, 2005 – a foggy evening in
Livermore, California

listening
for the stars we cannot see
seventh night seventh month
Alison Woolpert

this gold-flecked paper
with the shiny silken threads –
Vega's idle loom
June Hopper Hymas

Milky Way watch –
an astonishing wind
embraces us
Patricia Machmiller

ocean fog
we strain to see
the weaver girl –
June Hopper Hymas

seventh night
the urgency of this
Diablo wind
D. Claire Gallagher

a thick bank of fog
prevents their late night tryst –
Altair and Vega
Carol Steele

her breath keeps pace
to the shuttle's to and fro
– coming of autumn
donnalynn chase

crossing under
the river of heaven
the high Sierra
Patrick Gallagher

summer fog
no need to look
in the pond tonight
Anne Homan

high on the mountain
wind sounds like ocean waves
the cow herder waits
Carol Steele

sitting by the window
watching for the magpies
night after night after . . .
donnalynn chase

wind-drifting fog
the faint rustle
of a shuttle
D. Claire Gallagher

through the cloud veil
searching again for Vega –
the taste of ginger
Patricia Machmiller

summer fog
what are they doing
up there?
Anne Homan

Tanabata bamboo –
she lies that it grew
right up from the floor
Alison Woolpert

(See insert for an historical overview of
Tanabata)

Calendar

Sept. 15-18 2005 Asilomar Retreat

Oct. 15 6:00 PM – Moon Viewing
Celebration. at Jean Hale's

Directions to my house from
gate: Straight ahead to Stop
sign, turn left and then next right,
Turn at second left (with arrow
pointing in) and park in large lot.

walk up the path.

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.

Tanabata – The Seventh Day of The Seventh Month

Tanabata Matsuri, the Star Festival is based on the ancient legend of Altair, the Cowherd star, and Vega, the Weaver Star. The legend tells how these two lovers were only allowed to meet once a year - on the seventh day of the seventh lunar month.

Tanabata is commonly celebrated on July 7th, even though August correlates more accurately to the traditional lunar calendar. It is during this time that there is most often a half moon and the Milky Way is more visible than any other time of the year. The story goes that Skokujo, sometimes known as Orihime, (Vega) and Kengyu (Altair) use the half moon as a boat to meet each other over the great celestial river in the sky, Amanogawa (the Milky Way).

There are many variations of the legend that originated from China and was introduced to Japan during the Nara Period (710-784 AD). A composite, of the most popular stories, is that Shokujo was the weaver and the daughter of the Emperor of Heaven. She worked very hard, weaving garments for the family, and had no leisure time to take care of herself. Tenkou, the Emperor, became worried and introduced her to Kengyu, a cow or sheep care-taker (also known to be a workaholic) who lived across the river.

They fell in love immediately and spent all their time together neglecting their duties of herding and weaving. This of course made the Emperor angry, especially when his clothes became worn and all the cows and sheep became sick. So he forbid Shokujo to see her lover and moved her back across the river.

Shokujo lost all hope and cried all day, again unable to weave. Meanwhile, Kengyu was too sad to attend to the herd. To comfort them and to get what he wanted, the Emperor allowed them to meet once a year on the seventh day of the seventh month - if they worked hard. This became Tanabata.