

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXX:5

September-October 2005

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 6076 | eager hands
puckered mouth
green persimmon | 6084 | weathered green rowboat
overturned at the surf's edge
autumn evening |
| 6077 | autumn wind blowing
a flock of birds through the trees
Mozart aria | 6085 | the two year old
on her back...gamboling
under the ghosts |
| 6078 | cloudy sunrise
the morning glory looks
particularly blue | 6086 | the cormorant
dives longer than he watches
- discontent |
| 6079 | storm warning
boat shells piled high
against the breaker | 6087 | red dragonflies
encircle "Memoirs of a Geisha"
translucent porcelain ring |
| 6080 | dawn
the slow fall of snow
past the wind chimes | 6088 | payday
the penny in the road
heads up |
| 6081 | snow across Venice
the Christmas panettone
still warm | 6089 | a crash of brush
the white tail of a deer
the echo |
| 6082 | with covers tossed off
I'm down to the essentials
another long night | 6090 | masked raccoon
stealing between the trees
the harvest moon |
| 6083 | Grandmother made her
a visiting kimono-
lingering heat | 6091 | out of the current
another leaf
caught at the bend |
-

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 6092 | reminded
of something I can't recall
balmy autumn breeze | 6103 | autumn equinox
the maple right on time
turning red |
| 6093 | White hair
out her window
the fallen leaves | 6104 | cricket cry
outside the door it sang inside of
all last night |
| 6094 | interstate car wreck
trembling in golden light
the October moon | 6105 | autumn equinox . . .
nine geese flying north
nine geese flying south |
| 6095 | during the power cut
lighting pink candles and white
two days since she died | 6106 | a well-worn deer trail
into the withering dune grass
- the doctor calls back |
| 6096 | after her death
no roses can be bought
that say enough | 6107 | dawn to dusk five times
gathering body and mind
with the forest mist |
| 6097 | howls merge
hair on my back
rising | 6108 | each corner turned
changes the ocean's colors
- autumn deepens |
| 6098 | turning breezy-
on the nape of her neck
two garment labels | 6109 | the next-door neighbors
stop their kibbitzing
- first monarch |
| 6099 | trade wind
fig tree leaves
exchange shadows | 6110 | autumn equinox
between the sets of joggers
the sound of the waves |
| 6100 | the tide rubs out
a few bare footprints
lingering summer | 6111 | harvest moon –
following the brush stroke
full circle |
| 6101 | sweeping the beach
the fishermen drag full nets
sardine cloud | 6112 | autumn sun-
a Monarch butterfly
fans herself |
| 6102 | time to downsize
now yard work overwhelms
turning leaf | 6113 | living on the edge-
a cricket jumps
into the unknown |

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|---|--|
| <p>6114 holding her dog back
while she gives directions—
windblown leaves</p> <p>6115 up escalator
on certain steps
the scent of vomit</p> <p>6116 a neighbor's sense
of the boundary line,
expressed in raked leaves</p> <p>6117 morning sun
in the wave's curl
autumn</p> <p>6118 meditating
and this rising full moon!
ah!</p> <p>6119 evening mist—
a sandcastle erodes
in the autumn sea</p> <p>6120 September sunset-
rustling wind convinces
one leaf to fall</p> <p>6121 after the equinox-
the season's first taste
of hot chocolate</p> <p>6122 after the equinox-
a cluster of maple leaves
coloring the path</p> <p>6123 before the meeting
my face in the mirror—
world's worst haircut</p> <p>6124 Asilomar –
I ask directions
- - their vow of silence</p> | <p>6125 butterflies
the size of my hand
blue black, iridescent</p> <p>6126 yellow leaves drop-
the palm of his hand
the scent of her breath</p> <p>6127 dwindling light
and falling rain-
an empty swing shivers</p> <p>6128 each removes a glove —
a fresh apple tart shared
with falling leaves</p> <p>6129 lone snow goose
black water repolished
passing clouds</p> <p>6130 a sharp wind folds
her corner of the blanket —
their last picnic</p> <p>6131 my head sliding
into the MRI tunnel —
dew of autumn</p> <p>6132 between tall buildings
a monarch
finding its way south</p> <p>6133 breakfast
at the Walt Whitman rest stop —
migrating geese</p> <p>6134 surfacing submarine
off the uninhabited island
the harvest moon</p> <p>6135 casting its shadow
on the public cemetery
autumn butterfly</p> |
|---|--|

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>6136 taking off and landing
no more it seems
full moon</p> <p>6137 old men
talk about the war dead
cutting reeds</p> <p>6138 pianist diddling
in the rackets lobby
— autumn butterfly</p> <p>6139 the faint path divides —
moorland ponies whickering
somewhere in the mist</p> <p>6140 dreaming, I hold her
but soon wake unsatisfied
long winter night</p> <p>6141 rural road —
smoke from a burn-off rises
in the chilly night</p> <p>6142 long night
the runt of the litter
settles in my lap</p> <p>6143 haunted house . . .
a black brassiere still hangs
from the clothesline</p> <p>6144 Autumn loneliness —
bird feeders swing empty
since his passing</p> <p>6145 a sunflower
touches azure sky —
a Van Gogh moment</p> <p>6146 gray morning —
crow raiders
storm the plowed field</p> | <p>6147 fallen leaves
a matchbook cover folded up
like an accordion</p> <p>6148 haunted hotel
I choose the bed
closest to the bathroom</p> <p>6149 90 in October
the wooly worm
keeps its coat on</p> <p>6150 New Orleans' dusk
a jazzman
slows his riff</p> <p>6151 deep in slumber
wind shifting shadows
old hunter's moon</p> <p>6152 wind-blown cypress
leaning into
Van Gogh's starry night</p> <p>6153 after the mail truck
a rattle of dry leaves
crosses the road</p> <p>6154 fogged in —
the ragged whistle
of a distant freight</p> <p>6155 nursing home visit
friend who no longer knows me
smiles back anyway</p> |
|---|---|

CHALLENGE KIGO
Walnut
by Ebba Story

pause in the story —
with everyone leaning in
he cracks a walnut

grandma's attic
walnut stains on the recipe
for yarn

Kay Grimnes

granddad shows his strength -
cracking walnuts
in his clenched fist

Patricia Prime

after the argument
cracking walnuts
with my fist

Laura Bell

pioneer orchard —
a drooping walnut tree
the lone survivor

Anne Homan

full moon
hanging on the outermost limb
a single walnut

Laura Bell

teacher's rant
the satisfaction
of cracking walnuts

Gloria Procsal

bowl of mixed nuts
the children have reduced it
to walnuts

John Stevenson

October chill —
a kitten plays ball
with a walnut

Joan H. Ward

muggy air
he opens all walnuts
with a knife

Zinovy Vayman

on grandma's shelf
the walnut bowl
surrounded by tupperware

Cindy Tebo

lined yellow
bittersweet as walnut
the old woman

Christine Doreian-Michaels

shower of walnuts
dangerously close
one more

Yvonne Hardenbrook

walnuts bounce off roof tiles
come morning we shake that tree
snore of affirmation

Ross Figgins

walnut shell
beside the stone
sprouting

Janeth H. Ewald

childhood
dad cracking the shells I couldn't
english walnuts

Carolyn Thomas

which is the prize
a brownie with walnuts
or walnuts with a brownie?

Barbara Campitelli

among its walnuts
has the old tree
fallen

Ruth Holzer

MEMBERS' VOTES
for July-August

Zinovy Vayman – 6002-3 6003-1 6004-2
 Joan Sauer – 6005-0 6006-1 6007-0
 Richard St. Clair – 6008-0 6009-0 6010-2
 donnalynn chase – 6011-4 6012-4
 June Hymas – 6013-9 6014-1 6015-1
 C.hristine D-Michaels–6016-0 6017-1 6018-1
 Joan Zimmerman – 6019-8 6020-0 6021-5
 Ellen Wong – 6022-0 6023-2 6024-0
 B. Campitelli – 6025-6 6026-1 6027-5
 Kay Grimnes – 6028-6 6029-7 6030-4
 Ruth Holzer – 6031-1 6032-5 6033-6
 Laura Bell – 6034-5 6035-3 6036-3
 Cindy Tebo – 6037-4 6038-6 6039-1
 Teruo Yamagata – 6040-0 6041-0 6042-0
 Joan Ward – 6043-2 6044-3 6045-0
 Graham High – 6046-0 6047-3 6048-6
 Carolyn Thomas – 6049-8 6050-6 6051-2
 John Stevenson – 6052-0 6053-9 6054-5
 Desiree McMurry – 6055-3 6056-5 6057-1
 Keith Heiberg – 6058-4 6059-2 6060-0
 Patricia Prime – 6061-1 6062-2 6063-5
 Dave Bachelor – 6064-0 6065-3 6066-0
 Number error – 6067-6069
 Y. Hardenbrook – 6070-3 6071-3 6072-6
 Gloria Procsal – 6073-2 6074-2 6075-0

JULY-AUGUST HAIKU VOTED BEST
BY READERS OF GEPP0

we pass one leaf
 hand to hand to hand to hand
 wild peppermint
 June Hopper Hymas

uncertain
 which way
 to face the scarecrow
 John Stevenson

lotus reflections
 the hospice volunteer
 just sits
 Joan Zimmerman

contemplation:
 the keen eye of a heron
 in the silkscreen scroll
 Carolyn Thomas

salmon run
 a pile of scales
 between the rocks
 Kay Grimnes

another summer –
 wrinkles gathering friends
 across his forehead
 Barbara Campitelli

hard rain
 a cicada skin sheltered
 by elderberries
 Kay Grimnes

dust-covered shoes
 this year's blackberries
 never ripen
 Cindy Tebo

head in the clouds –
 that distant hill I only
 think of climbing
 Graham High

small bowl
 the cherries and the pits
 mix in together
 Carolyn Thomas

patio evening
 neighbor's furred umbrella
 stabbing at the moon
 Yvonne Hardenbrook

waiting for stillness
 the old gardener pauses –
 lotus reflections
 Joan Zimmerman

one window open –
 is it for a breeze
 or a bird song?
 Barbara Campitelli

summer flood—
a piglet floats
down Market Street

Ruth Holzer

late summer –
a lone batter tosses a ball
to the dusk

Keith Heiberg

sitting on a log
just sitting on a log,
summer sun

Laura Bell

**SEASON WORDS
for early winter**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

Season: *early winter months: November, December, chilly night, departing autumn, start of winter, depth of winter, short day, winter day, winter morning, winter night.*

Sky and Elements: *sardine cloud, frost/hoarfrost, freeze, hail, ice, icicle, north wind, sleet, snow/first snow, winter cloud, winter moon, winter rain, winter solstice, winter wind.*

Landscape: *reaped or harvested fields, stubble fields, vineyards, winter creek or stream, winter mountain, winter sea or ocean, winter seashore, winter garden, withered moor.*

Human Affairs: *gleaning, harvest, Thanksgiving; bean soup, blanket, brazier, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, foot warmer, gloves/mittens, grog, heater, hunting, falconer, fish trapper, overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl*
Animals: *deer, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, woodpecker., bear, hibernation, fox, marten or sable, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter bee, winter fly, winter sparrow, winter wild geese, wolf, whale.*

Plants: *cranberry, pomegranate, dried persimmon, heavenly bamboo(Nandina), pine nuts,radish, scallion,tangerine /mandarin orange, turnip, winter chrysanthemum, winter grass., winter tree or grove, withered or frost-nipped plants.*



midsummer moon
who will I be
when I wake up?

John Stevenson

releasing the firefly ...
his warm hand
leaves mine

Desiree McMurry

child's garden plot
a single sunflower
and her smile

Patricia Prime

midsummer darkness –
mistakes show me how to be
the person I am

donnalynn chase

the porcelain vase
with hand-painted plum blossoms
- gift of forgiveness

donnalynn chase

cattle farm
an old collie
walks up the drive

Kay Grimnes

charred parts
of the passenger plane —
field of ripe barley

Ruth Holzer

'pandora's box'
I find shades of hope
in the daylilies

Cindy Tebo

Editor's Note:

Except when I'm trying to conserve space, I would like to print every poet's name exactly as the he/she wishes. Please let me know if any changes are in order.

Dojins' Corner
 July-August 2005
 by Patricia and Jerry

pjm: My remarks about Gloria Procsal's poem "after the storm/ the mad insanity/ of twisted pines" in the July-August GEPP0 prompted Carolyn Thomas to write:

I would like to comment on your analysis of poem #5938, "after the storm." I believe what you have suggested is a different poem expressing a different moment. The original poem makes me feel that sense of overwhelm and disbelief beyond words that one experiences "after the storm," observing the devastation it left behind. That is a very powerful *present* moment. The subtle language of the first line quietly, but strongly, leads me into the full impact of the image, "the mad insanity/ of twisted pines." Their flow into each other (with just enough pause after "storm") allows my "body...[to] recreate the experience" I believe the poet intends.

Carolyn also writes about the commentary on Greg Longenecker's poem "watching traffic/ the boy leans on his bike handles/ —spring melancholy":

I really love what you said about #5986 "watching traffic." It was as perfectly expressed as the poem.

Thanks, Carolyn, for writing. Jerry and I appreciate getting your comments. One of the goals we have is to stimulate thought and dialogue, and differing opinions are very helpful.

For this month my short list included 6013, 6019, 6020, 6031, 6033, 6034, 6037*, 6048*, 6053, 6054, 6056, and 6058*. I chose to write about 6037, 6048, and 6058.

jb: Here's my list: 6011, 6013, 6018, 6028, 6029*, 6030, 6036*, 6053, 6054*, 6058, 6070, 6078. I choose to write about 6029, 6036, and 6054.

6029 salmon run
 a pile of scales
 between the rocks

jb: This is a dramatic haiku and seen from a distance. The reader is an observer. The image is one of great stress with life and death as a result. The salmon run is a migration upstream with all the attendant dangers and costs, hence the shedding of scales among the rocks. It is, perhaps, on the hyperbolic side, but it stands, nonetheless, as representative of great striving toward a goal.

I like the phrasing, the directness, and economy of words. The author has compressed real passion into a simple sketch.

pjm: A meditation on mortality, on what remains "between the rocks." The poem feels, however, incomplete to me. It could be seen as a two-line poem that with an additional line and a juxtaposing image might have a deeper resonance.

6036 breaking camp
 sorting the rocks
 —again

jb: Here we have a narrative haiku, and a reflective one. It raises questions. The reader is invited into the narrative, that is, to help sort the rocks. This is a haiku of hesitation. How many times have I left for work in the morning and then returned home thinking I needed to turn out the lights, or shut off the coffee. This is "sorting the rocks" *again*.

In any case, we have a story. We break camp, and (by implication) we have already sorted the rocks (we have collected?). Now, we want to sort them again. Why should we want to sort them again? Why do we want to collect rocks anyway? The author does not suggest a solution (for all the haiku might do is to suggest) but with this little parable lets the reader re-think (re-lect) the after thought situation.

pjm: A camper who is finally at the point of having to choose or he or she will have to carry all those rocks home! A heavy burden. And that's the crux of the poem. And of life in general. Detach oneself or be overwhelmed.

6037 'pandora's box'
 I find shades of hope
 in the daylilies

pjm: Another way of coping with the "real" world. Current events being what they are—since New Year's Day a tsunami, Iraq (on-going), London, Katrina, Rita, Stan, floods, and earthquake—the reference to 'pandora's box' seems particularly apt. One can relate to an individual looking for normalcy, for meaning in the moment of seemingly overwhelming and unending disasters. What is there to focus on, to take solace in? A daylily. Not a fancy, richly perfumed lily, but an ordinary, roadside variety that blooms without too much care year after year. And, of course, the lily is the natural flower to choose for hope for it reminds us of that verse from the Bible: "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

jb: For me, this haiku is nicely done. I agree with Patricia's comments. The poet has captured the beauty and power of small things. I recall Issa's:

the tiny waterfall
it too makes noise
and at night is cool

6048 head in the clouds—
that distant hill I only
think of climbing

pjm: I like that this poem attempts to work on the literal and the figurative level. I think that for it to work on the literal level better, it would help if the first line were a kigo, such as, summer clouds or cloud peaks or billowing clouds or high sky (my personal choice would be "high sky"). Using a kigo in this way would give the reader more freedom to draw inferences and reach deeper into the poem without feeling as though he or she is being directed. And the kigo itself calls to mind a season (cloud peaks would be summer, high sky would be autumn) giving the reader another dimension to reflect upon than just the image itself.

jb: This is an internal haiku. It appears to be about "that distant hill" but really is about the internal image of "that distant hill." Likewise

the metaphorical expression, "head in the clouds." So this is an introspective haiku about unfulfilled desire. I think the poem has an initial appeal, But I am not certain how long this will last. I will be interested to see if this interest is maintained over a year or so.

6054 midsummer moon
who will I be
when I wake up?

jb: This is a lyrical haiku. It is melodious, and is a question about the soul. Somehow the author's identity is linked with the "midsummer moon," and the reader is invited to reflect on how this might be. The reader might also reflect upon his own soul and how it, too, might relate to the midsummer moon.

The language of this haiku is also direct, suggestive, and economical. There is one image juxtaposed against a thought. It makes no statement, but raises the leading question: Who am I?

pjm: And who doesn't think upon reading the first line of this haiku of *A Mid-Summer's Night's Dream*? With the allusion to the Shakespeare play we have the "scent" of disguise, of pretend, and in that context we read the question as that of a dreamer in a magical moment of secret wishes and whimsical desire delighting us in the process.

6058 late summer—
a lone batter tosses a ball
to the dusk

pjm: The image of a person alone tossing a ball to bat—this goal, this objective—and it disappearing into the dusk is very poignant. All that striving and the ball disappears into the dusk, the close of day, the end of . . . life. I love this poem and think it is very effective as written. I would offer the poet this observation: because of the batter we place the haiku in summer and dusk gives us the idea that it is late in the day so much of the work of the first line is already embodied in the last two lines. So there does exist the opportunity to revisit the first line with the possibility of taking the poem another level deeper. Something to consider . . .

jb: This haiku has an interest and appeal: that of baseball. I like the idea very much...the idea of casting the ball "to the dusk." I wish that the "batter" *hit* the ball to the dusk, or maybe "the *outfielder* tosses the ball to the dusk. I would like to see the action consistent with the agent.

pjm: Jerry, I see, took this scene to be one where the batter is practicing by him or herself and therefore, has to throw his or her own ball.

pjm and jb: Please write to us at

Hale.

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is December 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*.

**2005 KIYOSHI TOKUTOMI MEMORIAL
CONTEST WINNERS**

Judges: Shokan Tadashi Kondo
Patricia Donegan

1st Place

the scent of autumn —
drawing us out once again
the rusty porch swing

Michael Dylan Welch

2nd Place

small withered garden
the hand of a dying friend
resting in my hand

Ebba Story

3rd Place

Pleiades at dawn . . .
talking each other to sleep
near the river's edge

Francine Banwarth

Honorable Mention

the call of a loon -
the Manitoba sunset
deepens to scarlet

Michael Dylan Welch

January thaw -
the deepening row of holes
under the eavestrough

Michael Dylan Welch

January thaw -
an old web in the window
has become a prism

Desiree McMurry

driving from darkness
 through the warm scent of cedars
 Pleiades at dawn

Kay Anderson

crisp scent of autumn
 over the mountain tonight
 rides the wind-blown rain

Janeth Hackett Ewald

sunlight on a koi
 weaving by - a dragonfly
 of the same color

Francis Masat

late afternoon light
 my deceased father's whistle
 on the green-leafed wind

Carolyn Thomas

CHALLENGE KIGO

for next issue
 by Ebba Story

The Long Night

With the shortening days of late autumn and early winter we become more acutely aware of early nightfall and the long nights. The increased hours of darkness can be soothing and renewing. Or depressing and enervating. The long nights may also be emblematic of how we experience our own inner selves, our deeper being. The darkness tends to turn us inward just as the tree's sap is drawn back towards its roots. And, we await the Solstice, the turning of the year.

long night -
 breathing until breathing
 is just breathing

John Stevenson *

long night
 the nurse
 lets me stay

w. f. owen **

a pair of fu dogs
 guard the unlit entryway
 the long night

Ebba Story

* Upstate Dim Sum, Route 9 Haiku Group, 2005/1.

** Mariposa #13, Haiku Poets of Northern California, 2005.

Calendar

2005

Dec. 10 **6:00 PM** - Holiday Party at the home of Patrick and Clair Gallagher,

Please call about what dish to bring to party for the potluck.

2006

Jan. 14 **1:30 PM** - Markham House, San Jose History Park, Senter Road and Phelan. Bring poems and books about about Haiku poets to share. We will have a Gingko and then a reading.

Feb.11 **1:30 PM** - Markham House, San Jose History Park. We will have a Gingko and then a kukai.

Mar. 11 **1:00-5:00 PM** Haiga Workshop in the Conference Room at the Hotel, San Jose History Park, Senter Road and Phelan.

APR. 8 **10:00-4:00 PM** Teahouse Reading, Japanese Friendship Garden, Kelley Park, Senter Road

MAY 20 **9:00-5:00 PM** California Poets' Festival, San Jose History Center, Senter Road

JUNE 11 **1:30** Hakone Gardens, Big Basin Way, Saratoga. We will have a gingko and kukai.

JULY 9 **6:00 PM** Tanabata at Homans'

SEPT 29 Asilomar Retreat, Date is tentative.

