



*the haiku study-work journal*

*of the*

*Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

Volume XXX:6

November-December 2005

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

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 6156 | winter moon<br>through the skylight—<br>i step into it.               | 6164 | an old mantis<br>still contends against<br>the blistering wind              |
| 6157 | a child's toy boat<br>topples in a wave<br>the cold sea               | 6165 | a scarecrow<br>dressed in the latest fashion<br>the birds are not impressed |
| 6158 | winter sea<br>one-legged sandpipers<br>grouped and poised             | 6166 | professor is at his best<br>both listening and teaching<br>fireside seminar |
| 6159 | once highly verbal<br>now she just repeats phrases<br>cry of the deer | 6167 | blue snow shadows . . .<br>he pauses before opening<br>the letter           |
| 6160 | lazy this morning<br>I snuggle deeper in bed<br>but for winter's wind | 6168 | winter feeders . . .<br>the newspaper opened to<br>used furniture           |
| 6161 | wincing –<br>distant howl of the<br>suffering dog                     | 6169 | snow flurries . . .<br>the doctor points to a spot<br>on my mammogram       |
| 6162 | strained silence -<br>aware of the people<br>listening to us argue    | 6170 | in every window —<br>as if the one light not enough -<br>Christmas candles  |
| 6163 | at the gym<br>unable to get the cap<br>off the sports drink           | 6171 | winter moon<br>more than half – of you for me<br>not half enough            |
-

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>6172 Salvation Army<br/>after her dollar goes in<br/>she pats the pot</p> <p>6173 Festival of Lights<br/>a warm glow is cast<br/>into the frigid night</p> <p>6174 Christmas cards<br/>the widow pauses<br/>and signs one name</p> <p>6175 mountain retreat<br/>where silence speaks loudly —<br/>full Beaver Moon</p> <p>6176 snow covered cactus —<br/>foot prints<br/>in the moonlight</p> <p>6177 pressed beneath<br/>the frozen river —<br/>water sounds</p> <p>6178 black oak tree—<br/>even winter rests uneasily<br/>in twisted branches</p> <p>6179 flickering Christmas lights —<br/>the triplets in sleeping bags<br/>whisper all night</p> <p>6180 dark leafless boughs<br/>persimmons like lanterns<br/>outshining the dusk</p> <p>6181 quilt over her knees<br/>in frail watery sunlight<br/>watching chickadees</p> <p>6182 conservation newsletter<br/>bear tracks<br/>the size of my thumb</p> | <p>6183 propane tank explosion<br/>the first snow adds its weight<br/>to the rubble</p> <p>6184 a woodpecker's persistence<br/>after 21 taps<br/>I lose count</p> <p>6185 twilight<br/>in the middle of the street<br/>a squirrel hesitates</p> <p>6186 last light<br/>across the snow-crueted lake<br/>an abandoned boat</p> <p>6187 Notre Dame<br/>descending en masse<br/>a host of tourists</p> <p>6188 following the birds<br/>to their winter home—<br/>my imagination</p> <p>6189 November sunlight—<br/>her shadow taller<br/>than she is</p> <p>6190 early winter<br/>the sound of the splashing fountain<br/>sends shivers</p> <p>6191 winter wind<br/>sounds of a harmonica<br/>pressed to lips</p> <p>6192 winter moon<br/>we watch a black cat<br/>drink from a tap</p> <p>6193 hot chocolate froth . . .<br/>my initial sprinkled<br/>with cinnamon</p> |
|--|---|

- 6194 on camels we ride  
into Sinai oasis-  
wind filling traces
- 6195 carmine sundown-  
the next drop on the icicle  
lingers on
- 6196 her seductive voice . . .  
a tilting line of snow  
falls from the eave
- 6197 coming in  
from the cold  
her tightened grin
- 6198 40 degrees  
the dove I call Jack  
ruffles his feathers
- 6199 gray dawn  
even my lie  
is frozen
- 6200 butterfly? no,  
a dry leaf spun in a web-  
winter wind
- 6201 sweeping the dead fly  
from the window sill-  
winter chilled glass
- 6202 persimmon slices  
dried for my daughter again-  
murmurs of delight
- 6203 harvested field -  
my shadow ripples  
into the furrows
- 6204 last of the sunset -  
ten jars of cranberry jam  
cooling in the house
- 6205 winter morning -  
the whoosh of my dog's nose  
over coyote scat
- 6206 early winter  
a young hawk  
chases garbage
- 6207 winter solstice  
bunches of basil  
in the moonlight
- 6208 persimmons  
before the door slammed  
your last words
- 6209 early dark -  
she flutters through the house  
fluffing things
- 6210 emptying the chests -  
after forty years which child's  
silky lock was this
- 6211 shining on  
retirement calculations —  
Old Moon
- 6212 not caring  
one way or the other —  
winter fog
- 6213 nighttime panic —  
Widow's Mite quilt  
tossed on the floor
- 6214 winter illness  
a dim sunset  
closing the day
- 6215 winter leaves  
dried and curled  
my white hair

- 6216 winter afternoon  
holding hands under the covers  
corner bookstore
- 6217 winter seashore  
the old man standing still  
barefoot in ebb tide
- 6218 stubble fields  
a brown stork in the near one  
standing on one leg
- 6219 winter rain  
puddling barefoot  
past my galoshes
- 6220 soft soles  
not a sound  
on the boss's carpet
- 6221 long night  
the warm place in bed  
no bigger than me
- 6222 the pilot  
and instruments . . .  
winter night
- 6223 Remembrance Day—  
first snow shovelled  
to a single grave
- 6224 used bookstore—  
the browser behind me  
also sneezes
- 6225 after the cold snap,  
fewer persimmons  
dotting the sky
- 6226 Venus by the moon—  
before hearing aids I guessed  
at what they said

- 6227 December plowing  
musty smell of loam lingers  
over the seed
- 6228 pink afterglow  
only within a rainbow's arc  
— autumn twilight
- 6229 the boatman  
scoops with a bamboo net  
winter rain
- 6230 makes tracks  
in the footprints  
autumn beach fly
- 6231 she calls for help  
and doesn't want it  
. . . . dry rattlesnake grass

**MEMBERS' VOTES**  
for Sept. – Oct. 2005

Desiree McMurry – 6076-0 6077-3 6078  
 Kay Grimnes – 6079-3 6080-7 6081-1  
 Carol Steele – 6082-2 6083-0 6084-1  
 Ann Bendixen – 6085-1 6086-0 6087-0  
 M. Root-Bernstein – 6088-7 6089-1 6090-2  
 Laura Bell – 6091-7 6092-5 6093-2  
 Joan Zimmerman – 6904-0 6905-0 6906-6  
 Zinovy Vayman – 6097-1 6098-2 6099-4  
 C. Doreian-Michaels – 6100-2 6101-0 6102-0  
 Janeth Ewald – 6103-2 6104-4 6105-3  
 Donnalynn Chase – 6106-2 6107-0 6108-1  
 Alison Woolpert - 6109-1 6110-1  
 Betty Arnold – 6111-9 6112-1 6113-6  
 John Stevenson – 6114-6 6115-1 6116-6  
 Carolyn Thomas – 6117-2 6118-0 6119-2  
 Barbara Campitelli – 6120-1 6121-0 6122-0  
 Gloria Jaguden – 6123-1 6124-1  
 Melissa Stepien – 6125-1 6126-1 6127-1  
 Ross Figgins – 6128-1 6129-0 6130-8  
 Ruth Holzer – 6128-1 6129-0 6130-8  
 Teruo Yamagata – 6134-0 6135-1 6136-0  
 Linda Galloway – 6137-3  
 Anne Homan – 6138-0 6139-3 6140-1  
 Patricia Prime – 6141-0 6142-10 6143-2  
 Joan Ward – 6144-5 6145-0 6146-1  
 Cindy Tebo – 6147-2 6148-2 6149-1  
 Gloria Procsal – 6150-3 6151-2 6152-3  
 Yvonne Hardenbrook – 6153-6 6154-4 6155-2

CHALLENGE KIGO

Long Night  
by Ebba Story

long night  
the clock's  
tick...tick...tick...

Carolyn Thomas

chimeras slink away  
long night ends  
with an alarm

Dave Bachelor

long nights –  
her chair still  
in its place

Linda Galloway

your email  
agreeing to end it —  
the long night

Yvonne Hardenbrook

learning to dance  
for his wedding—  
long night

Joan H. Ward

long night of emails  
once again, I've won  
the Irish lottery

Cindy Tebo

long night  
a mouse worries  
the bait

Michele Root-Bernstein

long night  
more time now  
for counting stars

Barbara Campitelli

church bells  
chiming in chorus  
through the long night

Patricia Prime

the longest night. . .  
biting into gala apple  
its worm tunnels

Zinovy Vayman

long night  
of hidden desire  
a mocking moon

Gloria Procsal

surprised again  
by such early darkness—  
December evening

Paul O. Williams

too early to sleep  
too dark to stay awake  
another long night

Desiree McMurry

awaiting  
the birth of the child  
long night

Kay Grimnes

long night —  
practicing  
for the long night

Ruth Holzer

in bed  
my stomach growls  
the long night

Laura Bell

all the long night  
the hum of the Frigidaire  
louder than my fear

Janeth Ewald

gingerbread men  
in plastic wrap—  
the long night

John Stevenson

long night—  
the toddler's cry at dawn  
more incessant

Michael Dylan Welch

darkness catches me  
on the hinge of prophecy  
long night

Anne Homan

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER HAIKU VOTED  
BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0

long night  
the runt of the litter  
settles in my lap

Patricia Prime

harvest moon –  
following the brush stroke  
full circle

Betty Arnold

a sharp wind folds  
her corner of the blanket —  
their last picnic

Ross Figgins

dawn  
the slow fall of snow  
past the wind chimes

Kay Grimnes

payday  
the penny in the road  
heads up

Michele Root-Bernstein

out of the current  
another leaf  
caught at the bend

Laura Bell

after her death  
no roses can be bought  
that say enough

Joan Zimmerman

living at the edge-  
a cricket jumps  
into the unknown

Betty Arnold

holding her dog back  
while she gives directions—  
windblown leaves

John Stevenson

a neighbor's sense  
of the boundary line,  
expressed in raked leaves

John Stevenson

after the mail truck  
a rattle of dry leaves  
crosses the road

Yvonne Hardenbrook

reminded  
of something I can't recall  
balmy autumn breeze

Laura Bell

Autumn loneliness —  
bird feeders swing empty  
since his passing

Joan Ward

Dojins' Corner  
Nov-Dec 2005  
Pat and Jerry

pjm: Cindy Tebo wrote to us in response to Jerry's comments in that last GEPP0 having to do with the following haiku:

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

Jerry's comment was:

*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.*

Cindy writes: My personal take is that "tosses" was chosen deliberately—as one who has given up on a dream. A batter who has quit trying to hit the ball and tosses it away like a penny. The mismatch you mention of agent to action could symbolize the batter having lost confidence in his or her own ability.

Or perhaps the batter is merely calling it a day because of the approaching dusk.

pjm: We appreciate hearing from you, Cindy. Thanks for your thoughts.

My list from the current GEPP0 is: 6082, 6087, 6089, 6106, 6107, 6113, 6114, 6127, 6132, 6133, 6134, 6143, 6144, and 6147. I'd like to write about 6127, 6134, and 6147.

jb: Here's my long list: 6078, 6079, 6084, 6088, 6093, 6112, 6117, 6141, 6142, 6148, 6153, 6154. I choose to write about: 6078, 6079, and 6142

6078: cloudy sunrise  
the morning glory looks  
particularly blue

jb: Initially this appears to be a shasei (nature sketch) haiku, but on closer inspection it is not. It's not about the morning glory, it's about how the morning glory "looks." That is, it's about the perception of the morning glory. We therefore have a haiku about an optimistic attitude on a day with cloudy sunrise. The morning glory is a factor, but it's the numina, not the phenomena. And this, of course, tells the story. We accept the morning glory as emblem of something deeper and so it appears "particularly blue." It is said that the optimist *hopes* this is the best of all possible worlds, while the pessimist *fears* that this is the best of all possible worlds. The author of this verse is an optimist. Further, I like the language. It is direct, clear, and economical. Cheers.

pjm: The pleasure in this haiku is the way the meaning turns on the word "blue." The first image is that of a gray day that makes the blue of the morning glory more so. Then the turn; the second thought is that blue is a mood, not a color, and the image shifts back to a melancholy gray.

6079 storm warning  
boat shells piled high  
against the breaker

jb: Here we do have a shasei haiku. It is a still life. Yet again, there is something deeper. The pile of boats stands as a reaction to the context, i.e. the time of impending storm. We are, or shall be, immersed in a storm, and there is very little to do about that. But, what we can do is to adjust our attitude; that is, we can "pile the boat shells high against the breaker." Again the language is well crafted. It is direct, and clear, and keeps the reader on track.

pjm: I apologize, but I have to admit that I'm confused. Are the boat shells piled up as a makeshift breakwater? Or are they piled up *against* an already existing breakwater? I know the poem says "against the breaker," but a breaker is a wave, right? I can't quite visualize boats piled up against a wave.

6127: dwindling light  
and falling rain-  
an empty swing shivers

pjm: I decided to write about this haiku because the poet has accomplished something very difficult to do. This haiku has a late autumn/early winter feeling. It was only after several re-readings that I noticed, really noticed, the word "swing," which is usually a spring kigo. So I was intrigued at how the poet used a usually strong spring kigo and successfully turned it into an image with a strong winter feeling. Believe me, this is very hard to do. So it is worth studying what the poet has done here. First, the opening line gives us a time certainly late in the day, and possibly late in the year. The second line confirms that it is late in the year. So now that we are in the frame of mind of late autumn or early winter if the first word in the third line were "swing," it would be a shock. But the poet cleverly sandwiches the swing between "empty," which echoes the autumn/winter feeling, and "shivers," which is a serious indicator that it is winter. So the thought of spring never comes up!

jb: Here is a light rain in the twilight juxtaposed against the emptiness of a swing. This might be a swing in a schoolyard, or perhaps a swing on a porch (the kind one might

find in the middle of the country, say, Iowa or Nebraska.) Swings, of course, are made to be used and the falling rain signals a time when they are not. I get the sense of loneliness here. I like this haiku the more I read it.

6134: surfacing submarine  
off the uninhabited island  
the harvest moon

pjm: I have to admit that I admire anyone who can fit a submarine in a haiku. The image here is large: sea, land, and sky are all here. The surfacing submarine parallels the motion of the rising moon. The image conveys a world of the seen and the unseen. The only people are in the submarine (unseen) except for the observer (unseen) of the submarine (seen), the island (seen), and the moon (seen), which upon further thought has a dark side. The dark side was unseen until recently when it was seen by a few in a spaceship, a man-made vehicle that allows man to explore (to see) what before could not be seen because of the hostile environment. So, too, the submarine.

jb: This seems to me to be a haiku of the imagination, or at least of a very special circumstance. If the island is truly "uninhabited" then where is the author? But leaving that aside, what is this haiku about? For me I get the sense of human endeavor; the kind that demands persistence beyond the normal; reaching beyond the usual human situation. Perhaps I am all wrong, but I get the feeling of a movie. One wants to ask, what is the submarine doing at this uninhabited island anyway? I feel a narrative that is yet to be told.

6142: long night  
the runt of the litter  
settles in my lap

jb: I am recently re-reading the works of James Hackett. In his "Suggestions For Writing Haiku In English," he states: "Remember that *lifeliness*, not beauty, is the real quality of haiku." And it is indeed, *lifeliness*, that is the central focus of this haiku. In a world of compassion we focus on the struggle to live. Here we have the "runt" of the litter, at least temporarily, in a safe place. At issue are all the times of our own vulnerability and search for a safe haven. What happens next?

Notice how the language is clear, common, and well selected. "Lifeliness, not beauty..."

pjm: The struggle of birth is over with the delivery of the runt. We can feel the relief of the poet; it settles over him or her in the same way the runt "settles in my lap."

6147: fallen leaves  
a matchbook cover folded up  
like an accordion

pjm: Among fallen leaves a matchbook cover. So mundane. But even in its ordinariness the matchbook cover makes us notice the leaves, that they are "discarded." We also are told the matchbook cover is folded "like an accordion." We can imagine the person who had touched this object, had folded it out of nervousness, or boredom, or playfulness. It has been formed into an imaginative object, an art object. In this way it is different from the leaves. And yet, its fate is no different than the leaves. And so we come to feel that we, too—no matter how clever or brilliant or useful—we too will face the same fate.

jb: For me, this appears to be a still life. I imagine fallen leaves, and somewhere in or near there is the requisite matchbook. The leaves and the matchbook are juxtaposed. Might someone have been contemplating? Who would "fold" a cover into the shape of an "accordion"? And why? Again, this seems to be an invitation into a narrative. We can only speculate.

Patricia and Jerry invite your comments at

of Jean Hale.

### SEASON WORDS for late winter/early spring

*selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology*

**Season:** winter months (January, early or mid-February), depth of winter, short day, winter day, early spring, lengthening days.

**Sky and Elements:** frost, hail, north wind, snow, winter cloud, winter moon/rain/wind; lingering snow, spring frost/snow.



**Landscape:** *winter stream, winter mountain, winter sea, winter garden, withered moor; flooded stream, muddy road.*

**Human Affairs:** *bean soup, blanket, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, hunting, ice fishing, overcoat, winter desolation, Groundhog Day, Twelfth Night, Valentines Day.*

**Animals:** *bear, hibernation, fox, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter birds, winter bee, winter wild geese, whale; abalone, pheasant, wild birds' return.*

**Plants:** *carrot, celery, dried persimmon, early plum blossom, radish, scallion, tangerine, turnip, flowers in winter: winter camellia/ chrysanthemum/ narcissus/peony, withered or frost-nipped plants; azalea, bracken, camellia, crocus, daphne, grass sprouts, mustard, plum blossoms, plum tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver (nori).*

**Submission Guidelines  
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is February 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*.

**CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE**  
by Ebba Story

First Calligraphy, First Writing (of the year)

As the New Year begins we may find ourselves facing a pure white page of paper, an untouched sheet in a sketchpad, an unprimed canvas, a computer screen with only its blinking cursor before our eyes. What shall we write? How shall we write it? How many times have I resolved to write more neatly *this year*, to have the first few lines reflect my intention only to slip back into illegibility as ideas rush in quicker than my hand can keep up! The first touch of pen to paper feels like it will reflect how we wish the year to unfold. What does our first calligraphy, our first writing of the year reveal about ourselves?

With 'first calligraphy,' 'first writing' and similar kigo, 'first' is understood to indicate the season of New Year. January 1 has passed in our Western/ Gregorian Calendar, but the traditional Asian lunar New Year is yet to arrive. This year the 15-day festival begins on January 29 and ushers in the Year of the Dog.

First calligraphy of the year—  
too much force  
in my brushstroke.

Teiko Inahata\*

first writing  
scattered starlings resettle  
on the power line

Ebba Story

- *A Long Rainy Season: Haiku & Tanka* (Contemporary Japanese Women's Poetry, Vol. 1). Edited and translated by Leza Lowitz, Miyuki Aoyama, and Akemi Tomioka. Stone Bridge Press. 1994.

**SNOW FOR YOUR HAIKU PLEASURE**

Compiled by Linda Galloway  
12/2005

The following snow words and phrases come mostly from my experience growing up in New England (US). Other parts of North America and the UK could have additional words.

**SNOW, kinds of:**

wet snow, sticky snow, wet & sticky snow, spitting snow (also, snow spits, n v), fine snow, dry snow, dirty snow, fresh snow, new snow, old snow, powder snow, powdery snow, fluffy snow, biting snow. Snow can appear blue at night & under moonlight. It can look yellowish when older and crusted over.

**SNOW, shapes & forms**

snow flakes, flakes, big flakes, huge wet flakes, fluffy snow flakes. snow fall, snow dusting, dusting of snow, snow swirls, snow powder, snow crust, icy crust, encrusted snow, snow pack, snow pile, puffs of snow, snow puffs, snowdrift, snow cap, snow blink, snow mound, snow bank, snow slide, snow crystals. *Abe*

**Winter's end, especially:**

sugar snow, snow melt, snow pack sagging, sagging snow, slumping snow, old snow, sinking snow (pack), snow patches.

**SNOW, sky & heavens**

Snow Moon (Algonquin, Cherokee)

**SNOW, meteorological**

(snow) flurries, blizzard, snow squall, snow storm, "it looks like snow" (snow is imminent), snow line, snow belt, snow evaporating (sublimation? creates a mist over snowbank, esp late winter, early spring), "The Great Snow" (1717)

**SNOW, mountains, fields**

snow cap, snow field, snowscape

**ANIMALS**

snow fly, snowshoe hare, snow geese (migration), snow bunting (migration to or overwintering in northern US climes); tracks, paw prints, hoof prints in snow.

**HUMAN ACTIVITIES**

creak or crunch of snow underfoot, snow creaks (n, v), snow ball, snowman, snow shoes, snow boots, snow suit, snow machine, snow maker, snow shoveling, snowmobile, snow blower, snow thrower, snow angels, snow bunny, snow fence, snow shed, snow shovel, snow board, snow plow, snow tires, snow sled

**SNOW, Adjectives**

snowy, squally, snowless, snowlike, snow-laden, snow encrusted, snow white, snow flocked, snow clad, snow capped, snowbound, snowblind

Also: snowiness (N), snowily

From the OED. These may be British usage only, I couldn't find them in Websters & they weren't familiar in my dialect: snow break, snow cold, snow course, snow craft, snow creep, snow eater, snow hole, snow ice, snow slip, snow water, snow wreath, snow cat.

**PLANT:** Plant names w/ snow in them exist, but they are omitted. I couldn't determine at this time if it was because they were associated with winter or only with some white feature.

If you have comments or addition words, I'd love to hear from you. I can be reached at [xewe@worldnet.att.net](mailto:xewe@worldnet.att.net)

*Calendar*

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 28 -**      Asilomar Retreat  
**OCT 1**

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society sponsors the annual

**KIYOSHI AND KYOKO TOKUTOMI MEMORIAL HAIKU CONTEST**  
**IN-HAND DEADLINE: MAY 31, 2006**  
**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.

2006 CONTEST KIGO LIST

NEW YEAR:	CHAMPAGNE CORKS, FIRST CALM
SPRING:	BEE, ARTICHOKE
SUMMER:	TOAD, MID-SUMMER RAIN
AUTUMN:	RATTLESNAKE GRASS, HALLOWEEN
WINTER:	LAMENTING OWL, WINTER CAMELIA

- 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 the Y.T President and the Contest Chair.
- 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  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society