

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXI:2

March-April 2006

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 6302 | glossy back
of a tombstone
reflected grass | 6310 | bedroom argument
in the shaft of the sun
scintillae of dust |
| 6303 | buds swelling
I sense it
from a distance | 6311 | spring stroll
my shadow is
my companion |
| 6304 | first warm day
the youngest batter
choking up on the longest bat | 6312 | fresh jonquils
your last day at home
memories to last |
| 6305 | spring thaw
the young man in sandals
still wears a wool cap | 6313 | from the hospital
I see birds taking flight
my thoughts are not confined |
| 6306 | spring concert
the orchestra's reed section
warms up | 6314 | leaving the vet's ...
melting sleet
wets my eyebrows |
| 6307 | late snow —
daring the magnolia
to blossom | 6315 | a stone in my right shoe—
we drive home more slowly
from the obstetrician's |
| 6308 | schoolboys & schoolgirls
for some personal reason
I watch girls only | 6316 | cocoon in the flower pot—
patterns of rain
on the patio |
| 6309 | yellow morning
on the way to the deceased
cymbal sale | 6317 | evening stillness
the old cat nudges
her cheek |
-

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>6318 another bombing
a plover's cry
up the beach</p> <p>6319 waterfront high rise
evening rush hour
of peepers</p> <p>6320 woodpecker drilling
then another one—
spring equinox</p> <p>6321 plum blossoms
opening
over the phone</p> <p>6322 spring is nearing—
the sleepy wood frog
lets me hold her</p> <p>6323 alone on the beach ...
the boy's handmade kite
spirals into gray sky</p> <p>6324 a child's pink boot
hardened into mud—
hawk's circling shadow</p> <p>6325 in from the cold:
forsythia sprigs
in a bottle</p> <p>6326 spring tide
last inch of a candle
left in the sand</p> <p>6327 evening light
artichokes boiling
in the kettle</p> <p>6328 Easter moon
the volunteer straightens
a chair</p> | <p>6329 town square
a pigeon walks
in circles</p> <p>6330 lady attending
a separatist meeting
her mongrel dog</p> <p>6331 the white
of the teeniest flower
alpine meadow</p> <p>6332 scratching his itch
granddad's
old fishing pole</p> <p>6333 winding trail
into the violets
where we lay</p> <p>6334 willie's music
taking it all the way
to new orleans</p> <p>6335 a spring mosquito
inside a bow window
forever trapped</p> <p>6336 yet, still standing
on a gusty windy hill
a winter rose</p> <p>6337 firmly holding
the string of a toy balloon
a lost child</p> <p>6338 St. Patrick's Day -
a kid in a yarmulke
wearing green</p> <p>6339 even here
someone has sprinkled crumbs
for the sparrows</p> |
|--|--|

- 6340 gapers block –
homework papers
fly among the cars
- 6341 old elm
shaping the sky
just beyond
- 6342 gray clouds
lower in the sky
silent phone
- 6343 shopping cart with a wobbly wheel
vagrant pushes it while
humming an old show tune
- 6344 March wind
a peg bucket sways
from the clothes line
- 6345 river path
a weeping willow
taps my straw hat
- 6346 new caravan site . . .
in his hand
a bunch of parsley
- 6347 sleeping Buddha,
maybe tomorrow
I'll start spring cleaning
- 6348 just like last year
riddled with bronchitis
first plum blossoms
- 6349 two lambs pogo
in perpetual motion
like the bubbling stream
- 6350 wet footprints
scattered across the trampoline -
spring rain
- 6351 surrounded by March wind
two hawks
hovering
- 6352 its shadow
a little fuller this week -
budding maple
- 6353 I wonder
if I'll ever hear
a nightingale?
- 6354 stalking
the wild asparagus
in Birkenstocks
- 6355 some wildly some at rest
the windmills
at Alta Mont Pass
- 6356 late spring frost
the budding camellia bush
drops frost-bitten buds
- 6357 lengthening days
how good it feels
after an illness
- 6358 the calm spring sea
sparkling like diamonds –
sand pipers in and out
- 6359 breaking bread . . .
some for the ducklings
some for me
- 6360 birds and butterflies
spring from arthritic fingers
origami gifts
- 6361 Spring on campus sprouts
green roofs blue recycling bins
hope for future springs

CHALLENGE KIGO

"KATE HAS A KITE"

ah, a first English phrase
taught in a Soviet school

Zinovy Vayman

"space age kite design"

neither Dad nor I

could make the damned thing fly

John Stevenson

spring wind

the kite with my thoughts

flying, flying

Barbara Campitelli

neap tide . . .

kite string caught

in the stingray's teeth

Michael Dylan Welch

spring wind

a kite flies

from a willow

Karin A. Gimnes

blue kite

soars over the perfect wave—

Lawrencetown Beach

Ruth Holzer

spiraling

my kite slips out of sight

with my mind

Laurabell

harbor park

the grown man's kite

higher than the rest

Carolyn Thomas

kite flying

brother's

last to fall

Gloria Procsal

flying so high
my kite crashes
for no reason at all

Dave Bachelor

Kite Day

an orange carp

flying from the rooftree

Janeth Ewald

kite line

the fisherman unhooks

a small shark

Patricia Prime

Kite Festival –

kites from many countries

all fly in the March wind

Joan C. Sauer

homemade kite—

what will I be when

I grow up

pjm

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is June 10

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
- Haiku - up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines.
- Challenge Kigo Haiku - one 3-line haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Votes - Write numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive 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 \$25.00 international. Membership includes six issues of *Geppo*.

SEASON WORDS
for late spring /early summer

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology

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

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

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

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

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

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



MEMBERS' VOTES
for January-February 06

Barbara Campitelli - 6232-6 6233-3 6234-2
 Gloria Procsal - 6235-1 6236-0 6237-1
 Gloria Jaguden - 6238-2
 Joan Zimmerman - 6239-5 6240-3 6241-1
 Patricia Prime - 6242-2 6243-1 6244-1
 Cindy Tebo - 6245-4 6246-1 6247-4
 Ruth Holzer - 6248-6 6249-3 6250-2
 Anne Homan - 6251-6 6252-3 6253-0
 Carolyn Thomas - 6254-0 6255-5 6256-0
 Joan Ward - 6257-5 6258-0 6259-3
 Teruo Yamagata - 6260-1 6261-0 6262-0
 Laura Bell - 6263-1 6264-1 6265-3
 C. Doreian-Michaels - 6266-1 6267-1 6268-0
 Janeth Ewald - 6269-3 6270-1 6271-1
 Desiree McMurry - 6272-1 6273-3 6274-4
 Zinovy Vayman - 6275-0 6276-1 6277-1
 Wendy Wright - 6278-2 6279-0
 M. Dylan Welch - 6280-3 6281-4 6282-2
 Curt Hodge - 6283-0 6284-2 6285-0
 M. Root Bernstein - 6286-2 6287-3 6288-7
 M. Hehman-Smith - 6289-2 6290-2 6291-4
 Melissa Stepien - 6292-1 6293-0 6294-0
 John Stevenson - 6295-0 6296-0 6297-1
 Kay Grimnes - 6298-6 6299-3 6300-2
 Carol Steele - 6301-2

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

snowmelt -
the sound of swan wings
quickerung

Michele Root-Bernstein

January illness
you are leaving me alone
gradually

Barbara Campitelli

wintry night -
I let the telephone
ring and ring

Ruth Holzer

smell of mothballs
in the auditorium
Veterans' Day

Anne Homan

yellowed leaves
of an old recipe book —
late autumn

Margaret Hehman-Smith

spring thaw
a pile of mittens
on the playground

Karen Grimnes

Haiku in the Teahouse
Japanese Friendship Garden
San Jose, CA
April 8, 2006
by Ann Bendixen

paperwhite narcissus
bulbs from her memorial
their first blossoming

Joan Zimmerman

Light clouds and sunshine, budding crabapple blossoms, wisteria, yellow iris, and haiku. It is hard to imagine a more lovely combination. The teahouse was overflowing with nearly forty poetry lovers, and Fay Aoyagi of San Francisco and Wendy Wright of Long Beach gave readings to match the day—bubbling with energy and *joie de vivre*. The reading was preceded by a workshop and a walk in the gardens. The enthusiasm of the workshop attendees can be attested to by the fact that the *kukai* ran over into lunch time and no one left.

dragging its feet
in the winter sea —
the bird's slow lift

Carolyn Thomas

morning cold
the new widow looks
for a sunny window

Joan Ward

unused path
 grass sprouts where
the dog used to walk

Cindy Tebo

Wendy started the reading; her motif was travel. Even when at home, she felt she was a traveler—each day being part of the longer journey.

twelfth night
the owl's voice
the only voice

Cindy Tebo

spring morning—
the cat's shadow
cleaning itself

April Fool's—
before leaving he gives me
a new name

January rain
watching my tea leaves unfurl
one by one by one

Desiree McMurry

Fay had a three part reading. She introduced each part with a short autobiographical reflection which gave context to the haiku which followed.

laid off —
the gym punching bag
slowly swaying

Michael Dylan Welch

first dandelions—
a boy insists
he is invisible

a dinosaur egg
at the top of the stairs
Easter dawn

After the readings of Fay and Wendy, everyone participated in a round-robin of haiku reading. Since the Buddha's birthday was the next day, an impromptu duel between Fay and Ebba Story started—who could write the best and/or the funniest spontaneous haiku honoring Buddha. Soon the spirit of the game was picked up by others until almost everyone had contributed at least one haiku with the kigo, "Buddha's Birthday." I hope he enjoyed the match. The high spirit of the day lasted to the very end as the readers and the audience became writers, readers, and enthusiastic listeners.

Buddha's birthday—
my i-pod is full of
Japanese songs
—Fay Aoyagi

Buddha's birthday—
she is gifted with a jar
of sweet black beans
—Wendy Wright

Dojins' Corner
Jan-Feb 2006
by Patricia and Jerry

pjm: I was very pleased to read so many good haiku in this issue. I particularly liked 6235, 6236, 6240, 6247, 6248, 6250, 6251, 6253, 6278, 6279, 6291, and 6301. The three I've chosen to write about (6235, 6247, and 6279) is not an indication that I like them better than the others, but rather that they give me an opening to talk about something that might be useful or challenging to all of us who think about haiku writing.

jb: My selections are: 6235, 6242, 6245, 6246*, 6247, 6250*, 6251, 6257, 6272*, 6273, 6291, 6297, 6298, 6299. "*" indicates my selections for comment.

6235 waking from a dream
of frozen lilacs
his hand on my breast

pjm: The unconventional kigo, frozen lilacs, is very arresting. In one phrase the writer has

captured the notion of icy beauty, of winter locking up spring, of Persephone held in the grasp of Hades, of passion subdued. There are times in life when the sexual appetite is suppressed—during chemotherapy, for example. The poem holds within it this moment of suspended sexuality and also the promise of spring to come.

jb: I confess I too find this haiku "ar-resting," but I at first didn't really understand the connection. Patricia's comments make it a little clearer. Once I got the idea, the verse has become "inter-resting." How would it be from another point of view: "my hand on her breast"? Would it work?

6246: fallen on its side
frost covers
the two mile marker

jb: This haiku is about distance, ... which can mean many things both physical and emotional. While the verse is not a narrative verse, there is, nevertheless, an implied narrative. Clearly, it's winter, and someone is traveling from a point of interest toward an undetermined location. Coming to the expected "two mile marker," we find it's fallen and covered with frost. I feel a sense of conflict and disappointment in this image. It's a concrete image of loneliness.

pjm: This image caught my attention briefly. I feel it has potential that is yet to be fulfilled. In its present form it is one phrase running over three lines; it could be two lines to which a third line/image could be added. This could be just the spark needed to ignite it.

6247 twelfth night
the owl's voice
the only voice

pjm: A poem with two kigo, such as owl and twelfth night, is often problematic: the two end up in a power struggle for the center of the haiku. What makes this particular pairing work, even though they are both strong kigo, is (1) the pairing is unexpected, (2) their separate associations do not conflict, and (3) their interaction leads us deeper into contemplation. Twelfth night has deep associations with both Jewish (Festival of Lights) and Christian (the

Epiphany) history as well as being the title of a Shakespeare play.. I am going to focus on the journey of the Magi to Bethlehem. The three Kings, thought to represent the continents of Arabia, Europe, and Africa, started on this journey long before the birth of the Christ child. They were led by a star and a prophecy.

The owl, as well, is rich in symbolism covering many cultures around the world. Often a symbol of death, it is also a symbol of prophecy, a being that can see in the dark.

The poet has brought together these two, the owl (the one who sees in the dark) and twelfth night (the Festival of Light, the Epiphany), and given us one other thought: the owl's voice is the only voice. Although the poem evokes many meanings, the feeling it gives me is expressed by T.S. Eliot in "Journey of the Magi":

... were we led all the way for
 Birth or Death? There was a Birth, certainly,
 We had evidence and no doubt. I had seen birth
 and death,
 But had thought they were different; this Birth was
 Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our
 death.

I see this haiku as having relevance in our current struggle. Not that it offers an answer necessarily. But in this time of darkness, of a deeply worsening war, it leads me to contemplate the owl's voice. Is there a prophetic one who can lead us through this time of unseeing? Where do we find such a voice? Are we open to hearing that voice, one that tells of a "Birth [that] was/ Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death"?

jb: Having read Patricia's comments I can see how the impact of this haiku springs from a Christian context. For me, this would work better as part of a haibun. I can understand it as an observer but not as a participant. The owl can be a Greek symbol too, in which case the context is shifted.

6250 recalling them
 from one winter to the next—
 names of the stars

jb: I confess this is what I did as a boy. I'm still doing it today, though with less accuracy.

This is nostalgia. I was told by one of my professors that the root meaning of the word "nostalgia" comes from the Greek, *noistra oikeosis*, which means to return home. It's the story of Odysseus. For me, this haiku is a return home.

pjm: I, too, was attracted to this haiku. It makes me think of cold nights. When you can see the stars in winter, it means that the conditions are such that any heat generated during the day will quickly escape after sundown. The image of clear, cold nights combined with the sharp appearance of the stars adds poignancy to "recalling . . . the names," an act of memory which is sometimes faulty, sometimes fuzzy, even from one winter to the next

6272 after my dream
 the winter moon
 at dawn

jb: Unlike the preceding, I see this as context free. This is a haiku about the perception of an image. In a dream one is submerged in imagery. But, after the dream we see "the winter moon at dawn" which is itself an image. We leave one image for another and discover something about "reality."

pjm: I would encourage the poet to consider this a haiku in progress. It feels incomplete to me. The image could be regarded as two lines awaiting the arrival of a third. Since dreams often come "before dawn," having the phrase "at dawn" close the haiku is a bit anticlimactic. Let the dream lead you.

6279 beneath white
 pelicans in flight—
 the sky leaves me

pjm: The thing to notice first about this poem is how it unfolds line by line. "Beneath white." What do you think of? Sheets, sky? In the next line, you discover "pelicans in flight." Lovely, this feeling of being beneath white pelicans in flight. The feeling of the graceful glide of pelicans—soaring. And finally "the sky leaves me." And now the white pelicans become one with the white sky and the sky, not the pelicans, but, yes, the pelicans, too, leave me. Soaring.

If you ask me what the kigo is here, I would have to say, I don't know. I'd like it to be "white sky," whatever season that is.

jb: This haiku, too, is a verse about perceptions of an image. One can be totally absorbed. Beneath the "white" of the sky there is a formation of "pelicans" in flight. Strongly attracted to the pelicans, the sky "leaves me" ... disappears ?? At any rate it's gone. One has become one with the flight of pelicans and with the white of the sky, and hence, totally absorbed.

We look forward to hearing from you. Please contact us at

Or write in care of the Geppo.

CHALLENGE KIGO
by Ebba Story and Fay Aoyagi
Green Storm

The Japanese kigo, *aoarashi*, indicates a rather strong but comfortable summer wind. The fresh, light green of spring foliage has matured into a deeper green. By this time trees are fully leafed out and the wind-tossed boughs fill our eyes and hearts with the overflowing abundance of early mid-summer. The wind pulls the trees this way and that in a playful, spritely dance. The 'green storm' sweeps through the forests and fields and across our minds in the lengthening days of summer. No wonder the gemstone for May is emerald.

An interesting thing about this particular summer kigo is that it incorporates both wind and vegetation. In a simple, lovely way 'green wind' conveys so much.

naga ame no sora fukiidase aoarashi

green storm!
blow out the long rain
from the sky

Sodo *

green storm
a demon knight places down
his sword

Fay Aoyagi

green storm ~
the ache in my shoulders
where wings once grew

Ebba Story

* *Haiku Saijiki* edited by Dakotsu Iida, et al. Heibonsha, Tokyo, 1971 (Translation by Fay Aoyagi)

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
Anthology for 2005

Growing a Green Heart is edited by Anne Homan and Pat Machmiller. Included in the issue is a renku created by all the past presidents of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society.

To receive, send a check for \$7.00 to:
Jean Hale

**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 CAMELLIA

- 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 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

Calendar

May 20 **10:00 to 4:30** Sponsored by the San Jose Poetry Center and Yuki Teikei, this event will feature Al Young, California Poet Laureate, and others.

June 10 **1:30** Gingko (walk and haiku writing) at Hakone Gardens, Big Basin Way (Rt. 9) in Saratoga. Meet at the picnic tables near the lower entrance. Bring picnic foods to share.

July 8 - **6:00 PM** Tanabata celebration at Anne Homan's home,

Sept. 9 - **6:00 PM** Moonviewing.
Location to be announced

Sept 28 - 2006 Asilomar Retreat
Oct. 1

Visit the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society website at youngeaves.org.



CAROLYN
88