

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal  
of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXI:3

May-June 2006

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

- |      |   |      |  |
|------|---|------|--|
| 6362 | only lichens<br>on the mother's grave -<br>Memorial Day               | 6370 | broken rosebuds<br>in a manicured garden<br>animal scat                        |
| 6363 | Mother's Day -<br>she hands me a rose<br>with a bud attached          | 6371 | late jacaranda<br>the purple clouds<br>at sunset                               |
| 6364 | the sound of small feet<br>heading my way -<br>thunder                | 6372 | funeral home<br>its parking lot lined<br>with lilies-of-the-valley             |
| 6365 | the quicksilver skim<br>of summer dragonflies<br>over green water     | 6373 | late evening<br>a blackened TV<br>becomes a mirror                             |
| 6366 | fingerling koi<br>cluster in the center—<br>summer pond               | 6374 | Memorial Day<br>painted over again and again<br>acanthus of leaves             |
| 6367 | a spotted carp<br>makes a sharp right angle<br>deep tree shade        | 6375 | sudden cold snap<br>outside the hothouse window<br>crape myrtle                |
| 6368 | lazy afternoon -<br>watching the poppies close<br>as shadows lengthen | 6376 | madonna with child<br>the softness – the honey scent<br>rose petals full-blown |
| 6369 | the corsage wilts<br>at her high school prom —<br>humid evening       | 6377 | sudden shower<br>the wedding limousine<br>covered in blossoms                  |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 6378 | out of the haze –<br>shapes on the boardwalk<br>become people                      | 6389 | summer crow<br>on a wire—<br>the spread of its feet               |
| 6379 | sudden shower<br>hard rain on the skylight<br>gone, just like that                 | 6390 | first clear sky in days<br>the summer moon<br>almost full         |
| 6380 | early spring evening –<br>the tadpole's concert<br>begins                          | 6391 | spring moon<br>in perfect peace<br>owning my mistakes             |
| 6381 | a failing business<br>two cars sitting all day<br>in the sun                       | 6392 | who cares I say<br>blushing<br>at his touch                       |
| 6382 | her feather boa<br>while she removes clothes<br>from the dryer                     | 6393 | winning<br>at all costs<br>lifting my skirt                       |
| 6383 | summer downpour<br>a dry spot<br>under the water tower                             | 6394 | without doubt<br>now, by Buddha's grace<br>a fly is born          |
| 6384 | Buddhas in a truck<br>coming in<br>going out                                       | 6395 | water gauge<br>still missing in the stream<br>instead, water lily |
| 6385 | her snores all night long –<br>he reaches for the ear plugs<br>and his anti-G suit | 6396 | returning<br>the way he came<br>an inch worm                      |
| 6386 | a long shadow<br>mocks<br>his short stature  | 6397 | nursing home visit . .<br>Mom waters<br>the artificial plant      |
| 6387 | a broken oak branch<br>startles a passing hiker –<br>clawing his long hair         | 6398 | Mother's day—<br>her tiny hand<br>full of violets                 |
| 6388 | sea fog lifting—<br>all of my life<br>going into this collage                      | 6399 | by the hospice bed<br>yellow tulips...<br>the silent watchers     |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 6400 | mother's day<br>more cat hair<br>in the laundry basket                | 6411 | summer fountain —<br>a little boy asks<br>for his coin back            |
| 6401 | last month's sketch<br>the outlines<br>of unfinished roses            | 6412 | bamboo sprouts —<br>twenty seasons<br>of twisting them out             |
| 6402 | end of the poet's driveway<br>a few toads<br>around the lamppost      | 6413 | how gently<br>he cuts it from my wrist —<br>the deer tick              |
| 6403 | ebbing day<br>homebound walkers<br>on the summer hills                | 6414 | lamplight falling<br>upon the pages —<br>spring rain                   |
| 6404 | gift on Mothers' day<br>from the two-year old -<br>a dandelion        | 6415 | moonless night<br>the thorn in the rose<br>he gave her                 |
| 6405 | river-bank walk -<br>blue herons weave and shy<br>at the water's edge | 6416 | dime-sized toad<br>holding its shadow<br>in mine                       |
| 6406 | train at the crossing<br>the orchestra<br>tunes up                    | 6417 | crescent moon<br>morning mist girdling<br>the far shore                |
| 6407 | cicadas<br>the roar of a truck<br>up on the highway                   | 6418 | the chocolate craze<br>you left with me -<br>spring moon               |
| 6408 | empty mailbox<br>the lone cry<br>of a loon                            | 6419 | caterpillar on the windshield -<br>trying to decide<br>which way to go |
| 6409 | currents<br>through an anemone —<br>spring dream                      | 6420 | spring memorial<br>our scrabble set's<br>faded letters                 |
| 6410 | cherry blossoms —<br>kindergartners name<br>their favorite colors     | 6421 | holding hands<br>until the hurt is gone<br>summer rain                 |

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|------|---|--|----------------|
| 6422 | brought from the beach<br>a small shell<br>crosses the floor          | green whipping wind -<br>talking to soldiers<br>who haven't returned                 | Zinovy Vayman  |
| 6423 | Mexican café<br>a taste of spice<br>in the chocolate                  | sudden summer wind -<br>a green storm rustles the trees<br>turning leaves inside out | Joan C. Sauer  |
| 6424 | long shadows<br>fill the mountain pass<br>with evening                | green storm<br>kicking up<br>the allergies   | Janeth Ewald   |
| 6425 | Hot-tub steam<br>bending in the storm<br>swish of black bamboo        | green storm<br>it must be obvious<br>we're in love                                   | John Stevenson |
| 6426 | High building crane<br>flying skull and bones<br>at the new police HQ | green storm -<br>I too am loosed<br>in the flowing field                             | Gloria Jaguden |
| 6427 | Fox in the sand dunes —<br>what next?<br>chickens?                    | early afternoon—<br>green storm blowing through<br>the meditation room               | Carolyn Thomas |

**CHALLENGE KIGO**

- |  |                    |   |                  |
|--|--------------------|---|------------------|
| green wind—<br>the turtle takes the short way<br>across the pond   | June Hopper Hymas  | green storm -<br>she begins<br>to walk again                        | Nardin Gottfried |
| a vulture's shadow<br>speeds past me<br>green storm                | Denise McMurry     | green storm<br>my son's voice<br>from behind a tree                 | Cindy Tebo       |
| green storm<br>a gong echoes<br>as it stills                       | Deborah P. Kolodji | green storm<br>a baby born<br>with hazel eyes                       | Gloria Procsal   |
| green storm -<br>the old horse takes the pasture<br>at full gallop | Marianna Monaco    | green storm<br>beneath the park's pergola<br>a couple exchange vows | Patricia Prime   |

green storm —  
dancers' hands begin  
to tell a story

Linda Galloway

green storm—  
throwing away the cap  
to my nose spray

Laura Bell

green storm —  
rock music blows back  
through the windows

Ruth Holzer

green storm —  
blow my love  
back to me

Barbara Campitelli

green storm —  
throwing away the cap  
to my nose spray

Laura Bell

(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



### 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

### Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for 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 point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:  
Jean Hale

*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

MEMBERS' VOTES  
for March-April 2006

John Stevenson – 6302-1 6303-2 6304-1  
Michele Root Bernstein-6305-3 6306-1 6307-3  
Zinovy Vayman – 6308-0 6309-1 6310-3  
Barbara Campitelli-6311-5 6312-1 6313-1  
Michael Dylan Welch-6314-5 6315-0 6316-5  
Kay Grimnes – 6317-6 6318-6 6319-1  
Ruth Holzer – 6320-1 6321-3 6322-1  
Joan Ward – 6323-2 6324-1 6325-4  
Carolyn Thomas – 6326-5 6327-2 6328-2  
Laura Bell – 6329-10 6330-3 6331-4  
Gloria Procsal – 6332-3 6333-4 6334-2  
Teruo Yamagata – 6335-0 6336-1 6337-5  
Gloria Jaguden – 6338-2 6339-5 6340-0  
Dave Bachelor – 6341-8 6342-0 6343-1  
Patricia Prime – 6344-6 6345-4 6346-1  
Joan Zimmerman – 6347-6 6348-1 6349-0  
Desiree McMurry – 6350-4 6351-2 6352-4  
Janeth Ewald – 6353-2 6354-4 6355-2  
Joan Sauer – 6356-2 6357-2 6358-1  
Marianna Monaco – 6359-4  
Christine Doreian-Michaels-6360-2 6361-0

MARCH-APRIL HAIKU VOTED  
BEST  
BY READERS OF GEPP0

town square  
a pigeon walks  
in circles

Laura Bell

old elm  
shaping the sky  
just beyond

Dave Bachelor

evening stillness  
the old cat nudges  
her cheek

Kay Grimnes

another bombing  
a plover's cry  
up he beach

Kay Grimnes

March wind  
a peg bucket sways  
from the clothes line

Patricia Prime

sleeping Buddha,  
maybe tomorrow  
I'll start spring cleaning

Joan Zimmerman

spring stroll  
my shadow is  
my companion

Barbara Campitelli

leaving the vet's . . .  
melting sleet  
wets my eyebrows

Michael Dylan Welch

cocoon in the flower pot—  
patterns of rain  
on the patio

Michael Dylan Welch

spring tide  
last inch of a candle  
left in the sand

Carolyn Thomas

firmly holding  
the string of a toy balloon  
a lost child

Teruo Yamagata

even here  
someone has sprinkled crumbs  
for the sparrows

Gloria Jaguden

in from the cold:  
forsythia sprigs  
in a bottle

Joan Ward

the white  
of the teeniest flower  
alpine meadow

Laura Bell

winding trail  
into the violets  
where we lay

Gloria Procsal

river path  
a weeping willow  
taps my straw hat

Patricia Prime

wet footprints  
scattered across the trampoline –  
spring rain

Desiree McMurry

its shadow  
a little fuller this week –  
budding maple

Desiree McMurry

stalking  
the wild asparagus  
in Birkenstocks

Janeth Ewald

breaking bread. . .  
some for the ducklings  
some for me

Marianna Monaco

CHALLENGE KIGO

by Ebba Story  
Cotton Flowers

When I came across Dr. Akito Arima's haiku in his book *Einstein's Century* I knew I must one-day use this for the challenge kigo.

*wata no hana mishishippi ni akaki tsuki*

cotton flowers—  
over the Mississippi  
a red moon

U.S.A.  
cotton flowers-summer\*

Cotton flowers look like smaller white hibiscus blossoms. Along with the more familiar garden-variety hibiscus and rose mallow, cotton belongs to the Malvaceae family. To have a Japanese haiku master traveling across America write about one of our plants is a surprise and a delight. And, a challenge.

Cotton carries with it so many charged feelings. Images of hunched-over slaves sweating out their lives on Southern plantations in the past, migrant farmers more recently doing the same, huge John Deere combines harvesting the fluffy bolls for agribusiness in the Southwest, and then add Gandhi spinning his own cotton (remember that famous photo of him at his spinning wheel) to demonstrate to Indians they could free themselves from the oppression of British colonialism. But what Dr. Arima saw were the flowers. They bloom in mid-summer and innocently whiten the fields. Just flowers and yet...

A particularly challenging American kigo. Let's see what we can do.

cotton flowers  
the clasp on my locket  
pops open

Ebba Story

- *Einstein's Century : Akito Arima's Haiku*, translations by Emiko Miyashita and Lee Gurga. Brooks Books. 2001.



Dojins' Corner  
Mar-Apr 2006  
By Patricia and Jerry

pjm: This is the list of haiku from which I chose three to write about: 6303, 6314, 6316, 6317, 6328, 6333, 6337, 6343, 6349, 6353, 6354, 6355, 6359; the three are: 6337, 6349, 6353.

jb: My selections are: 6303, 6304, 6307\*, 6311, 6317, 6321\*, 6327, 6328, 6329, 6339, 6341, 6344\*, 6355. "\*" indicates the verses I've selected for comment.

6307 late snow  
daring the magnolia  
to blossom

jb: For me this verse is about self awareness and a little bravery. Notice that it's not simply a nature sketch although there are natural elements in it. It's about a person's inner state in a (moderately ?) difficult time. Winter drags on and we wait for spring, but instead we get late snow. This is a time for patience, *but instead of patience I dare* the magnolia to blossom. I urge Spring along. It might seem this is a futile gesture, but I do it anyway. "Be brave, Magnolia, dare to blossom!"

pjm: A playful image—one imagines a light snow giving the magnolia the appearance of unseasonably early blossoms riding in the tree's crown.

6321 plum blossoms  
opening  
over the phone

jb: I chose to comment on this because it's a metaphor that, I think, works. Something about the conversation over the phone invokes (and that's the right word) the image of plum blossoms. Where? They could be anywhere. It's a lyrical moment. What really *opens* must be something about the conversation. Words? Well, yes, but in our minds (or hearts) these are blossoms. Hence the metaphor, "words are plum blossoms." Also note that this image is created using just six words.

pjm: Oh—I didn't get this at first. It's a haiku for the cell-phone-with-camera age—a gizmo I have yet to experience first hand. At

the risk of being a stick-in-the mud (to use an old-fashioned and probably out-of-date phrase), I am pretty sure, no matter how fancy the gadget, my preference is for plum blossoms unmediated by technology.

6337 firmly holding  
the string of a toy balloon  
a lost child

pjm: This image struck me because it seemed (without saying it) to invert the physical qualities of the child and the balloon. Instead of the balloon giving the appearance of being adrift, it is the child who seems unmoored and the balloon through its extension (the string) seems to be the stable anchor onto which the child can cling. The balloon has become the adult offering a secure hand in this uncertain situation.

jb: What strikes me about this image is the story that I can conjure with it. I am drawn into the image with questions: How did the child get there? Where are the parents? What would I do if my child were lost? The balloon gives a nice contrast. I am reminded of a Japanese film in which (what must have been) a haiku was given:

a balloon is rising  
somewhere  
a child is crying

6344 March wind  
a peg bucket sways  
from the clothes line

jb: In contrast to my other choices, this is a shasei, or nature sketch. In my previous two selections (6307, and 6311) all the action takes place in the mind or heart of the writer. There are natural elements to be sure, but they are not shasei haiku. This haiku, however, takes place in the phenomenal world. Here we have what T. S. Eliot calls the "objective correlative." If you collect and assemble the right phenomena they, by their nature and arrangement, will invoke an emotional response. That's what this verse does for me. I suppose it shows some nostalgia on my part, since who uses a clothes line these days? Who uses clothes "pegs" or clothespins? I wouldn't expect that in New York, or San Francisco, but I might expect it in the Central Valley of



California. The word nostalgia comes from the Greek and means "to return home" as when Odysseus returned home from his journey. With this haiku, I returned home to summers in Nebraska during the depression. They were hard times when my father worked for twenty-five cents per hour. But they were good times. Families were close.

pjm: The unremarkable made remarkable by simple language and a clear image. I like naming the clothespins "pegs." I don't know if this is a common designation from a certain region or not, but it sounds fresh to my ear.

6349 two lambs pogo  
in perpetual motion  
like the bubbling stream

pjm: I love the poet's creation of the verb, "pogo." It's a wonderfully short way to capture the image of the playful lambs bouncing in the field, an image that makes me want to laugh a bubbling laugh just like a brook. This is the essence of the feeling of spring: bouncing lambs, bubbling brooks, and that heady feeling of joy from the newness and lightness of spring. This is the way haiku works when it is at its best. My only suggestion: I think the poet could drop the word "like." A dash at the end of the second line would suffice.

jb: I agree with Patricia. The haiku has an immediate quality. Nothing is hidden, and yet it represents something greater.

6353 I wonder  
if I'll ever hear  
a nightingale

pjm: In both the East (the cuckoo) and the West (the nightingale) this bird has long been associated with myth and legend. The complex tapestry of these attributions has made it almost impossible to hear the bird purely as a natural phenomenon without burdening its song with history and human story. Perhaps this is the thought of the poet writing this haiku.

jb: This haiku seems to me to be about longing, of which the nightingale is the immediate object.

It is a moment of reflection and represents many varied moments of reflection, "I wonder if . . .". The answers, of course, tend to be in the subjunctive.

Jerry and Patricia welcome your comments on these poems or on our commentary. Please

in care of Jean Hale.

### RECENT EVENTS by Ann Bandixen

On March 10 Patricia Machmiller led a haiga workshop at the California Hotel at San Jose History Park. Enthusiastic participants learned the art of combining haiku and art. Patricia collaborated with artist Martha Dahlen on whose paintings she wrote her haiku to demonstrate for the group. We had many papers, inks and brushes to explore and create a haiga.

Patricia explained that the process is a dance between an image and a haiku. Usually the haiga is better if the kigo is more amorphous, such as spring rain or summer sea, rather than a stronger kigo such as heron or wisteria. The haiga is more successful if the art image is different than the haiku idea.



On April 8 Yuki Teikei, Poetry Center San Jose and the City of San Jose Parks, Recreation and Neighborhood Services sponsored Haiku in the Teahouse at the Japanese Friendship Garden. Roger Abe taught a haiku workshop for beginning poets to seasoned poets. Everyone wrote poems after walking around the Japanese gardens Fay Aoyagi, poet and author from San Francisco, and Wendy Wright, poet and soon to be author from Los Angeles, were featured readers at this event. Everyone shared new and old haiku.



On May 20 the San Jose Poetry Center and Yuki Teikei sponsored the California Poets Festival at the San Jose History Park. The reading was

held in front of the historic Edward Markham house under a huge live oak tree. Haiku poets donnalynn chase, Carol Steele and Patricia Machmüller did their reading on the trolley. Al Young, California Poet Laureate, was one of six featured speakers. Many small print presses had display tables in the firehouse.



On June 3, Yuki Teikei was invited to read at the new Saratoga Library as part of the library's month long celebration of poetry. Of the haiku read to an appreciative audience, here is one each from the participating poets.

your pink azalea  
once again in full bloom  
how you would love it  
Carol Steele

solitude —  
the underbellies  
of spring clouds  
Patricia Machmüller

sheep encircle  
the high desert hogan  
dusting of snow  
Ann Bendixen

New Year's morning  
I cradle the egg a moment  
before cracking it  
Claire Gallagher

five drops of Kool-Aide  
glimmer on paper cup rims  
lilting butterfly  
Karen Donaldson

autumn deepens —  
my grandson stuffs the washer  
with a load of jeans  
June Hymas



On June 10 Yuki Teikei gathered at the beautiful Hakone Gardens in Saratoga — one of the oldest and most authentic Japanese Gardens in the United States. Here we found a koi pond, old Japanese style buildings, a waterfall, path for strolling, sculptured trees,

symbolic stones and bamboo. Hakone Gardens was the U.S. site for much of the filming of "Memoirs of a Geisha," a major motion picture which was released last year.

The kigo we chose for our ginko walk reflected the garden's outstanding collection of bamboo. They included deep tree shade, green plum, green bamboo, bamboo shoots, wild and Japanese iris, mosquito and waterfall. After several hours of wandering the gardens, we met at the picnic tables to share our food and haiku.

the hollow sound  
of the lashed gray entry gate  
- green bamboo  
Alison Woolpert

white egret feather  
drifts on the summer sky  
remembering the wing  
Ed Grossmith

wild iris  
Summer kigo  
gone to seed  
Sandy Vrooman

from the sound of one  
waterfall to another  
summer dragonfly  
Linda Papanicolaou

green bamboo  
a dark metallic koi  
slides in the shadow  
June Hymas

trees leaning stretching  
early summer sky beckons  
growth spurt in progress  
Ray Moseley

Father ghost echo  
granddaughter scolding dog  
planting moon eclipse  
Bill Peckham

bob up bob  
down goes the turtle head  
deep tree shade  
Ann Bendixen

## Calendar

- Aug. 15**      Deadline date for submission to  
                  the 2006 Anthology
- Sept. 9**        6:00 PM Moonviewing Party at  
                  Jean Hale's house
- Sept 28 –**      2006 Asilomar Retreat  
**Oct. 1**

Visit the website of the Yuki Teikei Haiku  
Society at [youngeaves.org](http://youngeaves.org)

<p>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 <i>Geppo</i>.</p>
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***In-Hand Deadline: August 15, 2006***

***It's time for the annual Yuki Teikei membership anthology!***

To participate, members please send **two** sets of sheets containing 5 to 15 of your best haiku (and your check *made at to Yuki Teikei* for \$9 (I know, but printing costs keep rising. . .) or for non-USA members, postal reply coupons, or US cash) to:

donnalynn chase

Both copies of every sheet should have your contact information. One or more of your haiku will be selected to appear in the anthology; you will receive one copy for your entry fee. Additional copies may be purchased.

*If you are not a member, you can become one at the same time by sending an additional \$20 (please no non-US checks, see above) with your entry.*

Your haiku may be unpublished, or have already appeared in GEPP0 or another publication. If it was published, please include that information so we may credit that publication. June Hopper Hymas and donnalynn chase will edit the anthology this year.

