

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal

of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXI:4

July-August 2006

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

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|------|---|------|--|
| 6428 | summer highway
the endless desert
a train as long | 6436 | sudden downpour
a clerk pulls in the sidewalk
sunglasses display |
| 6429 | overseas airport
I wait for him
trying to remember | 6437 | even bamboo sprouts
on hundred-ten degree day
wilting |
| 6430 | spring rain
a new Walmart grows
on the town dump | 6438 | a bat
mouth pressed hard against the pane
gaping red |
| 6431 | harvest moon—
the tree limb's shifting shadow
across drawn blinds | 6439 | lightning
zigzags in a purple sky
o bless you, Zorro |
| 6432 | autumn sun—
my hand released from the cool trough
restarts the waterwheel | 6440 | awake
while everyone sleeps
summer dew |
| 6433 | short night—
we make love again
to dawn birdsong | 6441 | the purple sail
of a wind surfer
summer sea |
| 6434 | patio evening
the neighbor's furled umbrella
stabs at the moon | 6442 | long day —
the doctor talks about
dementia |
| 6435 | nightfall
heavy scent of hyacinth
heavier | 6443 | leaping
the old wooden fence
hollyhocks |
-

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 6444 | yellow floodwater –
a grey heron sweeps
towards the bridge | 6455 | a short cut
to the parabolic antenna
Indian strawberry |
| 6445 | cliff top –
outside an isolated house
a rattan chair | 6456 | outside the window
in the middle of a night class
suddenly, lightning |
| 6446 | summer heat
my hair braided
like that little girl's | 6457 | uncertainty
edible? inedible?
beautiful pumpkin |
| 6447 | long day
her pedicure
wears a flower | 6458 | final birthday
dad's full focus
on the waning moon |
| 6448 | cooling breeze
a poem comes out
from that hidden place | 6459 | lost in reverie
beyond the hills
a crow calls my name |
| 6449 | new grief group -
eyeing each other
through tears | 6460 | first I said I would
but then I didn't—
a long lonely train |
| 6450 | hospital poster –
'please don't feed
the wild animals' | 6461 | midday walk
a stony path divides
blue hydrangeas |
| 6451 | summer heat -
her ashes waiting
in my closet | 6462 | long day-
the Batta fish
alone like me |
| 6452 | first crickets —
my daughter's passing
this night | 6463 | abandoned cottage
only sea birds
visit here |
| 6453 | green bamboo —
she wrap her child's
ashes in silk | 6464 | one thousand full moons
in the gourd patch
summer solstice |
| 6454 | my daughter's
ashes on the sideboard —
end of spring | 6465 | dust mote
in a sunbeam
the orange kitten |

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 6466 | Tucson
before the monsoon –
scent of chiles | 6477 | young boy twirling
his bicycle wheel – a dragonfly
twirling itself |
| 6467 | above the trees
below the stars—
fireflies | 6478 | outdoor café
alone midst myriads
of couples |
| 6468 | wind-swept island—
a wild iris
clings to the cliff | 6479 | haiku gathering
beside the koi pond
a heron alights |
| 6469 | summer night—
from the ferris wheel
screams | 6480 | cattle crowd
a high desert water hole
summer solstice |
| 6470 | Oom-pah-pah
of tulips opening ...
a neighbor's tuba | 6481 | beach walk
where we parted last night
a yellow balloon |
| 6471 | Newt migration
the roughness of rain
softened by pine trees | 6482 | white moth
in the headlights
crescent moon |
| 6472 | Spider gossamer
floating threads of her mind
break remember break | 6483 | summer solstice
the barn swallow
circles me again |
| 6473 | midsummer evacuation
a woman leaves home
with a pillow under each arm | 6484 | calm morning
I watch the cloud divide
before it disappears |
| 6474 | storm damage
the hydrangeas
hold onto their blue | 6485 | after a massage
watching the warm wind
part the grass |
| 6475 | icehouse antiques
on the counter an old cat
the color of sawdust | 6486 | office work
the chill
of summer |
| 6476 | summer dawn-
a lone crow
waking the world | 6487 | hot, hot
not even the shade
of a vulture |

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>6488 equinox
all of the basil
gone to seed</p> <p>6489 my name
on my grandmother's headstone
wet leaves</p> <p>6490 long rollers
the storm from Asia
comes ashore</p> <p>6491 Japanese garden
a beggar feeds
the giant koi</p> <p>6492 end of the day
an egret wades after
itself</p> <p>6493 runnel
even the merest weed
impedes</p> <p>6494 small ant on the porch-
fellow passenger
through the galaxy</p> <p>6495 nights slowly lengthen –
the ants run even more
frantically</p> <p>6496 scorching, blazing sun
each day through morning haze
burning down</p> <p>6497 fireworks this year
shared the sky with Mother Nature
lightning and thunder</p> <p>6498 tomato plants –
my husband's pride and joy
growing like wild fire</p> | <p>6499 from the hillside
deep stillness, then insect trills
festival of stars</p> <p>6500 questions of meaning—
into the evening air
an insect cry</p> <p>6501 the star that's a plane
moves past the star that's a star
Tanabata</p> <p>6502 dawn
the dog in the hills
is silent</p> <p>6503 moving day-
in our kitchen
peremptory echo</p> <p>6504 retirement village
"Dessert may be your downfall,"
she chimes in</p> <p>6505 lazy ocean waves:
a porous brick core
turned to a pumice pebble</p> |
|--|--|

CHALLENGE KIGO

Cotton Flowers
by Ebba Story

cotton flowers
the rise and fall of voices
from the country church
Michael Dylan Welch

summer sun
thousands of cotton flowers
a snowy blanket
Yvonne Hardenbrook

cotton flowers
across the field
a pair of black hands

Laura Bell

a field
of cotton flowers
pure white

Janeth Ewald

cotton flowers –
in the undergrowth
small life hides

Patricia Prime

cotton flowers
the feed sack dresses
she once wore

Deborah P. Kolodji

cotton flowers—
far away the white crest
of an ocean wave

Carolyn Thomas

sere cotton flowers —
the rabbi tears
my mourning cloth

Linda Galloway

cotton flowers –
she learns to fly
above the field

Nardin Gottfried

cotton flowers
a dream of comfort
in my later years

Gloria Procsal

from last year's stumps -
cotton flowers
dotted with rain

Autumn Moon

cotton flowers
under acres
of blue sky

Joan Ward

seeing them
my whole body aches—
cotton flowers

Ruth Holzer

cotton flowers
none of us sure how close we are
to the New Madrid fault line

Cindy Tebo

a close friend
dictates his death poem
cotton flowers

Pamela Miller Ness

cotton flowers-
his hair has turned
so white

Barbara Campitelli

a Civil War photo
cotton flowers
in the background

John Stevenson

fields of cotton flowers
white like the cloth they become
blowing in the summer wind

Joan C. Sauer

fields of cotton blooms
white against
the dark green kudzo

Paul Williams

digital photo:
behind cotton flowers
a wind farm

Zinovy Vayman

cotton flowers—
in the picking-time photo
mom's cross expression

June Hopper Hymas

**MEMBERS' VOTES
for May-June 2006**

Denise McMurry - 6362-5 6363-6 6364-5
 June Hymas - 6365-3 6366-1 6367-2
 Marianna Monaco - 6368-0
 Deborah Kolodji - 6369-1 6370-1 6371-2
 Zinovy Vayman - 6372-5 6373-5 6374-3
 Janeth Ewald - 6375-1 6376-1 6377-10
 Joan Sauer - 6378-3 6379-0 6380-0
 John Stevenson - 6381-4 6382-1 6383-8
 Gloria Jaguden - 6384-1
 Nardin Gottfried - 6385-1 6386-3 6387-1
 Carolyn Thomas - 6388-8 6389-3 6390-2
 Gloria Procsal - 6391-1 6392-1 6393-1
 Teruo Yamagata - 6394-2 6395-0 6396-6
 Joan Ward - 6397-7 6398-3 6399-1
 Cindy Tebo - 6400-3 6401-2 6402-3
 Patricia Prime - 6403-0 6404-0 6405-2
 Kay Grimnes - 6406-5 6407-3 6408-6
 Linda Galloway - 6409-6 6410-3 6411-7
 Ruth Holzer - 6412-2 6413-2 6414-5
 M Root-Bernstein - 6415-7 6416-6 6417-2
 B. Campitelli - 6418-5 6419-1 6420-3
 Ann Bendixen - 6421-6
 Laura Bell - 6422-6 6423-1 6424-6
 Joan Zimmerman - 6425-2 6426-0 6427-1

**MAY-JUNE HAIKU VOTED BEST
BY READERS OF GEPP0**

sudden shower
 the wedding limousine
 covered in blossoms

Janeth Ewald

summer downpour
 a dry spot
 under the water tower

John Stevenson

sea fog lifting —
 all of my life
 going into this collage

Carolyn Thomas

nursing home ...
 Mom waters
 the artificial plant

Joan Ward

summer fountain —
 a little boy asks
 for his coin back

Linda Galloway

moonless night
 the thorn in the rose
 he gave her

Michele Root-Bernstein

Mother's Day
 she hands me a rose
 with a bud attached

Denise McMurry

returning
 the way he came
 an inch worm

Teruo Yamagata

empty mailbox
 the lone cry
 of a loon

Kay Grimnes

currents
 through an anemone—
 spring dream

Linda Galloway

dime-sized toad
 holding its shadow
 in mine

Michele Root-Bernstein

holding hands
 until the hurt is gone
 summer rain

Ann Bendixen

brought from the beach
 a small shell
 crosses the floor

Laura Bell

long shadows
fill the mountain pass
with evening

Laura Bell

only lichens
on the mother's grave –
Memorial Day

Denise McMurry

the sound of small feet
heading my way -
thunder

Denise McMurry

funeral home
its parking lot lined
with lilies-of-the-valley

Zinovy Vayman

late evening
a blackened TV
become a mirror

Zinovy Vayman

train at the crossing
the orchestra
tunes up

Kay Grimes

lamplight falling
upon the pages —
spring rain

Ruth Holzer

the chocolate craze
you left with me –
spring moon

Barbara Campitelli

SEASON WORDS
for early autumn

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for the next issue is October 10!

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

**Dojins' Corner
May-June 2006
By Patricia and Jerry**

pjm: My list is 6363, 6368*, 6391, 6400, 6402*, and 6411* with the asterisks indicating the choices about which I'd like to write. Others that caught my attention were: 6362, 6366, 6372, 6379, 6381, 6384, 6389, 6394, 6396, 6398, 6399, 6401, 6404, 6410, 6413, 6416, and 6420.

jb: My choices: 6366, 6369, 6378, 6392, 6393, 6400, 6401, 6403, 6408*, 6409, 6410*, 6411*, 6412, 6422, 6423, and 6424. "" indicates haiku I have chosen to discuss.

6368 lazy afternoon—
watching the poppies close
as shadows lengthen

pjm: The feeling of time passing without the hurry and scurry of daily life with its pressing needs is expressed in this haiku. The poet took the time to sit and be attentive to the natural world and noticed this phenomenon: California poppies close when the sun is at a lower angle, not setting, but late in the afternoon several hours before sunset. The feeling of being in the world free of purpose or intent, of giving oneself to the experience of the moment is perfectly expressed in this image of the poppies and the shadows. It's comforting, in a way, to know that the natural world continues on its way even when humans take a break and that, however much we think we are in control, it does not extend to poppies closing.

jb: Nicely done in shasei style. The image is crisp and clear, and conjures a sense of nostalgia. I get a good feeling of resonance from this haiku.

6402 end of the poet's driveway
a few toads
around the lamppost

pjm: Somehow the association of poets and toads struck me as having a certain truth to it. The toad, the humble creature of myth and fairytale, is often ridiculed as funny-looking, warty, and downright ugly. But in many a tale he has within his camouflaged self a princely being of high intelligence, stout heart, and great physical attractiveness. The comparison of poets to this warty beast with its inner wisdom and beauty seems particularly apt. Admittedly, the writer of this haiku did not force a direct comparison of poets and toads for there is no dash or break between the two images and the poem only brings in the poet indirectly. The haiku merely sketches a night scene outside a house, but cleverly the writer chose to make this a poet's house. And this has made all the difference.

jb: I have a little more difficulty relating to this image than Patricia. I must admit, however, that I am drawn into it because of its puzzling quality. Why should poets and toads be linked? Well, I can't say for sure and maybe

that's the attraction of this verse. It's a feeling, and an interesting one.

6408 empty mailbox
the lone cry
of a loon

jb: We have a sight and a sound that are juxtaposed. My mind is full of stories. Waiting for the mail is sometimes very important. Then how disappointing it is to find the mailbox empty! How many times have you done this dear reader? It's special. For me this haiku uses very neutral and austere language to convey a powerful tension. This is a "sabi" haiku...about loneliness. I associate the empty mailbox with farmland or some rural place, and the loon I associate with lakes... I see a mountain road, and I expect to see more things, no telling just what. Why do I think of Minnesota? Or Canada?

pjm: This poem expresses deep loneliness. In this modern age of Internet communication and mobility the suggestion here is of someone for whom a letter is life-giving, someone who is housebound, perhaps, or a soldier's spouse for whom separation is fraught with anxiety and uncertainty.

6410 cherry blossoms –
kindergartners name
their favorite colors

jb: The author has represented a precious moment. I can imagine this in Japan...all the children in school uniforms, out on a field trip, viewing the cherry blossoms. There are perhaps forty children, all holding hands, with two teachers. In their enthusiasm they begin shouting out the names of their favorite colors. How special.

pjm: The lift cherry blossoms give to the heart is the same as that of these precious innocents expressing their feelings about color—color also being a source of heart lifting. And so the poem has many reverberations and echoes. Well done.

6411 summer fountain –
a little boy asks
for his coin back

jb: Here we have a narrative image. There is an implied beginning: the little boy has thrown a coin into the fountain. Then there is a moment in which he rues his loss of the coin. And now, we see the result: He wants his coin back. Of course we know, that he (probably) won't get it and he (and his parents!) will likely have to deal with his disappointment. So the author depends on the readers' having sympathy with the little boy. This means that we have also some something like this. How many coins have we thrown into the fountain, that now, we wish we had back?

pjm: So if you don't get your wish, just ask for your money back! The light humor in this haiku shimmers like the fountain, which is, by the way, a summer kigo. So if the poet wanted to he or she could change the first line to a more descriptive or unique adjective. But the haiku works, as it is—delightful and delighting!

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

care of Jean Hale.

CHALLENGE KIGO County Fair, State Fair by Ebba Story

With the harvest in fall comes the pride in work well done. Across America, counties and states organize fairs where produce can be displayed and awards presented for the largest or finest entries. I remember as a young child, blue ribbons draped over jars of jam and preserves. How I wanted to taste these mysteries! Another ribbon hung from a rough wooden gate over which a curly-browed steer rested his chin. And, my friend looking forward to joining 4-H so she could enter and win over her older brother who pranced around flaunting the ribbon he had won.

We have images of past county fairs from our own experiences and from TV shows like 'Little House on the Prairie.' And, of course there is the unforgettable fair in *Charlotte's Web*. From plaid-lidded jam jars, giant pumpkins, prize bulls, candied apples, Ferris wheels, and more, the harvest fairs are a part of American life and

agricultural societies around the world. Many contemporary fairs focus on the local specialties, such as apples or pumpkins (these are kigo in themselves) and feature arts and crafts for sale. By using 'county fair' or 'state fair' there is no need to mention another autumn kigo. Try to let this challenge kigo carry the entire weight of the season.

Alaska State Fair
 ninety-four pound cabbage
 only second place

Mark Arvid White*

county fair—
 squealing kids jostle
 to get a peek

Ebba Story

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



MOON VIEWING PARTY
 September 9, 2006
 by Ann Bendixen

Yuki Teikei members gathered for a delicious potluck meal which included tree-ripened figs to tempt our taste.

After living in Long Beach for ten years, Jerry Ball and his wife just returned to the Bay area to live near her parents. We are thrilled to have the Balls back as he joined Yuki Teikei one year after it was started by Kiyoko and Kyoshi Tokutomi.

After several hours of catching up on our summer news and belly laughing at Jerry's jokes, we went outside. We watched for the moon, our number one kigo, to rise over the mountains.

eye of newt
 the seething clouds cover
 the moon

Patricia Machmiller

hazy moon's reflection
 on the pond I gather but
 a handful, both flee

Bill Peckham

weaving in and out
 of layers of charcoal clouds
 a peek-a-boo moon

Carole Steele

moon watch
 an empty wine glass
 on the kitchen counter

Linda Papanicolaou

A little bit drunk
 and waiting for clouds to move
 moon viewing

Jerry Ball

impatient traveler
 driving east
 to raise the moon

Pat Gallagher

the moon skulking
 behind clouds wisps
 another bite of cookie

Claire Gallagher

the earth tilts
 autumn moon
 remains steady

Jean Hale

laughter tumbles
 down the wet hill
 moon viewing party

Ann Bendixen

MEMBERSHIP ANNOUNCEMENT
from your Editor

After some deliberation, the Yuki Teikei Board has decided to raise the annual dues to \$26.00 per year (U.S. and Canada) and \$31.00 per year (International).

In addition to the annual dues, the new rates will entitle all members to six issues of the Geppo and one copy of the yearly anthology.

We also plan to take the opportunity of this increase to simplify the dues paying process.

My usual practice - keeping track of when payments are made and sending reminders of renewal dates - has inherent flaws. There is more work for me and, judging from the number of letters, emails I get, it leaves many of you in doubt about your membership status.

We would like all membership payments to be made in January each year. However, if you sent your payment anytime after June 2006, you are not due again until January 2008.

Thank you for your participation in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society.

Calendar

- Sept 28 – Oct. 1** 2006 Asilomar Retreat
- Nov. 11** **1:00 PM** – Meeting tentatively scheduled at Markham House. San Jose History Park, Senter & Phelan Sts., San Jose (Please confirm)
- DEC. 9** **6:00 PM** – Christmas Party at home of Pat and Claire Gallagher,

Please RSVP re menu coordination and directions.

Visit the website of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society at youngleaves.org

