

G S P P O

the haiku study-work journal
of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXI:5

September-October 2006

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 6506 | towhee rustle
in the leaf litter
Sunday newspaper | 6514 | paulownia leaf
falls at my feet—
a sick friend |
| 6507 | autumn dusk
only a crow caws
outside my window | 6515 | slight swoon
in the shower —
advancing autumn |
| 6508 | evening crickets
the smashed one
on the kitchen floor | 6516 | day is done —
the leaf blowers
fall silent |
| 6509 | moonlit porch –
little green men from outer space
open wide their bags | 6517 | Harvest moon—
keeping watch
the scarecrow's silhouette |
| 6510 | hallowed night
a whisper in the trees
spooks the cat | 6518 | cold autumn rain...
an emaciated horse
staggers in the mud |
| 6511 | a shooting star
my steps suddenly quicken
unconsciously | 6519 | Halloween:
on sentry duty
the massive dog howls |
| 6512 | seeming dormant
the once active volcano
autumn rainbow | 6520 | blue-tailed skink
on the graveyard wall
lingering summer |
| 6513 | on the hill, the branch school
commands a fine view
see, a woodpecker! | 6521 | gnawed underside
of a forgotten pumpkin
autumn deepens |
-

- 6522 my first
grey hair
autumn rain
- 6523 my thirty-ninth autumn —
/ so many leaves
in that gust of wind
- 6524 a little girl
twirling with her shadow —
September afternoon
- 6525 autumn wind —
the crow gives up
and heads west
- 6526 Amish schoolhouse —
like fallen October leaves
five little lives
- 6527 in dried up fields
the old tattered scarecrow -
a bird sits on his hat
- 6528 new soccer field
running feet and cheers
where deer once gathered
- 6529 prayer pew-
partition's peeling paint
forms four petals
- 6530 beginning of autumn
wrinkled spines of soft books
on the improvised shelf
- 6531 Mia Matsumiya
Mia Matsumiya-ya!
ah, Mia Matsumiya
- 6532 Sharp crescent moon —
/ the white goat scratches his shoulder
with his curved horn
- 6533 Spring light shimmering
on the creek's grey cliff —
still not enlightened
- 6534 Forest river bank
roots of the maple tree exposed
more each winter
- 6535 autumn moon
still walking arm in arm
though you're in heaven
- 6536 turning leaves
Sunday brunch under
a red umbrella
- 6537 a crowd
of raindrops around me
autumn loneliness
- 6538 the old gate
bound with weeds
stands open
- 6539 fish bucket brim full
a nibble
on the anglers toes
- 6540 over the counter
"Natural Beauty"
in a jar
- 6541 finally they agree
to not insert a feeding tube —
chrysanthemum month
- 6542 i reach to pick up
a piece of lint that wasn't there
- lengthening days
- 6543 waited for vespers
that never happened —
withering wind

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 6544 | the late autumn issue —
poems for which I've cast
the only votes | 6555 | October vigil
quieter than a dark church
redwood hollow |
| 6545 | phone message
from a stranger
with parakeets | 6556 | night of stars
a certain lust
for the hedonist |
| 6546 | Indian summer —
strolling to
the AA meeting | 6557 | born into sorrow
a blue-eyed child
wakens to the moon |
| 6547 | hometown visit
<i>no ligo</i> in place of my old grade school
a nursing home | 6558 | sky full of doves
in court she makes
her final plea |
| 6548 | TV golf
the camera's perfect shot
of magnolia blooms | 6559 | lowering clouds
drone of the bagpipe
on "Amazing Grace" |
| 6549 | harvested cornfield
a sudden crow invasion
from somewhere | 6560 | late night arrival
/ trying hard to be quiet
autumn wind |
| 6550 | floating
<i>ligo?</i> in an endless world —
moon jellies | 6561 | waltzing slowly with
the baby on her shoulder
— summer evening |
| 6551 | the deep furrows
/ of redwood bark —
autumn loneliness | 6562 | scarecrow in the field —
feathers of a fencepost crow
ruffle in the wind |
| 6552 | a <u>sunlit</u> ?
burst of silver anchovy —
my lover's laugh | 6563 | shifting my foot
just in time—
the slow beetle |
| 6553 | Henry Cowell Redwoods
with an Escher trail:
downhill all the way | 6564 | harvest moon
/ bruise widening (<i>line too short</i>)
where the nurse drew blood |
| 6554 | autumn sand dunes
silent and awaiting
the evening ginko | 6565 | chilly night —
from a doorway, a newspaper
coughs in its sleep |

6566 autumn equinox —
 the get well card shimmers —
 by the night-light

6567 grape harvesting
 smiling through the vines
 a foreign student

6568 white driftwood
 like a jack rabbit leg bone
 autumn loneliness

**JULY-AUGUST HAIKU VOTED BEST
 BY READERS OF GEPP0**

the star that's a plane
 moves past the star that's a star
 Tanabata
 June Hymas

my name
 on my grandmother's headstone
 wet leaves
 Kay Grimnes

leaping
 the old wooden fence
 hollyhocks
 Patricia Prime

cooling breeze
 a poem comes out
 from that hidden place
 Carolyn Thomas

first crickets —
 my daughter's passing
 this night
 Linda Galloway

green bamboo —
 she wraps her child's
 ashes in silk
 Linda Galloway

Tuscon
 before the monsoon —
 scent of chiles
 Autumn Moon

Japanese garden
 a beggar feeds
 the giant koi
 Michele Root-Bernstein

yellow floodwater —
 a grey heron sweeps
 towards the bridge
 Patricia Prime

**MEMBERS' VOTES
 for July-August**

- Laura Bell – 6428-2 6429-3 6430-4
- M. Dylan Welch – 6431-3 6432-2 6433-4
- Yvonne Hardenbrook – 6434-4 6435-4 6436-1
- Janeth Ewald – 6437-2 6438-1 6439-2
- Deborah Kolodji – 6440-3 6441-0 6442-4
- Patricia Prime – 6443-6 6444-5 6445-2
- Carolyn Thomas – 6446-5 6447-0 6448-6
- Nardin Gottfried – 6449-2 6450-1 6451-5
- Linda Galloway – 6452-6 6453-6 6454-4
- Teruo Yamagata – 6455-0 6456-0 6457-0
- Gloria Procsal – 6458-1 6459- 6460-1
- Joan Ward – 6461-3 6462-0 6463-0
- Autumn Moon – 6464-1 6465-1 6466-6
- Ruth Holzer – 6467-3 6468-4 6469-2
- Joan Zimmerman – 6470-0 6471-2 6472-2
- Cindy Tebo – 6473-0 6474-3 6475-1
- B. Campitelli – 6476-4 6477-2 6478-1
- Pamela Ness – 6479-2 6480-1 6481-5
- Desire McMurry – 6482-1 6483-3 6484-2
- John Stevenson – 6485-5 6486-1 6487-4
- Kay Grimnes – 6488-2 6489-8 6490-3
- M. Root-Bernstein – 6491-6 6492-2 6493-0
- Paul Williams – 6494-1 6495-0
- Joan Sauer – 6496-0 6497-0 6498-2
- June Hymas – 6499-1 6500-5 6501-9
- Gloria Jaguden – 6502-2
- Zinoviy Vayman – 6503-2 6504-2 6505-1

summer heat
my hair braided
like that little girl's

Carolyn Thomas

my daughter's
ashes on the sideboard —
end of spring

Linda Galloway

questions of meaning—
into the evening air
an insect cry

June Hymas

wind-swept island—
a wild iris
clings to the cliff

Ruth Holzer

summer heat —
her ashes waiting
in my closet

Nardin Gottfried

summer dawn-
a lone crow
waking the world

Barbara Campitelli

beach walk
where we parted last night
a yellow balloon

Pamela Ness

hot, hot
not even the shade
of a vulture

John Stevenson

after a massage
watching the warm wind
part the grass

John Stevenson

CHALLENGE KIGO
County Fair, State Fair
by Ebba Story

spring rain
a new Walmart grows
on the town dump

Laura Bell

state fair —
the bluegrass band
warms up

Ruth Holzer

short night—
we make love again
to dawn birdsong

Michael Dylan Welch

the farmer's daughter
asleep in the cow barn —
county fair

Marianna Monaco

patio evening
the neighbor's furred umbrella
stabs at the moon

Yvonne Hardenbrook

county fair
tiny stitches rim the calico
blue ribbon

Deborah P. Kolodji

nightfall
heavy scent of hyacinth
heavier

Yvonne Hardenbrook

rain at the state fair
the hot cider booth
wins a crowd

Joan H. Ward

long day —
the doctor talks about
dementia

Deborah Kolodji

more flies
than people this year
county fair

Autumn Moon

lights, fun, excitement
all rolled up into one
county fair

Joan C. Sauer

at the County Fair
a stack of gymkhana poles
ready for the events

Patricia Prime

country fair
my new girlfriend's sons
are not amused

Zinovy Vayman



county fair
her blue ribbon pig grunting
for more attention

Barbara Campitelli

**SEASON WORDS
for early winter**

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

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

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

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

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

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



county fair
her late husband's best preserves
on display

Laura Bell

100th county fair
jars of peaches
where they always are

John Stevenson

sheep-shearing
at the county fair
I shiver

Yvonne Hardenbrook

state fair
pronunciation contest
kuh-lee-forn-yah

Nardin Gottfried

county fair
mom's raisin pie
no takers

Gloria Procsal

county fair —
on the fence children captured
by the sheep shearing

Anne Homan

county fair
the old couple on a bench
share a funnel cake

Carolyn Thomas

Membership fee in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is \$26.00 per year in the U.S. and Canada and \$31.00 international. Membership includes six issues of *Geppo* and yearly *Anthology*.

Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

Deadline for the next issue is December 10.

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You can include:
- Haiku - up to three haiku appropriate to the season. Poems must be in three lines.
- Challenge Kigo Haiku - one 3-line haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. Try to use just the one season word. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Votes - Write numbers of up to ten poems from the current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive 1 point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:
Iean Hale

Dojin's Corner
July-August 2006
By Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

jb: This *GEPP0* has many very nice haiku. I had a hard time narrowing my list. Here are the haiku that I think are substantial, the one's with "" are the ones I've chosen to write about.
Haiku: 6440*, 42, 43, 44, 47, 66, 67*, 74, 76*, 83, 84, 85, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92.

pjm: I agree with Jerry that this *GEPP0* is full of good haiku, so many that my long list, covering

over 60% of the haiku, is too long to list. The three I chose to write about were from this pared down list: 6440, 6442, 6448, 6452*, 6455, 6459, 6460, 6462, 6469, 6472*, 6475*, 6484, and 6494.

6440 awake
 while everyone sleeps
 summer dew

jb: It's the austere quality that attracts me to this haiku. Basho talks about "hosomi" or "slenderness." This verse is minimal. Our author does the whole job with six words. From this, the feeling I get is a kind of restless loneliness, and a sense of anticipation. Why should someone be awake when everyone is sleeping? Something is on the author's mind. And what has this got to do with "summer dew"? "Dew" is normally an autumn kigo and conveys a sense of the transitory nature of life. Why am I different from all the rest? Well, I am awake when they're asleep. Something unique is on my mind. *Summer dew* will occur at the end of summer, just after the season has peaked. We look forward to autumn and winter. I am reminded of Issa's haiku:

This dewdrop world
It may be a dewdrop,
And yet – and yet –

pjm: A warm night. It's not so bad to be awake while the world sleeps—at least not this night. One can sit on the patio and watch the stars grow pale, feel the dew settle. You feel a little jealous of this non-sleeper because he or she has gotten to experience this slow peace, the arrival of the summer dew.

6452 first crickets—
 my daughter's passing
 this night

pjm: A poem of grief. The choice of crickets as the kigo for this haiku is perfect, as is the minimum use of language. It is through the small chirps of the crickets, so understated, that this overwhelming loss is expressed. The crickets also bring forth feelings of tenderness; in these small cries we sense the fragility of life. By letting the kigo do the work of the poem, the poet has avoided sentimentality and over

dramatization and created a poignant memory of deep grief.

jb: When a great loss is suffered the world changes. As Wittgenstein says in his Tractatus: "The world of the happy is quite another than that of the unhappy." Sometimes small things become prominent. In this case, it's the crickets. That's why we have kigo in haiku.

6467 above the trees
below the stars –
fireflies

jb: Again there is an austere quality. This haiku is a simple image, nothing more. This is not a narrative. Yet, much is said with few words, and the words are well chosen. A world is created in three parts: above the trees, below the stars, and in-between. It is this in-between world that is home for the fireflies. And, of course, the human lives "in-between" heaven and earth.

pjm: A clear image—which leaves us seeing the stars in comparison to the fireflies. Two kinds of light: one near, one far; one generated by a living thing, one generated by an inanimate thing; one hot, one cold. My first take was that the fireflies gave off warm, comforting light and that the stars' light was remote and cold. But, of course, the truth is the reverse: it's the fireflies that shine with a cold light and the stars that are the furnaces. Thank you, poet, for letting me/us discover this lovely inversion.

6472 Spider gossamer
floating threads of her mind
break remember break

pjm: This is another haiku where the poet has allowed the kigo to do much of the work of the poem. The delicacy and interconnectedness of the spider web are qualities of the human mind. And the fact that the mind can be frayed as a spider web can be gives us a concrete image for the deterioration of one's mental faculties. The web also has overtones of the entangled processes of aging. Other language choices are also very appropriate and enhance the overall success of the poem. "Gossamer" has a wistful, childlike quality that people with dementia seem to have. And the last line is a very effective way, in five syllables, to depict the

way someone in the early stages of senility floats in and out of lucidity.

jb: Indeed the mind is a spider web, or possibly many spider webs. I agree with Patricia that the "interconnectedness" is the key quality. (I looked up "spider web" on Google and found many interesting insights.) If this verse is about what I think it is, then the metaphor is accurate and insightful.

6475 house antiques
on the counter an old cat
the color of sawdust

pjm: This is a great image. I feel as though I have entered an antique store that is an ice house with sawdust on the floor only the sawdust is really on the counter in the form of a sleepy cat. The whole image glows with the color of sawdust—a sepia photograph of a world that once was.

jb: Someone has a collection of old things, including an old cat. I'm not sure from the text if the cat also is an antique, or a real cat? But perhaps that doesn't matter. Either way the image evokes an emotion of connection with the past. I, too, collect antiquities and for me they are my association with some of my heroes: Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus ... They don't make antiques like they used to.

6476 summer dawn –
a lone crow
waking the world

jb: There is a transitory sense about the experience of awakening. One does not choose the time of awakening in natural sleep. Oh yes, one can set the alarm, but that's not the same as waking naturally. With natural awakening, at the peak of a REM cycle, it begins with a dim awareness, and then one somehow, "surfaces," slowly at first, and the process accelerates until one feels compelled to open the eyes. This process is reversible, and it's easy to recall the times when one has re-submerged to the depths. In this case there is another REM cycle or two, and perhaps a dream or two to be experienced. I think of a submarine surfacing beyond periscope level. In the midst of it, one is neither quite in, nor out of consciousness. The boat might submerge again. Yet in natural sleep, something definite, like a crow, serves as a

marker, and once the marker is passed the consciousness is committed to wakening. One ascends to the world of work and affairs. Is Freud right?

pjm: I don't know about Freud, Jerry, but there is something commanding about a crow's voice. And in the early morning you cannot shut it out. It's as though he's saying, *Get up. Get up.* And he won't give you peace until you do. He's so loud no one can sleep, not you, not the neighbors, not the whole world. You must get up. All of you!

We welcome your comments.

CHALLENGE KIGO
for next issue
COLD MOON *kangetsu*
by Ebba Story

How different from the warm glow of the harvest moon is the moon's light in winter. We become more aware that moonlight is reflected – there is light but no warmth. The night's orb becomes so very white and chill. A moonlit landscape feels even colder in this frigid light. And too we may get a certain pleasure from walking into the winter night. A purity and serenity pervades the stark stillness. Our thoughts and feelings take on the pristine quality of the cold moon.

In William J. Higginson's *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*, he writes that **winter moon**, *fuyu no tsuki*, is "by turns beautifully crystalline and shrouded in cold mist or cloud, the winter moon offers either stark or meager light. For those clear, cold moonlit nights, **cold moon** (*kangetsu*) may be the better season word to use."
winter moon
nudge of the unborn child
between us

Jean Jorgensen *

Kangetsu ya ware hitori yuku hashi no oto

I walk over it alone,
In the cold moonlight:
the sound of the bridge.

Taiga**

the doubt
about his excuse
cold moon

Ebba Story

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

** *Haiku: Volume 4, Autumn-Winter* by R. H. Blyth. Hokuseido. 1984



**YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY
RETREAT**

September 28 to October 1, 2006
Asilomar Conference Grounds
Pacific Grove, California
by Ann Bendixen

Once more we gathered for our splendid annual haiku retreat at Asilomar. Artist and Haiku Poet, Tei Matsushita, Reston, VA, led a daily discussion and demonstration in "Fusion of Poetry and Studio Work." Tei specializes in the Japanese technique of bokashi (soft edge) which she taught everyone to paint on canvas. We all took home a finished painting.

Last year as part of Yuki Teikei's 30th anniversary celebration, Tei began reading her translations of the Kiyoshi and Kyoko Tokutomi letters from 1967 when Kiyoshi was in Japan. This year Tei read additional translations and hopes to be finished with the more than 300 letters by next year.

Emiko Miyashita, our special guest from Japan, conducted the kukai on Saturday.

anthology for 2006. They read some of the poems and applause went to Wendy Wright whose haiku phrase "flying white" was chosen as the anthology's 2006 title.

The following poems received the most votes:

A 400 year old Japanese dance, the Noh, was performed by Ellen Brooks in traditional Japanese costume.

FIRST

wilting sunflowers
sweeping summer out the door
into a sand pile

Betty Arnold

Brochures for the 2006 Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest were distributed by Alison Woolpert and the winning haiku were read. Alison was Contest Chairman again this year. The judges from Japan were Yoko Senda and Naoki Kishimoto.

SECOND

words once were easy
now she just repeats phrases
cry of the deer

Carol Steele

FIRST PRIZE

Halloween twilight
again this year my son waits
alone by the door

Roberta Beary

TIE FOR THIRD

the heat!
how happy to have
something to blame

Jerry Ball

SECOND PRIZE

a mid-summer rain
the clearness of sea water
in the shore stone's bowl

Carolyn Thomas

rattle of bamboo
an elderly lady walks
slower in the wind

Margaret Hehman-Smith

THIRD PRIZE

a lamenting owl
is darkening the forest
aged lovers kiss

D. Claire Gallagher

Linda Galloway gave a talk and spirited demonstration of "Sign Language and Haiku."

Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball served as renku masters for our renku party. Great fun was had by everyone!

June Hymas and donnalynn chase have worked hard on putting together our

Jim and Betty Arnold were Registrars for the retreat. Jim gave the opening address on art and haiku, using his collection of polished stones to illustrate his remarks. Betty offered the closing comments with bells and a quiet meditation.

On Saturday night Emiko sponsored a bonfire near the beach. We welcomed and remembered people who had died during the year. Ellen Brooks and Emiko read haiku in English and Japanese. We sang songs, told jokes, had an unforgettable night, while sharing in an unforgettable retreat.



IN MEMORIAM

Francine Porad died on September 27, 2006. As a former president of the Haiku Society of America, founder of the Haiku Northwest group, longtime editor of the haiku journal, "Brussel Sprout," a painter and a poet, she was a major force in haiku poetry in the northwest region of the United States, and beyond.

Here is one of her haiku:

occupational hazard
 paint on her nightgown

ANNOUNCEMENT
 Yuki Teikei Email List
 by Linda Galloway

You are invited to join a Yuki Teikei Email list. It is a Yahoo group. It is **unlisted in the Yahoo Group Directory**. It is for **members only**. **Only members may see the archives.**

To become a member you can write to Debbie,

Or you can apply directly through Yahoo.

Calendar

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

