GEPPO

the haiku study-work journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXI:6 November-December 2006

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

6569 winter wind-
even the honey
wants to hibernate

6570 November afternoon-
a toddler trying to catch up
with his shadow

6571 depth of winter-
even the refrigerator murmurs
about the cold

6572 autumn light
the postal truck
in the cemetery

6573 Indian summer –
the native plant garden
pungents the air

6574 pumpkin field –
the faces
not yet formed

6575 Lifting the salamander
out of the burn zone ...
fresh scorch marks on her pack

6576 First burn day done
under the redwoods
smoking two cigarettes

6577 A gust of damp wind
the smoky forest fire
erupts in gold

6578 winter surf watch
a couple huddles
in battering wind

6579 Orion overhead—
frigid air
stings my face

6580 Thanksgiving
blizzard
no one arrives

6581 gleanings —
the last line of
the eye chart

6582 a pumpkin face
collapsed in on itself —
my new chin hair

6583 Day of the Dead —
a child's clay hand print
on the dresser

6584 I have never seen
a more colorful mushroom
poisonous

6585 this new calendar
from the southern hemisphere
how shall I hang it!

6586 to the wide-eyed child
grandpa reads the bedtime tale
grandpa falls asleep!

6587 depth of winter –
in a world of shadows
only mine moves

6588 cliff-top walk
winter rain joins
sky to ocean

6589 children's party -
their laughter punctuated
by the pop of corn

6590 nothing left to say
the maddening crunch
of pomegranate seeds

6591 now he is gone
children frolic
in the ancient grove

6592 long night
of hidden regret
cry of the loon

6593 dust settles
on the harmonica –
blue winter

6594 watching
as he packs his bags—
a cold night

6595 first snow —
rake and mower
covered now

6596 Snake in the desert —
the crooked track
of its straight path

6597 a wide-eyed infant
hugs close to its mother —
heat seeking missile

6598 the lake in stillness —
giving its surface
to the light; the trees

6599 hours after dialysis
dad remembers
where he left his gloves

6600 on a broken limb
a small thorn
magnified by ice

6601 winter moon
each pill laid out
in the same order

6602 amaryllis bulbs
lined up on the sunny window sill—
will she see them bloom?

6603 the gusty wind storm
triggering my restless dreams —
jack o'lantern grin

6604 the "ah" moment
when someone pulls my boot off —
autumn evening

6605 first snow fall
marshmallows floating
in hot chocolate

6606 winter night
the music box plays
a skater's waltz

6607 sardine cloud
a fisherman in hip boots
sips his tea

6608 nine sycamore leaves
nurse from woody branches
a lullaby

6609 five amaryllis buds
crown the stem
soon voluptuous blossoms

6610 scarlet berries
glorify
heavenly bamboo

6611 first snow
a crow ruffles
its feathers

6612 dark red roses
the quiet beep
of a monitor

6613 sprung mousetrap
the hushed squeaking
of a fan

6614 Thanksgiving
the silence after
her political comment

6615 cat sitting
at the cracked-open door
departing autumn

6616 road trip
winter stars
more winter stars

6617 flooded river
an egret stirs
with his right foot

6618 Mancelona woods
each icy twig and limb
snow-etched

6619 distant pronghorns—
tattered wraiths of garbage bags
on the prairie fence

6620 the cabled shawl
in indigo yarn
winter dusk

6621 north wind
beneath the feeder
the first junco

6622 morning pills
in the ribs of an old tree
the cardinal

6623 winter storm
the undressed tree
shows its age

6624 a raven's call
grampa's indian stories
were they real

6625 mountain pine
the rising sun
in every dew drop

6626 fruitcake
a friendship
that never changes

6627 not what is said
but how it's said. . .
first snow

6628 reversible jacket
the side
I always show

6629 morning frost
everything sharper
in black and white

6630 microwaved water
for my hot chocolate—
the news from Mars

6631 morning frost
last night's angry words
echo in the stillness

6632 fewer poems
than I want —
departing autumn

6633 November evening —
once again
the sun sets

6634 winter rain —
I sprinkle more flour
into the bread dough

6635 midnight
at the sake factory
silver moths take flight

6636 clouds of steam
from the cooling ponds
a monster wakes

6637 bare feet
on cold linoleum
godzilla reruns

6638 north wind
he walks with two canes still
upright in spirit

6639 planted spring bulbs
in the peace garden
welcome winter rain

6640 forsythia blooms
no clinging yellow leaves
failing eyesight

6641 the last leaf
note from an old love asking
if I remember . . .

6642 ground fog
all the black angus
with no legs

6643 corn stubble
hoarse honks of Canada geese
just leaving

6644 mackeral clouds –
on a day just like today
I left him at rehab

6645 dreaming of hues
not on the color wheel
waters of autumn

6646 withered fields
frame the long rows of lettuce -
the strolling white horse

6647 cheesemakers' cave
its "aging room" in summer
filled with nuances

6648 wind-driven snow
to the eternal question
a joke of an answer

6649 brush strokes of snow
hearing her son's voice
she comes back to life

6650 fallow field —
a tiny icicle
on the scarecrow's nose

6651 sold sign
still in our new front lawn—
winter rain

6652 moving day —
I hold my breath
to hang the wind chime

CHALLENGE KIGO
Cold Moon
by Ebba Story

cold moon-
this new life
without you

Barbara Campitelli

cold moon
we walk
in silence

Joan Ward

cold moon —
he falls off the wagon
again ...

Nardin Gottfried

cold moon
my dreams are
stark and grim

Linda Galloway

moving day
above the empty house
the cold moon

Patricia Prime

cold moon
still warmer
than his icy heart

Gloria Procsal

never would I
marry again —
cold moon

Ruth Holzer

cold moon
the street you live on
not found on MapQuest

Cindy Tebo

gray-muzzled dachshund
lifts his head at her coughing
cold moon

Anne Homan

in the absence
of pillow talk
cold moon

Marianna Monaco

cold moon
etches greetings
throughout the galaxy

Judith Schallberger

cold moon
the sound of sea
breaking on rock

Carolyn Thomas

I never, he says
listen to what he tells me
— cold moon

June H. Hymas

cold moon
all this work
for nothing

Michele Root-Bernstein

alone
winding through a canyon
the cold moon

Laura Bell

clear moon
the windshield wipers
frozen in place

John Stevenson

stillness
in your absence –
the cold moon

Deborah P. Kolodji

his face
on my pillow
cold moon

Autumn Moon

her best friend
in his arms
cold moon

Christine Doreian Michaels

friend abroad
is my cold moon
cold for you too?

Yvonne Hardenbrook

three times in four days
she falls and can't get up –
cold moon

donnalynn chase

magnified moon!
its cold segment sinks fast
into the fleecy clouds

Zinovy Vayman

cold moon . . .
the shape of the bird's nest
through bare branches

Michael Dylan Welch

Editor's Note:
I HAVE A NEW EMAIL ADDRESS !!!

MEMBERS' VOTES
for September-October

Deborah P. Kolodji – 6506-9 6507-1 6508-2
Marianna Monaco –6509-4 6510-5
Teruo Yamagata – 6511-1 6512-0 6513-1
Ruth Holzer – 6514-5 6515-3 6516-4
Joan Ward – 6517-3 6518-3 6519-1
Autumn Moon – 6520-5 6521-4 6522-1
Desiree McMurry – 6523-6 6524-8 6525-4
Joan Sauer – 6526-0 6527-2 6528-1
Zinovy Vayman – 6529-1 6530-2 6531-1
Joan Zimmerman – 6532-6 6533-0 6534-2
Barbara Campitelli – 6535-6 6536-1 6537-5
Laura Bell – 6538-5 6539-0 6540-1
donnalynn chase – 6541-1 6542-5 6543-2
John Stevenson – 6544-2– 6545-4 6546-1
Yvonne Hardenbrook – 6547-3 6548-2 6549-3
Linda Galloway – 6550-7 6551-8 6552-3
Nardin Gottfried – 6553-0 6554-0 6555-0
Gloria Procsal – 6556-3 6557-0 6558-2
Anne Homan – 6559-2 6560-4 6561-6
Carolyn Thomas – 6562-3 6563-8 6564-6
Patricia Prime – 6565-7 6566-6 6567-1
Ann Bendixen – 6568-8

SEPT-OCT HAIKU VOTED BEST BY READERS OF GEPPO

towhee rustle
in the leaf litter
Sunday newspaper

Deborah P. Kolodji

a little girl
twirling with her shadow —
September afternoon

Desiree McMurry

the deep furrows
of redwood bark —
autumn loneliness

Linda Galloway

shifting my foot
just in time-
the slow beetle

Carolyn Thomas

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Sponsors the annual

KIYOSHI AND KYOKO TOKUTOMI
2007 BIG ONE MEMORIAL HAIKU CONTEST
IN-HAND DEADLINE MAY 31 2007
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:	New Year's Morning
SPRING:	hermit crab, jacaranda
SUMMER:	mosquito, lemonade
AUTUMN:	waters of autumn, hurricane
WINTER:	Veterans Day, cold sparrows

- 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 YT 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

white driftwood
like a jack rabbit leg bone
autumn loneliness

Ann Bendixen

floating
in an endless world —
moon jellies

Linda Galloway

chilly night —
from a doorway, a newspaper
coughs in its sleep

Patricia Prime

my thirty-ninth autumn —
so many leaves
in that gust of wind

Desiree McMurry

Sharp crescent moon —
the white goat scratches his shoulder
with his curved horn

Joan Zimmerman

autumn moon
still walking hand in hand
though you're in heaven

Barbara Campitelli

waltzing slowly with
the baby on her shoulder
— summer evening

Anne Homan

harvest moon
bruise widening
where the nurse drew blood

Carolyn Thomas

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

Patricia Prime

hallowed night
a whisper in the trees
spooks the cat

Marianna Monaco

paulownia leaf
falls at my feet—
a sick friend

Ruth Holzer

blue-tailed skink
on the graveyard wall
lingering summer

Autumn Moon

a crowd
of raindrops around me
autumn loneliness

Barbara Campitelli

the old gate
bound with weeds
stands open

Laura Bell

i reach to pick up
a piece of lint that wasn't there
— lengthening days

donnalynn chase

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 GEPPO

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

Send to:
Jean Hale

The Annual Membership fee in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in the U.S. and Canada is $26.00 The fee for international members is $31.00.

Starting in 2007, society membership dues are to be paid on a calendar year basis and are due in January. During this transition period members who paid in June 2006 or after will be due in January 2008. Members who paid before June 2006 are asked to renew in January 2007.

Dojins' Corner
September-October 2006
by Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

jb: Here are my choices for haiku with merit: 6516, 20, 22, 24*, 25*, 50, 51*, 60, 61, and 65. "*" are my choices for discussion.

pjm: And mine are: 6509, 6510, 6514, 6523, 6524, 6536, 6537, 6543, 6544*, 6550, 6551, 6552*, 6561*, 6564, and 6568.

6524: a little girl
twirling with her shadow—
September afternoon

jb: Here we have an "absorbing haiku." All the action of the "little girl" and her "twirling with her shadow" is absorbed into the kigo "September afternoon." This is simply (*simply*, I say, but ...?) an example of the operation of the mind. We see the image of the little girl twirling (recalled from countless memories) and then are asked to absorb this image into "September afternoon." While the older folks are in the emotional space of autumn, the little girl is still young, and spring like. The reader is invited to view a memory. Nostalgia.

pjm: Thank you, Jerry, for choosing this haiku to discuss. As you can see, it was on my short list as was 6561—a similar image. And yet . . . quite different in feeling. The feeling the reader gets from this haiku is one of charm immediately followed by a twinge of loneliness. As we continue to reflect on the haiku, there comes a sense of foreboding as if we are watching on this September afternoon (a kigo that holds in it both the beauty of autumn and the heightened awareness that it will not last) life dancing with death.

6525: autumn wind
the crow gives up
and heads west

jb: This is an "unfolding haiku." That is, we start with the kigo, "autumn wind" and allow it to "unfold" into "... heads west." Often this is mistaken for a description of causality, but in haiku causality is not effective. What's at stake here is the image of autumn wind and the transition through "crow gives up" to "heads west." The lifefulness of this haiku has to do with the effect of long term aversion to a wind blowing in the wrong direction (which implies we want to go east). It is therefore an internal haiku and about the shape of the intuition. It's about "giving up." What is the "shape" of "giving up"? One sees it in the image of the crow.

pjm: I have seen this from my kitchen window! One very windy day a small bird sat on my back fence. I saw him lift off facing into the wind, flap his wings mightily, and make no forward movement. So he sat down in the exact same spot on the fence, waited a few moments, and tried again. To no avail. So he landed again right where he had taken off. Then before I knew it, he was taking off in the opposite direction flying with the wind. And so nature through this haiku offers us a small lesson in how to deal with forces beyond our control and turn them to our advantage.

6544 the last autumn issue—
poems for which I've cast
the only votes

pjm: I love this haiku. It is so human. We are, basically, social animals. We find it comforting to be one of a group. There is strong motivation to not be the "only vote," to be part of the main stream, to hold the popular opinion. In reading this haiku, we can feel deeply the loneliness of that "only vote." But there is something else here; beyond the loneliness is the power of a single voice going against the tide. That one voice speaking out of conviction makes the rest of us look again. What did that person see that we missed? Could there be a deeper meaning, a more subtle view that in our haste we overlooked? This haiku is a small testament for the individual voice. Thank you, poet, for the haiku and for your "only vote."

jb: I read this as a writer's nostalgia. The writer has some attachment to the values that have brought about votes for poems. And, yet these are the only votes for the poems. The voter and her/his values are isolated and lonely. I like these poems, why doesn't someone else?

6551: the deep furrows
of redwood bark—
autumn loneliness

jb: I consider this haiku to be a "still life." Nothing is moving. We are asked, simply, to view the "deep furrows" of redwood bark. Anyone who has done this is aware of the furrows, and the sense of antiquity of the tree. This is especially true of the giant redwood trees that are often termed "majestic." But looking more closely, we attend to the "deep furrows" with their darker colors and shadows. This image connotes a sense of time and loneliness. I like this haiku very much. For me, the image has great power.

pjm: I, too, found this haiku speaking to me. It is not easy to explain why the deep furrows in the redwood bark evoke feelings of loneliness, but clearly the poet has discovered an intuitive connection. Perhaps, the Japanese would say "deep furrows" in the redwood bark have the "scent" of autumn loneliness. That, at bottom, is haiku: an expression of the inexplicable, deeply felt.

6552: a sunlit
burst of silver anchovy—
my lover's laugh

pjm: If you ever had the chance to watch anchovies swim (the Monterey Bay Aquarium offers such an opportunity) one recognizes immediately how the rhythm and flash and sparkle of their movement is like the sudden bubbling ripple of a laugh of delight. And we get the same feeling of delight and pure pleasure watching the anchovies rippling past, rising as one, turning and quickly diving again, each one following the other in rapid succession, like the "notes" of a laugh.

I might point out one small change that could improve an already successful haiku. The final phrase, "my lover's laugh" makes a direct comparison between the laugh and the anchovies. It's as though we can see the poet's finger pointing out what we are to see. If the phrase were "my lover laughs" or "my lover laughing," then the poet is no longer forcing the comparison. The two images become one. On the surface the lover is laughing in delight at the anchovies, but readers who look at the haiku a little longer will be rewarded by the discovery that the laugh is like the silvery ripple of anchovies.

jb: This poem represents an immediate insight into the relation between (what might appear to be) disparate things: the flash of a school of anchovy in the sun, and a lover's laugh. We have here a dramatic juxtaposition of two images, one visual and one auditory. For someone in love this is quite a moment. My thanks to the author for calling it to our attention.

6561: waltzing slowly with
the baby on her shoulder
— summer evening

pjm: Earlier I mentioned how the image here is similar to the image in 6524; they both paint a picture of someone dancing alone—well, not quite alone. In each instance they have a partner that is not an equal. It is the difference in the partner that creates the different feelings in the poems and their success depends on how well the kigo matches the feeling of the poem. In this poem the woman is dancing with a sleeping child and the warmth of that child, the love between the two, the joy of the moment are all wrapped up in that magical time—a summer evening.

jb: This is lyrical haiku. It is a soft moment that any parent can relate to. The poet has recognized the strength of this moment and is sharing it with us. The waltz, the baby on the shoulder are joined in the glow of a summer evening. What more needs to be said?

Jerry and Patricia welcome your comments. Please contact us through Jean Hale or at

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE

by Ebba Story

Swans

Huge, white, graceful and mysterious, wild swans migrate south from Siberia and the Arctic to winter-over in the mid-latitudes of the Northern Hemisphere. One particular meadow, along Highway 1 on the California coast, year after year turns a blinding white in winter - not with snow but with a blanket of countless swans. Whenever I drove that way, I'd always stop, get out and listen to the swans muttering and fussing among themselves. Did they notice me leaning ever-so-long on the fence eavesdropping on their private lives? William Butler Yeats was deeply moved by these majestic visitors and wrote wistfully of them in his poem "The Wild Swans at Coole." "...All suddenly mount/ And scatter wheeling in great broken rings/Upon their clamorous wings." And, "Unwearied still, lover by lover,/They paddle in the cold,/Companionable streams or climb the air;/Their hearts have not grown old..." Let the whiteness of winter become embodied in the 'swan.'

hakuchou to iu ichi oubana o mizu ni oku

one giant flower
called a swan
placed on the water

Kusatao Nakamura *

swan moon
turning up the volume
of a balalaika song

Fay Aoyagi

the book
I meant to write
whistle of swan wings

Ebba Story

* *Daisaijiki* (Comprehensive Saijiki) edited by Shuoshi Mizuhara, Shuson

Kato, Kenkichi Yamamoto, Kodansha, Tokyo 1981. Translated by Fay Aoyagi.

Calendar

Feb 10	**1:30 PM** - Markham House, San Jose History Park, Senter. and Phelan Sts. – Discussion of love haiku and love poetry.
Mar 10	**10:00 AM** Chase Cottage, 15170 Stratford Drive, San Jose. donnalynn chase will address haiku and art. Cell phone for
April 14	**Time** tbd Jikoji Buddhist Retreat in Santa Cruz Mountains following a picnic lunch. Call donnalynn for information –
May 19	**10:00 AM** Workshop, Tea House, Japanese Friendship Garden, Senter Rd.San Jose Featured readings by Gerry Ball and Betty and Jim Arnold, followed by an open reading. There will also be a ginko.
June 9	**1:30 PM** – Hakone Gardens, Saratoga (Big Basin Way)
July 7 or 14	**6:00 PM.** – Tanabata. Ann Homan will confirm date soon.
Aug	No meeting
Sept 7-10	**Asilomar**
Oct 13	Moonviewing at Patricia Machmiller's.
Nov 10	Formal Kukai, Markham House
Dec	To be determined.

MY NEW MAIL ADDRESS IS –

The newly elected officers of Yuki Teikei: Haiku Society are:

Carol Steele	President
Alison Woolpert	Vice President
Ann Bendixen	Secretary
Patricia Machmiller	Treasurer

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Board Meeting and Kukai

November 11, 2006
by Ann Bendixen

In attendance: Carol Steele, Patricia Machmiller, Alison Woolpert, Anne Homan, Patrick Gallagher, donnalynn chase and Ann Bendixen

The business meeting was devoted entirely to setting the calendar for 2007.

The Board meeting adjourned and we were joined by Bill Peckham , Linda Papanicolao and Jerry Ball.

Patricia and donnalynn brought everyone up to date with information on Kay Anderson who is ill and recently transferred from the hospital to her home. With her indomitable spirit Kay has Catholic, Christian, Jewish, Buddhist and Islamic prayers being given for her.

The grey, swirling clouds and old fashioned fall flowers around Markham House suggested our kigo (Veterans Day, late late fall, rutting season, autumn rain, dried grasses, cricket, wild turkey and long night.)

For our kukai, we wrote three haiku on index cards anonymously and passed them to Carol. Patricia suggested that we use Clark Strand's method of listening to the poems to train our ear rather that writing them down which we did. Each person, from memory, voted for five poems and the following poems tied for first, second and third place

First Place

autumn twilight
he stares beyond his bench
into the pale dark
Jerry Ball

Veteran's Day
battalions of gray clouds
into a marching sky
Jerry Ball

Second Place

with reading glasses
adjusting the thermostat
late, late fall
Carol Steele

fallen leaves
the seven-year-old's wish for
time to go backwards
Patricia Machmiller

Third Place

at age eighty-two
she decides against chemotherapy
autumn rain
donnalynn chase

turkey feathers
the boy who plays Miles Standish
fluffs his lines
Linda Papanicolao