

G E P P O
the haiku study-work journal
of the
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXII:3

May-June 2007

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

6783 Buson's grave —
the flutter of leaves
the flutter of wings

6784 bush warblers —
as if time had never
visited here

6785 thin mist —
the koto player's fingers
alight

6786 perpetual motion
yet remaining in one place
a water bug

6787 few cars come
still showing films
drive-in theater

6788 the dead is
just around the corner
Bon Festival

6789 how thin her waist
this ant
in the sugar bowl

6790 neglected garden:
tendrils of fog
curl over the vines

6791 her pink parasol
out for a day of viewing
cherry blossoms

6792 delicate features
of the harlequin doll-
spring melancholy

6793 sand between her toes-
her itchy bitsy bikini
the color of sunflowers

6794 Mother's Day –
giving her a beauty pack
aging sons

6795 flip flap of wings
the blue heron
catches an updraft

6796 new kitten
his rough tongue
on my face

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|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6797 | spring cleaning Chinese cookie fortunes too good to toss out | 6807 | day moon a dog trots over to sniff me |
| 6798 | day moon the toddler takes off her diaper | 6808 | family baseball game the youngest one swings at everything |
| 6799 | the end of the footbridge ... fogbound | 6809 | Lilac Sunday: doors in densely parked cars open in turns |
| 6800 | softly- windchime above dying roses | 6810 | Tanabata stroll ... a daughter of divorced parents cries in her bedroom |
| 6801 | late afternoon sun within a wine glass: unexpected color | 6811 | the Silk Road town – the dead merchants' letters sold to Americans |
| 6802 | yellow weight of fortunetelling- a peony bends | 6812 | a sea of clouds passes us by, strong winds trail behind |
| 6803 | spring chill – on pathways we knew lingering fragrance | 6813 | Memorial Day – gathering at the flag ceremony old veterans stand tall |
| 6804 | after april rain the sky is wiping its face with gray handkerchiefs | 6814 | putting water in the watering can - a frog jumps out |
| 6805 | ancient oak beneath gnarled boughs old men sharing tales | 6815 | wind chimes tinkling in the patio — after-work massage |
| 6806 | Memorial Day my friends have family | 6816 | billowing clouds — the latest celebrity DUI arrest |

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| <p>6817 spring dusk — we look for his field trip permission slip</p> <p>6818 a baked potato wrapped in aluminum foil the cold campfire</p> <p>6819 three-legged race — watermelon rinds still dripping</p> <p>6820 poorly tuned radio — a head nods in the nursing home lounge</p> <p>6821 Memorial Day honoring valor beyond anguish</p> <p>6822 workers, half naked except for tattoos match pavers</p> <p>6823 a molten sun slides blow the horizon- my fire-opal ring</p> <p>6824 misty beach the seagulls slow to scatter before the boy</p> <p>6825 tornado watch swallows dart around the chimney</p> | <p>6826 beached starfish a meteor shower overhead</p> <p>6827 summer rain — a dove feeds her fledgling in the hanging basket</p> <p>6828 blossom storm — flaming goldmohur joins the yellow under the laburnham</p> <p>6829 deep tree shade from the rain puddles a frog chorus</p> <p>6830 Santa Ana winds beach sand on the window sill— writing my name</p> <p>6831 sea fog whoop of a surfer riding a wave</p> <p>6832 summer dusk warm glow of a streetlamp turning on</p> <p>6833 a pink peony too heavy for its stem . . . nurses check her IV</p> <p>6834 snowy peaks unroll below the airplane window “Rocky Mountain High”</p> |
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- 6835 south-facing hills
already brown—my daughter needs
a stronger pain patch
- 6836 bamboo shoot
rising with
its cap of dead leaves
- 6837 Planting Moon —
for my yellow bird
a fresh lettuce leaf
- 6838 each evening
sweeter
the white lilac
- 6839 in wild abandon
suddenly free
showing my scar
- 6840 Kansas storm
a fragile dream
of sunflowers
- 6841 walking the path
to my mountain home
same hawk in the plum
- 6842 wild horses
and me
... for a moment
- 6843 blackened ruins
after the fire
a white butterfly
- 6844 late sun
a tiny ant drags
his long shadow
- 6845 in the window tulips-
the pattern of raindrops
falling
- 6846 plastic rosary-
do I hear
a synthetic prayer?
- 6847 flapping, flapping
of pages in the doctor's office -
spring morning
- 6848 a black butterfly
searching
the live oak
- 6849 four senses lost
there's naught but the scent
of mariposa
- 6850 still
against the blue of sky
the massive oak
- 6851 humid afternoon
five cows lie
beneath a single tree
- 6852 market parking lot
the wild turkey couple
walk in slow motion
- 6853 Memorial Day
pelting rain
all flags droop
- 6854 hollow apricot
full of ants
the summer moon

6855 Neolithic jade
the coolness
of museum walls

6856 Second Mesa
the blackness
of her piki stone

6857 cool spring afternoon -
a cup of English tea
under a patio umbrella,

6858 waterfall
glittering from the sun
an oriole flying over.

6859 late spring -
my cat still up on a tree
talking to a birdie

6860 again the song
whose bird I don't know
spring tranquility

6861 his scent
across the pillow
spring dusk

6862 one bird
continues to sing
spring rain

6863 spring river
calliope celebrates
eighty year old queen

6864 eight miles an hour
old Delta Queen steams along
slow day

6865 drought or flood
Mississippi's history
riverboat yarns

CHALLENGE KIGO

White Shoes

by Ebba Story

Holy Communion -
the girl's white shoes
tap down the aisle

Patricia Prime

hung by a ribbon
the dancer's shoes
no longer white

Melissa Stepien

white clogs
toeing the chalk lines
of the hinka board

Michele Root-Bernstein

{Hinka is a Danish form of hopscotch}

dancing in white shoes
the music
was cool once, too

John Stevenson

white leather shoes-
our church's flower bed
now a parking lot

Zinovy Vayman

weathered tree roots
with the night's downfall
wearing new white shoes

Ed Grossmith

old Easter photo
pretty dress, hat, gloves
and shiny white shoes

Joan C. Sauer

leather bows
on her white shoes —
six grade report card

Deborah P. Kolodji

beneath the hem
of her flowing burka,
white shoes

Michael Dylan Welch

wedding white shoes-
pass from bride
to dress-up trunk

Judith Schallberger

white shoes
swinging in a pew
a bee's soft buzz

Karin A. Grimnes

Memorial Day —
white shoes blanched again
for the parade

Angelee Deodhar

still packed in their box
since the last move
the white shoes

Carolyn Thomas

not fashion's slave —
stepping out in white shoes
whenever

Ruth Holzer

new white shoes
stepping up
the pace

Gloria Procsal

new white shoes
waiting for the day
to wear them

Barbara Campitelli

the toddler
sways to music
in new white shoes

Joan H. Ward

a white shoe
under the rubble
Baghdad moon

Autumn Moon

outside wedding
her shoes
no longer white

Desiree McMurry

Memphis riverboat
stepping onto Mud Island
my new white shoes

Christine Doreian-Michaels

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

Send to:
Jean Hale

NOTE FROM YOUR EDITOR

This is a reminder to Y.T. members to check your paid up status. Remember that persons who paid last year in the first half of the year are still due for 2007. Members who paid from June on are not due until 2008. If you are in doubt about when you paid, I can let you know. The fee is \$26.00 per year including Geppos and anthology

Dojins' Corner
March-April 2007

by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

jb: My selections are as follows: 6729, 30, 35, 37*, 40, 44*, 45, 46, 53, 54, 56*, 57, 59, 64, 65, 71, 74, 78. "*" indicates my choices for comment.

pjm: I've chosen three: 6730, 6733, and 6763.

6730 watching for ravens
in the grove of white birch –
April afternoon

pjm: I had an immediate response to this haiku. The black ravens and the white birches create a strong, clear image that impacts one's visual sense. As I kept coming back to it, its appeal remained although I was at a loss to explain it (which one needs to do for this column). Yes, the haiku had a strong visual image in the first two lines, but what does April add to the feeling? Intuitively it seems right, but why? Logically, one of the late autumn or winter months, November, December or January, would sharpen the black and white visual making the cold of the season even more so. This, of course, drastically changes the poem's feeling to one of stark coldness. In addition, because it is a more predictable pairing, it is also in danger of becoming less interesting on subsequent readings. So part of the success of this haiku is that it is not immediately explicable—its resonance is in the body, not the mind. This is the lesson this haiku brings: once the conscious mind "sees" the connection, we become less interested. To keep us coming back the haiku needs to have some mystery or have another layer that can take us deeper.

Returning to the question of why April, I considered February (too muddy, messes up the clarity of the image), March (too windy), May through August (too green—obscures the whiteness of the birches—and too hot), and September or October (too yellow). An April birch grove, on the other hand, is white, mostly, with a touch of spring green, the wind is a breeze, not a gale, the air is balmy, supple—you can feel it. That's it—supple—the feeling of this poem comes from the April air, the flexible

birches, the inviting temperature—and the feeling we get from these natural elements tell us how to read the act of watching. We know that it is an act, not of spying or of being removed from the scene, but it is one of being ready to be informed, of being open, of being appreciative, of appreciating being . . . as if the moment is a bud—an April bud!

Bravo, poet, bravo!

jb: This is a haiku of contrasts: the black of the ravens, and the white of the "white birch." After thinking about it I get an austere feeling. Are there times when you're feeling monochromatic? When everything is in black and white? Look for the ravens in the "grove of white birch."

6733 pensioner's apartment
a close-up view
of treetop buds

pjm: The contrast of the beginning of life with the end of life is a common theme. Although it has been written about many times, I found this haiku brought a fresh perspective while using thought-provoking language. I welcome the word "pensioner." It is more respectful than "old folk" and less bureaucratic than "senior citizen." And embedded in the word itself is the idea of someone at the sunset of life living modestly on a fixed income. This one word foregrounds these ideas even as we look out along with the pensioner at the unique view (which takes years to acquire) of the tops of trees.

jb: I am reminded of the "garret" of Rodolfo and Marcello in Puccini's *La Boheme*. This is an attic with views of the treetops and with all the cold that that entails in winter. Then as the buds form on the treetops there is the promise of springtime which is a high point in Mimi's aria "*Mi chiamano Mimi...*" If you know the opera (and I strongly recommend it!) you will understand. True this is a *pensioners'* apartment and not a *Bohemians'*, but still ...

6737 spring moon
the caterer relights
the tea candles

jb: This is a narrative haiku, a sketch of a social event ... probably moon viewing in spring? The author has sketched the final (or near final) act of an episode and left the rest to our imagination. What led up to the relighting, and what follows it, is not said. But we know the emotional flow of what is likely to happen. In my imagination I can see the candles extinguished to enhance the view of the spring moon. Then, after a time, the caterer relights the tea candles and we are free to relax and to share what we have just witnessed. In my imagination, I am there.

pjm: Ah, romance. The feeling of the spring moon and the feeling of tea candles—relit—a perfect match. In my mind I can appreciate the idea of the poem, but for me the fire of the candles, tiny as they are, detract from the moon's "fire." And this diminishment undercuts the power of the whole poem. I wonder if the image would be stronger if the poet chose to focus on the moment that the candles went out.

6744 small town library –
all the books
know each other

jb: Technically, this is senryu. There is no kigo. However, it does have a sense of time passing and therefore transience. Also, it is clearly a metaphor, and (to my mind) an apt one. Who can know others better than these books in a small town library? When I was a boy I spent long hours in the Carnegie Library near my home. I got to know most of the books over a period of years and a thought of many of them as friends. What is the essence of a "small town library"? Well, ... all the books know each other.

pjm: Warm and delightful. As a way of taking it deeper, I suggest using a kigo, such as, spring sunlight.

6756 spring cleaning
the must save pile
grows bigger

jb: Two of the most difficult attractions in life are possessions and cleaning. Possessions demand a place, and a place demands organization and therefore some kind of cleaning. Spring is the time when we clean our houses and get rid of "un-needed" possessions. Anyone who has moved knows this. Yet, in spite of the best intentions there are always some things which *should be discarded* and yet we cannot bring ourselves to do it. There is an old Nebraska farm story of the hired hand who works very hard at whatever the farmer asks. Thinking to give the hired hand an easy day the farmer has him sort potatoes. When he comes back to see the progress the hired hand has only sorted one or two potatoes. "What's wrong?" the farmer asks. "Why have you sorted only a few potatoes?" "Well," says the hired hand, "It's the decisions you have to make."

6763 rainy day
the lackluster shade
of an indigo bunting

pjm: As in most bird species, it is the female who is drab. Her mate is a cheerful bright blue, the thought of which only adds to the lackluster feeling evoked by the poem. And in breeding season, he gets brighter and she gets drabber. It is for this reason I wish the poet would specify a season; "April rain" would be my choice.

jb: There is beauty and lifefulness even in "lackluster" things. One of such things, is "an indigo bunting."

We invite your comments. E-mail us at

Jean Hale at her GEPP0 address.



MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MAR-APR

Ruth Holzer – 6729-8 6730-1 6731-4
 John Stevenson – 6732-1 6733-4 6734-0
 Carolyn Thomas – 6735-7 6736-6 6737-7
 Gloria Procsal – 6738-0 6739-1 6740-2
 Laura Bell – 6741-4 6742-1 6743-4
 Nardin Gottfried – 6744-10 6745-3 6746-2
 Joan Sauer – 6747-0 6748-1 6749-0
 Teruo Yamagata – 6750-0 6751-0 6752-1
 Linda Galloway – 6753-4 6754-6 6755-2
 Joan Ward – 6756-6 6757-5 6758-3
 Patricia Prime – 6759-0 6760-0 6761-0
 M. Root-Bernstein – 6762-2 6763-0 6764-6
 Zinovy Vayman – 6765-4 6766-1 6767-1
 J. Schallberger – 6768-1 6769-0 6770-1
 Autumn Moon – 6771-6 6772-7 6773-3
 Kay Grimnes – 6774-3 6775-2 6776-1
 Deborah P. Kolodji – 6777-4 6778-1 6779-3
 Ann Homan – 6780-3 6781-1 6782-0

**MAR-APR HAIKU VOTED BEST BY
 READERS OF GEPP0**

small town library -
 all the books
 know each other

Nardin Gottfried

their young leaves
 just opening —
 uprooted trees

Ruth Holzer

late winter
 the lone sea lion
 disappears in a wave

Carolyn Thomas

spring moon
 the caterer relights
 the tea candles

Carolyn Thomas

garden center
 each birdbath full
 of last night's rain

Autumn Moon

first day of spring
 the green
 in this small beach stone

Carolyn Thomas

crocuses —
 I find a lock of
 my baby hair

Linda Galloway

spring cleaning
 the must save pile
 grows bigger

Joan Ward

spring peepers
 the silence before
 the song

Michele Root-Bernstein

morning coffee
 counting each bird
 by its song

Autumn Moon

at the dump
 a yellow crocus
 grows in the rubble

Joan Ward

shimmering
 in the sake cup —
 a cherry blossom

Ruth Holzer

pensioner's apartment
 a close-up view
 of treetop buds

John Stevenson

the blooming vine
 he'd chopped away
 covers his grave nicely

Laura Bell

old man jogging
keeps up
with his walker

Laura Bell

rising rivers —
she buries tears in
her dog's fur

Linda Galloway

marble noble
the dust on his raincoat
forms its own wrinkles

Zinovy Vayman

again
that funeral parlor smell —
Easter lily

Deborah P. Kolodji

✱

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 (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

April 21, 2007

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

For our April meeting, donnalynn chase generously hosted us at Chase Studio in San Jose, California. Twelve members and guests attended.

Some of us had just returned from the Haiku Pacific Rim Conference in Matsuyama, Japan. It was the 140th anniversary of Masaoka Shiki's birth in Matsuyama, and the meeting was held at his beautiful museum at the peak cherry blossom time. Spectacular!

Linda Galloway, Jim and Betty Arnold, June Hymas and Ann Bendixen shared haiku, tanka, photographs and mementoes from the trip to Tokyo and Kyoto.

At the end of our meeting, Sakuhachi player, Emily Boarding, improvised beautifully on her flute while we took turns reading some of our favorite haiku.

Respectfully Submitted,
Ann Bendixen, Secretary



Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
Japanese Friendship Garden
San Jose, CA
May 19, 2007

In the morning we began with a workshop and then a ginkgo walk around the gorgeous ponds, waterfall, observing the stones, koi and spring flowers. Roger Abe had again beautifully organized our Japanese tea house reading with help from Carol Steele. Delicious plates of fruit,

cookies and crackers were available for snacking.

Featured poets for this year's reading included Betty Arnold, Jim Arnold and Jerry Ball. All three visited Japan in April. Jerry started writing haiku poetry more than thirty years ago. Jim began getting haiku inspirations twenty years ago, and Betty began writing about ten years ago. All three write haibun and other forms of poetry which they shared with us.

butterflies fluttering
beside the stone wall ruins –
cherry blossom wind
Betty Arnold

beneath the trellis
old women sit waiting for
wisteria to bloom
Betty Arnold

gardener shears snip
and even the plum tree -
weeps
Jim Arnold

the sigh
behind the crickets
-wind in the trees
Jim Arnold

I've named him Issa,
the fly who sits on my hand
and says "Just resting."
Jerry Ball

end of a journey
greeted by a tombstone
surrounded by pines
Jerry Ball

After our featured poets finished, we all took turns sharing haiku.

Wendy Wright, Janis Lukstein and Debbie Kolodji joined us from the Southern California haiku study group.

Respectfully Submitted,
Ann Bendixen, Secretary

HAIKU WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF KAY ANDERSON

clumps of daffodils
this spring like any other
and yet...
Patrick Gallagher

spring storm departing
over the sea-her aura
of love so strong
Anne Homan

winter sky
the wisp of the smile
in the faces of stars
Jerry Ball

blossoming almond
the valley where she lived
the valley where she's gone
Patricia Machmiller

Eyes closed breathing light
With her family at the door
Tip-toeing sounds
Jim Arnold

sedges have edges
rushes are round she taught me
-late winter rains
June Hymas

deciding against
experimental treatment-
winter camellia
Carol Steele

around the bonfire
sitting on etched benches
she shares her story
Carolyn Fitz

nothing to become
leaning back on the old bridge
Memorial Day
Joan Zimmerman

It was a surprise
when Spring arrived
warmth of April
Jean Hale

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE
MELON
 BY Ebba Story

During the height of summer, how we enjoy the cool, sweet bites of melon – pale green honey dew, orange cantaloupe, yellow-nearly-white casaba, and ruby watermelon! Melon is a very yin fruit given that it is so full of fluid and is the juicy ovary for the multitude of seeds it holds within itself. This ‘yin’ quality adds to its cooling effects on the body. In Japan ‘watermelon’ is traditionally an autumn kigo. But given the way we currently figure the seasons, this time now falls in late summer, so I’ve included it in my list of melons.

In this day and age of seedless fruits, what a shame that the fine skill of seed spitting may become a lost art. Slice open a honey dew or cantaloupe and look carefully at the mystery inside. It was totally dark in there before you opened it. Spoon out a bite and savor the taste. Only then pick up your pen to write. What a way to let summer enter yourself!

Coolness of the melons
 flecked with mud
 in the morning dew.
 - Basho *

produce stand
 the pregnant girl thumps
 the melon
 - Ken Hurm **

evening star—
 the melon’s sweetness
 on his lips
 - Ebba Story

* The Essential Haiku: Versions of Basho, Buson, & Issa, edited by Robert Hass, The Ecco Press, 1994

** Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac, edited by William J. Higginson, Kodansha, 199

Calendar

- July 14 – Tanabata at the home of Ann
- Sept 7 – 10 Asilomar
- Oct 13 Moonviewing – Please note location change. Betty and Jim Arnold will host this party at their Pescadero home. Call 408 867-6244 if you have questions. If you are calling on the day of the event call 650 879-0183.
- Nov 10 Formal kukai at the Markham House.



(The following report by June Hymas of the recent trip to Japan is also a thank you letter to the group’s Japanese hosts. Be sure to check out the photographs.)

Haiku Pacific Rim Conference in Matsuyama: an impressionistic report.
 by June Hopper Hymas

each path leads the way
 to a blossoming cherry—
 Hibiya Park

A trip to the birthplace of haiku, Japan, was a special treat for this haiku poet! Visiting places associated with Shiki and Santoka was especially meaningful to me. I also learned about Murakami Kijo, a new poet for me, whose haiku had an immediate appeal. It was wonderful to meet his grandson, and feel the Murakami haiku spirit.

shapes of spring light
 dance on the pond’s surface—
 Shinji-ike pond

Thanks to everyone who worked so hard to prepare the conference and the webcast! Grateful praise to all the people from

Matsuyama who took us around the museum, to haiku sites, around the town and around the castle.

**trodden cherry petals—
in a glass case
warrior's armor**

Thanks to the Hina paper doll ladies, the calligraphers and artist, and the Ikebana experts. I cannot begin to mention all the names of the people who made this event so wonderful. I was so busy experiencing the offered wonders that I neglected to write down everyone's name. This was a thoughtless mistake. But I will never forget your faces!

Visiting Japan in Cherry Blossom Time, I saw again how blossoming cherries seem to draw light to themselves, even when the sky seems overcast.

**as night comes on
white cherry blossoms glow
as if to restrain it**

Everywhere we went, even through the train windows, we rejoiced in the blooms.

**Edo stonework—
caught in the crevices
pale cherry petals**

Some of the highlights of the HPR experience for me were:

Stephen McDonald and Jack Williams, who signed haiku so beautifully and participated in the whole conference with such zest, assisted by the faithful skills of their sign language interpreter, Patricia DeCaro.

The visit to Saibi-Heishi School, where we were each assigned a small group of students to converse with in English. This event was so carefully and thoughtfully planned, it went like clockwork. It was a lovely experience, and one of my very favorite parts of the conference. Congratulations to the teachers, the principals, former and new, and the students who made it such a memorable day!

What these highlights have in common was the enthusiasm of young people. Another demonstration of youthful exuberance was the pictures and haiku brought by Ms. McMasters. I very much enjoyed seeing them displayed at the conference, and hearing about the game that stimulated their creation.

I would like to mention everyone, but will close by saying how much I enjoyed the fellowship and focus of Angelee Deodhar, whose work I was familiar with from her internet presence, and whose conversation and friendship became very special to me.

Of course it was wonderful to see and hear from Jerry Ball, Kanda Sosuke, and Patricia Machmiller, people I already knew and loved.

**spring separation—
friendly drink machines glow like
faces in the night**

Here is a link to the pictures I put on my Flickr website of our trip to Japan, April 1-16, 2007. Our group went to Tokyo, Matsuyama, Kyoto and Nara.

Click View as Slideshow in the upper right corner. Click on any thumbnail to view a larger picture. Pictures may be downloaded and printed, or copies may be ordered from Flickr.

Thank you, Noma-san, Yoshino-san and all your volunteers!

2007 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA
September 7-10, 2007
(Friday- Monday)

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society hosts a long weekend haiku poetry retreat at Asilomar Lodge & Conference Center, located along a dramatic section of the Monterey California coastline. The retreat is designed to inspire and nurture the creative spirit of haiku poets near and far. Guest speakers will offer insight into the process of writing haiku. And the program is designed to allow ample time for attendees to wander and write in a relaxed and informal atmosphere. Opportunities are also available for poets to share their work and participate in renku.

Asilomar is a beautiful natural setting near the Pacific Ocean, and the Conference Center is nestled in sand dunes at the edge of a coastal forest. Magic fills the air in this location: paths leading to the beach are shrouded in morning mist, tide pools and shorebirds abound, and the changing tides are graced by spectacular sunsets at dusk. The tranquility and vitality of the area naturally support the creative process.

The theme for our 2007 meeting will be **"Traveling with Haiku."** We will examine the use of haiku in travelogues beginning with Basho's classic Narrow Road to the Far North written 400 years ago. Also explored will be the use of haiku and haibun by other classical poets and more contemporary writers as popular forms for recording their journeys. A blank journal and basic art supplies will be provided to each attendee. Our goal will be to encourage attendees to begin a travelogue of their own whether it be of their journey to Asilomar or simply their journey through life.

Special presenters for our retreat will include: master artist Patricia Machmiller, guiding us in the area of artistic expression; Jerry Ball, directing a section on the writing of haibun; and Donnalynn Chase, sharing her photo-haiku journal composed during a recent trip to Europe. Other honored guests include Emiko Miyashita from Japan who will lead our Annual Kukai, and Tei Matsushita who will be completing her translation of the Tokutomi letters. A special celebration of the life and poetic work of our beloved Kay "Katie Faith" Anderson will take place on Sunday morning, 9/9/07.

Total cost of the retreat is \$450, which includes three nights lodging and meals. To register, please complete the form below and forward with a \$100 deposit to reserve your space.

Mailing address: **Betty Arnold,**
(Make checks payable to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society.)
For further information, e-mail Betty Arnold at

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

Special Considerations: _____

Vegetarian meals: Yes No (please circle)

Plan on only attending Sun AM celebration for Kay Anderson ____ Name of attendees