

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXII:4

[Jul-Aug-2007

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 6866 | beach umbrella
just enough shade
for one of us | 6873 | Stonehenge sunrise
girl druids listening
to iPods |
| 6867 | power outage:
into the hush the sound
of windchimes | 6874 | black skeletons —
dry twigs of plucked cotton
against long white sacks |
| 6868 | summer beach
the seal carcass
fades into sand | 6875 | abandoned farmhouse —
winter wind blows through
the unglazed windows |
| 6869 | summer car trip
watching the altimeter
climb | 6876 | a dry moment
when tractor shadows arrive
the homestead falls |
| 6870 | long shadows
fill the mountain pass
with evening | 6877 | nature grown
the giant sunflower
stands alone |
| 6871 | Winning at ping-pong
on his sixtieth birthday
champagne bubbles | 6878 | water ban
the garden slouches
distant thunder |
| 6872 | Karl Marx' birthday
the President orders
tax breaks for the rich | 6879 | ironing day
perfume lingers
on the shirt |
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- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>6880 kelp rhythms
in the ocean swells —
golden summer</p> <p>6881 slow day —
a trail of sea otter
bubbles in the water</p> <p>6882 a year
since my daughter's death
... fireflies</p> <p>6883 impossible to mend
but, impossible to throw away
favorite rattan chair</p> <p>6884 a tail light
just out of sight
starry night</p> <p>6885 a bad boy
never catches up
grasshopper</p> <p>6886 summer shower —
strawberries
dot the grass</p> <p>6887 Green Corn Moon —
my mind
on vacation</p> <p>6888 heat wave —
the guard at the gate
asleep</p> <p>6889 summer hills
a clear view now
of the pathway home</p> | <p>6890 king tide
on the rocks cormorants
dry their wings</p> <p>6891 swimming pool
the youngest child
attempts the dive board</p> <p>6892 flip-flops
down the aisle
of chips and dips</p> <p>6893 perfection of summer
it must be someone's
sixteenth birthday</p> <p>6894 a moth
between the doors
August morning</p> <p>6895 mountain inn before dawn
creak of the stairs
going down</p> <p>6896 long day—
one more
sticky note</p> <p>6897 continuing drought
the indoor fountain
sounds like rain</p> <p>6898 Twenty-Nine Palms -
the stubble
on his upper lip</p> <p>6899 camphor tree
in full bloom —
the sting of your good bye</p> |
|--|---|

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 6900 | the heaviness
of winter rain
under streetlights | 6910 | mist turning
around the country mailbox
-- its flag up |
| 6901 | yesterday's sunburn
it hurts
just to look at you | 6911 | half-built gazebo —
this morning a letter
from the IRS |
| 6902 | yesterday's sunburn
no chair
seems comfortable | 6912 | first fire —
shrivelled persimmons
lining the mantle |
| 6903 | yesterday's sunburn
I forget which grandma
suggested oatmeal plaster | 6913 | muggy day
a mockingbird bathes
in worn water |
| 6904 | full moon —
checking on the cheesecake
in the oven. | 6914 | evening sky
the scent of lavender
mixed with earth |
| 6905 | firestorm —
the crackling sound of trees
in my TV set. | 6915 | city pond
only the white crane
takes flight |
| 6906 | lunch break —
hole in an apple
a worm inching out. | 6916 | summer holidays
the sagging school gate
creaks in the wind |
| 6907 | gentle breeze . . .
it tries to rearrange hair
on my shoulder blades | 6917 | sultry night
her diamond nosepin glitters
inside our mosquito net |
| 6908 | driving uphill
Red Hot Chili Peppers beat
overwhelmed by violin | 6918 | tiny lamps float away
on the night dark water
- Bon Festival |
| 6909 | Venice gingko:
wait long enough and catch
crumbling plaster | 6919 | summer roses
our secrets revealed
over tea |

6920 last days of summer
 spray from the neighbor's sprinkler
 on my morning walk

6921 a dragon's cry
 from the ryuteki —
 summer twilight

6922 July morning
 a boy carries flowers
 into the graveyard

6923 long day
 the horses stand
 nose to tail, tail to nose

6924 sucking frosting
 off the zinnia
 fourth birthday

6925 city of iron
 washed in dogwood bloom
 gently resurrected

6926 emptiness -
 a blank page
 full of stories

6927 abandoned shells
 on the beach
 house hunting crabs

6928 wispy fog fingers
 drift across the bridge
 playing peek-a-boo

6929 blazing summer sun
 beachgoers race across hot sand -
 ah! the cool water

6930 summer butterflies
 gather at the butterfly bush
 a rainbow of color

6931 her pet lizard dies
 grave stones from my zen stones
 summer dawn

CHALLENGE KIGO
 by Ebba Story
Melon

watermelon pickles
 on the shelf
 grandma's recipe

Laurabell

the candle burns out
 a scent of melon
 left behind

Joan Ward

family picnic -
 I add salt
 to the melon

Marianna Monaco

casaba melons
 desiring you even more
 this night

Linda Galloway

after
 the curry —
 cool melon slices

Ruth Holzer

he jokes
 "I can't elope"
 summer melon

Gloria Jaguden

picking melons
 in the market garden
 the scent lingers

Patricia Prime

something I learned
as a kid,
how to thump a melon

John Stevenson

choosing one
over the other
melons

Carolyn Thomas

watermelon vine -
my new niece
takes her first breath

Autumn Moon

three weeks without smoking
watermelon seeds
in the ashtray

Cindy Tebo

hot afternoon —
the bride in a limousine
craves for melon.

Majo Leavick

pickled watermelon —
he says in Ukrainian
"Wait for results."

Zinovy Vayman

tapping all the melons
just like the pregnant woman,
my three-year old

Michael Dylan Welch

impressionist painting
lit from a skylight
a pile of melons

Angelee Deodhar

sweet honey dew melon
the taste of summer
drips down my chin

Joan C. Sauer

ripening melons
the year my son
discovered them

Deborah P. Kolodji

sliced watermelon—
suddenly the kids are as
plentiful as seeds

pjm

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MAYJUNE

Linda Galloway-6783-5 6784-7 6785-0
T. Yamagata 6786-0 6787-1 6788-0
Marianna Monaco - 6789-7 6790-5
Betty Arnold - 6791-1 6792-2 6793-1
Patricia Prime - 6794-4 6795-1 6796-4
M. Root-Bernstein - 6797-4 6798-5 6799-3
Melissa Stepien - 6800-2 6801-0 6802-0
E. Grossmith - 6803-2 6804-0 6805-2
John Stevenson - 6806-2 6807-0 6808-6
Zinovy Vayman - 6809-0 6810-1 6811-1
Joan Sauer - 6812-1 6813-1 6814-3
Deborah Kolodji - 6815-2 6816-0 6817-2
M. Dylan Welch - 6818-3 6819-0 6820-2
R. Schallberger - 6821-0 6822-0 6823-1
Kay Grimnes - 6824-5 6825-7 6826-1
Angelee Deodhar - 6827-4 6828-0 6829-1
Carolyn Thomas - 6830-1 6831-2 6832-1
Anne Homan - 6833-3 6834-0 6835-1
Ruth Holzer - 6836-5 6837-2 6838-6
Gloria Procsal - 6839-0 6840-1 6841-0
Laurabell - 6842-2 6843-3 6844-3
B. Campitelli - 6845-2 6846-0 6847-2
Janeth Ewald - 6848-2 6849-0 6850-1
Joan Ward - 6851-3 6852-0 6853-0
Autumn Moon - 6854-1 6855-3 6856-0
Majo Leavick - 6857-0 6858-0 6859-0
Desiree McMurry - 6860-1 6861-4 6862-4
C. Doreian-Michaels -6863-0 6864-0 6865-0

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

bush warblers —
as if time had never
visited here

Linda Galloway

how thin her waist
 this ant
 in the sugar bowl

Marianna Monaco

new kitten
 his rough tongue
 on my face

Patricia Prime

tornado watch
 swallows dart
 around the chimney

Kay Grimnes

spring cleaning
 Chinese cookie fortunes
 too good to toss out

Michele Root-Bernstein

family baseball game
 the youngest one
 swings at everything

John Stevenson

summer rain
 a dove feeds her fledging
 in the hanging basket

Angelee Deodhar

each evening
 sweeter
 the white lilac

Ruth Holzer

his scent
 across the pillow
 spring dusk

Desiree McMurry

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

Linda Galloway

one bird
 continues to sing
 spring rain

Desiree McMurry

neglected garden:
 tendrils of fog
 curl over the vines

Marianna Monaco

day moon
 the toddler takes off
 her diaper

Michele Root-Bernstein

misty beach
 the seagulls slow to scatter
 before the boy

Kay Grimnes

bamboo shoot
 rising with
 its cap of dead leaves

Ruth Holzer

Mother's Day —
 giving her a beauty pack
 aging sons

Patricia Prime

**Submission Guidelines
 for GEPP0**

Deadline for 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

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



YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY

June 9, 2007

Hakone Gardens

Saratoga, California

Our group met at the picnic grounds at Hakone Gardens in the afternoon. The bamboo grove,

the redwoods, the waterfall and the last cherry on a tree inspired our ginkgo walk around the gardens. In attendance were Carol Steele, Alison Woolpert, Patricia Machmiller, Judith Schallberger, Anne Homan, Jim & Betty Arnold and Ann Bendixen. We discussed the upcoming September retreat at Asilomar Conference Grounds.

Tanabata Celebration

July 14, 2007

In the evening we gathered for a potluck dinner at Don & Anne Homan's home. They live on a single lane road north east of town. Just a few weeks before, a grass fire burned the hill around their home, stopping just short of the buildings.

We celebrated Tanabata writing several of our favorite haiku on paper kimonos and then tying them to a bamboo tree provided by Patrick and Claire Gallagher. donnalynn chase provided the traditional paper cutouts. Linda Galloway and Nardin Gottfried submitted haiku, which contributed to the celebratory mood.

Fourth of July

We danced when the band played
- my father and I
Was it the last time?

Jean Circiello

fire engine tracks
lace the blackened hills
a cat rubs my ankle

Anne Homan

tanabata
he writes until the letters
fade into the page

Jerry Ball

Respectfully Submitted,
Ann Bendixen, Secretary

Dojins' Corner
May-June 2007

By Jerry Ball and Patricia J. Machmiller

jb: My selections are as follows: 6783, 6784,* 6786, 6790, 6792, 6795, 6796, 6799, 6806, 6808,* 6825, 6831, 6861, 6862.* The starred haiku (*) indicates haiku chosen for comment.

pjm: On my short list are: 6783, 6784,* 6792,* 6833, 6835,* 6851, and 6853.

jb and pjm: The starred haiku (*) indicates haiku chosen for comment.

6784 Bush Warblers-
 as if time had never
 visited here

jb: For me this haiku is about freedom. Time is, after all, the great restraint. This is because Time is the servant of Transience. The bush warblers, however, have the attitude that we should go on with our lives in the face of transience. I believe it's a signal of great strength. For the poet, we have a vision worth recording. "Life is intimately connected with pain," says the Buddha, and "pain" is based on transience. And what is the release from transience? The relaxation of craving or addiction. That's the idea. The language and technique is commendable too. The image is clear, and the words are minimal which strengthens the idea.

pjm: Bush warblers. It is interesting how two words, the name of a tiny bird, can conjure up a whole forest woodland where nothing is heard but a bird trill. And that trill, its pure notes hanging in the air, transports us to the pristine heart of a place so remote, so primeval, all civilization falls away, and it is "as if time had never visited here." A forest, by the way, is a "wilderness" in the Asian tradition in the same sense that a desert is in Western tradition, that is, a place one goes to for contemplation and spiritual growth.

6792 delicate features
 of the harlequin doll -
 spring melancholy

pjm: A harlequin doll. The duality of a doll—a human, that is not human, and the Harlequin—

a buffoon from the Italian Commedia dell'Arte, that is physically lithe and graceful, and mentally gullible and bumbling, is a box within a box within a box. We can open it endlessly. The Harlequin is a character to be admired for his free-wheeling and graceful antics while at the same time we laugh at the way he is taken in and taken advantage of. He is both a jokester himself and as well as the butt of jokes. The haiku refers to the delicate features of the doll. Since the Harlequin is usually masked, one imagines that one is looking at the features of a mask (another box within a box). What does the mask hide? Is it a smiling mask hiding the true feelings of the wearer. Just as in spring, with its ubiquitous signs of rejuvenation, our joy can be thought of as only a mask over our deeper feelings of melancholy and sadness—the ever-present knowledge that we are mortal and all is transient. Even the buffoonery of the Harlequin cannot save us from this knowledge. And it is this knowledge that is at the heart of the kigo, spring melancholy.

jb: I'm happy to see that Patricia picked this haiku. It is one of my choices also. What I like about it is the clarity of the image and the choice of words. "delicate features..." conveys emotion without sentimentality. The poet gains the most from minimal language. This is a very nice example of a "shasei" haiku, i.e. a "nature sketch" of the type that Shiki promoted.

6808 family baseball game
 the youngest one
 swings at everything

jb: Recall the family picnics? No one really cares who wins, we just want to have a good time and to relate well. There's a little showing off too. Everyone encourages everyone, including Grandpa, as well as the Youngest One. The Youngest One, a "title", of course has little experience and the family tries to encourage him (her?). But, that's a family and that's the feeling of being a family. This is, of course, a shasei haiku (nature sketch.) And, though it is, merely, a statement of fact, it is the selection of the salient fact that brings the emotional effect. Nice work.

pjm: This is what family is all about: everybody, no matter what his or her talent is, gets to participate, and when you're starting out, you get to try everything. It's not about

success, it's not about winning. It's about participating, about being a part of something larger than you. What is not said here, but is felt, is the tolerance, generosity, encouragement, and uncritical love of this, the youngest one. And this—whether you are talking about baseball or family—is the most important aspect: that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

6835 south-facing hills
already brown—my daughter needs
a stronger pain patch

pjm: In California, a Mediterranean climate, the wild grasses, oats and rye, ripen at the beginning of the summer's dry season making the hills turn a beautiful golden color. This poet says the hills are *already* brown which implies that it is too soon—it is not yet autumn. Summer's still here. The summer in which a daughter's illness, perhaps, requires stronger medication. Too soon, for a daughter.

jb: I can see (and feel) the "south-facing hills". They are "*already* brown." "*Already?*" Well, we must have had a hot summer and the feelings that are attendant. What better subtext for the need for "a stronger pain patch." Anyone who has experienced this knows intimately what it's about.

6862 one bird
continues to sing
spring rain

jb: Again we have a shasei haiku. The implication is that the spring rain is beginning, and nearly all of the birds have ceased to sing, except one. One bird continues to sing. And here is the power of this nature sketch. How often does one feel like that "one bird"? Imagine the circumstances in which one might ask, "Am I the only bird who continues to sing?" This is the resulting image from the statement of fact.

pjm: I think of a spring rain as being a warm, gentle, straight-down affair. A welcome event. And we feel the welcoming extended in the song of this single bird. The power of one.

jb and pjm: We welcome comments. Please contact us through the GEPP0 editor, Jean



CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE
HURRICANE or TYPHOON
by Ebba Story

In the fall tropical storms spin out of the Caribbean and intensify into hurricanes (or typhoons) that lash across the southeastern part of the United States. Other hurricanes hit the Pacific Coast. These storms are also referred to as typhoons. The force of wind and rain are incredibly destructive and with global warming, increasingly intense. People who have never experienced a hurricane first hand now know the hurricane's fury by seeing the news footage of Katrina two years ago. Given this, an approaching hurricane also brings an exhilarating shift of mood as the darkening sky and accelerating wind stirs something deep and profound in us. Wonder. Awe. Excitement. Fear. The unfettered power of nature. No wonder the ancients worshiped the sky gods. Though modern 'scientific explanation' may have diminished our innocent, visceral response to the wild sky and tropical cyclones, we still call each hurricane by name.

banging away at a nail
trying to stop
the hurricane

David Gershator *

hurricane warning—
the gleaming jet beads
of her rosary

Ebba Story

* Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac by William Higginson, Kodansha International, 1996

Calendar

Oct 27 - Moonviewing - 6:00 PM
Please note change in
location!
San Jose - the home of Patricia
Machmiller.

Nov 10 - 1:00 PM - Formal Kukai at
Markham House, San Jose
History Park, Senter Road.

**The Results of Kaji Aso Studio's
International Haiku Contest 2007**

1st Prize

old cat
catching birds
with her eyes

**Kenneth Elba Carrier
Wakefield, MA**

2nd Prize

early autumn
under the old pear tree
scent of brandy

**Daria Kocjancic
Ljubljana. Slovenia**

3rd Prize

spring cleaning
just ahead of the broom
a long-legged spider

**Joyce Austin Gilbert
Cochranville, PA**

Special Prize

lavender stalk
the weight of one
white butterfly

**Andre Surridge
Hamilton, NZ**

Haiku Wanted
for
Annual YTHS Membership Anthology

In-Hand Deadline: October 15, 2007

Your paid 2007 membership included one copy of the yearly anthology. **Its simple this year – just send your haiku to anthology’s editor.**
Your haiku should:

- ~~~~~
- include your name and contact information
 - be your best written poems in last year (or so)
 - contain one *kigo* (season word)
 - be unpublished; GEPP0 published haiku are accepted

This years’ anthology will include a summary of 2007 Asilomar Retreat Celebration of the Life & Work of Kay Anderson and other special events. The editor is donnalynn chase. She plans to mail the completed anthology to all members by December 1st. Contact the editor for additional copies or any questions.

Please send at least three haiku to be considered; every participating member will have a poem included in the anthology. Also consider submitting any appropriate black & white art work (JPG by email or by mail with SASE).

Send your submissions to:

~~~~~

OR  
donnalynn chase

If you want to be notified of your selected haiku for publication, please specify in email and/or send SASE for reply.

Easy. Submit your haiku now to ensure a well-represented anthology from all our members around the world. Thank you.

