

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXII:6

November-December 2007

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 7017 | a drop of ice
on a red oak leaf . . .
neither one falling | 7025 | stillness on the moor
suspends its silence
the owl's moving eye |
| 7018 | first of December
the bills arrive
before the Christmas cards | 7026 | winter cloud
the month's budget
already blown |
| 7019 | a little warmer today
the rabbit
ignores me | 7027 | trapped in the greenhouse
a panicky wren hurtles
into window panes |
| 7020 | brushfire aftermath
the snap of a stem
underfoot | 7028 | the full winter moon
backlighting rippled clouds —
faint coyote howl |
| 7021 | the north wind rises
brushing withered leaves
from father's gravestone | 7029 | chalk caricatures
of the old saloon's patrons —
whine of winter wind |
| 7022 | between mountain peaks
early winter fog
tugging sat the moon | 7030 | winter sunset
afterglow
in the crab boat's lantern |
| 7023 | sudden flurry
wing feathers drift
over fallow fields | 7031 | a winter starling's
speckled iridescence
the neighbor's new wife |
| 7024 | bright clouds
hoar frost on the hills
white equinox | 7032 | biting winter wind
raccoon prints
fade |
-

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>7033 starry night
spiral stitches
across a quilt</p> <p>7034 new snow
the cat's legs
a blur of black</p> <p>7035 icefield
all those bergy bits
in search of a boat</p> <p>7036 I walk
in eagle down –
first snow</p> <p>7037 behind the book stacks
a balcony filled with
fallen leaves</p> <p>7038 harvested cotton bales
stand in the field –
white row houses</p> <p>7039 winter seashore
the beach is empty now
seagulls reclaim it</p> <p>7040 deer tracks in the snow
at the edge of the back yard
no place for them to roam</p> <p>7041 frost nipped tomato plants –
the sound of chirping birds
searching in them</p> <p>7042 the wishbone too
goes into the soup pot
winter moon</p> <p>7043 first frost
the ground groans under
a pall of mist</p> | <p>7044 blue – black sky
from green-lit minarets
the sudden flight of doves</p> <p>7045 New Year's day
our first grandchild glimpsed
through her ultrasound</p> <p>7046 a coffee stained mug
sits on corner of table
chilli autumn moon</p> <p>7047 a pigeon rides
on a weathercock
windy autumn afternoon</p> <p>7048 dusky autumn –
a casket
and two obituaries</p> <p>7049 café art show
whipped cream melts
into mocha</p> <p>7050 storm watch
sun rays whitewash
the clouds</p> <p>7051 asphalt path
to the visitor's center
winter sparrows</p> <p>7052 late autumn:
I read soldier's letter
with her eyes</p> <p>7053 his dream job
his great looks
his open heart surgery</p> <p>7054 think tank cubicle:
designing better failures
after weekend tryst</p> |
|---|---|

- 7055 retreating footsteps
as the train departs
chilly night
- 7056 northern Europe
liminal winter light
all the short day
- 7057 tall frozen grasses
striped by wind and rain
stand to attention
- 7058 Thanksgiving dinner
so clear
the face of the moon
- 7059 faint scent of plum—
the judge unfolds
the jury's verdict
- 7060 toppling into the pool
with a gust of wind,
the riderless tricycle
- 7061 the crack of driftwood
burning in the bonfire—
you retune again
- 7062 winter fly
the bagel baker tells me
he is from Tibet
- 7063 morning sickness
I make myself listen to
the winter wild geese
- 7064 toast crumbs on the sheet
another winter night
of morning sickness
- 7065 winter garden
the stems
go this way and that
- 7066 his basket
of left-over river rocks —
autumn passing
In loving memory of Jim Arnold
- 7067 the two shells
he traded for a haiku —
autumn loneliness
In loving memory of Jim Arnold
- 7068 snow piling up
in an empty milkweed pod —
his last moon
In loving memory of Jim Arnold
- 7069 outhouse
by the light of the crescent moon
a corncob
- 7070 frosty morning
a gift of gold
the shy winter sun
- 7071 early frost
in the graveyard
every thing dead
- 7072 hometown library
the old familiar smells
close my eyes
- 7073 approaching winter,
the mechanical Santa
waves at the toy train
- 7074 his shoe-bomb a bust,
now the whole country
walks barefoot
- 7075 in the park
an icicle
from the nose of General Pershing

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>7076 from the vineyards
a double-gondola
bearing must</p> <p>7077 December High Mass ...
from the altar
the blessing in Swahili</p> <p>7078 workday morning—
scraping the stars
of frost</p> <p>7079 two, three coins . . .
a parking meter
topped with snow</p> <p>7080 the cracked window
shoots a hook of sunset
into the house</p> <p>7081 wheelchair stroll
returning to her
with a wildflower</p> <p>7082 dark day
the toddlers red mittens
smell of snow</p> <p>7083 winter seashore
waves exploding on the cliffs-
black clouds full of rain</p> <p>7084 eventually, the sky
colored with autumnal tint
blazing castle tower</p> <p>7085 meeting no-one
neither coming nor going
withered field</p> <p>7086 unexpectedly
met a childhood friend
harvest festival</p> | <p>7087 grandma's closet—
the shiny brown fur
I never saw her wear</p> <p>7088 winter moon—
everything closed but the bar
in the mountain village</p> <p>7089 its slow walk
up the windowpane
a winter fly</p> <p>7090 Autumn again –
the redwood trail vanishes
beyond the broken bridge</p> <p>7091 Cathedral meadow
a faint Bach chorale
full of moonlight</p> <p>7092 Girls in bikinis
leap for a volleyball
the heat</p> <p>7093 rasp of boots
as we hike across
the withered moor</p> <p>7094 warming by the fire
our quilted clothes hung to dry
in the hilltop cabin</p> <p>7095 snow covered trees -
the Norfolk pines
remain evergreen</p> <p>7096 winter twigs—
the buds forming
at the scars</p> <p>7097 spiked fence
of the missile base—
a shrike calling</p> |
|---|---|

7098 winter candlelight—
the convert and I
chanting blessings

in Russia we say "gripp"
in Japan
Infruenza

Zinovy Vayman

CHALLENGE KIGO

down with the flu
no visits
from the man next door

Could it be the flu—
visions of sugar plums dance
till I feel nauseous

Christine Doreian-Michaels

Gloria Procsal

flu season
I check the date
on the cough syrup

flu shot
a shiny knot of wood
in the nurse's table

Michael Dylan Welch

Cindy Tebo

he just touched my arm
old memories returning
another flu shot

down with the flu
the curtains
close out the day

Laura Bell

Edward Grossmith

on the heels of
flu and pneumonia shots
a virus strikes

everything crazy
what a mess
ker-flu-ey

Janeth Ewald

Judith Shallberger

flu season
folks coughing an sneezing
extend their hands in greeting

Indian summer
a short line
for flu shots

John Stevenson

Joan C. Sauer

an array of cures
line my bedside table –
this year's flu

down with the flu
at one
with the bed

Joan H. Ward

Marianna Monaco

flu shots given
the doctor's sneeze echoes
in the waiting room

assuring us
he's no longer contagious...
first flu

Carolyn Thomas

Angelee Deodhar

caught with the flu
he drinks chicken soup
like water

mother's remedy –
hot lemon and honey
night and morning

Patricia Prime

Majo Leavick

too sick
for the flu shot
midday drizzle

flu shot
where's your muscle
the nurse says

Ruth Holzer

Deborah P. Kolodji

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR SEPT-OCT

Joan Ward- 6932-3 6933-3 6934-0
 Joan Zimmerman - 6935-0 6936-3 6937-1
 Gloria Procsal - 6938-2 6939-5 6940-2
 Linda Galloway - 6941-6 6942-12 6943-6
 Paul Wiliams - 6944-3 6945-1 6946-5
 Ruth Holzer - 6947-1 6948-8 6949-5
 Teruo Yamagata - 6950-0 6951-0 6952-0
 Patricia Prime - 6953-0 6954-2 6955-3
 Alison Woolpert - 6956-1 6957-3
 B. Campitelli - 6958-6 6959-3 6960-2
 Laura Bell - 6961-8 6962-2 6963-6
 John Stevenson - 6964-1 6965-1 6966-2
 Ed Grossmith - 6967-2 6968-1 6969-2
 Majo Leavick- 6970-0 6971-1 6972-0
 Carolyn Thomas - 6973-9 6974-2 6975-3
 D. P. Kolodji - 6976-15 6977-2 6978-3
 Gloria Jaguden - 6979-0
 C. Doreian-Michaels - 6980-0 6981-1
 June Hymas - 6982-1 6983-3 6984-0
 Desiree McMurry - 6985-4 6986-1 6987-5
 Dave Bachelor - 6988-1 6989-0 6990-0
 Marianna Monaco - 6991-3 6992-4 6993-1
 M. Dylan Welch - 6994-3 6995-1 6996-1
 Zinovy Vayman - 6997-0 6998-0 6999-6
 Kay Grimnes - 7000-3 7001-1 7002-3
 Joan Sauer - 7003-1 7004-0 7005-1
 Angelee Deodhar - 7006-4 7007-4 7008-2
 Janeth Ewald - 7009-0 7010-1 7011-3
 M. Hehman-Smith - 7012-1 7013-1 7014-8
 Steven Cottingham - 7015-3, 7016-4

SEPT.-OCT. HAIKU VOTED BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0

autumn sky —
 the car so empty
 leaving the hospital

Deborah P. Kolodji

now and then
 one surf line overtakes another
 migrating cranes

Linda Galloway

the quiet neighbor
 first to set a pumpkin
 outside his door

Carolyn Thomas

September dusk —
 slowly slowly
 the home team loses

Ruth Holzer

a life spent
 in the rhythm of the pond
 water lily

Laura Bell

a dying morning glory vine
 slowly releases
 the garden gate

Margaret Hehman-Smith

a gull shadow
 a cloud shadow —
 departing summer

Linda Galloway

pieces of sky
 moving among the forest trees—
 end of summer

Linda Galloway

autumn equinox
 one tree green
 the next one red

Barbara Campitelli

urology clinic
 the faucet
 dripping

Laura Bell

autumnal leaves, ah...
 again everything becomes
 hardly anything

Zinovy Vayman

making amends
 the zingy taste
 of green grapes

Gloria Procsal

futile night fishing -
 under the willows
 a bullfrog comments

Paul Williams

autumn birthday
comes and goes –
dog in the rain

Ruth Holzer

the spider
in its torn web
autumn loneliness

Desiree McMurry

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

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 1 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 for the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in the U.S. and Canada is \$26.00. For international members the fee is \$31.00.

Membership entitles you to six issues of Geppo per year and the annual anthology.

**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).

Dojins' Corner

September/October 2007

by Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

jb: Here are my selections: 6938, 39, 40, 42, 43*, 73*, 74, 75, 86, 87, 96*, 7001, 11.

pjm: My choices are: 6942*, 6956, 6973*, 6983, 6987, and 6999*

jb and pjm: The starred numbers (*) have been chosen for comment.

6942 now and then
one surf line overtakes another
migrating cranes

pjm: The visual and conceptual ping off each other in this haiku. The equivalent of the irregular sinusoidal surf line on the shore is seen repeated in the passage of the cranes overhead. And underlying the two visual patterns are two naturally occurring phenomena, tides and migration. The first is governed primarily by the lunar cycle; the second by the solar. And with this realization the haiku expands, and we find ourselves immersed in wonder, the cosmic wonder of this earth ruled by moon and sun—the order of it all.

jb: I like this haiku very much, one of my top choices. The language is precise, and economical. I think I like it because of the mood cast by the understated image of the surf lines undulating. In this case “less” is more.

6943 pieces of sky
moving among the forest trees
end of summer

jb: The writer is looking up (pieces of sky) so I feel optimistic. But I also get a sense of farewell. I feel the bittersweet of the end of summer. We have the patchwork beauty of the summer sky (etched by the trees?) and yet it seems to be moving against the background of trees. Outside my window at this moment are pine, oak, and eucalyptus. And, indeed, the “pieces of sky” are moving among them.

pjm: On a walk in late summer through the woods one would find the light in the under story to be tinged with green and the canopy would be dense and full. The

soaring trunks like columns in a cathedral would draw your eyes upward. As a breeze moves the leaves, here and there would be glimpses of sky—slight indicators of the transformation, from fully leafed to bare branched, that is about to begin.

6973 the quiet neighbor
first to set a pumpkin
outside his door

jb: This is a quiet haiku that raises a question about a quiet neighbor. Could it be that “still waters run deep”? The “quiet neighbor” is the

one with whom one is less likely to make contact. And this might seem to shape our expectations. So the quiet neighbor does something that seems out of character. (The root of the word “character,” by the way, is from the Greek, *character*, which is a graving tool. One’s character is “engraved” on the personality.) The token of this step out of character is the pumpkin. We are left with the question: Do still waters ...?

pjm: If I were asked to name a virtue of the pumpkin, I would say it is a humble, non-nonsense type of fruit. And that is the basis of the success of this haiku—it turns the quiet (or humble) neighbor into one who glories in the season. He decorates his front porch before anyone else with one humble pumpkin and by this act he turns his front porch, the pumpkin, and himself into attention-getting (attention-seeking?) spectacles!

6996 one slow swing –
the echo of the axe
in the chicken coop

jb: I wonder how many of the readers have actually killed a chicken, or a turkey? This was something that was common during the 1930’s, and perhaps still is in a rural setting. When I was considered old enough, my father gave me instruction on the method of killing a turkey for Thanksgiving, and for me the actual killing of the turkey was a rite of passage. There was, is, a whole folklore about slaughter which was common, and now is suppressed. All the mortal work is done away from the home. Consider: baby’s born, slaughter of animals, illness, death, etc. All are evacuated from the home. Today we have specialized institutions for these things. It used to be that one would have to remove the feathers from the dead bird as well. If you’ve done it, you know what I mean. Do I need to say why I chose this haiku for comment? May I suggest, go find the nearest chicken coop.

pjm: The odd reality of what we are is in this haiku—we kill to eat. There is powerful material to be examined here. However, it seems to me that the writer turns away avoiding the central act. The first line occurs before the deed and the last two lines

afterwards. The deed itself, the actual fall of the axe, is missing.

Forgive me for being picky about this, but the haiku is addressing an important concept, and I would like it to work successfully. As the reader I need to know for sure where I am relative to the scene. But I am not sure if the killing is taking place in the barnyard or in the chicken coop. And I don't know if I am watching/ listening from the barnyard or the chicken coop. With the first line, "one slow swing," I am asked to see the event directly. But the last two lines suggest that I can only hear "the echo" of the axe. If I am close enough to see the swing of the axe, why would I not be close enough to see and hear the thud that severs the head, the flapping wings of the now headless bird, and the cackles of alarm in the rest of the chicken flock? In writing haiku we often choose one detail in a chaotic scene to bring back the entire memory. However, the echo of the axe is not the detail that best evokes this scene for me. If the right detail were chosen, then it would give me the opening I need to go deeper into the central issue of the haiku, which is killing to eat.

6999 autumnal leaves, ah ...
again everything becomes
hardly anything

pjm: Most of the time stating the obvious does not make for a very good haiku. What this poet has done is state the obvious in a most eloquent and memorable way. This poem takes full advantage of syntax, language, and formal structure to carry the import of its idea. It opens with a full throated "autumnal leaves, ah . . ." not the short and to the point, "autumn leaves." The poet has pulled out all the stops on the organ, and with this opening we expect to hear something profound, and we are not disappointed. The parallel construction and the traditional syllabic form both give a solemn tone to the haiku.

And a haiku that reaches for the grand statement about autumn, a poem that says "again everything becomes/hardly anything" could be read as a comment upon the poem itself—that in its grand conceit it is "hardly anything." And by undercutting its own grand gesture, it becomes everything.

jb: I see immediately that this is a 5-7-5 haiku and philosophic in theme. I do get some impact from this though I might prefer more concrete images. Having said that, I realize the difficulty of producing such images and I credit the author with her/his accomplishment. This haiku does work, I think, and I credit Patricia for recognizing it.

Questions or comments? Contact by email

of Jean Hale at her GEPP0 address.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Seasonal Events
by Ann Bendixen

On October 27, 2007 about thirty people gathered for Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's Potluck and Poetry Moon Viewing party graciously hosted by Patricia and Al Machmiller in San Jose. Members, guests, artists and poets shared outstanding food and watched for the elusive moon. The moon did peek out above the palm tree for a while. The early evening was unseasonably warm. Later the warmth from the outside fireplace provided almost enough light for writing moon haiku. We shared poems, going around the circle, each reading one, until we were finished.

For the Christmas party on December 8, 2007, Jean Hale, our perfect party host, welcomed everyone to her San Jose home. She had decorated her tree with paper stars printed with haiku from previous years' parties. Desserts (along with Carol Steele's artesian smoked ham) reigned supreme at this year's potluck: Scott Hymas' apple and pecan pies, Paul O. William's persimmon dessert, and our very own Brit, Ed Grossmith, made trifle.

We shared haiku gifts embellished with haiga, photographs, art, candles and prints. Patricia passed out Donnalynn Chase's hand crafted limited edition chapbook of Kay Anderson's haiku which was given to participating members and members of the Anderson family.

In attendance were Judith Schallberger, Alison Woolpert and husband, Paul Williams and wife, Jerry Ball, Bill Peckham, Patricia and Al Machmiller, June and Scott Hymas, Patrick and Claire Gallagher, Betty Arnold, Carol Steele, Jean Hale, and Ann Bendixen.

CHALLENGE KIGO FOOR NEXT ISSUE

TURNIP

by Ebba Story

In my search for haiku with turnip, I kept coming up with 'daikon' (radish) translated as 'turnip.' Like the Japanese *daikon*, turnips are a winter food. So, I turned at last to my gardening books. *The Sunset Western Garden Book* states that turnips, a relative of cabbage – *Brassicaceae* (*Cruciferae*) are native to the Mediterranean. "Turnips are best known for roots, though foliage is also edible... Roots come in various colors (white, white with purple on upper part, creamy yellow) and shapes (globe, flattened globe). ...Where winters are mild, plant in fall for winter crop. ...Roots of turnip and rutabaga are milder if soil is kept moist, become more pungent under drier conditions."

A very old proverb (perhaps Scottish in origin), which I still remember from a book of nursery rhymes I had when I was about five years old, goes, "If wishes were horses / Beggars would ride. / If turnips were watches, / I would wear one by my side." This was my earliest encounter with turnips in poetry. A raw turnip is quite lovely with its delicate lavender and white skin. But it takes a sharp knife to cut through one and slice it up to cook. From my own experience I thought of turnips as 'poor-people's food' until I was served an exquisite triangle of turnip pate in a French restaurant where I could only dare afford a couple of appetizers. Wow! That so familiar taste of boiled turnip danced over my tongue with its new seasonings and airy texture. What does 'turnip' bring up in your mind?

turnip in my hand—
its cold roundness heavier
than a baby's head

- Sister Benedicta*

salt shaker poised
over the stewed turnips—
when is it enough?

Ebba Story

* 1994 YTHS First Prize in Tokutomi Memorial Contest. Also in *Seeds from a Birch Tree*, Clark Strand, Hyperion, 1997, p.137.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*sponsors the annual****Kiyoko & Kiyoshi Tokutomi
Memorial Haiku Contest*****In-hand Deadline: May 31, 2008****Prizes: \$100 \$50 \$25****CONTEST RULES:**

- Haiku in English of 17 syllables, in a5-7-5 pattern
- Each haiku must use one kigo, and only one kigo, taken from the contest list
- Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified

2008 Contest Kigo List**New Year: first dream****Spring: fledgling, spring melancholy****Summer: sunflower, thunderstorm****Autumn: cricket, jack-o-lantern****Winter: sleeping mountain, wolf moon**

*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.

This contest is open to anyone, except for the YT President and 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:
"Tokutomi Contest"
Jean Hale, Secretary
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

For more YT info. - www.youngleaves.org

*zazen retreat
simplifying
my mind*

