

G E P P O

*the haiku study-work journal
of the*

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXIII:1

January-February 2008

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

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|------|--|
| 7099 | early plum blossoms
his cassette copies
all the way we were | 7106 | Months after his death
the river light he showed me
still shimmers |
| 7100 | Valentines Day
candy box the color
of my rosacea | 7107 | Sudden leg cramp
the weakness
of midwinter sun |
| 7101 | my mountain home
wondering if the old hawk
will still greet me | 7108 | on the long street light
pigeons bunch their shoulders —
winter rain |
| 7102 | longer days –
bird songs linger late
into twilight | 7109 | eating an orange
under the tree after work –
early darkness |
| 7103 | the wind-whipped vine
gives up its leaves
all at once | 7110 | vanishing in mist
the gliding gull flock —
hard rain |
| 7104 | cherry blossoms ignored
the haijin writes about
the fiery quince flowers | 7111 | short day -
another bill
for long-term care |
| In memory of Jim Arnold in Matsuyama | | 7112 | the lantern
casts a deep shadow —
winter moonlight |
| 7105 | Autumn equinox
chasing whales in a kayak –
what were we thinking? | 7113 | picking salt
from the bricks
winter sparrows |
-

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>7114 hot sips
of cayenne-laced cocoa
our morning-after eyes</p> <p>7115 soft eddies
laced with tangerine
the wind and I</p> <p>7116 sympathy card
left for the mailman
plum blossoms</p> <p>7117 mid-February
yellow mustard in full bloom
a robin skysurfs</p> <p>7118 five inches of rain
flooded stream rushing to crest
I lock my front door</p> <p>7119 the old male swan
returns over and over
to the empty nest</p> <p>7120 grey geese against
grey skies, counterpoint
to my mood</p> <p>7121 driveway tire tracks
in the morning snow —
postman trudge-through sign</p> <p>7122 window paper snowflakes,
classroom children
long for a blizzard</p> <p>7123 a look of helplessness
in his mother's eyes —
departing train</p> <p>7124 the ocean's tides—
forever returning
like memories of you</p> | <p>7125 downer cows abused
at the slaughterhouse—
my despair</p> <p>7126 the sound of winter
in with the tide
a foghorn and four willets</p> <p>7127 winter seagull
churning in the surge
a wave of stomach flu</p> <p>7128 first star brightens
my summer-hungry heart
winter twilight</p> <p>7129 heavy winter sky—
raspy breath the only sound
in her hospice room</p> <p>7130 captured by a glance
of sunlight—snowflakes sifting
into the aspens</p> <p>7131 two dachshund puppies
tugging on their chewy toy —
the squeaker succumbs</p> <p>7132 his old cabin on the map
the old miner
long forgotten</p> <p>7133 gate closed
the path to the neighbor's
lost in weeds</p> <p>7134 the moon
hanging on a branch
my lamp to read by</p> <p>7135 the winter sea
cold, grey and uninviting -
distant fog horn blows</p> |
|---|---|

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 7136 | returning wild birds
invade the garden feeder —
locals pushed aside | 7147 | hot summer day
slowing down
the ticks of the clock |
| 7137 | camellia bush
once again forms early buds -
cold weather warning | 7148 | long hot path
the coolness
of the waterfall |
| 7138 | sunlit patio
a myriad of rainbows
in her gray hair | 7149 | lone egret
staring through his reflection
deep into the pond |
| 7139 | he posits a question-
staff chemist again replies
with "yes and no" | 7150 | I shout in the woods
but, there is no echo
bare trees |
| 7140 | lengthening days . . .
sound of grains of sand
dry-slipping on shore | 7151 | unobserved and
weakly fluttering
winter butterfly |
| 7141 | winter sunset
a cardinal
claims the feeder | 7152 | mother and daughter
wearing identical sweaters
appear as sisters! |
| 7142 | diagnosis
a ladybug flies
toward the light | 7153 | December flight-
the adjacent seat
always empty |
| 7143 | coffeehouse
the crackle of a fireplace
monitor | 7154 | winter Sunday
rising temperature
cold words |
| 7144 | frail elders
decline a little more...
depth of winter | 7155 | Milan morning-
walking through the fog
to buy milk |
| 7145 | a white plastic bag
shuffles own the street
winter desolation | 7156 | hanging from a branch
ripe, bright red and succulent
waiting to be picked |
| 7146 | Fat Tuesday -
stumping politicians
raise a wet finger | 7157 | quiet trails in woods
lead through jeweled pine forests —
scented statues rise |

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>7158 late autumn
I stare, astounded —
cherry blossoms everywhere</p> <p>7159 winter clothes
I refuse to run
for the elevator</p> <p>7160 head of a hammer
head of a nail
new calendar</p> <p>7161 damp tea bag
on a paper napkin
winter weekday morning</p> <p>7162 the hesitant sun
of late autumn days —
my friend's passing
-In memory of Jim Arnold</p> <p>7163 insect cries —
the last Kamakura bell
on the store shelf</p> <p>7164 failing light
two snow angels fly off
with the wind</p> <p>7165 widower at a party
spot of toothpaste
on his dark shirt</p> <p>7166 lone pane
rain drops joining
slowly flow downwards</p> <p>7167 remembering the stories
my father
would never tell me</p> <p>7168 before leaving home
she buttons her overcoat
to the neck</p> | <p>7169 first plum blossoms -
on the branch overhanging
my neighbour's fence</p> <p>7170 winter moon
we search the skies
for a satellite</p> <p>7171 clearing sky—
we jump the deepest ruts
in the unpaved road</p> <p>7172 not sick I take
a "sick day" to enjoy
the winter rain</p> <p>7173 as if to slow time
snow lingering
in the distant mountains</p> <p>7174 chilly mid-afternoon —
tucked under its mother
a young killdeer napping</p> <p>7175 ecstatic children
rake white marbles from sky —
hail storm</p> <p>7176 winter evening —
the splat of a white balloon
in a wedding reception</p> |
|---|--|

CHALLENGE KIGO

Turnip
by Ebba Story

small white worms
eat my turnip roots —
unlike my wife

Paul O. Williams

bitter herb —
a slice of turnip
suffices

Ruth Holzer

Gran's prize turnips
unforgettable scent
of her worn hands

Gloria Procsal

cold weather-
on the menu today
beef stew and turnips

Barbara Campitelli

hot turnip soup
the warmth spreads
to chilled fingers

Angelee Deodhar

the prop master
gives "Didi"
tonight's turnip

John Stevenson

my father's joke
about the turnip truck
his city grandkids

Deborah P. Kolodji

grief and cramps
warm mashed turnips
ease both

Dave Bachelor

lavender and white
fairy colors of the dawn
on the turnip head

Janeth Ewald

scent from the homestead -
on the pot-bellied stove
turnip soup

Patricia Prime

remembering onions
on grandma's turnip greens
endless tears

Renee Owen

memories
of my Southern life—
boiling turnips

Carolyn Thomas

raw julienne turnip
final ingredient for
"Healthy Salad"

Anne Homan

tonight's dinner veggies
going through the fridge —
ah...turnips in my mind

Majo Leavick

farmer's market
I turn down
the turnip

Laura Bell

under the dark earth
the best part of the turnip
hides from sight

Joan C. Sauer



organic turnip
cashier's long search
for its barcode

Zinovy Vayman

from the turgid
flesh of turnips...
nourishment

Judith Schallberger

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR NOV-DEC

Cindy Tebo – 7017-3 7018-3 7019-1
 Steven Cottingham – 7020-1
 Gloria Procsal – 7021-2 7022-2 7023-2
 Ed Grossmith – 7024-0 7025-4 7026-5
 Ann Homan – 7027-1 7028-0 7029-3
 Renee Owen – 7030-7 7031-7 7032-1
 Kay Grimnes – 7033-2 7034-1 7035-2
 J. Schallberger – 7036-1 7037-6 7038-1
 Joan Sauer – 7039-1 7040-0 7041-0
 Marianna Monaco – 7042-9
 Angelee Deodhar – 7043-1 7044-0 7045-3
 Majo Leavick – 7046-0 7047-2 7048-2
 Deborah Kolodji – 7049-2 7050-0 7051-1
 Zinovy Vayman – 7052-2 7053-1 7054-3
 C. Doreian-Michaels – 7055-2 7056-0 7057-0
 Gloria Jaguden – 7058-1 7062-5
 M. Dylan Welsh – 7059-6 7060-2 7061-1
 Desiree McMurry – 7063-1 7064-2 7065-6
 Linda Galloway – 7066-6 7067-3 7068-3
 Laura Bell – 7069-0 7070-0 7071-3
 Nardin Gottfried – 7072-1 7073-2 7074-1
 Janeth Ewald – 7075-2 7076-0 7077-0
 John Stevenson – 7078-4 7079-0 7080-2
 Joan Ward – 7081-3 7082-1 7083-0
 Teruo Yamagata – 7084-0 7085-5 7086-0
 Carolyn Thomas – 7087-5 7088-0 7089-4
 Joan Zimmerman – 7090-2 7091-2 7092-0
 Patricia Prime – 7093-4 7094-1 7095-3
 Ruth Holzer – 7096-3 7097-3 7098-5

**NOV-DEC HAIKU VOTED BEST BY
 READERS OF GEPP0**

the wishbone too
 goes into the soup pot
 winter moon
 Marianna Monaco

winter sunset
 afterglow
 in the crab boat's lantern
 Renee Owen

a winter starling's
 speckled iridescence
 the neighbor's new wife
 Renee Owen

behind the book stacks
 a balcony filled with
 fallen leaves
 Judith Schallberger

faint scent of plum—
 the judge unfolds
 the jury's verdict
 Michael Dylan Welsh

winter garden
 the stems
 go this way and that
 Desiree McMurry

his basket
 of left-over river rocks—
 autumn passing
 Linda Galloway

winter cloud
 the month's budget
 already blown
 Ed Grossmith

winter fly
 the bagel baker tells me
 he is from Tibet
 Gloria Jaguden

meeting no-one
 neither coming nor going
 withered field
 Teruo Yamagata

grandma's closet—
 the shiny brown fur
 I never saw her wear
 Carolyn Thomas

winter candlelight—
 the convert and I
 chanting blessings
 Ruth Holzer

stillness on the moor
 suspends its silence
 the owl's moving eye
 Ed Grossmith

Save the Date!

This Year's Annual Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat in Asilomar
will be September 11-14, 2008 (Thursday- Sunday)

Special highlights include:

- A unique opportunity to study and learn more about writing haiku from an exceptional teacher, **Patricia Donegan**. With master degrees in English and Asian Studies, Ms. Donegan has authored several books including *Bones*, *Never Mind*, *Hot Haiku*, *Without Warning* and *Asian Arts and Crafts for Creative Kids*. She has taught abroad in Korea and Japan and in the United States at Naropa Institute.
- An exquisite Tanka performance by our dear friend Mariko Kitakubo from Japan accompanied by her accomplished associate Amelia Fielden from Australia.
- Our esteemed Madame Judge for the Kukai will be our good friend and honored guest Emiko Miyashita from Tokyo, Japan.
- A sunset memorial for past YTHS member Jim "Ouzel" Arnold
- Art party, evening bonfire & renku party
- Ample time for ginko
- Total cost for the conference plus room and meals for 3 nights/ 4 days is \$450.
- Asilomar is now asking us to commit 3 months in advance! An important date to remember when registering for this retreat is **June 10 deadline**, beginning of summer.
 - 1) There will be a \$50 discount for **early bird** registration, i.e paying \$400 by June 10th , or
 - 2) \$100 minimum down payment required to reserve your space by June 10th deadline.
- Look for registration form in next Geppo.

workday morning—
scraping the stars
of frost

John Stevenson

its slow walk
up the windowpane
a winter fly

Carolyn Thomas

rasp of boots
as we hike across
the withered moor

Patricia Prime



**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

Deadline for next issue is April 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 of the poems you select will receive 1 point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in

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 spring**

selected from the lists In the Members' Anthology

Season: *spring months: March, April, early spring, lengthening days, spring dream, spring dusk, spring evening, spring melancholy, tranquility, vernal equinox.*

Sky and Elements: *bright, haze or thin mist, first spring storm, hazy moon, March wind, melting snow, lingering snow, spring breeze, spring cloud, spring frost, spring moon, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, warmth.*

Landscape: *flooded river/stream/brook, muddy/miry fields, muddy road, spring fields, spring hills, spring mountain, spring river, spring sea, spring tide.*

Human Affairs: *plowing or tilling fields, sleeping Buddha, spring cleaning, windmill, April Fools Day/April fool, Ash Wednesday, Lent, Palm Sunday, Easter (~ bonnet/clothes, ~ eggs, coloring/hiding ~ eggs, ~lily, ~ parade, ~ rabbit/chicken/duckling), Passover.*

Animals: *abalone, bee, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), bush warbler, cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, whitebait (a fish), nightingale, wild birds' return(geese, etc.).*

Plants: *asparagus, bracken, bramble, camellia, cherry blossoms/tree, crocus, daphne, blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, maple, oak, pear, pine, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, mustard, parsley, plum blossoms/tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver(nori), shepherd's-purse, violet, pussy willows or catkins, willow.*

**Dojins' Corner
November/December 2007**
by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

jb: Here are my selections: 7033*, 34, 42, 45, 51, 55, 62, 78, 79*, 80, 82*, 89, 90, 96, 97

pjm: And mine are: 7029, 7036, 7038*, 7061, 7065*, 7085, 7093.*

7033 starry night
spiral stitches
across a quilt

jb: I like this verse for several reasons. Here are two: First, I like the juxtaposition of the two images: "starry night," and "spiral stitches." For me the joining of the two works. It tells me to think about human affairs (stitches) and their relation to the heavens (starry night.) Second, I like the economy of language. The job is done with a minimum verbiage. I feel a resonance crafted with exactly what is necessary. Also, I love the art of quilting.

pjm: This image has the potential to be a great haiku. Like Jerry I love the first two lines. The comparison of stars in the sky on a summer night (starry sky is a summer kigo) to stitches, maybe hand-done, draws me in. But the last line doesn't make the haiku sing. It is really not a last line; we expect the last line to give us insight into the image, an insight that resonates with the season. We expect it to deliver the anticipated "aha." The phrase "across the quilt" is, for me, a mere continuation of the second line, and it introduces a second conflicting season (winter). The poet might change the first line to "winter galaxy" or "winter stars," write the second line as "spiral stitches across a quilt," and add a new third line.

7038 harvested cotton bales
stand in the field –
white row houses

pjm: The poet presents us with an amazing image, very simply presented, to create a haiku that operates on several levels. The first level is the image itself: the white bales repeating across a field, the white box-like houses repeating the shape of the bales in a repeated line at the edge of the field. This simple image made by repeating one color and one shape is clear, clean, immediately accessible, and riveting.

At the next level we think of the relationship of the house to the bale. This brings in the worker, the person who baled the cotton, who lives in one of those little white houses. Now the beautiful simplicity of the repeated bales and the repeated houses takes on the sense of sameness, the same sameness as those long days of toil, one after another, each one a box

not to be escaped from season after season—and the serene mood of the little houses begins to take on a more oppressive quality. We are beginning to feel a little claustrophobic. And this oppressive quality fits the larger issues lurking behind the words, those associated with cotton and its history—migrant labor, exploitation, slavery. Boxes within boxes.

jb: This is a shasei haiku, a nature sketch. Bales of cotton stand in *the* field and are backgrounded by white row houses. While I like what I think is the image, I am not really clear about this. Secondly, I wonder what the author has in mind by the contrast being presented. I can see the relation of the images of cotton bales and white row houses, but I have trouble making an emotional connection. I do like the simplicity and directness of the language.

7065 winter garden
the stems
go this way and that

pjm: This image of a garden in winter immediately appealed to me. I imagined a garden with a layer of snow where stems from last year's grasses and flowers are sticking up in a random, uncontrolled, ungroomed way—the exact opposite of the essence of a garden, which is planned and orderly and carefully tended. It makes me think of the paradox in creative life—that the planned and orderly process of creativity depends on those fallow periods in which the internal ruminations are uncontrolled, submerged in the unconscious, and disorganized—chaotic, ungroomable, and unappealing.

jb: Here we have a simple scene that is shibumi (i.e. understated.) It's difficult to work in a winter garden, and, for the most part the garden is at rest. Therefore, without a gardener's direction, the stems are going in whatever direction. This image can stand as symbol for so many situations in human life. How often does one "let things go" only to have the situation "go this way and that"? There is a lesson in the simplest shapes and arrangements.

7079 two, three coins ...
a parking meter
topped with snow

jb: An instant in time...having found a parking place we begin the routine of locating the coins to insert in the meter. Such a common event, even in the cold of winter. Yet in this simple, ubiquitous, event we suddenly become aware of the snow topping the meter. So simple, and so natural. In the humdrum of the blur of routine we stop a moment to appreciate something as common as a parking meter "topped with snow." While this haiku is lean, (not an extra ounce of verbiage) it also reads well. It flows.

pjm: A simple image that speaks of cold. You have to remove your gloves to put the coins in the slot. The metal of the coins and the metal of the meter are cold. You might have to knock some ice away from the slot. The sound of the coins falling in the slot is cold. Brrrr . . .

7082 dark day
the toddlers red mittens
smell of snow

jb: This is a shasei haiku (nature sketch). The facts of the case, "toddlers red mittens," "smell of snow" are enough to conjure an image of a parent who must pay attention to the antics of the toddler. There is so much responsibility (effort) and caring (love) bound up in this that the ordinary becomes extraordinary. Further, this haiku has a nice rhythm when read out loud. The kireji (break) is well placed. We have a nice "unfolding" haiku.

pjm: This haiku's success has to do with its immediacy which it achieves by coming at us through two senses. The red mittens on a dark day are a vivid, visual delight, and we have a visceral memory of a day like this because we can smell it—the snow as well as the wool of the mittens.

7093 rasp of boots
as we hike across
the withered moor

pjm: Another sound of the cold coming at us through our eyes and ears. It's very close to the bone, elemental. The poet might consider reversing the 1st and 3rd lines. Putting "the withered moor" first gives us the place and time immediately. Then we are ready to hear the bare loneliness in "the rasp of boots."

jb: The author presents us with an auditory haiku. Very strong. It's easy for me to relate to the image of the "rasp of boots" across "the withered moor." Truly a winter scene. One can feel the effort in the hike. I appreciate this haiku for its immediacy and for the penetration of the kigo.

Jerry and Patricia always appreciate your comments. Please write us at

through Jean Hale at the GEPP0.

Calendar

- April 1 1:30 – 5:00 Ginko and kukai at Markham House, San Jose History Park, Senter Road, San Jose
- May 3 Haiku in the Tea House, Japanese Friendship Garden, Senter Road, San Jose
- 10:00 – 12:00 - haiku workshop
12:00 – 1:30 – garden walk and haiku writing
1:30 – 3:30 – Featured readers: June Hymas, Ann Bendixen, Claire and Patrick Gallagher followed by light refreshments and open-microphone haiku sharing.
- June 14 Hakone Gardens, Big Basin Way, Saratoga.
1:30 to 5:00 – haiku walk, writing and sharing
- July 12 6:00 PM - Tanabata celebration at Ann Homan's house. Call for directions – Please bring a dish for pot-luck dinner Please, no peanuts or peanut content in the dish.
- Sept. 11 – 14 Haiku Retreat at Asilomar Conference Center – See insert in this Geppo. Patricia Donegan is our special guest this year.

- Oct. 11 Moon Viewing celebration. 6:00 PM, to 10:30. Jean Hale's house,
 Directions,
 Bring a dish for pot-luck dinner. No peanuts or peanut content in whatever you bring.
 The guard at the gate will give you directions or you can ask him to call Jean and someone will come to the gate to meet you.
- Nov. 8 1:30 to 5:00 PM – Haiku Craft Lecture by Pat Gallagher plus Haiku Writing, Markham House 1650 Senter Road, San Jose
- Dec. 13 Holiday Party, 6:00 PM – Patricia Machmiller's home,
 For directions and information about pot-luck supper and haiku gift exchange will take place.

CALL FOR HAIKU !!!

Paul Williams will be the editor of this year's Y.T. Members' Anthology

Send at least five of your best haiku to:

Paul Williams

If you send haiku that has been previously published, please send the citation with the haiku.

Deadline Date is May 31, 2008

ASPARAGUS
 Challenge Kigo for Next Issue
 by Ebba Story

Asparagus is one of the most permanent and dependable of home garden vegetables. Native to the seacoasts of Europe, North Africa and Asia, the plants take 2 or 3 years to come into full production but then furnish delicious spears every spring for 10 to 15 years. Asparagus plots take up considerable space in the garden but do so in the grand manner: the plants are tall, feathery, graceful, and highly ornamental. The *Western Garden Book* recommends they be used along a sunny fence or as background for flowers or other vegetables. The spears are ready to cut when they are 5-8 inches long.

In the small, long-standing community garden near my city apartment, asparagus pops up each spring in a plot near the fence. I am always thrilled to see the first nubs of asparagus peeping through the mulch as I pass by. One would never guess that in a few weeks these almost mushroom-like buds will explode into wildly cascading fronds that hold dew like a fairy's bell. It's nature's magic!

moonlit garden
 the asparagus
 overcooked again

Carolyn Hall*

dashing for the bus—
 pale spears of asparagus
 this side of the fence

Ebba Story

* Published in Heron's Nest

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



Fog and Brittle Pine

contributed by donnalynn chase, co-editor

The YTHS 2007 Membership Anthology, "Fog and Brittle Pine," has been mailed! If you were a 2007 member and didn't receive a copy, please contact donnalynn.

There is a limited number of COPIES AVAILABLE FOR SALE for those who want another copy. To buy an anthology - mail your check (payable to YTHS) for \$5 + \$1.70 domestic postage OR \$2.70 international postage with your mailing address to: donnalynn chase, PO Box 320433, Los Gatos, CA 95032.

Reviews of anthology:

The 2007 YT members' anthology arrived today. Superb YT publication, from the best cover that YT has ever had, to Ouzel's hand-written poem, June's notes, the members' poems, and the contest results. The punctuation by Susanne's sketches notched the collection even higher up. Quite delicious! Cheers, Joan Zimmerman

... I just had to tell you what a superb job you have done with the anthology. I can't wait to spend more time with it. The lay-out is great, and Susanne's art is perfect. Now, I am anxious to read the poems. I'm so glad you had the Tokutomi winners, plus the kigo and rules for the 2008 contest. Thanks! hasta sabado, Alison Woolpert

I want to especially express my gratitude to June Hopper Hymas, as my haiku-anthology mentor. June always finds the best and unique-ness in everyone's haiku, in addition to being a great critic of haiku. I remember how thrilled I was when June chose one of my haiku upon my first submission to the anthology (then I didn't know all members got a poem in it!). And also a BIG thank you to Susanne Smith for allowing me to use her art in this anthology. All the drawings, including the watercolor cover, were created at last year's Asilomar Retreat in a small, sweet Japanese accordion book.

The BIGgest error that I know I made is with Carolyn Fitz's second haiku. If I have made any other mistakes, let me know AND I apologize. Carolyn's poem should read:

how aware I am
a pine needle in my shoe
autumn dunes



It was great fun to read all your poems! Thank you for contributing! About 50% of our members submitted haiku for this yearly anthology AND I hope next year we have even more submissions. Remember - your annual dues includes a copy of the membership anthology and now we are able to receive email submissions. The 2008 anthology editor and deadline will be announced in the Geppo later this year.