

G E P P O

*the haiku study-work journal*

*of the*

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

*Volume XXXIII:2*

*March-April 2008*

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

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 7177 | after easter sale<br>white bonnets<br>still in shelves               | 7184 | airport drop-off —<br>a butterfly<br>hits the windshield                           |
| 7178 | in grandma's wooden trunk<br>a broken old teacup:<br>spring cleaning | 7185 | under the black pine<br>an albino squirrel —<br>spring moon                        |
| 7179 | spring wind -<br>the endless rhythm of chime<br>in neighbor's patio  | 7186 | blue sky – March morning;<br>in the center of the maze<br>a bright blue easy chair |
| 7180 | all the day<br>leave a light on<br>all Fool's Day                    | 7187 | sleeping Buddha<br>I smile to his smile:<br>in his hands a lotus                   |
| 7181 | without notice<br>make a deep bow<br>amaryllis                       | 7188 | wild swans<br>veeing-in to our pond<br>same day again this year                    |
| 7182 | branch school<br>is in almost ruin<br>apple blossom                  | 7189 | lengthening days<br>the baby's foot<br>brushes my ribcage                          |
| 7183 | spring frost—<br>all the tulips<br>in a white vase                   | 7190 | my thoughts<br>caught in an eddy<br>spring brook                                   |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 7191 | grass sprouts<br>the horse finds they're greener<br>on the other side of the fence | 7201 | Easter Sunday<br>police barricade<br>along the avenue                             |
| 7192 | first spring dream. . .<br>my mother's spirit<br>climbs into my body               | 7202 | hazy moon —<br>the guitarist<br>tests his mike                                    |
| 7193 | the space between<br>Gingko bud spikes -<br>branch silhouettes                     | 7203 | three false robin eggs<br>in a grass nest—<br>the sales clerk's half-smile        |
| 7194 | spring peace garden -<br>spending some time<br>with the stones                     | 7204 | this night too<br>the frog sings<br>to itself                                     |
| 7195 | spring arriving<br>between two<br>and three a.m.                                   | 7205 | Cherry-blossom lips<br>laughing behind the thin skin<br>on the back of her hand   |
| 7196 | the hem<br>of her maternity top<br>April breeze                                    | 7206 | Spring-time rebuilding—<br>the grating creak of rusted nails<br>pulled one by one |
| 7197 | among the posters<br>for retirement parties<br>"Sitter Wanted"                     | 7207 | Frail black tree roots<br>edging the undercut stream bank<br>spheres of newt eggs |
| 7198 | spring evening<br>slowly blending into night,<br>frog chorus beginning             | 7208 | waiting for dawn<br>no longer alone<br>mocking bird's return                      |
| 7199 | afternoon walk<br>hearing rustling in the tree<br>three robin red breasts          | 7209 | from creeping juniper<br>freeing the wild blue crocus<br>I breathe more deeply    |
| 7200 | full bright moon -<br>a giant electric bulb<br>spreading light everywhere          | 7210 | unable to wait<br>cook store-bought asparagus<br>almost to perfection             |

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|---|---|
| <p>7211 scattered blossoms-<br/>his words<br/>fall by the wayside</p> <p>7212 trying to read<br/>the last of my book-<br/>receding sunlight</p> <p>7213 scent of jasmine-<br/>at the door she adjusts<br/>her straw hat</p> <p>7214 melting snow<br/>a woolly bear wanders<br/>out of last year's grass</p> <p>7215 spring melancholy<br/>beach stones<br/>in my pocket</p> <p>7216 April weather -<br/>a green butterfly<br/>on the doorsill</p> <p>7217 dacha's phlox flower<br/>my granddaughter's not aware<br/>that she's one year old</p> <p>7218 this one brown, that one gray...<br/>necropolis lizards<br/>match their stones</p> <p>7219 glass half full<br/>its thin walls steam up...clear<br/>steam up...clear</p> <p>7220 retrieving<br/>the neighbour-boy's baseball...<br/>ice in the rain gutter</p> | <p>7221 tick of the kitchen clock<br/>laid on the table—<br/>a stack of empty boxes</p> <p>7222 summer rain<br/>the mechanic pockets<br/>the spare tire valve cap</p> <p>7223 water-skaters skitter<br/>as egrets wade into the mist<br/>rising off the lake</p> <p>7224 from the other train<br/>an old man gazes out<br/>- spring melancholy</p> <p>7225 after the rain<br/>a cloud shapes itself<br/>into a butterfly</p> <p style="text-align: center;">***</p> |
|---|---|

**Editor's Note:**

I made a mistake in one of Judith Schallberger's haiku in the last Geppo. It should read:

a white plastic bag  
shuffles down the street  
winter desolation

My apologies to Judith.

**CHALLENGE KIGO**

limp asparagus  
at the luncheon meal  
I long for al dente

**Janeth Hackett Ewald**

spring sunshine –  
fried asparagus spears  
selling like hotcakes

**Majo Leavick**

lean cuisine—  
a can of asparagus  
and a fork

**Ruth Holzer**

fresh asparagus  
bound in bundles—  
arrows in a quiver

**Judith Schallberger**

I'm not fond  
of asparagus  
but the way she makes it . . . .

**John Stevenson**

outside, cold winds blow  
inside, spring on the table  
asparagus

**Joan C. Sauer**

waving asparagus  
pierced with a fork  
he makes his point

**Carolyn Thomas**

untidy stubble  
forgot to mulch the asparagus  
one head pokes through

**Christine Doreian-Michaels**

the taste of asparagus  
and you-  
I keep dreaming

**Barbara Campitelli**

asparagus spears –  
Mother's French accent  
at the tip of my tongue

**Michele Root-Bernstein**

oh, asparagus!  
all my green years I ate it  
by reading novels

**Zinovy Vayman**

men's room —  
the faint smell  
of asparagus

**Michael Dylan Welch**

adding tasteless  
pale stalks onto my plate  
"Asparagus!" she beams

**Angelee Deodhar**

**SEASON WORDS**

**for late spring /early summer**

*selected from the lists In the Members' Anthology*

*Season: May, June: spring dream, spring dusk, ~ melancholy, tranquility, beginning of summer, long day, slow day, short night.*

*Sky and Elements: bright, haze or thin mist, spring rain, spring rainbow, spring sunbeam, summer dew, calm morning/evening, cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, sea of clouds, ocean fog, thunder, lightning, sudden shower, rainbow, heat, coolness.*

*Landscape: spring or summer hills, lake, sea, or river, waterfall, clear water, summer grove, deep tree shade.*

*Human Affairs: awning, parasol, perfume, summer concert, ice water, iced tea, nakedness, bare feet, swimming, sunglasses, wind chimes, mowing grass, weeding, Mothers' day, Memorial Day*

*Animals: abalone, boe, baby animals (nestlings, fledglings, calf, colt, kitten, puppy, fawn, lamb, etc.), cats in love, crane, flying squirrel, frog, lizard, pheasant, robin, mud snail, soaring skylark, stork, swallow, tadpole, nightingale, 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, water beetle.*

*Plants: blossoms or leaf buds of trees and shrubs (almond, apple, apricot, cherry, plum, etc.), forget-me-not, grass sprouts, hyacinth, mustard, parsley, California poppy, primrose, seaweed, violet, amaryllis, bamboo sprouts, carnation, cactus flower, dahlia, dill flower, foxglove,*

fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gladiolus, summer or rank  
grasses, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris,  
lily, lotus, marigold, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy),  
oxalis, peony, rose, salvia, sunflower, summer thistle,  
leafy willow, yucca

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR JAN-FEB

Gloria Procsal - 7099-0 7100-0 7101-3  
Angelee Deodhar - 7102-2 7103-0 7104-1  
Joan Zimmerman - 7105-3 7106-4 7107-1  
Paul Williams - 7108-2 7109-1 7110-1  
Ruth Holzer - 7111-1 7112-5 7113-6  
Deborah Kolodji - 7114-1 7115-2 7116-3  
Janeth Ewald - 7117-2 7118-2 7119-5  
Margaret Crutchfield - 7120-2 7121-0 7122-2  
M Hehman-Smith - 7123-1 7124-2 7125-1  
Renee Owen - 7126-2 7127-2 7128-0  
Anne Homan - 7129-1 7130-3 7131-1  
Laurabell - 7132-1 7133-5 7134-2  
Joan Sauer - 7135-0 7136-0 7137-0  
Zinovy Vayman - 7138-5 7139-0 7140-3  
Kay Grimnes - 7141-1 7142-5 7143-0  
J. Schallberger - 7144-3 7145-4 7146-1  
Peggy Heinrich - 7147-4 7148-0 7149-6  
Teruo Yamagata - 7150-0 7151-1 7152-0  
B. Campitelli - 7153-0 7154-2 7155-5  
Steven Cottingham - 7156-1 7157-0 7158-0  
John Stevenson - 7159-2 7160-2 7161-2  
Linda Galloway - 7162-1 7163-3 7164-5  
Dave Bachelor - 7165-0 7166-0 7167-0  
Patricia Prime - 7168-2 7169-3 7170-2  
Carolyn Thomas - 7171-2 7172-1 7173-4  
Majo Leavick - 7174-0 7175-1 7176-1

JAN-FEB HAIKU VOTED BEST  
BY READERS OF GEPP0

picking salt  
from the bricks  
winter sparrows

Ruth Holzer

lone egret  
staring through his reflection  
deep into the pond

Peggy Heinrich

the lantern  
casts a deep shadow —  
winter moonlight

Ruth Holzer

the old male swan  
returns over and over  
to the empty nest

Janeth Ewald

gate closed  
the path to the neighbor's  
lost in weeds

Laurabell

sunlit patio  
a myriad of rainbows  
in her gray hair

Zinovy Vayman

diagnosis  
a ladybug flies  
toward the light

Kay Grimnes

Milan morning-  
walking through the fog  
to buy milk

Barbara Campitelli

failing light  
two snow angels fly off  
with the wind

Linda Galloway

Months after his death  
the river light he showed me  
still shimmers

-In memory of James Arnold at Big Basin  
State Park

Joan Zimmerman

a white plastic bag  
shuffles down the street  
winter desolation

Judith Schallberger

hot summer day  
 slowing down  
 the ticks of the clock

Peggy Heinrich

as if to slow time  
 snow lingering  
 in the distant mountains

Carolyn Thomas



**Submission Guidelines  
 for GEPPO**

Deadline for next issue is June 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 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.

**Dojins' Corner**  
 January-February 2008  
 by Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

jb; Here are my selections: 7101, 02, 03, 06, 07, 12, 13\*, 33\*, 41\*, 42, 47, 48, 53, 59, 67, 70.

pjm: And mine: 7140\*, 7145\*, 7146, 7149, 7150, 7155, 7164\*, 7172, and 7173.

7113 picking salt  
 from the bricks  
 winter sparrows

jb: For me, this is mood *aware*, or compassionate. I have a strong feeling for the sparrows searching for food and reduced to pecking at bricks. The feeling is intensified since they are *winter* sparrows. Not only do they peck at bricks for the taste of salt, but they do this in winter when little else is available. Even the bricks are cold. Also note, this is an absorbing haiku. It begins with "picking salt;" continues through the bricks, and in the end is absorbed by the kigo, "winter sparrows." We observe the salt picking, and follow it to the sparrows.

pjm: I'm surprised to find I have a very different interpretation from Jerry of this haiku. I found it to have a little bit of tongue-in-cheek humor. With the verb "picking" there's the notion of "pick" as in "pick and shovel" which gave me a little chuckle thinking of the sparrows working for a living by "picking" salt. While I appreciated the writer's light touch, I do think that this could be written as two lines and would benefit from an additional line to take the haiku to another level.

7133 gate closed  
 the path to the neighbor's  
 lost in weeds

jb: This haiku begins with an observation and concludes with an inference based on memory. I remember the path to the

neighbors (which, apparently, I haven't taken for some time), but I am unable to trace the path since it's lost in weeds which have grown in the meantime. No reason is given for this, and none is needed. It's about parting; in this case parting slowly. The separation occurs over time and then, one day, there is an image, and we realize we are parted. This is *sabi*, loneliness. The closing of the gate is absorbed in loneliness.

pjm: The idea behind this haiku is deep, and I want to explore it. I like the notion of a path lost in weeds. The weeds conjure up all the extraneous and often overwhelming fluff which choke our daily lives—everything from Viagra commercials on TV to joke e-mails to over-packaged Barbie's. I would suggest that the poet think through the way the haiku unfolds. In the first line the reader encounters a closed gate. Then we are asked to see the path to the neighbor's house which I am assuming lies beyond the closed gate. The gate I imagined when I read the first line was hard to see through or over—it was solid wood and taller than I. Thus the difficulty when I got to the next lines. Perhaps the first line could read "iron gate closed" or "gate left ajar" or something to give us an image that one can see beyond.

7140 lengthening days ...  
 sound of grains of sand  
 dry-slipping on shore

pjm: This very quiet haiku caught my attention because of its quietness which is the way days lengthen—quietly. One can feel the dryness of these longer days, dryness that has taken the moisture out of the sand and at some moment, when everything is still, a small ridge of sand collapses, dry-slipping (a great phrase) with a little sigh making a sound like the the s sounds in this haiku: ssssss-s-s-s . . .

jb: I have an image of a beach with the subtle movement of grains of sand. This

movement creeps like the lengthening days. The haiku is about the passage (Tao) of time. Life is like that. As time passes the universe responds and humans are well advised to harmonize.

7141 winter sunset  
 a cardinal  
 claims the feeder

jb: This is an unfolding haiku. We begin with the kigo, winter sunset, and continue to the cardinal claiming the feeder. Like #7133, this is mood, or compassionate. The cardinal, by virtue of its size and aggressiveness, claims the feeder. Yet this is needed only because it is winter and food is scarce. There also is a subtext: What about all the other birds that use this feeder? Compassion.

pjm: A winter sunset, while beautiful in its own way, is paler, more subdued, perhaps, than a summer sunset. This haiku notices that in the same way the cardinal dominates the bird feeder, he dominates the sunset in winter.

7145 a white plastic bag  
 shuffles down the street  
 winter desolation

pjm: There is something so sterile, so impersonal about a white, plastic bag. We see its formless "shuffle" (great word) down the street. A bereft feeling permeates the image and matches the power and tone of our sense of abandonment in the depths of winter. We are desolate.

jb: This haiku is a personification...the plastic bag "shuffles" down the street. The image of a "white plastic bag" (artificial, lifeless, listless) "shuffling" (why am I reminded of a homeless person?) down the street certainly fits with the kigo "winter desolation." The author has crafted a moving image.

7164 failing light  
two snow angels fly off  
with the wind

pjm: I think this image is particularly effective, especially the way it unfolds. The first line, "failing light" has the feeling of twilight, but with a tinge of loss setting the tone of what's to come. The next line, "two snow angels fly off" gives us the beautiful image of flying angels in the snow. It is so wistful and full of child-like fantasy. Then the last line surprises us as we see the angels are not flying "permanently" as images in the snow, but rather they are disappearing into the wind even as we watch. Hauntingly beautiful and poignant.

jb: This haiku is about time. With the image I am reminded of children making snow angels during the middle of the day. Then when the light fails, the wind picks up and (literally) erases the snow angels. So the metaphor fits the snow angels "fly off / with the wind." As the light fails so the snow angels "fly off." And again there is the impact of time passing.

Jerry and Patricia welcome your comments. Please further the discussion by contacting

us in care of the GEPP0.

### RECENT YUKI TEIKEI EVENTS

by Ann Bendixen

Our continuing inspiration, Donnalynn Chase, planned our February meeting. She gathered many art materials, papers, paints, pens, books, etc. for a memorable afternoon of creating haiga, which we then poignantly shared.

For our March meeting, we met at the Asian Art Museum in San Francisco to view the exhibit, Japanese Paintings from the Floating World, 1690-1850 titled Drama and Desire.

Roger Abe organized a guided hike to Coyote Ridge on April 12, 2008. We saw tule elk, the rare Bay checkerspot butterfly and the serpentine soils were covered with multitudes of wild flowers.



### CHALLENGE FOR MAY-JUNE 08

Sunburn by Ebba Story

Suddenly it is summer and we rush out into the bright inviting day. In shorts and sandals, halter tops and tank tops we revel in the change of the season and are drawn into a playful mood. Maybe we are reminded of the freedom of the school year being over and the long days of summer ahead. And in our play we forget the time. The grass smells sweet as we lie in the park, the ocean wind feels wonderfully cool and refreshing to our bare skin, friends notice with envy our new (and daring) summer outfit we've been waiting to wear. Thus the day goes and as the sun gets lower we head towards home. Winter's pale skin now aglow from too much sun all of a sudden. And the sunscreen was forgotten in the dizzying play of the afternoon. What we didn't notice during the day we now feel as evening settles. And newly exposed skin turns red and painful. Still it was great fun and the burn, though making us miserable for a while, will pass and hopefully turn into a tan. Ah, summer is here.

Hole in the ozone  
my bald spot...  
sunburned

Garry Gay \*

outdoor cafe  
her tattooed shoulders  
tinted with sunburn

Ebba Story

\* *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*, William J. Higginson, Kodansha, 1996.





**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](http://www.youngleaves.org)

**2008 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat**  
**Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA**  
**September 11-14, 2008**  
 (Thursday- Sunday)

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 2008 meeting will be **"Pausing for Peace,"** a topic chosen by our guest speaker **Patricia Donegan**. Ms. Donegan is an exceptional teacher, with master degrees in English and Asian Studies. She has taught abroad in Korea and Japan and in the United States at Naropa Institute, and has authored several books including *Bones, Never Mind, Hot Haiku, Without Warning* and *Asian Arts and Crafts for Creative Kids*.

Other special presentations at this retreat will include: an exquisite tanka performance by our dear friend Mariko Kitakubo from Japan accompanied by her accomplished associate Ameilia Fielden from Australia; a traditional Kukai judged by our esteemed guest Emiko Miyashita from Tokyo, Japan; a sunset memorial for past YTHS member Jim "Ouzel" Arnold; plus an art party, evening bonfire and renku party.

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. Asilomar is now asking us to commit 3 months in advance! So please note, the deadline for registration is **June 10**, and there is a \$50 discount for early birds paying in full by that time. Otherwise, balance of \$350 will be due on arrival.

Mailing address: **Anne Homan,**  
 (Make checks payable to YTHS) For more information, you may contact

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Special Needs (physical &/or dietary): \_\_\_\_\_

Vegetarian meals:    Yes    No    (please circle)

*zazen retreat  
simplifying  
my mind*

*Kay Anderson*

