

# G E P P O

*the haiku study-work journal  
of the*

## *Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

*Volume XXXIII:4*

*Jul-Aug-2008*

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

7291 summer solstice  
how it mocks me  
now he is gone

7292 what I have learned  
in watermelon fights  
is pick up the pace

7293 well worth the boredom  
his prize tomatoes  
heavy in my hands

7294 Father's Day —  
becoming  
a stranger

7295 out of the bath  
in a flash —  
summer lightning

7296 beneath  
the blade —  
the butterfly

7297 in my mind ascending  
the outdoor spiral stairs  
into the starry night

7298 totally lost  
in an endless field  
so many sunflowers

7299 so ugly the pumpkin  
ugly, but deceptive,  
delicious to the taste

7300 dawn crept in obscene  
and stole my sweet love from me —  
I went back to sleep

7301 hot and cold saké  
leave taking and homecoming—  
we start our journey

7302 limpets squat on rock  
each in a spot made to fit  
holding back the tide

7303 just beyond my grasp  
the tickle by my  
right shoulder blade

7304 my pillow plumped  
doctor explains the difference  
between healing and curing

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>7305 roses wilting on the bush<br/>reminding me that days gone<br/>outnumber those remaining</p> | <p>7315 a dropped call<br/>the clear ringtones<br/>of cicadas</p>                   |
| <p>7306 garden wedding . . .<br/>two blue butterflies<br/>join together</p>                         | <p>7316 July birthday<br/>the nail polish scratched off<br/>the chigger bite</p>    |
| <p>7307 warm days<br/>slowly stretching in length<br/>the robin's worm</p>                          | <p>7317 distant thunder<br/>the trumpet vines<br/>repeat themselves</p>             |
| <p>7308 summer downpour . . .<br/>the garden gnome<br/>knee deep in water</p>                       | <p>7318 dawn<br/>the flutter of eyelids<br/>as we awake</p>                         |
| <p>7309 neglected<br/>the fuschia still<br/>hangs its fiery blooms</p>                              | <p>7319 pine grove<br/>the long stretch of silence<br/>from earth to sky</p>        |
| <p>7310 hear them—<br/>the bullfrogs also<br/>admire the moon</p>                                   | <p>7320 a fresh start<br/>the toddler's yellow beach ball<br/>up, up in the sky</p> |
| <p>7311 giant zucchini<br/>left on the porch<br/>ants too</p>                                       | <p>7321 neighborhood gossip<br/>I wrap my garbage<br/>in the 'Tabloid'</p>          |
| <p>7312 housefly<br/>frozen on the window screen<br/>a slant of sun</p>                             | <p>7322 rough miles<br/>to the wildflowers<br/>back yard full of 'em</p>            |
| <p>7313 dizzy<br/>in the field of foxglove<br/>my heartbeat quickens</p>                            | <p>7323 old knife worn thin<br/>the new one<br/>still in it's case</p>              |
| <p>7314 under the awning<br/>shuttered light<br/>shut-eye</p>                                       | <p>7324 twilight<br/>baby's first breath<br/>takes my breath</p>                    |

- |      |   |      |   |
|------|---|------|---|
| 7325 | we dine<br>without a word<br>broken fortune cookie                        | 7335 | extended vacation . . .<br>pile of newspapers<br>in neighbor's front door |
| 7326 | critical ward<br>a shadow hangs on<br>the exit door                       | 7336 | at the koi pond<br>a grey heron gazes. . .<br>patiently, patient          |
| 7327 | a rare sight—<br>mare tail clouds<br>whip through the sky                 | 7337 | a playhouse spoon<br>shimmers of innocence-<br>rose nosegays              |
| 7328 | fireworks explode—<br>double-deckered train<br>keeps on its schedule      | 7338 | summer opera-<br>a ruby moon rises<br>for the bravos                      |
| 7329 | full moon beams—<br>no consideration<br>for stargazers                    | 7339 | a wee specimen<br>fallen from bee rapture<br>unflowered street            |
| 7330 | vacation time -<br>hands of the clock doing<br>their usual rounds         | 7340 | after the sunburn<br>the part in my hair<br>peels                         |
| 7331 | summer afternoon -<br>waiting for those daylilies<br>to open              | 7341 | waves of summer heat<br>the curls in her long hair<br>wilting             |
| 7332 | city street .<br>carrying a butterfly net<br>on her bicycle               | 7342 | sunflowers—<br>on the tip of my tongue<br>taste of the first pear         |
| 7333 | a tiny yellow leaf<br>falls into my front pocket<br>breezy summer morning | 7343 | bedtime feeding<br>the tree frogs<br>take up their song                   |
| 7334 | dew drops<br>slowly falling into an empty cup —<br>summer morning         | 7344 | before the rain<br>after the rain<br>scented breezes                      |

7345 just another piece of gravel  
until it hops  
little toad

7346 end of short summer  
in this issue of Geppo  
no "challenge kigo"

7347 influenza night  
cone of light gets fuzzier  
in the outstretched fog

7348 city's bronze statues:  
only Lucy Stone's huggable  
and I hug her

7349 early morning fog  
doesn't lift 'til noon-time -  
school buses late

7350 quiet storm -  
wakened by lightning flashes  
the whole sky illuminated

7351 fire works  
start early due to storm coming  
but not quite soon enough

7352 Bootlegged fireworks  
glitter and roar closer  
fire season

7353 Proud woman  
wanting to be an Abbess  
marries a priest

7354 Old rugged cross  
on the forest skyline  
a golden dead pine

7355 the leaves of austin  
pale doorways in a steel sky  
winter has begun

7356 the flowers are dead -  
petals, like lost souls  
blown by the breeze

7357 from a grass stalk  
the winddrift of sound -  
a cicada

7358 summer vacation -  
scratched in sand  
the child's name

7359 crack of a twig -  
a tree frog hops  
from bough to bough



**Submission Guidelines  
for *GEPP***

Deadline date 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

**MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MAY-JUNE**

Neal Whitman - 7226-1 7227-1 7228-1  
 Cindy Tebo - 7229-4 7230-5 7231-6  
 Steve Cottingham - 7232-5 7233-2  
 M. Dylan Welch - 7234-0 7235-3 7236-2  
 Teruo Yamagata - 7237-1 7238-4 7239-4  
 P. Prime - 7240-3 7241-1 7242-2 7243-1  
 7244-5 7245-3  
 B. Campitelli - 7246-1 7247-2 7248-1  
 Dave Bachelor - 7249-1 7250-3 7251-3  
 Elinor Huggett - 7252-6 7253-2 7254-2  
 Gloria Procsal - 7255-2 7256-0 7257-0  
 Ruth Holzer - 7258-2 7259-1 7260-23  
 Joan Sauer - 7261-4 7262-0 7263-4  
 Carolyn Thomas - 7264-4 7265-2 7266-9  
 Angelee Deodhar - 7267-2 7268-2 7269-3  
 Janeth Ewald - 7270-4 7271-1 7272-5  
 Renee Owen - 7273-0 7274-1 7275-3  
 John Stevenson - 7276-3 7277-2 7278-2  
 M. Root-Bernstein - 7279-6 7280-2 7281-7  
 J. Schallberger - 7282-1 7283-1 7284-0  
 Majo Leavick - 7285-0 7286-3 7287-1  
 Zinovy Vayman - 7288-2 7289-0 7290-7

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

untouched by words  
 the spring moon pauses  
 between pines  
 Carolyn Thomas

stepping stones  
 the wandering pace  
 of another mind  
 Michele Root-Bernstein

spring melancholy:  
 two hands on grandfather's clock  
 merge into one  
 Zinovy Vayman

sudden shower  
 the voice of the rain changes  
 under a covered bridge  
 Cindy Tebo

silence  
 ready to unfold  
 a peony bud  
 Elinor Huggett

spring breeze  
 cloud after cloud flows  
 under the bridge  
 Michele Root-Bernstein

first aftershock  
 the june bug  
 out before june  
 Cindy Tebo

one bee  
 everywhere  
 the flowers  
 Steven E. Cottingham

summer concert . . .  
 ten thousand people  
 in candle glow  
 Patricia Prime

cactus flower  
 the tortoise  
 slows to look  
 Janeth Ewald

spring rain  
 a small hole  
 in the box turtle's shell  
 Cindy Tebo

a few seconds later  
 after we have passed each other  
 the scent of her perfume  
 Teruo Yamagata

at the bus stop  
leaving me behind  
a grasshopper

Teruo Yamagata

empty house next door  
the chairs left beneath the trees  
hold only shade now

Joan C. Sauer

old widow's house  
for sale sign on the lawn  
ivy holding the gate

Joan C. Sauer

waning  
behind flowering dogwoods  
a poet's moon

Carolyn Thomas

for Issa:  
the swaying black spider  
I didn't squash

Janeth Ewald

Membership in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is \$26.00 in the United States and Canada and \$31.00 internationally. This fee entitles you to six issues of the Geppo per year and one copy of the annual anthology.

SEASON WORDS  
for early autumn

*selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology*

**Season:** September, October; lingering summer heat, beginning of autumn, autumn equinox, chilly night, long night.

**Sky and Elements:** autumn rain, ~ sky, ~wind, long night, (full) moon, night of stars, sardine cloud.

**Landscape:** autumn moor, leaves turning, reaped or harvested fields, vineyards.

**Human Affairs:** autumn loneliness, end of summer vacation, gleanng, harvest, mushroom gathering, scarecrow, school begins, Tanabata (Star Festival), Obon Festival/dance, Labor Day, Rosh Hashanah, Halloween (jack o' lantern, trick or treating, witch, black cat, ghost, haunted house).

**Animals:** autumn mackerel, bagworm, clear-toned cicada, cricket, deer, dragonfly, red dragonfly, grasshopper, ground beetle, insects' cry, katydid, praying mantis, quail, salmon, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, wild geese, woodpecker.

**Plants:** apple, wild aster, autumn leaves, banana plant, buckwheat, bush clover, chamomile, chestnut, chrysanthemum, corn, cranberry, dried grass or plants, fallen or falling leaves, gourds, grapes, huckleberry, maiden flower, morning glory, mushrooms, nuts, orchid, pampas grass plumes, pear, persimmon, pomegranate, pumpkin, reeds, reed flowers/tassels, rose of sharon, squash, vines, weed flowers



Dojins' Corner  
May-June 2008

by Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

jb: My selections: 7238, 44, 45, 47, 51, 56, 66\*, 72\*, 76, 77, 78, 79, 81\*, 84

pjm: And mine are: 7239\*, 40, 41, 43, 44, 61\*, 89\*, 90

7239 at the bus stop  
leaving me behind  
a grasshopper

pjm: Think of how much is said using just nine words. With a few spare "brush strokes" the poet creates a scene: a dusty road, a bus disappearing in the distance, it's hot, there's no one around but the speaker and one grasshopper. It feels lonely and it is getting lonelier, for the grasshopper, that independent fellow, is leaving also—leaving the poet behind. It is the spareness of the poem that makes it possible for the grasshopper to be the central figure in haiku and to carry the weight of the poet's vision.

jb: I agree with Patricia about the "spareness" of the verse. Basho might have used the term "hosomi" or "slender." I must admit that I'm not quite sure, from the text, what is "leaving me behind," the bus or the grasshopper. But, assuming it's both, we are indeed lonely.

7261 empty next door house  
the chairs left beneath the trees  
hold only shade now

pjm: Usually we think of the shade of trees offering relief and comfort from the heat of summer. In this haiku the shade performs double-duty, first, by symbolizing the feeling of loss of the neighbors and at the same time serving as a kind of balm for the loss, a solace as it fills the now-empty chairs.

jb: This verse is about "memories." The fact that the chairs "hold *only* shade now" suggests we're expecting something else. We remember our neighbors. So we visit the past. The absence of the neighbors leaves us with an empty feeling. We remember our neighbors, but we see "only shade" instead.

7266 untouched by words  
the spring moon pauses  
between pines

jb: In this haiku we have a moment in time: the moment when the spring moon "pauses" between pines. One can infer the context: a night walk in a pine forest. In the mystery of the scene the spring moon pauses (a metaphor ... that works, for me) between the trees.

pjm: What a good choice, Jerry. This haiku brings together two concepts—one from the East and one from the West—expanding (exploding?) our understanding of both. In Buddhist thought the moon is a symbol of enlightenment. Here the poet says the moon (enlightenment) is "untouched by words." The idea is that to achieve enlightenment the mind must become empty. To convey this thought the poet has used the phrase "untouched by words." But in so doing the poet has brought to the poem an allusion to the Western Biblical phrase from John, 1:1: *In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.* For Westerners this haiku cannot be read free of this reference. From this perhaps we can infer *satori*, the process of becoming enlightened, is a fusion, not a touching, of the Word and the one enlightened. This is a haiku with much to be discovered—what do the pines contribute to the thought? And the fact that it is spring? I am not finished thinking about this haiku.

7272 cactus flower  
the tortoise  
slows to look

jb: This is a narrative. With a little thought we can construct a beginning, a middle, and an end. Could this be, perhaps, an epic in the life of the tortoise? One can easily imagine the tortoise moving slowly, then moving even slower, and then, taking an attentive look at the cactus flower. That's all. Is this a snack? We're not told, nor do we need to be told. The moment is in the "look."

pjm: A little humor here—as if the tortoise was going so fast it would miss the cactus flower. Of course, the short life of the cactus flower is even more dramatic and poignant when juxtaposed with the long-lived tortoise.

7281 stepping stones  
the wandering pace  
of another mind

jb: What can be more prosaic than a stone? Unless it's a stepping stone? And why is this? Because a stepping stone conveys a multitude of stories and stories are what life is about. As the bearer of a story the (stepping) stone connects the reader with "the wandering pace" of "another mind." Imagine, this person's stepping stones lead to another place to which this person has gone? Mary Hill? Her haiku are her stepping stones.

pjm: Interesting. The idea here catches my imagination and I think of that "other" mind that placed the stepping stones. I am open to more from this haiku and am a little disappointed that there is nowhere further to wander. Here's where a kigo would help push the thought along and take the reader deeper into the experience.

7289 incessant crickets . . .  
on the mosque's marble wash basin  
ancient Greek letters

pjm: There are many parallels and contrasts here. The parallels: crickets are as old, older even, than the Greek language, meaning is being conveyed through cricket sound and through the carved letters, sound has "shape" and shapes in the form of letters indicates sound. And the contrasts: the liveliness of the crickets vs. the stillness of the letters carved in

marble, the blurred inscrutability of the sound vs. the clarity of the carved letters. Or, contrariwise, the letters may have become worn and less readable with age while the crickets' song is unmistakable and as distinct, as ever.

I'm not sure that I have plumbed the depths of this many-faceted haiku. I am still mulling it over. And as I do, I am aware that it is autumn. Perhaps the haiku can be read as the natural world vs. civilization—and the question of which will survive. Do they compliment each other? or is one destined to outlive the other. The poet doesn't explicitly say. But if the poet leaves the outcome unclear, with the choice of an autumn kigo to represent nature, he or she is saying that the time is late.

jb: I see a sequence of images with this verse. First, and most ancient, the sounds of crickets taking us back millions of years. Next the mosque, a mere thousand or so. And then the Greek letters. The author is engaged in framing. The Greek letters (which are almost, but not quite the first true alphabet—the first being Phoenician) frame the mosque. The Greek alphabet, which was based on the Phoenician, became an institution about 1000 BC. So the Greek letters put the mosque in perspective, but the sound of crickets frames even the Greek letters. Please forgive my intellectualizing. This verse reminds me about the *feeling* of antiquity. In spite of the mosque, and in spite of the Greeks, we have the crickets.

**CHALLENGE KIGO  
Spring Peace**

by June Hopper Hymas

For many years, the kigo "tranquility" in our list of spring kigo has puzzled me; I guess I thought that you could have tranquil moments in any season. I used other kigo which seemed to me more interesting. But, recently, this Daily Issa haiku turned up in my email inbox. You, too, can sign up for this free service at David Lanoue's site (<http://haikuguy.com/issa/index.html>) And you can hear this haiku, and a few others, read in Japanese here: <http://haikuguy.com/issa/keiko.html>

*nodokasa ya nezumi no nameru sumida-gawa*

spring peace—  
a mouse licking up  
Sumida River

Issa, translated by D. Lanoue

I found this haiku immediately interesting and compelling. But how did peace in springtime differ from any other peace? I went to David Lanoue's pages where I found this information. "Shinji Ogawa notes that this haiku is popular in Japan for the "interesting contrast" between great Sumida river, swelled with rain, and the tiny mouse."

I need to know more.

The World Kigo Database

(<http://worldkigodatabase.blogspot.com>) gives this definition: "Spring Peace: Mild spring weather (*nodoka*, Japan) The Japanese word NODOKA and its derivatives comes in many translations. *nodoka hi* – a peaceful spring day; *nodokeshi* –(adjective form). It denotes a calm, mild, tranquil, serene, peaceful day of spring. It has long been used in Japanese poetry and is usually uttered even by the non-haiku writing population on a fine day, *nodoka na fuukei desu nee*, this is such a peaceful landscape. –Gabi Greve

Now I check the 500 Essential Season Words: <http://renku.home.att.net/500ESWd.html> where I find this: tranquil (*nodoka*, all spring). I am starting to get it! Our YT kigo "tranquility" and "spring peace" are both translations of *nodoka*! And indeed, I soon find an Internet listing for a kokeshi doll for sale; Name: Nodoka, Translation: Peace & Tranquility, Price: £15.95.

*nodokeshi ya ugo no hatake no asa kemuri*

spring peace—  
the rained-on field's  
morning smoke

Issa, translated by D. Lanoue

Both of our examples this time are by Issa. Now it is up to you; and you can use either translation: tranquility or spring peace. I must apologize to those of you who don't bother with computers that this essay has been so web-centric. And so me-centric, as I followed my train of thought. I'm doing the challenge kigo for Ebba for awhile, but I could never replace her!



**IN LOVING MEMORY OF  
JAMES 'OUZEL' ARNOLD**

on the chimney top  
a lone seagull facing  
the autumn sea

**Ann Homan**

first killing frost  
a dream of impossible choice  
among smooth stones

**June Hopper Hymas**

the sandy shell  
curves softly in his hand  
hazy moon

**Ann Bendixen**

It's sad, my friend, to  
have you leave so suddenly  
pesimmon leaves fall

**Carol Steele**

autumn friend -  
the first night here,  
empty chair

**Susanne Smith**

black swift -  
all roads to the river  
are beautiful

**Wendy Wright**

leaning in to hear  
his latest wild adventures  
this end of summer

**Carolyn Fitz**

pausing  
to honor your spirit—  
mist on wild orchids

**Judith Schallberger**

his photograph —  
I hear his voice and a crow  
becomes a raven

**donnalynn**

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

**Joan Zimmerman**

the fading note  
of the Shakerhachi flute  
endless love

**'Dragonfly' aka Betty Arnold**

jade so smooth  
in my goldfish bowl—  
morning sunlight

**Emiko Miyashita**

tide rattle  
of a pebble beach  
his echoes

**Deborah P. Kolodji**

a man in sandals  
scrunched down over the tide pool  
the boy in him

**Patricia J Machmiller**

we didn't cross paths  
but were one in haiku heart  
and so we remain

**Naia**

your stones have lost  
their polish  
but your energy lives on

**Peggy Smith**

always the leader  
the actions of a friend  
have gone on ahead

**j**

your voice lingers forever  
in the rolling pebbles of  
the hidden cove at pt. lobos

**Janis Lukstein**

beach break  
a strand of kelp  
slips back into the sea

**LMP**

**Tanka**

the loveliness  
in things which come again,  
the pain in things  
which don't come again—  
bell-flowers, so white

**Mariko K.**

deer come  
quietly to look for  
windfall apples -  
my friend's passing  
this night

**Linda Galloway**

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is pleased  
to announce the winners of the Kyoshi  
and Kyoko Tokutomi 2008 Haiku  
Contest...

First Prize

**Desiree McMurry**

across my closed eyes  
the cloud shadows come and go  
spring melancholy

Second Prize

**Elinor Pihl Huggett**

one tiny cricket  
the darkest color chirping  
in the crayon box

Third Prize

**Lorraine Ward**

I watch my neighbour  
Watch her cat that is watching  
a fallen fledgling

Honorable Mention

**Carolyn Thomas**

first dream of the year  
sensations of innocence  
mingle with the dawn

**Michael Ketchek**

brief flutter of wings  
the fledgling awkwardly lands  
on a tricycle

**Deborah P. Kolodji**

spring melancholy  
our reflection distorted  
by water ripples

**joan iverson goswell**

midnight thunderstorm  
the flash of so much white in  
the old horse's eye

returning a smile  
the sunflowers seem to be  
having a good day

**an'ya**

the entrepreneur  
my child brings home as cricket  
in every pocket

**Eduard TARA**

The cricket's chirp fades  
with each step of my father—  
the old wooden stairs

**joan iverson goswell**

from the porch of the  
old bachelor's house – the smile of  
the jack o'lantern

**Michael Dylan Welch**

smiling too nicely  
at the tax-collector's door  
the jack-o-lantern

**Deborah P. Kolodji**

midnight scrabble game  
in my hot pink pajamas  
the sleeping mountain

**In Memory of Mary Hill**

*photographer, calligrapher, artist, and haiku poet*

Participants in the 2008 Haiku Retreat wrote poems in Mary Hill's memory and hung them on a potted bamboo. A favorite memory of Yuki Teikei is celebrating Tanabata at Mary Hill's house.

the tanzaku  
twirling in the light breeze  
of the bamboo grove  
—Anne Homan

winter herb garden—  
over and over the sound  
of Mary, Mary  
—pjm

After all these years  
learning about bamboo  
from Mary, Mary  
—Joan Zimmerman

autumn rain—  
I plant a temple bamboo  
for my ancestors  
—donnalynn chase

across the piano  
her last photographs—  
heart of the June poppy  
—Linda Galloway

paper kimonos  
cut to Kiyoko's pattern  
on your bamboo  
—Ann Bendixen

in her black & white  
the mountain fog  
drifts in its color  
—Emiko Miyashita

in Yosemite—  
are you with Ansel again  
watching autumn light  
—Carol Steele

somehow I revere  
our unknown connection  
autumn acquaintance  
—Carolyn Fitz

autumn surprise  
where will I hang  
her fushia photograph  
—Alison Woolpert

And one note:

Mary, Your photos bring nature closer to us  
today. Thanks,  
—Janis Lukstein

And a letter from Japan:

I was very sorry to hear through the recent  
GEPP0 that Mary Hill had passed away.

I was invited to her home several times  
when I went to San Jose. I was impressed with  
her photos, calligraphy, haiku, etc. I remember I  
saw Tanabata bamboo at her home shortly after  
the Festival.

Anyway I miss her very much.

Teruo Yamagata  
Director  
Yukuharu Haiku Society  
Tokyo, Japan

*Calendar*

Oct. 11 6:00 PM – 10:30.  
Moonviewing at Jean Hale's  
house,

Directions, call  
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 – 5:00 PM – Haiku Craft  
Lecture by Pat Gallagher plus  
haiku writing, Markham  
House, San Jose.

Dec. 13      Holiday Party, 6:00 PM –  
                 Patricia Machmiller's home,

For directions call  
                 A pot-luck supper and  
                 haiku gift exchange will take  
                 place.