

G E P P O
the haiku study-work journal
of the
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXIII:5

Sept/Oct 2008

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 7360 | beach patio still
open for lunch
first day of Fall | 7367 | damp chilly night
clouds hang heavy over all
summer long since gone |
| 7361 | gold green orange red
scallop the edge of clear sky
stocks' fall sing the blues | 7368 | golden brown, scarlet
turning leaves carpet dead lawn
squirrels hunt for nuts |
| 7362 | too soon chilly nights
a blanket of love warms us
pension in ashes | 7369 | golden evening
from my porch
distant Diablo |
| 7363 | Yom Kippur Eve -
by the church turned a mosque
an ice cream truck's music | 7370 | Autumn returns-
the smoky taste
of Lapsang Souchong tea |
| 7364 | almost autumn:
children with Beavis-like giggles
rolling down the hill | 7371 | drawn from my pocket
for the last time
the tattered key pouch |
| 7365 | veranda tea-
at a certain angle her age spots
disappear | 7372 | on Seventh Night
fierce winds stir cedar boughs-
his first touch |
| 7366 | a kiss to the sun
flaming in the autumn sky
leaves cover damp earth | 7373 | high in a ghost tree . . .
an autumn crow raises
the pitch of its caw |
-

- 7374 full autumn ocean
roars in unfamiliar tongues-
a leader's passing
- 7375 dragonfly, here and there,
dipping into the pond—
a curving water moccasin
- 7376 Fourth of July—
a line of ants
along the parade route
- 7377 rain on the windshield—
the streak on the road
from the dead cat
- 7378 a pair of waving hands—
soap bubbles popping
on the getaway limo
- 7379 hot afternoon—
spray from my soda
leaves a circle on the comics
- 7380 white autumn—
the tide pool not a tide pool
till I step in it
- 7381 sweet corn on the grill—
he's dropping out of college
my grandson tells me
- 7382 September morning
the last of her artwork
dumped at the curb
- 7383 the moon rimmed with light
beautiful
and no consolation
- 7384 end of day chill -
the countryside filigreed
with pampas grass
- 7385 the rippled grass
a palette of shadows
beneath a red dragonfly
- 7386 night of stars
from the verandah eaves
the drip of droplets
- 7387 the chirping crickets
outside the window -
their song fades nightly
- 7388 ghosts of Halloween
scatter through the neighborhood
scaring each other
- 7389 full harvest moon
sheds its bright light everywhere -
somewhere a dog howls
- 7390 breathing deeply
this evening
the insects' cry
- 7391 autumn leaves
their shadows
also fall
- 7392 wishing I could see it
through the baby's eyes
autumn morning
- 7393 turning leaves
recalling the last kiss
i gave my father

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>7394 autumn mountain—
footfall on the morning road
outside my cabin</p> | <p>7404 Huckleberry Finn
adrift on the river
thank goodness for Jim!</p> |
| <p>7395 this sadness
and not knowing why
hidden moon</p> | <p>7405 shadows fade
into the dusk . . .
into her eyes</p> |
| <p>7396 table for one
the waiter offers a choice
of newspapers</p> | <p>7406 once or twice
in waning moonlight
an owl with no voice</p> |
| <p>7397 open air market
organic tomatoes
bagged in plastic</p> | <p>7407 war news
a hawks cry echoes
down the canyon</p> |
| <p>7398 slipping through the night
deer beneath the apple tree
harvest moon above</p> | <p>7408 susurrus of red
marbled godwits overhead
whoosh onto mud flats</p> |
| <p>7399 lordless samurai
sharpens his sword
autumn twilight</p> | <p>7409 we walk filtered woods
we whisper reverently
among sequoia</p> |
| <p>7400 an acorn
rolls down slope
after his friend</p> | <p>7410 under a chestnut moon
grandma's blanket keeps us warm
cake and tea are sweet</p> |
| <p>7401 a boy reminds me
of his late grandfather
autumn festival</p> | <p>7411 chilly night . . .
the deepening color
of apple blush</p> |
| <p>7402 clear-toned cicada
seventeen years in the dark
wakens shrill with song</p> | <p>7412 dawn shadows stir . . .
an old stag slowly rises
from a sea of mist</p> |
| <p>7403 sardine cloud
on the beach at Estoril
glow of a brazier</p> | <p>7413 old beat up farm truck
bulging with kernels of corn
chubby chipmunk cheeks</p> |

- 7414 Alone
watering sunflowers
tall as her son was
- 7415 Summer heat
the *sous-chef* and the chocolate
out of temper
- 7416 Pricked by a cone
beneath the Ponderosa
pining for his kiss
- 7417 wild mushrooms -
beneath their caps
every shade of brown
- 7418 across the meadow -
an echo of itself
the insect's cry
- 7419 by the quayside
shallows pitted
by autumn rain
- 7420 the neighbor's light
goes out as I approach —
autumn evening
- 7421 woodland path —
the whirring flock
of wheatears
- 7422 Yom Kippur —
the gates of heaven
closing against me
- CHALLENGE KIGO
Spring Peace
by June H. Hymas
- daybreak
over the ruins—
spring peace
- in clear water
cormorant and its shadow —
spring peace
- spring peace
sailor, hunter, and soldier
safely home
- the first tender breeze
embraces bamboo wind chimes . . .
spring peace
- Spring peace
the girl next door
dumps her boyfriend
- spring peace
a field of yellow
folded butterflies
- tranquility, too —
a cricket in the basement
sings in the night
- nodoka
how the new word
quiets me
- the sounds of sheep
from over the hill
spring peace
- Ruth Holzer
- Patricia Prime
- Joan Zimmerman
- Elinor Pihl Huggett
- Gloria Procsal
- Janeth Ewald
- Michele Root-Bernstein
- Carolyn Thomas
- Desiree McMurry

waking to the bird song
the peacefulness of spring
envelops me

Joan C. Sauer

clumps of snow
still cling to tree hollows
- spring peace

Angelee Deodhar

spring peace—
a bunny takes a dust bath
out of dog's reach

June Hopper Hymas

the tire changed
on our trip to the mountains—
spring peace

Michael Dylan Welch

a peaceful spring day...
don't beat your head forever
against the thieves' wall

Zinovy Vayman

alarm wakes me
one hour earlier
Spring peace

Christine Doreian-Michaels

**Submission Guidelines
for GEPP0**

- Deadline for next issue is December 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 JULY-AUGUST

Gloria Procsal - 7291-2 7292-2 7293-2
Ruth Holzer - 7294-4 7295-4 7296-2
Teruo Yamagata - 7297-4 7298-4 7299-0
Neal Whitman - 7300-0 7301-1 7302-0
Dave Bachelor - 7303-2 7304-3 7305-2
Elinor Huggett - 7306-4 7307-2 7308-4
Paul Williams - 7309-2 7310-7 7311-4
Janeth Ewald - 7312-1 7313-5 7314-1
Cindy Tebo - 7315-9 7316-0 7317-9
M. Root-Bernstein - 7318-1 7319-9 7320-0
Laurabell - 7321-2 7322-0 7323-0
7324-1 7325-6 7326-2
Janis Lukstein - 7327-0 7328-1 7329-0
Barbara Campitelli - 7330-2 7331-2 7332-2
Majo Leavick - 7333-4 7334-2 7335-2
Judith Schallberger - 7336-3 7337-0 7338-5
Gloria Jaguden - 7339-0
Renee Owen - 7340-2 7341-2 7342-0
Desiree McMurry - 7343-2 7344-2 7345-3
Zinovy Vayman - 7346-0 7347-1 7348-0
Joan Sauer - 7349-0 7350-0 7351-0
Joan Zimmerman - 7352-0 7353-1 7354-1
Stven Cottingham - 7355-1 7356-3
Patricia Prime - 7357-8 7358-3 7359-2

**JULY-AUG HAIKU VOTED BEST BY
READERS OF GEPP0**

a dropped call
the clear ringtones
of cicadas

Cindy Tebo

distant thunder
the trumpet vines
repeat themselves

Cindy Tebo

pine grove
the long stretch of silence
from earth to sky

Michele Root-Bernstein

from a grass stalk
the winddrift of sound—
a cicada

Patricia Prime

hear them—
the bullfrogs also
admire the moon

Paul Williams

we dine
without a word
broken fortune cookie

Laurabell

dizzy
in the field of foxglove
my heartbeat quickens

Janeth Ewald

summer opera—
a ruby moon rises
for the bravos

Judith Schallberger

Father's Day —
becoming
a stranger

Ruth Holzer

out of the bath
in a flash —
summer lightning

Ruth Holzer

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

Teruo Yamagata

totally lost
in an endless field
so many sunflowers

Teruo Yamagata

garden wedding . . .
two blue butterflies
join together

Elinor Huggett

summer downpour . . .
the garden gnome
knee deep in water

Elinor Huggett

giant zucchini
left on the porch
ants too

Paul Williams

a tiny yellow leaf
falls into my front pocket
breezy summer morning

Majo Leavick

SEASON WORDS
for early winter

selected from the lists in the 1996 Members' Anthology.

Season: early winter months: November, December, chilly night, departing autumn, start of winter, depth of winter, short day, winter day, winter morning, winter night.

Sky and Elements: sardine cloud, frost/hoarfrost, freeze, hail, ice, icicle, north wind, sleet, snow/first snow, winter cloud, winter moon, winter rain, winter solstice, winter wind.

Landscape: reaped or harvested fields, stubble fields, vineyards, winter creek or stream, winter mountain, winter sea or ocean, winter seashore, winter garden, withered moor.

Human Affairs: gleanng, harvest, Thanksgiving; bean soup, blanket, brazier, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, foot warmer, gloves/mittens, grog, heater, hunting, falconer, fish trapper, overcoat/fur coat, popcorn, quilted clothes, shawl, skiing.

Animals: deer, shrike (butcher bird), siskin, snipe, woodpecker., bear, hibernation, fox, marten or sable, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter bee, winter fly, winter sparrow, winter wild geese, wolf, whale.

Plants: cranberry, pomegranate, dried persimmon, heavenly bamboo (Nandina), pine nuts, radish, scallion, tangerine / mandarin orange, turnip, winter chrysanthemum, winter grass, winter tree or grove, withered or frost-nipped plants.



DOJINS' CORNER
July-August 2008
by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

pjm: My top choices were: 7292, 7308, 7343*, 7347, 7350*, and 7357*.

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.jb: My selections: 7291, 94, 98, 7306, 10*, 17*, 18, 19* 21, 24, 30, 32, 40, 59.

Comments are given on haiku with "***".

7310 hear them –
 the bullfrogs also
 admire the moon

O jb: I get a light hearted feeling from this haiku, rather like some verses by Issa. As Ishihara Sensei once remarked: (passim) "Some haiku present the false as if it were true. The good haiku present the true as if it were false." This is a good example of that. He talked about "introspective shaping" (naikan zookei) with haiku, and that is what this one does. The author has created a new world in which everyone, and everything, admires the moon.

For a more detailed account of this see *Red Fuji*, Yatsuka Ishihara, From Here Press, P.O. Box 2740 Santa Fe, NM 87504. As an example of Ishihara's work:

pulling light
 from the other world
 the Milky Way

Note the "introspective shaping."

pjm: Hmmm . . . Jerry has an interesting take on this haiku which I can appreciate. However, at the risk of sounding like a curmudgeon, I would like to share my immediate reaction in the hope that being forthright will be helpful to the poet and to all writers of haiku. For me the bullfrogs are a huge subject signifying spring

and the moon is a huge subject strongly signifying autumn. I am aware of the "rule" that allows writers to use a kigo for another season before "moon"; this usage is supposed to transform the "moon" from an autumn kigo into signifying that other season. But rules are only useful if they work. And for me, I find that in *English* this rule often does not work. Intellectually I can tell myself the poem is to be read in the spring season, but when the word "moon" (and like I said, it is a very strong kigo) hits my eye, my gut says autumn. And poetry, especially haiku, is not about the intellect; it's about perceptions received directly through the senses—visual, auditory, tactile, etc. If the reader has to go to the intellect to settle the question of the season, the haiku loses its impact. This is very subjective, I know. But writers of haiku are trying to recreate in their readers' minds *and bodies* their own reactions to a subject. So sharing with you my reaction I hope will lead you to find out if mine is an isolated one. If it is, you can discard it. But if it is not, it should help you improve the haiku.

I am also pulled between the auditory and the visual aspects of the haiku. The first line urges me to listen to the sound, but the second line presents the bullfrogs visually and the third line takes me further into the scene ending with the strong—and silent—moon image. I am about to rest there in the silence when I remember that I am to listen. This pulls me back to noisy earth and the bullfrogs destroying the feeling of contemplation I had.

To the poet I would like to say that I mean for my comments to be helpful. I feel that if I give you less than my honest reaction, I would be failing you. This doesn't mean to say that I am "right." We are all on the haiku path, including myself. So please count me among your most avid of readers and a strong advocate of you as a writer of haiku; please consider my frankness is a tribute to you of my confidence in your writing and your desire to know more about your craft.

7317 distant thunder
 the trumpet vines
 repeat themselves

jb: Again we see the true as if it were false. This is clearly personification, but in such we have another world in which the mystical is ordinary. There is something special which the author has found in the ordinary. The kigo is the window to the soul.

pjm: This haiku like 7310 also presents an auditory and a visual image. In this case the two are integrated; they complement one another in a way that unifies them and makes them a single image. The pattern of one gives us insight and recognition of a pattern in the other that we were only vaguely (unconsciously?) aware of. We feel our experience of thunder has been enriched by the observation offered in this haiku.

7319 pine grove
the long stretch of silence
from earth to sky

jb: Here we have a metaphor, the "stretch" of silence, which relates the silence to the immensity of the autumn sky. I infer the season, autumn, from the "silence." In summer, it would likely be noisy. Autumn is quieter.

pjm: I like the feeling in this poem—the serenity of the pine grove. I breathe deep smelling the pine needles, and I try to imagine the air—is it warm or cool? Damp or dry? I disagree with Jerry here—the poem does not give a hint. The questions send me in search of a kigo to give me a clue. It would make the experience of the haiku in the body more real. What if, for example, the poet had written

Indian summer—
the pines' long stretch of silence
from earth to sky

Experiencing the day's warmth, the pine scent becomes more intense, the silence deepens—and the feeling of serenity is magnified; we feel we are in the presence of a spirit greater than ourselves. To quote Jerry Ball: *The kigo is the window to the soul.*

7343 bedtime feeding
the tree frogs
take up their song

pjm: A new perspective—the frog chorus as a lullaby. I imagine a mother nursing her infant—the rhythm of the chorus coinciding with the sucking rhythm of the baby and the rocking motion of the mother—all connected by the kigo to the beginning of spring and new life.

jb: I assume, from "bedtime feeding" that it's evening, or that it's early dark. From the kigo it appears that the season is spring. For me the expression "bedtime feeding" needs some decoding..if it is intended that the frogs are feeding, then this might relate to the tree frogs to "take up their song." I like the language and the spirit of this verse, but I don't feel that I understand it very well.

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

pjm: The experience of suddenly being wakened and not knowing or understanding why—that moment when you are blank, you have no knowledge, and then the reality of "the whole sky illuminated" hits you. That flash comes without warning and is gone. That's the sensation of lightning. A discontinuity, unpredictable, unexpected—awe-striking.

jb: For me, the expression "quiet storm" seems to be an oxymoron. Storms, by their nature, tend to be loud. That's why they're called storms. However, given the expression "quiet storm" as a beginning, then the haiku is a simple, straight forward narrative. The storm, being wakened, and the "whole sky illuminated." As a reader I can identify with the author saying, in a chanting voice, "the whole sky illuminated!" The improbable world has changed in an instant, and without a sound.

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

pjm: Tiny creature, tiny sound, one grass stalk—the whole world.

jb: Here we have a common occurrence: the sound of a cicada coming from a stalk of grass. What could be more common? But what makes this interesting (and more than a common thought) is the phrase, "the winddrift of sound." It is as though the wind carries the message

from the cicada. Thus we find something special. The world is, after all, full of life; sometimes where we don't expect it; and sometimes where we *do* expect it.

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

CHALLENGE KIGO
by June Hopper Hymas
First Sunrise

The New Year symbolizes beginnings and renewal, both here and in Japan. Any of us who rise early to view the first sunrise on January 1, 2009, will watch the sun come up on our sadly troubled world, as a new day AND a new year begin. I think I hear someone muttering, "Thank goodness!"

Until Japan began using the Gregorian calendar, circa 1873, the beginning of the year was celebrated in springtime, but in recent practice, it refers to January 1st. According to Gabi Greve, the first sunrise is broadcast on television in Japan, so that anyone can see the first sun come up near a beautiful temple or some other meaningful site.

Here's a lovely haiku by Chiyo-ni:

flying of cranes
as high as the clouds—
first sunrise

From Chiyo-ni; woman haiku master, by Patricia Donegan and Yoshie Ishibashi, p. 94.

First sun or first sunrise, *hatsuhi*, may also be understood as the first day of the year in Japanese, according to William Higginson in *Haiku World; an international poetry almanac*, p. 289. The example given there is by Shigeru Ekuni:

at the broken
Berlin wall the first
sun strikes

*berurin no
kuzureshi heki ni
hatsuhi sasu*

And in R. H. Blyth's *Haiku, Vol.2, Spring*, I found one by Shusai:

The first sunrise;
There is a cloud
Like a cloud in a picture.

E ni kaita yō na kumo ari hatsu hi-no-de

I wish I could tell you more about Shusai, but I cannot.

This last one, by Wolfgang Beutke, is from the World Kigo Database:

<http://www.asahi.com/english/haiku/080331.html>

First sunrise—
the sparkling river chases
its past

You could use first sun, first sunlight, first ray of sun, or something similar. Remember to label your submission as a Challenge Kigo. It will be printed with your name and does not count as one of the three haiku each member may submit for every Geppo.

Don't forget our holiday party on December 13 at 6:00 PM. Patricia Machmiller is hosting at
A pot luck supper and a haiku gift exchange will take place. Questions or directions, call

Here is a Renku from Asilomar -
Just Footsteps

Just footsteps strumming
as we walk together
seaside painted cup

Carol Steele

the gibbous moon
reflections on the tidal pool

Ann Bendixen

in between
the poet's words
voices of crickets

Patricia Donegan

arm in arm
we skip toward the dinner bell

Carolyn Fitz

a cormorant
spreads its wings
to dry

Debbie Kolodji

mid-summer morning
a collection of coin purses

Wendy Wright

quilting needles stop -
a bit of gossip
silences the bee

Peggy Hehman-Smith

promise to meet you
under the weathercock

Mariko

their locking eyes ...
oblivious to the
spouses

Carolyn F.

Pear-colored light
streams through the window

Amelia Fielden

the pianist's crocodile
disappears into
skymind

Susanne S., Joan Z., Wendy W.

his Toyota passes the Acura
rhinestone finger

Susanne Smith

winter moon
my partner
on the skate rink

Mariko

Christmas prayer
at midnight mass

Debbie K.

Matsuyama
2,000 years
of hot baths

Ann B.

Cheney shoots
his friend in the face

Linda Galloway

war reincarnates
yet
these blossoms

Patricia D.

a non-allergenic puppy
for her birthday

Carol S.

river catkins
the fisherman's line
tightens

Wendy W.

es wachst
im teller
(uncontrolled unpleasant reproduction -
Yiddish)

Linda G.

toy machine gun
the lady at the bank counter
laughs at him

Debbie K.

the DMV is trusting me
for five more years

Jean H.

ice cream
for dessert
every evening

Amelia.F.

kids in left field
outdance the mascot

Roger Abe

photographer's darkroom
the striped shadow
of a zebra

Wendy W.

their body language
leaning toward eachother

Carolyn F.

her fertile time
the pause
before the passion

Amelia F.

the winning pumpkin
in the rusty
pickup truck

Linda Papanicolaou

a second red spot
on Jupiter

Deb K.

a candle flickers
through the bare window

Naia

cider moon
the clouded eyes
of the old bamboo seller

???

summer rain
the cobbles steam
as they cool

Michael Sheffield

Van Gogh returns home
from the golden field

Patricia D.

two red damselflies
riding tandem

Billie Dee

Oh, no!
night picnic ham
lifted by El Brazo Onofre

Roger A.

the door squeaks
each time it opens
and closes

Peggy H.

Aire for a G string
quickens the paddock

Wendy W.

a crushed corsage
from the junior prom

Linda P.

overwhelmed by her fragrance —
the biology class
evacuates

Peggy H., Deb K.

after making love
his warm sleep breath
on my shoulder

Naia

the muslim women
uplift their veils in the dark

Patricia D.

we chuckle... "it" is so different
twenty years later

Donnalynn

cherry blossom rain
where will I go
tomorrow?

Mariko

Tokyo tower
full of American tourists
all with OBAMA badges

Emiko Miyashita

dragonfly kite
whee!

Susanne S., Roger A.

raising our glasses with
an old vine wine

Judith Schallberger

**Renku No. 2 – Asilomar
Leaving No Doubt**

wild turkeys
leaving no doubt at all
who owns the footpath

Jerry Ball

deep tracks lead
over the snowbank

Anne H.

the moon somewhere
above the fog bank

Anne Homan

the last tree sitters
in a lone redwood
helicopter hovering

Alison Woolpert

I count my grandson's tattoos and skinpiercing	Peggy H.	thin crescent moon plenty of room for the cow to jump	Anne H.
how to capture the drift of cherry blossoms algebraically	PJM	even in my autumn years this naiveteé	Naia
picking the lock to persephone's cell	Billie D.	homecoming queen her strapless taffeta gown	Billie D.
au printemps a bateau mouche glides beneath the pont de artes	Linda P.	the silence in our pause for peace	Naia, Donnalynn
water aerobics a bobbing good time	Janis L.	encircling the inner courtyard bright prayer flags	Donnalynn
Irish wake dealing the corpse a hand of cards	Bullie D.	he requests that the tea be green	Anne H.
the wish she makes on a shiny new penny	Naia	blossoming cherry an ancient tree honored with very deep bows	PJM, Judith S.
auctioning off her black and white photographs sultry afternoon	PJM	a fresh face at the window in the spring twilight	Jerry B.
unemployment rate announced midsummer drought	Donnalynn		
Stephen Hawking's bet against the cyclotron's finding a new particle	Anne H.		
condom aisle ribbed or fluorescent?	Billie D.		
when I see you next I hope you wear that sheer lace thingy	PJM		
my wife left me and I followed all the rules	Peggy		

From your editor:

Happy Holidays to all of you. Apologies in advance for any possible wrong attribution in the renkus. The clock was ticking.