

G E P P O

*the haiku study-work journal*

*of the*

# Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXIV:2

March-April 2009

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

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 7543 | shooting stars<br>landing in the grass<br>we laugh                       | 7550 | pond frogs tuning up<br>for a night of song<br>a night of love                       |
| 7544 | cherry blossoms<br>on the 64 <sup>th</sup> square:<br>checkmate          | 7551 | old friend —<br>red tulips in clay pot<br>green tea on back porch                    |
| 7545 | ocean waves<br>each curling under<br>the foam                            | 7552 | the door bell wakes me<br>someone left the gate open —<br>Who at this late hour?     |
| 7546 | day's jury<br>on each fence post a crow<br>cawing the sun up             | 7553 | fingers move in rhythm<br>knitting by the window —<br>click clack, first spring rain |
| 7547 | smoking cigarettes<br>outside the pulmonary clinic<br>the nurses         | 7554 | in my childhood years<br>the holly hock, upside-down<br>made Fair Lady skirts        |
| 7548 | shrinking snow patch...<br>bright yellow daffodils<br>nudge winter aside | 7555 | a toddler<br>an empty goldfish bowl<br>... loss                                      |
| 7549 | daybreak...<br>the bright red<br>of birdsong                             | 7556 | a leaping flea<br>caught by thumb and forefinger<br>... I think of Issa              |
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| <p>7557 on the other side<br/>of the two-lane road<br/>sunlight on the oaks</p> <p>7558 yellow daffodils<br/>bending at their waists with ease<br/>...my jealous bones weep</p> <p>7559 FREE KITTENS it read<br/>"how much for the fluffy one?"<br/>...quarters tight in his fist</p> <p>7560 two years gone this Spring<br/>her Elm tree bends in honor<br/>...Eleanor's garden</p> <p>7561 blown soap bubbles<br/>almost never break<br/>before crossing a fence</p> <p>7562 who does this baby<br/>take after?<br/>April Fools' Day</p> <p>7563 whining near my ear<br/>in consultation room<br/>a spring mosquito</p> <p>7564 outside<br/>the Hokusai exhibit —<br/>cherry blossoms</p> <p>7565 man and dog<br/>limping the length of the hedge —<br/>lingering chill</p> <p>7566 chewing<br/>a tulip —<br/>the heavy doe</p> | <p>7567 Valentine's Day —<br/>a little too late<br/>the roses</p> <p>7568 blue hills ahead<br/>in the rear view mirror<br/>winter sunset</p> <p>7569 wintry night —<br/>a plane flies down<br/>Orion's belt</p> <p>7570 newly homeless<br/>his look of surprise<br/>scattershot of pigeons</p> <p>7571 The ocean sparkles<br/>and finch song fills the trees and yet<br/>Spring melancholy</p> <p>7572 Alzheimer's<br/>more surprised every year<br/>scarlet maple leaves</p> <p>7573 Springtime regrets —<br/>an inquisition of starlings<br/>on the bank's red roof</p> <p>7574 Young jacaranda<br/>beginning to blossom<br/>on the bomb-site rim</p> <p>7575 Loneliness<br/>the white egret watches<br/>the tide turn</p> <p>7576 Hailstones<br/>bouncing across the pond<br/>albino frogs</p> |
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| <p>7577 spring clouds -<br/>hurrying off<br/>in opposite directions</p>                       | <p>7587 spring storm<br/>the tide shuffles<br/>beach stone</p>                              |
| <p>7578 outdoor café-<br/>treating her doll<br/>to a piece of pie</p>                         | <p>7588 church bells<br/>wisteria<br/>fills the breeze</p>                                  |
| <p>7579 daylight saving time-<br/>weary toddler hiding her face<br/>in dear mommy's skirt</p> | <p>7589 Lakshmi rising<br/>from the cosmic ocean<br/>holds a red lotus</p>                  |
| <p>7580 spring rain-<br/>green of the leaves<br/>greener still</p>                            | <p>7590 butterfly<br/>once a caterpillar -<br/>metamorphosis</p>                            |
| <p>7581 ninety day recovery-<br/>entering a caterpillar<br/>graduating a butterfly</p>        | <p>7591 the lotus opens —<br/>she meditates on<br/>the universe</p>                         |
| <p>7582 early January -<br/>New Year's resolutions<br/>lost in the fog</p>                    | <p>7592 late afternoon<br/>grey cloud peaks grow higher<br/>a setting sun behind</p>        |
| <p>7583 a skylark's tumbling<br/>high above the windbreak trees<br/>the sunlit fields</p>     | <p>7593 kingfisher in the pond<br/>perched on top of the stick<br/>ready to make a dive</p> |
| <p>7584 slender reeds...<br/>a sky without a cloud<br/>wrinkles on the lake</p>               | <p>7594 calm morning -<br/>the bird's symphony starts early -<br/>daylight savings time</p> |
| <p>7585 old spider silk<br/>dripping at my cabin door—<br/>spring melancholy</p>              | <p>7595 summer concert<br/>the picnic blanket's<br/>pulled threads</p>                      |
| <p>7586 egg hunt<br/>hail bounces<br/>on the lawn</p>   | <p>7596 after spring rain<br/>colours merge<br/>on the pavement art</p>                     |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 7597 | both in water –<br>the blue heron<br>and its reflection                        | 7607 | birds are twittering<br>blossoms in full bloom —<br>renewal        |
| 7598 | reading room threshold<br>stopped momentarily<br>by a spider’s thread          | 7608 | raindrops<br>cling to a sideview mirror –<br>spring rain           |
| 7599 | lengthening days-<br>artisan bread...slices on<br>the diagonal                 | 7609 | lent season —<br>bunnies hop in cages –<br>colored eggs in baskets |
| 7600 | carbon footprints<br>one right after another-<br>first fireflies               | 7610 | midnight rustle<br>walking alone at UCSC<br>a fawn                 |
| 7601 | a chain link fence<br>and lilies of the valley<br>edge of the forest           | 7611 | midday wind<br>pelicans skim the sea<br>of clouds                  |
| 7602 | mourning dove nest<br>made of morning glory vines<br>Easter Day                | 7612 | my old house...<br>a geranium explosion<br>where I planted them    |
| 7603 | tree leaves open —<br>the neighbor’s foreclosed house<br>grows harder to watch | 7613 | how swiftly it flows<br>through my finders<br>the waterfall        |
| 7604 | catching morning sun<br>three plastic containers, white<br>as the peonies      | 7614 | a long afternoon<br>of ceaseless swaying—<br>wind-blown pines      |
| 7605 | hills, spring green velvet<br>undulating on the blue<br>without a jacket       | 7615 | so full<br>so empty<br>this breath                                 |
| 7606 | wide open window<br>nana sews the bassinette<br>sunlight and birdsong          | 7616 | abandoned farmhouse—<br>moon in the only pane<br>left unbroken     |

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| <p>7617 Valentine's Day —<br/>a letter today<br/>for "Occupant"</p> <p>7618 chasing a stick into the cool lake<br/>the mongrel<br/>that won't take a bath</p> <p>7619 the first day of spring —<br/>rearranging furniture<br/>in the living room</p> <p>7620 morning moon<br/>cream at the top<br/>of the milk</p> <p>7621 spring snow<br/>the mallard preens its wings<br/>for another flight</p> <p>7622 it turns its small neck!<br/>catching the change of the pitch<br/>of the first songbird</p> <p>7623 wind-sheened reservoir-<br/>all history is written<br/>by the amateurs</p> <p>7624 this goose at full strut!<br/>comes a short burst of its running<br/>into my haiku</p> <p>7625 Sun on the top skim<br/>of the tennis ball – the arc<br/>of my peaked cap</p> <p>7626 beneath vine leaves<br/>the lizard and I<br/>both dozing</p> | <p>7627 a rain-refreshed stream —<br/>a shoal of minnows doubled<br/>in their shadows</p> <p>7628 magnolia unfolds<br/>will it survive this late frost—<br/>will our investments</p> <p>7629 plum blossoms<br/>tap on window—<br/>blessing or warning</p> <p>7630 in my rock garden<br/>thumb high daffodils blow<br/>their horn — SURPRIZE</p> <p>7631 spring rain<br/>the path of one drop<br/>joins another</p> <p>7632 morning haze<br/>the brief silhouette<br/>of kestrel</p> |
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**CHALLENGE KIGO**  
**Violet**  
**by June Hopper Hymas**

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>in Virginia<br/>first settlers trod on<br/>sweet flowers and violets</p> <p>Grandma's funeral . . .<br/>embroidered on a hankie<br/>near her heart—violets</p> <p>violets lean<br/>to see the sun<br/>peek over the roof</p> | <p><b>Dave Bachelor</b></p> <p><b>Elinor Huggett</b></p> <p><b>Neal Whitman</b></p> |
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thrusting  
through the ice crust  
five violets

Janeth Ewald

a woodland surprise!  
this wee purple violet  
crouching in greenness

Mimi Ahern

taken by surprise  
at the base of the gravestone  
violets in the grass

Jim Wilson

down the valley  
violets and poppies  
intermingling

Majo Leavick

so proud standing tall  
violets – in old wood crevice  
...grandpa's aching back

Toni Homan

I wish mine  
were like hers  
windowsill violets

Deborah P. Kolodji

before the birds  
have returned to the woods—  
bird-foot violets

Ruth Holzer

nested in needle duff  
below the pine  
wild violets

Michael Sheffield

Thanksgiving Day  
in the bride's hands  
a bouquet of violets

Barbara Campitelli

finding out too late  
that violets were your favourite. . .  
the seed packet's rattle

Michael Dylan Welch

late spring fog  
carrying away the violets  
carrying away the cow

Michael McClintock

violets in the snow  
bits of our conversation  
come to mind

Michele Root-Bernstein

crumpled violets  
fall to her lap  
a widow's tears

Joan Ward

violet daybreak:  
once in 28 years  
"Prayer for the Sun"

Zinovy Vayman

a violet  
painted on porcelain  
gives no scent

Patricia Carragon

four inch doily  
cut glass creamer—ready  
when violets bloom

Christine Doreian-Michaels

living in Violetville  
the violets sprout up everywhere,  
such a welcome sight

Joan C. Sauer

from the country church  
*Nearer my God to Thee*  
the violets

Patricia Machmiller

counting petals  
on the picked violet  
three-year old

Patricia Prime

violet hunting  
I let my eyes  
do the walking

Desiree McMurry

potion bottle  
the hand-painted violet  
suggests a cure

Judith Schallberger

purple in repose  
the Canada Violet  
holds its whiteness in

Jeanne Cook



**MEMBERS' VOTES FOR JAN-FEB**

Angelee Deodhar - 7484-6 7485-2 7486-2  
 Patricia Carragon - 7487-2 7488-2 7489-3  
 M. Root-Bernstein - 7490-13 7491-10 7492-2  
 Michael Sheffield - 7493-6 7494-5 7495-3  
 Patricia Prime - 7496-1 7497-6 7498-1 7499-2  
 7500-5 7501-2  
 Elinor Huggett - 7502-4 7503-1 7504-3 7505-6  
 7506-6 7507-8  
 Dave Bachelor - 7508-7 7509-1 7510-4  
 Janeth Ewald - 7511-2 7512-1 7513-6  
 Joan Sauer - 7514-0 7515-1 7516-2  
 Randy Homan - 7517-0 7518-1 7519-1  
 Zinoviy Vayman - 7520-2 7521-3 7522-2  
 Jeanne Cook - 7523-2 7524-2 7525-2  
 Steve Cottingham - 7526-3 7527-4 7528-6  
 Joan Ward - 7529-4 7530-3 7531-6  
 Michael McClintock - 7532-2 7533-0 7534-4  
 Teruo Yamagata - 7535-2 7536-2 7537-3  
 Toni Homan - 7538-1 7539-2  
 Neal Whitman - 7540-0 7541-0 7542-0

**JAN-FEB HAIKU VOTED BEST BY  
 READERS OF GEPP0**

falling snow  
 in a world of one color  
 wind chimes  
 Michele Root-Bernstein

winter evening  
 chamomile blossoms  
 in a teapot  
 Michele Root-Bernstein

winter sunset  
 vibrant shades of auburn  
 on the fox's fur  
 Elinor Huggett

ticking clocks  
 even among them  
 leaders and followers  
 Dave Bachelor

Valentine's Day  
 he gives me a heart shaped  
 blood pressure pill  
 Angelee Deodhar

the muffled strike  
 of a wood-splitters ax -  
 morning mist  
 Michael Sheffield

winter sea-  
 its voice pours out  
 on the sandy beach  
 Patricia Prime

sub zero  
 the shivering  
 of bare trees  
 Elinor Huggett

blizzard forecast...  
 I fasten the lid tightly  
 on the jar of white-out  
 Elinor Huggett

into my life  
 this steaming cup of nori  
 brings the world  
 Janeth Ewald

evening  
 clouds hide the stars  
 one at a time  
 Steven Cottingham

winter dusk  
 Venus  
 in the V of an oak  
 Joan Ward

around the tree roots  
 compost of a century  
 only inches deep  
 Michael Sheffield

frosty day  
 white rings of breath  
 break the runner's stride  
 Patricia Prime

head cold. . .  
hot lemonade and honey  
in my daiquiri glass

Elinor Huggett

tall pines trembling  
I thought they knew  
the cold wind

Dave Bachelor

trees  
touching each other  
at the river

Steven Cottingham

leaving the cabin  
a full wolf moon  
the dog still missing

Joan Ward

rays of dawn  
lighting the dictator's tomb—  
chrysanthemums

Michael McClintock

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, bee, 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, silverside, 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

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:

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DOJINS' CORNER

January-February 2009

by Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

jb: My choices for this Geppo: 7500, 01, 05\*, 20, 24\*, 26, 27, 28, 35\*, 37.

pjm: And mine are: 7486, 98, 7505, 07, 24, 26, 30, 31\*, 32, 34\*, 36\*, 37, 39.

7505 sub zero  
the shivering  
of bare trees



jb: Shasei? The virtue of this haiku is its simplicity and its directness. One can interpret the word "shivering" in two ways, both a literal shaking in the wind kind of thing, and a figurative shiver in the eyes of the beholder. Interestingly, these meld for me and so the distinction between literal and figurative is moot. In any case, I think it's direct and, for me, there is an impact. Yes, they do shiver, and so do I. Hi Minnesota!

pjm: Six words (subzero should be one word) to describe a world that we feel deep in our anatomy. It is this immediate injection of cold that gives this poem its primary impact. This is the minimalist's aesthetic. The danger with such spare writing is that the poem will not be substantial enough to support a second reading. Surprisingly this haiku is. And for reasons that are not readily apparent. This also is important—that its attraction is not immediately explicable. The poet has tied the poem together with the "zzz" and related "sh" sounds in "subzero," "shivering," and "trees." And we know how cold these sounds are because Emily Dickenson taught us to feel the cold of "zero at the bone."

7524 winter wild geese  
cry when I come with food  
cry when I leave

jb: No doubt about it, this haiku is a narrative and a nature sketch. There are three events: the arrival (either the geese arrive or the poet arrives); the geese cry on arrival; and the geese cry on departure. The verbs are present and functioning. The author might have used the noun form: "the cry when I arrive" and "the cry when I leave." That's the distinction between the event and the image. In either case there develops a relationship between the author and the geese. One must care to offer to feed them, and the geese must accept the offering. I have wild turkeys here in Rossmoor and I occasionally give them some nuts. Now that I think about it (*vis-à-vis*; haiku) there is a relation developed. I know who they are, and they know something about me.

pjm: The relationship between the human and the wild, and our thinking about it, is an ever evolving thing. The geese in this poem, for reasons we don't know, are trapped in a harsh

winter environment. They are depending on humans for food. Helping where we can seems right. But is this dependence good? What is the right balance? The questioning within ourselves can be expanded to people in our own society in dire straits. What is our role? Can we help? How?

7531 winter dusk  
Venus  
in the V of an oak

pjm: The genius of this haiku is its form. Internal to the haiku is the form of a V

winter dusk  
Venus  
V of

I like the fact that it is embedded within the haiku, and yet is clearly discernible. In addition, the clarity of the image described is compatible with and enhances the feeling of coldness that is the essence of winter.

jb: In this haiku we have a precise description of phenomena. Venus, in the west, is the Evening Star, and we are lined up in such a way that our view of Venus is remarkable. For me, this haiku has an austere quality. If it seems thin, or slender, i.e. "hosomi" as Basho might have said, well, it is. The strength of this haiku, for me, lies in what is *not* said.

7534 rays of dawn  
lighting the dictator's tomb  
chrysanthemums

pjm: When I traveled to China I saw this—thousands and thousands of pots of chrysanthemums decorating the tomb of Mao in Tienamen Square. The phrase, "rays of dawn," echo the arrangement of the chrysanthemum petals in each flower and, in a way, the arrangement of the flowers around the tomb. Perhaps they also represent the effects of the dictator's power even after he or she is gone. Or, alternatively, the "rays of dawn" may be read as some ephemeral quality, such as freedom, that touches everything, even the dictator's tomb.

jb: So many questions: I'm wondering who's visiting a dictator's tomb at dawn? And why? Did the author stay up all night; or merely wake up early? I'd like to know the identity of the dictator, too. Again, I'm wondering what is *not* being said. What's this got to do with the kigo, "chrysanthemums"? There's plenty of room for speculation.

7535 unquestionably  
has its privileges  
cats in love

jb: This is probably a senryu, though, I think an effective one. Its strength is its ironic understatement. One can imagine someone (and I think either a man or woman) upon observing (or hearing!) "cats in love" to say with a wisp of a smile, "Unquestionably, has its advantages." Thank you very much.

pjm: A little light commentary on our favorite pet, the cat. What we like is that haughty I-can-do-anything-I-want attitude which is successfully captured here. I think that it should either be written "has its privileges / cat in love" or "have their privileges / cats in love."

7536 his wrinkled hands  
seem to be Buddha's hands  
when grafting plants

pjm: The tender feeling of spring, while unstated, is captured here. The grafting process involving the cutting and binding of the limbs of plants is, of necessity, harsh. We feel the sureness of these hands, wrinkled though they be, for in their touch is the compassion of the Buddha.

jb: This haiku is a simile based on a narrative. That is, "his hands" are like "Buddha's hands" when grafting plants. So, I take it that there's something important about the act of grafting. And, of course, there is. Grafting is a creative action. We combine the influences of two similar DNA's to produce a superior (hopefully) offspring as when cabbage and kale produce broccoli. Sound's mundane? Well, maybe it is, but according to the Buddha we should be grateful for the miracle of the mundane. According to Wittgenstein, it's not *how* the world is, or *why* it is, but *that* it is.

### Prepublication discount!

*Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, July-December, 1967*, translated by Tei Scott Matsushita and Patricia J. Machmiller, will be published this September. The book contains the 300 letters exchanged between Kiyoshi and Kiyoko during a very difficult period in their lives. In 1967 Kiyoshi had just lost his hearing due to medication he was taking for tuberculosis. He traveled to Japan for a long hospital stay to undergo treatment that would attempt to recover his hearing. Kiyoko remained in the U.S. in San Jose's Japantown with their 10-year-old daughter, Yukiko.

The letters reveal their deeply respectful and loving relationship, how they dealt with grief and disappointment—individually and together—and the empathetic and steadfast way they supported each other during difficult times. The reader will gain insight into the character and thinking of the couple who would become leaders in the English haiku world. The 360 page book has a selection of pictures of the Tokutomis in their early years. After publication, this soft-cover volume will sell for \$27.50. We are offering the book at the prepublication price of \$21.50 plus \$5 shipping.

Please send your check, made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, to Jean Hale, and specify the number of books you wish to buy. This prepublication offer is good through September 1, 2009.

**The humble MELON**

**Challenge kigo for summer by June Hymas**

Melon, *uri*, is a late summer kigo. According to David Barnhill, it is often associated with coolness. This type of melon is a muskmelon, similar to the type we call cantaloupe. Melon blossom, though, is an early summer kigo, which makes sense! Basho used melon as a kigo many, many times. Most of the examples here are his.

Listening to  
my grandchild's love story  
I cut a huge melon

Mitsu Suzuki, *Temple Dusk; Zen Haiku*, p.141....  
[Mitsu Suzuki, born in Japan in 1914, is a poet and tea ceremony teacher. She is also the wife of Shunryu Suzuki Roshi who is associated with both the San Francisco and Tassajara Zen Centers. The haiku in the book are very special: deep, intense and rich.]

mountain cove  
I would nourish my body  
with this field of melons

*yamakage ya / mi o yasinawan / uribatake*  
*Basho's Haiku; selected poems of Matsuo Basho*  
Translated by David Barnhill, no.305

children!  
moonflowers have bloomed  
and I'll peel a melon

*Kodomora yo / hirugao sakinu / uri mukan*  
*Basho's Haiku*, No. 634

in morning dew,  
dirty and cool,  
a mud-smear'd melon

*asatsuyu ni / yogorete suzushi / uri no tsuchi*  
*Basho's Haiku*, No. 689

produce stand  
the pregnant girl thumps  
a melon

Kenneth C. Hurm, in *Haiku World*; an international poetry almanac, p.170

*Calendar*

- MAY 9 - 10:00 AM-4:30 PM – Annual Teahouse Reading at San Jose Friendship Garden. There will be a workshop at 10am which includes haiku instruction and walking in the garden to compose haiku. At 1:00pm the featured readers Roger Abe, Ebba Story, Rich Krivcher and Linda Galloway will each read. This will be followed by an haiku open mic.
- JUNE 13 - 1:30-5:00 Hakone Gardens in Saratoga, Ginko and Sharing.
- JULY - Date and time to be announced. Tanabata Celebration at Anne Homan's house  
For more information, call Ann at
- AUG 8 6:00 PM Moonviewing Party at Patricia Machmiller's house. Call directions.
- SEPT No Meeting.
- OCT 1 - 4 Asilomar Retreat (See details within this Geppo.)
- NOV 4 - 7:00 PM Yuki Teikei Planning Meeting at Carol Steele's house.
- NOV 14 1:30-4:40 PM Markham House meeting led by Patrick Gallagher.
- DEC 12 - Yuki Teikei Holiday Party at Alison Woolpert's house. Call Alison -

**EDITOR'S NOTE**

Thank you to everyone who responded to my dues reminder in last issue. This is reminder No. 2. Remember I can tell you when you last paid if you are in doubt.

**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

**2009 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)