

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

Volume XXXIV:3

May-June 2009

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 7633 | cicada
on the iron railing -
its shrill cry | 7640 | garden party ...
ants
in the punch |
| 7634 | the nightingale sings
I too wish to sing
this bright day | 7641 | at the dead end
right or left? he thinks again
inch worm |
| 7635 | on a book
covered with dots of Braille
a sunbeam | 7642 | thunder shower
of a hexagonal building
four faces drenched |
| 7636 | from dusk until dawn
the monotonous spring rain -
memories of you | 7643 | shade extending
into former sunny place
cools baby in hammock |
| 7637 | after the short night
into the rising sun
five blackbirds in flight | 7644 | spring migration-
graduating from parole
to a free life |
| 7638 | one red tulip
its cup open
to the mist | 7645 | macadam, macadam-
for that dandelion
not a chance |
| 7639 | laundry day -
spring comes in
on the sheets | 7646 | spring rain-
all the world's tears
where do they go? |
-

- 7647 at eighty-five...she
weighs all invitations ...late
blooming amaryllis
- 7648 the blossom's deep cup
havoc for a bumblebee-
pyramid schemes
- 7649 open beach poppy-
yet the stamens
reveal shadows
- 7650 taking a dip
in the glacial lake —
wild white orchids
- 7651 he describes
the flooded rice-paddies —
long distance call
- 7652 a blue shell
spills its yolk —
the going of spring
- 7653 in the garden
wind chimes play music
with the breeze
- 7654 Memorial Day —
mosquitoes
in my iced tea
- 7655 outdoor litter box
kittens spread fertilizer
rose bushes thrive
- 7656 trailered boat
in the storage yard
collecting rain
- 7657 black ice —
the wiper still going
on the overturned SUV
- 7658 rain dripping
from the red-and-white awning . . .
I catch your yawn
- 7659 my cane
weakened by a friend's
carved initials
- 7660 hospital window
the curtain opens
to a grey dawn
- 7661 respiratory clinic
the aids
smoking
- 7662 in the lightning flash
a long row of scarecrows
waving black empty sleeves
- 7663 Memorial Day
the steady beat
of flagging feet
- 7664 in a summer grove
I know where the wild rose blooms
. . . and its attar fragrance
- 7665 the spring rain
every other day
puddles become pools
- 7666 ocean fog
hides the crashing waves —
unseen buoy bell rings

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>7667 Memorial Day
old veterans stand at attention
the parade passes by</p> | <p>7677 at dusk I hear
worry in my neighbor's voice
cats in love</p> |
| <p>7668 Blustery morning
probing every chink
new dental hygienist</p> | <p>7678 sudden shower
a homeless man wearing
my old sweatshirt</p> |
| <p>7669 Bonaparte's gull
marshalling his forces
above the dead seal</p> | <p>7679 slow day
waiting while the sow bug
crosses the path</p> |
| <p>7670 Beads of sweat tickle . . .
her first bocce ball
kisses its target</p> | <p>7680 abalone shells
in line by size —
dip my pen in ink</p> |
| <p>7671 golden poppies
open to warmth—
Mother's Day</p> | <p>7681 ash-slat boardwalk
leads to the bay —
fogwild</p> |
| <p>7672 wild flowers moved
before mowing grass —
spring garden</p> | <p>7682 art museum stroll —
antique bamboo basket
holds thought of blossoms</p> |
| <p>7673 robin pulling worm
out of White House lawn—
tourists against fence</p> | <p>7683 iris don't look
over walls, we know:
this one is</p> |
| <p>7674 strewn on the beach
arts of the samurai
sea of clouds</p> | <p>7684 just met —
but this baby coot
thinks me its mother</p> |
| <p>7675 far away voice . . .
Eisenhower to the troops
on Memorial Day</p> | <p>7685 the swelling apples:
so far house finches' breasts
redder than they</p> |
| <p>7676 teeth-brushing,
then story time—
a night of spring rain</p> | <p>7686 15 little ants
running round the peony
afternoon recess</p> |

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 7687 | blue forget-me-nots
fill the crystal cream pitcher
I drink black coffee | 7697 | midday –
heat shimmers across
the discarded kimono |
| 7688 | mountain waterfall
streaming into calm green pool
patient, her teaching | 7698 | children-sized splashes
across the waterfall pool
a water strider |
| 7689 | sleepy Derbian town:
singing children enter
the graffitied building | 7699 | weeping willow branch
the song of the bird
I cannot name |
| 7690 | park bench
DO AS LOCALS DO!
the backrest becomes a table | 7700 | wearing white lace
as if innocent
hemlock |
| 7691 | Masao's Kitchen
not a macro item is free
white bread | 7701 | cattails
early morning sun
cards the mist |
| 7692 | on one leg
reading a book
on yoga | 7702 | heat lightning
a hidden cardinal calls
in the twilit quiet |
| 7693 | in the diner
a solitary hunter
stalking a poem | 7703 | summer dusk
the crust-crackle of bread
just out of the oven |
| 7694 | excited by the sights
I run for
my notebook | 7704 | behind the beauty
of his words
wild thistle |
| 7695 | summer rain –
the jacaranda bleeds purple
at its feet | 7705 | a mangled mess —
this mouse
the cat puked up |
| 7696 | a terrier frolics
under the sprinkler
- first firefly | 7706 | this rattling of swords—
the men
and their lust for blood |

- 7707 quiet trails
through pine forests:
cherry blossoms!
- 7708 evening rain
colours of the day
washed away
- 7709 only a breeze:
midsummer's
whispering forest
- 7710 last night's catkin
brought in to identify —
morning cotton
- 7711 with scents
the black locust stops
our talk
- 7712 a bad roof —
all the fun drained
from thunder
- 7713 late spring —
two bluejays
picking on Buddha's head
- 7714 twilight —
on a cherry stump
flock of sparrows
- 7715 giving a dog a ride
man on wheelchair
crossing the street
- 7716 roadside. . .
two bob-whites herd the weeds
around the last chick

- 7717 setting sun...
a crow's shadow drifts
across a headstone
- 7718 windswept prairie...
three Swedish crosses
on a small wale

CHALLENGE KIGO – MELON

- slicing the melon
into bite-sized pieces
cancer patient
Patricia Prime
- the ultra-tight blouse
leaning over the melons
at the small fruit stand
Jim Wilson
- morning light
the ripeness
of a melon
Joan H. Ward
- pot luck lunch-
waiting for the taste
and coolness of melon
Barbara Campitelli
- the petite plate
melon slices draped with
smoked prosciutto
Judith Schallberger
- bad luck —
cutting the melon
into four
Ruth Holzer
- a coiling breeze
melon balls in the salad
for our anniversary
Michael Dylan Welch
- a melon's scent —
sweet and ripe enough
to eat
Patricia Carragon
- neighbor's melon field
I pick the big one
— moonlight
Laurabell

field of melons
growing in rows
"pick your own"

Joan C. Sauer

umbilical cord
nourishes the melon—
Fourth of July

Janis Lukstein

tropic evening
a first slice cut large
from the small melon

Michael McClintock

at the track meet—
watermelon juice
running down my chin

Paul Williams

melon abundance
vines over late afternoon
some ripe, some rotten

Mimi Ahern

night fields
we break watermelons
over each other's head

Zinovy Vayman

melon seeds
she purses her lips
granddaughter wins again

Dave Bachelor

almost dusk—
the fruit vender's child
hugs an unsold melon

Angelee Deodhar

art gallery
a woman from another world
selling melons

Michelé Root-Bernstein

slide of melon...
a small seed burrows
into soft flesh

Elinor Huggett

looking longingly
for the melons
unplanted garden

Michael Sheffield

summertime —
cut up melons
disappear in a wink of an eye

Majo Leavick

EDITOR'S CORRECTION

The following haiku were written by Judith Schallberger and not Patricia Prime as stated in the Mar-Apr 09 Geppo.

7496 watching her red lips
speak the words of winter –
kigo divine

7497 winter sea
its voice pours out
on a sandy beach

7498 what stories pass
over the worn boardwalk...
winter seclusion

My apologies to Judith for this error. JMH

CORRECTED VOTE COUNT
FOR HAIKU IN JAN-FEB GEPP0

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
Judith Schallbeger – 7496-1 7497-6 7498-1
Patricia Prime – 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
Zinovy 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

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MAR-APR 09

Steven Cottingham – 7543-3 7544-2
 Dave Bachelor – 7545-6 7546-0 7547-6
 Elinor Huggett – 7548-4 7549-6 7550-2
 Neal Whitman – 7551-0 7552-0 7553-0
 Janeth Ewald – 7554-3 7555-1 7556-4
 Jim Wilson – 7557-2
 Toni Homan – 7558-1 7559-2 7560-0
 Teruo Yamagata – 7561-0 7562-1 7563-1
 Ruth Holzer – 7564-1 7565-4 7566-2
 7567 -6 7568-1 7569-5
 Gloria Jaguden – 7570-0
 Joan Zimmerman – 7571-0 7572-5 7573-2
 7574-2 7575-8 7576-0
 Barbara Campitelli – 7577-3 7578-4 7579-1
 7580-5 7581-1 7582-2
 Michael McClintock – 7583-1 7584-2 7585-6
 Joan Ward – 7586-1 7587-3 7588-4
 Patricia Carragon – 7589-0 7590-0 7591-5
 Joan Sauer – 7592-1 7593-1 7594-2
 Patricia Prime – 7595-7 7596-5 7597-5
 Judith Schallberger – 7598-2 7599-1 7600-1
 Jeanne Cook – 7601-1 7602-2 7603-4
 Mimi Ahern – 7604-1 7605-0 7606-2
 Majo Leavick – 7607-0 7608-0 7609-0
 Deborah Kolodji – 7610-1 7611-6 7612-3
 Michael Sheffield – 7613-1 7614-3 7615-3
 Michael Welch – 7616-8 7617-5 7618-2
 M. Root-Bernstein – 7619-2 7620-6 7621-0
 Zinovy Vayman – 7622-0 7623-0 7624-2
 Graham High – 7625-0 7626-5 7627-0
 C. Doreian-Michaels 7628-1 7629-1 7630-1
 Desiree McMurry – 7631-10 7632-2

**MAR-APR HAIKU VOTED BEST
 BY READERS OF GEPP0**

spring rain
 the path of one drop
 joins another

Desiree McMurry

Loneliness
 the white egret watches
 the tide turn
 Joan Zimmerman

abandoned farmhouse—
 moon in the only pane
 left unbroken
 Michael Dylan Welch

summer concert
 the picnic blanket's
 pulled threads
 Patricia Prime

ocean waves
 each curling under
 the foam
 Dave Bachelor

smoking cigarettes
 outside the pulmonary clinic
 the nurses
 Dzve Bachelor

daybreak. . .
 the bright red
 of birdsong
 Elinor Huggett

Valentine's Day —
 a little too late
 the roses
 Ruth Holzer

old spider silk
 dripping at my cabin door—
 spring melancholy
 Michael McClintock

midday wind
 pelicans skim the sea
 of clouds
 Deborah P. Kolodji

morning moon
 cream at the top
 of the milk
 Michele Root-Bernstein

wintry night —
a plane flies down
Orion's belt

Ruth Holzer

Alzheimer's
more surprised every year
scarlet maple leaves

Joan Zimmerman

spring rain-
green of the leaves
greener still

Barbara Campitelli

the lotus opens —
she meditates on
the universe

Patricia Carragon

after spring rain
colours merge
on the pavement art

Patricia Prime

both in water —
the blue heron
and its reflection

Patricia Prime

Valentine's Day —
a letter today
for "Occupant"

Michael Dylan Welch

beneath vine leaves
the lizard and I
both dozing

Graham High



CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE
Tanabata or Star Festival
by June Hymas

A simplified account of this evening festival is that Tanabata is the Japanese for "evening of the seventh" that is celebrated on July 7th. This practice was derived from the Chinese Star Festival. Folklore has it that the Weaving

Princess and the Herdboy were placed on opposite sides of the Milky Way (so they would attend to the duties they had neglected after they were wed) by her father, the Sky King, and are reunited only once a year, when magpies or ravens form a bridge for the lovers across the River of Stars so they can be together. The bright stars near the Milky Way known as Vega and Altair symbolize the young couple.

I cannot now remember when the local group of the Yuki Teikei Society first held a Tanabata celebration in early July, but it was certainly more than 25 years ago. Kiyoko Tokutomi taught us a little more every year. We learned to write our wishes or haiku on narrow slips of paper called *tanzaku* and hang them on bamboo. We often had our Tanabata at Mary Hill's house and hung them in the beautiful grove of black bamboo she cultivated in her yard. Or someone would bring large cut bamboo branches and we would use those. And, naturally, everyone brought food.

Kiyoko taught us about hanging small paper kimonos on the bamboo. These were left open on the sides to symbolize the unfinished work of the Princess, and to bring good health and protection from accidents. In years past, Kiyoko, Mary and Pat Shelley would gather early to cut and fold paper kimonos from patterned paper for us. Since all three of them are gone now, I cannot help but think of them whenever I see a paper kimono, or think about Tanabata.

We had a lot of fun at these gatherings, and many fine haiku were written. Sometimes, the evening would be overcast and we never even saw the Milky Way! Nevertheless, we wrote some good haiku. The haiku below are all products of one of these celebrations.

he waits to greet her
she crosses the Milky Way
her feet on feathers

J. H. Hymas

Tanabata vigil—
the sound of a shuttle
in the fog

Claire Gallagher

Tanabata night
horses across the fence
breathe in darkness

Patrick Gallagher

bright river of stars!
if he must leave us
ease his heaven-passage
J. H. Hymas

Haiku from the Gallaghers appeared in Spring Sky, the 2001 Membership Anthology.

Note: In Japanese many phenomena of July and August are traditionally considered autumnal, most probably because of the changes in calendars over time. Following tradition, as we understand it, Tanabata (in early July), Obon (in early August), the Milky Way, and Morning Glory are all autumn kigo.

In your haiku response to this challenge, you could use Tanabata, river of stars, River of Heaven, heavenly river, Milky Way or a clear allusion to the story of the separated lovers.

DOJINS' CORNER

March-April 2009

by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

pjm: I would like to recognize the large number of haiku that caught my attention in this last issue of GEPP0. Each of these haiku invited a second read: 7543, 7544, 7546, 7549, 7550, 7553, 7554, 7557*, 7559*, 7560, 7561, 7569, 7571*, 7572, 7573**, 7575*, 7577, 7578, 7583, 7584, 7588, 7595*, 7599, 7600, 7601, 7602**, 7603, 7604, 7610**, 7616*, 7617*, 7618, 7619, 7620, 7623**, 7626, and 7631. The starred haiku I felt rewarded a second reading; the double-starred haiku are those that I've selected to write about.

jb: My choices are: 7543, 44, 48, 49*, 51, 66, 77, 78*, 80, 86, 88, 91, 2601, 03, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20, 21*

7549 daybreak ...
the bright red
of bird song

jb: This is clearly a metaphor: the birdsong is bright red. Of course, it isn't bright red, but it is what "bright red" symbolizes in the readers mind. This is a wake-up verse. I am waking in

(I say "in" not "on") a summer morning since I'm immersed *in* it. How can it be otherwise since it's "bright red"? This is a haiku of the type that Ishihara sensei wrote which he characterized as "introspective shaping." Ishihara sensei said: "Some haiku says something false as if it were truth, but I believe it's crucial for a haiku to tell the truth as if it were false. This is the essential quality of haiku."

pjm: This haiku has the cheerfulness and exuberance of spring. The season is suggested by the birdsong which the poet has described as red, a novel match with red of spring dawn. (Jerry has suggested that his feeling from the haiku is of a summer dawn; the classical Japanese category for birdsong spring. Whether it is technically a spring or a summer dawn is of little matter, and different experiences can lead to differences of opinion on this—it is ultimately whether the haiku moves the reader or not.)

7573 Springtime regrets—
an inquisition of starling
on the bank's red roof

pjm: Spring is vibrant, lusty, and exuberant no matter what is happening in the human world. Wall Street can collapse, GM can go bankrupt, foreclosures can sky-rocket, but still Spring comes with its expression of rebirth and vitality. It is this contrast that makes the human emotions of sadness and regret all the more sharply felt. The poet's dark mood even colors his or her view of nature seeing the starlings as black-robed inquisitors demanding an accounting of some investments gone awry.

jb: Here's that "red" again! In this case it seems to be the red of inquisition and heat. What creature better for an inquisition than starlings, and what is better for "springtime regrets" than an inquisition? Now seems to be the economic time for an *inquisition* of starlings, and on a red roof, at that. You can *bank* on that.

7578 outdoor café –
treating her doll
to a piece of pie

jb: From this haiku I am reminded of the power of fiction in play. And, who's to be a companion unless there's someone to play with? Well, there's always a doll, and that's what give this haiku its quality of sadness. This haiku would be classified as "sabi." Consider how different the meaning if the author had written: "treating her *friend* to a piece of pie." It wouldn't be worth the italics would it?

pjm: A simple scene—a child at play on a summer day creating a make-believe world. We are entranced watching her develop an inner landscape within the outer landscape of the outdoor café.

7602 mourning dove nest
made of morning glory vines
Easter Day

pjm: I chose to write about this haiku because it manages to break all the "rules" for haiku-writing and create a moment of surpassing beauty and depth. I think it would be worthwhile to examine the writing carefully as a way of understanding more fully the reason for the "rules" and their limitations.

This haiku has two spring kigo: "nest" and "Easter Day." The reason for the one-kigo-per-haiku rule is that kigo are so strong that each becomes a focal point in the haiku introducing the danger of pulling the haiku apart. In this haiku one of the kigo, Easter Day, is much stronger than the other, and the two work together supporting the central idea of the theme of the haiku, resurrection.

The poet has also done a very tricky thing using the homonyms of "mourning" and "morning"; these two words, one alluding to death and the other resurrection, also support the idea of the haiku. The repeated sound of the two words is woven into the haiku in much the same way as the vines are woven into the nest. This subtlety of having the sound reflect the action is extraordinarily deft and pleasing.

In addition, these two words are both part of the larger phrase that point to the natural world: "mourning dove" and "morning glory vines." "Mourning," even as it describes a kind of dove, brings in the overtone of sorrow at Christ's death while the reference to "morning

glory vines" has buried in it two words of significance: "morning" as in "a new day" and "glory," a wonderful, exuberant word which celebrates the central idea of the poem—resurrection and life everlasting.

Who could have thought so much could be packed in ten words! All praise to the poet! Glory! Glory!

jb: When I lived in Southern California we had a trellis about our doorway. The trellis supported two lovely wisteria plants. *Misty*, and *Wistful* I called them. But in the trellis was the nest of a dove. This dove family returned to build a nest every year, three years in a row, until we moved north. In the morning we would walk carefully past the nest and the doves would become very quiet. We were especially careful when there were eggs in the nest and when there were babies. And, we were most especially careful around Easter.

7621 spring snow
the mallard preens its wings
for another flight

jb: I've often thought that we don't give birds enough credit for doing the amazing things that they do. We take their flying and acrobatics for granted, but they don't. Mallards must be in good physical condition to make the flights that they make. Naturally, their life style helps, but it also takes exertion. If this is true, our mallard gives us a lesson in living. If you want to take another flight you should think about preparing for it...preen those wings. I see the mallards here in Walnut Creek foothills actually making practice flights before they take off in migration. ~~They form~~ echelons and they make several circles around the valley. This goes on for a week or two, and then, one day they are gone—not to be seen until they return from migration. It takes preparation.

pjm: I find the two kigo in this haiku, "mallard" and "spring snow," to be working independently of each other. The haiku, as Jerry has indicated, is about the mallard. I would like to suggest that the poet reconsider the first line.

7623 wind-sheened reservoir –
all history is written
by the amateurs

pjm: I'm not sure that I understand this haiku. I picked it to write about because of its unusual image paired with an intriguing assertion.

First of all, the image: "wind-sheened reservoir." The poet has created an image, perfectly clear, using a made-up word, "sheened." This word perfectly describes the surface of the reservoir roughened by the wind reflecting the sunlight.

Second, the sound: the middle syllable of reservoir rhymes with the last syllable of "amateur" helping to pull the two parts of the haiku together.

Third, the meaning: This is, perhaps, the most difficult part, the part I am least certain of. The assertion that "all history is written by amateurs" is literally not true. It is so boldly untrue that it makes the reader look for other meaning beneath the surface. Perhaps the writer means that all history is made by amateurs in that we are all participating in it, creating it, and we don't "act" as "historical figures," *per se*; we just live, reacting to each other and to circumstances. In this way history is created—a man-made thing like a reservoir is man-made, an artifact of the human.

jb: What is history anyway? Is it more than a reservoir that is *sheened* by the wind? It is certainly a reservoir. I've heard it said that history is written "by the winners." Undoubtedly the winners must pose as amateurs.

Jerry and Patricia invite your comments. Please

Paul O. Williams
January 17, 1935 - June 2, 2009
by Carolyn Hall

The haiku community at large, and the Haiku Poets of Northern California, are deeply saddened by the loss of Paul O. Williams, a great friend and haiku stalwart. He passed away, suddenly and unexpectedly, on June 2, 2009.

Paul first became interested in haiku in 1964 and since then has written and published numerous haiku, *senryu*, *tanka*, *haibun*, and critical essays. Paul was one of the founding members of the Haiku Poets of Northern California in 1989, and served as its president in 1991-92. He was president of the Haiku Society of America in 1999, and vice president of the Tanka Society of America in 2000. He was an active member of the Yuki Teikei Society as well.

Paul wore many hats. He was professor emeritus of English at Principia College in Elsah, Illinois. He was a notable science fiction writer, best known for the Pelbar Cycle, a series of seven novels with a uniquely optimistic vision of an America long after a nuclear war. Paul won the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer in Science Fiction in 1983. His book *The Nick of Time: Essays on Haiku Aesthetics* (Press Here, 2001) was winner of the Haiku Society of America's Merit Award for Best Criticism. Paul was also known for coining the word "Tontoism" to describe haiku with missing articles ("a", "an", "the") thus making haiku sound like the stunted English of the Lone Ranger's Indian sidekick.

Paul loved cats and was an origami enthusiast as well. We will miss his laughter, the twinkle in his eye, and his fatherly presence. An opportunity to gather and remember Paul will be announced later.

gone from the woods
the bird I knew
by song alone

for a moment
the dead apple tree bears—
goldfinches

so hard a rain
now even the mountain
flows down the mountain

Calendar

- AUG 8 6:00 PM Moonviewing Party at Patricia Machmiller's house. Call for 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 -

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.