

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXIV:4

[Jul-Aug-2009]

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 7719 | Wedding party
completely missing
the full moon | 7726 | dappled sunlight
shifting into shade
twin fawns |
| 7720 | Wind-blown sand
covers the beach boardwalk –
Dad's asthmatic cough | 7727 | drifting clouds...
the way one dream
follows another |
| 7721 | Winds attack the redwoods
September morning
anniversary | 7728 | hand over hand
pulling in my boat
snack shop already closed |
| 7722 | summer moon—
the filigree
of junkyard pine | 7729 | the stream of kelp
an upside down question mark
incoming tide |
| 7723 | long time coming
not here for long—
cicada chorus | 7730 | smoke rising
the houseboat now moored
the parking lot emptied |
| 7724 | peach festival—
in the striped tent
Mennonites join hands | 7731 | field trip
children examine
the tide pools |
| 7725 | sunrise
the first rosy blush
on ripening tomatoes | 7732 | oppressive heat –
moon glow saturates
my pillow |
-

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|------|--|------|--|
| 7733 | a young girl
collecting sea glass-
storm clouds gather | 7743 | prayer flags
set firm in the dune . . .
a cloudless sea |
| 7734 | spring dawn
stars fade out
one at a time | 7744 | an ox takes the breeze,
standing on a grave mound —
the morning calm |
| 7735 | morning – light
ribbons of rain
reach the ground | 7745 | rainbow!
I’m in time to see it loom
in Mr. Tung’s field |
| 7736 | spring rain
the razor wire
strings raindrops | 7746 | the cat’s cotton ball
in her water dish again
bright summer morning |
| 7737 | the blind cane
makes sure
morning dew | 7747 | spotless apron pinned
to my great aunt’s Sunday dress
Thanksgiving dinner |
| 7738 | someone
is shadowing me
starry night | 7748 | a clutch of hens and chicks
form green hair for the Buddha –
his eyes downcast |
| 7739 | fight against
a breath of air
child mantis | 7749 | longest day
the stand of cemetery trees
grown together |
| 7740 | behind the ear
of the lady bus driver
a pink hibiscus | 7750 | the path
straight down to the swimming hole
- the path straight up |
| 7741 | sending its shadow
across the courtyard
the silk tree | 7751 | almost a catch
almost another catch
- willow fluff |
| 7742 | calm morning
the lone gardener
works in silence | 7752 | August vacation
we cut back the undergrowth
to admire the lake |

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>7753 prize watermelon
drawn and quartered on the porch
for dessert</p> <p>7754 first night at the lake
when we stop talking, an owl
hoots, back in the woods</p> <p>7755 back from my sleep...
sleep's one sixtieth of death,
the Talmudists say</p> <p>7756 somebody remarks,
"His is a die-for-death."
August heat</p> <p>7757 what's left of him
left in his three dimensions
we are his time
<i>In memory of Paul O. Williams</i></p> <p>7758 approach of autumn-
wanting to recycle
wasted moments</p> <p>7759 crime in all colors-
the previous life
of a drug abuser</p> <p>7760 proud cat-
dove feathers everywhere
and the bird?</p> <p>7761 four more ripe tomatoes
behind the one
I intended to pick</p> | <p>7762 deep tree shade
releasing
a bird's shadow</p> <p>7763 dawn rain
his dream breath
bordered by thunder</p> <p>7764 heavy rains
after the foreclosure --
split melon</p> <p>7765 long hot summer --
so short now I feel
a chill</p> <p>7766 stripped sycamore bark --
should I write on or about
this scrap of treeness?</p> <p>7767 blood orange nasturtiums
nod in the broom's draft --
missing her laughter
<i>In memory of Claire Gallagher</i></p> <p>7768 "don't tempt the devil"
warns his cardiologist-
bypass summer</p> <p>7769 with plastic scissors
she trims kitty's whiskers -
wind chimes</p> <p>7770 in the abbey
barley soup
nurturing souls</p> |
|--|--|

- | | | | |
|------|---|---|----------------------|
| 7771 | pink peony...
I come home early
just to breathe its scent | flute notes
across the canyon
river of stars | Ruth Holzer |
| 7772 | oblivious
inside its shell
the snail in its slime | bamboo breeze
the flutter
of paper kimonos | Elinor Huggett |
| 7773 | nighttime –
an orchestra of crickets
play summer heat | through the branches
stars blink
with the fireflies | Steven E. Cottingham |
| 7774 | dewdrops on grass
wet sandaled feet —
early morning walk | midnight swim
he swirling Milky Way
above us | Patricia Prime |
| 7775 | a melon's scent —
sweet and ripe enough
to eat | big drop rain . . .
on Tanabata night
turning to flowers | Michael McClintock |
| 7776 | a glass of wine
bamboo roots pickled
in a jar | stars in the river
the feeling that it is
time to leave again | Linda Galloway |
| 7777 | old man's paper unread
his name
in the obituary column | in the folds of hills
faint marks of an ancient creek
Seven/seven | PJM |
| 7778 | recruiting office
a posted sign
"disabled park here" | river of stars
in stillness comes the softness
of a donkey's bray | Alison Woolpert |
| | CHALLENGE KIGO
Tanabata
by June Hymas | Star Festival
are we to follow or leave
a trail of stars | Yvonne Hardenbrook |
| | heavenly reunion
of joy and pain
star crossed lovers | recycling cuttings
from our paper kimonos
festival fun | Yvonne Hardenbrook |

Janis Lukstein

Tanabata night
the woman in burqa shows
her small hand

Zinovy Vayman

River of Heaven-
a one dimensional life
now you're gone

Barbara Campitelli

Will he cross this year?
the Princess with her mirror
as ravens gather

Jeanne Cook

waking started
I listen for his sleep breath
river of stars

Judith Schallberger

a bridge of ravens
across a river of stars
love leads the way

Patricia Carragon

tanabata
the meteorite streaks
the night sky

Laurabell

Submission Guidelines for GEPP0

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

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, gleaning, 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.

The annual membership fee for the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in the U.S. and Canada is \$26.00. For international members the fee is \$31.00. Membership entitles you to six issues of *Geppo* per year and the annual anthology.

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

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MAY-JUN 09

- Patricia Prime – 7633-2 7634-1 7635-3
- Jim Wilson – 7636-1 7637-3
- Joan Ward – 7638-5 7639-7 7640-2
- Teruo Yamagata – 7641-0 7642-0 7643-0
- Barbara Campitelli – 7644-4 7645-2 7646-2
- Judith Schallberger – 7647-1 7648-0 7649-1
- Ruth Holzer – 7650-4 7651-1 7652-3
- Patricia Carragon – 7653-0 7654-0 7655-0
- M. Dylan Welch – 7656-0 7657-4 7658-5
- Laurabell – 7659-2 7660-1 7661-2
- Janeth Ewald – 7662-1 7663-4 7664-2
- Joan Sauer – 7665-0 7666-1 7667-3
- Joan Zimmerman – 7668-1 7669-0 7670-0
- Janis Lukstein – 7671-1 7672-1 7673-0
- Michael McClintock – 7674-0 7675-1 7676-1
- Greg Longenecker – 7677-3 7678-4 7679-2
- Neal Whitman – 7680-0 7681-0 7682-2
- Paul Williams – 7683-1 7684-3 7685-0
- Mimi Ahern – 7686-2 7687-2 7688-0
- Zinovy Vayman – 7689-0 7690-0 7691-0
- Dave Bachelor – 7692-5 7693-1 7694-1
- Angelee Deodhar – 7695-1 7696-2 7697-7
- Deborah Kolodji – 7698-0 7699-5 7700-6
- M. Root-Bernstein – 7701-2 7702-3 7703-6
- Michael Sheffield – 7704-5 7705-0 7706-0
- Steven Cottingham – 7707-0 7708-3 7709-1
- Jeanne Cook – 7710-1 7711-0 7712-1
- Majo Leavick – 7713-2 7714-0 7715-0
- Elinor Huggett – 7716-1 7717-6 7718-4

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

laundry day –
spring comes in
on the sheets

Joan Ward

midday –
heat shimmers across
the discarded kimona

Angelee Deodhar

wearing white lace
as if innocent
hemlock

Deborah P. Kolodji

summer dusk
the crust-crackle of bread
just out of the oven

Michele Root-Bernstein

setting sun. . .
a crow's shadow drifts
across a headstone

Elinor Huggett

one red tulip
its cup open
to the mist

Joan Ward

rain dripping
from the red-and-white awning
I catch your yawn

Michael Dylan Welch

on one leg
reading a book
on yoga

Dave Bachelor

weeping willow branch
the song of the bird
I cannot name

Deborah P. Kolodji

behind the beauty
of his words
wild thistle

Michael Sheffield

spring migration
graduating from parole
to a free life

Barbara Campitelli

taking a dip
in the glacial lake—
wild white orchids

Ruth Holzer

black ice —
the wiper still going
on the overturned SUV

Michael Dylan Welch

Memorial Day
the steady beat
of flagging feet

Janeth Ewald

sudden shower
a homeless man wearing
my old sweatshirt

Gregory Longenecker

windswept prairie...
three Swedish crosses
on a small wale

Elinor Huggett

Dojins' Corner

May-June, 2009

by Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

jb: My choices are: 7639*, 46, 52, 56, 60*, 63, 79, 84, 99, 7704, 05, 08, 11, 12*, 14, 15, 17, 18.

pjm: And mine are: 7649, 7663, 7668, 7676, 7700*, 7702*, 7704, 7709, 7713, 7714, 7716, and 7718*.

“*” indicates our choices for comment.

7639 laundry day
spring comes in
on the sheets

jb: I couldn't resist this haiku. "Spring comes in on the sheets" takes me back to the times when we would hang our laundry on a clothesline. When dry, the sheets would be taken from the line, folded, and stacked in the laundry basket. One of the pleasures of

laundry was/is the fresh smell of the sheets taken off the line. This was especially true in springtime. It was a job mainly for mothers, but it was also a job for children; something they could easily be trained to do. But this was a time in which the father was the breadwinner, and the mother kept house. Now, of course, the economy is such that it takes two breadwinners to support a family. These days, spring doesn't come in on the sheets.

pjm: The old-fashioned, but eco-friendly, way of drying the laundry—hanging clothes on the line. It's hard work—especially the sheets which are cumbersome and heavy when wet and so are difficult to handle when pinning them up. But the reward is no electricity cost and, best of all, the fresh smell of spring! The feeling in this haiku is light, sensuous, and airy which matches perfectly with our notion of what a spring day is like.

7660 hospital window
the curtain opens
to a grey dawn

jb: "Grey dawn": anyone who has wakened in a hospital bed knows this feeling, especially if you're not doing well. The routine and colors conspire to produce a sadness well typified by the expression "grey dawn." I think this haiku would be strengthened by a seasonal setting, i.e. with a kigo, but still I like the serious sense associated with early morning (dawn) in the hospital setting.

pjm: The mood is solemn. Although a grey dawn occurs at other times of the year—it is a typical feature of August, for example, along the west coast of Northern California—I feel this grey dawn is unmistakably winter in its feeling. The darkness outside is reflected in the inner landscape. We feel that the curtain is opening on the final act: the end of the year, the end of a life. Even so, the curtain is *opening*; through this phrase the poet indicates that the performance isn't over and that there is more, no matter how difficult, life to be lived.

7700 wearing white lace
as if innocent
hemlock

pjm: Do you remember that play by Joseph Kesselring, *Arsenic and Old Lace*? It's a dark comedy about two lovely, sweet, but looney, spinsters living in their Victorian house where they take in boarders. They prefer old, unattached gentlemen whom they proceed to put out of their "misery" (i.e., old age) by lacing the elderberry wine they serve with arsenic.

Like the play this haiku is about a masquerade—death posing as an innocent, the poisonous hemlock's lacy flowers posing as the beautiful Queen Anne's Lace, a benign member of the carrot family. Every school child knows that the poison used to kill Socrates was a brew made from hemlock. It is this strong association that gives this haiku's last line its potent punch.

jb: This haiku was one of my selections, and I'm glad Patricia has decided to comment on it. The root of this haiku is based on the custom of wearing white lace at the wedding of a young woman. There is, also, a supposition of innocence. However, the mention of hemlock (the poison used to kill Socrates ... and others ...) suggests someone, or something is merely simulating innocence. (Simulation: pretending to be something that one is not. (Suggest you read Francis Bacon's essay: *Of Simulation and Dis-simulation*.) What we have is a ready made statement of blame for an unnamed perpetrator. For me, this haiku packs considerable power.

7702 heat lightning
a hidden cardinal calls
in the twilight quiet

pjm: Mysterious—that's the feeling I get when reading this haiku—that mysterious, magical quality of twilight; the silent flashes of heat lightning in the distance only add to the mysterious quiet. In this twilight even the usually bright cardinal is hidden. Except for his sound. And this is what moves this haiku to another level: the sound. One of the cardinal's calls is a quiet *tsip, tsip, tsip*. This call seems to fit the mood of the poem and is imbedded in the haiku in the last syllable of "lightning" and "twilit" and in the first syllable of "hidden." The orchestration of sound within the poem is its hidden beauty: the "k" sound in "cardinal," "call," and "quiet"; the long "i" sound in

"lightning," "twilit," and "quiet"; and the repetition of the long "i" followed by the short "e" in the first line and the last line. This is excellent writing.

jb: This is a nature sketch. There is a flash (and sound?) of heat lightning, presumably followed by a "quiet," and in this "quiet" there is the call of a "hidden" cardinal. The author apparently recognizes the call as a cardinal by its sound (since the cardinal is hidden). The effect of this set of circumstances is left for the reader to judge.

7712 a bad roof—
all the fun drained
from thunder

jb: There sometimes is a tension between the drama of thunder and the practicality of the situation. (Consider a "rain out" in baseball.) In this case the "bad roof" suggests some property damage from the rain and immediate contact with the weather. Now, contrast this with the drama of the summer storm. Imagine the children who might be frightened, but instead use imagination to "play" with the images of thunder. Playing (having fun) with a thing so powerful as thunder presupposes an insulation which practically demands that the roof is in good repair. Having a bad roof, does, indeed, "drain" the fun from the marvelous thunder.

pjm: This haiku ties some unusual ideas together. The first is "thunder" as "fun." Thunder is usually experienced as a forewarning, an ominous portent of a coming storm. Second, "thunder" as a downspout through which fun drains. This image gives thunder, usually experienced as an auditory sensation, a visual component. This image of thunder as a vertical, metallic tube has similarities to lightning, the usual visual which accompanies thunder. Thank you, Poet, for giving us a new way to "see" thunder.

7718 windswept prairie ...
three Swedish crosses
on a small wale

pjm: I chose to write about this haiku because, although the meaning of the poem was not immediately clear to me, the components of it

were sufficiently interesting to invite me to do further work to puzzle out the meaning. I started with "wale." It refers to a ridge in a fabric, such the wale in corduroy. Was I supposed to imagine that these crosses were sewn on fabric? There was a meaning which is now obsolete referring to a ridge of earth or stone. The other thing to note is that "wale" is a homonym for "wail" meaning to cry.

I then turned to the reference to "Swedish crosses." What is a "Swedish cross"? What image would I have if I saw three of them either sewn on cloth like a flag, perhaps, or standing over a grave site?

The first possibility I considered is the Swedish flag: it has a yellow Latin cross arranged horizontally and was introduced in the 1600s. This idea had some merit because the cloth of the flag is suggested by the word "wale" and also the horizontal nature of the cross suggests the person in the grave.

The other possibilities are cross designs that come from the pagan times. The ancient Norse, who eventually formed the Celts, had a four-cornered shield knot symbol which they used for protection. The shield knot was the basis of the design of the Christian cross known as St. Hans's cross. The shield knot design was one of continuous flow, like water or infinity.

Another cross, also ancient in origin, is the solar cross. According to Mark D. Jordan, A solar cross is "simply a cross with equal size arms, inside of a circle and touching the sides of the circle forming four open spaces. . . . The solar cross represents the movement of the sun as in the solstices (the four seasons)." Examples of crosses based on the design of equal arms and that are pagan in use are the Elf Cross or the Ella Cross. These crosses were usually etched into metal and used as amulets. A Christian cross using equal arm lengths and having a Swedish connection is the St. Birgitta Cross. This cross came into use in the 1300s.

Another symbol identical to the solar cross, but not a cross at all, is the Woden Cross or the Odin Cross. The www.seiyaku.com web site says that "Woden was a bit of a trouble-maker; fond of starting wars and carrying off the dead from the battle field. The wheel [symbolized by

a cross within a circle] represents the turning of life into death. Perhaps this is why Hitler was fond of another rotating wheeled cross, the swastika.

http://www.seiyaku.com/customs/crosses/s_wastika.html In more recent times, Woden's Cross has been adopted by white nationalists. These people glorify Aryan, Teutonic and Norse heritage, hence their appropriation of Woden's Cross and similar symbols. . . . Where Woden was a Germanic god, a deity with similar attributes further north was the Norse god Odin. (Woden and Odin are usually considered to be the same god.) In Norse mythology, Odin was the highest ranking god and his symbol was a cross in a circle."

The Midsommarstang Cross is based on the maypole, a flowing symbol of fertility, a part of the Scandinavian celebration of Mid-Summer's Eve or St. John's (Han's) Eve, which coincided with the summer solstice.

And then there is the swastika which is of the form of the solar cross and ultimately became the symbol of the regime putting forth the idea of a Nordic Master Race. Relative to its use in Sweden, according to Elias Granqvist, "the swastika was . . . used as a sign for power, and thus often used on maps to indicate where you could find a power plant. . . . The Swedish company ASEA—now the "A" in the Swedish-Swiss company ABB—used a swastika in its logo until the beginning of the 1930s, when this symbol [took on] a more political meaning. In Swedish, a swastika is called *hakkors* or hook cross. . . . The hooks are of course formed by the cross arms that are set in angles. Swastikas were used in the air force signs of Finland and Latvia from their independence following World War I and until the 1940s. The use of swastikas by the Finnish in their war of 1941-1944 against the Soviet Union had therefore nothing to do with their alliance with Germany at the time.

So back to my question: what would I see if I imagined "three Swedish crosses/ on a small wale"? Would it be three Swedish flags? Or three crosses in the form of shield knots (St. Hans Crosses)? Or three solar crosses (St. Birgitta Crosses)? Or three swastikas? The choice makes a big difference in the image, the

meaning, and ultimately the feeling of the poem.

The word "wale," I think, is the clue to resolving the puzzle. I believe that in the context of this haiku the obsolete meaning of the word, that is, a ridge of earth or stone is the correct interpretation of the place of these three crosses, and this usage going back to Old English indicates that we should use symbols on the crosses that go back that far. This interpretation would eliminate the Swedish flag. I think it also eliminates the swastika because its modern symbolism overwhelms any ancient symbolism it might have had. I am also eliminating the Elf and Ella Crosses since they appear to be mostly emblems used on amulets.

So what is the message of this poem. Of the remaining possibilities there are

- 1) St. Hans's Cross based on the shield knot and meaning protection, the flowing of water and of life, and infinity
- 2) St. Birgitta's Cross based on the Sun or Solar Cross meaning protection and creativity
- 3) Midsommarstang Cross based on the maypole and fertility
- 4) Woden/Odin Cross, which looks like a Sun Cross, but is a wheel turning life into death

Each of these images give a different and interesting interpretation to the poem, but the one that enriches it the most for me is the last. The turning of life into death—the way these gods Woden and Odin once ruled the ancient Germanic/Nordic world now they are as obsolete as the "wale" on which their symbols stand. And what is left but the prairie grasses, the truly enduring symbol of the eternal.

jb: This is also one of my selections. It is a simple nature sketch. I must admit that I needed to look up the meaning of "wale" ... an archaic Old English term meaning "ridge." Well, there you have it. The author presents the reader with an austere set of facts. What then? It's up to the readers' imagination. The power of this verse lies in its narrative subtext. What must have happened for these three *Swedish crosses* to be placed on such an undistinguished

piece of landscape: i.e. a small wale? Yes, what *must have happened?* I am haunted.

Jerry and Patricia invite your comments. Please

Moonviewing at Al and Patricia Machmillers'

August 8, 2009

by Irene Zhang, Chinese brush painter

About twenty people all of whom are writers and/or artists gathered in this great backyard, a garden full of plants, sitting places, and a big fireplace. It was quite a scene. After wine and dinner (potluck) everyone started to write in the dim candlelight. Curious and confused about what to do while sitting in front of the moon with a glass of red wine, I was approached by Patricia with a notepad and pen as she assured us that now was the time to write poems.

There was a quiet moment for everyone except for Jim [Eckman] and Tola [Minkoff]. Jim claimed that his ability to write poems had been ruined by writing computer programs while Tola said that she was never a word person. What surprised me was I had just discovered this evening that Tola, whom I know as a brush painter, is also a sculptor. All others to my surprise were well prepared for the moment, writing, creating, and composing words by candlelight.

I feel extremely happy about coming to this party. I get to learn about the different lives people lead in real American families. One couple [Alice and Alex Benedict] is from Berkeley; one lady [Carol Steele] from Capitola used to be in Mr. Hau's [brushpainting] class before I joined. She had to quit as the commute was too much for her since she still holds a job. Another person, Anne Homan lives about an hour and a half away. I did not get a chance to talk with the rest. But they all come from quite a distance for they share a common interest, the love for nature, I believe.

I am amazed by, or to be more exact, thrilled by the scene thinking what a beautiful life this is ... Some haiku from the evening –

we sit in silence
surrounded by city sounds—
waiting for the moon
—Carol Steele

for Tola and Jim:

low voices speak
of a catalytic reaction—
summer moon
—pjm

white oleanders
nod in the evening breeze—
moon viewing party
—Judith Schallberger

candles flicker
over the notebooks—somewhere
the moon is rising
—Anne Homan

leaning back
to see the moon I find
my friend the toad
—Patrick Gallagher

looking for the moon—
and triggering the motion
sensor's warning light
—Ann Bendixen

the night garden
glow of white oleander
nothing like the moon
—Alice Benedict

among city lights
and sounds of traffic
the moon, too, rises
—Alex Benedict

Misshapen moon
it looks to be
shrugging off an overcoat
—Jean Hale

Moths play in candlelight
A toad hops through the shadows
Where's the silvery moon?
—Nina Koepcke

Calendar

SEPT	No Meeting.
OCT 1	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 Woolbert's house. Call Alison -

CHALLENGE KIGO: Autumn Loneliness, and then some June Hopper Hymas

Our dear friend, Pat Shelley, whom some of you will remember, used to quiver with horror when any of the words "spring," "summer," "autumn" or "winter" were used in a haiku. To her, it seemed like what we used to call "easy outs" or something you did if you were too lazy. We had quite a number of chats about this—it seemed to me OK to do it *some* of the time—but she never changed her mind. And it is easy to see what she means. If you did this all the time, it would make your assembled haiku very boring. Here we encounter another of the problems associated with trying to follow the plans of ancient guys from another culture, and write haiku, like they did.

I thought we would think about "autumn loneliness" because this kigo is also the title of the new book of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi's translated letters, which are way more interesting than most letters, by the way. Get the book!

There is something about autumn that goes with loneliness. Translators have used

"loneliness in autumn," "feeling lonely in autumn" or "autumn melancholy" to translate *aki sabu*, or *aki sabishi*, the Japanese terms. In Japanese, *sabu* or *sabishi* also carries the sense of "rusty" or "getting rusty" and may also imply reddening leaves. In English, I have preferred to save the term "melancholy" for one of my favorite *kigo*, "spring melancholy," which Mr. Tokutomi used to use.

Here is long-time member Patricia Prime's haiku that appeared in *Geppo*, and then in the YT 2001 anthology, *Spring Sky*.

near the summit
resting on separate rocks—
autumn loneliness

and one of Joan Zimmerman's that was in *Geppo* and then in the YT 2002 anthology *The Heron Leans Forward*.

autumn loneliness
finding your postcard
from Manhattan

Nice, don't you think? Comparing these two haiku, when we go to write our own, we also get to think about the other craft decisions we need to make. Do we put the loneliness first or last in the haiku? And should we separate it from the rest of the verse with a dash? (Note the semi-colon in the Amann haiku below, too.) Are you having fun yet?

I've been looking at the selected haiku of Eric Amann, *Cicada Voices*. He took first prize in the first haiku contest sponsored by our group; this book of his selected haiku was edited by George Swede. The haiku that serves as an epigraph to the entire book is this one.

summer loneliness;
through the endless afternoon
cicada voices

It's a short book, so I went through the whole thing, looking for autumn and found this instead:

Sunday loneliness;
a chain of shining icicles
locks the garden gate p.24.

So, think about it: what makes autumn loneliness different from the weekly kind you might have on a Sunday?? And how might summer loneliness not quite break your heart? Remember to send one "autumn loneliness" Challenge Kigo haiku to Jean Hale with your *Geppo* votes and haiku submission.

D. CLAIRE GALLAGHER
1941 – 2009
By Carolyn Hall

D. Claire Gallagher, a woman of boundless energy and enormous talent, extraordinary haiku poet and friend to many in the community, passed away at home, surrounded by family, on Friday, July 17, 2009, after a long bout with cancer. She left this world as gracefully as she lived in it. Surviving her are her husband Patrick Gallagher, also a haiku poet, and loving children and grandchildren.

Claire described herself as having been "born a Californian in Wisconsin." She was raised in Western Pennsylvania and it was 43 years before she arrived physically on the "Left Coast" in Sunnyvale, California. Her career included incarnations as a potter, educator, radio journalist, technical writer, and naturalist hike leader for a land preserve agency. In addition to reading and writing haiku, which contributed to her living "more mindfully and more heartfully," among the joys and talents that enriched her life were hiking and traveling with her husband, gardening, ikebana, collage, Chinese brush painting, and spending time with her family and friends. She was always keenly aware of the world of natural wonders around her, and she delighted in sharing her excitement and knowledge with friends and family, most especially with her grandchildren.

She will be greatly missed. A few of Claire's outstanding haiku.

family reunion-
 some of the beached kelp
 in knots

1st Place, HSA Harold Henderson Haiku Awards (2007)

weathered bench-
 I open my palms
 to the winter sky

2nd Place, San Francisco International Haiku Contest (2007)

sunflowers
 the tube of cadmium yellow
 squeezed flat

2nd Place, San Francisco International Haiku Contest (2004)

the closer we get . . .
 losing my friend's heart-to-heart
 to the waterfall

1st Place (tie), British Haiku Society Hackett Award Contest (1999)

budding maples-
 how fast the ground moves
 under his tricycle

How Fast the Ground Moves, Saki Press, 2001

blowing out
 one birthday candle
 the whole family

2nd place, HSA Brady Contest (1998)

his arthritis
guiding the hoe-
late tomatoes

The Heron's Nest IV:2 (2002)

Advent altar-
a candle wick straightens
within the flame

3rd Place, NLAPW Poetry Contest (1999)

winter solstice-
the sunset incantations
of red-winged blackbirds

Frogpond XXIV:3 (2001)

the dark folds
of a greening mountain -
my sister's locked diary

The Heron's Nest VIII:2 (2006)

sultry day-
melancholy squeezed
from his accordion

Acorn #20 (2008)

slicing apples
into the dented pan-
howl of the wind

The Heron's Nest X:2 (2008), Heron's Nest Award



Kukai at Asilomar (ku=haiku + kai=meeting)

FIRM DEADLINE: September 25, 2009

If you plan to attend the Retreat this year, please submit NOW!

If you haven't been to one of our Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreats at Asilomar, the *kukai* is a session where we discuss haiku submitted by the participants, without knowing during our discussion who wrote them. It's a very interesting, non-threatening way to see how your haiku are understood by others.

After Asilomar, selected haiku from the *kukai* are always published in Geppo, so the entire membership can benefit from insights developed in the *kukai*.

That is why it is so important that your haiku have not already been published.

and that the haiku you submit for this *kukai* are free to be published in Geppo.

The final portion of the *kukai* is reserved for haiku written at this Retreat.

At that time, each person who wishes may submit one retreat haiku on a 3x5 card, which we will give to you.

Since I'll need to prepare *kukai* worksheets and make copies for everyone before I leave Michigan, *please choose two of your best unpublished haiku and send them to me at*

before September 20, 2009. I am very excited about this *kukai*; we have learned quite a bit in the last few years about how to conduct a productive, focused and positive discussion, one that will help all of us in our understanding of haiku process and practice.

For anyone who would rather use the Post Office, you should mail by September 14th!

My address in Michigan is:

June Hymas

**2009 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA
October 1-4, 2009**

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society holds a four day/three night retreat at Asilomar in the beautiful natural setting of Monterey Bay on the Pacific Ocean. It is a great opportunity for poetry-writing in an environment of coastal forest and dune vegetation populated with shore birds and other land and sea creatures. Asilomar is noted for its Arts & Crafts architecture by Julia Morgan and is located on the Monterey Peninsula known for its historical and literary heritage.

This year's retreat will feature **Ebba Story**, a long-time haiku writer, editor of the "Challenge Kigo" column in *GEPP0*, and editor of *Mariposa*. Ebba will lead participants in a writing workshop and craft lecture on the theme of "Re-membering Feelings through Haiku."

Another special event will be a book party celebrating the publication of *Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, July-December, 1967*. Selections from the book will be read by the translators, **Tei Matsushita Scott** and **Patricia J. Machmiller**.

Walks and free periods for meditation and writing are planned. There will be opportunities for poets to share their work. **Carolyn Fitz** will lead a session in haiga. (Art materials are provided). On one evening poets will have the opportunity to write renku. An excursion to Point Lobos is planned for Thursday; on Sunday afternoon there will be a final ginko and workshop.

A \$450 attendance fee covers the conference, meals, and lodging. **Registration deadline: August 1.** Registrants who pay in full by July 1 will receive a reduction in fee of \$50.

or check out the YT web site at www.young.leaves.org
or send your registration along with a deposit of \$100
(make checks payable to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society) to:

Name: _____
Address: _____
Phone: _____ Cell: _____
e-mail: _____
Special Considerations: _____
Vegetarian Meals: Yes ___ No ___ Ground Floor Accommodations: Yes ___ No ___
Amount enclosed: _____