

G E P P O

*the haiku study-work journal
of the*

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XXXIV:5

Sept/Oct 2009

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

- | | | | |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 7779 | full moon frost
closing her eyes the cat
curls more tightly | 7786 | pass or follow?
he gives it a second thought
the grasshopper |
| 7780 | hint of autumn
my cat
begins her plumping | 7787 | the salty lake
surrounded by hills
Indian summer |
| 7781 | cracked tea bowl—
the stirring of antiquity
in my bones | 7788 | desert dark
Jupiter's many moons
coming to light |
| 7782 | a yellow kimono
silently slips to the ground
autumn ginkgo | 7789 | hawk
soaring above its shadow
grounded |
| 7783 | dense thicket
the twittering of robins
that winter over | 7790 | Hallowe'en
my black cat and trick'r' treaters
startle each other |
| 7784 | highway rest stop
the resident squirrel
gathers French fries | 7791 | hospice . . .
autumnal fog recedes
revealing a lowish tide |
| 7785 | seems to be a saint
dressed in ragged clothes
only a scarecrow | 7792 | the ticking clock...
a visit with great grand-dad
and autumn rain |
-

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>7793 sworn to silence —
the talkative magpie
hears the Herdsman</p> | <p>7803 roadside rest
DON'T CAMP HERE AT ANY TIME
lingering summer heat</p> |
| <p>7794 a new jacket's
soft sleeves at twilight
summer's leave</p> | <p>7804 youth song festival
the Hong Kong Children's Choir
sings Broadway show tunes!</p> |
| <p>7795 golden leaves
no space for the pond
surface</p> | <p>7805 summer gust
wind chimes commenting
on the weather</p> |
| <p>7796 deep into the silence
of an autumn night-
the cocker's snore</p> | <p>7806 twelve season people-
for him an experience
for me but a thought</p> |
| <p>7797 penthouse dinner-
a red balloon traverses
the city skyline</p> | <p>7807 summer breeze
fingering through
your accolades</p> |
| <p>7798 distant lightning-
the windows light up
in a pumpkin glow</p> | <p>7808 leaves turning -
part of the tin roof
thick with rust</p> |
| <p>7799 ripeness on the breeze-
splashes of color
everywhere</p> | <p>7809 trick or treating -
children with plastic bags
on the front porch</p> |
| <p>7800 torrential rain-
no one to see
jack-o-lantern's glare</p> | <p>7810 a hundred years
rooted to the same earth
grape vines</p> |
| <p>7801 the shut-in-
foliage peeping
in a book</p> | <p>7811 when your face
stops looking like your face—
clearing skies</p> |
| <p>7802 a red plastic box
of crickets for the gecko
—waning September</p> | <p>7812 dentist's office —
the pumpkin's
jagged grin</p> |

- 7813 autumn sweetness—
the beekeeper's husband
scoops out the hive
- 7814 thinking a bird
flew into the room —
the wind of autumn
- 7815 summer heat lingers —
my wife and I twisted
in a cotton sheet
- 7816 careless of men
the moon left cold dew
on the prickly moor
- 7817 setting sun —
smoke from the rice fields
becomes a mountain slope
- 7818 without a
wind —
incense ash flies sideways
- 7819 summer sunrise—
in the west her half moon
turns light light blue
In memory of Claire Gallagher
- 7820 waiting also
the lone crow
in the distant tree
- 7821 gathering clouds darken the day
we drive into
another argument
- 7822 argument ends
on TV we watch
her show
- 7823 brittle leaves —
cupping my tin mug
still steaming
- 7824 off shore breezes —
eucalyptus pointing home
end of Labor Day
- 7825 autumn dusk —
quivering aspens
mistaken for rain
- 7826 ~~September sun~~
his eyelashes
full of color
- 7827 October wind
the rattle of a pot
at the boil
- 7828 still creek
my desire to stir
the fallen leaves
- 7829 migrating monarchs—
teach me to travel without
check-in luggage
- 7830 our blended voices
soar into the vaulted nave—
first autumn rain
- 7831 flock of pelicans
lingering summer heat
along Elkhorn Slough
- 7832 fall color
field mice rustling
in the walls

7833 a deer in the stream
dappled with watershine
turning leaves

CHALLENGE KIGO
Autumn Loneliness by June Hymas

7834 autumn oak
names on the gravestones
worn away

autumn loneliness
among bedraggled vines
the last tomato

Elinor P. Huggett

7835 threads of milkweeds
sail across the meadow
wind-blown messages

Autumn loneliness...
over the dunes spent blossoms
scatter in the wind

Michael Sheffield

7836 turning leaves
the sad expression
in her mirror

autumn loneliness
another request for money
from my college

Yvonne Hardenbrook

7837 breakfast al fresco
scattered leaves
brighten the table

the river otter
dead on a country road...
autumn loneliness

Kirsty Karkow

7838 dental phobia
a jack o' lantern loses
another tooth

one by one the bees
visit my morning glories ...
autumn loneliness

Jeanne Cook

7839 Halloween night
black cats caterwaul
at the full moon

autumn loneliness –
that moon again at
my window

Angelee Deodhar

7840 a season for change
trees have a mid-life crisis
when green leaves turn red

playing
his favorite song-
autumn loneliness

Joan Ward

7841 two dappled longhorns
study us before drinking
Indian summer

playing scrabble
with the computer
autumn loneliness

Barbara Campitelli

autumn loneliness —
in the car's trunk
his father's ashes

Patricia Prime

autumn loneliness—
on the orange toadstool
a black circle

Ruth Holzer

boarded windows
at the out-of-the-way inn...
autumn loneliness

Michael McClintock

autumn loneliness
my landlord knocks at the door
"Don't take long showers!"

Zinovy Vayman

every autumn
her last breath
my loneliness

Dave Bachelor

again at dusk
the frog's small song
autumn loneliness

Desiree McMurry

the clock pours itself
into an empty room
autumn loneliness

Michele Root-Bernstein

a plane heading east
to see my ailing brother
to see changing leaves

Peggy Heinrich

autumn loneliness
she sits at a table
set for one

Patricia Carragon

counting visitors
through razor wire —
autumn loneliness

Steven Cottingham

a single leaf
clings to my husband's sandal —
autumn loneliness

Judith Schallberger

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR JUL-AUG 09

Joan Zimmerman - 7719-6 7720-1 7721-1
Ruth Holzer - 7722-4 7723-2 7724-4
Elinor Huggett - 7725-7 7726-4 7727-15
Neal Whitman - 7728-0 7729-0 7730-0
Joan Ward - 7731-2 7732-5 7733-1
Steven Cottingham - 7734-4 7735-2 7736-1
Teruo Yamagata - 7737-3 7738-1 7739-1
Patricia Prime - 7740-7 7741-5 7742-3
Michael McClintock - 7743-2 7744-0 7745-1
Anne Homan - 7746-3 7747-1 7748-1
Alison Woolpert - 7749-8 7750-2 7751-6
Yvonne Hardenbrook-7752-3 7753-2 7754-1
Zinovy Vayman - 7755-0 7756-1 7757-1
Barbara Campitelli-7758-5 7759-0 7760-1
Desiree McMurry - 7761-7 7762-10 7763-2
Jeanne Cook - 7764-2 7765-0 7766-1
Judith Schallberger-7767-3 7768-0 7769-0
Janeth Ewald - 7770-3 7771-3 7772-3
June Hymas - 7773-5 7774-0 7775-1
Laurabell - 7776-1 7777-4 7778-4

JULY-AUG HAIKU VOTED BEST BY
READERS OF GEPP0

drifting clouds...
the way one dream
follows another

Elinor Huggett

deep tree shade
releasing
a bird's shadow

Desiree McMurry

longest day
the stand of cemetery trees
grown together

Alison Woolpert

sunrise
the first rosy blush
on ripening tomatoes

Elinor Huggett

behind the ear
of the lady bus driver
a pink hibiscus

Patricia Prime

four more ripe tomatoes
behind the one
I intended to pick

Desiree McMurry

Wedding party
completely missing
the full moon

Joan Zimmerman

almost a catch
almost another catch
- willow fluff

Alison Woolpert

oppressive heat --
moon glow saturates
my pillow

Joan Zimmerman

sending its shadow
across the courtyard
the silk tree

Patricia Prime

approach of autumn-
wanting to recycle
wasted moments

Barbara Campitelli

nighttime -
an orchestra of crickets
play summer heat

June Hymas



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.

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: gleanings, 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 2009

By Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

First of all, we would like to share with you the response of Joan Zimmerman to *pjm*'s commentary about poem 7718:

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

Joan writes:

"A pleasure to read your *GEPP0* comments. I specially enjoyed the 3 columns in which you explored Elinor H's "windswept prairie ...". This was particularly because I was introduced to "O Pioneers!" (Willa Cather) this summer. Memories of that delightful book and its Swedish immigrants gave the poem special resonance for me.

"Perhaps because of Cather's influence, I had envisaged the crosses as being simple short white-painted wood pioneer-type crosses, and that they were Swedish by location!

"And three crosses together on a small hill seem to echo the three crosses that traditionally form the Christian crucifix scene—Jesus with the good thief and the unrepentant thief. So I was nudged in the Christian rather than pagan direction.

Your commentary showed several possible images that I'd missed due to my guesses about the scene.

Also, I like the alternate meaning (& derivation) of "wale" to mean "the best."

We asked Joan where she found this definition of wale and received this information:

"My 1973 Funk and Wagnalls has (in addition to *wale* < OE *walu* for the meaning you have): "*wale* (Dial and Scots): n. A choice or preference; also the best; the cream. Adj. well-selected, choice. v.t. waled, waling, to select. [*<ON val* choice].

"ON (Old Norse) influenced the northern English vocabulary (my Mother Tongue). Which perhaps, now that I think about this, is why I heard farmgirls call "wally" or waly" to their cows—"beautiful, excellent; strong, vigorous"— as well as "creamy" (pun intended?) I suppose."

jb: My choices are: 7722, 26, 27*, 31* 32, 34, 37, 46, 49, 58, 59, 67*, 68, 69, 70

pjm: I chose to comment on 7749, 7767, and 7769

7727 drifting clouds ...
the way one dream
follows another

jb: This is a metaphor: drifting clouds are the way of dreams. For me it is an apt one. As the drift of the clouds lead to the shapes of the sky, so one dream follows another. The language is simple, yet powerful. The rhythm is smooth and lyrical. Wonderful haiku.

pjm: The pleasing metaphor of this haiku grabs our attention, and we are drawn to linger over this poem. But lingering doesn't yield any new insights or additional layers of meaning. A kigo would help add another dimension and give the haiku more depth.

7731 field trip
children examine
the tide pools

jb: Here we have a shasei haiku, a nature sketch. Each image is literal but the images are the (Thank you Mr. Eliot!) objective correlative of a powerful feeling. Anyone who spends time with children in a learning situation knows the intensity when children "examine" anything, especially a tide pool.

pjm: I think this haiku has possibilities, but it is not "there" yet. The first line gives us no new

information. Suppose the first line was "spring rain" or "high sky," or "scuttle of crabs" or "moon beams." The intensity of the children that Jerry talks about is given a context, an atmosphere, a feeling which deepens the experience.

7749 longest day
the stand of cemetery trees
grown together

pm: There are so many haiku written about cemeteries and graves and gravestones and widows and widowers that it is difficult to write something that is new and not jarring in its attempt to be unique. I found this haiku by making the trees the focus was able to deal with an overdone subject with quiet dignity and a fresh perspective. The kigo, the longest day, works particularly well here operating on two levels, the literal and the figurative. In addition the syllable "long" gives a description of the trees and point to that time beyond the grave, the eternal. And although the poem says nothing about the souls of the dead, one feels that the trees embody the spirits of those resting in this place, and the trees "grown together" offer the idea that those buried in this cemetery, too, have grown together in a community of the nether world.

jb: This haiku is also one of my choices and I'm happy Patricia has chosen it for comment. The kigo dominates the feeling... "longest day." This is a symbol of the middle of summer and therefore the middle of life. It is the time of maximum struggle. Yet we are reminded by the "stand of cemetery trees" that have "grown together" that there is more to life than work and struggle. We are not informed what that something is, but are reminded of its existence.

7767 blood orange nasturtiums
nod in the broom's draft -
missing her laughter

pjm: There are a number of features at work in this haiku to enhance and heighten the feeling of loss of a vital and sunny personality. We find the sunny vitality in the "blood orange nasturtiums" and the reference to "laughter." The "her" in this poem rhymes with the middle syllable of nasturtiums and the last syllable of laughter. This linking of these two words through sound colors the laughter with the

vibrancy of the nasturtiums. The "laugh" in laughter echoes the sound in the first syllable of "nasturtium" and in "draft." This linkage heightens our awareness that the spirit of the one missing is present if only in the "draft" causing the nasturtiums to nod. A poignant and eloquent expression describing the one lost and the bittersweetness of memory.

jb: Patricia and I agree that this is one of the stronger haiku in this Geppo. It is interesting for its images, it's language, and its form. Images are dominated by the dramatic color, "blood orange," a literal image; personification, the 'nod', the 'draft' of the broom, again literal, and the resulting feeling: "missing her laughter."

7769 with plastic scissors
she trims the kitty's whiskers -
wind chimes

pjm: An innocent scene: the little girl playing with her kitty on a summer day. No danger here for the scissors are plastic. The soft ding ding of the wind chimes echoes the delicate sweetness of the scene. But as Blake would note innocence has a dark side. Lack of knowledge is not to be cherished for it can be the cause of great harm. This little kitty needs his whiskers to navigate his world of nooks and crannies. As we contemplate the consequences of this "innocent" act the wind chimes take on the sound of alarm bells.

jb: For me, this haiku doesn't work as well as some others. It is an interesting and human situation, "plastic scissors," kitty's whiskers," "wind chimes," but I don't feel an intimate connection among them. However, being a "cat" person, I can understand the feeling in this situation, and it's not good. Patricia is correct in likening the chimes to alarm bells.



NOT ON THE MENU

A Kasen Renku composed at the Yuki Teikei
Haiku Society's Annual Retreat at Asilomar
CA on October 2, 2009 - Sabaki: Jerry Ball

Side 1:

#1
an urge for something
not on the menu—

autumn begins /jb

#2
awake under chestnut moon
cinnamon toast and hot tea /nw

#3
wild geese silhouette
across the evening—
first their honking /ma

#4
weekend traffic
on the coastal road /lp

#5
her straw hat
casts a lacy veil
over her face /es

#6
folding clothes in the shadows
of the tall hollyhock /ww

Side 2:

#7
no one listening
all the poets
talking at once /ma

#8
couple kiss
at the wedding dance /ts

#9
his gift to her
a Swiss pocket knife
with diamonds /js

#10
researching along
the Great Pacific Garbage Patch /ah

#11
patient Buddha sits
ignoring desecrations
by birds, dogs and children /bp

#12
who's that hunchback
swinging from the gargoyles? /lp

#13
the winter moon
slips through the gate
of the renovated prison /es

#14
we ice skate
at Rockefeller Center /ts

#15
around and around
the bathtub drain
goes Rubber Ducky /lp

#16
smell of Pine sol
permeates the kitchen /es

#17
sakura, sakura
opens
the sky /ts

#18
she sketches
the little tree frog /es

Side 3:

#19
wind on the beach
a solitary
clam digger /ts

#20
the Klingon battleship
fires across the neutral zone /es

#21
in the interview
the politician
answers his own questions /ma

#22
Where's the tooth fairy?
Because she still owes me \$28.00 /bp

#23
Big Daddy Catfish
never got caught
by noodlers /js

#24
dueling banjos
at the music festival /lp

#25
two of us, sitting
on the floor with "Blue Planet"
and doing the wave /bp

#26
he comes to bed
with cold hands /js

#27
a Basque sheepherder
carves love hearts
in the forest trees /js

#28
amethyst geode
twinkles in the case /es

#29
the tractor driver
works with his lights off
in the moonlit field /ah

#30
end of summer vacation
thirty sharpened pencils /ma

Side 4:

#31
a Pomo maiden
gathers acorns
in the creekbed /es

#32
the roasted peacock
tests our gratitude /js

#33
a sales associate
promises something extra...
breath mints, anyone? /js

#34
horse racing
I bet on the lady in red /ma

#35
looking down
on cherry blossom pink
from the 28th floor /ma

#36
we soar above the rooftops
a bouquet of mylar balloons /es

Participants:

ah: Anne Homan
bp: Bill Peckham
es: Ebba Story
jb: Jerry Ball
js: Judith Schallberger
lp: Linda Papanicolaou
ma: Mimi Ahern
nw: Neil Whitman
ts: Tei Scott
ww: Wendy Wright

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE
 CRANBERRIES
 by Ebba Story

According to William J. Higginson in his book *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*, Japan celebrates two holidays on November 23, a Shinto Harvest Festival and a national holiday, Labor Thanksgiving Day. For North Americans, turkey, stuffing, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie denote the end of November. *

My earliest memory of cranberries is the can-shaped, maroon-colored jelly that slid onto a plate to be sliced into neat circles for Thanksgiving dinner. What a delight when I discovered cranberry sauce made with whole berries. I was immediately closer to nature! When I had a college roommate who actually bought the raw berries and cooked them, I was thrilled. Of course growing up I'd had Ocean Spray cranberry juice. A lovely color and refreshing. But not as seasonal as the sauce. Now that cranberries are 'good for you' we see them in an assortment of foods. Yet the deep red sauce at Thanksgiving marks the cranberry as a late autumn kigo.

Thoreau writes about his adventures with cranberries in *Wild Fruits*. He begins his essay, "It may be a question when the common cranberry is ripe. Perhaps it never gets fairly ripe, or ceases growing, before the frosts come. It is not edible raw till softened by the frost and turned a crimson red quite late in the fall. ... About the middle of November, when some are frostbitten ere having fully ripened, I discover again that cranberries are good to eat in small quantities as you are crossing the meadows."

I doubt I'll come across any frost-soften cranberries as Thoreau did. Nor will I come across any Japanese haiku with

cranberry as the kigo. Yet I hope you'll be inspired to find examples for cranberries in your own experience and write a haiku to further this fruit's career as a North American kigo.

cranberry stains—
 the kids ask why
 my parents divorced

Susan Antoliin

the split skins
 of stewed cranberries
 a prayer wheel turns

Ebba Story

*Artichoke Season: haiku and tanka by Susan Antolin, 2009.

REMINDER

Please join us...

Yuki Teikei Holiday Party

Saturday, December 12th

6:00 pm Potluck Dinner & Haiku Exchange