

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXIII:6

November-December 2009

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 7842 | winter moon
passing a schoolyard
of childhood taunts here | 7850 | rising moon
in my rearview mirror
misted over |
| 7843 | winter farmers' market
the white-haired lady complains
she's wasted her kisses | 7851 | watching her red lips
speak the language of winter -
gifts of the spirit |
| 7844 | north wind
constant since word came
of her passing | 7852 | poached codfish...whiter
on a porcelain plate-
the gold in its oil |
| 7845 | bedding down
the rockery heavenly bamboo
blushes | 7853 | below white sea foam
birthing waves surge to the shore-
year of the tiger |
| 7846 | bean soup – the last
of my organic veggies
turnips | 7854 | cadmium red
nature as artist
paints the leaves |
| 7847 | gingko
your last leaf falls
I still hold on | 7855 | a season for change
the colors of middle age
seen in red and gold |
| 7848 | country church
child sings with gusto
<i>bringing in the sheets</i> | 7856 | autumn drops its fans
golden leaves
under ginko trees |
| 7849 | the mystery
of a dandelion seed
in deep winter | 7857 | crisp flies
in my budvase —
winter afternoon |
-

<p>7858 careful squirrel the worn corners his acorn</p>	<p>7870 stranded on a snowbound highway darkness comes quickly</p>
<p>7859 snowstorm — his statue loses face</p>	<p>7871 twilight sleds surrendered for a warm meal</p>
<p>7860 november seashore— with wave upon wave the deep comfort of his voice</p>	<p>7872 first of December firemen hoist plastic reindeer up the ladder</p>
<p>7861 gingko leaves rain down a snow blanket of soft gold his little hands touch</p>	<p>7873 bundle up weather a coat of beach sand and frost on a small sea shell</p>
<p>7862 december evening she erases two more names from her address book</p>	<p>7874 it's just that I need something to hold onto til Spring hot chocolate</p>
<p>7863 church pews: by the hymn books bottles of Sani Gel</p>	<p>7875 most convenient way to cross the school grounds by winter full moon</p>
<p>7864 one acorn falls! splashes and subsplashes meet. . . interfere. . .</p>	<p>7876 still sharp-eyed hawk seeing distant movement from a cage</p>
<p>7865 Georgian chant we're thrown into the world to grasp our non-being</p>	<p>7877 container ship suddenly towers high winter fog</p>
<p>7866 frost-nipped plants stood tall and bright yesterday now drooping low</p>	<p>7878 neither up nor down pausing halfway on the steps in winter rain</p>
<p>7867 this morning 670 degrees this evening sudden storm and pelting hail</p>	<p>7879 on a diet — she sips hot chocolate declines marshmallows</p>
<p>7868 moonlight on the snow slowly, through the brush a deer</p>	<p>7880 country lane a pass by a rabbit in frozen posture</p>
<p>7869 a red tailed hawk hovering into the north wind</p>	<p>7881 the cemetery and the view beyond departing autumn</p>

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>7882 coming inside
after farmyard chores
hot chocolate</p> <p>7883 no heat
in the chapel
a <i>quick</i> amen</p> <p>7884 On each red apple
a small heap of snow –
abandoned orchard</p> <p>7885 Swish of skate blades
shimmering
round the moon</p> <p>7886 Thin winter moon
shines on the hunger striker
a watchdog barks</p> <p>7787 Saffron-robed monk
meditating in sunlight —
a wildfire takes hold</p> <p>7888 Sanitarium's
wind-flecked pond
the moon breaking down</p> <p>7889 Scrub jay
gleaning more from the sand
than I can</p> <p>7890 over a mirrored lake
one butterfly
or two</p> <p>7891 seeking out
a starry night . . .
new lovers</p> <p>7892 light breaks
in autumn mist —
[sigh]</p> | <p>7893 ruby port and cheese
one short candle
winter solstice</p> <p>7894 housebound
solitaire played out
end of year</p> <p>7895 atop a pine
a shrike in silhouette
winter dunes</p> <p>7896 the quilting circle
moths and winter wheat
under the bright lamp</p> <p>7897 no seam or mark
remains of the whale —
the sparkling sea</p> <p>7898 wrapping small gifts . . .
the slow turn of butter
melted in the grog</p> <p>7899 winter housefly
I make your short life
shorter still</p> <p>7900 end of November —
my old love
a year older</p> <p>7901 flu shot line—
everyone coughing
on me</p> <p>7902 still wandering
on frozen paths
'crunch'</p> <p>7903 white rain
falls
in drifts</p> |
|---|--|

CHALLENGE KIGO

Cranberries

by Ebba Story

crimson vamp
hard tart
cranberry

Chritine Doreian Michaels

up to my knees
neighbor's cranberry bog
turns me red

Yvonne Hardenbrook

jellied cranberries
sliced on the diagonal
like Mom used to make

Peggy Heinrich

who needs those cranberries?
we eat jam
from carnelian cherries

Zinovy Vayman

a bog of cranberries
growing out of water
what a sight to see

Joan C. Sauer

dinner table chatter
no one remembers
the cranberries

Joan Ward

Mom's sewing needle
red as the children's fingers
cranberry garlands

Elinor Huggett

oozing juice
a chip of cranberries
stains the fridge

Patricia Prime

boiling cranberries
our President's call
for more troops

Gloria Jaguden

plink! plink!
damp knees and a bucket
in wild cranberries

Kirsty Karkow

cranberries
another red tongue
on mine

Steven E. Cottingham

November cold . . .
washing cranberries in water
hot from the stove

Michael McClintock

strings of cranberries—
those lost children
and I among them

Ruth Holzer

Cranberry fields
glisten in the autumn moon
Harvest time

James Lautermilch

EDITOR'S CORRECTION

In the last issue, in the section listing Best Poems for July / Aug, I made two mistakes as to authorship. Correct writers are listed below:

oppressive heat –
moon glow saturates
my pillow

Joan Ward

nighttime –
an orchestra of crickets
play summer heat

Patricia Carragon

Also in the Sept/Oct issue in the vote count box for Jul/ Aug, Poems 7773, 7774 and 7775 are listed as the work of June Hymas instead of Patricia Carragon. Apologies to all

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR SEPT/OCT

- Michael Sheffield – 7779-2 7780-1 7781-10
- Elinor Huggett – 7782-6 7783-1 7784-5
- Teruo Yamagata – 7785-2 7786-0 7787-2
- Yvonne Hardenbrook – 7788-1 7789-4 7790-2
- Kirsty Karkow – 7791-2 7792-2
- Jeanne Cook – 7793-1 7794-2 7795-5
- Angelee Deodhar – 7796-1 7797-4 7798-5
- Joan Ward – 7799-1 7800-3 7801-0
- June Hymas – 7802-2 7803-1 7804-2
- B. Campitelli – 7805-8 7806-2 7807-5
- Patricia Prime – 7808-45 7809-1 7810-4
- Ruth Holzer – 7811-2 7812-4 7813-2
- Michael McClintock – 7814-1 7815-5 7816-0
- Zinovy Vayman – 7817-1 7818-0 7819-5
- Dave Bachelor – 7820-6 7821-3 7822-1
- Neal Whitman – 7823-2 7824-0 7825-4
- Desiree McMurtry – 7826-3 7827-3 7828-7
- Anne Homan – 7829-0 7830-3 7831-1
- M. Root-Bernstein – 7832-2 7833-3 7834-8
- Peggy Heinrich – 7835-1 7836-4 7837-2
- Patricia Carragon – 7838-3 7839-0 7840-0
- Judith Schallberger – 7841-2

SEPT/OCT HAIKU VOTED BEST BY READERS OF GEPP0

- cracked tea bowl—
the stirring of antiquity
in my bones
Michael Sheffield

- summer gust
wind chimes commenting
on the weather
Barbara Campitelli

- autumn oak
names on the gravestones
worn away
Michele Root-Bernstein

- still creek
my desire to stir
the fallen leaves
Desiree McMurtry

- a yellow kimona
silently slips to the ground
autumn gingko
Elinor Huggett

- waiting also
the lone crow
in the distant tree
Dave Bachelor

- highway rest stop
the resident squirrel
gathers French fries
Elinir Huggett

- golden leaves
no space for the pond
surface
Jeanne Cook

- distant lightning-
he windows light up
in a pumpkin glow
Angelee Deodhar

- summer breeze
fingering through
your accolades
Barbara Campitelli

- leaves turning -
part of the tin roof
thick with rust
Patricia Prime

- summer heat lingered
my wife and I twisted
in a cotton sheet
Michael McClintock

- summer sunrise—
in the west her half moon
turns light light blue
Zinovy Vayman

DOJINS' CORNER
September-October 2009 by Patricia
Machmiller and Jerry Ball

This last month we heard from another GEPP0 contributor regarding Elinor Huggett's haiku:

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

and also from Elinor herself.

First, the comment of Yvonne Hardenbrook:

" . . . I really appreciated Patricia's treatise on crosses. . . . What I pictured on reading the haiku was three Latin crosses on the highest point of the flat prairie in an area first settled by Scandinavian folk. Latin because that's the style cross I'm most familiar with, and probably the same with most Americans. It's always a plus when [Patricia] or Jerry take time to discuss aspects of haiku the rest of us might not know."

And from the poet herself, we learned more about the origin of this intriguing image:

"I went to Sweden twice with my brother and family to visit relatives and the ancestral homes belonging to my four grandparents. The cemeteries are immaculately and lovingly cared for by relatives and have unique crosses that you don't see here—occasional rune stones out in fields and rune stones leaning against some churches, of course, but in the churchyards—iron or stone crosses of ancient Norse design. On the island of Ormsö, now sometimes called Vormsi, off the coast of Estonia, where one grandfather is from, the crosses carry the ancient design of the circle cross or Wodin/Odin Cross.

"If you now take a short flight [as I did] to Gothenburg, Nebraska, on the Platte River and rent a car and drive a bit out of town, you'll find a windswept prairie . . . AND three Swedish crosses on a small wale.

"Those circle or wheel crosses on the island are very, very old and my ancestors are buried in that cemetery. We spent three days on the

island and it was a very emotional time—to actually walk through the same SPACE that my grandfather and Viking forebears lived and breathed in sent strange thrills down to the center of my being. The history of the island is very interesting and I could write a book of what I know from what has been handed down in the family. Also the history of the island is probably known to not many people. I have met Swedes who have never heard of it. The cemetery has been neglected for many years because of Russian occupation. Almost all Swedes fled the island to avoid communist occupation but now that that is over, there is an agreement with Sweden and Estonia for former islanders or their descendants to be allowed to return. Since they have started a new life elsewhere, mostly in Stockholm, the island of Gotland, U.S., Canada and who knows where else, it is mostly the descendants still living in Sweden, including my relatives, who return to have a summer home and to go hunting. There are moose and wild boar on the island. Little by little, the returning summertime Swedes and the Swedes who never left, are slowly rebuilding the island and restoring the cemetery. We saw the remnants of Russian watchtowers and the remnants of the baron's manor house and a Russian Orthodox Church that was erected on the island; the Swedes refused to attend it, and it is also in ruins. On the mainland of Estonia there is a memorial and a museum of the island's history.

"On a trip out west, I stopped to see the Swedish crosses in Nebraska and they are the main inspiration for my poem, but the Ormsö crosses also play a part. Scandinavians have traveled to so many parts of the world, some that only they know they were there and have recorded in the sagas, but the rest of the world hasn't yet acknowledged. Every once in a while, someone finds some unusual stones with odd markings, some strange tools and artifacts such as some unusual crosses on the Nebraska prairie, or remnants of foundations of long buildings in an abandoned homestead or village. Archaeologists are unearthing Viking settlements in England, Ireland, Russia, etc. There is the controversial Kensington Rune Stone in Alexandria, Minnesota, some Minnesota farmers that have old Viking axes as gifts from Indians and some uncommon blue-eyed, fair haired Indians in the north. For whatever reason, something caused these

people to pull up stakes and move on, but why and to where?

“The word ‘wale’ is fitting I believe because it is old and no longer used. It is an abandoned word, just as the wheel crosses on a Baltic island, rune stones, and three iron crosses in Nebraska have been abandoned and are shrouded in mystery.”

To see the crosses that Elinor describes check out these web sites:

http://www.trekearth.com/gallery/Europe/Estonia/West/Laanemaa/Vormsi_Island-Hullo/photo381943.htm

http://www.7is7.com/otto/estonia/vormsi_tombstones.html

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/kalevkevad/4052834120/>

http://www.lasr.net/travel/city.php?Gothenburg&Nebraska&City_ID=NE0404010&VA=Y&Attraction_ID=NE0404010a004

Now onto this month’s commentary:

jb: My choices are: 7779*, 80, 81, 83*, 7810*, 12, 13, 14, 20, 21, 27, 28, 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, 37. “*” indicates comment.

pjm: My choices for comments are: 7795, 7814, 7827

7779 full moon frost
closing her eyes the cat
curls more tightly

jb: This is a nature sketch haiku, a “shasei.” The strength of this haiku is in its literal image: the cat as it “curls more tightly.” But the image lies against the background of “full moon frost.” Technically this is a double kigo and according to kigo aesthetic criteria the duplicity should weaken the verse. However, in this case, I think the combination strengthens it. “Full moon frost” tells the reader it is autumn (full moon) with the attending pattern of lighting: full moon produces shadows and

dramatic contrasts. But the image of frost further tells the reader that more specifically it is the end of autumn or possibly the beginning of winter (frost.) and so, for me, the image is focused. What choice, then, does the cat have? Well, of course, to “curl more tightly.”

pjm: Two images—moonlit frost outside giving us the shivers and inside the curled cat warming us inside. Put side by side, we are given the two quintessential feelings of winter: the natural cold of the outside and the man-made warmth of the inside. A suggestion for the poet to consider is a slight rewrite of the first line from “full moon frost” with its focus on frost to “frost moon” making the moon the noun. This shift in focus retains the reference to the frost and its suggestion of cold. Dropping “full” allows the reader to imagine a moon that is almost round in the same way the a sleeping cat is almost round adding to the synergy of the two images. Also by leaving the phase of the moon unspecified, the association of the phases of the moon and the changeable nature of the cat’s eyes is more likely to be made.

7783 dense thicket
the twittering of robins
that winter over

jb: Remember the line: “In a thicket ...”? It’s the opening of Felix Salten’s *Bambi*. Ever since the third grade I’ve been a sucker for thickets. But instead of deer we have robins, and not just ordinary robins that winter to the south, but those that winter here. It appears we have something in common. If the weather is nice we’ll share that. If cold, we’ll share that too. Nice, isn’t it, to share uncertainty with friends. Do we have the same feeling with birds that migrate? Sometimes we share our choices.

pjm: Some surprises are pleasant; some are not. I confess to feeling tricked when I got to the last line. I was set up to expect a spring scene and at the last minute it was switched to winter. I’m willing to go along if there is a pay-off—that is that the trick brings forward something to carry me deeper into the poem, but I didn’t find it. One suggestion that would help is to open with the phrase “wintering over” and ending with the “dense thicket” that Jerry appreciates so much. This gives a straight-forward, clean image with no tricks and lands on the noun “thicket,” a word worth contemplating.

7795: golden leaves
no space for the pond
surface

pjm: This third line is a surprise I enjoyed. The line break at the end of the second line gives the opportunity to savor the abundance of the *golden leaves*, so abundant they leave no room for a pond. Then reading further, I can contemplate how, if it is only the pond's surface, not the pond itself, which is crowded out, the situation is completely changed and deepened. What a relief—the pond, buried under autumn's abundance, is still there!

jb: For me there is a (nearly) literal meaning: the autumn leaves are falling until they completely cover the surface of the pond. This scene stands as symbol for the transitory nature of life: the leaves just keep falling until there's nothing left of a life. Now, add to this the symbolic significance of the terms, "golden leaves," and "pond surface." "Golden leaves" suggests events of significance that have passed through life. The "pond surface" suggests the routine passages of life. Well, if the significant events cover the surface events, what's left? Perhaps the more serious ones? It's all in the sub-text.

7810 a hundred years
rooted to the same earth
grape vines

jb: This is an interior monologue. As Yatsuka Ishihara would have said, "We speak the true as if it were false." Of course one cannot see the hundred years, but one can feel them. The "hundred years" is an image. This is the sort of thing that makes what we call "history." Grape vines are like that.

pjm: A poem of endurance. I admire the impulse of this haiku. I also think there is more to be said; adding another line would add another layer. There is room: these three lines could be revised to be the first two lines of a still-to-be-written third line.

7814 *thinking a bird*
flew into the room—
the wind of autumn

pjm: Birds are often regarded as messengers between this world and the spirit world. This haiku expresses the feeling of being very close to the threshold of the two worlds. The feeling, a mixture of gratitude and sorrow, is very closely aligned with a deep sense of autumn—autumn of the year as well as the autumn of life.

jb: This haiku, on the surface, seems to be about a simple mistake. One might summarize it: I thought a bird flew into the room, but it was really the wind of autumn.. But the writing of the haiku lifts the writer "above" the simple mistake. The "wind of autumn" suggests a serious and deeper source for such a distraction. Realizing this, we also can see the profundity of "a bird." It seems so simple, but it's a living thing. Is the autumn wind a "living thing"?

7827 October wind
the rattle of a pot
at the boil

pjm: This is a haiku about autumn, about how it sounds. What makes the haiku is the word "rattle." The poet chose to describe the boiling pot using the word "rattle,"—not "bubble," not "hiss," not "whistle," or any of several other choices. By choosing "rattle" he or she has conjured up the sound of rattling shutters in the wind, the empty rattle of a scarecrow in the field, and that penultimate sound before the last breath, the death rattle of the dying.

jb: For those of us who spend time in the kitchen, a pot "at the boil" is a significant event. Bringing a pot to boil demands both paying attention, and having a plan. To make an oatmeal porridge one needs to measure the water, the oatmeal, a heating element, and have in mind a process in a time frame. Cooking oatmeal puts you in touch with natural phenomena. Bringing a pot to boil can be a dangerous event. If you forget it, and walk off and leave the boiling pot, you might well start a serious fire.

On the other hand it seems as if we can't do anything about the October wind. Yet we have processes there too. These don't seem quite so immediate as bringing a pot to boil, but nevertheless we must deal with the world of nature of which we are a part. One event can remind us of the other..if we let it happen.

Jerry and Patricia invite your comments.

Donnalynn Chase in care of GEPP0.

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

Deadline for the next issue is February 10

- Print your name, address and all poems and votes on a single, full size sheet of paper. You are to 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 a point. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Send to:
donnalynn chase

**SEASON WORDS
for late winter/early spring**

selected from the lists in the Members' Anthology
Season: winter months (January, early or mid-February), depth of winter, short day, winter day, early spring, lengthening days.

Sky and Elements: frost, hail, north wind, snow, winter cloud, winter moon/rain/wind; lingering snow, spring frost/snow.

Landscape: winter stream, winter mountain, winter sea, winter garden, withered moor; flooded stream, muddy road.

Human Affairs: bean soup, blanket, hot chocolate, charcoal fire, cold or flu, cough, hunting, ice fishing, overcoat, winter desolation, Groundhog Day, Twelfth Night, Valentines Day.

Animals: bear, hibernation, fox, oyster, owl, perch, rabbit, reindeer, sardine, sea slug, swan, weasel, winter birds, winter bee, winter wild geese, whale; abalone, pheasant, wild birds' return.

Plants: carrot, celery, dried persimmon, early plum blossom, radish, scallion, tangerine, turnip, flowers in winter: winter camellia/ chrysanthemum/ narcissus/peony, withered or frost-nipped plants; azalea, bracken, camellia, crocus, daphne, grass sprouts, mustard, plum blossoms, plum tree, California poppy, seaweed or laver(nori).

CHALLENGE KIGO FOR NEXT ISSUE

Deep Winter
by Ebba Story

The holidays are behind us. Trees rise solemnly bare against a bleak sky. We feel the chill deep in our bones. Although daylight grows a bit longer each day, the ancient urge to hibernate and cocoon through the darker part of the year is still with us. Melatonin in our brains tells us it's time to sleep, to go inward, to rest when the sun sets. A quietude settles over the days. We are in the depth of winter.

deep winter:
a woodpecker tapping
into its own sound

Adele Kenny*

the unpainted board
where a pay-phone was—
deep winter

Ebba Story

*Higginson, William J. *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*. Kodansha. 1996.

Yuki Teikei 2010 Calendar

- January 9 Meeting at Markham House 1:30-4:30 pm. Roger Abe will facilitate the meeting.
- February 13 Japan Town Tour – 1:30-4:30. Patricia Machmiller will lead tour. Meet at the corner of Fifth & Jackson in Japan Town San Jose. Contact Patricia for additional info:
- March 13 Haiga Workshop at Chase Studio – 1:00-5:00 pm Workshop to be facilitated by donnalynn. Please bring a peanut-free dish to share. Contact donnalynn at _____ for directions for more information.
- April 10 Wildflower Hike at Alum Rock Park– 1:30-4:30 pm Roger Abe will lead hike.
- May 8 Annual Japanese Tea House Haiku Workshop & Reading at San Jose Friendship Garden – 10:00 am – 4:30 pm. Featured readers TBA.
- June 12 Meeting at Hakone Gardens in Saratoga. Autumn Loneliness Book Party TBD.
- July 10 Tanabata Celebration at Anne Homan’s home in Livermore – 6:00 pm - ? Please bring a peanut-free dish for pot luck.
- August No meeting or event scheduled.
- September 16 through 19 Asilomar Retreat. More information TBA.
- October TBD Moonviewing at Patrick Gallagher’s home.
- November 3 Planning Meeting at Carol Steele’s home.
- December 11 Winter Party at Patricia Machmiller’s home.

It’s a New Year & Time for Membership Dues

YTHS membership dues are for one calendar year; January to January. The dues provide each member with six issues of GEPP0, notification of events, and the annual membership anthology. Domestic dues are \$26 – International are \$31. Check or money order payable to “YTHS” is to be sent to: donnalynn chase, _____ not sure of your membership status, please contact donnalynn _____ or _____

Extinguished Candles

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society’s 2009 Membership Anthology, *Extinguished Candles*, was distributed at the annual YTHS Asilomar Conference in October. June Hopper Hymas is the editor of this robust edition with sumi-e art by Kay Anderson and book design by donnalynn chase.



The yearly YTHS’s anthology is included in the annual membership fee. Copies were mailed to all other members who didn’t attend the conference. Paid members who haven’t received a copy, please contact donnalynn. Additional copies are for sale for \$6 plus shipping (\$1.40 domestic - \$2.60 int’l).

Jean Hale is Retiring

Jean Hale has been GEPP0's editor from February 1987 to June 1988 and again from September 1993 to present – about 18 years!!! The other editors of GEPP0, since its inception in 1978, have been Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi, C. Joy Haas, Jerry Ball, and Jane Reichhold.

do redwood saplings
worry that they won't grow tall?
winter twilight

~ donnalynn chase

Dear Jean ---

As a thank you for all the years of the GEPP0 editorship, Yuki Teikei and all its members would like you to come to Asilomar 2010 as our guest.

With deep affection from all of us –
The Yuki Teikei Members
Winter Party 2009

**Best Wishes for Jean's Retirement
Poems from Winter Party 2009**

these words
as if on the wings
of monarchs

~ Wendy Wright

the persistence
of an orb weaver –
silky moon

~ Linda Papanicolau

moonlit snow
our editor
lays down her pen

~ Joan Zimmerman

You are our
treasure; GEPP0 DIVA –
Heavenly Bamboo

~ Janis Lukstein

Indescribable,
Irrepressible,
Fabulous -- Jean

~ Ann Bendixen

There once was a woman named Hale
when GEPP0 work was never to fail
her gifts to haiku
will be my cue

to wish bon voyage on her sail
~ Nardin Gottfried

Hail, Hail our Jean Hale
our beloved Editor
Winter Solstice joy!

~ Carolyn Fitz

lighting the path
for others . . . a moon viewing
just for her

~ Karina Young

There once was a lady named Jean
whose work was way beyond keen
she whipped up a GEPP0
faster than Buca de Beppo
and all knelt & called her a queen.

~ Linda Galloway

too cold to go out
the kukai
in my mailbox

~ Deborah P. Kolodji

centerpiece gift
steadfastness of winter pine
roses . . . gratitude

~Alison Woolpert

winter rain
as we cross the mountain
to see old friends

~ Jerry Ball

through ups and downs
I follow the path to you –
hello, rabbit

~Roger Abe

the last snowflake falls
onto the blue spruce forest –
quiet on quiet

~ Patricia Machmiller

**Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
Annual Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest**

In-hand deadline: May 31, 2010

Prizes: \$100, \$50 and \$25

Final selection will be made by a distinguished haiku poet.

Contest Rules:

- Haiku in English of 17 syllables, in a 5-7-5 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.
- Prize winning poems may be printed by YTHS in GEPP0, anthology and other publications.

2010 Contest Kigo List

New Year: first visitor

Spring: hazy moon

Summer: tiger swallowtail

Autumn: autumn loneliness

Winter: basketball

Submission Guidelines

- Entry Fee is \$7 per page of three haiku.
 - No limit of entries.
 - Entries will not be returned.
- Submit four copies of each page with your name and address on only one copy.
 - Entries are to be typed on 8 ½ x 11 size sheet of paper.
 - Checks or money order payable to "Yuki Teikei Haiku Society".
- Overseas entrants please use International Postal Money, in US 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.
 - Contest open to anyone, except YTHS President and Contest Chair.

Send entries to:

Alison Woolpert, YTHS Contest Chair