

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXV:4

July - August 2010

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation – donnalynn chase, Editor

8130 a stump shape of France!
counting the year rings
on its shear

8138 Empty nest –
a chipped blue cup
of bitter tea

8131 rippling out
to the distant shore –
weight of the waves

8139 May Day
the crackling and flapping
of Russian flags

8132 squall of rain
the old walled up window
shows through plaster

8140 how could I not
dance across greening hills?
the skirl of bagpipes

8133 Another family castle
crumbles underfoot
ash-scattering beach

8141 look! the hazy moon!
an open car dragging dust
across the prairie

8134 Elkhorn Slough maze
branching through pickleweed
the lost kayakers

8142 Friday afternoon
in summer –
life pauses

8135 Lengthening shadows
lovers not ready to go home –
blue sky, blue skin

8143 summer flu –
plenty of time to balance
the checkbook

8136 Cleaning house all day
listening to Crime and Punishment
Siberian moon

8144 sand castles –
no place to build
hopes

8137 Deciphering the Greek bus sign
yes!
it's for Delphi

8145 Alzheimer's –
still she recalls
the day lily

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|------|--|------|--|
| 8146 | cicadas chirping
without a clear reason
beyond the hour | 8157 | another niqab!
one who hides well
wins in this life |
| 8147 | white roses –
clearing the day ahead
for a picnic | 8158 | Armed Forces Day
mouth of his trumpet shooting
the painful glare |
| 8148 | busy day...
in a hurry to plant
the impatiens | 8159 | animal cracker cookie
among glass shards
left after the crash |
| 8149 | dog days...
glaring right back at the sun
dandelions | 8160 | coitus interruptus?
stiff wind bends both dragonflies
more...more...less |
| 8150 | smaller
than I remember...
childhood home | 8161 | thick fog
crow follows
his croak |
| 8151 | the yellow ware bowl
full to the brim with cherries –
oh, my muddy boots | 8162 | she takes the gift –
soft blue feathers –
then tells me goodbye |
| 8152 | the hermitage bell
calls us to morning zazen
new coolness | 8163 | thunder, lightning, HAIL
the smell of the myrtle shrub
so many torn leaves |
| 8153 | the hillside covered
with fermented choke cherries
careening waxwings | 8164 | crabs scurry
she stops and thinks
of her sick daughter |
| 8154 | spring cleaning
I exchange a chair
at the dump | 8165 | just she and Mom
move to the apartment
summer's end |
| 8155 | sick bed
the medicine label reads
"use till gone" | 8166 | thunder
from the hands of the taiko
drummer |
| 8156 | fresh food cafe
faded grapes
border the wallpaper | 8167 | summer vacation
riding the bus
to the hospital |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 8168 | concert and fireworks
from a wheelchair
Independence Day | 8179 | chilled chocolate pudding
slides down my throat, finally
we share old secrets |
| 8169 | Indian Lake
sparkles in my mind's eye
cancelled this year | 8180 | scalloped ginkgo leaf
masquerading
as a geranium |
| 8170 | cricket rhythms
mingle with whispering boughs –
my niece, twice a bride | 8181 | three weeks of fog
acorn woodpeckers argue
in the bare pine tree |
| 8171 | a coyote's cry
drifts through the open window –
Tanabata love | 8182 | mantilija poppies
along the sandy boardwalk
no sun today |
| 8172 | yellow sand verbena
brightens the dunes...our
animated tones | 8183 | slim pickings
at the Farmer's Market
eggplant for dinner |
| 8173 | sudden shower
a squirrel drinks in
the sky | 8184 | Golden August day
Beach primrose softly tendered
She fans with delight |
| 8174 | summer sea
the bee squeezes in and out
of every blossom | 8185 | this library
a stronghold for me
summer vacation |
| 8175 | shifting winds
the skeleton of a fish
at the tide line | 8186 | going upstream/downstream
it makes little difference
milky way |
| 8176 | summer birthday
this night also
too many stars to count | 8187 | without intermission
program is changed
open-air theater |
| 8177 | storm cloud
the leaf shadow
disappears | 8188 | sudden shower
sidewalk art blurs in
rivulets of color |
| 8178 | two heavy melons
on a dried out vine, hanging
down to her waistline | 8189 | a fallen soldier –
flags snapping
in the wind |
-

8190 scorching sun
bare feet hopping
on the pavement

8201 dandelion summer
waves of gold
cover the lawn

8191 the south wind
blows warm across the land –
whips flags out straight

8202 distant clouds
the farmers head
bowed

8192 ah, deep tree shade
out of the blazing sun –
birds head for the bird bath

Challenge Kigo Haiku
Evening Primrose

8193 could it be a statue –
no, it's a heron still as stone
fishing in the pond

evening primrose...
my doctor warns
no night driving

~ Gloria Jaguden

8194 three bumblebees
in the butterfly bush
...trespassing?

evening primrose-
remembering
our first kiss

~ Barbara Campitelli

8195 my sudden sneeze
the water strider
changes course

best reached
walking through evening primrose -
home

~ Patricia Prime

8196 wind gust
he makes a grab for
his comb-over

private garden
a wild evening primrose
climbs over the back fence

~ Laurabell

8197 forest trails
in wedding shower finery
mud oozing through toes

evening primrose
its petals thumbed and thumbed
until nothing left

~ Zinovy Vayman

8198 a new face
turns into the drug house
summer dusk

evening primrose
in my desert home
looking for a picture

~ Dave Bachelor

8199 placid moonlight
at one with the wild goose
in the pond

evening Primrose...
its oil...nature's panacea
for hot flashes

~ Judith Morrison Schallberger

8200 last day together
I find our wedding photos
in the trash can

evening primrose
the topic
of conversation

~ Joan Ward

evening primrose
a meadow of hundreds
defies the sunset

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

open sky...
in a field of wildflowers
an evening primrose

~ Steven E. Cottingham

walk at twilight -
coming upon the evening primrose,
such a busy feeding station

~ Joan C. Sauer

**May - June 2010 Haiku
Voted Best by GEPPPO Readers**

on the glassy pond
my canoe glides
over mountain and sky

~ Joan H. Ward

still life
the artist mends the tulip's
broken stem

~ Yvonne Hardenbrook

daffodils in bloom -
time with you
only a memory

~ Barbara Campitelli

cotton fluff...
one seed trembles
on my lap

~ Jeanne Cook

overgrown grass...
a garter snake
out of its skin

~ Elinor Pihl Huggett

boulevard plums
a flurry of petals
in the fast lane

~ Michael Sheffield

spring planting
a whisper of broom bristle
on the veranda

~ Michael Sheffield

whistling in tune
the cattails sway
with redwing blackbirds

~ Michele Root-Bernstein

early fall
I write a poem on a leaf
and set it free

~ Steven E. Cottingham

**Members' Votes
For May - June Haiku**

Barbara Campitelli – 8073-9, 8074-2, 8075-0
Neal Whitman – 8076-4, 8077-1, 8078-4
Angelee Deodhar – 8079-3, 8080-3, 8081-5
Elaine Whitman – 8082-3, 8083-4, 8084-5
Elinor Pihl Huggett – 8085-6, 8086-2, 8087-3
Dave Bachelor – 8088-3, 8089-2, 8090-2
Judith Schallberger – 8091-0, 8092-1, 8093-1
Michael Sheffield – 8094-6, 8095-6, 8096-3
Christine Doreian-Michaels – 8097-3, 8098-2,
8099-2
Michele Root-Bernstein – 8100-6, 8108-2, 8102-3
Mimi Ahern – 8103-2, 8104-2, 8105-3
Gregory Longenecker – 8106-1, 8107-3, 8108-4
Teruo Yamagata – 8109-0, 8110-1, 8111-0
Patricia Prime – 8112-1, 8113-3, 8114-5
Joan H. Ward – 8115-3, 8116-5, 8117-11
Steven E. Cottingham – 8118-6, 8119-4, 8120-1
Jeanne Cook – 8121-1, 8122-1, 8123-7
Joan C. Sauer – 8124-1, 8125-1, 8126-3
Yvonne Hardenbrook – 8127-2, 8128-2, 8129-10

Editor's Note

Last GEPPPO, I missed several peoples' submissions; there are included in this issue. So sorry – and please contact me if you think I overlooked your submission or have a made a mis-take. Your thank you notes and supportive messages are very humbling. If you didn't submit your poems, GEPPPO won't exist and we won't be learning from each other. Thank you for your encouragement and keep on sending your haiku!

Dojins' Corner

May - June 2010

Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

pjm: My selections are: 8093, 8094, 8096*, 8097, 8099*, 8101, 8102, 8105, 8107, 8108*, 8117, 8118, 8128, 8129.

jb: And mine are: 8073, 8074, 8085*, 8086, 8088, 8096, 8108, 8113*, 8114*, 8129

An asterisk (*) indicates verses chosen to comment upon.

8085 overgrown grass ...
a garter snake
out of its skin

jb: Key words in this verse are "overgrown grass," and "out of its skin." Both are symbols of excess, but, as we shall see, two kinds of excess. The *overgrown grass* recalls the lack of discipline in life and the attachment to material things. "Out of its skin" is a symbol of a garter snake (harmless reptile) pressing through the boundaries which we somehow seem to accumulate. The ancient Greeks related the butterfly and the snake for these reasons: they both went through a metamorphosis. Metamorphosis done correctly can be a very positive thing and with the Buddha. This haiku reminds me of that.

pjm: A simple, elemental discovery of the secret life of a small creature as it changes its skin. Emerging from its discarded husk, the snake with its new skin already in place, glistens like a many-faceted jewel. A small saga of life and renewal.

8096 cloud wisps ...
I lay back
on the turning earth

pjm: The ephemeral wisps of cloud—how is it that these slight traces of whiteness can evoke the vastness of the universe? The poet while watching these formations has laid back against the earth and in this dream state can actually feel the earth in its rotation. And we the readers, our awareness expanded, can feel it too.

jb: This haiku is one of my top choices also. The smallest things, such as "cloud wisps" when recognized can lead to transformation, and not just a simple material transformation. Cloud wisps can change both form and substance. Reminded of this we "lay back" on, not just the earth, but on the *turning* earth. We see, (feel) the greater movement. It's a kind of bliss.

8099 housebound
hanging from the screen door
freshly picked greens

pjm: Simple joys. The joy of a day when an open door is a pleasure, the deep joy (especially if one is housebound) of having a screen door be the only separator between inside and out, the humble gift of fresh greens, the joy of being thought of, the sweetness of a giver who in anonymity has magnified the gift. I am bowled over by the simple eloquence of this poem.

jb: I like the idea of this haiku but would slightly alter the language. I recommend the following. For me the inversion in word order weakens the idea. Why not this?

housebound
freshly picked greens
hang from the screen door

8108 a swallowtail
drifts by my castle
in the air

pjm: I enjoyed being taken in by the first two lines as I imagined a person of wealth, a castle-dweller, watching a butterfly in its free and elegant flight. Then, with the third line the image is turned on its head, bursting my castle-bubble just as the swallowtail (tale?) did with the poet's "castle/in the air." Lovely, delightful, whimsical—like a spring day.

jb: While this has the initial appearance of a nature sketch, shasei, on closer examination we see it's really an internal affair. A "castle in the air" is the sort of thing like a day dream. So we have a verse that is a statement that "a swallowtail" (where? in this physical world? mental world?) "drifts by" "my castle in the air." I would like to find a stronger juxtaposition somehow.

8003 Indian summer
the stored rattan chairs
taken out again

jb: Here we have a common practical event. We've, presumably, made the judgment that the hot part of summer is over and have stored the "rattan chairs." This is a common thing to do. But then, after a cool period it seems to warm up again so we have to unpack them. Ah, the fragile nature of practicality. Will the Universe never relent?

pjm: One can see the cause and effect here—perhaps a bit too clearly.

8114 summer dawn
the runner's footsteps
past the window

jb: So we've awakened early, at dawn. What is this morning like? What will the coming day be like? What are the indicators? Well, from outside the window we hear the footsteps of a runner who is up and out and ready for action. This is a simple statement of fact followed by a simple judgment that the world is ok. Would that I could view life this way generally.

It is said, "An optimist *believes* that this is the best of all possible worlds; whereas a pessimist *fears* that this is the best of all possible worlds."

pjm: I like this depiction of summer—the day begins with the light opening our senses. We are aware that the air is warm (the window is open), but we are comfortable. As we lie in bed, we are willing to accept whatever comes. And what comes is a sound—someone more ambitious than we are is already up embracing the day with an early morning run. This happy conjunction of dawning light and running footsteps combines two opposing feelings about summer—the desire to be lazy and do nothing with the urge to be up and about—full of energy and exuberance. We are happy for the lay-about enjoying the last moments of his or her dreamtime, and we are happy for the invigorated runner who probably actually saw the sun rise.



Artwork by Carolyn Richardson

Submission Guidelines for GEPPPO

due date for the next issue is October 10

Email (preferred) your contact information, poems, and votes

OR mail your poems and votes with your contact information to **GEPPPO Editor**,

You can submit:

- Up to three haiku appropriate to the season; poems must be in three lines. They will be printed without your name and identified with a number for appreciation and study.
- One Challenge Kigo Haiku which uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. This poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to ten votes for haiku in current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive a point (vote); submit the number of the haiku as the vote. Poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with author's name in next issue.
- Black & white artwork by email as jpg or send artwork with SASE for its return. Not all artwork will be accepted due to space and relevance as decided by editor.

Challenge Kigo - First Frost

by Ebba Story

The first morning when the grass, the wind-shield, the front steps are touched with the whiteness of frost, we feel deep down that autumn has arrived. Jack Frost has danced past us during the night and left the world a changed place. The first sunbeams to touch the tiny crystals will most likely melt them away. But change has happened. The grass stands briefly at attention in its frosty coat. The cat lifts its paws cautiously as it crosses the lawn. A nip and freshness is in the air. Something deep inside us stirs - that ancient memory of winter coming and the preparations that need to be made in order to survive. With globalization, we eat fresh fruit all year round. But fruits still on the trees are mushy and ruined from being frosted upon. Turnip greens and artichokes, however, turn sweeter with a dash of early frost. As we take in the crystalline whiteness of the first frost, we can also take in a deep breath of crisp autumn air. Inside and outside flow into each other.

The first frost:
 Fine morning weather,—
 How the rice-water tastes!
 ~ Chora*

first frost
 a jersey heifer lingers
 at the barn door
 ~ Ebba Story

* R. H. Blyth, *Haiku: Volume 4, Autumn-Winter*

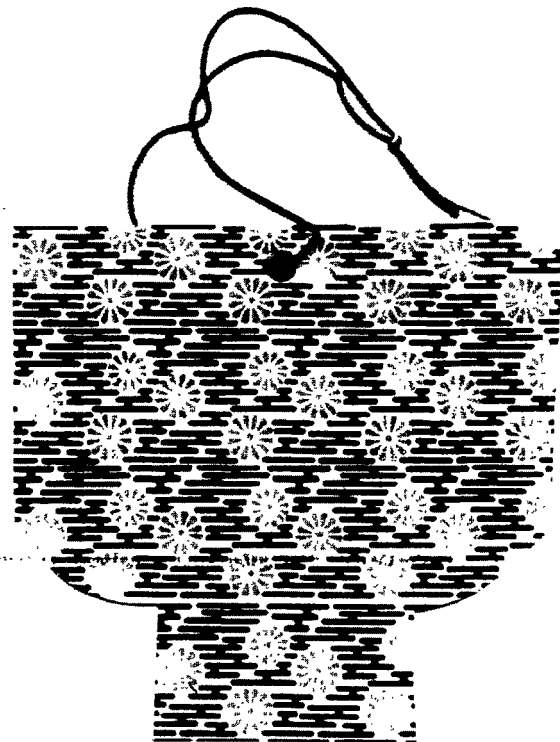
**Haiku from YTHS
 2010 Tanabata Party**

Tanabata eve –
 sound of lover's yearning in
 the howling winds
 ~ Betty Arnold

crossing the river
 he turns and looks at her
 just one last time
 ~ Jerry Ball

Vega arrives first –
 will there be consolation
 above summer hills
 ~ Carol Steele

just a year ago
 my mother crossed along with
 Altair and Vega
 ~ Alison Woolpert



would a magpie bridge
 help re-unite me with you
 and mend our hearts?
 ~ donnalynn chase

no Diablo wind
 or its poet tonight
 Tanabata
 ~ Ann Bendixen

head lights on the road
 only Venus in the sky –
 Tanabata waits
 ~ Judith Schallberger

she draws the design
 for the Tanabata cake –
 stars, a bridge, magpies
 ~ Anne Homan

Evaluating haiku: Autumn Thoughts by June Hopper Hymas

The following points generally concern craft. Haiku also often have a spiritual or transcendent component, and when they do, naturally that will also be part of your consideration inasmuch as you understand the numinous* tradition to which the poem refers.

Rhythm and flow. Sound, including assonance and alliteration. Repetition.
Shape and length of lines. Use/non-use of punctuation, capitals.
Line breaks and breaks within the line.

Vocabulary: is there a particularly well-chosen word or words?
(It might be surprising, but somehow you feel it is just right.)

Use of kigo, or season word or phrase: Does the haiku have a kigo? What is it?
Does it have more than one, and if so, is one clearly subordinate and of the same season? Does the chosen kigo support/enhance the feeling/tone/emotion/meaning of the haiku? Do you think the kigo might be improved? How?

Relation between the (often) two parts of the haiku:
is there a sort of dance or vibration between them?

Does it seem like a haiku you have already read somewhere?
Do you *want* to read it again and think about it?

What emotional feeling does it arouse? Does the emotion seem genuine?
Does the emotion seem fresh or trite? (Be careful of powerful “trigger” words,
i.e. grave, cemetery, kiss, love, alone, etc.)

Does it refer to a classic haiku? (A haiku translated from Japanese, or another famous haiku.) Does it reference other art or literature? Is this useful? How?

Even though the haiku is easily understood on first reading, does it repay re-reading and analysis with a deeper understanding or other interesting thoughts or connections?

***nu mi nous** (nʷm...-n...s, nyʷ-) *adj.* 1. Of or relating to a numen; supernatural. 2. Filled with or characterized by a sense of a supernatural presence: *a numinous place*. 3. Spiritually elevated; sublime. [From Latin *numen*, *numin-*, numen.]

Note: June distributed these thoughts at a kukai she led at Asilomar Conference in September, 2007.

YTHS 2010 - 2011 Calendar

Sept. 16 through 19 Annual Asilomar Retreat in Pacific Grove.

October 10 Next GEPPPO due dates for votes & haiku.

October 23 Moonviewing Party at 6:00 pm at Patricia Machmiller's home in San Jose.
information & directions.

October 31 Deeper into the Seasons Work shop (Autumn). From 9:30 am to 4:30 pm. Monterey Dunes Colony. Contact: Patricia Machmiller at

November 3 Planning meeting at Carol Steele's house.

November 13 Meeting at 1:30 pm; newcomers and guests welcome at the Japanese American Museum, 535 Fifth Street, San Jose.

December 11 Holiday Party, 6 to 11 pm, newcomers welcome at Alison Woolpert's Santa Cruz home.

January 8 Markham House meeting from 1:30 - 5:00 pm. Led by Anne Homan.

January 30 Deeper into the Seasons Work shop (New Year's), Monterey Dunes Colony. Contact: Patricia Machmiller.

February 12 Markham House meeting at 1:30, ginko and meeting led by Alison Woolpert.