

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXVII:3

May—June 2012

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation – Carol Steele, Editor

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 9078 | anemone flowers
opened by the wind
no longer longing | 9088 | cicada shells-
another tear over
some silly thing |
| 9079 | soundlessly
a leaf drops on the pond
still a ripple | 9089 | ebb tide-
at the end of the day
what was meant to be |
| 9080 | with sunglasses
doubly dark
tunnel vision | 9090 | empty cliff dwellings...
hundreds of hot air balloons
fill the desert sky |
| 9081 | this short night
all of our June stars
on the way to China | 9091 | breadcrumbs...
all the ducks in the pond
deepen their paddle |
| 9082 | summer moon . . .
from under the water
mud bubbles | 9092 | straw beach hat...
wide brimmed freckles scattered
across her cheeks |
| 9083 | bright Venus --
the turtle's eyes
rinsed clean | 9093 | on my fence
the nasturtium flowers
untrained beauty |
| 9084 | Half Moon Beach --
a naked man's
pale buttock | 9094 | peerless blue sky
vapor trails melting
into long clouds |
| 9085 | library closing time
street people shoulder their loads
into the rain | 9095 | in the shade
of the bougainvillea
red admirals |
| 9086 | pink royal icing
on her shortbread cookie
a cherry blossom | 9096 | soundless
the white bells of yucca--
hot afternoon |
| 9087 | day moon
a contrail smile travels
ear to ear | 9097 | snowy petals
of the magnolia--
south wind |

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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 9098 | state fair--
the liquid-eyed llama
spits in my face | 9111 | pulls her homework up
in the tall tree to study...
spring refuge |
| 9099 | grackles battle
at the feeder
rain falls softly | 9112 | holiday weekend
a salmon grill-off your dill
vs. our Meyer lemons |
| 9100 | at the nursery
in long register lines
summer gardens wait | 9113 | whispered secret...
hypnotize the cat
by rubbing his ears |
| 9101 | now a memory
cool damp grass
under bare feet | 9114 | cry of shrike
flight undulating
looking for mate |
| 9102 | night train. . .
moon plays hide and seek
between the sky scrapers | 9115 | across the lake
sunlit trees reflected
I feel upside down |
| 9103 | humming bird
asleep on the curtain rod
honorable guest | 9116 | sudden shower
umbrella shared
love ignites |
| 9104 | Bodhi tree. . .
all the leaves
are turning green | 9117 | avocado
cupped in my hand
the scrape of spoon on shell |
| 9105 | cutting words
then the familiar
makeup roses | 9118 | wispy clouds...
the sun's thin warmth
penetrates my jacket |
| 9106 | F4 twister
the summer I was 12
my parents' divorce | 9119 | early spring
a raven's wing
slices through morning |
| 9107 | along water's edge
sanderlings and a black horse
out of sync | 9120 | garden spider-web
enjoying the light Spring breeze
breathing in - then out |
| 9108 | Learning by birding
colorful breeding plumage
love is in the air. | 9124 | migrating monarch
having come far to see me
your one jagged wing |
| 9109 | Annular eclipse
not quite a full ring of fire
still pretty eerie. | 9125 | the old oak stands straight
held tight by rusty wires
polio now obsolete |
| 9110 | Reverberation -
many bouncing basketballs
mistaken for hail. | 9126 | scent of wet dog
in the kneehole of my desk
childhood summers |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 9124 | fawn stretching for leaves
the great V-for-victory
his velvet ears | 9137 | the heat
a rat dashes to its hole
peaceful sunset |
| 9125 | as father scolds
the brush tangles in her hair
sheet lightening | 9138 | early spring
on a persimmon stump
noisy birds flock |
| 9126 | green mountains
sitting Buddha coated
in green | 9139 | moonless night
crickets clamoring--
late spring |
| 9127 | boobs sagging
after spring torrent—
drooping roses | 9140 | St Francis day--
pigeons droppings
on the altar's chapel |
| 9128 | still wagging his tail—
the morning after my dog
moved out | 9141 | the crack of the ball
outside the kitchen window
my house home plate |
| 9129 | white and pink azaleas
take the place of brides today
—Hakone Gardens | 9142 | super moon
rising over the bay
telephoto lens |
| 9130 | a poet here says
the moon is in his pocket
...to believe or not | 9143 | in the tree
behind the preacher's pulpit
yellow warblers |
| 9131 | summer roadside sign
Tomatoes Potatoes
Birdhouses | 9144 | summer afternoon--
I pluck an aromatic leaf
from her old garden |
| 9132 | another season
without my father's laughter --
a whippoorwill's call | 9145 | summer heat--
a rooster enjoys
a long dust bath |
| 9133 | a crow's taunts
slip through the bedroom louvers-
oleander breeze | 9146 | threatening cloud--
gooseberries threaded with
bindweed in full bloom |
| 9134 | undercurrents
from a family Scrabble game --
spring melancholy | 9147 | aircraft carrier
approaching harbor
with spring tide |
| 9135 | after rain
the snail's track
glistening | 9148 | professor looks
young for his age
lacking sunburned arms |
| 9136 | the old dock
a school of perch darts by
summer solitude | 9149 | without reservation
staying at a highway motel
jasmine waits for him |
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Challenge Kigo Haiku - Mothers Day

mother's day
a sorry we missed you
on the answer machine
~Michael Henry Lee

Mother's Day card...
crayons and pink wallpaper
from daughter's bedroom
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

Mother's Day –
undoing a formal bouquet
she saves the ribbon
~Patricia Prime

Mother's Day--
the roses refuse
to stay arranged
~Ruth Holzer

Mother's Day
the pain of not knowing one
loss in not being one
~Genie Nakano

Premature twins born -
life and death on Mother's Day
only one lives on.
~David Sheretz

watching moon jellies
on a DVD in bed
Mother's Day breakfast
~Ann Bendixen

Mother's Day
her frown
deepens
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

Mother's Day
the urge to buy a gift for her
I never knew
~Michael Sheffield

Mother's Day he frets--
her bouquet in the heat
on the wrong doorstep
~Christine Horner

Mother's Day—
flipping through my planner
for her number
~John H. Han

Mother's Day card flower—
a bon-bon's brown crinkled cup
scents the center
~Alison Woolpert

a daughter's email
please mom I need your help
Mother's Day
~Majo Leavick

brief rains
interrupted by sunshine
—Mother's Day
~June Hymas

that bird's song
absent for so long—
Mother's Day
~Patricia Machmilller

**Challenge Kigo –
Inchworm, *shakutori*
by Ebba Story**

Inchworms are really not worms at all but larvae of moths of the family Geometridae. They characteristically move or “inch” their way along by drawing their rear end up close to their front end – causing their bodies to arch into a loop – then releasing the forelegs and stretching out full length to a new front grip. By alternately contracting and expanding, inchworms propel themselves along through the world. Near the head of caterpillars are three pairs of tiny legs and continuing along both sides of the rest of their bellies are little nubs that function as legs. After they pupate, the first three pairs of true legs become the long legs of the adult moths. This insect family, Geometridae, gets its scientific name from the Greek – to measure land (*geo* – earth and *metri* – to measure). Geometry comes from the same root.

Now, I'll loop around to poetry. The fable that explains why the inchworm loops its way along through the world is that it is actually measuring with a purpose. (Myth and science seem to be not so far apart.) It is very auspicious to find an inchworm climbing across your arm or leg since this indicates that you will very soon be getting new clothes. I vividly remember finding a tiny green inchworm climbing up my arm one bright summer morning as I played under the pine saplings. I waited eagerly for days for my new clothes to arrive. It was not until early autumn when third grade started that I got a few new things to wear to class. How disappointing! My inchworm had been very thin and translucent. Perhaps it was too much to expect from such a frail little being. Perhaps it was only an apprentice tailor practicing at taking measurements and not the magical being I dreamed it to be.

inchworm
just ahead of
evening shadows ~Suezan Aikins*

soft breezetickle
of an inchworm
crossing my wrist ~Ebba Story

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

**March—April 2012
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPP0 Readers**

first butterfly—
I wriggle
out of my jacket

~ Ruth Holzer

misty mountain—
wondering what it's like
on the other side

~Betty Arnold

we offer
our mutual apologies
vernal equinox

~Desiree McMurry

the man planting rice
bends over his reflection
reaches through his hat

~Christine Horner

parsley
escaping through the fence
before the scissors

~Christine Horner

nightfall
descending on the pines
a wood stork's shadow

~Michael Henry Lee

recycle day . . .
dryer lint wings its way
to the wren nest

~Elinor Huggett

tails in the air
the ducks bow down
to their breakfast

~Marcia Behar

**Members' Votes for
March—April Haiku**

Ruth Holzer— 8997-9, 8998-3, 8999-2

Joan Zimmerman—9000-1, 9001-1, 9002-4

Michael Henry Lee—9003-4, 9004-7, 9005-0

Susan Diridoni—9006-2, 9007-0, 9008-1

Bev Momoi—9009-2, 9010-0, 9011-3

Richard St. Claire—9012-2, 9013-0, 9014-1

? —9015-4, 9016-3, 9017-5

Patricia Prime—9018-0, 9019-0, 9020-0

Roger Abe—9021-0, 9022-2, 9023-1

Judith Schallberger—9024-2, 9025-2, 9026-5

Mimi Ahern—9027-5, 9028-4, 9029-5

Christine Horner—9030-6, 9031-7, 9032-0

Elinor Huggett—9033-3, 9034-4, 9035-6

Alison Woolpert—9036-1, 9037-2, 9038-1

Betty Arnold—9039-2, 9040-0, 9041-9

? —9042-5, 9043-0, 9044-1

Zinovy Vayman—9045-2, 9046-2, 9047-3

John Han—9048-2, 9049-4, 9050-3

Christine Michaels—9051-1, 9052-1, 9053-1

Michael Sheffield—9054-2, 9055-3, 9056-5

David Sheretz—9057-1, 9058-0, 9059-0

Desiree McMurry—9060-8, 9061-4, 9062-2

Marcia Behar—9063-6, 9064-0, 9065-3

Barbara Campitelli—9066-0, 9067-0, 9068-3

Teruo Yamagata—9070-1, 9071-0

Robert William Russell—9072-1, 9073-4, 9074-1

Joan Ward—9075-4, 9076-1, 9077-2

YTHS Tanka Writing and Revision Workshop (November 3rd, 2012)

Led by Joan Zimmerman and Patricia J Machmiller

YTHS is delighted to offer its second tanka workshop, the Tanka Revision Workshop, which will enhance your skills and insights into how to write and revise tanka. It will help you study your own tanka for emotional content, form, organization, vocabulary, sound, and grammar.

Tanka is the great ancestor of haiku. The classical tanka (with its 5-7-5-7-7 pattern of sound units) thrived in Japan since the eighth century. The tanka, a short lyric poem, is a jewel expressing personal feelings.

Participants at all skill levels, from newcomers to proficient tanka poets, are welcome. Poets who attended YTHS's first tanka workshop ("Tanka 101 Workshop") in 2011 should review that workshop's *Tanka 101 Workbook*. Non-attendees, especially newcomers to tanka, will benefit most from the Tanka Revision Workshop if they pre-order and read a copy of the *Tanka 101*, and try its writing exercises.

The Tanka Revision Workshop will emphasize seminar-like discussions, interleaved with brief craft presentations and the opportunity for writing time. Participants may request group or individual discussions on revision of work previously written or freshly written in the workshop.

Each participant will receive our *Tanka Revision Workbook*. (It will not duplicate References, Timeline, Glossary, or Papers from the *Tanka 101 Workbook*.)

The workshop will be at a beach house on Monterey Bay near Moss Landing. It begins at 9:30 AM and ends at 4:30 PM. Mid-morning, lunchtime, and mid-afternoon breaks provide time for refreshments, walking, and writing. (Participants should bring a bag lunch. Beverages will be provided.)

The suggested donation is \$60 per day. (Income from these workshops will be donated to Yuki Teikei to supplement the publication of the annual anthology and to augment the Yuki Teikei scholarship fund.)

If you are interested in attending this Tanka Revision Workshop or purchasing the *Tanka 101 Workbook* (\$30 including \$5 for p&p) please contact Patricia in person or at

Prepublication Orders for
Bending Reeds

2012 YTHS Members' Anthology
edited by Patricia J. Machmiller
Price: \$14; prepublication discounted price: \$11

In addition to haiku by 54 different haiku writers including Roger Abe, Deborah P. Kolodji, June Hopper Hymas, Patrick Gallagher, Wendy Wright, and Joan Zimmerman among others, this issue features the translations from the Japanese of 52 haiku by **Kai Hasegawa** and 62 by **Akito Arima**.

Send orders to Judith Schallberger, . Include your name and address and \$11.00 for each book plus postage (\$4.00 for one, \$5.50 for 2, \$7.50 for 3 or more).



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TANABATA – Star Festival

Observe the summer stars and celebrate the legend
of the weaver girl and the goatherd.

6:00 pm.. Saturday, July 14

Anne & Don Homan's

Telephone:

Bring a dish for potluck dinner (no peanut content please).

Newcomers Welcome!

Annual Teahouse Reading May 12, 2012

Betty Arnold

A special presentation of Japanese poetry and art took place in the beautiful surroundings of the Teahouse at Kelley Park's Japanese Friendship Garden. The event was jointly sponsored by the Park Rangers Interpretive Services, San Jose Poetry Center and YTHS. Special appreciation goes to Roger Abe for his key role in organizing and hosting the activity for the last two decades.

This 20th year celebration included a morning introduction to haiku and a tour of the garden by Roger followed by a ginko and lunch. The afternoon featured readings by four prominent California haiku poets: Naia, Haiku Society of America Regional Coordinator, Oceanside; Neal Whitman, Pacific Grove; Beverly Acuff Momoi, Sunnyvale; and Susan Antolin, President of Haiku Poets of Northern California, Walnut Creek.

At the end of the day several dozen attendees shared their haiku in an open circle and we were all generously gifted with beautiful "Cherry Blossom Cookies", delicious shortbread decorated with pink royal frosting created by Barbara Yesnowsky. Sweet thanks to Barbara and all who attended.

Asian-American Heritage Festival History Park San Jose May 20, 2012

Judith Morrison Schallberger

The Yuki Teikei event at Markham House went well and it was a lovely and special day even though attendance at the park was light. Newcomers and Poetry Center San Jose members showed for the Yuki Teikei program. Several young families participated in the workshops and won prizes. Joan Zimmerman's micro haiku sheet was available and distributed, and YTHS's publications were available for sale.

The program included a haiga workshop facilitated by Linda Papanicolaou with haiku readings interspersed throughout the day. The poets, Betty Arnold, Linda Papanicolaou, Judith Schallberger, and Patricia Machmiller interjected information about the art of haiku during their readings.

Jerry Dyer, an English teacher at Silvercreek High School commented that it filled the void in his poetry knowledge. He took copious notes and his poem won first prize. The YTHS sign, designed by artist Carolyn Fitz created a delightful ambiance and received kudos from all. YTHS acknowledges with deep appreciation the help and support given by Dennis Noren and Jerry Dyer with the Markham House set-up and subsequent wrap-up at day's end.

Adult Haiku Contest Winners

First Prize:

I hold my hand out
hoping to touch the sunset
before the light goes

Jerry Dyer, San Jose, CA

Second Prize:

old railroad tracks
disappearing into the far distance
fog settling

Renée Schell, San Jose, CA

Third Prize:

Above Potter's Field
We walk heavy, unknowing
Below, they hold us lightly

Nick Butterfield, San Jose, CA

Children's Haiku Contest

First Prize:

Bright and early
waiting at the breakfast table
my stomach growls for an omlet.

Athena Alexandrou, San Jose, CA

Second Prize:

Once you reach the waves
they reach to you peacefully
with the sounds of life.

Athena Alexandrou, San Jose, CA

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society at Poetry Santa Cruz Reading May 20th, 2012

On May 20th, four YTHS members were the invited featured poets at a reading organized by Poetry Santa Cruz (California). Presenting their work to an enthusiastic audience of 40 at the Santa Cruz Main Library venue were YTHS President Alison Woolpert, YTHS Past-President Carol Steele, and YTHS members Beverly Acuff Momo and Joan Zimmerman. The poets read haiku, haibun, and tanka. They opened the presentation by reading haiku from three poets (Patricia J. Machmiller, Judith Morrison Schallberger, and Betty Arnold) who were concurrently providing a YTHS reading 30 miles away for Poetry Center San Jose. The four invited poets interleaved reading their own work with information on YTHS activities (including the annual haiku contest and the annual retreat at Asilomar). They also made many comments on the craft of writing haiku, which the audience also appreciated, and provided many leaflets on YTHS, haiku, and tanka.

Kukai at Prusch Park, San Jose June 9, 2012 Roger Abe

Yuki Teikei poets met for a beautiful afternoon at Emma Prusch Park in San Jose on Saturday, June 9th. In attendance were Roger Abe, Alison Woolpert, Ann Bendixen, Harry Lafnear, June Hymas and Betty Arnold. Park naturalist and host, Dennis Bolger, led an interesting tour of some of the history, gardens and animal areas in the farm theme park. (Thanks, Dennis!) At the end of the day the poets agreed that Prusch Park should reappear on the Yuki Teikei calendar.

The top three kukai favorites in order of votes received:

deep tree shade—
the wicked castor bean
seeds itself again Betty Arnold

summer gusts
house cat affectionate
to any stranger Ann Bendixen

summer morning—
the goose who lost her mate
pecks the ranger's cheek Betty Arnold

Dojins' Corner
March-April 2012
Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

Choices for this issue

jb: 8997*, 98, 9002, 03, 13*, 16, 16, 49,
60*,64

pjm: 9015, 9016, 9019, 9021, 9024, 9028*,
9029, 9030, 9031, 9033*, 9034, 9035, 9036,
9039, 9041, 9042, 9045, 9052, 9054, 9070*,
9071

*selected for comment

8997 first butterfly
I wriggle
out of my jacket

jb: First off, I like the simplicity of this haiku. It's lean, the language is common and easily accessible. I can imagine a very clear scene. But the scene also contains a subtle implication. How did the "first butterfly" get here? Well, it must have "wriggled out of its jacket" mustn't it? My mundane action (wriggling out of my jacket) stands as symbol for a higher truth, that of birth, coming to life. This combination of things is well compressed into a simple verse.

pjm: Happiness is that moment of the year when one can shed the heavy clothes of winter. A butterfly and the act of shedding one's jacket are both signs that spring has arrived. We take pleasure in these two images and we get an added dollop of happiness when the haiku brings to our attention that both the human and the butterfly wriggled out of their wraps in order to enjoy the spring sunshine.

9013 early spring sun
in the warming rays
a fly reborn

jb: March and April are the time of birth and new life. This haiku, as well as my previous selection expresses this fact (or attitude). In

this verse the trope (the turning) is expressed in the word "reborn," instead of just "born." This might have power too? Try it, substitute "a fly is born" for the last line and see what you think. The early morning sun is sufficient to awaken the humble fly; the implication being that if the fly is reborn, why not a human? Why not me? God knows we need it.

pjm: For me, Jerry, the phrase "a fly reborn" was a bit puzzling. Beyond this, flies are usually associated with summer while two other elements of the haiku, "early spring" and "warming rays," suggest spring. These technical flaws might be overcome if I were captured by the last phrase, "a fly reborn." Unfortunately it doesn't ring true to me—are flies reborn? As I understand it, maggots cannot survive a frost or cold spell. It is in this sense I think that the word "reborn" overreaches.

9028 the newness of green
on a bare branched maple tree –
suddenly I know

pjm: The act of looking deeply, of taking in the natural world, is rewarded by two discoveries—one external (the new green leaves) and one internal. We don't know what the internal discovery was, but we believe it occurred and we share the joy and wonder of this mysterious synchronicity. The haiku benefits from the image of the new green leaves which suggest spring, a time of awakening and rebirth. This image reinforces the idea that through new insight life is revitalized and a new start is made, perhaps.

jb: There are many things I like about this haiku: newness of green, a bare branched maple, and the sudden enlightenment based on the green in the midst of barrenness. The language is simple and efficient. I have some question about the open ended "suddenly I know." I see this as vague and non-productive. However, this is a good haiku to study. I'm happy that Patricia chose this for comment.

9033 a plastic palm tree
on the only island he knows
pet shop turtle

pjm: This haiku is worth studying for its construction—the masterful way it leads the reader from first line to its last melancholy ending. The first line presents a very unattractive image, “a plastic palm tree.” It sets up a feeling of shabby artificiality. Then the second line “on the only island he knows” makes us realize that someone is trapped in this artificial environment and knows nothing else. It’s only in the third line that we learn the unfortunate creature is a little turtle. Think of how hard it is to raise feelings of sympathy for a turtle as compared to a polar bear or a kitten. Yet this author has done it superbly well. In addition, the turtle, who carries his home with him, invites us to think further about what is home—the shell of the turtle, the artificial island, the island in a box, the box in a pet store—and how confining, how stultifying it can be.

jb: In this haiku we see the conflict between the natural world and the extended world of the chemical engineer. For many of us in the plasticity of our world of corporate merchandising, this is the only island we know. This haiku gives us a chance to reflect on the morality of this situation. Recall, when Gandhi was asked what he thought of “Western Civilization,” he replied, “I think it would be a good idea.” Remember the aphorism: “Cross my palm with silver.”

9060 we offer
our mutual apologies
vernal equinox

jb: The vernal equinox is when the length of the day equals the length of the night. Our time is balanced. What better time for a balance than when making apologies. Though the word “apology” has more than one meaning, the most appropriate for this verse is that of “an expression of regret” for having wronged another person. What better day for this than the vernal equinox? On this day we have the sense of things being equally balanced. And very often, an apology on the part of one person generates an apology on the part of another. If a situation is such that

an apology is needed one can guess that a relationship is out of balance and this needs to be restored. In this haiku, the apology takes place on the day of balance. What more can one hope for.

pjm: What could be a more fitting ritual that making shared amends at the spring equinox. The fact that it is the *spring* equinox reinforces the idea that the apologies are the basis for the renewal of a friendship gone sour

9070 dolls whisper
in the dead of night
planning Doll Festival

pjm: So many associations are called forth. The doll, of course, is a stand-in for the human. The idea that the dolls are conferring in whispers is intriguing. Are they trying not to disturb the humans of the house? Or are they being secretive because they are planning mischief for the humans. The phrase “dead of night” suggests it’s the latter. So we are left to wonder what is in store for the owner of these dolls on Doll Festival Day. The plot thickens, as they say . . .

jb: . . . and, of course, dolls do whisper, especially in the dead of night. Occasionally we need a reminder. This haiku expresses a good idea, but, in spite of this, I think it’s a little overloaded. If I were writing it I’d trim it a little. I think I would eliminate the word “planning.” What do you think of:

Doll Festival
dolls whisper
in the dead of night

I’m open for discussion.

Note: Patricia and Jerry invite your response.

or send your letters to Carol Steele in care of *GEPO*.

**Fifth Haiku Pacific Rim Conference and Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat
September 5-9, 2012**

**Asilomar Conference Center
800 Asilomar Boulevard, Pacific Grove, CA**

Haiku Pacific Rim 2012 hosted by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and the Haiku Poets of Northern California will be held in Pacific Grove, California, at Asilomar Seashore and Conference Center. Asilomar is situated directly on the Pacific Coast in the beautiful natural setting of the Monterey Peninsula of California. The annual Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat will be combined with the Haiku Pacific Rim Conference, which features the participation of haiku poets from the nations around the Pacific rim: Japan, Australia, New Zealand, India, United States, and Canada, among others.

The keynote speaker will be Dr. Akito Arima, haiku master of the Ten'I Haiku Group of Japan.

Please visit <http://haikupacificrim2012.com> for updated information and conference details. Registrations are closed for the Conference but a waiting list has been established. Contact Carol Steele, or further information.

**• GEPPPO Submission Guidelines
due date for next issue is August 10.**

Email (preferred) your contact information,
poems & votes to OR mail your poems & votes with contact info to:
GEPPPO Editor, Carol Steele,

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. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to ten votes for haiku in the current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive a point (vote); submit the number of the haiku as the vote. The poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.
- Send email with GEPPPO in the subject line. Send haiku in Arial font, size 11, black ink.

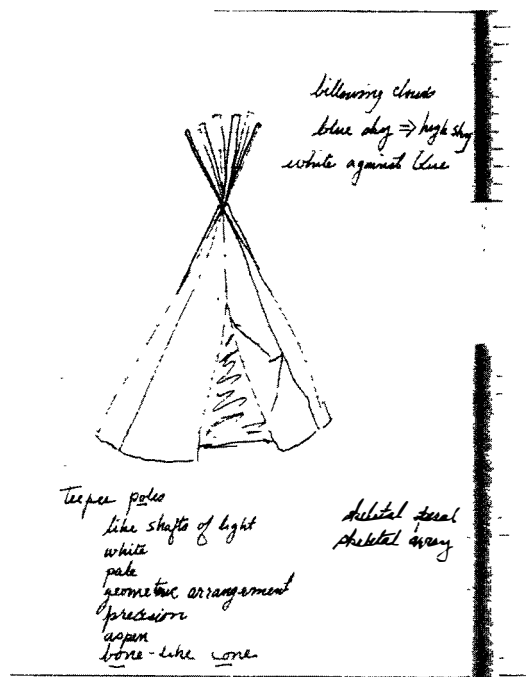
**Zigzag of the Dragonfly: After Walk Writing
(Forming the Clay)
Installment #6**

Patricia J. Machmiller

By now your notebook must be brimming with sketches and phrases—all the ideas that flowed from your sightings and observations on your walks. Have you been walking every day? I hope so. Now it's time to bring some form to your writing.

I'd like to demonstrate one way of approaching the process of forming the clay. You may have other ways of working. The process is only as good as the result. What we are looking for are ways to help you sculpt your writing so that, when read, it recreates the original feeling you had. We want it to do this no matter how many times it is read. It must not crumble under scrutiny; we want it to be like marble—durable, monumental, even. This is what form does to language—it gives it the power to last.

So with that in mind, I'd like to share with you a page from one of my notebooks.



This page was generated when I was on vacation in South Dakota. I had just come out

the Crazy Horse Museum in the Black Hills when I came upon a teepee. It was large, maybe two or three times my height. Staring up at it, I could see the teepee poles; they made the most beautiful white geometric pattern against the blue sky. It's an image I can still see today even though it is now years later. At the time I jotted down a few words and phrases to aid my memory. I'll use this page as an example as we walk through the process of forming the clay.

Step 1: Look through your words and phrases and determine which have the greatest heat, i.e., emotional charge. In my case, the idea that the teepee poles reminded me of bones or skeletons was the most intriguing to me.

Step 2: Having identified the idea with the greatest charge, examine the words you have assembled. (If your word sketches have more than one charged idea, lucky you!—you probably have the seeds of more than one poem.) Listen for sounds that repeat. Observe echoing or contrasting meanings. Look for parallel images. Using my example, this is what I found:

Sounds: bone, pole, cone;
sky, white, like, light

Meaning: bone-like, skeletal; poles, shafts

Image: cone, shafts of light

Step 3: Try assembling the words and phrases into lines. Start with the words that appear in more than one category. In my example I have a rich trove of words that overlap several categories. I started with:

teepee poles
bone-like cone
blue sky

Then I noticed I could add "white."

teepee poles
white bone-like cone
blue sky

I remembered that the Japanese have a special phrase for that infinitely high blue sky—high sky, a phrase that pumps up the sound echo of the long “i.” So

teepee poles
white bone-like cone
high sky

Then I wonder if there is a rearrangement of the lines that would improve the reading of the poem. How about

high sky—
white bone-like cone
of teepee poles

Yes, I like that better.

I also notice that I have a word that I didn't use which occurs in two categories: shaft. So I play with the idea of

shafts of light—
white bone-like cone
of teepee poles

Now I have two poems generated from the same incident. One has contrasting images; the other, echoing . The clay is formed. Now it must be fired. It will take some reflection on my part before I will know which of these has staying power. Maybe neither of them will. I'll put them away for now—let them cool. When I come back to them, that will be the time that I invite in my critic to help me see them dispassionately.

So now I invite you to work your way through your notebook where you have recorded your experiences using this process—a process of discovery. See how many poems are there waiting to be uncovered. It should feel like a fun, playful exercise. Yes, it takes judgment to categorize the words and phrase and to assemble them into lines, but these decisions are malleable—you can change them as you go. You might even find yourself adding more words and phrases as you go back into the experience through this review. If you find yourself stuck and you find there is little

overlap in the words, go to the words you have selected for meaning. Generate words that rhyme with them. When in doubt, let the sound lead you. You will be surprised where it takes you.

Until next time, wishing you good writing!

Annual YTHS Membership Dues

YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with six issues of GEPP0 (only members can submit), notification of events, and the annual membership anthology.

Domestic & Canada dues \$32; Seniors \$26 – International \$40; Seniors \$31. Mail check or money order to membership

Contact Anne with any membership questions at annemar-

- Your membership fee for 2012 is past due.**
- Thank you for your 2012 renewal or new membership.**
- Complimentary issue from YTHS.**

Membership information is at youngleaves.org & in this issue.

2012 YTHS Calendar

July 14	Tanabata at Homan's Livermore home. 6pm.	Oct. 27	Moon Viewing Party. 6:00 pm at Jean Hale's San Jose home.
Aug.	No meeting this month.	Nov. 5	YTHS Board Planning Meeting.
Aug. 10	GEPPPO due date for submissions.	Nov. 10	Meeting at Markham House 1:30 - 5 pm.
Sept. 5 - 9	Annual Retreat at Asilomar and Pacific Rim Conference. Pacific Grove, CA. More info at: haikupacificrim2012.wordpress.com .*	Dec. 8	Holiday Party. 6 – 11 pm at Alison Woolpert's Santa Cruz home.
Oct. 10	GEPPPO due date for submissions.	Dec. 10	GEPPPO due date for submissions.