

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXVIII:1

January—February 2013

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 9377 | deep winter--
searching the textbook
for my disease | 9387 | echoing wingbeats
mallards leave the field
as one bird |
| 9378 | shortest day--
deep scars
in the cutting board | 9388 | night wind, rain sound
so many
lost chances |
| 9379 | winter storm watch--
the pump nozzle
throbs in my hand | 9389 | ocean mirage
slowly fading into Spring air --
a lost child's cry |
| 9380 | in every sense
my Labrador understands
ginko | 9390 | Peace Garden
three humming birds
attack each other |
| 9381 | a sneeze
disperses the birds
January clouds | 9391 | stroking his beard
father reorganizes
all the Christmas cards |
| 9382 | bouncing across dunes
in pursuit of two pelicans
two shadows | 9392 | bones transformed
and ladders to heaven.....
pounding mochi |
| 9383 | winter night
choosing among the photos
for the family altar | 9393 | by implication
indirect protest
Chinese New Year |
| 9384 | to hear your voice
I close my eyes
winter rain | 9394 | a faint breeze blows
spontaneously -
year of the snake |
| 9385 | false spring
after a wheezy night even
the cat is grumpy | 9395 | winter seashore
boy, dog, and yellow ball
in heaven |
| 9386 | separate snowflakes
in lazy pirouette
a distant siren fades | 9396 | headless
gingerbread man
post op care |

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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 9397 | mudflats
picked over by sanderlings
clicking cameras | 9411 | still relieves,
wife rubs Vicks
on my sore chest |
| 9398 | the sun porch
my only saving grace
winter solstice | 9412 | general's statue
pigeons decorating
his epaulettes |
| 9399 | short winter days
darkness fore and aft
beckon me to bed | 9413 | still waiting
for her return...
brown hills |
| 9400 | whipped cream storm clouds
morph to a cup of hot coco
artic chill | 9414 | now just
playthings for the cat...
oak galls |
| 9401 | crows at a crash site
what seemed so important
a few hours before | 9415 | white-crowned sparrow-
learning to speak
his language |
| 9402 | the Southern Cross
still struggling to
connect the dots | 9416 | on the veranda
icicles hang beside
the wind chimes |
| 9403 | brussel sprouts
the bitter pills
we all must swallow | 9417 | on the feeding tray
a yellow-bellied magpie
cracks open seeds |
| 9404 | curry over rice
melts winter...
into summer. | 9418 | below zero
steam in the kitchen
from the carrot soup |
| 9405 | clover all over
shining in sunlight--
puppies in love | 9419 | melting snow
the touch
of your hand |
| 9406 | walk softly
she gets her feelings hurt
very easily. | 9420 | at the library
reading a book
on her tablet |
| 9407 | snow banks
down a Chicago side street...
fifty shades of gray | 9421 | depth of winter
clouds without
within |
| 9408 | under the willow
in silent meditation...
bullfrog and I | 9422 | snuggling for
more of my warmth
morning snow storm |
| 9409 | departing storm...
sparrows regroup
on a guide wire | 9423 | frozen branches
waiting for the command
of spring |
| 9410 | all day
and the goldfish
never moves | 9424 | young saplings
in a wind-storm
girls first period |
-

-
- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 9425 | sudden sunbeam
spills through venetian blind slats
the cat relocates | 9439 | my body's voice
registers discontent . . .
keeping a true lent |
| 9426 | early bee
zips about my screened-in porch
search and rescue | 9440 | a too short visit
with far away friends . . .
rising hunger moon |
| 9427 | black & orange
Monarchs take flight
black & orange | 9441 | Between wind and crows
the final persimmon falls -
orange confetti. |
| 9428 | winter mist
for a thousand leagues
ink black water | 9442 | Solitary cat
statuesque, staring outside -
just her tail flicking. |
| 9429 | ticking heaters
echoing through the hall
shadowless kicks | 9443 | Pacific rollers
break over sandbars, grains of
Sierran granite. |
| 9430 | dragons
in winter colors
rain on sand | 9444 | overcast garden—
the tap of dew
still falling at noon |
| 9431 | fitted stones
warm to winter work
guiding inside fires out | 9445 | tossed frisbee--
the bark of a dog
from a parked car |
| 9432 | first hounds tongue
the clear sky
captured in its blossoms | 9446 | grey sky--
the cop's long salute
for the funeral procession |
| 9433 | earth fingers
spreading to the sky
wild asparagus | 9447 | flowing snowfield
from train going to work-
tranquility |
| 9434 | withered wild flowers
the chilly breath
of the Pacific | 9448 | Ginza neon light
turns the cafe windows pink
February ends |
| 9435 | lucky lucky yucky!
the toilet seat
warmed by her roommate | 9449 | scowl lines
expressing his decision
the snowmelt river |
| 9436 | cold sun window
the right side of my face
shade-blurred in the mirror | 9450 | chicken soup
she brings to my door—
depth of winter |
| 9437 | birch grove
the haze
of unfurling leaves | 9451 | a daffodil bunch—
at his fourth birthday party
such pure yellow joy |
| 9438 | a seasoned couple
toast with old vine wine --
Valentine's Day love | 9452 | unopened bud
on the dogwood branch—
his promise |
-

- 9453 whispers of water
over the thirsty rocks
the arroyo comes alive
- 9454 delicate and pale
lowered gently by the breeze
flowering peach blossoms
- 9455 tired and hungry
the skinny dog shivers
in the cold rain
- 9456 professor emeritas
walking quickly
winter morning
- 9457 travelling alone
repeating the Buddha's name
through a withered field
- 9458 my old cat
sleeping by the fireplace
a one-way fireside chat
- 9459 the helicopter
rising from the field
dancing withered pampas grass
- 9460 which should I choose
Mt. Fuji or Ukiyoe
Christmas card
- 9461 looking taller
than a cathedral
bare trees



YTHS Kigo (Season Word) List

With Bay Area Regional Kigo

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Summer

Season: summer months*: June, July, August; beginning of summer, end of summer, midsummer, summer evening, summer morning, summer solstice, short night, slow day.

Sky and Elements: calm morning/evening,

cumulus/billowing cloud, cloud peaks, coolness, drought, heat, hot, lightning, ocean fog, rainbow, sea of clouds, south wind, scented breeze, scorching/blazing sun, sudden shower, summer dew, summer fog, summer rain, summer sky, summer sun, summer wind, thunder.

Landscape: clear water, deep tree shade, golden hills, summer fog, summer grove, summer hills, summer lake, summer moor, summer mountains, summer sea, summer river, waterfall, wildland fire.

Human Affairs: awning, bare feet, beach umbrella, camp, cooling oneself, fan, fly swatter, fireworks, fountain, ice house, ice water, iced tea, mosquito net, midday nap, mowing grass, nakedness, parasol, perfume, prayers for rain, rattan chair, summer concert/opera, summer hat, summer house, summer vacation, sunburn, sunglasses, sundress, swimming, swimming pool, sweat, wind chimes, weeding, Armed Forces' Day, Father's Day, Fourth of July (Independence Day), Bay to Breakers Race.

Animals: anise swallowtail, ant, bat, caterpillar, cicada, cormorant, crab, crayfish, firefly, flea, goldfish, gopher snake, heron, house fly, jellyfish (medusae, Vellella, comb jelly, etc.), kingfisher, louse, midshipman, moor hen/coot, mosquito, mosquito larvae, moth, silverfish, slug, smelt, (garden) snail, snake, spider, summer butterfly, termite, toad, tree frog, trout, silkworm, water beetle, water turtles.

Plants: amaryllis, barley, beach primrose, beach sage-wort, summer bracken, bamboo sprouts, cactus flower, carnation, summer chrysanthemum, (blue) cornflower, coyote mint, dahlia, dill flower, elderberry, evening primrose, farewell-to-spring, foxglove, fuchsia, gardenia, geranium, gerbera, gladiolus, summer/rank grasses/weeds, hens-and-chickens, live-forever, hibiscus, hollyhock, honeysuckle, hydrangea, iris, lily (calla, daylily, etc.), lotus, marguerite, marigold, matilija poppy, mariposa tulip, mold (mildew), moss grown (mossy), oxalis, peony, phlox, pinks, rose, salvia, sand verbena, silk tree (mimosa), snapdragon, soap plant, sunflower, summer thistle, yucca, zinnia, summer fruit & vegetables (apricot, banana, blackberry, cucumber, cherry, eggplant, green grapes, green (unripe) apple (walnut, melons, pineapple, potato, strawberry, tomato, etc.), tarweed, yellow star thistle.

Challenge Kigo Haiku —“Oyster”

pried open
the oyster
has a heart too
~Ruth Holzer

oysters cloistered in
Apalachicola Bay...
a salty bay taste
~ Ann Bendixen

menu choices:
aphrodisiac oyster;
crossed leg chicken
~Janis Lukstein

oyster
a color unique
unto itself
~Michael Henry Lee

raw oysters...
she remembers
her first time.
~Genie Nakano

the cup side
of a Hog Island oyster...
waning gibbous moon
~Elinor Huggett

honeymoon memories
sunburn, oysters Rockefeller
hives
~David Bachelor

crumbling crackers
in the oyster stew...
thoughts of Dad
~Gregory Longenecker

bending my head
scent of the sea rises
from the oysters
~Pat Prime

sharing oysters
your decision
so firm
~ Barbara Campitelli

long winter's nap
after warm oyster stew
valentine's day
~Peg McAulay Byrd

dry hilltop
trowelling the tough clay
for Roman oysters
~Phillip Kennedy

oyster plate
the sensuous shapes of her muscles
or mustache shadows
~ Zinovy Vayman

the smiling faces
of icon diners . . .
raw oysters
~Judith Schallberger

Slurping raw oysters -
memories of The Glass House
early daffodils.
~David Sherertz

winter moon--
oyster shells
crunching underfoot
~ Michael Dylan Welch

first date
dressed in velvet and perfume
she slurps her oysters
~ Marcia Behar



**Challenge Kigo –
“Spring Haze”
by June Hymas**

Spring mist or spring haze (kasumi): (all spring) is the daytime haze of spring. The nighttime haze during spring that can obscure the moon is called oboro.

tokitaru kane no ayumi ya haru kasumi

the bell from far away - how it moves along in its coming through the Spring haze
--Onitsura (1660-1738) Translated by R. H. Blythe

Onitsura is a classic haiku poet and near contemporary of Basho. I have been looking for a less wordy translation of this haiku, which I can imagine, but haven't found it in time.

“As the sky of the new year filled with the haze of spring, I thought of going beyond the Shirakawa Barrier, and so possessed was I by some peripatetic urge that I thought I had an invitation from the god of travelers himself and so became unable to settle down to anything.”

--Basho (1644-1694), from the beginning of Ozu no Hosumichi, The Narrow Road to the Far North. Translated by Earl Miner in Japanese Poetic Diaries.

Here is the tiny poem that got me started to thinking about haze, which has turned out to be rather a complicated topic, after all. Because now I suddenly notice that this haiku refers to oboro, the nighttime haze. Fay Aoyagi put this on her wonderful web site Blue Willow Haiku World on March 12, 2013. Surely you, too, have seen those tiny letters on a tiny pill! I think this is a great partner-image to spring haze!

gyōzai ni chisaki moji aru oboro kana

a pill

with tiny letters

spring haze

--Hiromichi Kakei (trans. Fay Aoyagi)

(from “Haiku Shiki” (“Haiku Four Seasons,” a monthly haiku magazine), January 2013 Issue, Tokyo Shiki Shuppan, Tokyo. Fay’s Note: This haiku is from “Samishiki Mizu” (Lonely Water), a haiku collection by the poet, published by Furansu-do, Tokyo, 2012.

So here's the challenge: write your haze haiku and send it to the editor with your votes and your three submitted haiku. But be clear, at least in your own mind, whether you mean oboro or kasumi—thus your poem might have either a day or a night perfume or scent.

Also, I would like to call your attention to the list of kigo that is being developed in Wikipedia. It is very interesting now, and should get even better as it is revised and further developed.

**January—February 2013
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPP0 Readers**

crescent moon
the midnight train
curves toward home

~Michael Henry Lee

night clouds...
the chimney swifts
return home

~Michael McClintock

in one year
and out the other...
resolutions

~Elinor Phil Huggett

solar lights
flicker on and off
winter solstice

~Genie Nakano

roadside marsh...
a flutter of wings
rises from the reeds

~Elinor Phil Huggett

winter solace
threaded in the hem of his vest
words of the Torah

~Christine Horner

into the silence
of the Christmas service
a baby's cry

~Patricia Prime

four strangers
half hour in the waiting room
strangers still

~Barbara Campitelli

**Members' Votes for
January—February Haiku**

Ann Bendixen—9307-1, 9308-3, 9309-2

Neal Whitman—9310-1, 9311-1, 9312-3

Beverly Acuff Momoi—9313-1, 9314-2, 9315-2

Ruth Holzer—9316-3, 9317-1, 9318-4

Elinor Phil Huggett—9319-2, 9320-7, 9321-8

Christine Horner—9322-0, 9323-7, 9324-1

Genie Nakano—9325-1, 9326-8, 9327-3

Michael Henry Lee—9328-15, 9329-6, 9330-6

Zinoviy Vayman—9331-5, 9332-1, 9331-1

Alison Woolpert—9334-1, 9335-3, 9336-4

Elaine Whitman—9337-5, 9338-1, 9339-1

Lucas O. Seastrom—9340-0, 9341-1, 9342-0

Phillip R. Kennedy—9343-2, 9344-5, 9345-4

Judith Schallberger—9346-0, 9347-0, 9348-3

Zoan Zimmerman—9349-2, 9350-3, 9351-3

Gregory Longenecker—9352-3, 9353-0, 9354-3

Michael McClintock—9355-1, 9356-11, 9357-6

Amy Ostenso-Kennedy—9358-6

Patricia Prime—9359-1, 9360-3, 9361-7

John J. Han—9362-4, 9363-2, 9364-3

Jessica Latham—9365-1, 9366-5, 9367-3

Barbara Campitelli—9368-5, 9369-7, 9370-4

David Sherertz—9371-0, 9372-3, 9373-0

Janis Lukstein—9374-0, 9375-1, 9376-0

Annual YTHS Membership Dues Yuki Teikei Saijiki Meeting

YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with six issues of GEPPPO (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 secretary:

Dues are due NOW!

GEPPPO Submission Guidelines due date for next issue is May 5.

Email (preferred) your contact information, poems & votes to mcsteele
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 Ariel, font size 11, black ink.

On March 9, 2013, shortly after 1:00 pm, eleven YTHS members and one guest met at Markham House in History Park of San Jose. The goal was for poets to write haiku using kigo from Yuki Teikei's *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki* that are underrepresented with examples.

Meeting on a bright, sunny day was lovely after so many weeks of cold temperatures; several members brought food and beverages to share. Alison Woolpert, President, welcomed the group and addressed announcements before turning this section of the meeting over to attendees: Joan Zimmerman followed with an update on the Tokutomi Memorial Contest with a count of current submissions, a potential Haiga Team was introduced by Ed Grossmith, acceptance to the Shortlist for *Bending Reeds* by The Haiku Foundation from Alison.

Linda Papanicolaou, keynote, began an outstanding presentation supported by documentation on California species. Of vivid interest in the series: Hilltopping and Vernal Pools (three stages) the latter presently endangered due to urban expansion. A *Question and Answer* discussion followed; notes were taken prior to an ample break for writing. Haiku appreciation followed upon our return until departure at the Park's 4:00 pm closure. It was an inspiring afternoon shared with kindred spirits.

Submitted by Judith Schallberger

***Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
announces the annual***

***2013 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi
Memorial Haiku Contest***

In-hand Deadline: May 31, 2013

Prizes: \$100 \$50 \$25

Contest Rules:

- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must each have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern.
- Each haiku must use only one kigo from the contest list.
- Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.
- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible.

2013 Contest Kigo List

New Year: first sun, New Year's reunion

Spring: sugar moon, soap bubble

Summer: iris, iced coffee

Autumn: migrating raptors, grasshopper

Winter: whale, long underwear

Contest Submission Guidelines

- Entry fee \$7.00 per page of three haiku. No limit on entries. Entries will not be returned. No refunds.
- For paper submission, put three poems per page and send 4 copies of each page, with your name and address on only one copy, typed on 8 ½ x 11 paper. (See below for option to email if you pay by Paypal.)
- Make checks or money orders payable to “Yuki Teikei Haiku Society.” Overseas entrants please use International Postal Money Order, in U.S. currency only.
- For a paper copy of the results send a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) marked “Contest Winners.” Writers abroad: Please enclose a self-addressed envelope (SAE) plus enough postage in international reply coupons for air mail return.
- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible.
- This contest is open to anyone, except for the YT President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by a distinguished haiku poet. The Society may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, web site, annual anthology, and brochures.
- If not pre-paying by Paypal, send entries with entry fee by mail to:

YTHS Tokutomi Contest
J. Zimmerman – Contest Chair
- Alternatively, you may pay the contest entry fee via Paypal to

On the PayPal transmittal page, show the subject as
"2013 Tokutomi Contest entries", and in the message section provide your
name, and number of poems submitted.
- If (and only if) you pay the entry fee by PayPal, you may submit your contest entries
- These guidelines are also available at the YTHS website, <http://youngleaves.org/>:
- Contest results will be announced in early November at the 2013 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat. The results will also be available on the YTHS website.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat

Asilomar State Beach Conference Center
Pacific Grove, CA
Nov. 7-10, 2013

The focus of this year's retreat will be the participants: more time will be devoted to walking, writing, and sharing haiku. There will be opportunities to do artwork and write renku. Wandering the Asilomar seashore and sinking into the landscape will be a high priority.

Cost: \$400 for three nights, including meals

To reserve your place please send your registration form and \$100 deposit to:

The full conference fee must be paid by September 10, 2013.

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**Asilomar Haiku Retreat 2013 Registration Form**

Name:

\_\_\_\_\_

Address:

\_\_\_\_\_

Phones:

Home \_\_\_\_\_ Cell \_\_\_\_\_

Email address:

\_\_\_\_\_

Special requirements:

\_\_\_\_\_

Ground floor accommodations needed, yes or no: \_\_\_\_\_

Amount enclosed: \_\_\_\_\_

## Dojin's Corner

### November-December 2012

by  
Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

jb: 9316\*, 18, 20, 21, 28\*, 29, 30\*, 56, 58, 59, 68

pjm: 9328, 9329, 9330, 9331, 9335, 9343, 9349, 9350\*, 9351, 9352, 9354, 9357\*, 9360, 9361, 9365, 9366, 9368\*, 9376

\* selected for comment

9316 frost warning  
setting the stone  
into the future

pjm: Frost is in the forecast. So we take action: cover the plants that are vulnerable, mulch, bring in potted plants if necessary, make sure the cat is in for the night. But setting a stone I found interesting but it left me puzzled—is it being set in a ring? in a garden? in a wall? Is it for security or for commemoration? For security I would guess since it is paired with a warning. I don't mind being puzzled if upon examination some meaning is revealed that's worth the struggle. However, this haiku has resisted my best efforts. I look forward to reading Jerry's thoughts on this.

jb: I had to work to put this together. There are two distinct parts: the kigo, the index of time, and the symbolic phrase. What we have here is a metaphor "setting the stone into the future" juxtaposed with the "frost warning." For me the "stone" represents those hardened parts of the psyche, the ones we do not, or dare not change. Thus we parallel the frost warning. How many can remember repeating an unsuccessful act, followed by the thought, "I don't know why it didn't work, I did it the same way last time." And, of course, "it" did not work then either.

pjm: Thanks, Jerry. I can see my thinking was too literal, too "set in stone."

9328 crescent moon  
the midnight train  
curves toward home

jb: The moon represents time, and the "crescent moon" a new beginning in time. In this case the new beginning starts at midnight on a long journey—to where? Well, to home. This haiku represents that part of the circle of travel where we return home: *noistre oikeosis*, our return home in Greek.

Forgive me, but recall the person ordering a round trip ticket from a travel agent.

"Round trip ticket please."

"To where?"

"Well to here, of course."

pjm: This haiku was on my short list also. The parallels of the curve of the railroad tracks and the crescent moon is visually striking. It is a black and white image. And going deep, the crescent moon is either at the beginning or the end of its cycle. My reading is that it is at the end—it's autumn. A traveler, after a long journey, is returning home. The poem feels as though something is winding down, something is finished. It is time to return home, time to rest.

9330 New Year's Day  
my daughter calls  
as if by accident

jb: A simple incident, but might it not have strong consequences? This haiku is about communication in a family. The daughter calls, "as if by accident," and I am immediately wondering if this is necessary and why. All this from a simple statement of fact. Imagine: "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to call."

What has led up to this?

pjm: Another haiku on my short list. Only parents can understand the poignancy of what's depicted here. As parents, we feel a deep obligation to raise our children to be independent, strong, and resilient so that they are capable of going out into the world without us and being able to survive successfully. But

through this process we invest much of ourselves, so much love and care and attention, that when we are successful and our independent child goes off and is able to function without us, without needing to call home even, we are left feeling somewhat rueful, maybe even a tad hurt, that our attachment to our child seems not to be equally reciprocated.

I'd like to mention the kigo choice. The poet could have chosen Father's Day or Mother's Day as the kigo. But I like the choice of New Year's Day. It is an important day, certainly a family day in many cultures, but it is not so blatantly centered on the mother or the father so that the poet is giving the reader some room to explore the child/parent relationship in a less directed way.

behind my kayak  
the damp blast of an exhale  
as the whale breaches

pjm: The authenticity of this experience comes through in the writing. The poet's feeling of the awesome, yet benign, power of the breaching whale is immediate and real. I appreciate that the poet has chosen to cast this experience in the five-seven-five syllable form. The use of the balanced, traditional form reflects the shared existence between kayaker and whale. I might suggest that the poet consider using a cut between the second and third lines. This will increase the tension that is in the subject, but is lacking in the syntax. For example:

behind my kayak  
the damp blast of an exhale—  
the grey whale breaches

jb: This verse is straightforward. Anyone in close contact with a whale certainly has a story to tell. What the haiku does is to call attention to the phenomena surrounding the episode. But there is a sub-text which is the strength of haiku. There is a spiritual impact when placed in contact with a creature of a much larger (or smaller) scale than the human scale. This is very difficult to state in

prose but can be hinted at in verse, which, of course, is the province of haiku.

9357: kicking a can  
through the stubble field  
the nephew from town

pjm: A moment of aloneness. The youngster from town has been transplanted to a stubble field in the country. Funny how this resonated with me. I grew up in a small town in South Dakota of 350 people. And there was a definite distinction between the town kids and the country kids. Country kids were more isolated; they were often alone with only their siblings to play with. And play was not their main thing. They worked on the farm or ranch; they knew practical things—like how to ride a horse, how to milk a cow, how to gather eggs. Town kids knew about playing—baseball. and jacks and Monopoly and kick-the-can. We spent hours in the company of other town kids in imaginary landscapes—we were explorers at the creek or Wonder Woman and Batman among the cottonwoods or Nancy Drew and the Bobbsy twins solving mysteries on secret staircases in the couthouse. So a town kid finds himself separated from his friends and is entertaining himself by kicking a can (a sure sign of boredom) through a stubble field. All the work on the field is finished; the corn has been gathered and the land is resting. Out of his element, the boy is at a loss. His imagination, like the land, is dormant. Reading this haiku one has the feeling that the boy, the land, time itself is in suspension. And we wait with the boy for what comes next . . .

jb: "kicking a can": an event viewed, in this case, from an alternative point of view. In this instance the point of view is that of the nephew from town. We presuppose the existence of a local (rural, country?) point of view. In any case it's an alternative. In this act the nephew shows his feeling for the surroundings. Tracing them can take a lot of work, and the examination of lots of "alternatives."

pjm: I am not sure that I get your point. You say that the point of view is that of the

nephew from town, but in fact the haiku is written from the point of view of the boy's aunt or uncle. You mention alternative points of view, but somehow I'm missing the gist of what you are saying. It probably just me being dense, but maybe you can, with a few words, clear it all up.

jb: Agreed. What I'm saying is we are told the nephew is "from town," and we infer that that we see the nephew's point of view from his act of "kicking the can." This, for me, does not lead to a unique point of view but rather a collection of possibilities. Recall that "kick the can" is a "hide and seek" style game played on city streets. It's been used as metaphor for political action recently. So it has lots of possibilities.

pjm: Thanks, Jerry.

9368: August afternoon  
at the senior center  
a man playing solitaire

pjm: It's the feeling in this poem that caught me. August doldrums. Nothing's happening. Everyone is waiting for the heat of the day to pass. Even at the senior center where one goes to socialize, it's too hot to talk. You just sit. The only sound is the snap of the cards being laid down one by one. That sound with its predictability adds to the heat, the boredom, the ennui.

jb: How many August afternoons have you spent playing solitaire? It's not bad actually. But when I think of solitaire I think of decks of playing cards and not the computer. Ah, the dream of the past...

Note: Patricia and Jerry invite your response. Please e-mail us \_\_\_\_\_ or send your letters to Carol Steele in care of *GEPO*.



**Zigzag of the Dragonfly—  
Reflections on the Seasons  
Installment #10**

Patricia J. Machmiller

Spring is here! I've been out walking every day. I hope you have too—looking at the world with new eyes and talking notes.

Last issue at the close of Installment #9 I asked to you to write in your notebook your thoughts and feelings about each of the seasons. If you haven't done it yet, do it now before reading the rest of this article for I intend to share with you some of my reflections on this subject, and it would be so much better if you had captured your own thoughts on paper before being influenced by what I have to say.

I'll start with spring: a time of new energy. I feel a surge of happiness and vigor.

*merry-go-round  
starts up with a long shudder—  
beginning of spring*

There's the startling discovery of a plum tree in bloom. Or the shock of a field suddenly covered in mustard.

*yellow, yes, yellow  
more than my eyes can take in  
mustard everywhere!*

It is a sensuous time. A time of opening up. Of budding. We shed our heavy winter clothes and breathe in the sweet scented air; we feel a warm breeze on our bare skin and a feeling of abandon overcomes us.

*even the bride's lace  
is not so delicate as  
the maple's young leaves*

Summer is a time of high heat, of insects, of crawly things.

*PC on the fritz  
and no one to ask for help—  
guess I'll go watch ants!*

It is a time of physical activity—swimming,  
boating, golfing, baseball, biking, hiking,  
camping; of sweat and exertion;

*“how far to the fence?”  
the mason’s stiffly formed words  
crack his sunburned lips*

of maturation—the trees are fully leafed out,  
the tomatoes are growing plump and ripe, the  
fields of corn are burgeoning, hydrangeas are  
abundant and full.

*mid-summer garden  
no matter how beautiful—  
I am not consoled . . .*

Autumn is a time of contradictions. There  
is the feeling of completion—that the harvest  
is in—and of bounty—the larder is full of  
peaches, melons, pumpkins, squash, figs,  
pears, and apples.

*peering at mushrooms—  
on the subject of seasons  
opinions vary*

But autumn has its poignant, sometimes bit-  
ter, side—we see the last rose, we watch the  
the basil go to seed, an early frost comes and  
takes the asters before they’re through. And  
the trees on the hills arrayed in reds and yel-  
lows too soon will be bare.

*the autumn seashore—  
roiling waves tossed high and white  
so much is ended*

Winter is a time of closing in, of retreat—of  
retreat in the sense of going indoors, but also  
in the sense of becoming more reflective and  
introspective.

*early winter rain:  
windows on the patio  
shuttered—all but one*

It is a time of coming together with family; the  
kitchen and the hearth become important as  
bulwarks against the cold and dark.

*coins from his pocket  
dumped on the kitchen table—  
smell of socks drying*

In winter we rest, we incubate, we ruminate.

*the remaining snow  
in isolated patches:  
our separate lives*

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How do my thoughts about the seasons  
match up with yours? You may have thought  
of impressions you had that I didn’t mention.  
But were there similarities too? Don’t you find  
it interesting how each season has its own  
distinct feeling or mood? It is this that the kigo  
or season word brings to your haiku giving it a  
richness it would otherwise lack.

So have you been walking every day? Did  
you walk today? Not yet? Then now’s a good  
time: go find ten images. When you return, go  
over them and see if they contain a kigo. Per-  
haps one image might include a rose bud;  
another might be about an iris. Each of these  
are kigo for spring.

And maybe like I did you have some imag-  
es that don’t have a kigo. Maybe you wrote  
about a little dog that passed you on your  
walk, or about the paint peeling from your  
neighbor’s fence, or about an ugly smell com-  
ing from a nearby factory. After your walk you  
can take these images and pair them with a  
kigo that fits the mood of that experience.

*the yap-yap-yapping  
of two little caged dogs—  
spring chill*

*the white paint peeling  
from my neighbor’s fence—  
iris in bloom*

*thickly the oil smell  
drifts up from the repair shop—  
shimmering spring air*

Note: Except for the last three haiku, the haiku included here  
are from *Blush of Winter Moon*, Patricia J. Machmiller,  
Jacaranda Press (San Jose, 2001).

## 2013 YTHS Calendar

- May 5 GEPPPO submissions due.
- May 11 Haiku in the Garden at Emma Prusch Farm Park at the Plant Science Center, 647 South King Road, San Jose 95116. Free parking. Guests and newcomers are welcome.  
10am - 12pm Haiku workshop  
1:30 - 4:30pm Featured poets Dennis Bolger, Gregory Longenecker and Michael Sheffield will read followed by an open mike haiku reading. If you like bring a peanut-free snack to share.
- May 18 1:30 - 4:40pm Hakone Gardens picnic lunch, ginko and sharing. Bring your own peanut free lunch and something peanut free to share. Guests and Newcomers are welcome.
- May 30 GEPPPO submissions due
- July 13 6:00-9:00pm Tanabata Celebration at Anne and Don Homan's home above Livermore. Guests and newcomers are welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish for a potluck dinner. Call 925 443-9440 for directions.
- August No Yuki Teikei meeting.
- Sept 14 1-5pm Beach picnic and ginko, Aptos, CA. Bring your own food and drinks and something to share. No peanuts please. Newcomers and guests welcome. More details later.