

# G T P P O

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

Volume XXXVIII:2

March—April, 2013

---

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

---

9377 clear water  
suddenly he praises  
his wife

9378 ferrying a friend  
to her abortionist --  
endless heat

9379 sunburn --  
the fortune cookie  
empty

9380 through the peach orchard  
children come running  
fallen petals fly

9381 rain-dappled pool  
the memory of  
your dimpled smile

9382 at my finger tip  
the whorls of  
Galaxies

9383 empty dog bed...  
taking my shadow  
for a walk

9384 she says it's a boy...  
a rubber ducky floats  
in the punch bowl

9385 Easter morning...  
the scent of cinnamon rolls  
rising on the hearth

9386 slipstreamed  
floored by lupine rush  
pastures of heaven

9387 budding branches  
my niece's birthday  
sweet sixteen

9388 turkey vultures  
hopping from pile to pile  
grazing cattle

9389 wetting his fingers,  
the dumpling-maker  
fanned by his wife

9390 the way lightning  
backlights an island,  
island to island

9391 my end of the woods ---  
the home of a woodpecker  
evenings around six

9392 unruly garden  
after seasons of neglect  
a door slams

9393 setting the table  
the new flyswatter  
no longer pristine

9394 at the senior center  
a display of kites  
fixed in place

9395 the neighbor's grandson  
gives up his first baby tooth --  
watermelon grin

9396 scented breezes --  
gourmet food trucks circle  
the art festival

- 9397 spicy noodles  
with bowl to mouth splashing . . .  
heat lightening
- 9398 cherry blossoms-  
the sum total  
of all we know
- 9399 what started  
as a perfect day  
...upside down cake
- 9400 -suicide-  
the silent spring of  
unit forty seven
- 9401 Mother's Day—  
Thursday's child sends  
no card no flowers
- 9402 enough here  
to get rid of two of me—  
spring equinox
- 9403 Monterey Bay—  
from our bedroom window  
migrating whales
- 9404 spring night  
chanting all eleven  
of the *Nine Songs*
- 9405 *guqin* strings  
rustling and soughing  
spring darkness
- 9406 the roundness  
of a nighttime bell  
spring moon
- 9407 digging at the heart  
of a spiky, green globe--  
steamed artichokes
- 9408 blue waves cresting  
one after another;  
Ceanothus in bloom
- 9409 cormorant nests . . .  
blown away before the eggs  
were even laid
- 9410 4/20  
add a few beers and their friendship  
gets tighter
- 9411 spring darkness—  
on the reef the fisherman  
still baiting their hooks
- 9412 low gear up the mountain--  
a patch of snow  
between the columbine
- 9413 midtown intersection--  
a red rubber ball  
rolls clear across
- 9414 after the funeral  
the tap dad never fixed  
stops dripping
- 9415 rain loosens  
boulders on hill above house  
TV news
- 9416 pine woods  
echoing through the fragrance  
flicker's tapping
- 9417 on the ridge above  
curious doe interrupts  
my apology
- 9418 looking through  
a dirty window  
spring morning
- 9419 yellow-orange petals  
of California poppies—  
the way he hugs me
- 9420 no one knows  
what another needs—  
cats in love
- 9421 waning moon  
mother's empty porch rocker  
spring rain
- 9422 forked lightning  
night water lilies pads glow  
separately
- 9423 skateboard dolphins  
boys without fins  
modern kabuki
- 9424 strawberry shortcake  
on Gramma's old china —  
trill of birdsong

- 9425 falling water  
moss-covered rocks  
cluster like frogs
- 9426 sundresses  
tucked in a back cupboard  
summer fog
- 9427 a smiling Buddha  
cherry blossoms  
carpeted its territory
- 9428 bird call  
a blue jay  
in a chasing race
- 9429 the cat door  
swings open  
her cat has been dead
- 9430 summer vacation –  
on the cheapest flight  
a suitcase apiece
- 9431 wheeling and turning  
kingfishers tied  
to the river
- 9432 stealing  
beneath a torn leaf into shade  
a caterpillar
- 9433 twilight  
the wood thrush  
recedes
- 9434 her prayer  
drifting with  
a summer cloud
- 9435 the gas station cat  
naps in the doorway  
June evening
- 9436 birthday party--  
she squeezes her eyes tight  
before the candles
- 9437 exchange students--  
the plumbing explained  
repeatedly
- 9438 the dog's nose  
goes deep in my empty cup--  
morning ritual
- 9439 passengers descend  
the train back to its switchyard  
with soft summer light
- 9440 wisteria arch  
makes manualists busy --  
sensory delight
- 9441 coyote without  
a tail, slipping  
into the spring wood
- 9442 burgeoning meadow--  
a sandhill crane tugs and tugs  
at unripe vetch pods
- 9443 turning up  
my old brown notebook  
--spring melancholy
- 9444 rain loosens  
boulders on hill above house  
TV news
- 9445 pine woods  
echoing through the fragrance  
flicker's tapping
- 9446 on the ridge above  
curious doe interrupts  
my apology
- 9447 no more  
western film  
summer house
- 9448 so much work  
for foreign students  
longer days needed
- 9449 the first flight  
to the big island  
short night

## Challenge Kigo Haiku— “Spring Haze”

how soft the edges  
of the pink thorned rose...  
Spring haze  
~Elinor Phil Huggett

spring haze . . .  
the alpenglow  
going slow  
~ Michael Dylan Welch

a paper doll  
drying wrinkled on the stoop . . .  
spring haze  
~Michael McClintock

expiration date dim  
cataracts worsening  
or the spring haze  
~David Bachelor

I opt for yoga  
after the 5K workout --  
spring haze  
~Judith Schallberger

lilacs and  
orange blossoms odor  
spring haze  
~Peg McAulay Byrd

spring mist  
wind through the palms  
on a post card  
~Michael Henry Lee

spring haze  
wild guess  
quacking  
~Majo Leavick

the footbridge—  
no end to it  
in spring haze  
  
~Ruth Holzer

spring mist  
fills my footsteps  
pinkish sweet peas  
~Janis Lukstein

the other shore  
in gently-muted hues  
spring haze  
~Phillip Kennedy

spring haze  
the muffled laughter  
of a group of monks  
~Patricia Prime

tell the whole truth  
she's only an acquaintance?  
—spring haze  
~Alison Woolpert

spring haze  
the turkey vulture ascending  
gives up his color  
~Christine Horner

**Challenge Kigo –  
“Elderberry”  
by June Hopper Hymas**

When I was in the fourth grade, I loved reading so much that I was sure I would become a writer. I had a short mechanical pencil that was silver in color; I was sure I'd be able to write a novel with that magical pencil. But I was also interested in ink, and when the big elderberry beside the garage held large ripened clusters, I harvested berries and macerated them in a shallow tuna fish can. I stored my ink on a ledge in the garage and went in search of a pen. Various experiments with sharpened sticks and piece of rusty wire were barely successful; I had to go back to the pencil, which I have long since lost, but remember how it rested in my hand.

The black elderberry, *Sambucus nigra*, ssp. *canadensis* is a very common shrub which grows in most parts of the United States and Canada. Usually found alongside rivers, streams and marshes, these multi-stemmed shrubs range from 5-15 feet high. Clumps of fragrant white flowers bloom in June or July and are three to five inches wide. There is a red elderberry which blooms earlier. Clusters of small berries, each about 1/8 inch in diameter, weigh down the branches. Elderberries are used to make wine, jellies, pies and sauces. Only the ripe, cooked fruit should be eaten.

People have learned how to use the plant with much more success than I had! In the Middle Ages, elderberry was regarded as a Holy Tree which aided longevity or restored good health. Other parts of the plant were used by Native Americans, who made combs, arrow shafts, flutes and various items from the hard woody stems, as well as prizing the fruit.

You can write about elderberry wine, jellies, pies and so forth (which would be late summer kigo) or you can write about the blossoms (late spring) or leafing out (spring or early spring.) Or make yourself an elderberry flute! And play us some music!

Gran's Ball Blue Book  
the covers stained with  
elderberry jelly  
-jhh

shall I use  
my silver pencil?  
elderberry ink  
-jhh

**January—February 2012  
Haiku Voted Best  
By GEPP0 Readers**

deep winter—  
searching the textbook  
for my disease  
~Ruth Holzer

crows at the crash site  
what seemed so important  
a few hours before  
~Michael Henry Lee

to hear your voice  
I close my eyes  
winter rain  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

brussel sprouts  
the bitter pills  
we all must swallow  
~Michael Henry Lee

stroking his beard  
father reorganizes  
his Christmas cards  
~Joan Zimmerman

chicken soup  
she brings to my door—  
depth of winter  
~Mimi Ahern

melting snow  
the touch  
of your hand  
~Barbara Campitelli

unopened bud  
on the dogwood branch—  
his promise  
~Mimi Ahern

tossed frizbee—  
the bark of a dog  
from a parked car  
~Michael Dylan Welch

looking taller  
than a cathedral  
bare trees  
~ Teruo Yamagata

the sun porch  
my only saving grace  
winter solstice  
~Janis Lukstein



## ***Guidelines for Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Haiga*** ***By Ed Grossmith***

### **Introduction**

Japanese and Chinese lore proclaims that a realized person is one who is versed in poetry, art, and calligraphy. What better activity can one practice to obtain such a state other than haiga? This does not diminish in any way the individual merits of haiku, beautiful letter forms, or artistic images, but it does highlight the additional satisfaction to be obtained by the combination of these three disciplines. The finished art is thus more than the sum of the parts but produces a new level that enhances the separate components and can heighten viewers' satisfaction.

There's a picture in every poem and a poem in every picture. During the composition of a poem one does in fact always envision an image, whether it be a mentally conjured one, or as a direct observation of Nature or human nature. Sharing this vision and combining the poem with the image can often result in a haiga that better conveys the subtlety of the artist's message beyond the limitation of words. Employing calligraphic lettering, especially by the techniques of Sumi brush painting, adds to the authenticity of the finished haiga and will be in keeping with traditional haiku. As you savor the sights and sounds along your journey may you find fulfillment in expressing your unique observations and experiences.

### **Suggested guidelines for haiga in YTHS print and web publications:**

Images of haiga may be in any form including a collage, photograph, or a painting in Sumi ink, watercolor, acrylic, or oil. Such a visual image can inspire a subsequent haiku. Alternatively, a haiku may inspire an image in any selected art mode. In both cases, simplicity of word and line, of poem and image is a recognized goal where the poet's awareness is expressed by suggestion versus full definition. Providing the haiku component of the haiga in calligraphy or other hand lettering is favored. The use of a digital font consistent with the style of the haiga is acceptable.

The haiga is characterized by a spontaneous rendering of everyday life as well as by simple subjects, fluid lines, and open space. An important rule is that neither the haiku nor the art separately convey the total meaning the artist wishes to convey – each component needs to complement the other.

The elimination of superfluous words and paucity of line serves to accentuate the essence of the artist's message. This combination of hinted word, simple pictorial image, and open space leaves the viewer room to interpret the finished art as they see fit and in keeping with their own life experiences.



The haiku poem component of YTHS haiga remains unchanged from accepted YTHS haiku practice. In traditional Japanese haiga the subject of the haiga's haiku may or may not be shown in the haiga image. For YTHS publications the choice is left open to the artist's preference, recognizing that using the image to expand rather than define the meaning of the haiku is the paramount goal.

### **HOW TO PARTICIPATE IN YTHS HAIGA:**

The existing YTHS website [youngeaves.org](http://youngeaves.org) will be utilized to display members' haiga. Each quarter throughout the year newly submitted haiga will be added to the site. Selected haiga from each quarter's input will be critiqued on the website by The Haiga Team\*. Each year one YTHS monthly meeting will be devoted to a haiga workshop/demo/sharing. Separately submitted haiga will be included in the YTHS anthology, as the editor chooses. A haiga session will be included in the YTHS annual retreat. Reference to the haiga website will be included in each issue of GEPPPO.

### **Haiga submission criteria:**

Each member may submit a maximum of three haiga per quarter. Submissions to the website are requested to be submitted in digital form by email. Jpeg files are preferred. A digital photograph of flat artwork is acceptable.

The YTHS Webmaster is Patrick Gallagher.

Web address: '

For 'non-digital' members, submit artwork with a stamped self-addressed envelope to the webminder.

Postal address: Patrick Gallagher,

The current Haiga Team: Ed Grossmith; Carolyn Fitz; Patrick Gallagher;  
Connie Conroy.

e-mail contacts: Webmaster, Patrick Gallagher:  
Ed Grossmith:

## YTHS Recent Events

### February Haiga Workshop

by Alison Woolpert

Linda Papanicolaou and Edward Grossmith, led a delightful haiga workshop for our members on February 2, at the Pacific Hotel in History Park San Jose.

The day started with a discussion about what makes a good haiga. Both the poem and the image should be self-sufficient, yet when put together create a synergy greater than either one of them standing alone. Linda Papanicolaou explained “scent linking”; this is when the image and the text seem “open” and it is up to the reader to complete the meaning through his or her own experience. The term comes from “renku style” linking and refers back to the history of Basho.

Linda shared examples of techniques she used for creating visuals for a haiga that includes a haiku by Michael Rehling. Her reflections on the image making process were helpful for us to recognize some of the possibilities, as well as pitfalls, in creating this art form. Linda passed out an interview that she had conducted with Jeanne Emrich, the founder of *Haigaonline* and editor of *Reeds* that discusses the importance of white space; a formal element in 2-dimensional art and in haiga specifically. Linda walked us through the revision process for both text and image of two more of her haiga; this was very helpful to members. Her bibliography notes encourage all of us to a deeper study of haiga.

The room quieted and everyone was in held in awe during a showing of Edward Grossmith's DVD of his 2012 haiga, a selection of his nature photographs and haiku. As Edward stated in *Bending Reeds*, the 2012 Members' Anthology, “Elimination of the clamor that surrounds us in everyday life allows us to ‘see’ a potential haiku, haiga, painting, or photograph. All are modes of self-expression and portray an artist's reaction to the environment. Being

present and attuned to the *now* is an attribute of most poets and artists and seems to be the precursor to the origination of any work of art.” Before closing, Edward shared a few photographic images that audience members wrote accompanying haiku for. Hopefully, we will soon have another opportunity to view his striking haiga.

### April at Point Lobos

by Ann Muto

Yuki Teikei organized an outing to Pt. Lobos to which docents were invited. The following are haiku “born” on April 13, 2013 in Piney Woods.

After being impregnated during a ginko walk, gestation took a few hours. Around a picnic table surrounded by Pt. Lobos and Yuki Teikei poets, these births took place during a kukai.

cormorant rookery—  
there in the crowd he flashes  
his bright teal chin  
Patricia Machmiller

boots' gravel crunch—  
waves squeeze between weathered stones  
nori flutters  
Ann Muto

birthing cove—  
near water as blue as Capri  
harbor seals  
Judith Schallberger

migrating whales—  
all of the known journeys  
and the unknown  
Alison Woolpert

sun glints—  
a seal pup rides  
its mother's stomach  
Alison Woolpert

## Good News

Joan Zimmerman was chosen to be one of this year's 17 "emerging haiku poets" in the International Haiku Anthology New Resonance 8 from Red Moon Press.

Patricia Machmiller was one of 8 chosen for the Touchstone Award for Individual Poems, 2012 for the following haiku printed in *The Heron's Nest*, Volume 14.

she stops me  
from picking a lemon  
—it's asleep, she says

Alison Woolpert won an Editors' Choice Award in the *Heron's Nest*, Volume 15 for this haiku:

spring sky  
one twirl before the girl  
settles in line

Yuki Teikei won an honorable mention for best anthology in the Haiku Society of America's 2012 Kanterman Awards for books published in 2011 for *Wild Violets: Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology 2011*. Carolyn Hall and Christopher Patchel were the judges. The full Kanterman announcement, with commentary from the judges, will appear in *Frogpond* 36:2, Summer 2013, and eventually on the HAS website.

**Congratulations!**

## Dojin's Corner March-April 2013

Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

b: 9377\*, 78, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 88, 91\*,  
9402, 09\*, 10, 13, 19, 44, 45, 46, 55

pjm: 9378, 84, 85\*, 86, 95, 9407, 10, 13, 21,  
24, 28, 37, 48\*, 56, 57\*, 61

\*selected for comment

9377    deep winter  
          searching the textbook  
          for my disease

jb: This is often the question: I seem to have these symptoms, what's wrong with me? So we turn to a textbook for answers. The problem when searching for a name is to find a simple handle for all these complications. There is a fear associated with a complex of strange symptoms and not knowing what to call it. If the account of the disease seems possibly to point toward some remission we gain some help and our load is lightened. Anyone who has shared this experience knows what I'm talking about. This can apply both to physical diseases and mental/emotional diseases.

So our poet friend has provided us with a recollection of the framework of thought when life is bordering on the incurable.

pjm: In the contemplative time of deep winter the feeling here is of cold – deep cold – and of dread, the dread with which the speaker approaches the textbook which will lay out the *cold* facts of an illness – its symptoms, its progression, its morbidity rate, the probability of death. We feel the exposure and vulnerability of the speaker facing the cold fact that he or she is – that we are – mortal.

9385    false spring  
          after a wheezy night even  
          the cat is grumpy

pjm: "False spring" is a kigo I have never encountered before. I don't find it in any of my usual references and my Authority of Last Resort (Fay Aoyagi) couldn't find it either. So, perhaps, it is a clever invention of the poet or if it does have a tradition somewhere, I would be pleased to learn about it. In any case, I take the kigo to refer to an unusually warm spell in late winter which causes the ground to begin to thaw and blossoms to appear when the expectation is still to be locked in the cold of winter. The poem implies that with the sudden warming and its accompanying burst of blossoms has come pollen. The cat's owner has spent the night wheezing making "even/the cat," who possibly shares the owner's bed, grumpy! So the idea of a *false* spring is echoed in this rueful episode. Instead of true spring which is supposed to bring joy, this false spring has brought only irritation and grumpiness.

jb: "False spring" is a counterfeit time of year. We have quick access to some good weather and pleasant conditions and then these are just as quickly removed. What can be trusted? It seems no wonder after a "wheezy night" that everyone (including the cat) is grumpy.

9391    shaking his beard  
          father reorganizes  
          all the Christmas cards

jb: This is what parents do. Christmas cards are about the exchange of good thoughts at the most inhospitable time of year. Days are short, the air is cold and wet, prices have gone up. What can one do? Well, it costs little to rearrange your thoughts. And, having reorganized them we now have something to talk about and we have access to the feelings involved. Further, instead of talking, father simply shakes his beard.

pjm: I read this a little differently. It is interesting how the image unfolds. Consider: "stroking his beard/father . . ." My first thought is that this is the speaker's father, but my next thought immediately following that is that this could be Father Time. Then I come to the phrase ". . . reorganizes/all the Christmas . . ." Now in addition to the speaker's father and Father Time, I have the possibilities of St. Nicholas and Santa Claus or maybe the speaker's father dressed up as one of them! Depending on which figure I choose to imagine here, I get a different meaning and a different feeling from the haiku. I don't mind this ambiguity and, in fact, I think it gives greater dimension to it.

9409: departing storm  
sparrows regroup  
on a guide wire

jb: The storm has come and gone and the sparrows react. Having some social qualities they get together at the most immediately reliable place: a guide wire. What do our readers do after a storm? Humans regroup as well on (metaphorical) guide wires. The concept of a "guide wire" is a useful social anchor. I can hear some young people now saying, "That's my guide wire!" So this is a hopeful haiku. After a difficulty we make a brief retreat to our "guide wire." We all have some sorts of these in our lives and it might be useful to recall them. The effect of guide wires is stability. This is a good thing.

pjm: I can see this image clearly and think the poet has a gem of an idea – when the vicissitudes of life intrude, we too are often forced to rethink, reevaluate, regroup. I think that this haiku could possibly be more effective if there was a kigo to indicate the feeling. Is this a spring storm or a winter storm? The specification of a season could lighten or darken the outlook – it would definitely deepen the mood.

Something else to consider should the poet want to revise the haiku and that is the syllables. Or if you want to count beats,

it is three lines of two beats each. Whether counting syllables or beats – either one – the rhythm is rather flat. A change of pace in the middle line would add variety to the whole and maybe even mimic the feeling of the little birds regrouping. And now that I think about it, I would put the guide wire (like Jerry says, an excellent metaphor) in the middle line and end with the sparrows regrouping.

9448 Ginza neon light  
turns the café windows pink  
February ends

pjm: This poem is about transitions and transience. Things are on the cusp – the afternoon is on the cusp of evening, winter is on the cusp of spring. These natural transitions are paired with an image of the artificial landscape of the Ginza where a glaring neon sign has just come on and its garish light is turned to a soft pink tinge in the café window. A very original idea rendered effectively and skillfully in the traditional five-seven-five haiku form. Brilliant!

jb: Here we have a five-seven-five haiku about a natural reality inside man-made artificiality. Yet, the artificial things, the lighting and the pink, have a reality too. February does indeed come to an end no matter how we try to avoid it.

9457 traveling alone  
repeating the Buddha's name  
through a withered field

pjm: The feeling of isolation that we get in winter is captured here. The traveler's spirit is comforted and encouraged to persevere in the cold by the repetition of Buddha's name. The reporting of this simple ritual is appropriately cast in the traditional five-seven-five haiku form.

jb: "Traveling alone" is a very fundamental notion. I'm tempted to say, "Even if you're traveling alone you're traveling alone."

There's a strong sense in which it's impossible to change such a feeling. Gertrude Stein once said referring to a city she was in, "There's no *there* there." One thing about traveling alone is that there is always *a there* there. This is true in the most fundamental sense for the Buddha. So we contact the aloneness in the withered field by repeating the Buddha's name.

Note: Patricia and Jerry invite your response. Please e-mail us at

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



Note: Print and haiku by PJM; calligraphy by Martha Dahlen.

## Zigzag of the Dragonfly: Reflections on Image Installment #11

Patricia J. Machmiller

Almost from the beginning of this essay on writing, I have been encouraging you to write on a daily basis. If you have been doing that you should by now have a notebook full of images—images gathered on your daily walk, images that have come to you from your senses, through active listening and observing, through the senses of touch, taste, and smell. I have encouraged you to write from experience because such writing has a freshness and vitality that is more difficult to obtain when you write from the imagination. This is not to say that one should not write from the imagination; it is only that you should be aware that good writing, whether it comes from the real world or not, should have the smack and tang as if it did. This practice of daily writing trying to capture the immediacy of encounters in the physical world is a boot camp for writers, only more fun, I hope.

When I started writing forty years ago, I studied haiku once a month on Saturday with Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi. About the same time I began to study western poetry writing with Robert Hass in night school at San Jose State University. My engagement in these two endeavors at the same time was very revealing. It gradually dawned on me that the approach to these two forms, haiku and the western lyric, was radically different. And it has to do with the image—how it is created and for what purpose.

In the lyric, the poet uses the image to describe or understand the inner landscape, the psyche. So an image is almost always used metaphorically. Not until the mid-nineteenth century did Whitman begin to experiment with writing images that were pure description. On the other hand, the process of writing haiku is exactly the opposite. Instead of looking inward

with attentiveness and an alert appreciation for whatever comes. In this process judgment and intentionality are suspended. What is received, what the world offers, becomes the poem.

I've been rereading for the umpteenth time Robert Hass's essay, "Images" from *Twentieth Century Pleasures* (New York: The Ecco Press, 1984). I cannot recommend this essay more highly. I'd like to quote a short passage from it (p. 275):

Images haunt. . . Images are not quite ideas, they are stiller than that, with less implication outside themselves. And they are not myth, they do not have that explanatory power. . . Nor are they always metaphors; they do not say this is that, they say this is. In the nineteenth century one would have said that what compelled us about them was a sense of the eternal. And it is something like that, some feeling in the arrest of the image that what perishes and what lasts forever have been brought into conjunction, and accompanying that sensation is a feeling of release of self. Antonio Machado wrote, 'Yet today is always.' And Czeslaw Milosz, 'Only the moment is eternal.'

*Images haunt.* It is this ability of the image to sink into our psyche – this combined with the kigo, which sets the mood – that gives haiku, for all its brevity, such power.

Here are some images that haunt me:

Snow falls  
On the snowfall  
Silently.

The quietness of death:  
A clear sky, leafless trees.

Santoka Taneda  
*Mountain Tasting: Zen Haiku*  
translated by John Stevens

Never more alone  
the eagle, than now surrounded  
by screaming crows

*The Zen Haiku and Other Zen Poems*  
J. W. Hackett

The sight of a lark's  
throat throbbing! A woman  
shelling peas . . .

Virginia Brady Young  
*The Haiku Anthology*  
Cor van den Heuvel, ed.

green-leafed wind ~  
within its pauses  
doves cooing



Note: Print and haiku by PJM;  
calligraphy by Martha Dahlen.

## 2013 YTHS Calendar

- |                   |   |
|-------------------|---|
| Aug               | No Yuki Teikei meeting this month. Many society members will be attending the 2013 Haiku North America Conference on the Queen Mary, Long Beach, CA from August 14-18.  |
| Sept              | The beach picnic in Aptos is cancelled for this year.   |
| Sept 25           | GEPPPO submissions due.   |
| Oct 19<br>6-10 pm | Moon Viewing Party and pot-luck dinner at the home of Linda Papanicolaou, Stanford, CA. Newcomers and guests welcome. Bring a peanut free dish to share for dinner. Newcomers and guests welcome. Contact Linda at _____ for more information.  |
| Nov 7-<br>Nov 10  | Yuki Teikei Annual Retreat and Asilomar State Beach and Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA. Hope to see you there.  |
| Dec 14<br>6-10pm  | Holiday Party at the home of Patricia and Al Machmiller in San Jose, CA. Newcomers and guests are welcome. Bring a dish for the holiday table with no peanut content please. Each year we share haiga cards with the other poets and 30 cards should be enough to go around. Call Patricia at _____ for more information. |