

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXIX:4 July—August 2014

Published in September 2014

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

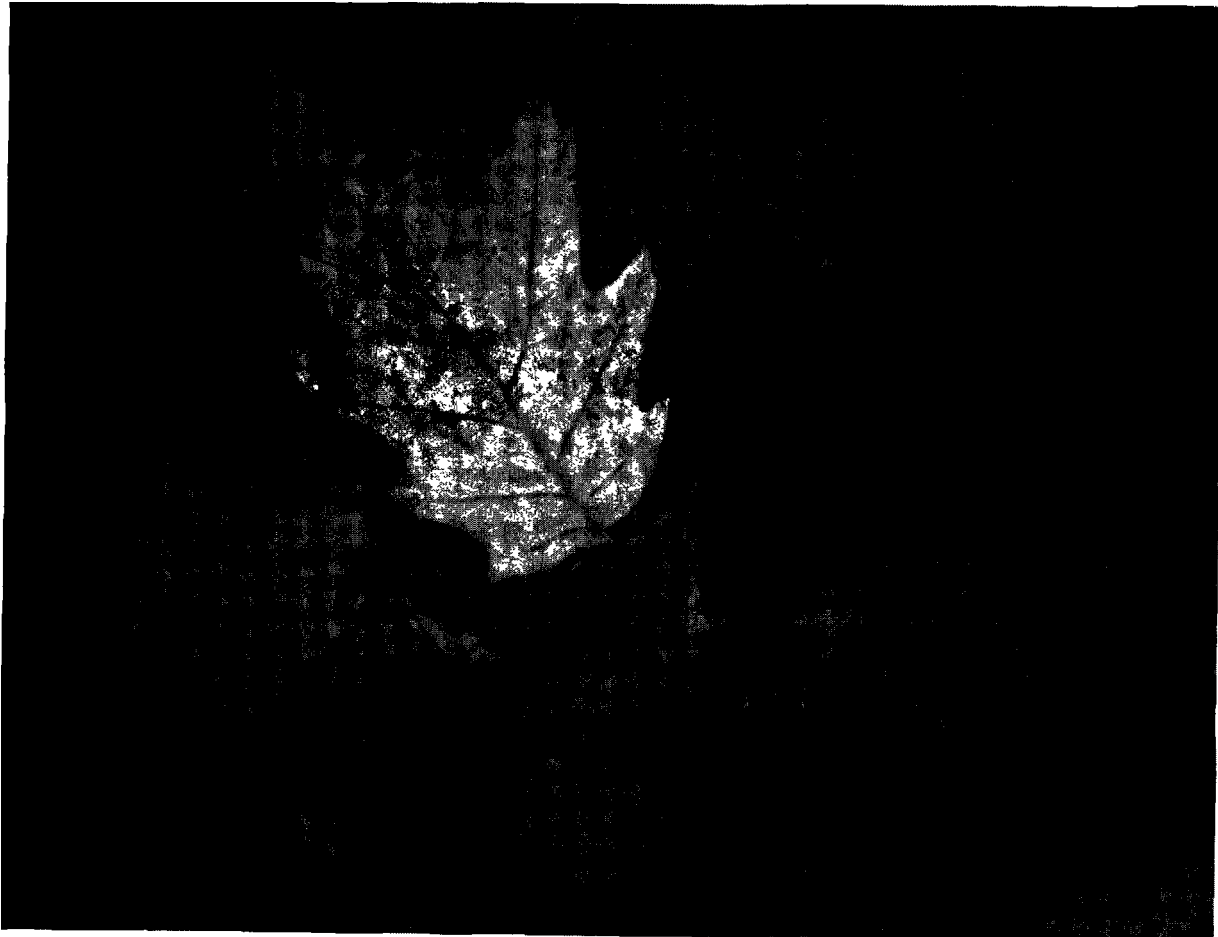
- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 9880 | restless again
you decide to leave
autumn wind | 9890 | throwing a pebble
I miss the pond
my mind ripples |
| 9881 | you and I
once were wild and young
autumn wind | 9891 | dancing
sawflies on rotten fruit
do the mango |
| 9882 | a kitten cries
moonlight spills . . .
across the kitchen floor | 9892 | Nature's abstract art
mahogany to emerald
madrone bark peelings. |
| 9883 | autumn stroll—
the geezers on the bench
are us | 9893 | As we reach the pass
sweat is quickly gone from a
swirling summer breeze. |
| 9884 | shouting match—
lost songs
of the crickets | 9894 | Magical hillside—
lady's slippers, bride's bonnets,
even wild ginger. |
| 9885 | autumn is clearing—
I can't remember
last year's crises | 9895 | a black umbrella
the skimmer shades its new chick
late Spring heat wave |
| 9886 | tree rain
a blue tailed skink's
lightning tongue | 9896 | scarlet rosebud lips
pop vibrant pink bubblegum
summer Lolita |
| 9887 | tea lights
the floating world of
our summer garden | 9897 | hot summer daydream—
each tooth and nail a buddha
everything buddha |
| 9888 | afternoon clouds . . .
between me and
happiness | 9898 | Under moonlight
The old woman
Planting sunflowers |
| 9889 | old dog
its bark no worse
than its slobber | 9899 | frosted pumpkin
waits in the field
for a child's keen eye |
-

-
- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 9900 | crimson leaves
slowly drift
towards winter | 9913 | she finds a pit
in the pitted olive
cocktail small talk |
| 9901 | pickup brass band
blowing through the city park
windy afternoon | 9914 | sunset—
in the very next breath
a tree frog |
| 9902 | he wouldn't have known
how to take care of himself
narcissus-edged grave | 9915 | eating udon—
so much of the enjoyment
in the noise |
| 9903 | Year of the Rabbit
children wrinkle their noses
over carrot sticks | 9916 | the redness
of riverine maples
travel bags |
| 9904 | stalking a fly
in a jungle of geraniums . . .
greenhouse gecko | 9917 | calico hairs
on my tweed jacket
sardine clouds |
| 9905 | sizzling beach day . . .
grilled brats and corn in the husk
on the hibachi | 9918 | quiet
in the first coolness
old fridge |
| 9906 | approaching sunset . . .
the Autumn breeze slowly calms
as colors deepen | 9919 | Fickle lover
Thursday and Friday, Tchaikovsky
Saturday, Verdi |
| 9907 | autumn gust
crashing into the window
a sparrow | 9920 | almost dusk
at the ends of tall grass
sleeping wasps |
| 9908 | sidewalk café
my menu blown away
by the southerly | 9921 | bubbles
above the high C
opera in the park |
| 9909 | on the curb side
a discarded mattress
soaked with rain | 9922 | 50 years gone by
yet we laugh like yesterday
high school reunion |
| 9910 | August heat
a few crisp leaves
on the tarmac | 9923 | sweeping the cabin,
I startle a garter snake
under the bed |
| 9911 | pouring tea
into the cracked cup
autumn wind | 9924 | my son-in-law
accuses me of something
thunder and lightning |
| 9912 | golden leaves
drifting on muddy puddles
autumn deepens | 9925 | color of grove
gets most diluted
autumn morning mist |
-

-
- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 9926 | why image of buddha
in Christmas ornament
his enlightening answer | 9939 | Harrowing of leaves
through the air, red and yellow—
not precious jewels. |
| 9927 | Solomon's wisdom
visits a first-born daughter—
bird of passage | 9940 | surfacing submarine
right in front of us
espionage afoot? |
| 9928 | an autumn sky
consecrates the wedding day—
their promises | 9941 | child counts on fingers
doing math homework
morning glories |
| 9929 | purple-striped jelly
its last response at my touch
in wet sand | 9442 | lost child
during a flower garden excursion
too many sunflowers |
| 9930 | wishing you the best
through the wide open window
autumn wind blows, blows | 9443 | I've rarely seen
seven flickers in a flock
—autumnal cloud |
| 9931 | ten thousand storm clouds
without a sound she sits
drawing circles | 9444 | the blossoming!
I stand quite motionless
in a field of bees |
| 9932 | in the front window
the silhouette of the dog
souls in autumn rain | 9445 | easy chores first
not the important ones
—autumn wind |
| 9933 | almost touching my head
with a swoop long and low—
large crow of autumn | 9946 | summer heat—
koi tussle for first place near
the bubbling spout |
| 9934 | a cored apple—
unable to laugh
or cry | 9947 | excited chirping
from a thicket of jasmine—
midsummer sparrows |
| 9935 | back in school now
the teacher's tomatoes
fall to the ground | 9948 | a tiny black spider
parachutes through the air—
oh that I could fly |
| 9936 | starlit night
through the telescope . . . old ones
born so long ago | 9949 | fog horn ghosts
seep into my dreams—
fall equinox |
| 9937 | I picked my age
in lemons today . . . sixty-five
fine Meyers | 9950 | yesterday's quarrel—
storm clouds exhaling
darkness |
| 9938 | Milky Way
thousands of light years
to cross tonight | 9951 | black hole—
small change rattling
in coat hem |
-

- 9952 vast blue
sky
the final downpour
rains the white light
- 9953 thick overcast
yet the
watermarks
of the hidden sun
- 9954 end of
summer
around her dark blue tattoo
her light blue veins

Autumn Leaves by Bill West



Challenge Kigo- “Autumn Wind”

autumn wind
you bring a change
in me

~Genie Nakano

now on her own
the youngest daughter—
autumn wind

~Ruth Holzer

autumn winds
beginning to lose
my sense of self

~Michael Henry Lee

summer mourned
crispened leaves fall
autumn wind

~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

Sudden autumn wind
raises goosebumps on bare legs
fleeting heat fading.

~David Sherertz

leaves swirl
into an open grave
autumn wind

~James Lautermilch

pushing my body
further than it wants to go
the red autumn wind

~Joan Zimmerman

floating
in the Autumn wind...
spider silk

~Elinor Pihl Huggett

autumn wind
out of the darkness
the rusty shed

~Patricia Prime

autumn wind-
my sandcastle crumbling
grain by grain

~Betty Arnold

morning glories
hold fast in September
autumn wind

~Peg McAulay Byrd

the angel of time
chats with the angle of death
autumn wind

~Michael Sheffield

a stranger
bears my dear friend's name
autumn wind

~Christine Horner

Chopin's
funeral march
Autumn wind

~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

autumn wind
thick with wisdom
her suicide . . . why

~Judith Schallberger

through the long night
the autumn wind taps out
its own Morse code

~Janis Albright Lukstein

maple leaves
rush toward winter
autumn wind

~E. Luke

autumn wind
a visit from my brother
while we can

~Alison Woolpert

over the ocean
migrating plovers shrill cries
—autumn wind

~June Hopper Hymas

a new Russian grave
instead of an old one . . .
autumn
wind

~Zinovy Vayman

**May—June 2014
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPP0 Readers**

solitary moon
left again to
my own devices
~Michael Henry Lee

summer drizzle—
the invalid's
restless fingers
~Ruth Holzer

tomb sweeping day
on a leaf
the fly lifts its feet
~Kyle Sullivan

ribbon of light
beneath the storm clouds
the feel of satin
~Johnnie Hafernik

the hesitation
measured in our gazes—
summer squall
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

following
the painter's gaze
heron
~Phillip Kennedy

another scorcher . . .
the painted on smile
of the parade clown
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

summer bliss . . .
a slice of melon
smiles back at me
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

still fragile
out of the chrysalis
out of rehab
~Gregory Longenecker

the shortest way
follow the smell of jasmine
to my old friend's house
~Teruo Yamagata

Members' Votes for May—June 2014 Haiku

Neal Whitman 9800-1, 9801-3, 9802-0,
9803-1, 9804-2, 9805-0
Michael Henry Lee 9806-11, 9807-4, 9808-2
Christine Horner 9809-3, 9810-1, 9811-3
Beverly Acuff Momoi 9812-2, 9813-3, 9814-5
Ruth Holzer 9815-5, 9816-3, 9817-6
Bruce Feingold 9818-4, 9819-1, 9820-3
Michael Sheffield 9821-3, 9822-3, 9823-3
Christine Stern 9824-0, 9825-2, 9826-5
Janis Lukstein 9827-1, 9828-2, 9829-1
E. Luke 9830-1, 9831-3
Joan Zimmerman 9832-3, 9833-1, 9834-2
Barbara Campitelli 9835-2, 9836-0, 9837-0
Johnnie Haffernik 9838-0, 9839-6, 9840-4
Alison Woolpert 9841-4, 9842-1, 9843-1
Hiro Murakami 9844-0, 9845-2
Elaine Whitman 9846-2, 9847-2, 9848-2
Phillip Kennedy 9849-6, 9850-1, 9851-4
Kyle Sullivan 9852-3, 9853-5, 9854-8
Gregory Longenecker 9855-0, 9856-3, 9857-7
Mimi Ahern 9858-1, 9859-4, 9860-3
Zinovy Vayman 9861-3, 9862-0, 9863-0
Judith Schallberger 9864-0, 9865-1, 9866-7
Majo Leavick 9867-1, 9868-0, 9869-0
Teruro Yamagata 9870-0, 9871-7, 9872-1
Bill West 9873-1, 9874-1
Ann Bendixen 9875-1, 9876-0, 9877-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett 9878-8, 9879-6, 9880-8,
9881-4, 9882-4



Annual YTHS Membership Dues

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

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

**GEPPPO Submission due date for
the next issue is October 26.**

New Submission guidelines:
**Email questions or comments with
contact info to:**

**Email articles, poems and votes with
contact info to: YTGEPPO@Outlook.com
with GEPPPO article or GEPPPO
submission in the subject line.**

**Send it as an attachment in a word
document in Arial, font size 11, ink black.
OR mail your poems & votes with contact
info to:**

GEPPPO Editor, Carol Steele,

You can submit:

- Up to three haiku appropriate to the season. 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.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Meetings

In July to celebrate Tanabata Matsuri, members of the Society and companions met at the home of Anne and Don Homan, high on the foothills of Mount Diablo, where to the west one looks over Los Vaqueros Reservoir to the Central Valley. As usual, the three donkeys that live on the adjacent acreage came to the fence to join the celebration. After an enjoyable potluck dinner, sky gazing began. The first observation was the full moon rising over the distant Sierras, then as the night darkened, Vega the Weaver Girl star, and Altair the Shepherd star, appeared. There was no rain so the magpies could bridge the Milky Way to allow the lovers' tryst. In celebration the Tanabata story was read, then the poets wrote and read haiku, each transcribed onto a rectangle of decorative paper, which was then hung by a thread from a bamboo stalk.

submitted by Patrick Gallagher

photograph by Patrick Gallagher



YTHS Meeting, September 6, 2014

An almost autumn afternoon in Palo Alto, California on the Stanford University Campus:
ROAR of the fans in the football stadium as the Cardinals take on the USC Trojans;
QUIET of the poets in the Cantor Arts Museum as they take in the exhibit: "Mapping
Edo—The Social and Political Geography of Early Modern Japan."

first football game
on the empty campus
artists play
~Patrick Gallagher

A long table in soft afternoon light at the Museum Café:
WRAP UP by the 12 haiku poets (Ann Bendixen, Eleanor Carolan, Alison Woolpert,
Linda Papanicolaoi, Patrick Gallagher, Sandy Vrooman, Clysta Seney, Patricia
Machmiller, Joan Zimmerman, C. Holbrook, Susanne Smith and Mimi Ahern) as they
share their impressions of the art and the resulting haiku, haiku inspired by the beautiful
prints and painted maps of the Edo period. More interesting yet, are the comments and haiku
from a second exhibit in the same room: "Within and Without Transformations in Chinese
Landscapes" by modern Chinese painters. One provocative painting, "untitled
(landscape no QSH22)" by artist Qiu Shihua, appearing totally white at first, sparks the
most comments and haiku.

winter canvas
beyond the white
the darkness
~Joan Zimmerman



submitted by Mimi Ahern

photograph by Mimi Ahern

**Zigzag of the Dragonfly:
A Final Note: Reflections on
Where We've Been
Installment #17**

Patricia J. Machmiller

Dear loyal readers, we have come to this, the last in the series on writing, especially as it pertains to haiku. Take a moment now to reflect on where you were when we started this process. Do you think you have moved along the path to better writing? Are you walking most every day? Is your notebook always handy? Have you and your critic become better acquainted? Have you been able to observe yourself more closely when writing? Have you gained insights into how your mind creates images and language that result in words on the page? I hope the answers you have been able to give are yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, and yes! And if not all your answers were yes, then I hope you will give yourself the gift of time and attention so that you can get to yes for each of these.

Along the way in our discussion of the writing process, we have addressed some aspects of the craft of writing haiku, such as image, kigo, form, sound, and revision. Mastery of these skills will help you to advance your writing, but the writing habits that I mentioned in the opening paragraph having to do with your own personal style and process are more important. Concentrating on the skills will enable you to become a master craftsman. Paying attention to your own process in order to developing habits that nurture and encourage your intuitive self—this is how you become a poet! And that is my wish for you: an open and growing mind filled with wonder and appreciation for the world as you find it in your daily life.

the remaining snow
in isolated patches
our separate lives

partly eroded
summer light on petroglyphs—
voices and echoes

dog days of August—
we linger in the twilight
waiting for Godot

absentmindedly
eating a persimmon
in the poet's house

maple on the edge
of the garden at the bare-
est edge of turning

deepening autumn—
in the night's quiet my heart
can hear itself think

riding the last train
I peer into the long night—
my own reflection

the puppet's master
hidden in the shifting light
old year turns to new

Note: Publications where these poems were first published are listed in the order the poems appear.

The San Francisco Haiku Anthology, eds. Jerry Ball, Garry Gay, and Tom Tico, Smythe-Waithe Press: (Windsor, CA, 1992)

Poems from the Fourth Annual Mainichi Contest, 2000
Basho Festival 2002 Anthology, ed. Tadashi Kondo
One Hundred Gourds, ed. Carolyn Hall, Two Autumns Press, HPNC, 2003

Modern Haiku, Winter-Spring, 2002

Spring Sky, YT Anthology, ed. June Hopper Hymas, 2001

The San Francisco Haiku Anthology

Mariposa, Autumn/Winter, 2002

YTHS Reaching Out at the 2014 Cabrillo Festival of Contemporary Music (CFCM)

Joan Zimmerman (<http://cabrillomusic.org/questartist/2014/j-zimmerman/>)

The Cabrillo Festival of Contemporary Music (CFCM) is acclaimed as the USA's best annual festival of new music, i.e., music written recently by classically trained musicians for full orchestra. This was the 52nd festival season and the first year for a CFCM Poet-in-Residence: me! I used this opportunity to share haiku and YTHS with concert-goers:

burn-season music
the scorching density
of sixteenth notes

The above poem was inspired by Brett Dean's "Fire Music" composition. [All my poems here were published at the Festival's Facebook page: <https://www.facebook.com/CabrilloFest> .]

The Festival offers free public access to the inspiring Open Rehearsals. We marvel at Maestra Marin Alsop, returning for her 22nd year as curator and conductor of the Festival. The way she works through the musical scores with the composers and musicians is a series of lessons in power and grace:

the maestra singing
melody for the duduk --
sweet alyssum air

This was inspired by "Speranza," a piece by Mark-Anthony Turnage that included instruments (like the hard-to-control duduk) rarely used in a classical orchestra.

My invitation, due to seven haiku I wrote during the previous year's Open Rehearsals being published by *Daily Haiku*, simply asked me to provide a poem now and then, to be interspersed in the CFCM Facebook site among the photos and rave reviews of the maestra and orchestra and composers

and soloists. But I asked for a table in the lobby to display complimentary haiku bookmarks (including the Japanese kanji characters for "music") from YTHS. I showed copies of *GEPPPO*, many free handouts, books for browsing, a notebook for people to write their own haiku, and an eye-catching bowl of free candy. Among the many visitors to the table were YTHS's own president Alison Woolpert, our web-master Patrick Gallagher, and our 2013 Tokutomi Contest Honorably Mentioned Peggy Heinrich.

It was a thrill to see each Facebook "like" particularly from a composer for a poem written in response to her work. That composer was Stacy Garrop for this haiku, inspired by watching a rehearsal of her "Thunderwalker":

muscles vibrating
in a young cellist's shoulder
rising thunderheads

Be sure to check out CFCM each July-August and come to future Open Rehearsals and concerts.

By Joan Zimmerman

Dojin's Corner

May-June 2014

Emiko Miyashita and Patricia J. Machmiller

Emiko and Patricia have selected their favorite haiku from the May-June *GEPP*O as listed below. The starred numbers have been chosen for commentary.

E: 9803, 9809, 9811, 9815*, 9820, 9839, 9840, 9841, 9848, 9849, 9852, 9854, 9857, 9859*, 9869, 9871, 9873, 9874, 9875, 9878*.

pjm: 9806, 9807*, 9808, 9811, 9813, 9815*, 9826, 9829, 9850, 9851, 9852, 9853, 9854, 9855, 9858, 9863, 9864, 9871, 9878, 9879, 9882*

9807 mayfly . . .
 never knowing one day
 from the next

pjm: Mayflies have very short lives—twenty-four hours, maybe, depending on the species. This last July I was traveling in South Dakota. In the late evening driving past the sloughs the headlights were filled with swarms of mayflies. Although we drove slowly there was no way to avoid running into them. You could hear them, as the car drove through them, their soft bodies perishing on the headlights and windshield. These short-lived adults were not alarmed by the oncoming lights; they seemed to meet death calmly. It is the same calmness that those with dementia, for example, who do not know “one day/from the next” have. The same poignancy. This is the feeling I get from this poem, a calm poignancy.

E: The mayfly is said to live only an hour to three days in its adult stage and is used symbolically in Japanese poetry to add a touch of short-lived, passing, fleeting, ephemeral color to the poem. On the other hand, the author is blessed with countless days to live, but perhaps not living the days fully as the mayfly which is determined to mate and pass its DNA to the next generation. The air in between the lines of this haiku is thin and languorous. Or, simply, the second part is

explaining the state of mayfly?

9815 on the floor
 snippets of white hair—
 the heat

pjm: The image I have is of a barbershop in the south. It is a hot, humid day. A slow ceiling fan turns. It is too hot to move, too hot to talk. The haircut is finished. The snippets of white hair lie there. The moment is caught. Forever. By the “snippets of white hair.”

E: Snippets, a little portion of white hair on the floor are what I find on my floor every day before sweeping. For me, to find my gray hair dropping without being noticed is a sad reality of aging and losing hair. On the other hand, it is a result of healthy metabolism. This might also be the hair of a white dog, or a cat, they shed extra hair to cope with the heat in summer. I like this haiku because it is about me, and it can be about them at the same time. I feel the heat.

9854 tomb sweeping day
 on a leaf
 the fly lifts its feet

E: The haiku reminds me of Issa's haiku which I am quoting from David Lanoue's “Haiku of Kobayashi Issa” at <http://haikuguy.com/issa/search.php?keywords=fly&year=> :

.やれ打な蠅が手をすり足をする
yare utsuna hae ga te o suri ashi o suru

don't swat the fly!
praying hands
praying feet

In this famous haiku Issa sees the natural “hand-rubbing” behavior of the fly as hands praying, pleading to be spared. Adding a comic twist, he notes that the fly is praying even with its feet! Therefore, I pictured the fly lifting its feet on a leaf near the tomb to pray for the deceased, and not for its own life in this haiku. Sometimes an old haiku influences how I read the brand new haiku!

pjm: Emiko, I too heard echoes of Issa when I read this poem. Another translation of the same poem into English by Robert Hass in *The Essential Haiku* (Ecco Press, 1994) is:

Don't kill that fly!
Look—it's wringing its hands,
wringing its feet.

In the Lanoue translation of "praying hands/ praying feet" the fly's reaction as one of supplication whereas in the Hass translation the fly seems more frantic and desperate. So I am wondering which interpretation is closer to the original.

E: A literal translation of Issa's haiku would be something like:

Hey, don't swat! The fly is rubbing its hands,
rubbing its feet

I am not very happy with the word choices of "kill" or "wring." The poem is about the mercy Issa is trying to evoke in someone with a fly swatter by focusing on the appendages of the fly—rubbing its hands and its feet as humans do when they pray. One can take it as a pleading posture, but also it can be understood that even a fly knows how to pray as a member of this merciful world of Amida Buddha.

pjm: To me the word "swat" when talking about a fly is just as violent and final as the word "kill." But the difference between "pray" and "wring" is significant when reading this "tomb-sweeping" haiku which only says that the fly lifts his feet, a rather neutral and natural movement. With Issa's poem as a backdrop, however, the poem is changed and the fly's natural gesture takes on the emotional, more human act suggested by Issa. And so a closer understanding of Issa's meaning helps us better interpret the meaning of this "tomb-sweeping" poem. I take it then that even though "rubbing" is also a neutral, natural act for a fly, the *tone* of Issa's haiku is one of a plea for mercy. And thank you for reminding us that "even a fly knows how to pray as a

member of this merciful world of Amida Buddha."

9859 never ready
 for summer . . .
 melted butter

E: To find butter melting in the butter case is a common experience during summer; I know I should have remembered to put it in the refrigerator, but I forgot. Of course, it is easier to spread butter on my toast when it is soft, but melted butter is not an equivalent to olive oil—it gets too oily. It is not easy to change one's habit developed through the autumn, winter, and spring and to shift into summer mode, which is totally different from the other three—too hot!

pjm: So here we have a small parable—what happens when one fails to think ahead? Failure to do so has consequences. Link this image to summer, that season of laziness and irresponsibility, and we are reminded, once again, of how truly human it is to forget to put the butter in the fridge!

9878 another scorcher . . .
 the painted on smile
 of the parade clown

E: Indeed, the smiling face painted on a non-smiling person's face can be another scorcher. Under the scorching sun, the clown in its costume, with heavily painted face must be feeling hot, hot, hot as he looks at people along the street holding ice cream and beer. But perhaps we shouldn't be so serious—let's enjoy the parade, feel the heat—it's summer!

pjm: It's summer and the circus has come to town. It's hot. But you can't tell that by looking at the clown. His painted-on smile masks any distress he might be feeling. He is perpetually happy. And it is this dichotomy that brings the melancholy we feel reading this poem.

9882 hey, pond frogs!
 why does your courtship
 have to be so noisy?

pjm: This made me chuckle. Of course, it's a silly question—if you're a frog among a huge crowd of other frogs, how else do you bring attention to your particular lily pad? Underneath the surface of this poem is a tongue-in-cheek commentary on urban living in the modern age of high-density housing, thin walls, and liberalized sexual mores.

E: Noisy? Too bad you can't understand the lyrics! I like the dialogue taking place here.

Emiko and Patricia invite your response. Send your letters to Carol Steele in care of GEPP0



Downpour

PJMachmiller



Challenge Kigo –

“Winter Rain”

by June Hopper Hymas

winter shower (*shigure*, early winter)
winter rain (*fuyu no ame*, all winter)
from the 500 Essential Season Words
website

the dog of my neighbor
silent forever

winter rain

Gabi Greve, in Yahoo Groups

Hokusai's Fuji
in a bookstore window -
winter rain

Bill K. (from a comment on HaikuandHappiness.blogspot.com)

yama-bato ga nakigoto wo iu shigure kana

the mountain pigeon
grumbles...
winter rain

Issa, translated by David Lanoue

rakuyô ya chito mo magaranu hatsu shigure

Kyoto--
falling straight down
the first winter rain

Issa, translated by David Lanoue

First winter rain--
even the monkey
seems to want a raincoat.

Basho, translated by Robert Hass.

winter rain deepens
lichened letters on the grave
and my old sadness

Roka, from Japanese Haiku by Peter
Beilenson

winter rain deepens
see all the people running
across Seta Bridge

Joso, from Japanese Haiku by Peter
Beilenson



2014 YTHS Calendar

- | | | |
|------------------|--|-------------------|
| Oct 11
6pm | Moon Viewing Party at Carol Steele's home at
and guests are welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish to share for a pot luck dinner. | Newcomers |
| Oct 26 | GEPPPO submissions due. | |
| Nov 6
to 9 | Haiku Retreat at Asilomar State Beach Conference Center in Pacific Grove, CA. The theme this year is "All About Birds". We will have talks with an expert birder/teacher about the birds at Asilomar and scout with her looking for them. Our featured guests will be Watercolor Artist Floy Zittin, Calligrapher Martha Dahlen and Poet Patricia Machmiller, collaborators of <i>Sweet Reverence of Little Birds</i> . We will learn to make simple sketches of seasonal birds, learn about bird songs and how to incorporate them into haiku and have time for reflection and ginkos. Hope to see you there! | |
| Dec 13
6-10pm | Holiday Party at Alison Woolpert's at
handmade haiga cards to share with each other. Thirty cards should be enough to go around. Guests and newcomers are welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish to share for a potluck dinner. Hope you can come! | Each year we make |