

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXVI:5

September—October 2011

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 8744 | chattering birdsong
a squeaky chair
– silence | 8752 | gibbus moon –
following my shadow
into the quiet |
| 8745 | the pine trees straight trunk
and crazy twisted branches
– in perfect balance | 8753 | autumn evening
the grasshopper's long jump
into silence |
| 8746 | beach sagewort
where I begin my journey
to the sea | 8754 | cold autumn
tonight your heart turns
the moon |
| 8747 | returning
to an empty house –
the rising moon | 8755 | autumn sunlight
its blinding reflection
on a plate |
| 8748 | incessant crickets
repeating themselves. . . I try
and make sense of it | 8756 | looks like a sea
or, is it an upside down
Milky Way? |
| 8749 | strong arms
embrace me
the Autumn oak | 8757 | late summer sea
some evidence of sea gulls
dancing a jig! |
| 8750 | first hint of red in
the liquid amber trees –
steeping roibos tea | 8758 | purple-striped sea jelly
pulsating toward the sea . . .
into the winds |
| 8751 | loud cricket song from
the den - do you too suffer
from evening loneliness? | 8759 | sensual soft curves
juicy flesh, sweet and tangy –
autumn tomatoes |
-

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>8760 bright silvery beams
of a waxing autumn moon –
reflected sunlight</p> | <p>8771 cypress grove . . .
looking up, then down
for a pew to sit on</p> |
| <p>8761 a west-facing wall
brightens in the early dawn –
reflected sunlight</p> | <p>8772 the tangled roots
of a bonsai tree . . .
thinking back</p> |
| <p>8762 the swing
always returns –
cricket song</p> | <p>8773 off the roofline
cascades of rainwater
one crow calls</p> |
| <p>8763 evening chill –
the cat's sudden interest
in my lap</p> | <p>8774 white cloud
I imagine bouncing
on its billows</p> |
| <p>8764 losing her name
to the silence
of the stubble field</p> | <p>8775 relentlessly
the rain pounds on the roof
too tired to sleep</p> |
| <p>8765 autumn dusk
the empty road ahead . . .
behind</p> | <p>8776 foam on spent water . . .
the river's humming away
in the pylon wires</p> |
| <p>8766 All Hallow's Eve –
the shadowy darkness
darkens</p> | <p>8777 two Steinways:
a younger one
with slenderer legs</p> |
| <p>8767 a warm bowl of milk
and a sprig of fresh catnip . . .
mom cat's steady purr</p> | <p>8778 polluted river
yet its huge weeds are waving
all the same</p> |
| <p>8768 walking by a woods . . .
vibrant colors of sunset
in the autumn leaves</p> | <p>8779 clear water creek
stone by stone changing voices
time spent with a friend</p> |
| <p>8769 stalking the oak leaves
as they tumble to the ground . . .
kitten in window</p> | <p>8780 beneath the zaguan*
tempos of day crickets –
deepening peace</p> |
| <p>8770 ginkgo fruit –
the wrinkled flesh
in my hand</p> | <p>8781 four empty chairs
splashes of the moment . . .
autumn loneliness</p> |

*Spanish for *covered porch*

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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 8782 | after the summer storm
boats rock gently again
my battered spirits | 8793 | harvesting at night
tractor rumble under
a bright gibbous moon |
| 8783 | my cousin's flowers
set with love in odd niches
I am at home | 8794 | thick gloves, bucket, screen
rescuing the wild rabbit
from the crawl space hole |
| 8784 | my cousin and I
on the beach engrossed in books
soon the cold water | 8795 | one waits on a branch
one splashes in the birdbath
done, they both fly off |
| 8785 | summer time –
harmless but uninvited
house spiders emerge | 8796 | sunset . . .
the poplars' yellowed leaves
now a gleaming bronze |
| 8786 | the smooth barkless trunk
of the crape myrtle tree
memory failing | 8797 | Christmas cactus bloom --
a theory of everything
the scientist says |
| 8787 | the crows
walking in the morning dew
silently | 8798 | melting frost
the jack-o-lantern
has lost its teeth |
| 8788 | the double edged sword
of an unemployment check
sea water in the desert | 8799 | nightfall
over the glassy sea
silhouetted gulls |
| 8789 | . . . 123 4 5 . . .
an elipsis of quail chicks
cross the mountain road | 8800 | autumn nights
ample for story-telling
pajama games |
| 8790 | crickets mating chant
through the sweaty night
Indian summer | 8801 | the night
the flock
Halloween |
| 8791 | setting sun
surfers linger for
that last best wave | 8802 | Frost at Midnight
Samuel Taylor Coleridge
puts me to sleep |
| 8792 | stark brown hills
an eagle takes wing from
the nearest fence post | 8803 | the creamy white bloom
of decomposition . . .
Angel's Wings |
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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 8804 | southbound monarch –
a government building
blocking its way | 8815 | calico tail high
question marking
my every word |
| 8805 | All Souls' Day –
on the answering machine
her husband's voice | 8816 | daybreak
a welcome lightening
as the baby drops |
| 8806 | at the gym
struggling with the cap
of the sports drink | 8817 | bare branches
against the blood moon
certain storm |
| 8807 | desert rain
one drop
striking another | 8818 | beginning of autumn
the crocheted bedspread
faded by time |
| 8808 | we share our memories:
was it the same
romance? | 8819 | for an instant
departing swallows
whirl in the sky |
| 8809 | concert in the park
two women talk about war
a baby in a crave | 8820 | kept in the dark
the ripened pumpkin
ready for soup |
| 8810 | a rendezvous
with the moon and stars
a blind man on a park bench | 8821 | Cemetery Road
cherry blossom
shadows |
| 8811 | summer in the island
leis floating on water
two lovers exchange I do's | 8822 | Seagull flies over
one squawk for each wing-beat
some folk can't stop talking |
| 8812 | last hot day
what a merry voice . . .
the chickadee | 8823 | Wasps swarm
at the spigot beneath my trailer
I ponder her words |
| 8813 | river house
a heron swoops
between two worlds | 8824 | visiting the gravestone
of R.H. Blythe
distant thunder |
| 8814 | his rich euphemisms
from a time and place
fine as frog's hair | 8825 | gradually spreading
over the inland sea
mackerel sky |
-

- 8826 hard to tell
the front from the rear
of waterfall
suspended
on drooping iris leaves
dewdrops
~ Elinor Pihl Huggett
- 8827 The ducks glide
over silver ripples –
Indian summer
Nobel nominees
will be known in 50 years –
wilted iris leaves
~ Zinovy Vayman
- 8828 my shadow reaches
the seawall ahead of me –
a cloudless sky
botanical gardens
watering cycle amok . . .
ravished iris leaves
~ Judith M Schallberger
- 8829 how reluctantly
summer yields to fall
– leaving the cabin
iris leaves fan out
behind the rock garden
a winning hand
~ Christine Michaels
- 8830 seeing abortion -
all the tiny crosses displayed
on the church lawn
someone's old garden
a border of iris leaves
guarding the edges
~ Anne Homan
- 8831 early morning mist
hearing the ducks on the pond
but not seeing them
midnight . . .
freezing raindrops
tap the iris thatch
~ Richard St. Clair
- 8832 spring planting time
new houses being built
on fertile fields
airplane security –
iris leaf cord sandals
cut off
~ Janis Lukstein

**Challenge Kigo Haiku –
Iris Leaves, Iris Thatch**

- disheveled garden –
young boys went to war with the
iris leaves
~ Betty Arnold
- grandmas iris leaves
replanted from state to state
home near Ohlones
~Ann Bendixen
- matted iris leaves
a green and gold oasis
in a brown meadow
~ David Sherertz
- last green
among the dry weeds
iris leaves
~ Ruth Holzer
- iris leaves
in its low peak
autumn on its way
~ Majo Leavick
- dreaded snake
curled in the Iris leaves –
nothing but a hose
~ Michael Henry Lee
- darkened house
iris leaves glow
against the fence
~ Patricia Prime

**July –August 2011 Haiku
Voted Best by GEPP0 Readers**

keeping to myself
the inner curl
of the calla lily

~ Michele Root-Bernstein

broken promise –
a sudden hailstorm
batters the poppies

~ Billie Wilson

campfire . . .
outside the circle of light
a shadow stirs

~ Elinor Huggett

morning heat
a crow departs
from its shadow

~ Desiree McMurry

heatwave
the toddler removes all
her baby doll's clothes

~ Beverly Acuff Momoi

last day of summer . . .
on the empty picnic bench
a fly wrings its hands

~ Elinor Huggett

the evening tide
curls through marsh grass
geese fly low

~ Peggy Heinrich

summer twilight . . .
girls braid and unbraided
each other's hair

~ Gregory Longenecker

summer river
a red barge disappears
into the sunset

~ John Han

floating with clouds
a mallard and her
two ducklings

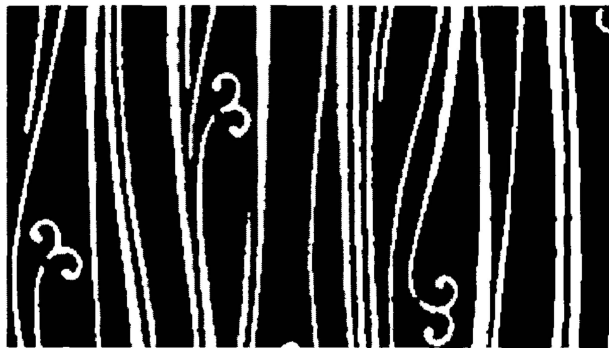
~ John Han

summer visitors
the iron's shots of steam
softening the sheets

~ Alison Woolpert

**Members' Votes for
July - August Haiku**

Joan Zimmerman – 8663-4, 8664-3, 8665-0
Elinor Huggett – 8666-10, 8667-4, 8668-9
Patricia Prime – 8669-0, 8670-5, 8671-4
Ruth Holzer – 8672-0, 8673-0, 8674-1
Michael Henry Lee – 8675-2, 8676-1, 8677-1
Alison Woolpert – 8678-1, 8679-7, 8680-6
David Bachelor – 8681-0, 8682-5, 8683-1
Richard St. Clair – 8684-6, 8685-4, 8686-4
Peggy Heinrich – 8687-4, 8688-8, 8689-4
Ann Bendixen – 8690-0, 8691-1, 8692-0
Mimi Ahern – 8693-0, 8694-5, 8695-1
Judith M Schallberger – 8696-4, 8697-1, 8698-0
Gregory Longenecker – 8699-3, 8700-8, 8701-0
Desiree McMurry – 8702-2, 8703-3, 8704-10
John Han – 8705-7, 8706-8, 8707-8
Christine Michaels – 8708-1, 8709-0, 8710-0
Neal Whitman – 8711-5, 8712-2, 8713-0
Elaine Whitman – 8714-1, 8715-4, 8716-4
Majo Leavick – 8717-2, 8718-0, 8719-0
Edward Grastorf – 8720-0, 8721-2, 8722-2
Zinovy Vayman – 8723-1, 8724-0, 8725-2
Billie Wilson – 8726-5, 8727-12, 8728-6
Michele Root-Bernstein – 8729-3, 8730-5,
8731-19
Beverly Acuff Momoi – 8732-3, 8733-1, 8734-10
Teruo Yamagata – 8735-0, 8736-0, 8737-2
Joan H. Ward – 8738-4, 8739-4, 8740-0
June Hopper Hymas – 8741-2, 8742-1, 8743-0



**Challenge Kigo -
Winter Rain**
by June Hopper-Hymas

The most difficult part of this writing may be choosing the kigo to highlight. I often do this by browsing through anthologies for something appealing. This time I knew I wanted to look for a winter kigo. I was immediately struck by the poem by Buson that was written near the end of his life which often spoken of as his "death poem."

Winter warbler –
long ago in Wang Wei's
hedge also

Buson*

I love the sense of continuance in this, and also the mood of gentle acceptance. But I could not pin down if this was the same as *uguisu* "bush warbler" and I couldn't find other poems on winter warblers, anyway.

So, trudging onward . . .

Winter solitude –
in a world of one color
the sound of wind

Basho*

Old and good friend, Basho! But the solitude gives it a character already somewhat melancholy, and slightly predetermines what melancholy haiku might result from meditating on this kigo. Let's keep looking at winter weather, which might not be that cheerful, either. And now I find.

Winter rain –
the field stubble
has blackened

On the cow shed
a hard winter rain;
cock crowing

The winter storm
hid in the bamboo grove
and quieted away

Basho*

winter rain
the roller coaster sits
in solitude

Patrick Gallagher,
Flying White;
YTHS Anthology 2006

From the rural aspect of Basho's surroundings, we can move into an urban space: winter rain falls on us, too! And it fell on Issa, these are hard to resist, even though you already have plenty of examples.

shigure yo to ippon nokosu daikon kana

even if winter rain falls
I'll save this one
radish

Issa**

dooshin boo ya zoori hita-hita mura shigure

Priest Doshin's
straw sandals pitter-patter . . .
hard winter rain

Issa**

after pissing
rinsing the hands . . .
hard winter rain

Issa**

So let's go with WINTER RAIN for next issue's challenge kigo: please submit one haiku with this kigo by the issue deadline. These haiku will be printed in the next *Geppo* with your name in the challenge kigo section. You may use winter shower (*shigure*—early winter) or winter rain (*fuyu no ame*—all winter). You may also use a winter month, as, "December rain," or "hard winter rain" as in some of the translations above. Don't forget your umbrella!

* translated by Robert Hass; *The Essential Haiku*.

** translated by David Lanoue

Dojins' Corner
July—August 2011
 by Patricia Machmiller and Jerry Ball

jb: My selections are 8666, 8667, 8669, 8686, 8695, 8696, 8700*, 8707, 8709, 8711, 8727, 8728, 8731*, 8734*, 8736, 8738

pjm: My choices from this issue are: 8686, 8688, 8691, 8694, 8696*, 8699, 8700*, 8702, 8703, 8704, 8705, 8706, 8707, 8712, 8716, 8717, 8720, 8731, and 8733*.

* chosen for comment.

8696 I glance back
 as Mother mocks me . . .
 full moon eclipse

pjm: Mirrors. This poem is full of mirrors. But not ordinary mirrors. The mirrors here have the magical property of transforming the original image into its opposite: parent/child, moon (reflected light)/sun (direct light), full moon/eclipse, leaving/ glancing back, mother's love/cruelty, acceptance/mockery. Admittedly there is no direct mention in the poem of sun or of love. The moon with its reflected light immediately implies there is a source of direct light. And the word mother is strongly suggestive of love. The two-edged sword of the mother/child relationship captured is in the many-faceted images of just ten words. A mother who is expected to love unconditionally is caught mocking her child. The pang of the disparaging act is magnified by the fact that it is made by one's own mother. The moment itself is an anti-mirror—the child, departing, glances back, a gesture of wishing to stay. It is within this moment of going, but not that the action/reaction of the poem plays out. The full moon, that most exquisite image of the child shining in the reflected light of the parent, is in this haiku eclipsed—the image reverberates with the feeling of being closed off, shut down, cut off by a mother's act of cruelty.

jb: In this haiku we have a simple action based on the judgment that "Mother mocks me." This might have a wide connotation, everything from a simple jibe to something devastating. The author is not clear about this. So the reader is

invited to supply their own act of "mockery." For me, the word "mocks" has a negative connotation. In order to come to this conclusion, and agreeing with the author, I needed to "glance back."

8700 summer twilight
 girls braid and unbraided
 each other's hair

jb I like this haiku for the simplicity of it. The simple act of braiding each other's hair is easy to see but difficult to fathom. Contained in the braiding is the affection among friends. Technically, this is a shasei (nature sketch) haiku. By the author's selection of the right visible actions the reader is invited to participate in the affect. For me, this verse runs deep.

pjm: It's the feeling that comes with the phrase "summer twilight" that is immediately confirmed by the image of girls braiding each other's hair and then unbraiding it. It is that feeling of being on the verge of something, yet being willing to wait and enjoy the anticipation—that feeling is embodied in the image of girls on the edge of puberty, preparing themselves, innocently practicing for the change that is coming. They are on the verge, but they are in no hurry—they are enjoying this moment of being sisters, of the tactile feel of the hair. The unbraiding of the braids echoes a small wish to hold onto childhood just awhile longer.

8731 keeping to myself
 the inner curl
 of the calla lily

jb: The effect of this haiku is based on the association of "keeping to myself" and "the inner curl" of the calla lily. The inner curl is a symbol (poetic device) of a person who contains their feelings. I find this a very strong association. The dictionary says the calla lily has "arrow-shaped" leaves. By analogy the "lily is to Christianity as the lotus is to Buddhism." This works for me.

pjm: I don't usually think of being alone in summer, but if I were, I would like it to feel like this—whimsical and dreamy. a perfect refuge from the

summer's heat where one is enveloped in beauty and serenity. Basho instructed his students: *if you are to learn of the pine, go to the pine*. This poet has gone to the calla lily and taken us along.

8733 town awning
saluting the wind
Independence Day

pjm: There's a feeling of defiance here, of raw independence. A feeling that no matter what adversity comes, it can be endured and outlasted. I think it is the word "saluting" that moves this haiku to a deeper level. The wind, an adversary, is being saluted. And the salute is enabled by the wind that has done the battering. A strange paradox—and in this small image the whole of the relationship between man and nature is echoed.

jb: I can see the torn awning. I like the sound of the word "awning." Here is an inanimate object, the awning, behaving as a citizen on Independence Day. These are the kind of connections that we make unconsciously. They deserve to be brought to life, as in this haiku. I join in the salute.

8734 heatwave
the toddler removes all
her baby doll's clothes

jb: If you want a direct answer, ask a child. Here we have another shasei. In the simple act of the child we can see what all the adults might like to do.

pjm: Empathy. What a lovely gesture the child makes on a hot day. This haiku made me remember watching my own young son one very hot summer day come out of the house with ice cubes which he put in the cat's water dish. The simple, uncomplicated language of this haiku is in keeping with the simple and innocent action of the child.

Patricia and Jerry invite your response. Please

to donnalynn chase in care of GEPP0.

Newly-Formatted YTHS Website

A new version of the YTHS website has been designed by the use of recent advances in website authoring software. It is available at the Society's long-time URL, youngeaves.org. The website now contains most of the content of the old version, and additional features will be added over time. The redesigned site has received favorable comment and is attracting more visitors than did the historic site.

One new feature of the website is Poets' Pages, in which each member of the Society can present up to ten poems. This feature will allow web viewers to understand the tenor and range of our poetry. Each member is invited to submit, by email or snail mail, poems for posting on the website under the poet's name. Send them to the web-minder, Patrick Gallagher, at

Available—More *Wild Violets*

Wild Violets, the YTHS 2011 poetry and essay anthology, has been published, given/sent to all YTHS members, and it's gorgeous. It's so popular that we are making a second run. If you know anyone who is interested in modern haiku practice, this is a great gift book.

If you want to be included in this order, *Wild Violets* is available pre-paid by check (made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, YTHS) for \$12 plus p&p (\$5 USA; \$10 for Canada, Mexico, or Europe; \$12.00 for Asia, Australia, and New Zealand). Include your mailing address with your payment to: YTHS Treasurer,

YTHS on the Air

On Sunday Nov 20th, 9-10 p.m., YTHS President Alison Woolpert, Past President Carol Steel and other YTHS poets will be on the air at public radio station KUSP (Santa Cruz). On their weekly one hour 'Poetry Show', we will publicize haiku and our new anthology, *Wild Violets*. Listen live at www.kusp.org or 88.9 fm (Santa Cruz Area) or 90.3 fm (Los Gatos Area). Or listen to an archive recording a week later, by checking <http://www.kusp.org/shows/poetry.html>.

2011 Haiku Retreat at Asilomar

By Patrick Gallagher

September 8 through 11, members and friends of the Society enjoyed their 2011 annual Retreat at the Asilomar State Beach and Conference Center. The retreat began with a wildlife safari by boat on Elkhorn Slough. The participants had close-up views of plentiful sea lions and sea otters and over 30 species of birds and enjoyed the nature lore related by the guide on board. That evening Alison Woolpert led an introductory round of haiku reading, then each participant related how he or she had come to the art of haiku writing. Christopher Herold, featured presenter, introduced his theme for the retreat, *Feathering the Moment*, encouraging the poets to acutely observe and incorporate in their poetry what is around them at any time.

On Friday morning Anne Homan described the Society's recent publication, *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Sajiki*, and encouraged the attendees to write haiku to expand its collection of poems. Later in the morning the poets participated in a ginko on the grounds and beach, and returned to the conference room to share their poems. Just before lunch Joan Zimmerman provided the attendees with the treat of seeing their copy of *Wild Violets*, the Society's 2011 members' anthology.

Friday afternoon Linda Papanicolaou led the poets in a craft workshop. Linda described and provided examples of artist's cards, hand-made trading-card size graphics which artists create and trade. Each participant produced a set of cards with a graphic image and a haiku on each, and used them in trade to acquire others cards. The Friday evening events started with a flute concert by Elaine Whitman, using a variety of her collection of indigenous flutes. Deborah Kolodji, the 2011 Tokutomi Memorial Contest chair presented the roster of winners. The winning poets present read their poems. Emiko Miyashita and Paul Watsky, co-translators of a book of haiku by the 20th century down-and-out poet and failed-monk Taneda Santoka, presented readings of Santoka's poems and related the major phases of his life.

On Saturday morning Emiko Miyashita conduct-

ed a kukai in the manner of the haiku group she belongs to in Japan. After lunch and free time for writing, we convened again and Emiko gave us each a gift from Japan Airlines, a collection of children's haiku and art from around the world. We took turns reading from the book. At the close of the afternoon Christopher Herold led us in an exercise in which we made manifold observations and wrote them down in fragments that could be expanded into haiku. Which we were happy to write and share.

Saturday evening the poets enjoyed the traditional renku writing party. Newcomers had the chance to see and participate in the excitement of renku. Billy Dee hosted a tea party featuring selected exotic teas to the writers. On Sunday morning the renku were read aloud, each poet reading the verses they had contributed. The formal closing of the Retreat acknowledged the contributions of those who helped plan and conduct the retreat and provided thanks to them. For those poets that cared to stay on through Sunday afternoon, Patricia Machmiller provided a workshop to allow discussion of poems written at the Retreat.

GEPP0 Submission Guidelines

due date for next issue is December 10.

Email (preferred) your contact information, poems & votes to

OR mail your poems & votes with contact info to

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. Poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to ten votes for haiku in current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive a point (vote); submit the number of the haiku as the vote. Poems with top number of votes are reprinted with author's name in next issue.

Centuries of Sand and Stone

An Autumn Kasen Renku written at Asilomar on
September 10, 2011

Renku Master - Patrick Gallagher

Joan Zimmerman (JZ), Phil Hsieh (PH), David Sheretz (DS), Carolyn Fitz (CF), Jerry Ball (JB), Deborah Kolodji (DK), Greg Longenecker (GL), Mariko Kitakubo (MK), Marcia Behar (MB), Carol Steele (CS), Genie Nakano (GN), Alison Woolpert (AW), and Patrick Gallagher (PG).

- | | | | |
|--|-------|---|----|
| 1) autumn retreat--
supported by centuries
of sand and stone | JZ | 12) my new neighbor
keeps her curtains open | CS |
| 2) life as tasty as green tea
September morning | PH | 13) through the redwoods
I catch a glimpse
of the frigid moon | CF |
| 3) soft winds blowing
a single Monarch flies
along our path | DS | 14) licking the snowflakes
from my lashes | GN |
| 4) first half-marathon
in his new pair of shoes | JZ/DS | 15) Dow down
Dow up
Dow down...down...down | AW |
| 5) in bright moonlight
drumming session
on the beach | CF | 16) our new puppy snacks
on photo albums | PG |
| 6) later I'll tell the story
of our wanders together | JB | 17) M.P. standing guard
cherry blossoms decorate
his helmet | GL |
| 7) triple-word score
our Scrabble game
is now obscene | DK | 18) oil independence talk show
April Fool's Day | PH |
| 8) rough ride ahead she says
but I won't hurt you | GL | 19) lengthening days
a trip to the cabin
of my youth | CS |
| 9) your hug
again the scent of
my father | MK | 20) cries of the red-shouldered hawk
pierce the afternoon | DS |
| 10) papers dropping through the slot
at the lawyer's office | DK | 21) long awaited
a postcard arrives
from Tanzania | MK |
| 11) cuckoo clock
in the corner of the bar
always silent | MB | 22) Evolution itself
evolving too | JB |
| | | 23) up all night
I entertain
the hungry mosquito | MB |
| | | 24) crack of the bat
a home-run splashes in | DK |
| | | 25) Amitaba
was over 6 feet tall
not a god but awake | GN |
| | | 26) he lets his road chain down
one woman at a time | CF |

		Deer Crossing	
27)	can't understand why his wife divorced him he followed all the rules	JB	An Autumn Kasen Renku written at Asilomar on September 10, 2011 Sabaki: Christopher Herold
	28) yawning at this fading hour she says "I agree"	PH/CS	Roger Abe (RA), Mimi Ahearn (MA), Betty Raffin Arnold (BRA), Ann Bendixen (AB), Billie Dee (BD), Anne Homan (AH), Toni Homan (TH), June Hopper Hymas (JHH), Janis Lukstein (JL), Patricia Machmiller (PJM), Emiko Miyashita (EM), Linda Papanicolaou (LP), Bill Peckham (BP), and Judith Morrison Schallberger (JMS)
29)	golden moon, my departed mother visits my bedroom	MK	
	30) pontoon boat veers into the pickleweed	AW/JZ	
31)	after her first day of kindergarten she can't wait to go again	CS	1) sunset at the end of the boardwalk deer crossing
	32) the twirling baton in the air with Sousa	AW	2) she must have known the fog would come in
33)	ascending the sunrise catches them near the peak	GL	3) the scent of persimmon tea drifts past
	34) physics students mending the leaking roof	JZ	4) a lace tablecloth from the hope chest
35)	100 years old the cherry tree still blooms	MK	5) me and my shadow climb the mountain under the summer moon
	36) ancient wisdom mined to fill our future needs	DS/PG	6) a cool breeze brushes our ankles

Congratulations to . . .

John Barlow's Snapshot Press has awarded Beverly Momoi a 2011 "Snapshot Press eChapbook Award" for her collection *Lifting the Towhee's Song*. The chapbook contains haibun she wrote in response to the Japanese earthquake and tsunami earlier this year.

Beverly's collection will be published online by Snapshot Press (www.snapshotpress.co.uk/haiku_books.htm) throughout January and February 2012. A print anthology featuring the best poems considered for the Awards will be published after the eBooks.

In addition, Snapshot Press recently published *In the Margins of the Sea* by YTHS member Christopher Herold.

7)	from a hidden cave a flawless Etruscan vase just excavated	AB
	8) the torn veil left at the altar	TH/ MA
9)	satisfaction is seeing him old and fat at the reunion	RA
	10) first love in their 80's	JMS
11)	all hail the passage of the parallel opera season	BP

- | | | | |
|---|-----|---|--------|
| 12) will scientists ever
communicate with another world? AH | | 27) at a cowboy wedding
the groom and groomsmen
in black Stetsons | JHH |
| 13) beyond the bridge
moonlight glitters
on highway ice | JHH | 28) honeymooners take a u-turn
at the Pirate's Den | LP |
| 14) the gingerbread men
are trying to escape | TH | 29) the cicada moon
sings me to sleep | RA |
| 15) a clown tickled them
with her long pheasant feather
and laughed | JL | 30) her ball gown turned to rags
at the pumpkin hour | LP |
| 16) campaigning again
for presidential candidates | JMS | 31) teenagers
tiptoe carefully around
the scarecrow | AH/PJM |
| 17) cherry blossoms
at the slightest provocation
drop off | MA | 32) "Sometimes I feel like a nut,
sometimes I don't" | BD |
| 18) the kite-maker stirs
his pot of glue | BD | 33) mystified
by his madcap profile
on match.com | BRA |
| 19) now and then
a buzz of horseflies
by the stable door | LP | 34) spring rain showers
clear the air | JL |
| 20) Wilbur!
Oh, Wilbur! | RA | 35) a grafted branch
full of cherry blossoms
from our sister city | AH |
| 21) straddling his Harley
he takes a swig
and revs up | MA | 36) all around the meadow
a chorus of frogs | JMS |
| 22) the wanton slaughter
of sharks for their fins | RA | | |
| 23) a snail trail
on the marble steps
of the villa | EM | | |
| 24) First Nations of the Northwest
race their hollow log canoes | JMS | | |
| 25) "duty free, duty free!
we are closing
after the meal service!" | EM | | |
| 26) flushed cheeks
while she dances | TH | | |

2012 Members' Anthology

Haiku Poets and Members of Yuki Yeikei - it is time to begin preparing your submissions to next year's anthology. Please send seven to ten unpublished (except in GEPP0) haiku to:

Patricia J. Machmiller

or e-mail to her at

Each member submitting haiku will have one to three haiku published in the coming year's anthology.

In-Hand Deadline: March 31, 2012.

Zigzag of the Dragonfly: The Quest for Better Haiku

Installment #2

by Patricia J. Machmiller

Getting Going

I think that to learn to write haiku, we should begin by writing. So what I propose to do is offer you some word pairs. The purpose of the exercise is to help you start looking at the creative process, in particular, yours.

dew	chant
misty day	gossip
snow	voice
firefly	companion
winter galaxy	farmhouse
spring evening	pants
frost	forget
old year	puppet
dog days	waiting
windmill	wish

Exercise: In a notebook put the first word of a pair on a page. Put the second word on another page. Repeat this for all the words. Now return to the page with the first word of the first word pair.

Without thinking, write down a phrase using that word; write whatever pops into your mind. Don't fret about this. There are no "right" answers.

For example: when I did this exercise for the first word of the first word pair, I wrote:
the dew melts into the wooden deck

Write quickly and go on to the next page. Again write quickly a phrase using that word. Don't think about it. Write whatever comes first to your mind.

I wrote:
the orange-robed monks chant in unison

Proceed to work through the words as rapidly as possible. Don't criticize yourself or your thoughts. Put down whatever comes into your head. Resist the impulse to censor yourself, to say "no, that's not good enough." It is important to learn to trust yourself and trust the way your mind works. So be free and have fun. Take delight in the process. Enjoy yourself.

As dew drips
gently, gently the doves
murmur their chant

~ Issa*

dew melts into wood –
in unison the chanting
of orange-robed monks

Things to Notice—A Commentary

Poetry is the language art.
~ Marjorie Perloff

When you have finished, put the two phrases for each word pair together; you will have the beginnings of ten two-line poems. With a little editing and polishing (some tips for which we will cover later in the book), you should have some very accomplished writing. Maybe they can become haiku. Or, perhaps, they are the seeds of a longer lyric poem. Or possibly one of them is exactly the metaphor you were striving for in a lyric poem you are working on.

* * *

I hope you enjoyed the previous writing exercise. It is one you should be able to repeat again and again. To find word pairs from which to practice, go to any haiku book and chose two words from each haiku. Challenge yourself by choosing words that don't have a common connection. Write the word pairs down the day before you use them for a writing exercise. This will give yourself time to forget what the original haiku was about.

As I said, an important aspect of this exercise is to learn to trust yourself, trust your mind. The human brain is a remarkable, pattern-making device. Left to its own resources, without prompting, without goading, without any external help, it will find the pattern in things. And this is the foundation of haiku. Pattern-making.

Another important aspect of this writing is that it came from the imagination. You saw a word, a thought “popped” into your head, you wrote it down. The inspiration was the language itself and all the associations—cultural, historical, atmospheric, emotional connotations—that the word evoked within yourself. These associations are in many ways common to all of us; they also differ from one individual to another. And this is what makes writing an exciting aspect of life—that we are able to bring our own unique way of seeing things to the page, and thereby, to others.

In our house
the fireflies make good companions
for the mice

~ Issa*

tatted curtains
in the restored farmhouse –
winter galaxy

* translation by Stephen Addiss with Fumiko and Akira Yamamoto

Next installment: Grounding Your Writing in the Body

**Annual YTHS Membership Fee
Yes! About Time to Renew**

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 dues \$26 – International \$31. Mail check or money order to membership secretary: Anne Homan,

Some Ways to Think as you Select the Good and Identify the Faulty*

1. Does the haiku have a double KIGO?
 - a. Double KIGO is permitted if the KIGO is inseparable.
 - b. Double KIGO is not permitted if
 1. The KIGO are separable.
 2. Two different season KIGO are used.
(In Contemporary Haiku)
2. Does the haiku have a triple KIGO? The use of three or more KIGO in one haiku has been viewed as incorrect usage.
3. Does the haiku have three independent lines? – that is “Can the three lines stand alone as unrelated ideas?” Three lines should not be independent from each other. At least two lines should be directly related.
4. Try experimenting with each haiku. Can you substitute the KIGO to a different KIGO? If a different KIGO can be substituted, then the haiku is weak. However, if a different KIGO cannot be substituted without changing the meaning or totally breaking the original thought, then the haiku is a good one.
5. Is the KIGO too closely related to the other phrases?

e.g.	Christmas	----	jingle bells
	Easter	----	revival
	Red leaves	----	evening glow

If it is too closely related, the haiku becomes a common thought one.

* Reprinted from Yukuharu Haiku Society, *Haiku Journal* (pre-GEPP0) - September, 1978; hand-typed and edited by Kiyoshi Tokutomi. In October 1978, Yuki Teikei became independent of Yukuharu with Patricia J Machmiller as President.



2011-2012 YTHS Calendar

Nov. 12 Meeting at Markham House 1:30 - 5 pm.
Dec. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.*
Dec. 10 Holiday Party from 6 to 11 pm at Patricia
Machmiller's San Jose home.

Jan. 1 2012 YTHS membership fee due.*
Jan. 14 New Year Kukai. 1:30 - 5 pm. Place TBD.
Feb. 10 Next GEPPPO due date for submissions.
Feb. 11 Meeting at Markham House from 1:30 - 5 pm.
Host will be June Hopper Hymas.
Mar. 10 Haiga Workshop. Place TBD.
Mar. 31 In-Hand Deadline for 2012 YTHS Members'
Anthology haiku submittal.*
Apr. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.
Apr. 14 Hakone Garden Haiku Gathering. 1:30 - 5 pm.
May 12 Annual Teahouse Reading.

May 31 Memorial Contest In-hand deadline.
June 9 Prusch Park. Guide will be Roger Abe.
June 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.
July 14 Tanabata at Anne Homan's Livermore home.
Aug. No meeting this month.
Aug. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.
Sept. 6 Annual Retreat at Asilomar and Pacific Rim
- 10 Conference. Pacific Grove, CA.
Oct. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.
Oct. 27 Moon Viewing Party. 6:00 pm at Patricia
Machmiller's San Jose home.
Nov. 13 Meeting at Markham House 1:30 - 5 pm.
Dec. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.
Dec. 10 Holiday Party from 6 to 11 pm at Alison
Woolpert's Santa Cruz home.

* More information included in this GEPPPO.