

月報俳句ジャーナル

G E P P O

H A I K U

J O U R N A L S U P P L E M E N T

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Monthly Newsletter

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HAIKU WORKSHEET

- JANUARY KUKO continued -

KIGO FOCUS: The first phone call, first day's diary, short days, winter KIGO

49. From the first phone call:
"Quickly call your retriever --
he has our paper."
50. First new year phone-call
rings brightly, ruining my sleep...
"Sorry, wrong number!"
51. Because he promised
I long for the first phone call
how hard the silence
52. Made the first phone call
a minute after midnight --
to number one man
53. This first day again
Grandma's cup of hot water
with milk and sugar
54. The first day's entry --
"Write in diary each day --
keep resolution"
55. First day's diary:
"Oh! Already an ink blot
on this crisp white page
56. The first day diary
with a big blank book to fill . . .
may it be happy!
57. The first day's tea leaves
warmth in the cup and me --
reading the message
58. My dearest Diary:
This is January one
(first and last entry)
59. Through the twigs' network
the streetlights appear bringing
the short day's swift close
60. Driving in the dark
to and from my place of work
makes short days seem long
61. Short days, longer nights
than I care to think about
this bed is so cold
62. Short days, far too brief
for each duty to be done
no time to write verse
63. Even short days bring
a few early wild-flowers
small stars in the lawn
64. From hibernation --
a topsy-turvy bear cub
on an icy slope

65. To greet all the guests
sis stands on a chair smiling
by mistletoe door
66. Cicada has left
posted next to my door bell
a split replica
67. Rose arbor entrance
a cluster of dead rose buds
from last year greets me
68. It is not yet Spring
a long branch full of rose thorns
juts across my path
69. North wind rushing in
new Decorator Windmill
almost blows away
70. Hard work, driving home
weather report: much new snow
thankful for warm home
71. Front gate's Winter throbs
awaken me to welcome
the silent coal bin
72. A landmark butte dwarfs
lower foothills and scrub pine --
crevices snow-filled
73. City streets darken
patches of slick ice distort
headlight reflections
74. Orange-billed egret
motionless in chilly swamp --
tail plumes dance with breeze
75. Ski class on steep slope:
below the trainer's voice
"Schuss, Ladies! Schuss! ... Schuss!"
76. Making fresh new tracks
out from under the old porch
the lean white rabbit
77. Sounds of melting snow
flow slowly along the roof
the thunderous crash
78. Caught in bare branches
along with my tangled thoughts
the sun's altered face
79. As I leave the park
and about to say something . . .
a winter crow caws
80. Unsociable but . . .
a good wife and wise mother
ball of knitting wool

REMINDERS . . . re your haiku in the work sheets

Please vote, comment and record your name, state on each comment and each haiku
Please double check your SYLLABLE COUNT: 5:7:5 is basic

A number of members have commented on reoccurring problems - incorrect syllable
count, "pigeon English" and haiku structured as a complete sentence.

Many members are now BINDING BACK ISSUES of the GEPP0 and the work sheets.
For information on how to avoid "pigeon English" and the complete sentence in
haiku, members may wish to reread the January 1981 GEPP0, page 2 on the use
of the article in haiku.

KUKO ASSIGNMENTS for the year - are listed in your December 1981 GEPP0, page 2
March KUKO: east wind; sun on the mountains; birds in the clouds
April KUKO: scattering petals, Spring dust; blighting wind; apple blossoms

- NIGATSU -

FEBRUARY KUKO

KIGO FOCUS: Early Spring, the first wind heralding Spring, the lingering cold and end of Winter KIGO

- | | |
|--|---|
| 81. The case without hope . . .
joyful to a visitor
the <u>polyanthus</u> | 82. Chemical crystals
tightly encrust the bottle
the <u>lingering cold</u> |
| 83. The <u>lingering cold</u>
large <u>snowflakes</u> collide
with flakes swirling up | 84. The <u>lingering cold</u>
out of the silent corral
a calf's sleepy "Maaaa" |
| 85. In her flannel gown
rereading old love letters
the <u>lingering cold</u> | 86. The <u>lingering cold</u>
seeping under my doorstep
loiters in my bones |
| 87. A patch of sunlight
on the rust-colored curtain
the <u>lingering cold</u> | 88. <u>Late winter</u> -- inland:
above the convenience store
some seagulls hover . . . |
| 89. Quiet afternoon:
the door to the treehouse creaks
in <u>early spring wind</u> | 90. Oh, how quietly
the <u>snow slowly melts</u> away
into the good earth |
| 91. Pricking up his ears
Old Dobbin stands at the gate
<u>Spring</u> is in the air! | 92. Grandmother draws back . . .
just outside the kitchen door
the <u>lingering cold</u> |
| 93. The guitar's last note . . .
nudging this and stirring that
gently, the <u>Spring breeze</u> | 94. Longing for my son
the <u>first wind heralding Spring</u>
brings him back to mind |
| 95. Trying to write -- yet
after the loss of a son
the <u>lingering cold</u> | 96. Fresh new arrivals
bloom in Macy's store window
<u>early Spring dresses</u> |
| 97. As new season stirs
<u>the first wind heralding Spring</u>
filled with hint of warmth | 98. <u>Early Spring</u> this year
a shower of <u>peach blossoms</u>
sticks to everything |
| 99. The <u>lingering cold</u>
desert wind rattles old cup
on bent pump handle | 100. Pigeons and old man
sharing bread crumbs from his bag
<u>Spring twilight</u> in park |

101. Scented perfume of
low hanging wisteria
enters with a quest
102. Some carillon notes
along with gusting petals
tossed in the Spring rain
103. Poetry reading:
the scent of mock orange
through open windows
104. It runs in my mind
the problem with the flowers
leaves us, now it's Spring
105. Now is the season
the apple tree awakens
and shows its new buds
106. Little Spring rooster
makes a third attempt to crow
. . . I applaud success!
107. The mare in her stall
neighs to the frolicing foals
out raising Spring dust
108. Blowing fresh and light . . .
the first wind heralding Spring
birds picking up twigs
109. Buds of early Spring
sharing branches with snowflakes
intermittently
110. In its white papoose
my crocus staid all day long
then, closing my drapes . . .
111. Almost healed this year
the huge tree scar is clownish
in the Spring drizzle
112. Rich eggs hollandaise
the raked garden simply shows
a yellow crocus
113. Early Spring morning
two strange birds wear mustaches --
holes in my door mat
114. Birds migrate northward
lingering cold in my bones --
Is that a robin?
115. No need for a coat
first gentle wind on the cheek
soon, my old straw hat
116. Ah, the soft Spring rain
penetrating captive roots --
all bonds, tight-frozen
117. This day a groundhog
sniffing at floating snowflakes --
promptly re-burrowed
118. Losing my footing
on the downtown stone pavement
a hazy moon night
119. The Japanese doll
seems bewitching in some way
the Spring evening air
120. Early Spring chirrups
over newly laid tombstone
the premature death
121. The first melting snow
glistens in the noon day sun
my clouded glasses
122. The puff of noon breeze
across the rain-drenched sod
narcissus fragrance

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FIRST CLASS