

月報俳句ジャーナル

GEPPO HAIKU JOURNAL

J. I. Ball, Editor Humanities Department

Monthly Newsletter

Vol. 6, No. 6 June 1983

MEMBERS' HAIKU FOR MAY/JUNE 83 Vote for 12 Circle Top Three Choices Submit three for June/July using Kigo: short night, summer night, mosquito, hot, heat, woodpecker, Independence Day, barbeque, wheat, fly, locust.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 364. Light plane circling down
to zip across field's new leaves -
fogging streaks settle. | 365. Swallows back on time
to open the new season -
and look at this crowd! |
| 366. Piercing the quiet
of a summer evening
the croaking bullfrog | 367. Getting out of school
just as it starts to rain hard --
wearing my new shows |
| 368. Wooded countryside:
the same evening quiet,
but the mosquitos! | 369. Fresh leaves and sunshine:
All the children on the block
ride new bicycles. |
| 370. Coconut frosting
covers the fluffy white lamb
Cake better than chops. | 371. Soft summer evening
long ago memories stir
Where is he tonight? |
| 372. Staccato drumming
of readheaded woodpeckers -
This is worth the trip! | 373. The young school teacher
getting out of school at last -
dog-eared cruise schedules |
| 374. Breaking a circle
and gently forward they march,
the rows of tadpoles. | 375. Oh, beautiful red!
strawberries on the chinaware,
only for eating. |
| 376. Through the wide ocean
directly to the old nest,
the non-stopped swallow. | 377. This week in passing
The winter bare acacia
beginning to bud ... |
| 378. Children daydreaming
beyond the classroom window ...
The last days of school! | 379. Boys playing baseball
in the middle of the street ...
Days getting longer! |
| 380. The <u>springtime</u> shopper
pink jacket and white <u>spiked heels</u>
tapping the pavement | 381. On a warm updraft
white gliders circle and sail
through the bright blue sky |
| 382. Under the porch light
A shower of termite wings
This summer evening | 383. Cloud of mosquitoes
Around the old swimmin' hole ...
Boys skinny-dipping |
| 384. This summer evening:
Small child catching hoppytoads
With her father's hat | 385. Summer evening
bombing naked garden light
the June bugs and me |
| 386. Summer is the time
woodpeckers are on the wing
where else would they be | 387. Summer evening
scent of fresh lilacs
leaps from litterbox |

5/3

2/0

Kiyoshi

Greenlee

388. First summer evening
stays hot long beyond bedtime...
Daylight saving time.

390. Woodpecker pecks hard,
his noise not exactly song ...
old woman talking.

392. First summer evening:
the old boat and I are one
with the gentle swells *winda*

394. Brown twigs -- bare branches ...
Three new leaves on the old tree!
over-night, it seems

396. Getting out of school?
One never does -- never does --
Don't throw books away

398. Fountain in the mall --
The mosquito's high-pitched song
cooling in the spray

400. Forest in full bloom
Giant redwoods echo with
a woodpecker's code.

402. Final class bell rings
yard fills with happy children
getting out of school.

404. Frog sat in a grove
Pungent the smell of flowers
In summer evening.

406. Chimes strike the hour ...
the thickness of dust at noon
on the hollyhocks *Cruciana*

408. In these troubled times
I follow a woodpecker
high up in a tree

410. The first warm morning -
beads around the lady's neck
and on the gardener's brow

412. The child hesitates-
around his snoring grandpa
two mosquitos buzz *Dunlop*

414. Getting out of school:
Young voices and guitar songs
drift past the fireflies

416. School vacation starts:
An orange bus passes by
leaving young laughter *McCoy*

389. Getting out of school
is no holiday this year ...
Looking for a job.

391. Getting out of school
shouting, jostling each other
down the foot-worn steps

393. Counting syllables ...
first one ear, then the other --
the same mosquito! *McCoy*

395. Monster mosquito!
Run, get the rusty swatter --
our shattered evening

397. Smell of the tall pines --
a woodpecker's tapping shakes
the vireo's nest

399. Calm summer evening;
a distant diesel whistle
fades into thrush song

401. Lilac leaves quiver
a young sparrow alighting
Hot summer evening.

403. Crossing the roadway
Boys walk between yellow lines
Getting out of school.

405. The path to the sea ...
last rays of the setting sun
on the nighthawk's wings *Cruciana*

407. Summer evening ...
the tide searches through the shells
on a moonlit shore *Cruciana*

409. This summer evening
as the sun goes slowly down
haiku in my mail

411. Woodpecker's shadow
in the shape of a hammer -
its silent tapping

413. Shifting leaf shadows;
Reaching the top of the stump
Woodpecker's red head *B. McCoy*

415. A summer evening:
Blue jay screeches in light rain
and the porch swing creeks ... *McCoy*

417. The sound of laughter:
Reaching for a strawberry
I go on talking ...

418. summer evening: kids
gather at Mrs. Moran's
to play hide-and-seek *pin* 2/0
420. a hop and a skip
tying her shoe on the run - *pin*
the last day of school *2/1*
422. Large brown and green ducks *?*
Glide across the quiet pond
The tadpoles scatter *?*
424. My young son and I
crouch down by the drainage ditch
watching the tadpoles
426. in and out of rocks
on the sandy creek bottom
the tadpole's shadow *file*
428. Pomegranates again...
Each little red juice package
helps the long hours pass.
430. The sky turns violet
A dog barks in the distance
in the evening cool
432. Empty wine bottle
and a bouquet of flowers:
end of a short night
434. Working until late
and still the sun is shining
I meet the long day
436. we write together
in ink on heavy paper
loquats in bunches
438. Box full of loquats
surprise gift from an old friend
a taste of hometown
440. This summer evening
theater under the stars
a Kabuki play
442. Stillness is broken
nearby a woodpecker drills -
sounds of the forest
419. her colored paper
artwork jammed in her pocket - *pin*
the last day of school
421. raindrops, larger than
the tadpoles, fall heavily
on the little pond *shigaki*
423. Murky green water
Seven tadpoles dart through the
Afternoon sunlight
425. hesitant beside
the patch of wild strawberries
then off with the shoes
427. Wild roses fading ...
must pick rose hips to make tea ...
like drinking summer.
429. Huge orange poppies
remind me of Mom's old hat,
blue copies nodding.
431. In the summer fog
A snail has already crawled
on the newspaper
433. Scratching on the roof--
Both cats awake and alert
as this short night ends
435. red tile roofs go up
the hill in uneven rows - *pin*
in between, coolness *2/1*
437. those noisy blue jays!
and my air mattress gone flat -
end of a short night
439. end of the short night
the monotonous pumping
of the oil well
441. sitting in porch swing
we battle with mosquitoes
whispers grow louder
443. Wiping my sore eye
with the sleeve of my nightshirt
end of a short night

Editor's Note: Thanks for sending short articles! Stamps are welcome too!
Membership renewal is \$12.50 send a check to this address. Winners' lists for
the 1983 contest are in the mail. I can still accept a short article for the
1983 HAIKU JOURNAL. After more problems that I care to discuss, the 1981-82
HAIKU JOURNAL is ready. Members send \$4.50 (including postage) to this address for a copy.
Non-members \$6.50.

"WHY WRITE HAIKU ANYWAY, VIRGINIA?"

Virginia Golden, Portola Valley, CA

My solitary poetry pupil recently asked me, "Why do you make me write haiku anyway, Virginia?" While Socrates and Jesus answered with questions, I am only average. Desperately I tried for an answer, and found myself replying: -

Haiku is a strange and powerful combination, since it requires the discipline of form in its demands for seventeen syllables, and an expression of the heart in its feeling for Nature, the Universe and man's place there. How can the garden contain the world? Yet it can and must do so. Haiku is a trial and a joy, a hidden attitude in a capsule of observation. Haiku should not moralize, and it not a philosophy. The contrast, indeed the surprise of the last line is so necessary, that it seems as though the little verse might be the expression of a dual personality. I think of music, a time-warp in which a fugue of Bach is suddenly followed by a trio of Chopin. Head and heart, heart and head, what more can one ask of poetry as an art? And do not forget, the form will ask it of you!

To follow the mind,
to know of the heart in time
in my own garden!

MEMBERS' VOTES FOR MAY HAIKU: Name: Haiku # - Votes - Circled Votes
Members' names are listed in numerical order of haiku presented. Only haiku receiving votes are mentioned. '*' indicates top vote getter!

V Golden: 309 1-0	T Yamagata: 311-2-1
S Fuhringer: 314-5-2;315**-11-2;316**-12-3	J Fields: 317-1-1;318-2-0
LP Schuck: 320*6-3;321-3-1;322*-6-2	S Stone:323-1-0;324-2-0;325-1-0
C Nabors: 329*-7-2;331-2-1	M Henn: 332-3-0
M Richardson: 336*-6-4;337*9-3	B McCoy: 339-1-1;340*-5-3
J Fields: 343-4-0	J Ball: 347-3-1;348*6-1;363-5-4
LE Cruciana: 350-1-0;351*-5-1;352-1-0	I Wolfe: 356-2-1;355-1-0
R Haas: 357*-6-1;358-3-1;359-3-1	E Dunlop: 360-2-0;361*-5-2;362-1-0

Votes of Yamagata Sensei: (321) 322 329 331 337 343 347 (348) 351 (353) 357 362

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Ms. Patricia Machmiller 3/84