

The Southern California

Haiku Study Group

2001

ANTHOLOGY



**We would like to
welcome everyone
for an afternoon of
sharing, writing,
and discussing**

HAIKU

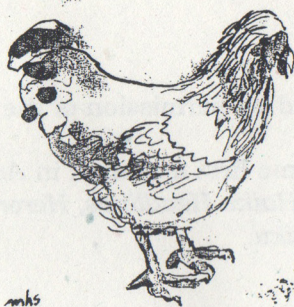
**with
The Southern
California Haiku
Study Group.**

**Meetings are on
the third Saturday
of each month
at 2:00 P. M.
in the Gallery at**

**BORDERS
LOS ALTOS
MARKET
CENTER**

**2110 Bellflower Bl.
Long Beach.**

**The Southern California
Haiku Study Group**



Ah . . . cherry blossoms!
Well, chickens have two legs;
Horses have four.
Onitsura

2001 ANTHOLOGY

Edited by Jerry Ball

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Frogpond, *Haiku Headlines*, *Heron's Nest* and
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Illustrations:

Cover, title page, page 6, page 9, pages 11 and
12, page 16, page 19 by **Margaret Hehman-
Smith**

Page 24 by **Wendy Wright**

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Introduction

The Southern California Haiku Study Group has met on the third Saturday of each month in the Gallery at BORDERS since its founding in 1997 by Professor Jerry Ball of California State University Long Beach. Our study includes haiku and senryu, both the traditional 5-7-5 form and the "free style" form which is usually written in three lines but does not follow a syllable count. We emphasize the inclusion of kigo or season words as in classical Japanese haiku. Each month, however, we discuss the various elements of the current season as we are experiencing it and use these local seasonal references to prompt the practice writing for that day.

In opening his second volume of The History of Haiku, R. H. Blyth writes that "the art of haiku is as near to life and nature as possible." Later in the same volume, he states the challenge this aesthetic presents: "The problem for haiku in any language, as for life itself in any age, is how to put thought completely into sensation, how to make sensation thought-full."

This small book represents the ongoing work of our group as we come together, attempting to capture the thoughts and sensations of our daily lives.



the honeydew—
watching TV I finish
the other half

through chainlink—
neighbors debating
the chance of rain

losing its grip . . .
the red ladybug
on the blue wall

lantana bushes—
this side of the chainlink
they grow wild

a bald man
ahead of me

I wonder
about each scar

two sleeping kids—
before the grunion run
a family leaves

gk





FF

lehman-smith

Jerry

spring twilight
the new widow wonders
where to put her hands

purple canyon
a boy on a skateboard
through jacaranda

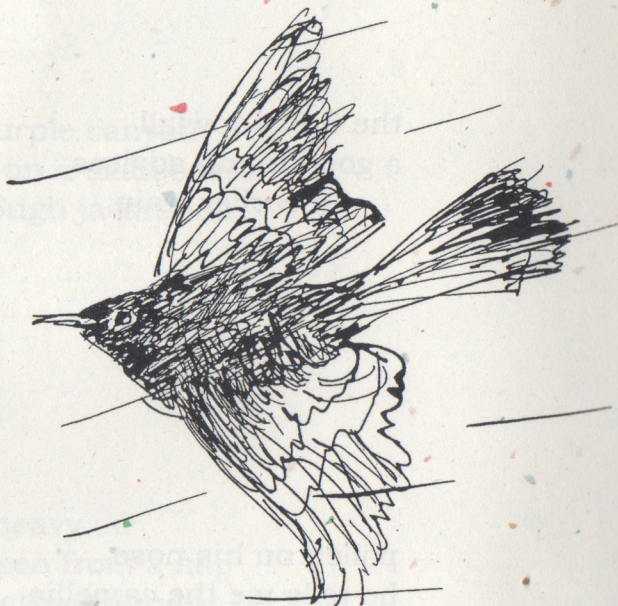
heavy air
I awaken from a nap
expecting thunder

thinking it over
the shortcut across the grass
through the fallen leaves

the first snowfall
a good friend advises
an earlier train

pollen on his nose
he tells me the camellia
has no fragrance

Jerry Ball



Margaret H. Smith

Judy

Flat out on my face
Clutching a strand of Bermuda grass
My earth has a handle

Tiny red kinglet
Choosing the best white berries
In my jasmine bush

Judy Sunderland



Hai means "fun"

Ku means "verse"



MISHMITH "97

Naia

from the pier
a pelican surveys
each passing swell

mid-October—
mustard flowers dot
the stubbled field

all hallows' eve—
turning on the porch light
for old time's sake

rusted windmill—
his subsidy check
in the mail box

smoke-scented air—
a squirrel burrows
in the wood pile

in the mirror
a much older woman
returns my glance

Naia





Peggy

saying goodbye
to her summer romance
the evening cool

a small window
wail of the loon pulls me
past the ticking clock

lengthening daylight—
shadow of the potted palm
lingers on the wall

discount store
yawning husbands
pushing carts

In December's chill
the thinness of her body
as we hug goodbye

days grow longer
the bed
is wrinkled on one side

Margaret Hehman-Smith



Handwritten signature

Surface of the pond:
lilies bloom among the pads
like votive candles . . .

Lovers in the park
take little heed of the dog
romping by himself

Filled with spider webs,
the arms of the saguaro
reaching for the sky

The crossing guard
at the end of my commute
has grown a moustache

Early morning walk—
on each lawn a million
blades of fresh grass

Tom Bilicke



Slicing onions—
the brown skins fall
to the cutting board.

A winter night;
the wake of a boat
slaps against the hulls.

In the early dusk,
one echoing another—
the jetty foghorns.

Clouds forming;
the first flowering plum
spills over the eaves.



New Year's resolutions should
light this candle and write your
most important resolutions

Worry Wagon



Booklet Design:

Wendy Wright

