

Judge's Introduction Emiko Miyashita

Congratulations to the winners of this honorable contest! It was my great pleasure to read all the entries and to select the winners and the honorable mentions. I was impressed very much by how effectively the *kigo* were working in most of the entries, and thought about Kiyoshi and Kiyoko's efforts to plant the *kigo* seed in the California soil from back in 1975. And about how carefully and lovingly the members of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society have nurtured it for twenty-six long years!

When I was in the process of selecting haiku, I went to a concert, Super World Orchestra 2001, held in Tokyo on September 24. It began with the conductor, Lorin Maazel's remark on performing a piece that was not in the original program; the "Air" in D major by Sebastian Bach was dedicated to the memory of the World Trade Center victims. He said, "While others in other places on this day are held fast in the grip of hate, these humans [the musicians from different orchestras around the world on the stage and in the audience] are joined together by their love for music. While others fanatically seek to destroy, the musician creates. In

music, human aggression also finds expression but is placed into the perspective of our frailty, our vulnerability, or need to love, be loved and the imperative of survival. And in the language of music we can give vent to our sorrow and find comfort and solace." We all stood in a minute of silent prayer for the victims after the performance. I thought we could substitute "haiku poets" for "musicians" in the speech and serve the world by being creative, too.

The last work of the program was "From the New World" by A. Dvorak, the first movement of which began with Adagio. The haiku from the Yuki Teikei contest, which I had been reading, came back to me as I listened to this music composed in New York in 1893.

Emiko Miyashita
October 11, 2001

The Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

This contest is for English-language haiku written in the traditional form in three lines of 5, 7, 5 syllables. Each poem is required to contain one and only one, season word (*kigo*) from an assigned list.

This year poets chose from among designated season words, as follows. New Year: new calendar, new year's sun, first sunrise; spring: March wind, melting snow, April Fool, baby animals; summer: drought, ocean fog, scented breeze, summer mountain; autumn: autumn storm, autumn loneliness, salmon, chrysanthemum; winter: winter moon, blanket, buying a new calendar/diary, hibernation, poinsettia.

The contest committee was Kiyoko Tokutomi, Roger Abe, Anne Homan and Patricia Machmiller, and the final judge was Emiko Miyashita, co-translator of *Love Haiku, Masajo Suzuki's Lifetime of Love*, the Shiki Haiku Calendar and Dojin of the Ten'i haiku group.

The contest committee and judge congratulate the winners and express our appreciation to everyone who participated.



Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest 2001

judged by
Emiko Miyashita



Kiyoshi Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest 2001

Prize Winning and Honorable Mention Haiku

Honorable Mention

high country sunrise
in a brook of melting snow
the polished pebbles
Christopher Herold

distant rocky shore
softened by the ocean fog . . .
sand-dollar hunting
Richard St. Clair

each distant star drawn
deeper into the black pool?
moonless winter night
Ross Figgins

First Prize
twilight adagio . . .
moving through the ocean fog
cranberry workers
Richard St. Clair

Judge's comment:
Twilight, cranberry workers, and even the ocean fog are moving in a graceful adagio. The author has successfully captured in the poem the movement of the three, a perfect match for the closing of an autumn day. The tone of the haiku reminds me of a painting by Jean-Francois Millet. I wonder if the author got this haiku in southeastern Massachusetts where they grow the best cranberries!

folding the old tent
we capture the scented breeze
to keep till next time
Yvonne Hardenbrook

fighting the March wind,
pedestrians barely miss
the limping pigeon
Richard St. Clair

slackening March wind--
in your letter the story
of your bankruptcy
Michael Dylan Welch

Second Prize
autumn loneliness--
your final letter to me
with a missing page
Michael Dylan Welch

Judge's comment:
Autumn loneliness and the final letter with a missing page is an interesting match. Loneliness is prevailing here, rather than anger that might come to me if put in a similar situation. Autumn loneliness is a recognition of moving out from the active time of summer, becoming stone, and yet one is still within the richness of the harvest season. Thus the missing page is received calmly and with a hint of "I'm OK." a crisp touch of an auburn fallen leaf.

Vegetable vendor
has lost his spot on my street
cruel wind of March
W. Elliot Greig

hands at four corners--
the slow drift of the blanket
down to fresh white sheets
Michael Dylan Welch

Third Prize
therapist's office . . .
noticing the withering
poinsettia leaves
Richard St. Clair

Judge's comment:
The author is guiding us into the therapist's office where she/he is being treated. By focusing on the withering leaves of the poinsettia, we see a hint of desperation in the author's mind. Or, on the contrary, the more practical and vital side of her/him notices a slight change in that one spot of nature within the room, the poinsettia. Since this is haiku, I would like to appreciate this haiku as the latter. The red-topped poinsettia is popular in Christmas season in Japan. Is that true for you where you are?

their master's cigar--
little puppies on a leash
taking turns sniffing
Richard St. Clair

sudden autumn storm:
dog and master's frisbee game
goes on anyway
Richard St. Clair