

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

NewYear: first raven

Spring: spring equinox, gathering seashells

Summer: damselfly, ice cream

Autumn: morning glory, cry of the deer

Winter: codfish, icicle

*last ray of lights
the first raven disappears
into the piñon*

*lost in reverie
I almost miss the moment
a blue damselfly!*

(2 haiku by) Marian Olson

*white morning glories
lace round the old rusted gate
opening slowly*

Mimi Ahern

*gathering seashells
his tiny canvas rucksack
begins to take shape*

Jerry Ball

*my blue tin bucket
decorated with shore birds —
gathering seashells*

*alone in my bed
rain returned without warning —
morning icicles*

(2 haiku by) Neal Whitman

*gathering sea shells
one minute the kids are dry
the next soaking wet*

Deborah P Kolodji

*Gathering seashells —
the small fingers of my child
are touching the past*

Eduard TARĂ

*gathering seashells
sand dollars emerge from sand
one by one by one*

*the house has been sold —
in front, blooming and dying
blue morning glory*

(2 haiku by) G.M. LaRiviere

*He licks her chin, she
Licks his nose; walking, laughing,
And eating ice cream*

Lorraine Ward

*gathering seashells
years after the crude oil spill —
fingers faintly black*

*a spent rifle shell
on my path through the forest —
a cry of the deer*

(2 haiku by) Mark Arvid White

*curled around the stem
of the widow's mailbox, the
last morning glory*

Tish Davis

Contest Judges

Naoki Kishimoto, born in 1961 in Okayama Prefecture. Inspired by Ryunosuke Akutagawa's haiku, he began writing haiku in junior high school. As a student at Tokyo University, he joined haiku groups led by Tetsuo Kosada, Akito Arima, and Seison Yamaguchi. He won the Shinjinsho (New Voice) Award from the Association of Haiku Poets (Haijin Kyokai) in 1995. He has published three haiku collections, *Keito (Cockscomb)*, 1986), *Shun* (name of an ancient Chinese king, 1994), and *Kentan (Healthy Appetite)*, 1999), as well as two books of essays on haiku. He is a leading member of the Ten'i (Providence), Yane (Roof), and Yu haiku groups. His writing, following the traditional style, is known for its simplicity and plainness.

Yoko Senda, born in 1962, began writing haiku when she was fifteen. As a student at the University of Tokyo, she joined Aki (Autumn) haiku group led by the late Yatsuka Ishihara as well as a haiku seminar led by Tetsuo Kosada. She joined Akito Arima's Teni (Providence) haiku group when it was established in 1990. She has published two haiku collections, *Hashi no anata ni (Beyond the Bridge)*, 1991), and *Kumo wa ohkan (Crown Cloud)*, 1999), and is a coauthor of *Jyuuni no gendai haijin ron (Twelve Essays on Modern Haiku Poets)*, 2005), in which she writes about Ishihara. She is also a member of the Association of Haiku Poets, and the Japan Writer's Association.

Art Work by Patricia J. Machmiller

Cover: *beach sagewort*/ Inside: *buckwheat*

YTHS website: www.youngleaves.org

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

announces

the Winners of the



Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi

Haiku Contest

2009

The Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi

2009 Haiku Contest

Judges:

*Yoko Senda
and
Naoki Kishimoto*



Prize-Winning Haiku with Judges' Comments

First Prize - \$100

*bluetail damselfly
escapes the empty cottage
where children once played*
Roberta Beary

A bright blue quickly passes from my view. It is a bluetail damselfly leaving the

deserted cottage. The empty cottage stands colorlessly near the stream. Children used to play in this neighborhood - looking at damselflies or fish in the stream and maybe staying in the cottage.

This haiku appeals to the memories of our childhood. The vision of the escaping bluetail damselfly reminds us of the days we played on the river. The concrete image of the kigo naturally leads us to the past. And the last five syllables tell us the days should never come back.

(Naoki Kishimoto)

With the glimpse of an airy bluetail damselfly, we have a heavenly moment. This little creature is as beautiful and fragile as the passing time. The empty cottage may be old and the paint may be peeling off. Now it makes no sound, but children once played inside and outside, running around and laughing cheerily. The children and the old happy days, where have they gone? As if invited by the damselfly, the poet looks back to the past in silence. Life is really like a fleeting dream.

(Yoko Senda)

Second Prize - \$50

*so still, so quiet...
to sit alone with daydreams
and blue damselflies*

Deborah P Kolodji

Silence, solitude, daydreams, and blue damselflies. What a beautiful combination! As if to console the lonely poet or to generate fantasies, fairylike damselflies are around him or her. Imagination is an origin of poetry and it starts in silence. I wonder what kind of daydreams the poet is having and what kind of poems will be born. The blue damselflies will surely celebrate the birth of marvelous poems.
(YS)

Third Prize - \$25

*the cry of the deer
down each hill and past each stone
still hangs on the leaves*

Jerry Ball

On the quiet mountain side, a deer gave a cry for a mate. The sound spread throughout the mountain, *down each hill*

and past each stone. I feel the sound like liquid when I read this phrase. In reality, the cry of the deer is short. But it resounds in the poet's heart and lingers among the autumnal leaves.
(NK)

Honorable Mention

*voiceless first raven-
its iridescent feathers
ruffled by the wind*

Anne M. Homan

*lost for a moment
in her newly tinted hair —
a blue damselfly*

André Surridge

*gathering seashells
the light of day lingers still
among the tide pools*

Michael McClintock

*gathering seashells —
ever-watchful gulls huddle
together for warmth*

Margaret Hehman-Smith