

## FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

*your share of our life  
fits neatly into boxes...  
sky swallows return*

*Roberta Beary*

*making bean soup for  
my old mother and humming  
the songs she once hummed*

*Joan Iversen Goswell*

*reaching summer's end  
a newspaper boat sets sail  
for the horizon*

*Poppy Herrin*

## SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

*rising harvest moon  
a tractor's headlights heading  
down a distant road*

*Joan Iverson Goswell*

*spattered and faded  
his index card recipe  
of navy bean soup*

*Mimi Ahern*

*year of the dragon  
my future mother-in-law  
slips me her room key*

*Tracy Davidson*

*an eighth grader's voice  
changes during announcements—  
these lengthening days*

*Linda Papanicolaou*

*with lengthening days  
the sound of the dog's toenails  
on a hardwood floor*

*Jerry Ball*

## Contest Judge

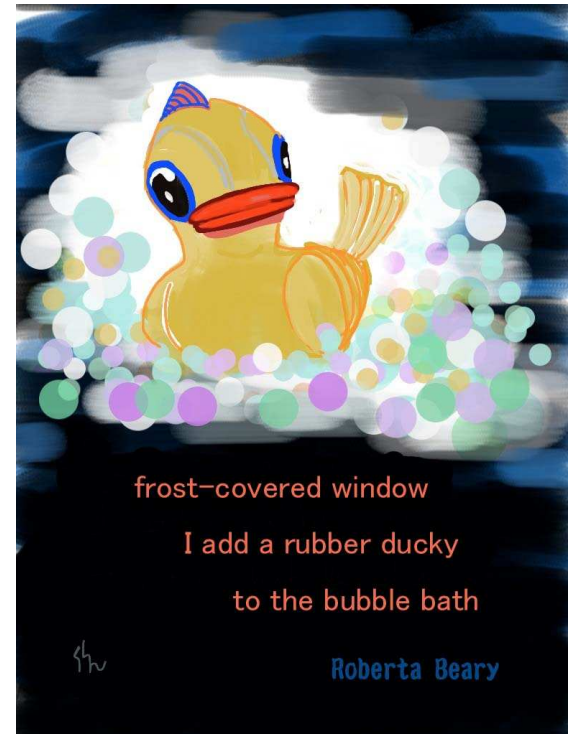
**Emiko Miyashita 宮下 恵美子**

Emiko Miyashita was born in Fukushima, Japan in 1954. She met Dr. Akito Arima and joined a Japanese haiku group in 1993. Since 1997, she has been writing haiku in both Japanese and in English. She has ten books of translations including *Santoka*, *Haiku*, and *Hyakunin Isshu: 100 Poets: Passions of the Imperial Court*, from PIE Books in Japan; translations of Dr. Arima's haiku, *Einstein's Century*, from Brooks Books in U.S.A. From January 2008 until March 2010, she judged and wrote an English-language haiku column with Michael Dylan Welch every first Sunday in the *Asahi Weekly* paper. Currently she is serving as a managing director for the English-Speaking Union of Japan, giving haiku workshop as one of their programs.

*Haiga painting for the winning haiku by  
Sakuo Nakamura*

*Yuki Teikei Website:  
[www.youngleaves.org](http://www.youngleaves.org)*

**Yuki Teikei  
Haiku Society  
announces**



*frost-covered window  
I add a rubber ducky  
to the bubble bath*

*Roberta Beary*

*haiga by sakuo*

**the winners of the**

**Tokutomi**

**Haiku Contest 2012**

**The Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi  
Haiku Contest**

This contest is for English language haiku written 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:

New Year: first reading,  
year of the dragon  
Spring: swallows return,  
lengthening days  
Summer: ants, summer's end  
Autumn: harvest moon, autumn sea  
Winter: frost, bean soup

**2012 Contest Results**

Out of over two hundred entries, after reading them for so many times, the poems listed here have stayed with me, and invited me to experience their moments. None of these poems expresses human feelings in words, yet they are able to evoke vivid emotions. Season words are working very nicely in each haiku, adding life to it. Thank you for having me join you in this way this year. Arigato!

Emiko Miyashita

**First Prize - \$100**

**frost-covered window  
I add a rubber ducky  
to the bubble bath**

**- Roberta Beary**

Takahama Kyoshi (1874–1959) taught that haiku was the literature of paradise. I think this haiku qualifies as its kind. The yellow color of the rubber ducky and the aroma of the bubble bath set the tone of the poem and make me smile. The frost-covered window tells that it is the perfect time for indulging oneself in this way. Congratulations!

**Second Prize - \$50**

**under the table  
my knee touches my grandson's  
the lengthening days**

**- Gregory Longenecker**

In spring, when the leaf buds are coming out, and the days are getting longer and longer each day, the author realizes the little grandson is no longer a little boy. The feeling of their knees meeting under the table for the first time must be such a lovely moment for both of them. Bon appétit!

**Third Prize - \$25**

**restless autumn sea  
remnants of Fukushima  
arrive at our shores**

**- Margaret Chula**

On March 11, 2011, the sea took everything away from the other side of the ocean. The r-sound in the first word of each line, and s-sound in the last words create a wave-like effect. This haiku touches me because it is the autumn season, with pieces of debris scattered on an empty beach . . . A shift of season into autumn also gives the feeling of time that has passed since the disaster in early spring.