

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

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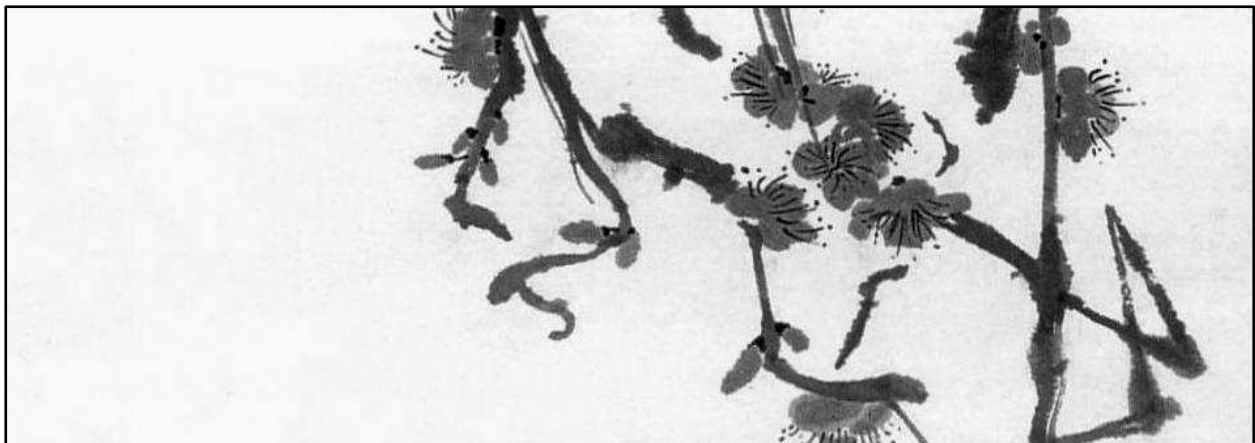
Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation — Betty Arnold, Editor

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 0574 | like so many
who went before him
. . . Guinea Pig | 0585 | early morning—
rustling the bed of leaves
a homeless woman |
| 0575 | father's birthday
the colors of autumn
have come and gone | 0586 | another new year
chasing in circles
squirrels and I |
| 0576 | blossom rain
washing my hands of
the material world | 0587 | winter crow
why do you circle upward
toward nothing? |
| 0577 | cold snap—
my succulents
melting | 0588 | solstice sunrise
faint rays through
snow collared trees |
| 0578 | winter afternoon
I drive into the mist
knowing better | 0589 | cusp of cold weather
midnight ring around the moon
ice coated cedar |
| 0579 | little winter birds
are back in the branches
I almost chopped down | 0590 | old gibbous moon
rising more slowly
with stiffness |
| 0580 | selfie take two
winter wind
in my thinning hair | 0591 | heart of winter—
the evil daughter
slams down the phone |
| 0581 | vets' memorial
NRA flyers
encased in ice | 0592 | longest night—
is that gas
I smell |
| 0582 | call of a thrush
my longing
for shade | 0593 | first kettle—
make mine strong
black Irish |
| 0583 | dawn . . .
always the eternal
rising and falling | 0594 | mi abuela
her round well-floured face
soft tortilla |
| 0584 | alone in the dunes
listening to the wind
whispering stories | 0595 | past the red cliff
veined with green creepers
is that a wild boar? |

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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 0596 | paint is dry
new furniture arrives
wedding bells | 0610 | silent newcomers
high in the aged holly oak
Northern Goshawks |
| 0597 | new year
the list of longings
longer | 0611 | new designer boots
felt fantastic in the store—
wild mustangs today |
| 0598 | first morning—
the waffle griddle's hot puffs of
yeasty sourdough | 0612 | on the bay
monster waves dwarf coastal rocks
tourists point iPhones |
| 0599 | lost
in winter reverie . . . I lean into
Monet's Haystack | 0613 | a pelican line
rises and falls with the waves
flapping toward sunset |
| 0600 | two chains unwind . . .
the whole world orbits
a weathered tire swing | 0614 | blue iguana
all my knocks at her glass cage
thoroughly ignored |
| 0601 | class in pastels . . .
the soft soothing voice
of the instructor | 0615 | icy wind
a couple of implants start to feel
like my own teeth |
| 0602 | day workers in bed
as the night shift begins . . .
barn bats stretch their wings | 0616 | salted driveway
the mercurial shadows
of exhaust fumes |
| 0603 | reading her obit
hail taps at my window—
a long distance call | 0617 | lover's . . .
braiding branches of
the willow tree |
| 0604 | dribbling and stumbling—
how the infant returns
in december | 0618 | blustery winds
scatter the raked leaves . . .
into darkness |
| 0605 | my grandchildren
moved out of state
winter cold | 0619 | on the porch
warm empty rocker . . .
Mother's Day |
| 0606 | damp morning
my shirt receives an oatmeal dollop
from her hug | 0620 | snow geese on the marsh—
the bartender floats thick cream
across the brandy |
| 0607 | first snowdrop
my younger sister's
anniversary | 0621 | winter bones—
too bad the clock doesn't stop
when I sit down |
| 0608 | golden aspen grove
I listen to my friend
plan his death | 0622 | dog walking at dusk—
crossing our path the fox barks
a sharp correction |
| 0609 | at 92
mom is once again widowed—
cold moon | 0623 | running man
no match for Nature
sudden storm |
-

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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 0624 | pleading eyes
the fox at my window
begging for food | 0638 | fuzzy slippers
and a white fleece robe
Midwinter's Night |
| 0625 | walking thru' the park
no more leaves to crunch
he survived the fall | 0639 | randy pigeons—
white doves freed at June weddings
evolve gray motley |
| 0626 | acres of grape vines
where gravensteins used to grow
Sebastopol spring | 0640 | pecking chicken bones
pigeons in the winter street
become cannibals |
| 0627 | little bird, little
bird at the edge of the marsh,
who are you . . . a snipe | 0641 | cold crows dive and jeer
dog pretends not to see them
does pee rituals |
| 0628 | drive to the psych ward
so my friend can see her son
the depths of winter | 0642 | gazing
into the Palaeolithic
mule deer fawn |
| 0629 | in a fluted glass
want to quench my thirst
with this autumn sea | 0643 | spring equinox
the eight-month-old puppy
eats cat food |
| 0630 | the crows shadow
sits on my next poem
still, quiet, like my mind | 0644 | furry legs
squelching and splashing
muddy field |
| 0631 | I gasped
as the sun resurrected
straight into my heart | 0645 | The last persimmon
clings tenaciously as birds
peck away at it. |
| 0632 | January
again more month
than money | 0646 | Poem-paper box
sprinkled metallic powder
sparkles in lacquer. |
| 0633 | snow squall
stripping the bark
from the paper birch | 0647 | Windy morning, rain
pounding the house in hard bursts—
dripping water sounds. |
| 0634 | first calligraphy
with every stroke she makes
her intentions known | 0648 | river tide
rushing towards the sea
new year's morning |
| 0635 | hazy moon
the tug
of new loves | 0649 | back home
winter rains cleanses
the spirit |
| 0636 | hazy moon
all over the place
wet blossoms | 0650 | winter attic
our cold feet touching
under the quilt |
| 0637 | church moths . . .
a blanketed beggar
waits for more change | 0651 | no mention of
hard frost in a mail
from farthest north |
-

- 0652 bipedal sound
quadrapedal sound
defoliated forest
- 0653 another wood chair
taken for a genie
sunning myself
- 0654 in a dream
my son talks with me
winter sunshine
- 0655 foggy day
gentle old man
thinks I'm his wife
- 0656 across the countries
Skype connection fails
deep winter silence
- 0657 memory
painted inside a bottle
graceful cranes
- 0658 moving
into stillness
blood moon
- 0659 cooling green
of the rice paddies
summer sky
- 0661 first El Niño rains
noisy geysers burst upwards
the birdbath fills
- 0662 baked bread and chili
smells steep through The Jungle—
"cool beans" thanks abound
- 0663 a line is cast
a throng of flies arrive—
plentiful Spring days
- 0664 girl in sparkly pink princess dress
holding her father's hand
walks through autumn leaves
- 0665 gray day
waiting for autumn rain
old jade plant starts to bloom
- 0666 sluggish freeway traffic
gray, drizzly winter day
elusive rainbow
- 0667 sailing
on his yacht
his first wife
- 0668 raised eyebrows—
that smile we thought
was just between us
- 0660 stuck to the jungle gym part of someone's tongue



from "Red Plum"

PJMachmiller

Winter Challenge Kigo— White Crowned Sparrow

white crowned sparrow
a visitor
from the winter hills
~Michael Sheffield

white-crowned sparrows—
already they have been here
and gone
~Ruth Holzer

the magician's hand
now you see them, now you don't
—white crowned sparrows
~Alison Woolpert

sidewalk hop scotch . . .
a white crowned sparrow snatches
a wayward plume moth
~Elinor Huggett

contrails stripe
the storm clouds—
white-crowned sparrows
~Ed Grossmith

a startled "plink"
from the blackberry bush
a white-crowned sparrow
~Joan Zimmerman

muslim refugees—
the migrant sparrow's white crown
seems much too white
~Chris Horner

ingathering of sparrows:
their tall bush
of incessant decibels
~Zinovy Vayman

warmer air
rising in a wave
white crowned sparrows
~Joyce Lorenson

peeking out
above the fog
white-crowned sparrow
~Stephanie Baker

hopping back and forth
sparrow with your white striped head
you remind me of me
~Lois Scott

white-crowned sparrows
the jazz quintet jumping
into "Take Five"
~Phillip Kennedy

The white-crowned sparrow
evolves its song to be heard
in the urban din.
~David Sherertz

white crowned sparrow
have i known you before by
some other name
~Michael Lee

white-crowned sparrow . . .
a faint rattle rises from
their loved patriarch
~Judith Schallberger

white-crowned sparrow
investigates my back deck
early twilight
~Elaine Whitman

his highness, the white-crowned sparrow
begs for morsels
then turns in a flash
~E. Luke

with a flash of white
the crowned sparrow prince descends--
no feeding frenzy
~Janis Albright Lukstein

Members Votes for July—November 2015 Haiku

Alison Woolpert 0371-2, 0372-0, 0373-5, 0374-0, 0375-2, 0376-0
 Joan Zimmerman 0377-2, 0378-1, 0379-10, 0380-2, 0381-1, 0382-1
 Neal Whitman 0383-1, 0384-0, 0385-0, 0386-0, 0387-4, 0388-0
 Michael Henry Lee 0389-2, 0390-2, 0391-0, 0392-0, 0393-3, 0394-1
 Michael Sheffield 0395-1, 0396-2, 0397-1, 0398-0, 0399-1, 0400-6
 Joyce Lorenson 0401-5, 0402-1, 0403-0, 0404-4, 0405-0, 0406-3
 Patricia Prime 0407-0, 0408-5, 0409-2, 0410-1, 0411-1, 0412-0
 Ruth Holzer 0413-2, 0414-0, 0415-1, 0416-4, 0417-1, 0418-1
 Elinor Pihl Huggett 0419-3, 0420-2, 0421-0, 0422-0, 0423-3, 0424-1
 Barbara Campitelli 0425-1, 0426-2, 0427-0, 0428-0, 0429-2, 0430-0
 James Lautermilch 0431-1, 0432-1, 0433-0
 Kevin Goldstein -Jackson 0434-5, 0435-1, 0436-0, 0437-2, 0438-3, 0439-1
 Angelee Deodhar 0440-0, 0441-3, 0442-0, 0443-4, 0444-0, 0445-0
 Clysta Seney 0446-1, 0447-1, 0448-0, 0449-3, 0450-2, 0451-1
 Beverly Acuff Momoi 0452-0, 0453-2, 0454-0, 0455-1, 0456-1, 0457-1
 Peg Mc Aulay Byrd 0458-0, 0459-1, 0460-0, 0461-0, 0462-0, 0463-0
 Judith Schallberger 0464-1, 0465-2, 0466-0, 0467-0, 0468-2, 0469-2, 0470-2
 Lois Scott 0471-1, 0472-1, 0473-0, 0474-0, 0475-0, 0476-2
 Hiro Murakami 0477-1, 0478-1, 0479-0, 0480-3, 0481-0, 0482-0
 Francis J. Silva 0483-1, 0484-0, 0485-0, 0486-0, 0487-0, 0488-0
 David Sherertz 0489-0, 0490-0, 0491-1, 0492-0, 0493-0, 0494-0
 Sherry Barto 0495-0, 0496-0, 0497-1, 0498-0, 0499-1, 0500-0
 Phillip Kennedy 0501-1, 0502-1, 0503-2, 0504-2, 0505-3 0506-3
 Zinovy Vayman 0507-0, 0508-1, 0509-1, 0510-0, 0511-2, 0512-0, 0513-0, 0514-1, 0515-2
 Christine Horner 0516-1, 0517-2, 0518-1, 0519-0, 0520-0, 0521-0
 Christine Lamb Stern 0522-1, 0523-0, 0524-1, 0525-0, 0526-2, 0527-0
 Stephanie Baker 0528-4, 0529-0
 Johnnie Johnson Hafernik 0530-1, 0531-0, 0532-2, 0533-4,
 Marcia Behar 0534-0, 0535-0, 0536-1
 Janis Albright Lukstein 0537-0, 0538-0, 0539-0, 0540-1, 0541-0, 0542-0
 Betty Arnold 0543-0, 0544-1, 0545-3
 Majo Leavick 0546-0, 0547-1, 0548-0
 Elaine Whitman 0549-4, 0550-0, 0551-1, 0552-0, 0553-2, 0554-0
 Susan Burch 0555-1, 0556-6, 0557-0, 0558-0, 0559-0, 0560-0
 Mimi Ahern 0561-0, 0562-0, 0563-1, 0564-1, 0565-1, 0566-4
 Ann Cavanaugh 0567-1, 0568-1, 0569-1, 0570-1
 Kyle Sullivan 0571-5, 0572-8, 0573-3

July—November 2015
Haiku Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers

late summer thunder
 our quarrel about who
 gets to die first

~Joan Zimmerman

waiting for sunset . . .
 an aging oysterman
 offers me a longan

~Kyle Sullivan

star beside the moon . . .
 the beggar's bowl filled
 by his own shadow

~Kyle Sullivan

first day of school
 skipping stones
 across the pond

~Neal Whitman

blue snowflakes—
 no names
 on my dance card

~Susan Burch

November night
 a sweep of spruce
 scraping the pane

~Joyce Lorensen

falling leaves—
 the road's long line
 of blue-tagged trees

~Alison Woolpert

October rain
 a good day for ordering
 the headstone

~Ruth Holzer

departing geese
 the longing to know
 their language

~Michael Sheffield

pluviophile—
 by the time I Google it
 the rain stops

~Angelee Deodhar

October wind
 in the old orchard
 a missing cow

~Joyce Lorensen

autumn half moon—
 rubbing the old mare
 on the spot she can't see

~Barbara Campitelli (error)

~Stephanie Baker

trailing leaves
 kindergarten children
 with rakes and hoes

~Patricia Prime

yoga class
 my toe polish
 the brightest

~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

on the pond
 a white feather
 surrenders

~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

Dojin's Corner July-Nov 2015

Emiko Miyashita and Patricia J. Machmiller

Greetings everyone. And Happy Year of the Monkey. Here are our choices from the last issue of *GEPP0*:

E: 0371*, 0384, 0387, 0390*, 0404*, 0408, 0415, 0416, 0431, 0434, 0438*, 0443, 0444, 0445*, 0446, 0485, 0493, 0503, 0514, 0521, 0528, 0529, 0533*, 0552, 0573

pjm: 0371, 0379, 0390, 0421, 0429, 0443, 0446*, 0486, 0503*, 0505, 0506, 0514*, 0515*, 0517, 0530*, 0532, 0556*, 0564, 0571, 0572

0371 around tree
lampposts, antennae, even me
—gossamers

EM: Gossamers are all over the place, each thread carrying a baby spider to a new address. On a fine autumn day, the air is filled with so many lively travelers! I liked the joyful tone of the poem.

pjm: My iPhone dictionary says gossamers are “fine, filmy cobwebs seen in the grass or bushes or floating in the air in calm weather, *especially in autumn*”! [Italics mine.] The author has turned an everyday scene into a fairyland with one word: gossamers! I like the objects that were chosen to create the “real” world: trees, lampposts (it’s a street scene), antennae (could be insects or cars, or both—these have an other-worldly quality preparing us for what is coming next) and “even me.” So the writer is immersed in the scene that we discover in the third line is enveloped in gossamers! When has autumn been so delightful and enchanting?

0390 autumn loneliness
a second helping
of baked beans

EM: I like baked beans, hot from the oven. If I can go for the second helping, I am more than happy. But since the first line of the poems is “autumn loneliness,” then the

baked beans may not have come from the oven but from an empty can left in the sink. Or maybe they come from the oven, but there is no one else to share them with, which can be lonely indeed.

pjm: Someone has made a pot of baked beans. It will last for several days cutting down on the chore of cooking for oneself. While they bake, the house is filled with the aroma of molasses and brown sugar, a comfort on a chilly autumn day. The second helping is gratifying too; perhaps it’s eaten remembering one who no longer is there . . .

0404 November night
a sweep of spruce
scraping the pane

EM: Describing what a November night is by the sound. I quite liked the way the author is showing us the chilly wind outside his/her bedroom window which is located in the upper stories. The sound is familiar because each year in November it keeps the author awake for a while. The deepening autumn is there.

pjm: The feeling of late autumn in the scrape of the pine branch on the window. And this feeling is supported and deepened by the sounds of “sweep” and “spruce” (two s sounds here) and “scrape.” We are immersed in November.

0438 fallen leaves
the tasty crunch
of footprints

EM: This haiku reminds me of potato chips when I was a little girl. My mother used to give us a task of the day; one of them was to carry home a huge bag of potato chips from the supermarket because back then she didn’t drive. As we walked on the fallen leaves, we made the imaginary sound of eating the potato chips. How my mouth watered! Here “tasty” is the word that captured my appetite for walking in the fallen leaves.

pjm: Oh, yes, Emiko! The delight of this haiku is that a sound (“crunch”) is “tasty”! I’m salivating when I read this. There’s a lesson here—haiku is best when it speaks directly to our senses. One small quibble: for me “footprints” have to be visible, i.e, they leave an imprint, and I have trouble seeing them in the fallen leaves. I would have no problem with “footsteps” because they are heard, not seen.

0445 her *banoffee*—
tough enough to throw
as a discus

EM: A pie or tart made with toffee, bananas, and cream is called banoffee pie. Well, I take this as a complement haiku; she has perhaps less cream, and the tart maybe overly baked, but she has done a great job in making it in a streamline shape! Chewy dessert is good for watching one’s diet, too. Good to go with iced tea!

pjm: Uh-oh! We’ve all had those failures in life—spectacular ones—ones that are such big flops we are forced to seek a new purpose for the results of our endeavors: the thrown pot that has become a doorstop, the painting that makes nice wrapping paper, the curdled custard feeds the cat. The secret to living through it is laughter—being able to chuckle even as we crash.

0446 the swell of the press
on woodblock carvings—
Bewick’s wren

pjm: As a printmaker, this haiku caught my attention. After several readings, I still couldn’t explain its appeal. The haiku is unusual in that it asks the reader to compare a duration of time to a wren. One of my first thoughts was that the dwell time of the press is short—a snippet—like the snappy movement of a wren. But the poem doesn’t just say “wren”—it’s a Bewick’s wren. So who is Bewick that this wren is named after? Here’s the clue that opens the door to the haiku: Thomas Bewick (1750-1828) is a writer of natural history and an engraver.

He wrote, illustrated, and published his own books. His most famous work, *A History of British Birds*, is illustrated with his own engravings.

According to my guidebook, there are 60 species of wrens all of which reside in the Americas. Only one is found in Europe and it is not the Bewick’s as far as I can tell. Still Bewick was widely known in his lifetime; I assume the little North American wren was given his name to honor a great naturalist. In any case, the poem’s coherence derives from Bewick’s other talent—that of woodblock engraver, a form of printmaking. And so the “dwell of the press” freezes and preserves for all time that small lively bird. And that small lively bird, as she hops about and tends her nest, preserves the name of Bewick for all time—all the while unaware she carries such a distinguished name.

EM: It is a short while that the printing machine is at the dwell, and another short while when the Bewick’s wren flies diagonally past the window. The pressed image stays on the paper. And the Bewick’s wren stays “printed” in my mind.

0503 a sudden
all-hands meeting
autumn wind

pjm: Reading this you can feel the uncertainty and anxiety that a sudden call to a meeting like this engenders. If the boss suddenly calls everybody away from their work to attend a meeting, there’s an urgent reason affecting the whole company. So too when the autumn wind arrives—it is sudden and chilling and there is a sense of foreboding—all is not well . . .

EM: All-hands meeting? What’s up? Is something annoying about to happen to the whole group? Like the arrival of the autumn wind when there’s a chill to the air, colors in the leaves, and shortened daylight, something must have happened, and it is urgent that it should be mended. I am not sure though if “autumn wind” is working effectively here because autumn wind is rather positive image for me.

0514 car wreckage
the dried up skeletons
of Syrian Thistle

pjm: Syrian thistles like Russian thistles are known to grow on disturbed ground. And what ground could be more disturbed than Syria today. Without being didactic this very well-written political poem speaks about the devastation of war and its aftermath.

EM: A surprise at the last line, and what a relief! The name of the plant reminded me of the sad stories of the refugees from Syria. As someone who grew up in a country at peace since 1945, I wish peace could be infectious like the flu! That individuals could live fully in their communities, making friends with others in peaceful times. Perhaps drive safer, too.

0515 quiet zoo
the snake crawls over
its slender tail

pjm: I admire this poem because my immediate raw reaction to a snake is Emily Dickenson's "zero at the bone." And yet the author calms me by presenting an image of such peace and non-threatening tranquility, opening with "quiet zoo," and closing with such tenderness, "slender tail." It is really masterful how the reviled snake is sandwiched between these two images, one docile, the other beautifully delicate, serene.

EM: Snakes cannot speak, cannot sing; well, some do make rattling sounds though. Snakes have to cast off their skin once in a while, and I heard that it can be a life-risking process. Maybe this one has just done his ecdysis and is happily checking his new skin. "Quiet zoo" makes me wonder if it is after closing time or is it just because the snake section is not so popular; in any event, the coolness of the skin is felt from this poem. Snake is a summer kigo.

0530 dew
glistening on the rocks
temple garden

pjm: The simplicity of this poem moved me. All there is is dew, rocks, and a garden. The "dew/glistening" like tiny gems, tiny baubles that will vanish within the hour. Thus, dew is the ultimate symbol of the transience of this world. And behind this poem stands the famous Issa poem written after he lost his firstborn son:

it's a dewdrop world
surely it is . . .
yes . . . but . . .

EM: Fresh morning hours when the sun rays reach the temple garden built with a combination of simple rocks. The haiku reminds me of a haiku by Kawabata Bôsha (1897-1941):

a diamond of dew
one single drop
on top of the stone
金剛の露一粒や石の上 茅舎

They are looking at the same thing: dew on a rock, glistening stone. One focuses on the dew's location, the other on the dew itself.

0533 yoga class
my toe polish
the brightest

EM: Bare feet are a summer kigo in Japan, so automatically I pictured this haiku in summer. I think finding her toes painted in the brightest color at the yoga class is a cheerful discovery, and it is a wonderful match with summer feelings. Or we can read this haiku in the opposite way: the author is a bit ashamed of her floating-world polish while she is practicing the spiritual, inhale/exhale movements.

pjm: Amid the calm of a yoga class, someone's toenail polish is shouting "look at me, look at me!" The cheeriness of this image makes me smile. Isn't it marvelous that something so seemingly frivolous as a pedicure can bring joy to the world?

0556 blue snowflakes—
no names
on my dance card

pjm: It's so hard growing up. I imagine, maybe, it's a Christmas dance—outside a light snow is falling. Inside a hall decorated with blue snowflakes a young woman in her first formal gown is waiting to be asked to dance. As the band strikes up the first song, couples move onto the dance floor, but her dance card is empty. She is a blue snowflake.

EM: Blue snowflakes sound beautiful and cold, dancing down from the sky. Is this an open space dance party, or maybe it is at a skating rink? Snowflakes may look gray against a lighter sky in daytime: maybe a blue light is illuminating the snowflakes at night? Or the snowflakes are just falling inside her mind, chilling it in disappointment.

We invite your responses. Send letters to the *GEPP*O editor.

Save the Date . . .
November 12-15, 2016
2016 Annual YTHS Retreat at Asilomar

Please Reserve the Date for our Annual retreat at Asilomar Conference Grounds November 12-15, 2016
Theme: Kigo and Season Words
More to follow, including the registration form and cost, in the May issue

Betty Arnold,
Retreat Chair

Annual YTHS Membership Dues

YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with four issues of the *GEPP*O, notification of events and the annual membership anthology. Only members can submit to the *GEPP*O and anthology.

Domestic and Canada dues \$32, Seniors \$26. International dues \$40, Seniors \$31. Mail check or money order to:

*GEPP*O Submission Guidelines:

Please send haiku, votes, articles, questions or comments by email to:

Betty Arnold, Editor

by mail to:

Betty Arnold, *GEPP*O Editor

When you submit emails please write in the subject line:

*GEPP*O submissions: "your name"

Please submit your haiku single-spaced and votes recorded horizontally in the body of the email. An attachment in a Word document is also acceptable. Whenever possible please use black ink, Arial font, size 11.

You may submit:

◆ Up to four haiku appropriate to the season. They will be printed without your name and identified with a number for appreciation and study.

◆ One Challenge Kigo Haiku which uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. The poem will be printed with your name.

◆ Up to ten votes for haiku in the current issue you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive a point (vote); submit the number of the haiku as the vote. The poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Report of “Beloved Issa,” the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society’s 2015 Retreat

Patrick Gallagher

The YTH Society’s 2015 retreat, November 12 through 15, was held at the Asilomar State Beach and Conference Center on the Monterey Peninsula.

Thursday: For those who could attend early afternoon, a nature walk with readings from Rachel Carson’s works was led by Ranger Lisa Bradford through the grounds and dunes to the beach. Afternoon registration was hosted by Amy Ostenso and Phillip Kennedy. YTHS President Alison Woolpert led off the evening program with an acknowledgement of the 40th anniversary of the society and its activities in celebration, and Betty Arnold, Retreat Chair, previewed the program of the retreat events. The retreat’s featured presenter, Professor David Lanoue, presented an account of his long-term engagement with the masterful Japanese haiku poet Issa, including the translation of 10,000 of Issa’s haiku. Patricia Machmiller introduced the silent auction of books and objects that serves as a fundraiser for scholarships to the retreat. The evening concluded with a demonstration of brush painting by Patricia and Carolyn Fitz, in which they painted on scrim fabric from behind so the audience saw the painting, *The Poet’s Journey*, magically take shape.

Friday: David Lanoue gave his keynote address, in which he presented *inter alia* the key characteristics in Issa’s haiku; tender compassion, perceptive openness, willingness to laugh, bold subjectivity, literature reference, free flowing imagination, and child’s consciousness. David urged the attending poets to observe these guidelines in writing haiku during the afternoon ginko. On reconvening after the ginko we shared the poems we had written with Issa’s characteristics in mind. At the end of the afternoon Patricia closed the silent auction and the winners collected their treasures.

In the evening the poets in attendance were provided a moving presentation of Issa’s poems, narrated and accompanied with rhythm instruments by David Sherertz, Patricia Machmiller, and Betty Arnold with a dramatic accompaniment of interpretive kyogen dance by Ellen Brooks. Then honored guest from Japan, Emiko Miyashita, presented *Impressions of Dreams: World Children’s Haiku Volume 13*, an illustrated book featuring a collection curated by Emiko of haiku and drawings from children from around the world. Next, the society’s 2015 anthology, *The Plover and the Moonstone*, edited by Patricia Machmiller and designed by Patrick Gallagher, was presented, and copies were distributed to the members in attendance. Subsequently Gregroy Longenecker, chair of the society’s 2015 Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest, presented the results of the contest. Many present were delighted to hear that their poems had been noted for merit by the judge, Marie Mariya. The evening was concluded by a presentation of spectacular photo haiga by Edward Grossmith.

Saturday: In the morning Carolyn Fitz led a workshop experience in simple sketching using sharpie pens. In the afternoon Emiko Miyashita led a kukai in the tradition of her Japanese haiku group, Ten’i. The afternoon concluded with an introduction to renku by Patricia Machmiller. After dinner the participants enjoyed a renku party until late hours.

Sunday: The renku from the previous evening were read by the verses’ authors. Then those who had done brush painting during the conference shared their haiga, and there was a round of reading haiku written at the conference. Betty Arnold and Alison Woolpert provided a summing up of the retreat and expressed appreciation for each of the presenters and organizers. Finally, Alison introduced Patrick Gallagher as the newly elected president of the society, and Patrick closed the conference with thanks to Betty Arnold and all those involved with the conference.

Annual YTHS Christmas Party-December 2015

Mimi Ahern

Twenty nine very merry YTHS members met at Judith and Lou Schallberger's warm, inviting home on the evening of Dec 12 for our annual Christmas party. After enjoying a delicious holiday pot-luck banquet and lively conversation with friends, the group gathered in a circle around the living room. There, the tradition of members exchanging holiday card haigas took place. One by one members handed out their cards and read their haikus aloud.

Judith's artistic touch and skillful hostessing, aided by husband Lou's good natured support, made for a memorable evening. Many thanks to the Schallbergers.

*Attendees: Patricia and Al Machmiller, Judith and Lou Schallberger, Alison Woolpert, Alan Leavitt, Patrick Gallagher, Carolyn Fitz, June and Scott Hymas, Bev and Kat Momoi, Ann and Kae Bendixen, Ed and JoAnn Grossmith, Jeff and Yukiko Tokutomi, Carol Steele, Roger Abe, Linda Papanicolaou, Joan Zimmerman, Cynthia and Rob Holbrook, Clysta Seney, Betty Arnold, Dyana Basist, Sandy Vrooman and Mimi Ahern.

YTHS January 2016 Meeting at Asian Art Museum

Mimi Ahern

Saturday morning at the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco six members of YTHS (Mimi Ahern, Patrick Gallagher, Linda Papanicolaou, David Sherertz, Clysta Seney, and Alison Woolpert) gathered for a docent-led tour of "Looking East—How Japan Inspired Monet, Van Gogh, and other Western Artists." (http://www.asianart.org/exhibitions_index/looking-east). Following the tour, members individually revisited the exhibit; then met to share their museum-inspired haiku. Sitting together over tea in the museum café, they experienced the sharp absence of their beloved Dojin Patricia Machmiller, who two days before, while walking in a crosswalk near her home, was hit by a car. In the hospital and now healing, they signed a card for Patricia. Alison composed the haibun below.

"Looking East" Show, San Francisco Art Museum"

As we stand in front of the block print the docent tells us that the eagle is a symbol of power and perseverance—and the strength of a samurai warrior.

the "Eagle
on a Pine Branch in the Rain" painting
—winter accident



Eagle on a pine branch in the rain,
1770–1779

By Isoda Koryusai (Japanese, 1735–1790)

Woodblock print; ink and color on paper

The artist Koryusai was known not only for his many designs showing beautifully dressed courtesans parading through the pleasure quarter, but also for his depictions of birds and animals. Unlike most ukiyo-e artists, he was born into the samurai class and was originally trained in the Kano school, the official painters to the shogun. This printed depiction of a proud eagle that stands firmly on a pine branch even during a driving rain is a less expensive version of a motif that was often painted as a symbol of power and perseverance on the hanging scrolls and folding screens favored by the warrior aristocracy.

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, William Sturgis Bigelow Collection, II.1952B

copy photo

permission obtained to

Looking Back at a Historic Moment “December 2002 through mid-January 2003”

originally submitted by donnalynn chase,
web version edited by Patrick Gallagher

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society met at Jean Hale's lovely home in Cupertino for their annual holiday party and haiku exchange on December 14. It was an unusually stormy and rainy night that prevented several members from attending. To our great delight, Yukiko Northon came from the Santa Cruz Mountains with her daughter, Nicholette, and her mother, Kiyoko Tokutomi, cofounder of our Society. The party became a very special event with Kiyoko's presence and the announcement of the release of her book, *Kiyoko's Sky*. Kiyoko read many of her poems to us in Japanese; Patricia Machmiller read the English translations that she and Fay Aoyagi had provided for the book. After that we exchanged our crafted haiku card-gifts. As each poet passed out their card, they read the haiku from the cards, for instance:

the evergreen left
in the Christmas tree lot
trimmed with rain drops
- Anne Homan

Kiyoko would have been 74 years old on December 28. She passed away quietly on Christmas day, making the memory of her reading at the party even more precious. Her daughter later told us that she thinks Nicholette will be old enough to remember her bachan (grandmother) reading haiku. She said, "I feared she would never get to see a reading by her bachan. She was so young when Kiyoko was still doing readings and such, and she had little understanding of poetry. At age 9, I think she is the perfect age for exposure to the literary arts. To have two accomplished poets side by side reading the poetry the way it should be expressed is something she will not forget, I think."

Yet in the sadness, Yuki Teikei had the rewarding opportunity to meet Haruka Goto, who came from Japan to the Bay Area to pay her respects. Haruka and her mother, Emi Goto, edit the haiku magazine, *Kurumaza*. (Circle). Haruka offered to lead a kukai for the Society; and thirteen members gathered at Patricia's beach home in Monterey Dunes just after New Years. We each submitted three haiku for the participant's appreciation and Haruka's review. Then we voted for our favorite poems, and Haruka selected poems for comment. Patricia's haiku was voted the best by the attendees.

I hear Shikibu
among the whispering redwoods—
on good days she weeps
- Patricia Machmiller

Roger Abe's poem was also highly regarded:

will you hide with me?
among sharp-tipped ovate leaves
the green of nightshade
- Roger Abe

Haruka stated that haiku should not be for "self-satisfaction." She stressed the importance and power of kigo to illuminate "the haiku possibility" and for people to universally value haiku. We did not have enough time to discuss these concepts as a group; we look forward to keeping in touch with Haruka. She then discussed the reasons for her choices of five haiku. It was an excellent opportunity to learn more about the art of haiku from her perspective.

Yuki Teikei held their first 2003 monthly meeting on January 11 at the Markham House in the History Park of San Jose. This historical house now serves as the headquarters for Poetry Center San Jose. The Victorian bungalow was owned by the mother of the once-renowned poet Edwin Markham, and later by the poet himself. At the November meeting, Patrick Gallagher had delivered a very interesting and well-researched presentation on Markham. The society will be holding many of their meetings here in 2003.

At this first meeting, we held a workshop in which we each provided a haiku that we judged needed help. The group offered suggestions and, of course, lots of discussion ensued around the "art" of haiku. A poem from the meeting:

his depression
seeing it as it really is—
leafless sycamore
- donnalynn chase

The Heron Leans Forward, the 2002 Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology, was published in late autumn. It contains haiku from 50 world-wide members along with special articles from the *GEPP*O, YT's bi-monthly newsletter, and season words.

Kiyoko's Sky; The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi is published by Brooks Books.

It is translated by Patricia Machmiller and Fay Aoyagi with an insightful introduction by June Hopper Hymas.

At its bottom
all things are visible
winter river
- Kiyoko Tokutomi



photo by June Hopper Hymas

A Full Afternoon of Loving Remembrance

June Hopper Hymas

The San Jose Poetry Center and the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society have an agreement with the San Jose Parks Department to hold poetry-related events and literary open houses for the public at the Markham House in San Jose's History Park. In the upstairs bedrooms our volunteers maintain select libraries on American Poetry and on Haiku. The poet Edwin Markham lived in this house near downtown San Jose. Later, the house was moved to the History Park because of its historical value.

YTHS holds several meetings a year at Markham House, sometimes to walk about the park and write haiku; sometimes for other topics. On February 13, 2016, we held a meeting in memory of our members who have passed away. Since YTHS has now been in existence for more than forty years many of the newer members were never acquainted with the work of earlier members.

Before the meeting, Roger Abe and Clysta Seney (our haiku librarian) worked to list those members and locate examples of their poems in the library's holdings. Each member was introduced by one of us, who shared some haiku the member had written.

The presenter (and others present) also shared other memories as appropriate. Roger had done Internet searches and brought several obituaries. In preparation, June Hymas had her photos of most of these members printed 8x10. The photos were held up during the discussion of each person and will now be kept in the Haiku Library. All this preparation resulted in a truly memorable and deeply moving meeting.

We heard excellent haiku, some tanka and haibun, and got to remember our dear friends in a atmosphere of fellowship and sharing. This is a list of the people we remembered, together with the name of the person who presented the remembrance.

Pat Shelley (1997)—June Hopper Hymas
 Mary Hill (2008)—Ann Bendixen
 Emile Waldteufel (2000) & Eugenie Walteufel (?)—Carolyn Fitz
 Hank Dunlap (2005)—Alison Woolpert
 Jerry Kilbride (2005)—Carol Steele
 David Priebe (2006)—Eleanor Carolan
 Kay F. Anderson (2007)—Ann Bendixen
 Jim "Ouzel" Arnold (2007)—Bill Peckham
 Paul O. Williams (2009)—Clysta Seney
 D. Claire Gallagher (2009)—Carolyn Fitz
 Beth Stevenson Brewster (2011)—Roger Abe
 Tei Matsushita-Scott (2013)—Carol Steele
 John Schipper (?)—Roger Abe

Thank you, Roger and Clysta for all your work in preparation!

Call for 2016 YTHS Anthology Submissions

Mimi Ahern

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society invites its members to contribute to the Society's annual anthology, this year edited By Mimi Ahern. The in-hand deadline for submissions is **May 15, 2016**.

In the body of the email please include six unpublished (except in the Society's *GEPP0*) haiku. Provide your name, city, and state as you would like them to appear. Hardcopy submissions with the above information may to sent to:

Call for Haiku about the Kelley Park Japanese Friendship Garden

Roger Abe

The year of 2016 marks 25 years of partnership between Yuki Teikei and the City of San Jose in hosting our Spring Readings. Through that time our events have been held at City facilities gratis. I would like to put together a small publication, initially, probably something along the lines of our Tokutomi Contest Brochure as a gift to the City in thanks for it's generosity.

What I need are haiku that bring out the best of the Japanese Friendship Garden, since that has been the site of most of our events. The garden is already a popular place for both residents and visitors. A haiku brochure about the garden would be a nice complement, and would show it's cultural vitality in connection to the arts (haiku). The park is renting out the renovated Tea House, so a nice brochure that might help entice marketing in that regard would give added purpose to the brochure's usefulness.

I'm sure that there are already a lot of haiku that you have written about the garden. For this purpose, I would like to have those that accentuate the garden theme, features, and appeal to wedding parties (the primary customers of Tea House rentals). The garden theme is, of course, friendship, as it is a symbol of the San Jose/Okayama sister city relationship. This relationship was one of the first established after President Eisenhower's request for rebuilding commerce and friendly "people to people" ties in the aftermath of World War Two. The effort to produce the garden involved many parties. The City of Okayama donated many artifacts (including the initial population of koi) in the garden as well as assisting with the design which is patterned on Okayama's famous Korakuen, which reflects the spirit of "Kokoro" or "Heart, Mind and Soul". The local Japanese community contributed thousands of plants, manpower and more. All the stones in the garden are local granite donated by the Raisch Company. The garden is a "scroll type" in which different vistas are revealed as one strolls along the curving paths. Other features include blossoming cherry trees, a moon bridge, islands of the immortals (turtle islands/horai), a waterfall, zig-zag bridges (yatsunashi) and a handful of various stone lanterns. It is the only public Japanese Garden in San Jose, and a small sanctuary of peace.

There should be room for a couple of photos, too, with the same criteria in mind.

Deadline June 1, 2016

Please ask me if you have any questions. Thank You! I look forward to seeing your haiku! Roger

The 2016 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

In-hand Deadline: May 31, 2016

Prizes: \$100 \$50 \$25

Contest Rules:

- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must each have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern.
- Each haiku must use only one kigo from the contest list.
- Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

Kigo List:

New Year: Year of the Monkey, first laughter

Spring: flowering dogwood, May Day

Summer: Queen Anne's lace, chickadee

Autumn: dragonfly, oak gall

Winter: frost-nipped/frost-tipped artichoke, Orion

Contest Entry Details:

Entry fee is \$7.00 per page of three haiku; \$8 if using PayPal. No limit on entries. Entries will not be returned. No refunds. For paper submission, put three poems per page and send 4 copies of each page, with your name and address on only one copy, typed on 8 ½ x 11 paper.

For Email entries, use PayPal. For paper entries, send

checks or money orders payable to "Yuki Teikei Haiku Society." Overseas entrants please use International Postal Money Order, in U.S. currency only. For a paper copy of the contest results (which will also be Web-available) send a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) marked "Contest Winners." Those abroad: Please enclose a self-addressed envelope (SAE) plus enough postage in international reply coupons for air mail return.

Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. No previous winning haiku are eligible. This contest is open to anyone, except for the YT President and Contest Chair. Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished haiku poet(s). If not pre-paying by PayPal, send entries with entry fee by mail to:

YTHS Tokutomi Contest

Send mail entries to **Gregory Longenecker**

YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, web site, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and the contest results will be announced in the anthology, and brochures. The judges and the contest results will be announced in the autumn of 2016 at the YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat in Asilomar. Shortly thereafter they will appear on the YTHS website: www.youngleaves.org



Spring is here!

PJMachmiller

Challenge Kigo: Spring Rain, *harusame* June Hopper Hymas

Here in Northern California for several weeks it has rained almost every night, although mostly it has been clear in the daytime. After the prolonged drought, this rainfall, had only a musical sound to our ears, as we were safe in bed. At other times in our lives, everyone has experienced the annoyance of rain, and thought about the pitiful lives of people and creatures exposed and unsheltered.

haru no ame yoso no yashiro mo mezurashiki

spring rain--
elsewhere the shrines
are wonderful

Issa Translated by David Lanuoe at haikuguy.com

harusame ya hito sumite keburu kabe wo moru

A light spring rain —
someone living there:
smoke seeps from the walls.

Buson Translated by Edward McFadden

Buson prefaces this haiku with this explanatory note: “On the west side of Kyoto, there was, for a long time, a ghost living in a certain dilapidated house. Now we hear nothing of it.” Notice how the “mi” in “sumite” written in katakana, a script reserved for foreign loan words, mimics the smoke leaking from the walls/the ghost escaping.

Source for the note above and the Buson translations: Kyoto Journal Website,
<http://www.kyotojournal.org/the-journal/fiction-poetry/yosa-buson-haiku-master/>

three hundred years
since Basho wrote that poem—
willows in spring rain

June Hopper Hymas (GEPPPO)

When I wrote the haiku above, I forgot that “willows” is a spring kigo, and used two kigo. That’s not a good idea! It will weaken your haiku. and subject you to mockery from the great haiku masters in the sky. Check your poem carefully for other kigo. Review the “Yuki Teikei Season Word List” or the “500 Essential Season Words” online before you submit.

In working with weather kigo, you should play with the words you are using (even crossing the season’s) to examine the possible sound-and-sense combinations which will be meaningful and pleasing for your particular haiku. For this Challenge Kigo only, you may substitute “early summer rain,” February rain, March rain or April rain for “spring rain” in your haiku.

Early summer rain—
houses facing the river,
two of them.

Buson Translated by Robert Hass

from hand to hand
the restroom key
February rain

June Hopper Hymas

Send your haiku to the editor to be printed in the Challenge Kigo section with your name in the next *GEPPPO*.

2016 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

2016

- Sat, Mar 12
11 am-3 pm Tilden Botanic Garden, Berkeley. David Sherertz will be our docent for a garden ginko with writing and sharing to follow. Gather at the Visitor Center (to the left of the Main Gate, at the intersection of Wildcat Canyon and South Park Drive). You may park at the parking lot across from the Garden on Wildcat Canyon Drive. Lawn picnic potluck lunch first, bring blanket or low chair. Please no peanuts or peanut content in the lunch items.
- Sat, April 9
Noon-3 pm Filoli Gardens, Woodside. Optional lunch in the Gardens Cafe at noon. Tour at 1:00 pm, poetry sharing follows. Attendees will pay entrance fees at the gate.
- May 1 *GEPP*O submissions due.
- Sat, May 14
11 am-4 pm Tour and haiku poetry reading in the San Jose Japanese Friendship GardenTea House, 1490 Senter Road, San Jose.
11am- Noon Garden walking tour.
Noon- 1pm Break, on your own for lunch and ginko walk.
1-4 pm Featured readers: Mimi Ahern, Marcia Behar, Elaine Whitman, and Cherie Hunter Day.
- May 15 Deadline for submissions for 2016 YTHS Anthology.
- Sat, June 11
11 am-3 pm Haiga Party at Carolyn Fitz's home,
Pot luck lunch followed by haiga and haibun completion opportunities.
Please no peanuts or peanut content in the lunch items.