

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 0669 | cat gingerly
crossing the frozen pond
its fingerlike claws | 0680 | solemn baby girl
her eyes enormous
studies seagulls |
| 0670 | spring concert
proud parents wincing
at wrong notes | 0681 | tourists on rocks
I wince, remembering
rogue waves |
| 0671 | lingering cold
new age spot
new ache | 0682 | lazy Sunday
working the crossword puzzle
in tandem |
| 0672 | gift of daffodils
she asks again
what kind of flower | 0683 | first day of spring—
lights from the night ferry
streak the harbour |
| 0673 | after petting
the puppy anoints me
with a snotty sneeze | 0684 | flower stamps saved
for my letters
to poets |
| 0674 | Crisis Center
<i>Depression Workshop Cancelled</i>
seriously bummed | 0685 | tug of the current—
I let go
of my traditional haiku |
| 0675 | ocean bluff
the docent keeps her word
grey whales | 0686 | train depot—
a wet leaf clings
to the stroller wheel |
| 0676 | bistro special
<i>Bangers and Mash</i>
L.A. smog | 0687 | winter green hill
all the white
crosses |
| 0677 | gold flakes
panned from Russian River
a day to treasure | 0688 | 4 a.m.
faint syncopation
of spring rain |
| 0678 | on the beach
fat lolling mothers
and new seal pups | 0689 | practicing
indifference . . .
a spring cat |
| 0679 | first walk
on my titanium knee
science friction | 0690 | parting clouds
a corridor of light
moths making their way |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 0691 | spring meadow
wreathed in weeds
nest of a warbler | 0705 | old dog
three legs unsteady
which one to cock |
| 0692 | into sunlight
the buds of spring slip
from winter bark | 0706 | Late afternoon calm—
schools are out, sun is setting
traffic noises fade. |
| 0693 | from a far pasture
faintly clanging cowbell
spring's first calf | 0707 | Sunbathing squirrel
dozing on a bare tree branch
no sunscreen needed. |
| 0694 | happy hour
the bar maid laughs
at all my jokes | 0708 | Vernal Equinox—
cool breezes, a flat slate sky
with faint hints of blue. |
| 0695 | sickle moon
imagining a world
without razor wire | 0709 | Bastille Day—
the champagne sparkle
of those early years |
| 0696 | winter solitude
no family
to speak of | 0710 | where the creek
meets the river
spring birdsong |
| 0697 | half sisters
the moon in
different houses | 0711 | glittering
among the black spruce—
Egg Moon |
| 0698 | green-leafed wind
something in the oasis palm
thumps lightly | 0712 | red sunset—
tasting the smoke
of distant wildfires |
| 0699 | Tanabata
the first-year Black Bamboo pole
mahogany brown | 0713 | leaky roof
she schedules another
dye job |
| 0700 | raspberries
eaten while worn
on fingertips | 0714 | that bent old man—
fresh leaf buds
on his bonsai |
| 0701 | laughing mountain
at its top stands the kanji
for <i>tree</i> tree | 0715 | each generation
is different—
melting snowflakes |
| 0702 | taking chances
instructions lost
planting bulbs | 0716 | scent of early spring—
removing mothballs
from my shorts |
| 0703 | rising kite
it no longer
strings me along | 0717 | a light misting
with no flash flood warning today
* * * JUST SPRING ! |
| 0704 | bubbles
children's smiles
pop wide | 0718 | Mum at 92
everyone here is dying . . .
tsunami spring |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 0719 | river of stars
markers of solace or grief—
edits in ink | 0733 | unsettled
a jet stream to nowhere
the blue of the sky |
| 0720 | apple apple
on the tree . . . how your karma
first lured Eve | 0734 | chants at dawn
so soft . . . so deep
the mist |
| 0721 | within the surround
of wisteria breezes . . .
women poets | 0735 | a pause
at the end of an ordinary day
mackerel sky |
| 0722 | pushing her walker
mother hovers near
a hummingbird's nest | 0736 | big sky
beyond the fuss and bother
the blue of her eyes |
| 0723 | April rain
my shower hissing
like a snake | 0737 | this year's bees—
so busy sizing up
unused hive boxes |
| 0724 | unable to bend
swept away by March wind
her favorite hat | 0738 | mallard and hen
rest on the canal's rim
with the other stones |
| 0725 | the lone horse
chasing tumbleweeds
to the fence | 0739 | the hikers whisper
taking pictures of the owl
till mountain bikers |
| 0726 | arch in the brick wall
is that the way out
or the way in | 0740 | downy woodpecker
abandons a tough tree trunk
eats our sunflower seeds |
| 0727 | spring roses
"Love's Promise"
is my favorite | 0741 | favorite dog's ashes
received by the field, the lake,
the hereafter |
| 0728 | volunteering
California poppies
in an English garden | 0742 | ancient rocking chair
thousands of stories
cradled in its arms |
| 0729 | spring saunter
a dippy diddle wigger
wiggling on the path | 0743 | fallen camellia
unmoved on the ground
till its decay |
| 0730 | cloud burst
Tom Topper plopperdopping
through the puddles | 0744 | a plane to runway
a bird to young grass
approaching |
| 0731 | afternoon shade
didiltiditting from a branch
a spring fiddle dit | 0745 | to an infant
the spring wind was handed
with a pinwheel |
| 0732 | deepening twilight . . .
on cotton wood fluff cushions
nightlings nesting | 0746 | over the speed limit
and right through a stop sign . . .
hummingbird |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 0747 | a new name
on the neighbor's mailbox . . .
daffodils break ground | 0761 | a 4th tier woman
gets an alpha male—
wild geese return |
| 0748 | restless night . . .
turning to face a new day
sunflowers | 0762 | a 4th tier man
never gets a pretty girl—
Dolls Festival |
| 0749 | rustle of a mouse . . .
a great horned owl
swivels his head | 0763 | photohaiga
my Grandfather's face
a hundred years ago |
| 0750 | spring
a sandhill crane spreads
its feathers | 0764 | spring malady
I have never been to
my Grandfather's village |
| 0751 | spring drizzle
a water drop drips
down her neck | 0765 | stack exchange
the secret language
of money |
| 0752 | melting snow
tiny ripples over
pebbles | 0766 | salad days
supply of the harvest
fiddle head ferns |
| 0753 | mooring cattle
near rampart rock fence
dancing sunlight | 0767 | tarot card
readings sometimes can be
hit or miss |
| 0754 | nothing
ever lasts
Anthropocene | 0768 | planning a trip
suitcases taken down
from the loft |
| 0755 | calligraphy or
abc deary
pee haiku, in snow | 0769 | jumping
onto a lily pad
the frog's skinny legs |
| 0756 | hot spring
the red-faced monkeys
own it | 0770 | June heat
down the lavender path
hum of bees |
| 0757 | first fine day
the cat shedding
her winter coat | 0771 | magnolia buds
she searches for the perfect
flower |
| 0758 | rain rinsed grass
dog savors freshened smells
my own tasks delayed | 0772 | Second Saturday
I write a brief seventeen
Every now and Zen. |
| 0759 | iridescent bird
green wings shimmer on peace rose
suckling nectar | 0773 | Too shy too steep, he
Sang of his love, then she
Joined in a duet. |
| 0760 | singing harmony
is a feeling in my ears
vernal equinox | 0774 | Told: ". . . too old for love!",
See white crowned sparrows dancing
On my fingertips! |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 0775 | Harbinger: two geese
Northbound, boundless migration
Ever returning home | 0789 | which is more fragrant
the lavender or the white . . .
white wisteria |
| 0776 | cobblestones—
from somewhere a hint
of ceanothus | 0790 | stepping on wet pine needles
and hearing the crunching of stems
I smell green in the air |
| 0777 | a trash bag
full of uprooted oxalis
spring's passing | 0791 | the end of the day
watching seagulls fly in
just where are they going? |
| 0778 | long day
the backhoe hits
a sewer pipe | 0792 | painfully shy
she blushed to accept the dance
breathing deep the sunset |
| 0779 | commuters
filling the carpool lane
ants emerge | 0793 | bright ginko leaves!
a grandmother from China
pushing a stroller |
| 0780 | morning jogger—
my finger runs laps
around my coffee mug | 0794 | two blocks over
sirens in the night
winter solstice |
| 0781 | the ocean's tide
how you come
and go | 0795 | outdoors . . .
where the haiku are
winter rain |
| 0782 | trying to get it all
into my mouth—
shish kabob | 0796 | fog shrouded mountain
we toss blue lupine into
the crevasse with his urn |
| 0783 | empty paper cup
higher minimum wage
in a distant future | 0797 | fenced-off plum tree
its daughter-clones escape to sprout
throughout the park |
| 0784 | fog coiled on hilltops
waiting
to swallow the sky | 0798 | flowering plum
fourth day of convalescence
I wash my own hair |
| 0785 | unbroken bright blue sky
unremarkable
without clouds and fog | 0799 | Mother's Day
a bear cub painting paw prints
on my car |
| 0786 | successfully through
life threatening surgery . . .
Chinese orchids bloom | 0800 | such a loud song
by this new father
house sparrow |
| 0787 | leaving my daughter
in Dominican's good hands . . .
vernal moon rises | 0801 | blue matchstick unrequited love |
| 0788 | <i>Bouquet to Art</i> with
my ikebana friends . . .
naming the flowers | 0802 | Vivaldi spring blossoms birdsong in major key |
| | | 0803 | obsidian words bleeding hearts |
| | | 0804 | a bite for the common blue dragonfly—mosquitoes |
-

Spring Challenge Kigo— Spring Rain

- wondering
what this new ache is
light spring rain
~Richard St. Claire
- spring rain . . .
the chafing
of my crutches
~Michael Dylan Welch
- splash of spring rain
the trickle down
of days
~Joyce Lorensen
- spring rain
what could be
more necessary
~Michael Henry Lee
- spring rain—
by day three we agree
to two umbrellas
~Alison Woolpert
- uncertainty
sky with few clues
then spring rain
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson
- After years of drought
El Nino does deliver—
spring rain most welcome.
~David Sherertz
- spring rain
mixed with sleet and snow—
eagle on her nest
~Ruth Holzer
- spring rain tonight
downtown manhole covers
wear neon crowns
~Ed Grossmith
- to live
in the glory of sound . . .
spring rain
~Judith Schallberger
- first spring rain
the young coyote
facing up
~Dyana Basist
- how the lily pads
cup the droplets . . .
spring rain
~Michael Sheffield
- a Mahler song
as the sun goes down
spring rain
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
- long sleep . . .
the first slap of raindrops
on beavertail cactus
~Elinor Pihl Huggett
- April rain . . .
water droplets roll down
the last iris flower
~John J. Han
- spring rain
the cat leaves the window
for the bed
~Bev Momoi
- strumming lute heard
in house of ill repute—
April rain
~Lois Scott
- spring rain's over
yet the baby still covered
with its carriage-issued plastic sheet
~Zinovy Vayman
- along the canal
a decorated house boat
moored in spring rain
~Patricia Prime
- Worldly reflections
Scattered on the ripples on
puddles of spring rain
~William Peckham
- a wrapped guitar
on the cyclist's back
spring rain
~Phillip Kennedy
- Spring rain
school children walking home
hand-in-hand
~Joan Zimmerman
- soiled again spring rain ~Susan Burch
- cat chases fireflies spring rain
~Peg McAulay Byrd

Summer Challenge Kigo: Melon

June Hopper Hymas

Using the word “melon” as a kigo can get a little tricky. “Melon flower” is a spring kigo. Ripe melons are eaten in summertime, and “watermelon” is usually an early autumn kigo. In any case, melons are delicious, and bring back memories of long-ago picnics and outings. Rummage about in your memory bank for juicy and melony enjoyments to inspire your haiku.

hatsu makuwa / yotsu ni ya tata n / wa ni kira n

the first melon
shall it be cut crosswise
or into round slices Basho (#562)

ware ni niru na/ futatsu ni ware shi/ makuwauri

don't be like me
even though we're like the melon
split in two Basho (#649)

Basho; *The Complete Haiku*, Jane Reichhold, Kodansha 2008, 2013.

yûkage ya hato no mite iru hiyashi uri

evening shadows—
a pigeon watches
the melon cool Issa

uri suikuwa nennen korori korori kana

cantaloupes, watermelons—
rock-a-bye
babies Issa

Shinji Ogawa notes that the phrase, nennen korori is a phrase from a lullaby, like “rock-a-bye baby.” Issa is imagining that the cantaloupes and watermelons are sleeping. (Lanoue’s note.)

Issa’s haiku and explanatory note from David Lanoue at haikuguy.com

Send your haiku to the editor to be printed in the Challenge Kigo section with your name in the next GEPP0.

February—April 2016 Haiku Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers

January
again more month
than money
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

early morning—
rustling the bed of leaves
a homeless woman
~Dyana Basist

winter afternoon
I drive into the mist
knowing better
~Mimi Ahern

new year
the list of longings
longer
~Alison Woolpert

snow geese on the marsh—
the bartender floats thick cream
across the brandy
~Chris Horner

in a dream
my son talks with me
winter sunshine
~Christine Lamb Stern

raised eyebrows—
that smile we thought
was just between us
~Susan Burch

foggy day
gentle old man
thinks I'm his wife
~Christine Lamb Stern

blossom rain
washing my hands of
the material world
~Michael Henry Lee

winter attic
our cold feet touching
under the quilt
~Bruce Feingold

first calligraphy
with every stroke she makes
her intentions known
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

hazy moon
all over the place
wet blossoms
~Kyle Sullivan

call of a thrush
my longing
for shade
~Michael Sheffield

like so many
who went before him
. . . Guinea Pig
~Michael Henry Lee

icy wind
a couple of implants start to feel
like my own teeth
~Zinovy Vayman

heart of winter—
the evil daughter
slams down the phone
~Ruth Holzer

golden aspen grove
I listen to my friend
plan his death
~Joan Zimmerman

a pelican line
rises and falls with the waves
flapping toward sunset
~Elaine Whitman

Continuation
February—April 2016 Haiku Voted
Best by *GEPP*O Readers

Members Votes for
Dec. 2015- Feb. 2016 Haiku

sailing
 on his yacht
 his first wife
 ~Susan Burch

lover's . . .
 braiding branches of
 the willow tree
 ~Peg McAulay Byrd

hazy moon
 the tug
 of new loves
 ~Kyle Sullivan

river tide
 rushing towards the sea
 new year's morning
 ~Bruce Feingold

father's birthday
 the colors of autumn
 have come and gone
 ~Michael Henry Lee

Editor's apology for omitting the
 following three poems in the
 Feb 2016 issue:

Labor Day—
 cold-eyed I declutter
 my yarn stash
 ~Elaine Whitman

I'm becoming
 the one I can live with
 gibbous moon
 ~Mimi Ahern

autumn half moon
 rubbing the old mare
 on the spot she can't see
 ~Stephanie Baker

Michael Lee 0574-5, 0575-5, 0576-7
 Mimi Ahern 0577-1, 0578-9, 0579-4
 Richard St. Clair 0580-3, 0581-4
 Michael Sheffield 0582-6, 0583-3, 0584-2
 Dyana Basist 0585-10, 0586-2, 0587-1
 Joyce Lorenson 0588-3, 0589-1, 0590-2
 Ruth Holzer 0591-5, 0592-2, 0593-3
 Neal Whitman 0594-1, 0595-1, 0596-0
 Alison Woolpert 0597-9, 0598-0, 0599-4
 Elinor Pihl Huggett 0600-3, 0601-1, 0602-3
 Ed Grossmith 0603-1, 0604-0, 0605-2
 Joan Zimmerman 0606-2, 0607-1, 0608-5
 Judith Schallberger 0609-4, 0610-3, 0611-1
 Elaine Whitman 0612-0, 0613-5
 Zinovy Vayman 0614-3, 0615-5, 0616-1
 Peg McAulay Byrd 0617-5, 0618-2, 0619-3
 Chris Horner 0620-9, 0621-1, 0622-1
 Kevin Goldstein-Jackson 0623-0, 0624-1, 0625-1
 Carol Steele 0626-2, 0627-0, 0628-2
 Toni Homan 0629-0, 0630-0, 0631-0
 Beverly Momoi 0632-11, 0633-2, 0634-7
 Kyle Sullivan 0635-5, 0636-7, 0637-1
 Amy Ostenso 0638-1
 Lois Scott 0639-0, 0640-0, 0641-0
 Phillip Kennedy 0642-3, 0643-4, 0644-2
 David Sherertz 0645-1, 0646-0, 0647-0
 Bruce Feingold 0648-5, 0649-0, 0650-7
 Hiroyuki Murakami 0651-1, 0652-0, 0653-0
 Christine Stern 0654-9, 0655-8, 0656-0
 Johnnie Hafernik 0657-2, 0658-3, 0659-2
 Clysta Seney 0661-0, 0662-0, 0663-1
 Sherry Barto 0664-0, 0665-2, 0666-0
 Susan Burch 0660-1, 0667-5, 0668-9

Dojin's Corner Dec 2015—Feb 2016

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Patrick Gallagher

Greetings everyone. Emiko and Patricia have decided to change things up a bit this year; we thought bringing in some other voices to the column might be interesting. It is our plan to invite a different member of Yuki Teikei to be a guest commentator for each of this year's GEPPOs. Our first guest commentator is Yuki Teikei President, Patrick Gallagher. Welcome, Patrick!

Here are our choices from the last issue; the starred numbers are the haiku which we will comment on:

pjm: 0580, 0581, 0582, 0597, 0598, 0599, 0600, 0605, 0606, 0608*, 0609, 0614, 0620*, 0632, 0634, 0635, 0642*, and 0659.

EM: 0580*, 0586, 0600*, 0603, 0608, 0619*, 0620, 0638, and 0654

PG: 0575, 0578, 0580, 0604*, 0613*, 0620, 0635, 0655, 0667, 0668*

0580 selfie take two
winter wind
in my thinning hair

EM: A funny, yet serious, smile is felt from the haiku. A photo may stay long after the passing of the one who is being photographed. As the hair starts thinning, this fact may flash in his mind more often than before. It is a gift for the descendants to leave a good looking photo of their ancestor. "Oh no! The wind is stirring my neatly combed, bar-code hair (a comb-over)!" I like the first line very much because I do this, too. I think the kigo, winter wind, is nice here; I feel the chill touching the scalp.

pjm: "Winter wind/in my thinning hair" has been used before, I think. But the first line adds new life to it. The whole idea of a selfie brings in the idea of self-reflection.

The photographer is also the model worried about his or her hair. This awareness of hair and the hint of vanity seen through the photographer's lens make the suggestion of mortality all the more poignant.

PG: This poem provides an amusing ironic look at vanity, and the inevitability of aging. The wording "take two" and "thinning hair" bring out the vanity effectively; "winter wind" works at the level of seasonal reference and of age.

0600 two chains unwind . . .
the whole world orbits
a weathered tire swing

EM: We did this when we were small enough to fit in the swing chair! I never have had an opportunity to ride an old tire swing, but I think it is the same. The swing was what taught us the feeling of being in the air for the first time, and here it is telling us that the world does orbit. The spinning world may look so different and our body is moving so fast, too; we tighten our hands holding the chain. It's so beautiful when the whole world becomes freshly green in late spring!

PG: Here, the three lines together provide a compact description of a delightful experience. Understanding that "swing" is a spring season word allows us to connect that experience with youth. I am not sure that "weathered" adds to the poem, it seems dissonant with spring.

pjm: It's interesting how this poem unfolds: "chains" in the first line sets an ominous tone so that when we read "the whole world" in the second line, it feels like an immense burden. Continuing with the first three words of the third line, "a weathered tire" only adds to the burden. And then with the last word "swing" the whole mood of the poem shifts from somber to the light-hearted gladness of a spring day and "the whole world" that was a burden is suddenly imbued with exuberance and joy. This is a wonderful example of how a kigo operates in a poem. "Swing" is the most powerful word in the poem; it is able to dispel all the heaviness

and darkness hovering over the previous images and unify the feeling to one of spring's youthful vitality and wonder.

0604 dribbling and stumbling—
how the infant returns
in december

PG: This poem may be the author's takeoff on lines from Yeat's "Second Coming":

That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

Or, more likely, it is a reference to disappointingly weak El Nino storms. In any case it engenders thought, a good thing.

EM: I was not sure how to picture the second part of the haiku, "the infant returns/ in december." From where is this infant returning, and to where? Why in December, in the cold, may be in snow? The only cue I was given was "dribbling and stumbling," which is so typical of infants but sounded more like struggling in the poem rather than toddling in joy. A mysterious haiku for me, who is not so deeply steeped in Christianity.

pjm: Emiko, you are right to feel a bit unsure—this is a strange, opaque haiku. I read this as a verse about Christmas, a dark poem with a mood similar to T. S. Eliot's "Journey of the Magi." These are Eliot's opening lines:

A cold coming we had of it
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey
The ways deep and the weather sharp
The very dead of winter.

The speaker in the poem, an old Magi recalls:

There were times we regretted
The summer palaces on slopes, the terraces,
The silken girls bringing sherbet.

And the final stanza closes with:

... this Birth was
Hard and bitter agony for us, like Death, our death.
We returned to our places, these Kingdoms,

But no longer at ease here, in the old dispensation,
With an alien people clutching their gods. I should be
glad of another death.

Just as Eliot in this final stanza links the birth of Christ to His death on the cross so too does the haiku. Emiko, you noticed that the first line, "dribbling and stumbling," suggested struggle, and I agree. The word "stumbling" foreshadows Christ stumbling on under the weight of the cross.

So for all its opaqueness, there is depth here and therefore it's worth the struggle to unpack it.

0608 golden aspen grove
I listen to my friend
plan his death

pjm: The way I read this poem the planner is comfortable with and has accepted the prospect of his or her own death for it takes place in a "golden aspen grove." I have recently had an experience similar to that expressed in the poem, and I know firsthand the mix of emotions that are summoned if one has not yet made peace with death. First, there is the strong feeling of, "oh, no—life is so beautiful, there is so much left to do, to experience, to savor." Second, the strong wish to deny the reality that a plan is prudent and necessary. Third, the admiration for the one with such a clear-eyed, unflinching vision. Fourth, the recognition of the bravery the act of planning entails. And fifth, the anxiety that I, as a friend, might fall short in my role as loyal supporter.

I find the choice the place for planning—a grove—very effective. Grove is one letter change away from grave. In this masterful way the poet may be suggesting the grove will become the grave.

EM: The golden aspen's beautiful color makes a strong contrast with the planning of one's death. Or rather it embraces the ending of one's beautiful life.

I wonder when I plan my death what would be the best season for it. Like Saigo (1118-1190, Japanese tanka poet) who wished to die under the cherry blossoms, I might wish to let my soul to be carried away by scattering cherry petals . . .

PG: I've noted that many poems in this issue of *GEPP*O are subjective, citing human action or reaction, rather than the classic haiku stance, that haiku is poetry of the noun. Here for instance, the poem could leave out the author, which I prefer.

golden aspen grove
my friend's plan
for his death

pjm: I'm not sure about this, Patrick. If you remove the first person from the poem, don't you lose the complicated reaction and buried feelings of the observer?

PG: The reaction and buried feelings are still there, in "my friend's."

0613 a pelican line
rises and falls with the waves
flapping toward sunset

PG: This poem avoids the subjective, but seems artificial, and has no cut or contrast, which are common features of haiku.

EM: A sketch. I wonder if we can create a cut and make two images in one haiku instead. How about something like: sunset waves—/a pelican line's/rise and fall

pjm: Another poem about death. An excellent use of the traditional five-seven-five. The symmetric motion of the waves and the pelican line suggests a world in harmony: waves rise and fall, we breathe in and out, we are born and we die suggests the world is all of one piece. And the symmetry found in the traditional five-seven-five form echoes perfectly the meaning of the poem. I guess I am the contrarian here: I understand Patrick's and Emiko's desire to make a cut, but I'm afraid the harmony that five-seven-five form gives the poem would be lost and with it the essence of what the poem is all about.

0619 on the porch
warm empty rocker . . .
Mother's Day

EM: Why warm? Because someone has just left the rocker and her/his warmth still stays there is one way of reading this haiku. Perhaps we can read this warmth in more emotional way and think the chair belonged to the mother. Even when Mother is not seated there, knowing that it belonged to her, makes the family's heart warm. And it is the Mother's Day.

PG: In haiku, noting the absence of things is problematic on several levels. This poem is an example of that observation.

pjm: Someone (is it the mother?) has just been called away for the rocker is still warm from her body heat. Maybe the phone rang (a daughter calling?) or the doorbell chimed and someone (a son?) is at the door. We don't know the specifics—we only know that through this little sketch a waited-for moment is finally here.

0620 snow geese on the marsh—
the bartender floats thick cream
across the brandy

pjm: This poet has an artist's eye. The two images, if abstracted, have similar forms and colors. There is a strong horizontal line: above it is a layer of white (snow geese or thick cream) and below is the marsh or a liqueur the color of brandy. The five-seven-five form fits the subject matter perfectly; the long middle line forms the horizon.

EM: There is a white fluffy floating image in both parts of the haiku, snow geese and thick cream. I wonder if one is an actual view and the other is an association, or both are an actual scene, a bar in wilderness. Lovely.

PG: This poem is evocative, but puzzling. If there were instead sheep in the meadow, I would know we were at Clint Eastwood's Mission Ranch Inn, but here the import of the juxtaposition of wildlife and bar scene is difficult to relate to.

0642 gazing
into the Paleolithic
mule deer fawn

pjm: The late Paleolithic epoch (40,000-10,000 B.C.) is marked by the development of stone tools, carved antler and bone artifacts, and cave paintings of bison, deer, and bear, among others. This haiku suggests that seeing a mule deer in the spring of its life caused the poet to see, through the fawn's eyes, into the far distant past where the fawn's ancestors provided food and materials for art, tools, and comfort to the poet's ancestors, and where, for playing this role in the life of our ancestors, they were celebrated in carved statues and paintings. A thought-provoking and interesting layering of the past and present.

PG: This is hard work. Ordinarily I would pass over a poem I didn't get, like this one, with a phrase like "gazing into the Paleolithic" leaving a pleasant buzz in my brain, but here I'm supposed to make some sense of it. Happily, I have co-commentators, and their imaginative readings I recommend to you.

EM: A little one gazing at the ancient drawing of its ancestors. Fawn is a spring kigo; a new life meets an old one.

0668 raised eyebrows—
that smile we thought
was just between us

PG: This is a senryu. It makes me smile because it reminds me how new happy lovers cannot help but give themselves away in public.

EM: What do raised eyebrows indicate here? Anger, puzzled feelings? Since there is a kire at the end of the first line, the raised eyebrows are not part of the smile. The passing of time is captured here; nothing remains the same, and perhaps our feeling is among the most unstable things.

pjm: This senryu is small vignette capturing a bit of the human condition—a private exchange within the ever-present public world. And perhaps that is the poet's intent

to comment on the increasing loss of privacy in a world of ubiquitous cameras.

However, whenever I see a good senryu, I can't help but ask, "what if it had a kigo?" Would a kigo change it from a vignette, interesting in passing, to something larger? For example, what if it were:

Tanabata—
that smile we thought
was just between us

Now these lovers are seen in the context of legendary lovers. The raised eyebrows have been exchanged for the all-seeing and judgmental father/King. And the backdrop for the vignette is now a sky filled with stars: Altair, Vega, and the Milky Way—the cosmos itself! With the addition of a kigo the poem has been transformed from a small observation of human behavior to an anecdote in the larger tale of lovers over the centuries, of private vs. public, of freedom vs authoritarianism.

We invite your responses. Send letters to the GEPPPO editor.

YTHS Monthly Meetings

MARCH

East Bay Regional Park Botanic Garden, Berkeley

With our rain gear, picnic supplies, and camera in tow, my wife Roz and I arrived at the East Bay Regional Park Botanic Garden for the YTHS Meeting at 10:45 AM on Saturday March 12, 2016. Given the forecast, I was doubtful that anyone from YTHS would come. We waited around 20 minutes after the scheduled start time of 11 AM, and while many other visitors entered the Garden, no one from YTHS appeared.

But since we were there (Roz was scheduled to lead a weekend Docent Tour at 2 PM, which did get rained out), we decided to do our own Ginko Walk around the Garden. It wasn't really raining, just occasional drizzles. I took the photo below, and several photos of native flowers in bloom which can be seen on the YTHS website <https://youngeaves.org>. Most of the manzanita shrubs were in full bloom all over the Garden.

The Garden walk and the wet weather inspired the following haiku:

Old haiku poet
feels the rain, stands up and jumps –
splashes of water.

Hopefully, next year the Garden Tour will not be a washout, although we are grateful for all the rain.

David Sherertz



YTHS Monthly Meetings

APRIL

Filoli Gardens, Woodside

A light gray sky of soft rain set off the daffodils at the entrance to Filoli Gardens in Woodside, California. Created in 1917, Filoli was named by its first owner, William B. Bourn II, using the first two letters from the words of his credo: "Flight for a just cause; LOve your fellow man; Llive a good life." The second owner, Mrs. William Roth, donated the home in 1975 to the National Trust for Historic Preservation so future generations could enjoy its timeless beauty . . . and we did!

Members and their guests met first for lunch in the historic mansion followed by time to walk, sit, and write haiku. The meeting concluded with members reading their haiku and sharing one special thing that resonated.

President Patrick Gallagher: raindrops in the reflecting pond

Kathleen Wall: the tour of the garden and mansion

June Hopper Hyman: white tulip's curve of the stem

Mimi Ahern: surprise of the flowering dogwoods

Patricia Machmiller: prayerful spring rain

Carol Steele: lavender wisteria

Anne Homan: the aroma of the wisteria

Becky Davies (Ann Homan's daughter): delicate pink cherry blossoms

Ann Bendixen: 1 1/2" seedling pots of wisteria

Anne Hedge (Ann Bendixen's daughter): droplet of water on the dogwood blossom

write-up by Mimi Ahern



droplet of water
on the dogwood blossom
friends' laughter

haiku and photo by
Anne Hedge

One-Part Haiku

essay by Michael Dylan Welch

Consider the following poem, by Ruth Yarrow, which does not have a two-part structure that mirrors the most common Japanese practice of having a cutting word within the poem. Rather, it's equivalent to putting the cutting word at the end, creating a one-sentence poem:

the baby's pee
pulls roadside dust
into rolling beads

English doesn't have cutting words the way Japanese haiku do, so we never have them. Even if we did have them, in Ruth's poem there wouldn't be one because it's a one-part poem, so the "cut" is seen as coming at the end. In a poem like this one,

meteor shower . . .
a gentle wave
wets our sandals

the cut happens to be indicated by the ellipsis, but it's also there if no punctuation were used, because of the grammatical independence of the first line from the rest of the poem (the "cut" in haiku is both a grammatical independence *and* an imagistic change). In Japanese haiku, when the cutting word appears at the end, the poem has the same effect as Ruth's poems—reading as a single sentence. Here's one of mine to give another example:

an old woolen sweater
taken yarn by yarn
from the snowbank

This is not a winter poem. It's spring, and birds are taking bits of yarn to build a nest (William J. Higginson included it under the season word for "nest" in his book *Haiku World*, an English-language *saijiki*, or season-word almanac, published in 1996). The one-part structure, when it's used in Japanese haiku, tends to say "really think about this," because something is implied that comes beyond or outside the poem. My poem makes no mention of birds or nest-making, yet that is its point. The cut in haiku, whether within the poem or at the end, serves to heighten some kind of implication. Poems with the "cut" at the end still have two parts; it's just that the second part is implied, whatever it may be.

GEPP0 Submission Guidelines:

Send haiku, votes, articles, questions or comments by email to:

Betty Arnold, Editor

by mail to:

Betty Arnold, *GEPP0* Editor

Send 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 most number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.

Comment from the Editor:

Did you know 20% of the poets who submitted haiku in the last issue did not send in any votes? Please remember voting is a wonderful opportunity to give and receive feedback. We encourage the practice for the learning benefit of all. Please note which haiku you like best and send in your votes!

Annual YTHS Membership Dues

YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with four issues of the *GEPP0*, notification of events and the annual membership anthology. Only members can submit to the *GEPP0* and anthology.

Domestic and Canada dues \$32, Seniors \$26. International dues \$40, Seniors \$31. Mail check (from American banks only) or money order to:

Toni Homan,
Membership Secretary

Please note only members who have paid their annual membership dues for the year can submit to the *GEPP0* and anthology.



2016 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Retreat

Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA
November 10-13, 2016 (Thursday-Sunday)

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society hosts a long weekend haiku poetry retreat at Asilomar Lodge and Conference Center, located along a dramatic section of the Monterey California coastline. The retreat is designed to inspire and nurture the creative spirit of haiku poets near and afar. Guest speakers will offer insight into the process of writing haiku. And the program is designed to allow ample time for attendees to wander and write in a relaxed and informal atmosphere. Opportunities are also available for poets to share their work and participate in renku.

The theme for our 2016 retreat is "**Kigo/ Season Words**". Our special guest speaker will be Charles Trumbull, a well know haiku poet, scholar, editor and publisher. Having recently completed a 2-year review of 10,000 Shiki haiku categorized by kigo, Mr Trumbull will share with us his findings. He'll also lead a discussion with Patricia J. Machmiller and President Patrick Gallagher on the role of kigo and how kigo translates to the English language. Charles Trumbull has written a number of books, been a long time publisher of *Modern Haiku*, was a former president of HSA and in 2013-14 was made the 17th honorary curator of the American Haiku Archives in Sacramento, CA.

Other special presentations at this retreat will include: a kukai (Japanese haiku contest); haiga presentations; a dress up renku party; announcement of the winners of the 2016 Tokutomi Haiku Contest; and presentation of the *2016 YTHS Anthology*.

We're very excited Charles Trumbull has accepted our invitation to join us this year. We hope to see you ther



YTHS Annual Retreat at Asilomar November 10-13, 2016

Cost:

full conference fee + shared room (3/rm) + 9 meals	\$ 525
full conference fee + shared room (2/rm) + 9 meals	\$ 565
full conference fee + single room + 9 meal	\$ 775
conference fee only	\$ 100

Deposit of \$100 due by June 30. Balance due by Sept 15. Deadlines are firm.

Registration Form:

Please mail this registration form with your check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, to our retreat registrars:

Amy Ostenso & Phillip Kennedy .

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: (home) _____ (cell) _____

Email: _____

Special Needs (physical &/or dietary): _____

Vegetarian Meals: Yes No (please circle)

2016 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

2016

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|----------------------------|--|
| 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 <u>no peanuts</u> or peanut content in the lunch items. |
| June 30 | 2016 YTHS Asilomar Retreat registration due with \$100 deposit. |
| Sat, July 9
6pm | Tanabata at Anne and Don Homan's home. |
| Mon, Aug 1 | <i>GEPP</i> O submissions due. |
| Aug | No meeting |
| Sept 15 | Final payment for Asilomar Retreat due. |
| Sat, Sept 17
6pm | Moon Viewing Party at Carol Steele's home,.
Pot luck dinner. Please <u>no peanuts</u> or peanut content in the food items. |