

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

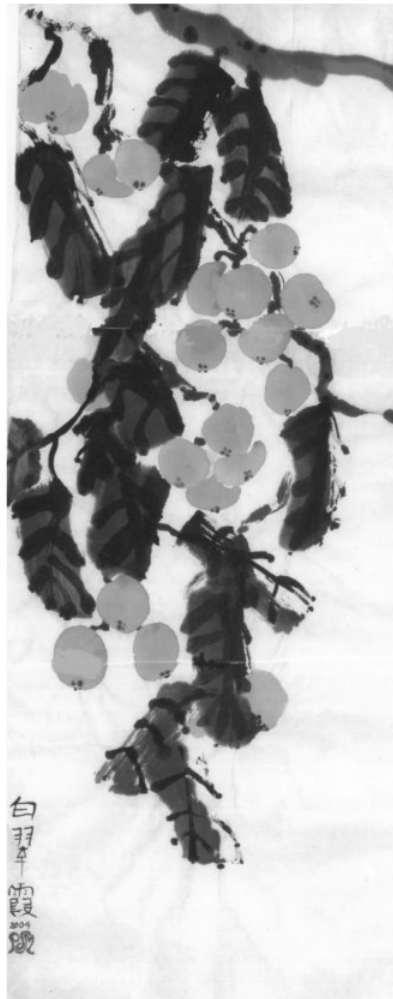
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|------|--|------|--|
| 0805 | sing now
and wake the dead
drop anchor | 0816 | mushroom gathering—
remind me, is this aisle six
or aisle seven? |
| 0806 | Father's legacy
he promised to keep us safe—
<i>it's only the wind</i> | 0817 | Memorial Day
the sky in various
shades of blue |
| 0807 | what's it like
to be an octopus?
<i>it's a living</i> | 0818 | white out
just our
little secret |
| 0808 | today at Sea World
an octopus has three hearts
my granddaughter, too | 0819 | election year
more crows
than I'm used to seeing |
| 0809 | stone pier
the rowdy splashes
of swimmers | 0820 | day moon
the world about
its business |
| 0810 | feathering clouds
ducks suspicious
of the swan boats | 0821 | beach-loving children
chasing waves
into the sea |
| 0811 | lemonade break
behind the mower
grass begins to grow | 0822 | Tanabata stars
fixed
in his cell phone |
| 0812 | lightning stunned sky
over a rain carved gully
a robin flapping | 0823 | heirloom tomatoes
and a dash of sugar
grace notes |
| 0813 | autumn rain
in a dangling well bucket—
its emptiness overflows | 0824 | her secret crush
on the boy next door
bee balm |
| 0814 | plum blossoms
gather at the curbside . . .
my missed bus | 0825 | small town—
stopping in the hot streets
to gossip |
| 0815 | prow of his canoe
parting dry reeds—
a bulrush pops | 0826 | humid afternoon—
the great blue heron
a shadow of himself |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 0827 | first firefly—
with such little light
have I survived | 0841 | gator country . . .
lying like a log in water
a log |
| 0828 | walking
with a bright umbrella--
summer shower | 0842 | sudden squall . . .
the whole sky falls
into the sea |
| 0829 | bright morning
the unbalanced table mended
by a broken teaspoon | 0843 | straw hat . . .
scattered across her cheeks
wide brimmed freckles |
| 0830 | laundromat
on a cloudy day
my spin cycle | 0844 | barrow of carrots . . .
staying true to its center
the wheel slowly turns |
| 0831 | pale morning
the cowherd girl barefoot
and the ox missing | 0845 | all day I watch
that one-winged crow
summer sky |
| 0832 | planning
my seventh career
mist-hazed Pleiades | 0846 | hummingbirds
buzzing around my head
violin practice |
| 0833 | lingering heat
garage sale leftovers
dusty love letters | 0847 | stealthily rustling
in the somber summer woods
a murder of crows |
| 0834 | violet blossoms
long gone is
their legacy | 0848 | her scent now gone
after weeks of summer sun—
empty kimono |
| 0835 | barbecue
asking for a vegan sandwich
brings a wry smile | 0849 | she defends the tents
by the freeway entrance—
scorching heat |
| 0836 | fasting
before blood work
distant lightning | 0850 | still mouse
sound
of the CAT scan |
| 0837 | summer day
crawling in the roses
a bee | 0851 | Veterans Day . . .
his decorated
three wheel scooter |
| 0838 | a year ago
I thought I was dying
wild roses in the grass | 0852 | calling out
<i>sakura-sakura</i>
petal pink light |
| 0839 | warm sunlight
what more is there to say
sprinkles of rain | 0853 | small child
practicing his wave
catches a fly |
| 0840 | June afternoon
this day dreaming never stops
ripening plums | 0854 | tasting the sky
the hawk's swift moves
capture its prey |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 0855 | tortoise mind
calm deliberation
back in its shell | 0869 | a neighbor's lush lawn—
my irritation for him
keeps growing |
| 0856 | looking out to sea
waves of insignificance
roll to shore | 0870 | thinning hair
a new way to part it
brings delight |
| 0857 | autumn equinox
the lot of vintage postcards
fifty cents apiece | 0871 | chanting session
her long eyelashes
downcast |
| 0858 | autumn loneliness—
on a country road I pass up
the hitchhiker | 0872 | rising light
the scent of tea
and poetry |
| 0859 | cold dawn
<i>the lone kon-ka-reeees</i>
of a blackbird | 0873 | first rays
the doors of possibility
flung open |
| 0860 | widow's garden
a miniature bridge covers
the rock river | 0874 | alder afternoon
creek reflections shimmering
in dappled shade |
| 0861 | property-line pine
something for the neighbors
to fight about | 0875 | scorching afternoon
shouts and splashed echoing
from a distant shore |
| 0862 | summer vacation—
the gopher snake escapes
his own skin | 0876 | soft half moon
hangs in midday sky
waiting for darkness |
| 0863 | first driver's license
and Grandpa's '64 Chev—
the wind in her hair | 0877 | homeless man
speaks to the universe
gets no reply |
| 0864 | pulling weeds—
the ones I call flowers if
they stay in their beds | 0878 | squash plant
takes over my garden
big troublemaker |
| 0865 | white parachute—
my hair styled to cover
my bald spot | 0879 | from the far shore
kayakers' laughter
floats to me |
| 0866 | new rock band—
something safe
to crush on | 0880 | "We're moving."
turn east, follow the sun
morning glories |
| 0867 | at work
the communications board
with nothing on it | 0881 | quiet house
old regrets
new possibilities |
| 0868 | my heart
empty again
red wagon | 0882 | retired
the freedom to choose
still fighting with my mother |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 0883 | foggy morning
small, cold, mysterious
world | 0897 | lotus petal
becomes an impromptu boat
across the water |
| 0884 | yellow dahlia
among others of purple—
my neighbor's delight | 0898 | a tent
and the voice of the wind
are disassembled |
| 0885 | hold my hand and sing—
charm me into midday nap
along with the puppy | 0899 | bride and groom
you two are engineers
summer breeze |
| 0886 | behind closed eyes
overlapping colors spread—
edge of my dreams | 0900 | migrant worker and his dog
sleeping in the open air
heat wave |
| 0887 | summer evening—
tree silhouettes in last light
but puppy won't poop. | 0901 | condemned house
a wrecking ball
hangs idle |
| 0888 | Rainbows of sunlight
stream down between the fir fronds—
steady breeze, blue sky. | 0902 | a woman listens
to her dog barking over the phone
summer evening |
| 0889 | June gloom, July third
bring your sparklers and parkas
cold weather—absurd. | 0903 | a hungry raccoon
devours the cat food
summer night |
| 0890 | Summer solstice treat—
a spectacular sunset
and Strawberry Moon. | 0904 | assisted living
not one wants to settle down . . .
gibbous moon |
| 0891 | Searching Kyoto
for shadows of my sister—
finding, not finding. | 0905 | a new long-life roof
transforms our old bungalow—
migrating raptors |
| 0892 | hydrangeas
five hundred women and men
become citizens | 0906 | the intimacy
of pure longing . . .
Seventh Night rain |
| 0893 | breaking out
of a dismal conversation
Bastille Day | 0907 | buck moon—
tension mounts in the harem
with an early rut |
| 0894 | abandoned car
the spider adds another layer
of web | 0908 | silent to my ears
the daddy long legs
rests on my arm |
| 0895 | the heart's
vanishing perspective
summer fog | 0909 | summer wild fires
blazingggggggg
No Smoking Allowed |
| 0896 | swapping gossip
across the backyard fence
Pink Ladies | 0910 | Sacramento heat
watching Harry Potter with
my young granddaughter |
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- 0911 Triumph of elite:
the next President
of their choice
- 0912 Pasternak's backyard
the barbs on the barbed wire
rotate on their rust
- 0913 gone forever
the rhythm of her skirt
up the gentle hillside
- 0914 Halley's comet!
all these years
since Mark Twain's time
- 0915 lake edge—
bright and solitary
bulrush heads
- 0916 donning work gloves
I pull out the garden's
withering weeds
- 0917 ferry boat
the skipper eats his lunch
feet on the dashboard
- 0918 city park
the scented ticking
of a floral clock
- 0919 summer fog all day
someone else's
sunset
- 0920 good days and bad days
shadows of summer clouds
dapple the hills
- 0921 patterns of petals
on summer dew—
fleeting eulogies
- 0922 the night battle lost . . .
I'm inhaling
my mosquito net
- 0923 hollywood and vine
starstruck emojis
bounce for attention
- 0924 cormorant
hurries upriver
to hawk its feathers
- 0925 he brings politics
into our peaceful abode—
summer thunder
- 0926 a wilting luffa
he now googles
mandrakes
- 0927 zen garden—a lizard ruffles the sand
- 0928 carpenter bees drilling porches—for next
generation
- Apologies to Ann Bendixen for a typo in her
playful haiku published in the May issue.
- calligraphy or
abecedary
in snow, pee haiku



Summer Challenge Kigo: Melon

after haying
a 20lb. melon
in the milk cooler
~Joyce Lorenson

son's visit
cutting the melon
scraping the seeds
~Gloria Jaguden

melon patch
mom and plumping babies
bask among the blossoms
~Michael Sheffield

flirting houseful—
melon balls
at the potluck
~Michael Dylan Welch

this long pregnancy-
she weeds between the melons
eating garden dirt
~Dyana Basist

Eating square melon
ripened in a wooden form
maybe not as sweet?
~Lois Heyman Scott

malaise alfresco
counting the seeds
in a seedless melon
~Michael Henry Lee

split in half
the melon serves as a feast
for fruit bats
~Peg McAulay Byrd

Childhood memories
spitting watermelon seeds—
now they're all seedless.
~David Sherertz

newlyweds
the watermelon forgotten
in the stream
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

at the front door
greetings from the back kitchen
—cantaloupe
~Alison Woolpert

pulling up
the last croquet hoop—
melon slices
~Phillip Kennedy

spitting
on the streets of Newark
watermelon seeds
~Ruth Holzer

tip of the knife—
an overripe melon
makes the split
~Christine Horner

a pregnant woman
looks at her tummy
and the melon
~Majo Leavick

school crossing
the squeal of brakes
and rumble of melons
~Joan Zimmerman

summertime
the boy's grin lost
in watermelon
~Patricia Prime

honey dew melon balls
sitting in the rain
drenched in love
~E. Luke

first ripe muskmelon
remembering the taste
I'd forgotten
~Richard St. Clair

watermelon—
scooping out balls
of juicy gossip
~Susan Burch

seedless watermelon—
no spitting contest
today
~Janis Lukestein

wide-eyed sand dollars
paired with melon rind smiles
and tuckered out babes
~Clysta Seney

melon balls
splashed with chilled blanc de blanc—
foodie delights
~Judith Schallberger

Warm watermelon the first slice since my mom's death
~Zinovy Vayman

Members Votes for February—April 2016 Haiku

Richard St. Claire 0669-1, 0670-3, 0671-1, 0672-10, 0673-1
Neal Whitman 0674-1, 0675-3, 0676-0, 0677-2
Elaine Whitman 0678-3, 0679-3, 0680-2, 0681-1, 0682-3
Michael Dylan Welch 0683-6, 0684-2, 0685-6, 0686-8
Mimi Ahern 0687-2, 0688-8, 0689-7
Joyce Lorensen 0690-2, 0691-1, 0692-0, 0693-4
Michael Henry Lee 0694-6, 0695-8, 0696-4, 0697-4
Alison Woolpert 0698-3, 0699-0, 0700-2, 0701-0
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson 0702-1, 0703-1, 0704-0, 0705-0
David Sherertz 0706-0, 0707-0, 0708-0
Ruth Holzer 0709-2, 0710-7, 0711-2, 0712-9
Amy Ostenso 0713-1
Ed Grossmith 0714-4, 0715-3, 0716-2
Janis Lukestein 0717-1
Judith Schallberger 0718-0, 0719-0, 0720-1, 0721-3
Dyana Basist 0722-6, 0723-1, 0724-3, 0725-4
Patrick Gallagher 0726-2, 0727-1, 0728-7
Michael Sheffield 0729-1, 0730-0, 0731-1, 0732-1
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik 0733-1, 0734-4, 0735-6, 0736-3
Christine Horner 0737-2, 0738-1, 0739-0
Christine Lamb Stern 0740-1, 0741-2, 0742-7
Hiroyuki Murakami 0743-0, 0744-0, 0745-0
Elinor Huggett 0746-10, 0747-4, 0748-2, 0749-3
John J. Han 0750-1, 0751-2, 0752-1
Ann Bendixen 0753-0, 0754-2, 0755-0
Beverly Acuff Momoi 0756-5, 0757-1, 0802-1
Lois Heyman Scott 0758-1, 0759-0, 0760-0
Zinovy Vayman 0761-0, 0762-0, 0763-0, 0764-2
Peg McAulay Byrd 0765-0, 0766-0, 0767-0, 0804-0
Patricia Prime 0768-0, 0769-2, 0770-3, 0771-1
William Peckham 0772-1, 0773-0, 0774-0, 0775-0
Phillip Kennedy 0776-3, 0777-2, 0778-6, 0779-2
Susan Burch 0780-7, 0781-3, 0782-1, 0801-0
Sherry Barto 0783-2, 0784-3, 0785-0
Carol Steel 0786-1, 0787-0, 0788-0, 0789-1
Toni Homan 0790-1, 0791-2, 0792-0
June Hopper Hymas 0793-1, 0794-0, 0795-5
Betty Arnold 0796-3, 0803-0
Joan Zimmerman 0797-0, 0798-4, 0799-1, 0800-4

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

gift of daffodils
she asks again
what kind of flower
~Richard St. Clair

ancient rocking chair
thousands of stories
cradled in its arms
~Christine Lamb Stern

over the speed limit
and right through a stop sign . . .
hummingbird
~Elinor Huggett

morning jogger—
my finger runs laps
around my coffee mug
~Susan Burch

red sunset—
tasting the smoke
of distant wildfires
~Ruth Holzer

first day of spring—
lights from the night ferry
streak the harbour
~Michael Dylan Welch

train depot—
a wet leaf clings
to the stroller wheel
~Michael Dylan Welch

tug of the current—
I let go
of my traditional haiku
~Michael Dylan Welch

4 a.m.
faint syncopation
of spring rain
~Mimi Ahern

happy hour
the bar maid laughs
at all my jokes
~Michael Henry Lee

sickle moon
imagining a world
without razor wire
~Michael Henry Lee

pushing her walker
mother hovers near
a hummingbird's nest
~Dyana Basist

practicing
indifference . . .
a spring cat
~Mimi Ahern

a pause
at the end of an ordinary day
mackerel sky
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

where the creek
meets the river
spring birdsong
~Ruth Holzer

long day
the backhoe hits
a sewer pipe
~Phillip Kennedy

volunteering
California poppies
in an English garden
~Patrick Gallagher

hot spring
the red-faced monkeys
own it
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

outdoors . . .
where the haiku are
winter rain
~June Hopper Hymas

Challenge Kigo: Autumn Loneliness, Alone (mood)
sabishii: lonely; lonesome; desolate; solitary

In Memoriam: Jane Reichhold (1937-2016)

In Jane's book of her own seasonally arranged haiku, *A Dictionary of Haiku*, Jane Reichhold uses the word "alone" to reflect the mood of autumn. This reminds me of the kigo "Autumn Loneliness" that was used as the title for our book of translated letters between Mr. and Mrs. Tokutomi, when they were separated as Kiyoshi underwent medical treatment in Japan. This book, *Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi*, is still available! I can recommend it without reservation.

alone now
 the bed is rumpled
 and awake

alone on the rock
 there seems to be something
 the sea wants

deep thoughts
 a lone man stares
 out to sea

(Haiku by Jane Reichhold from her collection, *A Dictionary of Haiku*;
 second edition, AHA Books, 2013, page 169.)

in the fairytale
 there is always a stranger
 autumn loneliness—

Patricia J. Machmiller

Basho writes to his friend Ransetsu: sabishisa o toote kurenu ka kiri hitoha

A paulownia leaf has fallen :
 Will you not come to me
 In my loneliness?

Matsuo Basho

Source: <http://haikuandhappiness.blogspot.com/2007/05/paulowniakiri.html>

Here, the sense of autumn is reinforced by the falling leaf of autumn.

This sort of thing might be tough to achieve . . . it is usually best to stick to one kigo . . .

For your challenge kigo haiku (which will be printed with your name in the next *GEPP0*) you might use either the kigo "autumn loneliness," *sabishii*: lonely; lonesome; desolate; solitary, or create a haiku with the mood of aloneness.

June Hopper Hymas

Dojin's Corner Feb-Apr 2016

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and
Alison Woolpert

Greetings everyone. In keeping with our plan to invite a different member of Yuki Teikei to be a guest commentator for each of this year's *GEPPOs*, we have invited Alison Woolpert to join us for this column. She, as you know, recently served as president of YTHS. Welcome, Alison!

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

pjm: 0696, 0697, 0715, 0722*, 0725, 0736*,
0746*, 0798

E: 0704, 0752, 0757, 0771, 0777, 0780*
0790, 0798, 0799*, 0800*

AW: 0683, 0686, 0711, 0714, 0722, 0728*,
0745*, 0778*, 0789, 0800

0722 pushing her walker
mother hovers near
a hummingbird's nest

pjm: A mother toward the end of life hovers nearby watching a hummingbird tend her nest. It is the word "hover" that ties the elderly woman now past child-bearing age and the little bird together. This understated but well-crafted writing strikes deep into the heart of the meaning of motherhood. In this fleeting glimpse of a frail woman watching a bird at her nest, we recall our own mother. And if we are a mother, we may even see ourselves standing there looking up remembering what it was to give life and to bestow care and loving attention on a child.

Alison: This haiku is special to me. My mother, who lived to be 102, would push her walker all over outside, especially at night to view the moon. The poet writes "mother hovers near." "Hovers" is a good verb for what parents do best, human parents, as well as hummingbird parents. This mother hovers near the nest checking it out; are

there already eggs in it, or baby hummingbirds, or is a feeding in progress? It's lovely to imagine any of these possibilities, as long as no raptor is circling overhead.

E: A lovely sketch of an old lady and her life. The mother is on her walker but is hovering. The word, "hover," gives us an impression that she is in the air. And by the last line I am sure that she actually can be doing so!

0728 volunteering
California poppies
in an English garden

Alison: The first concrete image is that of poppies. But, it was a surprise for me to find the volunteers growing in an English garden. My mind had to switch away from that of a field of poppies covering a hillside, like I had recently seen while driving through the Tejon Pass on my way to Southern California. Now, I see poppies scattered here and there in a rolling landscape, a few clumps at the base of a wooden bridge, or around a small lake. Usually it's the wind that carries volunteer seeds, but they could have been released from a packet of seeds handed out at a memorial service or a wedding. Maybe someone purposefully tossed them into the wind while visiting this English garden. I wonder if the poet had attended the recent Yuki Teikei outing at Filoli Gardens and perhaps saw them growing there?

E: California poppies, which normally are not included in the designing of an English Garden, are nonetheless adding their bright yellow to the garden. The word "volunteering" gives me an idea that the seeds were carried there by the hands of nature and not by the gardener.

pjm: The operative word here is "volunteering." What some call "volunteers," others might call intruders. The notion of this well-organized and proper English garden being host to some free-wheeling and uncontrolled poppies brings a smile. What happy "volunteers," weedy though they may be, these California poppies are!

0736 big sky
beyond the fuss and bother
the blue of her eyes

pjm: I think of “big sky” as the American equivalent of the Japanese kigo, “high sky,” an autumn kigo that expresses the feeling of being filled with ecstatic joy. In this image the writer is looking into the blue eyes of another and in doing so sees a soul as exuberant and joyful as that of a “big sky.”

Alison: The blue of her eyes refers back to the sky, so I imagine it to be a clear, sunny day. Clear, sunny days can happen any time of the year. Though there is not a season word in this haiku, I am taken with the images. A woman is preoccupied and too busy, yet during a pause in activity they make eye contact. And, at that special moment, the blue of her eyes and that of the big sky beyond captivate the poet.

E: The third line is beautiful, and goes back to the first line adding the color to the big sky. The second line is a bit conceptual and not clear to me what actually is happening to her, but the repetition of the “b” sound is creating a comfortable yet heavy rhythm to the haiku and speaks in that way.

0745 to an infant
the spring wind was handed
with a pinwheel

Alison: This is a magical haiku, as if the spring wind itself can be held in one’s hand. How novel the power of wind to an infant; with just a turn of its tight fist that grips the pinwheel, the wind is seen. Plastic curls attached at the pinwheel’s axle to a stick by a pin start to move, speed up, slow down, or stop. This simple whirligig offers science as play, a gift for a child or for the child within. You can almost bet that the adult first had to try it out to be sure that it worked. Because the wind is a “spring wind,” we feel the fleetingness of the season, as well as the momentariness of infancy, the time of life when all is new.

E: Lovely! Is it necessary to make the poem in the past tense? I like it better with “is” than “was.”

pjm: I’m very fond of this idea—it’s fresh and heart-warming. I like Emiko’s idea of using the present tense, but I would suggest going further and revising it to get rid of the passive voice all together. One possible rewrite might be:

the pinwheel—
handing an infant
the spring wind

0746 over the speed limit
and right through a stop sign
hummingbird

pjm: This haiku makes me so happy. It goes just as fast as the hummingbird, and having taken it in, you say, “Yes! That’s exactly how fast they go,” and you find yourself grinning from ear to ear upon reading this perfectly written image.

Alison: My mind raced along with the first two lines, and then it came to a complete stop with the one-word third line “hummingbird.” The hummingbird did not stop. Funny, a hummingbird breaking the law!

E: A surprise at the third line! Yes, I miss hummingbirds; they are not here in Tokyo. The poem captures the bird’s speed so well.

0778 long day
the backhoe hits
a sewer pipe

Alison: Was this a DIY job, renting a backhoe to dig holes for landscaping or to break up an asphalt driveway? Did one hope to only rent a backhoe at a half-day rate and therefore was in too big of a hurry? Or, was the person simply exhausted from many hours of hard labor? These kinds of jobs always take longer than planned. And, it doesn’t really matter if it was their fault or the fault of hired help, the sewer pipe is broken, and we all know what that means; calling a plumber, more long days, and lots more money.

E: Spring brings sleepiness, perhaps the driver of the backhoe was feeling sleepy,

too, and therefore he/she was not careful enough to aim at the right place! But surely the driver is fully awake now!

pjm: Uh, oh. Yes, it's going to be a very long, hot, smelly day!

0780 morning jogger—
my finger runs laps
around my coffee mug

E: My husband runs twice a week in the morning, each time sixteen kilometers along the Tama River. I don't. I stay home sound asleep while he dresses himself for jogging at around 5 a.m. By the time he returns, my kitchen is filled with the aroma from freshly brewed coffee, miso soup and steaming rice. I imagined a jogger passing outside the window, and the author drinking coffee inside, getting ready to start a day. The author thinks jogging is not a bad idea but conditions just don't coincide with his/her lifestyle. So instead of actually joining the jogger, he/she does the round with one finger! Sunny morning in the early summer.

Alison: Is this a morning jogger taking the morning off like I did this morning from my exercise class? I sat outside in my garden with a cup of tea. This person has a mug of coffee and the caffeine must be hitting the bloodstream for them to be running finger laps around the rim! This haiku, to me, lacks a season word. What if it was a "cool morning jogger" or "cold morning jogger," then I would be happier to be indoors with a mug of coffee.

pjm: This poem, too, pleases me. I imagine the jogger passing as I sit enjoying my morning coffee from a pleasant perch in my front garden, or maybe I'm at a table outside a coffee house. Wherever I am, the only effort I'm exerting is running my finger around the cup before taking a sip. Because of the jogger, I am assuming this is a lovely, lazy summer morning. Emiko, is "jogger" a kigo in Japan?

E: No, it has no season.

pjm: Then what in the haiku leads you to say that it is a "sunny morning in the early summer"?

E: Because of the time of day. When the day begins early like at 5 am, it is already bright so that my husband, who jogs, can run for an hour or two before starting his work. Based on my life, the feeling of early summer is a time for jogging; when summer deepens, it gets too sunny to run even in the morning hours. Winter is too dark, autumn is too busy for antique dealers!

pjm: Alison, you seem to be thinking it is autumn or winter because of the cup of coffee. Is that right?

Alison: I did not get a feeling for any particular season, and that is why I was suggesting adding one. Where I live, joggers are out running along the beach cliffs year round. It is not too hot in the summer, but it can be cold in the winter.

E: I am not saying that jogging is an early summer kigo, but for me the entire haiku has the feeling of early summer, which is May in Japan.

pjm: What this discussion tells me is that the haiku is open to different interpretations. And perhaps, the writer is okay with that. But if the writer wants to create a particular feeling that is uniformly communicated, then he/she needs to be more definitive.

0799 Mother's Day
a bear cub painting paw prints
on my car

E: I wonder if Mother's Day is the right choice for the juxtaposition with the rest of the haiku; however, it can be imagined that the bear cub is doing so as a Mother's Day gift for its mother. If the paw prints are just muddy prints, then it's a lovely story, but if they are scratches, I feel sorry for the author! By the time of Mother's Day, the cubs must be still small and cute, I assume. A Happy Mother's Day for both humans and for the bears!

Alison: “Mother’s Day” and “bear cub” . . . this haiku has two season words, but I’m not sure that I understand the relationship. Bear cubs are born in the spring, and are never far from their mother. Maybe this event took place on Mother’s Day? In the 1950’s and 60’s it was common in a National Park to see a line of cars and call it a “bear jam.” People would stick their hands out of their cars with food for the bears. The National Park Service put a stop to that activity both for bear and human safety. But, bears are now breaking into the campers’ vehicles all on their own.

pjm: Wow! This is pretty exciting! I’d have my windows rolled up and car doors locked. Where there’s a cub, there’s a mother somewhere nearby, and she probably isn’t as cute!

0800 such a loud song
by this new father
house sparrow

E: Who is the new father? Mr. Sparrow or the father who lives in the house where the house sparrows are dwelling. Is he the one who is singing noisily like sparrows? I like to picture a happy sparrow father who is singing for his little offspring. However, the author may not be totally happy to hear him sing because the first line does not sound so appreciating. Maybe he/she needs more quiet to enjoy the last minutes of sleep! But at the same time, it is not bad to hear a happy father singing loudly for his child, too. I live in Tokyo where neighbors’ conversations are carried in the air, and I often have to listen to our neighbors getting excited over a baseball game on TV. This haiku reminds me of how well bird songs travel, and how lively they are.

Alison: And what new parent doesn’t feel proud? I googled allaboutbirds.org, the Cornell Lab of Ornithology site, to hear the song. The description of the common house sparrow song is a “monotonous series of cheep or cheerup” notes. If the song is louder, I can imagine that it might be vexing in the wee morning hours. But, father has to sing. Cheerup!

pjm: It is interesting how many poems we chose this time that reflect the emotions of joy, happiness or exuberance. These are very strong emotions, and I find haiku is one of the best poetry forms for expressing them. The short form lends itself to powerful expressions while at the same time it resists becoming maudlin or sappy.

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



YTHS Monthly Meetings: May

Spring Reading in the Tea House, Japanese Friendship Garden, San Jose

As our YTHS group headed out from the Tea House at 11:00 AM for a docent-led tour of the Japanese Friendship Garden in San Jose CA, we were grateful for the gorgeous spring weather. While our docent, Kathy Tanaka, stopped along the walkway, we listened intently to her informative talk. Some enjoyed the sun while others scampered for shade under a canopy of burgundy-leafed plums and other shade-offering trees.

As Kathy pointed out the water fountain flowing over Stone Turtle Island, we were told there are no live turtles allowed in the ponds due to problems with disease. At a stop alongside one of the ponds midway through the garden, Kathy gave us each a handful of koi food pellets. We tossed them out and about for the large, eager, multicolored koi, and as she requested, tried to avoid the many ducks and geese. But they had their adept, webbed feet ready for action as they made a quick dash through the water to get their fair share!

The shadows of some small manicured pines at the edge of one pond were a painter's delight; they looked like a simplified ink painting. The shadows were an effective contrast to the real pines with their shapely trunks and thickly needled green boughs. The tour was lovely, leisurely, and well informed, an enjoyable precursor to the gathering at the Tea House for a delicious lunch, refreshments, and an afternoon of fabulous haiku readings!

The four featured readers of the day were: Mimi Ahern, Marcia Behar, Elaine Whitman and Cherie Hunter Day. Sadly, Cherie was unable to attend due to a death in her family.

the grace of this leaf

that falls from a ginkgo tree joining the
others

Mimi Ahern

my memory of
the lotus blossoms

—a much deeper pink

Marcia Behar

a tiny cup
of heated sake
evening star

Elaine Whitman

raw umber the hill's shorthand for want

Cherie Hunter Day

The morning garden walk inspired the following poems, shared during the open mic period:

Quinceañera day . . .
cream magnolias leak

a sweet fragrance Judith Morrison Schallberger

before the moon bridge
pause to meditate

at the guardian stone Marcia Behar

spring day
squatting in her wedding dress
feeding mallards

Dyana Basist

moon bridge
over still waters—
an enso

Ed Grossmith

Before we departed the beautiful tea house, poets contributed poems which were gathered by Patricia Machmiller to create a "haiku sympathy bouquet" for Cherie Hunter Day.

write-up by Mimi Ahern, Carolyn Fitz, and Patricia Machmiller

YTHS Monthly Meetings: June

Haiga Garden Party, Carolyn Fitz's Garden, Scotts Valley

On a warm summer day we met in Carolyn Fitz's beautiful garden in Scotts Valley; a stunning bamboo haven amidst a redwood forest. A dozen members of YTHS shared an esthetic potluck meal with a rich serving of poems. Ed Grossmith began with definitions of Haiga, which he's listed on the YTHS website. He pointed out, "There are pictures in every poem and poems in every picture." Ed's wife, JoAnn Grossmith, shared a laptop collection of Ed's photos and haiku. Ed asked for feedback on his work, which led to a lively discussion.

Patrick Gallagher had seen a video called "Haiku Masters," where the title haiga was differentiated from haiku photographs. There was a discussion about the Japanese use of space. Large white areas or framing pictures and words are two choices for haiga. Judith Schallberger had prints made on a computer with haiku in frames. She told us the calligraphy font she used on Microsoft Word is Viner Hand. Patrick and Ed talked about the three measures included in Japanese enlightenment: Calligraphy, Painting and Poetry. Patrick showed us the process of enhancing a photograph on his iPad, which would allow for a haiku to be read left to right or right to left.

Patricia Machmiller helped us remember the scope of a haiga. It is one moment, one image that includes a kigo or season word. She crossed her fingers and quoted Yokiko: "never, never use two different seasons in one tiny haiku." In the same respect the kigo may be held in the image or the haiku when it is part of a haiga, but they do not need to be repeated. There is a mood from the image that can be captured in haiku.

Eleanor Carolan brought collages made the size of a business card with a haiku on the back. Betty Arnold liked the collage idea. It makes Haiga more accessible for her. Joan Zimmerman brought a book of Andy Goldsworthy's nature photography. She works from other people's pictures and recommends writing many haiku on the same theme. Alison Woolpert is learning to draw birds. She had a drawing with a haiku in a white frame on the page. Carole Steele found a way to do haiga through focusing on the flowers she uses for ikebana.

Carolyn finished the day by teaching us to fold an 8 1/2 X 11" piece of paper into a small booklet. She then encouraged us to let our parallel pens move freely over the pages, leaving abstract lines and designs. Dyana Basist's tiny book was filled with images ready for haiku. Carolyn recently found pictures in a forgotten drawer from her grandfather who is an aviation pioneer (1909-11). She reminded us that "sometimes when you're not looking for anything, something very special may appear." It was a wonderfully inspiring and most enjoyable gathering.



write-up and haiga by Eleanor Carolan

YTHS Monthly Meeting: July

Tanabata Celebration, Ann Homan's Home, Livermore

Yuki Teikei celebrated Tanabata on July 9th at Anne and Don Homan's lovely home in the hills above Livermore. Those attending were Anne and Don Homan, Patricia and Al Machmiller, Carol Steele, Deborah Kolodji, Patrick Gallagher, Betty Arnold, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Phillip Kennedy and Ann Bendixen. Judith Schallberger was unable to attend but sent a star cake and poem. After a shared dinner we waited for nightfall writing haiku together.

high in the night sky
we trust what we cannot see
the magpie's promise
~Anne Homan

Milky Way—
traveling a wandering road
to hear a legend
~pjm

even with doors shut
the wind is the loudest sound—
Tanabata night
~Carol Steele

a clear sky
on the seventh night
lovers renew vows
~Judith Schallberger

city lights
the Milky Way shines down
on lovers
~Patrick Gallagher

Tanabata Eve—
listening for the magpie
wing the wind
~Betty Arnold

peeking out from
powdered sugar clouds
stars on 7/7
~Amy Ostenso Kennedy

ignoring
the shiny space probe
magpie flight
~Phillip Kennedy

a river of stars
a rainbow made
from cellophane
~Ann Bendixen

surrounding the earth
from separate hill tops
you and I
~Deborah P. Kolodji

write-up by Carol Steele

Jane Reichhold (1937—2016)

It is with great sadness we report the passing of Jane Reichhold. She was a great friend to our society and to the world of haiku. In 1991 when Yuki Teikei needed someone to take over the editorship of *GEPPPO*, Jane very generously volunteered; she served as editor until 1993.

Jane was born Janet Styer in Lima, Ohio. Over forty books of her haiku, renga, tanka, and translations have been published. Her latest book by Kodansha USA, was *Bashō: The Complete Haiku*. Her most recent book was *A Dictionary of Haiku, Second Edition*, containing about 5,000 haiku which is available through Amazon.com. As founder and editor of AHA Books, Jane also published *Mirrors: International Haiku Forum*, and she co-edited with her husband, Werner Reichhold, *Lynx* for Linking Poets from 1992–2014. *Lynx* went online in 2000 on AHApotry.com, the website Jane started in 1995. For many years she and Werner resided near Gualala, California.

Jane was a creative, exuberant, and prolific writer; here are a few of her many haiku from *From the Dipper . . . Drops*, Humidity Productions (Gualala CA, 1983):

no guests today a fly swatter lies across the Sunday papers	In the spring sunshine the strangeness of his perfectly normal thumbnail
In my garden the apples on this still bent tree are still not mine.	Caught on a grape leaf enough raindrops to water a sparrow
floating islands carry their own clouds of mist migrating whales	the sum mer's heat swallowed up by the gap in the watermelon

Friends of Jane shared these haiku:

golden rose on a broken stem lingering fragrance	shocked by her death a friend I longed to know— mid-summer fog	legendary their love for each other Altair and Vega
Eleanor Carolan	Carolyn Fitz	Patricia J. Machmiller

write-up by Patricia J. Machmiller

Yuki Teikei Publications	Price
<i>Young Leaves: An Old Way of Seeing New</i> , the 25 th Anniversary issue, 2000	out of print
<i>Seasons Words in English Haiku</i> , ed., Jun-ichi Sakuma, 1980	\$5
<i>Sakura</i> , eds. donnalynn chase and June Hopper Hymas, 2009	\$6
<i>San Francisco Bay Area Sajiki</i> , eds., Anne Homan, Patrick Gallagher, and Patricia J. Machmiller	\$32
Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology	
2001 <i>Spring Sky</i> , ed. June Hopper Hymas	\$5
2002 <i>The Heron Leans Forward</i> , eds. Anne M. Homan and donnalynn chase	\$5
2003 <i>Migrating Mist</i> , eds. Anne M. Homan and donnalynn chase	\$5
2004 <i>Dreams of Slow Mice</i> , eds. Anne Homan and Patricia J. Machmiller	out of print
2005 <i>Growing a Green Heart</i> , eds. Anne Homan and Patricia J. Machmiller	\$6
2006 <i>Flying White</i> , eds. donnalynn chase and June Hopper Hymas	\$7
2007 <i>Fog and Brittle Pine</i> , eds. donnalynn chase and June Hopper Hymas	out of print
2008 <i>Muse of the Bird-Song Tree</i> , ed. Paul O. Williams	\$8
2009 <i>Extinguished Candles</i> , ed. donnalynn chase	\$8
2010 <i>Autumn Deepens</i> , eds. Jerry Ball and June Hopper Hymas	out of print
2011 <i>Wild Violets</i> , eds. Jerry Ball and Joan Zimmerman	\$12
2012 <i>Bending Reeds</i> , ed. Patricia J. Machmiller	\$14
2013 <i>Above the Clouds</i> , ed. Patrick Gallagher	\$12
2014 <i>Scattered Acorns</i> , ed. June Hopper Hymas	\$12
2015 <i>The Plover and the Moonstone</i> , ed. Patricia J. Machmiller	\$15
Haiku Journal [Yuki Teikei's early publications]	
Vol 1, 1977	out of print
Vol 2, 1978 (on amazon: \$19)	\$15
Vol 3, 1979 (on amazon: \$15) (on abebooks \$15 plus \$4)	\$10
Vol 4, 1980 (amazon: not available)	\$10
Vol 5, 1981/1982 (amazon: \$6.00)	\$5
Vol 6, 1983-86 (amazon: \$6.50)	\$5
Vol 2-6 as a set	\$35
<i>Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, July-December, 1967</i>	\$27.50
<i>Diary of Kiyoshi Tokutomi</i> , trans., Tei Matsushita Scott	\$10
YT Tote Bags	\$15

To order any publication(s) listed above, please send check or money order payable to "YTHS" for the price of the book(s) plus shipping [\$4.95 (US); \$11.95 (CAN, MEX); \$13.95 (all other countries)]. Mail to Patricia Machmiller Please include a list of the items you want to purchase. Note the shipping fee is per order, not per book.

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:

Toni Homan,
Membership Secretary

November 10-13, 2016 2016 Annual YTHS Retreat at Asilomar

The theme of our annual Asilomar retreat this year is "Kigo and Season Words." We're excited to be featuring special guest speaker Charles Trumbull.

Any outstanding balances need to be paid in full by Sept 15th.

GEPPO 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 in the body of the email and votes recorded horizontally.** No attachments please. **Whenever possible use 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.

2016 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

2016

- Sept 15 Final payment for Asilomar retreat is due.
- Sat, Sept 17 Moon Viewing Party at Dyana Basist's home.
Pot luck dinner. Please no peanuts or peanut content in the food items.
- Sat, Oct 8
1-4pm YTHS Meeting, Markham House, History Park, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose. A workshop on the art of haiku writing. Lead by Patrick Gallagher, members will provide constructive advice on other members' poems. Bring a poem for discussion.
- Nov 1 Deadline for *GEPP*O submissions.
- Nov 10-13 Asilomar Retreat: "Kigo and Season Words," guest speaker Charles Trumbull
- Dec 12
6-10pm Holiday Party at Patricia and Al Machmiller's home.
Newcomers and guests are welcome.
Please bring a peanut free dish to share for a pot luck dinner. It is a custom of the group to make haiga for a gift exchange. Thirty cards should be enough to share. Hope you join us!