

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 0929 | crumbs . . . crumbs . . .
the blackbirds drive away sparrows
and smaller blackbirds | 0940 | DO NOT FEED THE BIRDS
hang lanterns string lights feed plants
on my balcony |
| 0930 | false memories . . .
on the sunset-tinged clouds
their gray shadows | 0941 | the Rose withered
death took you to mulch new life
left your scent with me |
| 0931 | fallen tree
the sharp crown
of its high stump | 0942 | English sister here
for Halloween joins the fun
like kids on Guy Fawkes. |
| 0932 | Falco Tinniculus!
I, too, have become
an endangered species | 0943 | Hunter Moon
Dad calls to check
if I made it back |
| 0933 | the new baby
entertains
all of us | 0944 | passing
in silence
fall grasses |
| 0934 | the wild fire
gives
and then it takes | 0945 | November dusk
someone sleeping on our bench
by the cenotaph |
| 0935 | straight to the sky
the fir tree
travels | 0946 | gray woods
the cardinal still singing
his red song |
| 0936 | winter migration
further and further
removed | 0947 | first morning
to turn on the heat
missing her laugh |
| 0937 | retirement
the days a blur of
hummingbirdwings | 0948 | by the old pond
a frog frozen fast
in the mud |
| 0938 | distant memories
violets shrinking
in the noonday sun | 0949 | cracking open
a gaggle of nuts
grampa's Xmas gift |
| 0939 | storm watch
the cat sits
zazen | 0950 | nip in the air
bunnies savoring
the sere grass |

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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 0951 | wildfire
a grasshopper motionless
among spreading sparks | 0965 | campaign carrion
turkey vultures queue
to feast |
| 0952 | tunes from the sea
an otter drums
on a clamshell | 0966 | a small cloud out
as they say of the blue
winter solitude |
| 0953 | Indian summer
covering the bibb lettuce
with her wedding dress | 0967 | Orion
leading me
to the outhouse |
| 0954 | her reflection
while peering in the pond
the moon falls in | 0968 | spin-cycle sound
squirrel in the garbage bin
sorting it out |
| 0955 | gloves off
at work she wonders
why I'm still here | 0969 | street samisen player
shivering in the snow light
crystalline music |
| 0956 | custody fight
saving all the stories
for summer break | 0970 | chill in the air
the search for <i>Methuselah</i> among
bristle cone pines |
| 0957 | taking turns
piercing the vast blue
goose collective | 0971 | frost at Chaco Canyon
<i>a thousand-year-old trace</i>
of chocolate found |
| 0958 | sumo training
all the young wrestlers
from somewhere else | 0972 | heard over <i>Muzak</i>
barista chatter and din
<i>Happy New Year</i> |
| 0959 | crickets
sound like tuning the strings
before dark | 0973 | first morning
my power walk stops
at the one-legged starling |
| 0960 | correspondence
with a full term mother
moon lit night | 0974 | winter twilight
the weight of a pen
for the DNR |
| 0961 | finished dinner —
a bucket for oyster shell
is full, too | 0975 | first chill
I exchange pleasantries
with a golden retriever |
| 0962 | lion-hearted sis
the silver glint of her ashes . . .
autumn sea | 0976 | root rot
our favorite apple tree
in the green bin |
| 0963 | a feral black cat
weighs my stature as I pass—
the secluded path | 0977 | winter shadows
listening to the same question
every few minutes |
| 0964 | found in mum's handbag
the gold cross from dad . . . young love
white chrysanthemums | 0978 | bare foot
the way we were
when we were young |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 0979 | rising heat
the morning glory morning
fading | 0993 | culling me
from the herd –
scoliosis |
| 0980 | first morning
resolving not to push
the river | 0994 | sinus infection –
unable to taste
his compliment |
| 0981 | Leo rising
this nagging desire
for my star to shine | 0995 | finding his dentures
in the commode-
potty mouth |
| 0982 | autumn equinox—
he trades his truck for my car
without asking | 0996 | more commercials
than show –
eight is enough |
| 0983 | the restlessness
of wind ruffled leaves...
migrating raptors | 0997 | icicles drip
on upside-down pots—
unanswered doorbell |
| 0984 | brave squads
of noisy ravens strut
in dead leaves | 0998 | leaf skeletons
fill the incinerator—
día de muertos |
| 0985 | reading graffiti—
the effort draws a furrow
across his brow | 0999 | adventurous ant
hikes the möbius strip—
lonely winter nights |
| 0986 | dressed in black
crows gather to mourn
roadkill | 1000 | first rain—
puddles shiver
with each passing car |
| 0987 | on the beach
small child waves
at waves | 1001 | broken windows—
in the vacant barn
a squatter moon |
| 0988 | tired out
flopping on the sofa
cat insists on cuddles | 1002 | moon bridge
over still waters—
an enso |
| 0989 | tree's
icy needles of rain
final loon call | 1003 | garden statues—
the scarecrow and my son
each on one leg |
| 0990 | black energy
a cup of of coffee...
wings of the humming-bees | 1004 | a teen
running on a country road
March winds |
| 0991 | my sink's
running over...
harvest full moon | 1005 | pouring
over the Rocky Mountains
rain clouds |
| 0992 | bitter cold nights
can't even open a window and
it's only Halloween | 1006 | big drops
on the windshield drown out
Mozart |
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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 1007 | fields of mustard
along the winding river
a Bach suite | 1021 | year-end farm auction
memories of a lifetime
everything for sale |
| 1008 | will you grant my wish
this quiet evening?
autumn loneliness | 1022 | American flag
motionless at half staff
fallen leaves |
| 1009 | the scent of the moon
the taste of the moon
this dark autumn night | 1023 | Death rattle of leaves
clattering down streets on a
windy autumn day. |
| 1010 | moon of laughter
moon of messages and memories
moon of tears | 1024 | Nature's invaders:
squirrels scurry on the roof,
ants swarm the crawl space. |
| 1011 | Moon says
"Learn to recognize
where a thought ends" | 1025 | Mixed in with the din
of the wind and the jet planes—
soothing cricket chirps. |
| 1012 | third day of rain . . .
with floods I almost forgot
the stray dog | 1026 | A three-flap takeoff
silent glide—sudden beak splash—
pelican fishing. |
| 1013 | autumn afternoon . . .
my thoughts get off the train
with a group of girls | 1027 | autumn night
some crickets frantic
others flaccid |
| 1014 | oolong leaves . . .
in rainwater I wash
this broken cup | 1028 | autumn twilight
on this road
crickets and me |
| 1015 | crow on a wire
it was there then it wasn't
an autumn evening | 1029 | late autumn
a longer pause
among crickets |
| 1016 | plethora of leaves
piling at her doorstep
windy autumn | 1030 | the sun rises later
suddenly
pomegranates in the market |
| 1017 | autumn moon
an owl settles
on a limb of tree | 1031 | instantly airborne
a dog learns the difference
between a stick and a snake |
| 1018 | a dove rides
on the rooster weather vane
windy autumn | 1032 | 8 a.m.
long to-do list
"That's it for today." |
| 1019 | a cocoon
life begins
a beautiful butterfly | 1033 | late night
listening to the sick dog's breathing
trying to stay present |
| 1020 | red-faced pheasant
barely visible
among the poppies | 1034 | stubble field
all the farmhouse's windows
boarded over |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 1035 | ticking leaves
I turn the shortwave's
Bakelite dial | 1049 | quaking aspens
a long distance call
an old friend passed |
| 1036 | deepening autumn
I enter a library
of unexplored books | 1050 | autumn equinox
from my coin purse
a buffalo nickel |
| 1037 | long night
the mantle clock's gears
rasping | 1051 | deep tree shade
protecting the sky
from grass glare |
| 1038 | almost white
a gray autumn sky
holding back rain | 1052 | bare feet
still I heard you dancing
on the roof |
| 1039 | responding
no. we are done.
split fig | 1053 | cupcake papers
blow from the kitchen counter—
summer's end |
| 1040 | the care
with which she places
the fallen leaf | 1054 | dandelion spores
scattered over uncut grass—
the widow's garden |
| 1041 | now I'm the one
waiting out in front
autumn evening | 1055 | blowing snow—
the thud
of a broken tire chain |
| 1042 | at the post office
I read your letter
cool breeze | 1056 | moon through the slats—
his rough hand
rocking the cradle |
| 1043 | after raking leaves
a sudden gust of wind
autumn humor | 1057 | on a red leash
the rain soaked pup is pulled away
trying to say hi to me |
| 1044 | a four point buck rubs
velvet from his antlers . . .
pauses and then rubs | 1058 | I miss the feel of ocean sand
the smell of a storm in the air
I miss my smile |
| 1045 | paper wasp nest
the credit card bill
no one opens | 1059 | electricity charges
the complex parts of my heart
hail begins to fall |
| 1046 | apple cider
the promises we made
turn to vinegar | 1060 | all down our old street
great piles of burning leaves
from my childhood |
| 1047 | popcorn clouds
percolate anxieties
another flood | 1061 | his IDOANWANNA
gets in just ahead of my WANNA
migrating geese |
| 1048 | fall colors
we take our differences
on a long walk | 1062 | splashdown into reeds
the light of the full moon
stream-dancing |
-

- 1063 star lit lullaby
majestic Orion hunts
celestial prey
- 1064 Lincoln gazes at
sweaty field trip kids struggling
with his weighted words
- 1065 from silent, cold stone
Lincoln still inspires us
to be one nation
- 1066 expectantly
gibbous moon skids through night
gestating again
- 1067 distraction--
my monkey mind
climbs a tree
- 1068 quiet breaths of dog's nap
wooly head warms my aching hip
he knows where it hurts
- 1069 bike messenger's full flowered tattoo
- Apologies to Michael Dylan Welch
for a typo in his haiku #0816:
"this" was printed instead of "that"
- corrected version is:

mushroom gathering—
remind me, is that aisle six
or aisle seven?
- Also, Michael Dylan Welch would
like to resubmit his Challenge Kigo
haiku from last issue to read differently:

He's changed "houseful" to "housefly"
- flirting housefly—
melon balls
at the potluck
~Michael Dylan Welch

Special Tribute

On November 12, 2016, Carol Steele attended the memorial service for her longtime friend and ikebana teacher, Mrs. Matano. In the photo below, Carol is receiving her certificate in Ikebana Floral Arrangement from Mrs. Matano in the mid 1990s. Our society has benefitted greatly from Carol's contribution of beautiful ikebana arrangements to our annual retreats and special events for many years. Many thanks to Carol Steele and her special teacher Mrs. Matano

Carol wrote the haiku sequence below following her last visit with Mrs. Matano.

the last visit with
our ikebana sensei—
pink chrysanthemum

one hundred and one
her eyebrows perfectly drawn—
pampas grass plumes

rising up she bows
and we bow in return—
glow of maple leaf



Autumn Challenge Kigo: Autumn Loneliness, Alone

even the trees
lean away from me—
autumn loneliness
~Susan Burch

dusk
in Père Lachaise
just one pilgrim
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

alone in the lookout
a dotting of mountain goats
far away
~ Richard St. Clair

solitary beach
another voice
stilled
~ Ruth Holzer

oil spill
on the desolate tundra
the wind's dark growl
~ Joan Zimmerman

mum's transition
with haunting flashbacks—
autumn loneliness
~ Judith Schallberger

autumn loneliness
I count with my fingers
on the high howe
~Phillip Kennedy

autumn fly
I also feel
alone
~John J. Han

midnight
alone in the sky
harvest moon
~ Marilyn Ashbaugh

autumn loneliness
all her words morphing into
a new meaning
~ Zinovy Vayman

autumn loneliness—
again I'm told that the first year
is the hardest
~Alison Woolpert

twilight
a solitary crow
picks at compost
~Michael Sheffield

news of her death . . .
this year's falling leaves
a little more lonely
~ Michael Dylan Welch

Solitary tree
limbs gnarled, bent, mostly
dead
lives another year.
~David Sherertz

gargoyles
shoot me a sharp look
autumn loneliness
~Hiroyuki Murakami

f
a l
 ll ing e
 aves
no time
for autumn loneliness
~E. Luke

shuttered farm house
with the wind chime no one hears—
autumn loneliness
~ Christine Horner

this moon of memories
brings you back to my empty world
sailboats on water
~Peggy Heinrich

father's false teeth
dropped down the garbage chute
autumn loneliness
~ Dyana Basist

autumn loneliness
this too we must
hold inside
~ Michael "Henry Lee" Sanders

grey clouds engulf
the monotone skyline
autumn loneliness
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

in the hospital
"strictly no visitors"
a fly on his nose
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

borrowed blankets
in autumn loneliness
Ghost Ranch under the stars
~Janis Albright Lukstein

Darkness comes early walking the leafy pathway alone
~Lois Heyman Scott

Members Votes for May-July 2016 Haiku

Neal Whitman 0805-1, 0806-0, 0807-2, 0808-1
Joyce Lorensen 0809-1, 0810-2, 0811-15, 0812-2
Michael Dylan Welch 0813-2, 0814-10, 0815-1, 0816-5
Michael Henry Lee 0817-1, 0818-9, 0819-9, 0820-2
Beverly Acuff Momoi 0821-0, 0822-0, 0823-0, 0824-1
Ruth Holzer 0825-5, 0826-5, 0827-4, 0828-0
Joan Zimmerman 0829-2, 0830-1, 0831-3, 0832-1
Richard St. Clair 0833-3, 0834-1, 0835-1, 0836-1
Peggy Heinrich 0837-2, 0838-4, 0839-2, 0840-3
Elinor Pihl Huggett 0841-6, 0842-12, 0843-7, 0844-2
Dyana Basist 0845-6, 0846-5, 0847-0, 0848-7
Mimi Ahern 0849-1, 0850-1, 0851-9, 0852-3
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson 0853-0, 0854-1, 0855-1, 0856-2
Alison Woolpert 0857-2, 0858-5, 0859-0, 0860-2
Christine Horner 0861-5, 0862-6, 0863-1, 0864-1
Susan Burch 0865-0, 0866-1, 0867-3, 0868-5
John J. Han 0869-4, 0870-2, 0871-0, 0926-0
Michael Sheffield 0872-4, 0873-2, 0874-2, 0875-0
Christine Lamb Stern 0876-2, 0877-3, 0878-3, 0879-2
Sherry Barto 0880-1, 0881-2, 0882-0, 0883-0
Lois Heyman Scott 0884-0, 0885-0, 0886-4, 0887-1
David Sherertz 0888-1, 0889-1, 0890-0, 0891-5
Phillip Kennedy 0892-4, 0893-4, 0894-4, 0895-3
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy 0896-8
Hiroyuki Murakami 0897-1, 0898-0, 0899-0
Majo Leavick 0900-0, 0901-2, 0902-1, 0903-1
Judith Schallberger 0904-6, 0905-1, 0906-2, 0907-2
E. Luke 0908-1
Janis Albright Lukstein 0909-0
Carol Steele 0910-0
Zinovy Vayman 0911-0, 0912-1, 0913-7, 0914-0
Patricia Prime 0915-9, 0916-0, 0917-1, 0918-4
Ed Grossmith 0919-3, 0920-2, 0921-1, 0922-2
Clysta Seney 0923-0, 0924-0, 0925-4
Peg McAulay Byrd 0927-7, 0928-0

May-July 2016 Haiku Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers

lemonade break
behind the mower
grass begins to grow
~Joyce Lorensen

her scent now gone
after weeks of summer sun—
empty kimono
~Dyana Basist

mushroom gathering—
remind me, is this aisle six
or aisle seven?
~Michael Dylan Welch

sudden squall . . .
the whole sky falls
into the sea
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

gone forever
the rhythm of her skirt
up the gentle hillside
~Zinovy Vayman

small town—
stopping in the hot streets
to gossip
~Ruth Holzer

plum blossoms
gather at the curbside . . .
my missed bus
~Michael Dylan Welch

zen garden—a lizard ruffles the sand
~Peg McAulay Byrd

humid afternoon—
the great blue heron
a shadow of himself
~Ruth Holzer

white out
just our
little secret
~Michael Henry Lee

gator country . . .
lying like a log in water
a log
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

hummingbirds
buzzing around my head
violin practice
~Dyana Basist

election year
more crows
than I'm used to seeing
~Michael Henry Lee

all day I watch
that one-winged crow
summer sky
~Dyana Basist

autumn loneliness—
on a country road I pass up
the hitchhiker
~Alison Woolpert

Veterans Day . . .
his decorated
three wheel scooter
~Mimi Ahern

summer vacation—
the gopher snake escapes
his own skin
~Christine Horner

property-line pine
something for the neighbors
to fight about
~Christine Horner

swapping gossip
across the backyard fence
Pink Ladies
~Amy Ostenso Kennedy

assisted living
not one wants to settle down . . .
gibbous moon
~Judith Schallberger

my heart
empty again
red wagon
~Susan Burch

straw hat . . .
scattered across her cheeks
wide brimmed freckles
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

Searching Kyoto
for shadows of my sister—
finding, not finding.
~David Sherertz

Dojin's Corner May-July 2016

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Roger Abe

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 *GEPP*Os, we have invited Roger Abe to join us for this column. He is a park ranger and served as president of YTHS from 1999 to 2002. Welcome, Roger!

Here are our choices from the last issue; the starred numbers are the ones for comment.

E: 0811, 0814, 0816, 0819, 0822, 0833, 0838, 0846, 0851, 0853*, 0857, 0863*, 0864, 0870, 0871, 0887*, 0896, 0908*, 0913, 0917

pjm: 0823, 0824, 0826, 0828, 0833*, 0834, 0842, 0843, 0845, 0846, 0847, 0848*, 0849, 0851, 0854, 0857*, 0858, 0859, 0892*, 0893, 0894, 0896, 0898, 0900, 0902, 0906, 0910

RA: 0813*, 0816, 0818, 0821, 0824*, 0827, 0851*, 0853, 0862, 0868, 0896, 0902, 0906*, 0912, 0913

0813 autumn rain
in a dangling well bucket—
its emptiness overflows

RA: What captured me in this haiku was the flow of emptiness, and in emptiness is suchness and the miracle of life. Rain coming from the emptiness of sky, displacing the emptiness of the bucket, displacing the emptiness of the well. How is this affecting me? What else is displaced?

E: There is rain water in the dangling well bucket, and the author is touched by it. I think the poem captures the loneliness of autumn, perhaps its temperature as well. However, as a city dweller, my water supply is mainly from a water tap, so I am not so sure if I am right to say that this is about autumn loneliness. The well bucket is there to scoop up water for drinking, cooking, for

living. Here the well bucket holds rain water. Emptiness mentioned in the poem may suggest that no one lives near this well any more, a deserted well. Then the emptiness is deeper. In both cases, the first and the second lines have said enough already; the third line explains author's feelings. Do we need this third line?

pjm: From deep inside sadness overflows this poem. In contrast through the centuries come echoes of Chiyo-ni writing of another well-bucket as translated by Patricia Donegan and Yoshie Ishibashi:

morning glory—
the well-bucket entangled
I ask for water

This too evokes the autumn season, and the two together remind us of the two sides of autumn: its glory and its melancholy.

0824 her secret crush
on the boy next door
bee balm

RA: I liked the feeling of the comparison of the two images here. The feeling of a crush, when you see something/someone so attractive and perfect, it's intoxicating! And the bee balm, effusing a cloud of mintiness; the bees buzzing around in its headiness—how lost are they in that scent? Are the bees in bliss?

pjm: Bee balm is the name of a brightly colored flowering plant that attracts bees, butterflies, and hummingbirds with its nectar. This haiku offers a cluster of associations: 1) the attraction of the girl to her neighbor and the attraction of a bee to the bee balm, 2) the pain of the secret crush and the sting of the bee, 3) the contrast of the girl's hidden desire and the public display of the bee visiting the flower, and 4) the mystery of it all!

E: Bee balm is said to cure cuts, scratches, and is also good for any skin problems. Here for a serious secret crush on the boy next door, the bee balm works as a recommended remedy. A heart-warming

haiku by a great neighbor! Is bee balm a kigo?

pjm: Emiko, it doesn't seem to be listed in any of the usual sources including the World Kigo Data Base, but it certainly deserves to be as it is strongly suggestive of summer, isn't it? It has my vote.

E: I was thinking of it as an ointment.

0833 lingering heat
garage sale leftovers
dusty love letters

pjm: Imagine trying to sell something so personal as love letters! But here in a garage sale a packet of love letters, perhaps bound with a ribbon and covered with dust, has been shunted to the side, abandoned like an old love. Yet even as the years have distanced the lovers, the passion they once felt still lingers on emanating from these forgotten, hand-written missives. Objects can do that—hold onto the past that way.

E: I read this haiku as an equation; the “lingering heat” and the “dusty love letters from the garage sale leftovers” share the same feeling. One can assume that the author was holding a garage sale, or was just passing one which was about to close. I imagine the letters are bundled in velvet ribbon to look like love letters. Dusk is the time of the garage sale would be closing and dusk is when the lingering heat is felt most strongly. If I were there, I would be most curious to read those letters, a token from days of longing and dreaming, that we all experience at some point in our lives.

RA: Oh, those dusty love letters! Scraps of old paper that should be recycled. But, here they are; we can't part with those memories; they will always be a part of us; permeating our soul just like the lingering heat permeating the evening.

0848 her scent now gone
after weeks of summer sun—
empty kimono

pjm: Do you think summer has a scent? This haiku recalls a summer fling that is now over. But the memory lingers longer than the scent of her body and the scent of summer. I like imaging what that scent is; for me it's a combination of heat, prairie grass, and light perspiration. I like the way the poet has turned the notion that scent evokes memory on its head; here it's the absence of a scent that is the bridge.

RA: Scent is such a powerful part of memory. We know something should look so, feel so, taste so, sound so, smell so. When we can no longer actually sense something (that we know should be there), it bothers us, and we reach into memory to have it again. This kimono is a kimono in our mind; summer sun gives us double vision, and in this case, double scent.

E: The scent of my kimono comes from a traditional herbal insect repellent used for kimono, a mixture of white sandalwood, clove powder, cinnamon, and boreal. When I wear kimono, I air it so that it won't smell too much of herbs. Here, I am not sure what kind of scent the poem refers to, but I assume, it is not just referring to the smell. Her scent stands for her whole existence, which is gone and makes the kimono so very empty. “After weeks of summer sun,” does this mean that the kimono is aired in the sun for weeks during summer? Please do air your kimono for less than four hours, and do it in the shade to prevent it from losing its color as it has been dyed with natural herbs, and also you will want to keep the texture of silk as moist as possible!

0851 Veterans Day . . .
his decorated
three wheel scooter

RA: My dad recently passed. I'm still going through his things. He was a WWII vet; I can't find his medals. I think of the walker he used in his final years. He was in assisted living where everything had to be labeled. Small plastic strips with his name are hard to see.

One Halloween I decorated his room with a string of bright orange Jack-O-Lanterns on a bright orange ribbon. One became the

distinguishing, highly visible mark on his walker. We are all veterans of life.

E: I have fond memories of watching a parade when I was a small girl in Illinois. I was moved, especially, how they decorated bicycle wheels with colorful tails. This haiku reminded me of the parade that I saw so long ago. The end of any war is to be celebrated to remember what has been lost and those who have been lost serving the will of a nation, besides what has been achieved for mankind. The decorated three-wheel scooter tells us the personality of the rider, too.

pjm: This haiku upends our expectations. The first two lines end with the word “decorated,” leading us to expect the decoration to be medals on a uniform—after all this is Veterans Day. Instead the “decorations” adorn a three wheel scooter and they may or may not be medals; they might be streamers or balloons or a fancy paint job. In addition, our awareness moves from the image of a brightly decorated scooter to the deeper implication of what the scooter says about the owner—that there has been a loss of limb, perhaps, or a paralysis, and we are suddenly suspended in the tension between the vigor of life and the loss of mobility, between frivolity and sacrifice, between honor and the daily grind.

0853 small child
practicing his wave
catches a fly

E: I picture a child practicing his wave with flags in both hands, sending signals. I could be wrong—maybe he is on his surfboard trying to challenge the big wave. Or he’s a very small child just learning to wave his hand to express bye-bye. In any case, he catches a fly accidentally, a laughable accident that must have surprised the boy and his mother. This summer, when I was taking a walk, someone called from behind and said, “You have a dragonfly on your T-shirt!” The voice made it fly away. Humans and insects interact in unexpected ways when the insect population is high during the summer season.

pjm: Here’s a moment that brings a smile. At first I thought the wave to be an open-handed movement with the arm swinging from side to side, but upon reading the last line I had to reimagine the wave as a stationary hand help up with only the fingers opening and closing. This process of have to readjust the image made the poem less immediate for me. I’m wondering if the writer could do something in the second line to make it clearer what the motion is that causes the child to catch the fly. For example, what if the poem were: a small child/practicing bye-bye/catches a fly?

RA: The miracles that happen. Here I am just waving my hand, and, what’s this? Perfect!

0857 autumn equinox
the lot of vintage postcards
fifty cents apiece

pjm: So the autumn equinox is about the balance between light and dark. It’s that point in the year as we head toward winter when the number of hours of daylight equals the hours of darkness. Because the kigo is about balance, I like the use of the traditional symmetrical form of five-seven-five. I like that the subject matter in this traditional form is “vintage postcards.” And even the 50 cents, one-half of a dollar, gives a nod to two equal parts. What doesn’t work for me is that the poem speaks about “the lot . . . of postcards” being “fifty cents apiece.” Does this mean there is more than one lot? If so, then it would not be “*the* lot.” Or does each post card in the lot cost 50 cents? I hope the writer can find a way to clear this up and still retain the form.

E: Autumn equinox is the line drawn between summer and autumn, and from there we are heading into shorter and colder days, in a way, into the days of savoring memories . . . especially for an elderly person like myself! Fifty cents a piece is a good price, compared to ones that I buy in a souvenir store, and it is much much cheaper than ones in a museum gift shop. The haiku reminded me of an antique stall near the graveyard of Dante, where they carried a cardboard box of old used postcards. The

fading lines in once-blue-ink on each postcard must have meant a lot for both sender and the addressee. I wonder if these vintage postcards are used ones or are they still untouched.

RA: Nostalgia—whatever happened to those times? The seasons pass in a whirl, all those moments that went by—here they are again, at fifty cents each.

0863 first driver's license
and Grandpa's '64 Chev--
the wind in her hair

E: Grandpa's '64 Chev! Wow! I like this haiku that does not have a kigo. I think the kigo is blown away as she speeds. The wind in her hair is felt in my hair, too. And how cool she looks behind the classical steering wheel with those triangle windows open on both sides! I am also happy to know that her Grandpa is such a skilled mechanic that his fifty-two year old car is still in good shape. I can almost see Grandpa in the passenger's seat, smiling and worried at the same time. The season must be somewhere between spring and early fall, and the day is sunny!

RA: We're not plants, rooted to a spot. We can go where we want, when we want, to some degree. Those first times, doing it a new way, seeing the world in a new way, there's nothing like it!

pjm: The exhilaration of youth is aptly expressed in this exuberant image. Nothing can quite match the beginning of summer for the feeling of being on the threshold of adulthood. Well done.

0887 summer evening--
tree silhouettes in last light
but puppy won't poop

E: Many dogs are kept indoors in Japan now, and please don't forget that we do take off our shoes when we enter a house. I see many little dogs wearing dresses and jackets strolling in the evening in our neighborhood, a golden time for their excretion! But here the puppy is too excited to be out and is not so co-operative

with the owner. The poem made me smile. I imagine lingering glow in the summer sky and the mosquitoes humming nearby.

RA: "Come on puppy, do we need to walk a little more? I need to get back inside. Is this the right puppy chow for you?" At the end of the day, what goes in must come out!

pjm: The day is running out, summer is slipping away, but the puppy has his own timetable. Even the human digestive tract has its own clock as many a jet-lagged traveler has learned. I hope the puppy's owner is carrying a flashlight!

0892 hydrangeas
five hundred women and men
become citizens

pjm: Hydrangeas make me think of abundance. Abundance and beauty. And what a beautiful thing—some country has just acquired an abundance of new citizens with their individual hopes and dreams. And out of an abundance of faith in their contribution, their country of choice welcomes them offering the promise of abundant opportunities. The hydrangea, to my mind, also has a formal elegance which matches the ceremony and solemnity of the naturalization proceedings. I admire the way the subject matter and the kigo echo and support one another.

RA: The order and beauty of small flowers combined into a large flowerhead, hydrangea; the order and beauty of standing with your fellow new citizens as you become a part of a greater whole. How does that unity feel?

E: Is this about the Naturalization Oath Ceremony? The kigo, hydrangeas, are nodding to celebrate the new citizens!

0906 the intimacy
of pure longing . . .
Seventh Night rain

RA: Which is more intimate? The separation and longing for your partner? Being enveloped by rain, drops running down, soaking in, the sound drumming into your soul? And when the rain ends . . .

E: If this haiku is about Tanabata, then the idea may not be so new because Tanabata is the day when the cosmic lovers, Vega and Altair, meet once a year for a night crossing the Milky Way on the seventh day of the seventh month in the Chinese lunar calendar. When it rains, in some regions in Japan, they say that the date has to be canceled; in other regions they expect rain! It would be nice to have something more concrete in this haiku, something like "his smiling face/in my locket/Seventh Night rain." Just a thought!

pjm: I interpret the Seventh night to be the Seventh Night of the Seventh Month or Tanabata which recalls the Chinese, and later the Japanese, folk tale of two lovers separated by the River of Heaven (the Milky Way) except for one night of the year—the Seventh Night of the Seventh Month—when the two stars, Altair and Vega, are allowed to come together on the same side of the Milky Way. The rain has obscured the skies and so the longing to be together persists, and in the enclosed darkness we feel the unbearable intensity of the lovers' separation across the eons.

0908 silent to my ears
 the daddy long legs
 rests on my arm

E: The first line reads that it is not heard by my ears, but the sound is there. The second and the third lines tell what is making the sound. The knotty, bony, long arms and legs (six of them!), of the insect are now stopping and resting on the arm. Unlike mosquitoes they don't make sound when they fly, and they don't sing like crickets. I am wondering what kind of moment it was for the author to see it rest on his/her arm. Surely it must be ticklish and scary in a way since a daddy long legs is not small. Yet, all I sense from the poem is calmness.

RA: Ears and arms; hearing and touch. Sharing touch with a tiny creature. I wonder what would the daddy long legs be trying to say?

pjm: This poem makes me ask, do spiders have a voice? Should I be listening more carefully when I shoo them from the house? Early on when I moved to California, I had been of the same mind as Issa as translated by Robert Hass

don't worry, spiders
 I keep house
 casually

until my mother-in-law finding a spider web here and there, bless her heart, criticized me for poor housekeeping. So I have taken to removing the spiders to the outdoors. However, in doing so, it never occurred to me that I should listen to what they have to say. I now have a new perspective and will keep my ears open!

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

Comments on poem 0728 (August issue) from Susan Burch:

volunteering
California poppies
In an English garden

This poem speaks to me as a volunteer. I see someone coming into an experience with lots of light, energy, happiness, and/or spirit, but they feel, or perhaps seem, out of place in the setting. The English garden implies to me a strict or more proper place or people, so this person doesn't fit in or blend with the other people already working or volunteering there. I don't know if the author intended this as the meaning, or one of the meanings, but that's how I read it. I also want to mention that in the olden days, people used poppy seeds to ease aches and pains, so maybe this volunteer is just what they needed!

Challenge Kigo: winter river, *fuyu no kawa*

R. H. Blythe says that the nature of a river is to carry “along with it anything that is thrown in, just as a mirror reflects things without fear or favor, and the nature of a winter river, especially, is its emphasis on death and desolation. There is no love or loveliness. only a narrow current of cold waters between wide banks of stones and gravel.” (page 292)

the body of a dog
thrown away
in the winter river Shiki

ducks dabbling
at leaves and stalks of greens
in the winter river Shiki

the winter river
not enough water
for four or five ducks Shiki

the winter river
down it come floating
flowers offered to Buddha Buson

Selections and translations above from

R. H. Blyth, *Haiku, Volume 4, Autumn--Winter*, Hokusaido Press, Tokyo, 1952, pages 292-293.

one lit candle
in a folded paper boat
 winter river June Hopper Hymas

In English, the words “winter” and “river” have sound similarities. If you can enhance this by repeating the sounds or the rhythm in another part of the haiku, it could have a very nice effect,

June Hopper Hymas

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

YTHS Monthly Meetings: September

Moon Viewing, Dyana Basist's home, Santa Cruz, CA

A foggy evening in Santa Cruz, California made the home of Dyana Basist and Leaf Leathers even more warm and inviting on September 10th, 2016. In traditional YTHS fashion, the event began with members and guests sharing a delicious potluck spread.

Members present:

Patrick Gallagher, Mimi Ahern, Toni Homan, Betty Arnold, Dyana Basist, Ann Bendixen, Kae Bendixen, Anne Homan, Peggy Heinrich, Patricia Machmiller, Eleanor Carolan and Carol Steele. Guests: Kathleen Wall, Meg Madsen, and Becky Davies.

we wait for the moon
 sharing mochi and friendship
 mouth full of sweetness
 ~Nicole Heinrich

With no moon in sight, most members returned inside to flickering candles and New Age music to sit down and write. After a good while members took turns reading their haiku aloud.

moon rise
 the poets pick up
 their pens
 ~Patrick Gallagher

it sails over our houses
 reading our dreams
 September moon
 ~Peggy Heinrich

In the glow of candlelight, Leaf and Dyana bid goodnight to their guests. A memorable evening was had by all.

coyote moon-
 coming out to frolic
 as the last guest leaves
 ~Dyana Basist

write-up by Mimi Ahern and Betty Arnold

YTHS Monthly Meetings: October

Markham House, History Park in Kelly Park, San Jose, CA

On October 8, 2016, eight poets of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Dyana Basist, Ann Bendixen, Patrick Gallagher, Ed Grossmith, Anne Homan, Judith Schallberger, Carol Steele, and Joan Zimmerman, along with three guests, Tom Berry, Becky Davies, and Deborah Lefalle, met at the Markham House in the San Jose History Park.

After the attendees enjoyed a *ginko* on the History Park grounds, Patrick Gallagher led a workshop on “Haiku Composition” using a format that he had enjoyed as a guest of the Washington D.C. Towpath Haiku Group. In this format, a poem is anonymously presented to the whole group, and members of the group provide appreciation and/or helpful suggestions for improvement. Patrick added a high tech element to the workshop. Joan Zimmerman, the scribe, wrote the haiku and suggested revisions on an iPad screen, which in turn was projected onto a portable projector screen for all to see. The new YTHS digital projector and stand up screen worked nicely for the exercise.

Write-up by Patrick Gallagher

The Buson One Hundred: Write Ten Haiku a Day for One Hundred Days

by Joan Zimmerman

The great Japanese poet and painter Yosa Buson (1716-1783) twice began a daily practice of writing ten haiku for a hundred days. He started one series on Buddha’s birthday in 1777 and another in his final year (Addis, 2012; Crowley, 2007).

Intrigued by Buson’s intention, I started my first Buson One Hundred writing practice on America’s birthday, July 4th, 2013. I learned a lot by doing so and I presented the idea to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS) at their annual retreat in November 2013. That led to Greg Longenecker beginning a similar practice, quickly joined by three of our other YTHS poets: Eleanor Carolan, Patricia J. Machmiller, and Phillip Kennedy. We five, all experienced in writing haiku, were a cross-section from less-known, less-published poets up to well-known and widely published poets. All completed this project of writing a thousand haiku in a hundred days.

Greg and I (Zimmerman and Longenecker, 2014) summarized the experiences of the five of us as a results from this apparently simple challenge. Each poet found different inspirations to help them meet the challenge of writing so much material. They confronted and sidestepped their own inner critics, both by leveraging established skills and by exploring new ways to write haiku. Through their personal journeys of self-discovery they shared in the experience Buson began over two centuries ago.

At the end of that article, Greg and I invited the reader to try this practice, suggesting that you need begin only by writing ten haiku one day ... and then maybe ten the next. Continue this for a week. Then decide whether to continue for a hundred days. In 2016 I've begun my fourth Buson 100. Join us!

Reference:

Zimmerman, J., and Gregory Longenecker (2014). “A Disarmingly Simple Challenge: The Buson One Hundred” in *Frogpond*, 37.3.

Making the Poem Personal

by Michael Dylan Welch

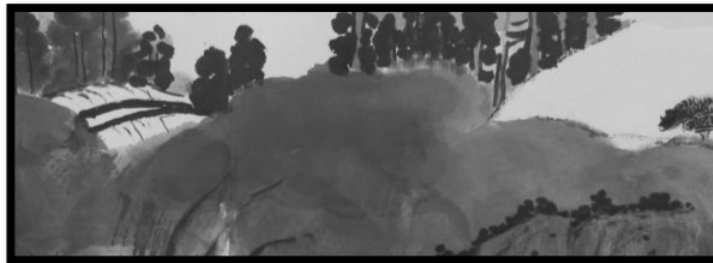
silently falling snow—
even the slums
grow beautiful

This poem by Canadian poet Chuck Gallozzi appeared in *Acorn* #32 in the spring of 2014 (page 42). It's a lovely evocation of the beauty of snow, and has a feeling of Bashō or Issa. One could easily imagine this poem being written by the masters centuries ago, yet it still rings true today. Even the sounds of the poem help to make it mellifluous—the three “s” sounds, the two “f” sounds, and the hidden and entirely natural rhyme of “snow” and “grow,” a rhyme that helps to make “grow” just the right word for the poem.

Despite the beauty of this poem, it has a point of view that may be too large. It assesses all slums, as if seen from an omniscient point of view, a stance that takes the poem out of personal experience and moves it into being a conceptual idea. This makes the poem slightly more remote, it seems to me.

Yet there's an easy solution. By changing the poem to “even the slum / grows beautiful,” the experience of the slum becomes one slum, here and now, where the observer is actually standing. We can then ask if the person in the poem lives there, or is perhaps just visiting or passing through, which adds an additional element of compassion to the poem, or at least our interpretation of it. This change also removes a potential holier-than-thou attitude. The original poem comes across as “removed” from the slums, as if viewing them as an outsider, assuming that they're all the same, and thus feels slightly judgmental of the slums—as if disdaining their ugliness that needs the snow to beautify it. But by changing “slums” to “slum,” not only is the experience more immediate and believable (one can be in just one slum at a time), but it also removes a layer of judgment from the poem. This sharpening of focus minimizes the problem of “unearned emotion” that so often occurs when writing of hoboes or bag-ladies or other homeless people. Appropriating someone else's misfortune often creates a predictable emotion in the reader, but it's mostly unearned. It's a cheap trick, just as photographing a kitten or puppy doesn't necessarily make the photograph excellent, no matter how much you might like the subject.

As lovely as the original poem is in this case, I believe it could have been a notch better by taking a more individual, immediate, and intimate rather than omniscient viewpoint. Such attention to detail moves the poems from cerebral judgement to personal experience.



Detail from “Deepening Autumn”

PJ Machmiller

HAIBUN WORKSHOP

Sunday, **June 11th, 2017** with Patricia J. Machmiller and Joan Zimmerman.

On Sunday June 11th, 2017, at the Monterey Dunes Conference Room on Monterey Bay, Joan Zimmerman and Patricia J. Machmiller will lead a one-day Haibun Workshop which will include group discussions, guided and independent writing, and the opportunity to read your haiku or haibun to other poets. The \$60 fee goes toward a fund-raiser for YTHS anthologies. Space is limited to twelve. Register early.

We will explore many structures of haibun (typically one or more prose paragraphs interleaved with one or more haiku) so you can select a suitable structure for your work.

Preparation materials will be emailed in the weeks leading up to the workshop, to help you write something you might like to bring. The workshop will have four sessions: two in the morning and two in the afternoon. Each session will include information and optional assignments, writing time, and sharing time with feedback.

GEPPPO SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

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

by mail to:
Betty Arnold, *GEPPPO* Editor

When you submit emails please write in the subject line:
GEPPPO 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.

ANNUAL YTHS MEMBERSHIP DUES for 2017 due by January 1, 2017

YTHS membership is for one calendar year, January 1-December 31. The fee provides each member with four issues of the *GEPPPO*, notification of events, and the annual membership anthology. Only members can submit to the *GEPPPO* and anthology.

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

Toni Homan,
Membership Secretary

2016-17 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

2016

Dec 10
5-9 pm

Holiday Party at Patricia and Al Machmiller's home. Newcomers and guests are welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish to share for a potluck dinner. It is customary for society members to bring gift haiku or haiga for exchange. Thirty cards should be enough to share. Hope you join us!

2017

Jan 14
1-5 pm

Analysis of the Tokutomi Haiku Contest led by Mimi Ahern and Joan Zimmerman at Carolyn Fitz's Club House.

Feb 11
1-5 pm

Discussion of the poetry of Chiyo-ni, a notable Japanese woman haiku poet. Leaders will be Alison Woolpert and Joan Zimmerman at Markham House, History Park of Kelly Park, San Jose.

Additional details and the complete calendar for the year will be published in the next issue of the *GEPP*O, Feb 2017.