

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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|------|---|------|---|
| 1070 | Buddha's Birthday—
tying a line of prayer flags
with a stranger | 1081 | cold snap—
the sound of our swords
slicing air |
| 1071 | hot potato
charcoal streaked from his bonfire
I pass it on | 1082 | polishing off
the last of the Christmas goose—
bright star |
| 1072 | New Year's card
suddenly I'm the oldest
cousin alive | 1083 | winter river—
the pallor
of sycamores |
| 1073 | sticky debris
of shattered resolutions
New Year afternoon | 1084 | growing older—
ice rattling
against opaque glass |
| 1074 | snowflakes
a momentary state
of smiling | 1085 | when the heart pauses
I keep longing
for wildflowers |
| 1075 | floating on the pond
chewing gum wrappers
near acacia trees | 1086 | Yosemite starlight
he surprised us, we surprised him
the bagel bear |
| 1076 | soft purr
contentment of kittens
until the bark | 1087 | March blizzard
I turn over and
stay in my cave |
| 1077 | baby's first laughter
little piggies go to market
again and again | 1088 | oil spill
in front of the garage pit
blooming dogwood |
| 1078 | New Year's Day
the tidy bowl in high def
and surround sound | 1089 | May Day basket
left for my seven year old
non-G.M.O. treats |
| 1079 | desert stars
what's not
to understand | 1090 | over and over
with each chickadee refrain
counting the 'dees |
| 1080 | the Christmas party
talk of everything
but | 1091 | midnight chant
our version of a pagan
hymn to Orion |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 1092 | wakened by owls
while tucked cozy in bed . . .
owls round the canyon | 1106 | garden in bloom
the progressive disclosure
of intentions |
| 1093 | Vega rising
through magnolia blossoms
cricket song | 1107 | dragonflies
please eat
more mosquitos |
| 1094 | folk festival—
the hillbilly pretends
to tune his washboard | 1108 | spring rain
the hoarded treasures
in my bookcase |
| 1095 | our canoe lowered
from the carport ceiling . . .
a dried swallow's nest | 1109 | fainting away
with the first snow
stars |
| 1096 | still harbour—
the ferry waits
for a rowboat | 1110 | ghostly against snow
piebald doe
leaves her droppings |
| 1097 | sushi bars patrons
watch sumo wrestling
TV on mute | 1111 | snowfall
in the hen yard
a collage of chicken tracks |
| 1098 | smoked salt cod
with chilled sauvignon blanc
a perfect marriage | 1112 | “Woodchoppers’ Ball”
mingling with the first flakes
sweet smoke |
| 1099 | seared ahi
in the dregs of nigori saké
surprisingly sweet | 1113 | forgetting
the last time we saw each other
wind chill advisory |
| 1100 | a rock oyster
the size of my right foot
its shape, too | 1114 | neighbors
sharing the last avocados
scurry of squirrels |
| 1101 | stiff winter wind
we walk leaning into it
at the same angle | 1115 | tooth fairy
counting out the quarters
from the change jar |
| 1102 | train to the northeast
the birch groves, the birch stands,
yellowed by autumn | 1116 | Inauguration Day—
sticking flag stamps on again
upside down |
| 1103 | “mildJanuary”
this book font merges
“d” and “J” | 1117 | winter birding
the guide is sure that Daffy Duck
is a merganser |
| 1104 | anti-aging drug!
without ever taking it I got
all its side effects | 1118 | to the cliff edge
and back . . . the kids’ fists
tight with oxalis |
| 1105 | spring peepers
my DNA cousin
invited to tea | 1119 | new year
still the road sign: Se Solicitan
Piscadores* |

*Pickers Requested (refers to migrant workers)

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|------|---|------|---|
| 1120 | severing fish heads
the cod ladies begin
to sing songs | 1134 | tropical storm
mom veers around a gecko
in her wheelchair |
| 1121 | patterns of
moonlight on the wall
in the bedroom | 1135 | the bed he died in
leans outside the front door
depth of winter |
| 1122 | letters of drawings
my old school house
is being torn down | 1136 | the old veteran
hobbles on the withered moor—
the same marching songs |
| 1123 | I wish for you
tons of rain in the
dead of night | 1137 | I read worn love notes
the banked fire shifts
and flares again |
| 1124 | starry night . . .
a curious doe nibbles
the snowman's nose | 1138 | my year book's
yellowed pages—
north wind in the eaves |
| 1125 | on the river bank
among the forget-me-knots . . .
tangled fish line | 1139 | winter crop
the grudged last dribble
of toothpaste |
| 1126 | in the middle
of the yard with no clothes on . . .
gingko | 1140 | even with
New Balance sneakers—
vertigo |
| 1127 | inheritance . . .
the family dogs fight
over the food bowl | 1141 | not enunciating
her b's—
mumble bee |
| 1128 | seaside marathon
the snail and I
neck and neck | 1142 | finding bruises
under your clothes—
purple gobstoppers |
| 1129 | Black Friday
our day of Thanks
hijacked | 1143 | butterfly net—
how many more haiku
can I capture? |
| 1130 | thrush song
the door to consensus reality
shuts | 1144 | wave hands like clouds
Tai Chi by the ocean
gentle rain |
| 1131 | dark corner
a plant growing silently
cell by cell | 1145 | after the storm
confused warblers
drip from the trees |
| 1132 | first frost
alone in the parking lot
Lucy's Hot Dog Stand | 1146 | cool notes
of an alto saxophone
flickering fire |
| 1133 | my new job
saving street worms
in the winter rain | 1147 | seagulls
buffeted by the wind
crested white waves |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 1148 | first dream
a poem of rain
that writes itself | 1162 | the new roof
the old skylight's first leak—
Monkey Year ends |
| 1149 | overcast sky
roadside yarrow humming
with honeybees | 1163 | the camping kitty
passed-up . . . lingers in my heart
winter clouds |
| 1150 | on a trail post
pointing the wrong way
a phoebe | 1164 | French Café fare—
first writings with small plates
friends gather and share |
| 1151 | country road
the old ranch dog's
crooked wag | 1165 | lengthening days—
the grace in a minute
of new season light |
| 1152 | a dog goes
through winter field
species memory | 1166 | flagrant fragrance—
the compost pile begs
for a turn |
| 1153 | a swish shot
into basket
spring sunbeam | 1167 | a swish of marsh wren
tickles thin green reeds—
spring awakening |
| 1154 | street performance
ended with a balloon
released | 1168 | beachfront art project—
bits of abalone shell
pounded and breaded |
| 1155 | all that remains
this December night
the memory of crickets | 1169 | tired feet forge
new paths northward—
spring dreams |
| 1156 | winter encounter
a deer stands
frozen | 1170 | winter sun
crossing her legs
hospital bed |
| 1157 | winter woods
snow falls from branch
to branch | 1171 | one step at a time
learning to walk again
ice cold morning |
| 1158 | multiple worlds
real and imagined
entangled | 1172 | A long line of chairs
to be seated in while you
wait to be seated. |
| 1159 | city skyline
going up . . . going down
Chinese tones | 1173 | Then for the last time
Mother waved bravely and smiled—
maple leaves falling. |
| 1160 | inviting
the November chill
I walk the beach | 1174 | Winter solstice dawns
clear and cold here—memories
of Mexican warmth. |
| 1161 | sunlight
through the rose petals
honey sky | 1175 | Wind, rain and thunder—
nature seems angry with this
inauguration. |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 1176 | Christmas Eve . . .
I leave a blanket outside
for the stray dog | 1190 | first breath of the storm—
trees begin to bend yet rain
worries no one |
| 1177 | the fading forms
of black-faced spoonbills . . .
estuary fog | 1191 | her final say—
coffee beans rattle
into the grinder |
| 1178 | seeds as if snowing . . .
the cocked heads
of sparrows | 1192 | the neighbors
are burning toast again
deep winter |
| 1179 | witching hour . . .
echoes of my cough
in a stray cat | 1193 | the cockatoo
raises its pure white crest
first winter rain |
| 1180 | my shadow fingers
reflect blue on the tablet
tremulous words | 1194 | lights flickering
in the cellphone repair shop
winter drizzle |
| 1181 | alone, attempting
to declutter—
robo call | 1195 | paging through
old exam booklets
winter seclusion |
| 1182 | sun on cold morning—
edgy light caught
in the dog's fur | 1196 | autumn dunes
distant waves
the only sound |
| 1183 | rain on the women's march—
soggy pussy hats stay pert
owning their power | 1197 | red umbrella
red rain boots
ready for rain |
| 1184 | still February
I draw rainbow birds
on white envelopes | 1198 | green leaf spike
waits for the right moment
to become a coastal iris |
| 1185 | mirror writing
ice ferns on the window
by mother nature | 1199 | first plum blossoms
weather forecast:
rainstorms and high winds |
| 1186 | mother's calligraphy
even her snowy footsteps
graceful | 1200 | after the argument
the loud silence is hard to bear
no frogs tonight |
| 1187 | first mallard
rainbow reflections
on breaking ice | 1201 | morning doves near their nest
cooing a symphonic proclamation
their grand opus |
| 1188 | fortune cookie—
the wedding invitation
folded in the mail | 1202 | on crimson leaves
she steps barefoot wearing a chiffon gown
his first dream, a wish |
| 1189 | peregrine falcon—
an old friend makes the last
of his journeys | 1203 | hands folded neatly
on her starched pinafore
Santa is coming! |
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|---|---|
| <p>1204 lazy eights
he loves me, he loves me not
winter river</p> <p>1205 Smoke from a chimney
dragged away by a chilly wind—
winter flows.</p> <p>1206 We sharpen our knives
now that visitors are coming—
Christmas dinner.</p> <p>1207 Canada geese quack
just passing through
winter night</p> <p>1208 after the rain
under the clay pot
a cluster of dead snails</p> | <p>1209 up on a tree
a hooting owl
full moon</p> <p>1210 the cascading rain
overflowing the gutter
Ray Conniff is playing</p> <p>1211 down my country road
after days of heavy rain . . .
first narcissus bloom</p> <p>1212 round bales
scattered in the field
a hawk's curved cry</p> <p>1213 atop a spring hill
swept into the
vast blue sky</p> <p>1214 march snow storm
winter's thin trees . . .
thinner</p> |
|---|---|

Save the Kigo from Extinction!

by Joan Zimmerman

With the announcement of the new YTHS Tokutomi Contest, I was curious to look at the latest November 2016 *GEPPPO* to see to what extent members were taking advantage of our newsletter forum as an opportunity for *kigo* (seasonal phrase) practice. It looks like the use of *kigo* has significantly decreased over the last four decades.

The November 2016 *GEPPPO* printed 141 poems (numbers 929 to 10690). A rough count showed 35, or 25%, omitted a *kigo*. The August 2016 *GEPPPO* printed 124 poems (numbers 805 to 928) of which 45, 36%, omitted a *kigo*. The May 2016 *GEPPPO* printed 136 poems (numbers 669 to 804) of which 50, 37%, omitted a *kigo*. On average for these three **2016** issues, **32% omitted a *kigo***.

Has this always been the case? The January-February 2008 *GEPPPO* printed 78 poems; 16, or 21%, omitted a *kigo*. The March-April 2008 *GEPPPO* printed 49 poems of which 10, 20%, omitted a *kigo*. These rough data suggest that we now print a considerably greater portion of poems without *kigo* than we did eight years ago.

Extending further into our history, I looked at the *YTHS Haiku Journal* Volume 3, No. 1 (1979). It contained 154 members' poems of which 12, **8%, omitted a *kigo***.

Of course YTHS members are not required to use a *kigo* and some prefer to write *senryu*, focusing on human nature and omitting a reference to season. Others experiment with "topic words" or other non-season indicators. Dojin who comment on our haiku sometimes suggest how the addition of a particular *kigo* can improve the resonance and depth of a poem. With this in mind, your use of a *kigo* might create a better haiku.

Lastly a confession: my *GEPPPO* poems do not always include a *kigo*. Maybe I will include them more frequently now that I've noticed this.

Recommended Texts.

Mimi Ahern (editor): "Season Words" in *Cherry Blossom Light* (2016).

William J. Higginson: *Haiku World* (1996) and *The Haiku Seasons* (1996).

Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter River

carried away
by winter river
I test the ice
~Patricia Garvey

winter river—
the tumbling debris
of the last duck blind
~Christine Horner

swimming
against the current
winter river
~Kath Abela Wilson

winter river
a pile of snow
on a deserted boat
~John J. Han

its stones
casting lengthy shadows
winter river
~Karina Young

my elder sister
just passed away
winter river
~Ed Grossmith

the rough and tumble
of the winter river playing
with misery
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

as the big logs hit
the train trestle trembles
—winter river
~Alison Woolpert

winter river
barges creating vees
in the ice
~Joan Iversen Goswell

winter river sirens crossing in to the new year
~Dyana Basist

winter river . . .
a turtle's subdued heartbeat
in the St. Croix mud
~ Elinor Pihl Huggett

winter river
moonlight caught
in the frozen ripples
~Joyce Joslin Lorenson

three hours later
we would have drowned
winter river
~Patrick Gallagher

being barged into
the "two zilch seventeen"
on the river of winter
~ Zinovy Vayman

winter rivers
my heart
keeps beating
~ Bruce H. Feingold

winter river—
the little grebe
for company
~Ruth Holzer

fools
that we are
winter river
~Michael Henry Lee

winter river—
a birthday balloon
snagged in a bramble
~Michael Dylan Welch

watch the winter river rising
~Sherry Barto
eating the snow winter river
~Susan Burch

cold snaps
splinters of ice
winter river
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

icebergs clog
the winter river—
elusive memory
~Janis Albright Lukstein

splintering light
along the winter river
whisper of timber
~Joan Zimmerman

the absence
of loved ones at year end . . .
winter river grief
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

winter river
rushing through the city park
early light
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

winter river . . .
rounding each bend
bits of yesterday
~Michael Sheffield

Without any sound
winter river spills into
byways and basements.
~David Sherertz

From the arctic wastes
flowing through fog, frost and ice
winter river
~Francis Silva

heavy downpour
flooding streets
winter river
~Majo Leavick

winter river rolls too cold to wade
~Lois Heyman Scott

Members Votes for August-October 2016 Haiku

Zinovy Vayman 0929-0, 0930-1, 0931-2, 0932-2
 Jean Hale 0933-1, 0934-0, 0935-1
 Michael Henry Lee 0936-4, 0937-7, 0938-2, 0939-4
 Christine D. Michaels 0940-0, 0941-2, 0942-0
 Ruth Holzer 0943-4, 0944-6, 0945-2, 0946-7
 Richard St. Clair 0947-3, 0948-1, 0949-2, 0950-1
 Dyana Basist 0951-1, 0952-4, 0953-2, 0954-1
 Beverly Acuff Momoi 0955-1, 0956-1, 0957-0, 0958-2
 Hiroyuki Murakami 0959-1, 0960-0, 0961-0
 Judith Schallberger 0962-1, 0963-0, 0964-2, 0965-0
 Joan Zimmerman 0966-0, 0967-3, 0968-4, 0969-2
 Alison Woolpert 0970-1, 0971-0, 0972-1, 0973-3
 Bruce Feingold 0974-5, 0975-3, 0976-3, 0977-5
 Michael Sheffield 0978-2, 0979-3, 0980-1, 0981-3
 Christine Horner 0982-3, 0983-3, 0984-1, 0985-0
 Kevin Goldstein-Jackson 0986-1, 0987-4, 0988-1
 Peg McAulay Byrd 0989-1, 0990-0, 0991-0, 0992-0
 Susan Burch 0993-6, 0994-1, 0995-1, 0996-0
 Clysta Seney 0997-2, 0998-3, 0999-2
 Ed Grossmith 1000-6, 1001-9, 1002-3, 1003-3
 Johnnie Johnson Hafernik 1004-1, 1005-2, 1006-1, 1007-1
 Peggy Heinrich 1008-1, 1009-0, 1010-0, 1011-0
 Kyle Sullivan 1012-1, 1013-9, 1014-2, 1015-1
 Majo Leavick 1016-0, 1017-0, 1018-0, 1019-0
 Christine Lamb Stern 1020-0, 1021-1, 1022-2
 David Sherertz 1023-0, 1024-1, 1025-1, 1026-0
 John J. Han 1027-0, 1028-2, 1029-4
 Sherry Barto 1030-0, 1031-2, 1032-1, 1033-0
 Phillip Kennedy 1034-2, 1035-4, 1036-6, 1037-5
 Mimi Ahern 1038-2, 1039-0, 1040-3, 1041-1
 Nicole Heinrich 1042-0, 1043-1
 Carol Steele 1044-1
 Marilyn Ashbaugh 1045-0, 1046-2, 1047-0, 1048-10
 Neal Whitman 1049-0, 1050-4, 1051-0, 1052-2
 Michael Dylan Welch 1053-5, 1054-3, 1055-3, 1056-5
 Toni Homan 1057-0, 1058-0, 1059-1
 June Hopper Hymas 1060-0, 1061-0, 1062-2
 Cynthia Holbrook 1063-0, 1064-2, 1065-0
 Lois Heyman Scott 1066-0, 1067-4, 1068-1, 1069-2

Attention All Voting Members:

The purpose of voting is not to create competition between poets, but rather to express appreciation for the work of others. Please refrain from voting for yourself; if you do, inadvertently or otherwise, votes for your own haiku will not be counted.

YTHS Policy

August—October 2016 Haiku
Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers
(received 5 or more votes)

fall colors
 we take our differences
 on a long walk
 ~Marilyn Ashbaugh

first rain—
 puddles shiver
 with each passing car
 ~Ed Grossmith

broken windows—
 in the vacant barn
 a squatter moon
 ~Ed Grossmith

deepening autumn
 I enter a library
 of unexplored books
 ~Phillip Kennedy

autumn afternoon . . .
 my thoughts get off the train
 with a group of girls
 ~Kyle Sullivan

winter twilight
 the weight of a pen
 for the DNR
 ~Bruce H. Feingold

retirement
 the days a blur of
 hummingbirdwings
 ~Michael Henry Lee

winter shadows
 listening to the same question
 every few minutes
 ~Bruce H. Feingold

gray woods
 the cardinal still singing
 his red song
 ~Ruth Holzer

long night
 the mantle clock's gears
 rasping
 ~Phillip Kennedy

passing
 in silence
 fall grasses
 ~Ruth Holzer

cupcake papers
 blow from the kitchen counter—
 summer's end
 ~Michael Dylan Welch

culling me
 from the herd—
 scoliosis
 ~Susan Burch

moon through the slats—
 his rough hand
 rocking the cradle
 ~Michael Dylan Welch

Dojin's Corner

Aug—Oct 2016

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Joan Zimmerman

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 Joan Zimmerman to join us for this column. Joan is a haiku and tanka poet and co-edited with Jerry Ball *Wild Violets*, the 2011 Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology. Welcome, Joan!

Before we begin with the choices for this time, we would like to share with you Michael Dylan Welch's response to Emiko's comments about his haiku, in the last GEPPO.

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

Michael wrote:

I was just reading your comments on my poem in the latest issue of GEPPO—thank you. [Emiko] may be right that the third line in my poem explains my feelings (or ideas), that the "emptiness overflows," but I do think the last line is still needed. To me it's essential—and is even the whole point of the poem, on top of whatever emotions one might feel from the rest of it. I deliberately said "its" emptiness overflows (thus it's not my own emptiness—although that may be implied). So I'm suggesting that the actual "emptiness" that was in the bucket has been displaced. I try to make the emptiness a THING rather than the absence of something. Aside from the feelings of loneliness in autumn rain and a dangling well bucket, the whole focus of my poem is meant to be on the bucket's emptiness AS IF that emptiness could flow out like water. Another way of looking at it is that the emptiness is a metaphor for the water, and that of course it's the water that is overflowing. Still, I know this poem is a little more conceptual than what I usually write!

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

pjm: 0934, 0936*, 0937, 0938, 0943, 0945, 0946, 0947, 0951, 0966, 0969, 0970, 0975, 0983, 0997*, 1003*, 1007, 1013, 1022, 1029, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1042, 1045, 1050, 1053*, 1055, 1056, 1060

E: 0939*, 0947, 0949*, 0967, 0997, 1003, 1030*, 1034, 1038, 1048*, 1053, 1068

jz: 0937*, 0938, 0939, 0943, 0946, 0950, 0953, 0958, 0970, 0978, 1003, 1007*, 1025*, 1028, 1036, 1037, 1040*, 1052, 1056, 1064

0936 winter migration
further and further
removed

pjm: Migrations are an interesting phenomena. And whether the traveler comes closer or farther from you depends on where you are and, sometimes, the time of year. In the northern hemisphere birds and butterflies migrate south in the winter; in the southern hemisphere, they migrate north. Shearwaters migrate from the northern hemisphere to the southern hemisphere in winter. People migrate too—many northerners in the US and Canada head for Florida or Arizona or Baja to escape the cold; we call them "snow birds." I have a sister (Wisconsin), a brother (South Dakota), and two first cousins (Minnesota and Iowa) who do this. And the last few years Syrians, Afghans, and North Africans have been migrating as they were fleeing war and oppression. Their migrations may be unseasonal, but they are fraught with loneliness and the anxiety of separation. These are the feelings that were evoked in me by the image in this poem.

jz: I originally hopped over this poem because, while it has a lot of evocative words, for me the poem does not evoke a feeling. It feels abstract, cerebral. Because Patricia selected it, I returned to the poem and still find it "high maintenance" in needing me to do too much work for it. While I do not respond to it viscerally, I

appreciate Patricia's scenarios. The first line "winter" suggests a cold climate so I could add my experience of the lengthy and dangerous migration of vast herds of caribou on the Arctic Circle. But what experience brought this poem to the poet's mind? What is the intent of the poem? All I can do is bounce out of it in quibbles such as (1) a migration is usually over a long distance, so isn't the second line ("further and further") a reiteration of an idea included in "migration" and (2) the poem does not end (in the last line, "removed") with an insight, but (at least to this migrant) with a statement of something else inherent in the idea of migration.

E: So the author is in the place from where the birds or butterflies are migrating. To watch birds fly out until they become dots and then mix into the sky makes one stand in awe; they are performing something divine. The last word, 'removed' makes me think so, I guess. For us in Japan, a migration in winter means to receive birds from Siberia or from other northern places. I remember a swan watching what we did in Fukushima. For your reference, "migrating birds" is an autumn kigo and "departing geese" is a spring kigo in Japan.

0937 retirement
the days a blur of
hummingbirdwings

jz: This delightful haiku expresses how quickly the days blur and pass by when one is fully retired as they also can do in the days before retirement. One needs to move at the speed of hummingbird's wings not to lose ground. A small preference would be to have consistency of layout by restoring the space in the last line (to become "hummingbird wings") and let the poem speak for itself; or else to put the same compression visual in the second line (to become thedaysablurof" or "the days ablurof").

E: The last line consisting of just one word, but actually it is a combination of "humming bird" and "bird wings," I assume. I imagine the days after retirement must be something like this; dates like Monday, Tuesday, and

Wednesday get blurred; in short, every day becomes Sunday! Enjoy!

pjm: This is very original writing—hummingbirdwings as one word to indicate both the hummingbird's flight and the way days in retirement run into each other one after another with little distinction is brilliant. This invented word is what makes the poem. For my taste I think only one such word is needed. I'd like to mention also the element of sound: the word "blur" echoes "bird"; blur is also a rhyme of "whirr" which is the sound made by the little bird's rapidly vibrating wings.

0939 storm watch
the cat sits
zazen

E: I picture the author watching a storm, watching it with his/her cat by the window. The posture of the cat is nothing but that of zazen, unworried by anything in the hectic world while the author is getting more and more anxious. It captures an indifference peculiar to the cat's nature, and at the same time, makes us hear and feel the stormy wind on our faces.

pjm: I imagine a cat that sits "zazen" to be one sitting up straight with its tail curled around its front paws in a pose of alert attention. I imagine it sitting in front of a sliding glass door, say, watching intently as the storm approaches—leaves blow across the patio, branches sway and dip, the afternoon sky grows dark. I am very fond of this image and how vivid it is constructed out of just six words.

One thing I suggest the writer might look at is the rhythm. This is a poem of three lines, each with two beats. I think if one of the lines, perhaps the first line were a three-beat line, it would give the poem more punch. Three beats is a changing rhythm, a rhythm of anticipation which if used in the first line would reinforce the meaning of the first line. One might consider, for example, "winter storm watch" as a first line. This would solve another quibble I have which has to do with the season, or lack thereof. Storms can occur at various times of the year. So I am looking for something more

definitive. “Winter” would bring in the sense of seclusion and interiority that sitting zazen suggests.

jz: A very clean haiku. The energy and chaos of a storm and, possibly, its online storm watchers contrast with the control of sitting zazen. Human concerns about a possible storm do not upset the calmness of the cat.

0949 cracking open
a gaggle of nuts
grampa's Xmas gift

E: I like the way a letter ‘g’ appears in this haiku. Cracking, gaggle, grampa, and gift, six of them! It used to be my father’s role to crack open the walnuts warmed on the stove. He had a silvery nutcracker with a beautiful carving on each arm. We adored his dexterous handling of the cracker and loved the warm winter evening as we gathered around the stove. The poem brought back my childhood memories.

jz: The word “gaggle” is intriguing in this poem. At first it seems to mean that the nuts are the edible kind and that the noise of their shelling is as loud as a flock of geese. But I am hopeful that the gaggle is the kind that occurs in the phrase “gaggle of girls” and so the “nuts” are the granddaughters who crack open (or up) into laughter and loud cackling at the gift they are about to give grampa (or have just watched him publicly open)—what a hoot!

pjm: Is grandpa too weak to crack open his own nuts? So the gift is to crack them for him? Or perhaps, the gift is a visit from his grandchild and cracking nuts is an excuse to do so. Either way, it’s a nice sentiment.

0997 icicles drip
on upside-down pots—
unanswered doorbell

pjm: No one is home. And apparently he or she hasn’t been there since the pots were washed and set out to dry in the fall. Is the person gone for the winter—a “snow bird,” perhaps? Or maybe the absence is because

of failing health, a family emergency, or . . . we don’t know. But we feel the absence, and take heart that the drip of the icicles means spring is coming.

jz: I am interested in Patricia’s impression that the householder is long absent. As I’m a more slipshod householder, my pots could have been out for months and my unanswered doorbell is more likely to mean I’m in good health and out hiking for the day (smile). Either way, the visitor’s world is chilly and upside down because no one answers the ringing of the door.

E: Spring is approaching, but no one is in the house to plant spring flowers. The author tries but the doorbell is not answered. The only sound filling the air is the drip-drop sound of melting icicles falling on the pots. The scene depicts a sunny late winter day hinting that the house is still hibernating, or deserted. “Unanswered” brought the author into this poem and made the icicle’s drip more vivid, I think. By the way, I love to see an icicle; we don’t get to see many in the middle of Tokyo.

1003 garden statues—
the scarecrow and my son
each on one leg

pjm: This haiku makes me laugh and, at the same time, sigh. I imagine a Mom or Dad out mulching the garden before the first frost, while his or her young boy, soon to be a teenager, playfully imitates the scarecrow’s one-legged stance calling out, “Look, Mom (or Dad)! Look at me!” The season is autumn. The year is passing; it will not be long before this child will be an adult and this moment of imitating the scarecrow, that is in itself imitating a human, will—poof—be gone.

E: The scarecrow is an autumn kigo; usually in Japan, they stand in the ripening rice fields to scare the sparrows away. The first line makes me picture a large public garden or a park with beautiful statues in bronze and marble. Then the rest reveals what actually is in front of my eyes, a scarecrow and a boy! Both standing on one leg. Adorable!

jz: A delightful picture of the hard-at-work scarecrow and the playful son. I especially admire Patricia's insight in her final sentence.

1007 fields of mustard
along the winding river
a Bach suite

jz: This is a joyful and sensuous haiku: the bright fields and aromas of yellow spice flowers, the flow and glint of the river, and the exuberant music of a Bach orchestral suite. Possibly the writer is driving along the river while listening to music and adjusting his/her torso to each curve, bringing this fifth sense—touch—into the poem. A delight.

E: The first and the second lines provide a wide view, and I wonder where the author can be, Perhaps piloting his/her Cessna? The third line adds music to the scene, and a touch of Europe to the stretching yellow fields. Somehow the poem, for me, is like a painting I try to see from a distance.

pjm: Bach always makes me think of spring. There is a springiness in his polyphonic melodies. Played on a harpsichord they are as spritely as the color of mustard, and if you think of his three-part inventions, for example, the notes are as multitudinous as mustard in a field. In such an invention the music flows with the rhythm of a spring river bouncing over stones. The poem is a happy combination of visual and auditory images arranged just for our pleasure.

1025 Mixed in with the din
of the wind and the jet plane—
soothing cricket chirps.

jz: My immediate response to this poem was to read it aloud. Its main attractions are: (1) its juxtaposition of the large and loud with the small and quiet, and (2) its delicious mouth-feel: all those sprightly "i" sounds. The unusual but apt "din of the wind" phrase is particularly pleasing, both in itself and in its assonance. The 5-7-5 pattern is challenging in English so it's good to see haiku that do it well. The only weak word for

me is "soothing" (it seems to be telling me what the poet felt); but it is easily omitted while retaining the form, if the last line, for example, becomes "chirps of a cricket."

I would also ponder whether the em-dash serves the poem; perhaps it is unnecessary?

E: "Din" is a new word for me. Assuming that it is a loud continuous noise, is "mixed in" a right word choice here? Only those who are determined to listen can hear the cricket under such circumstances. "Soothing" is a subjective word expressing the feeling of the author, how he/she compares the chirp with the din, thus telling the conclusion of the story. Perhaps it would be more tantalizing just to say "a cricket chirp" and let the readers hear it by themselves?

pjm: ĩ . . . ĩ . . . ĩ . . . ĩ—the short "i" sounds throughout the haiku are like cricket chirps! I think the use of the traditional form is effective reflecting the theme of the poem: order in the midst of or in spite of disorder. I agree with Joan and Emiko that "soothing" is the one word that is weak. The "oo" sound does not work for me, and it is too telling in its meaning. I like Joan's solution to revising the last line because it preserves the traditional form.

1030 the sun rises later
suddenly
pomegranates in the market

E: Towards winter solstice, days get shorter and shorter, and sunrise gets later and later. A kitchen light has to be turned on to brew coffee! And, "suddenly," there is a pile of pomegranates in the market place. I like the use of "suddenly" in this haiku because the word has the truth in it. It also connects the two elements in a lovely way. The late sunrise and this ancient fruit which has been noted as early as the first century AD in *The Natural History* by Pliny the Elder. In general, it is not recommended that one use "suddenly" in haiku because a good haiku is all about surprise. In Japan, pomegranates are imported mostly from California!

jz: This has a lovely juxtaposition of the later sunrise (the lateness making it more likely that we are up in time to see its reddened globe crest the horizon) and the appearance of similar shaped and colored fruit in the market. I question, however, some line-length choices. The unusually short (and somewhat editorial) second line could still try to be a pivot if it had more heft, and the third line could allow the greatest interest (the pomegranates) to stand on their own; for example:

the sun rises later
in the market suddenly
pomegranates

pjm: These two things happen at about the same time each year. What are we to think? The sun is a sleepy-head and suddenly pomegranates appear. The Greeks, of course, had the answer. They believed it was the pomegranate that was the cause of winter. According to the old myth, when Hades (god of the underworld), stole Persephone (the beautiful daughter of Zeus and Demeter), Demeter, in a fury, withered all the fields and meadows. To get spring back Zeus had to order Hades to release Persephone. But before he released her, wily Hades offered Persephone a pomegranate which she couldn't resist. She ate the pomegranate, thus sealing her fate: once every year she would have to return to Hades and when she did, Demeter withered everything until Persephone returned in the spring. So it is all the pomegranate's fault that the sun rises later, the earth grows cold, and we have to wait for Persephone's return before there can be spring.

1040 the care
with which she places
the fallen leaf

jz: The poem says enough to intrigue a reader and not so much that the reader's interpretation is too limited. We do not know if the "she" is young or old, solitary or with others, creating an art work or tidying a yard or in the wilderness. But we do know that she is someone who cares and someone

who notices what has fallen, even this single leaf. A poem to read and savor.

E: I picture an old lady or an infant with delicate fingers. "The care" reminds me of the span of time she spends to place the fallen leaf. It makes me think of the speed of the falling leaf traveling down to the ground, and the time the fallen leaf would spend on the ground if she had not picked it up. I like the gentle flow of time I feel from this haiku. Or she can be someone rehabilitating . . .

pjm: A gesture of respect for the fallen by means of the fallen . . .

1048 fall colors
we take our differences
on a long walk

E: I think this world consists of all kinds of differences, and it makes a great difference if one can accept and appreciate those differences. If not, one is going to suffer in many ways and going to face unnecessary conflicts. "A long walk" is well stated to give depth to this haiku. Appreciating and accepting can be done in an instance, but they can be sustained more easily when sufficient time is taken. Perhaps the author and her/his company are simply admiring the various phases of the changing colors by taking a long walk, which is nice, too.

jz: This also is a poem that is open to many interpretations. The "differences" might be welcome, like discovering other people's favorite colors of leaves, or they might be the foothills of bigger disagreements and possible arguments. How sensible, then, to give the differences a long fresh-air excursion, where the exercise endorphins can kick some cheerful, colorful leaves around and perhaps bury those differences.

pjm: Having differences doesn't mean we can't get along. By the kigo choice, I feel the poet is suggesting that there is beauty in difference.

1053 cupcake papers
blow from the kitchen counter—
summer's end

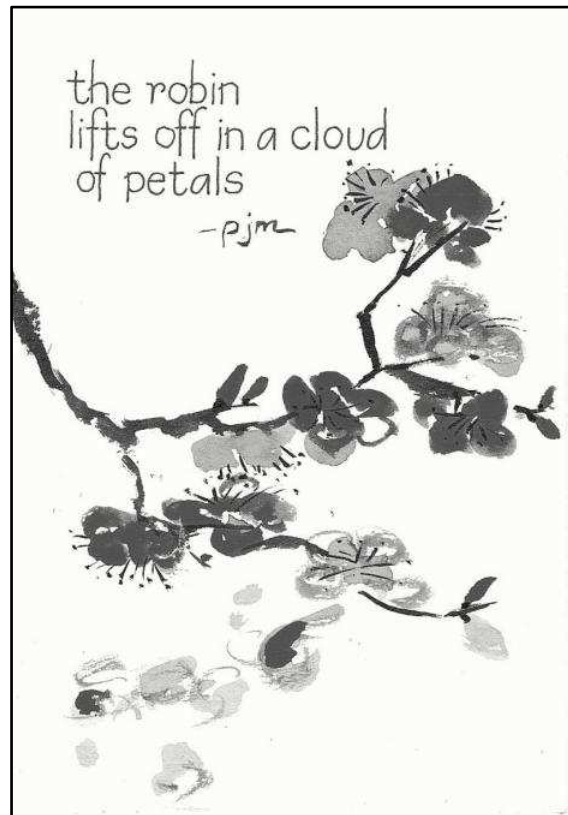
pjm: I think this is a lovely image for the end of summer. Someone is baking cupcakes—maybe for a birthday party. A door or window is open to let in the summer air to cool the kitchen. The empty cupcake holders are lined up on the counter ready to be filled when a slight breeze whisks them off in one swoop. Maybe the breeze has a hint of autumn in it, and the author is reminded that summer will soon be ending.

jz: The cupcakes suggest a celebration or a party. But all good things come to an end—including summer and unlimited cupcakes. A haiku of rueful good humor.

E: We say in our culture that autumn can be heard by the way wind blows. The autumn section begins with this tanka by Fujiwara no

Toshiyuki in *Kokinwakashū* (914 AD): “to my eyes it is / not clear that autumn has come / but the chill whisper / of the invisible wind / startles me to awareness.” Here in this haiku, the third line gives a meaning to the wind-blown cupcake papers from the kitchen counter. I assume the author is making cupcakes, but before he/she could pour the batter, the wind has snatched the cupcake papers away from the counter. The mischievous wind has not only taken away the cupcake papers but also the vacation time when our grandchildren can visit us more frequently.

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



haiga poem and artwork: PJ Machmiller
calligraphy: M Dahlen

Spring Challenge Kigo: cherry blossoms, *sakura* 桜 (さくら)

mountain cherry blossoms: yamazakura 山桜 (やまざくら)

Yoshino cherry blossoms: Yoshino zakura 吉野桜 (よしのざくら)

From Gabi Greve's World Kigo Database: <https://worldkigodatabase.blogspot.com/>

Cherry Blossoms is the all-time classic spring *kigo*! In a 36-verse renga, or renku, there are TWO links which specify the use of this kigo. When the blossoms are about to bloom in Japan, preparations are made: people dress up, prepare special foods and make plans to go blossom-viewing with family and friends. This poignant link from our renku, "First East Wind," is by our founder and tutelary spirit, Kiyoko Tokutomi.

in the garden
with blooming cherry blossoms
I forget I am in a foreign land Kiyoko Tokutomi from "First East Wind"

sasuga hana chiru ni miren wa nakari keru
when cherry blossoms
scatter...
no regrets Issa
(romaji and translation from David Lanoue's wonderful website: haikuguy.com/issa)

When we went to Japan in 1997, we took an excursion to Mt. Yoshino on the special train for viewing cherry blossoms. On the crowded train lots of people were standing! The cherry trees there have been famous for hundreds of years. Groves have been planted at different elevations, so a pilgrim will be able to see the blossoming at different stages and over a longer time.

Ware yande sakura ni omou koto oshi
The cherry blossoms
being ill, how many things
I remember about them Shiki

R. H. Blythe, *Haiku, Volume 2, Spring*, Hokuseido Press, page 610

Ku no shaba ya sakura ga sakeba saita tote
A world of grief and pain
even when cherry blossoms
have bloomed Issa

R. H. Blythe, *Haiku, Volume 2, Spring*, Hokuseido Press, page 614

After reading about cherry blossom haiku this week, I so wish to quote many more. I am going to hazard a guess that almost anything can enter into the making of a cherry blossom haiku! See what you can come up with! Send your cherry blossom haiku to the *GEPPU* editor so it can be published with the other verses in the Challenge Kigo section next issue.

June Hopper Hymas

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's Annual Retreat —November 10-13, 2016

Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA

This year's annual retreat was held from November 10 through 13 at the Asilomar State Beach and Conference Center in Pacific Grove, California. The theme for this year's retreat was the "Role of Kigo and Season Words in Haiku" and the special guest speaker was Charles Trumbull.

Thursday: For those who could attend, the conference began with an afternoon ginko walk led by YTHS President Patrick Gallagher at Point Lobos State Park. The evening program opened with a Welcome by President Patrick Gallagher and an Introduction to the Conference by Program Chair, Betty Arnold. This was followed by Patricia Machmiller's Memorial for Jane Reichhold (1937-2016), who was a great friend to the world of haiku and to the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, serving as the editor of the society's newsletter, *GEPP*O, from 1991 to 1993. We are all greatly saddened by her passing. The new publication *Old Pond: The Art of Haiku* was presented by its editor, Clysta Seeney. With essays and articles on the craft of haiku by Jerry Ball, Alex Benedict, Alice Benedict, Margaret Chula, Carol Conti-Entin, Helen Davie, D. Claire Gallagher, Christopher Herold, Jim Kacian, Patricia J. Machmiller, H.F. (Tom) Noyes, Francine Porad, Jane Reichhold, Ebba Story, Michael Dylan Welch, and Paul O. Williams, this collection contains wisdom and guidance for all writers of haiku. Next, featured guest speaker Charles Trumbull spoke about the Haiku Database Project. Trumbull began this database project in September 1998 with the intention of creating a tool to make the location and study of haiku easier for scholars and serious students. The database contains haiku in English, as well as translations of poems from Japanese and a number of other languages. The text of the haiku as well as information about each poem can be accessed by means of a number of searchable categories, including author, composition or publication date, kigo, season word, keywords, etc. As of November 2016, the database contains over 342,000 haiku. Although the database is not publicly available, everyone is encouraged to contact Charles Trumbull directly with search requests. The evening ended with the opening by Patricia Machmiller of the Silent Auction, which serves as a fundraiser for scholarships to the retreat.

Friday: The morning session began with a talk by Michael Sheffield on the Historical Perspective of Kigo. This was followed by featured speaker Charles Trumbull's presentation "Shiki's Kigo," in which he shared his recent research on the haiku of Matsuo Shiki in connection with an ongoing exploration of the question of seasonality in haiku. Trumbull's talk included discussion of kigo as it is and has been used traditionally in Japanese haiku followed by an analysis of how Shiki used kigo in his own work, aided by research with the Haiku Database. Trumbull finished his talk with a discussion of kigo by those who came after Shiki. The morning session concluded with a Panel Discussion, in which Charles Trumbull, Patricia Machmiller, Patrick Gallagher, and Michael Sheffield shared their views with the group on Kigo and Season Words in Haiku. In the afternoon, Charles Trumbull and Michael Sheffield held readings of their work and the Silent Auction closed. After dinner, the group was treated to a stunning multimedia display of YTHS members' haiga, coordinated by the Haiga Committee, and Elaine Whitman, aided by Neil Whitman, shared her delightful scarf haiga. This was followed by a presentation of the 2016 Membership Anthology *Cherry Blossom Light*, by Mimi Ahern (editor), David Sherertz (designer), and Carolyn Fitz (artist), which included a moving tribute to the society's leader and dojin, Patricia J. Machmiller. Next, Contest Chair Greg Longenecker announced the winners of the 2016 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Haiku Contest. This annual contest, which honors the founders of YTHS, accepts submissions of traditional haiku with a five-seven-five structure and

one kigo. This year's contest judge was haiku poet, literary critic, and translator Marie Mariya. First prize was awarded to Priscilla Lignori, second prize to Ferris Gilli, and third prize to Marilyn Ashbaugh. A number of other YTHS members received honorable mention.

Saturday: In the morning, participants had the opportunity to express themselves creatively in the Art Studio and take part in a Haiga Educational Workshop. The afternoon session included a Participants Haiku Workshop and a Kukai, both led by Patrick Gallagher. And Saturday evening featured the Renku Party, which continued late into the night.

Sunday: The conference ended on Sunday morning with a reading of the renku from the previous evening by the verses' authors. The group then shared their haiku and artwork from the conference, and everyone took part in the Closing Acknowledgments to sum up the retreat and express their appreciation for the presenters, organizers, and participants.

write-up by Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

"Whistling Frogs"

Asilomar kasen renku

- | | | | |
|---|-----|---|----|
| 1. Monterey pine grove
monarchs come from far and wide
to a place called home | ct | 10. she polishes her
belly button ring | mb |
| 2. almost full, the moon
floats above the clouds | ah | 11. in 1832
war between
England and France | ab |
| 3. sound of autumn
and a car radio
"all the lonely people" | ma | 12. we are just two
wild and crazy crows | ds |
| 4. a velvet hat
for the costume party | cs | 13. leaving the economy
stalled under a
cold moon | ch |
| 5. skipping
he gathers hailstones
in his plastic pail | db | 14. the fireplace just needs
a few more logs | ah |
| 6. beach sagewort
tops the dunes | ct | 15. "He's a lumberjack
and
he's OK" | ct |
| 7. at dawn
marathon runners
face their challenge | ds | 16. please just don't
call him Chuck | ch |
| 8. scarlet lips
lure him to her lair | th | 17. once again
secrets and lies
under the cherry blossoms | mb |
| 9. to please her new lover
she goes for
a Brazilian wax | jms | 18. is there a spring rainbow
on the bubble of my life? | mk |

- | | | | |
|--|--------|---|-----------|
| 19. after the flood
only the duckling
feels safe | | 28. a simple question
when will I see you again? | ds |
| | mb | 29. moon rises behind
the middle school sign:
report weapons on campus | mb |
| 20. with a long yawn
she flips the raw burgers | th | 30. Thanksgiving turkey
too large for the oven | ma/jms/ab |
| 21. no más
yells the Latina
at Donald Trump | ah | 31. the scarecrow
in hazmat suit
comes alive | ah |
| 22. I pull the covers up
over my head | ch | 32. a month's rent
for tickets to Hamilton | ma |
| 23. this sultry night
her lucky number
comes up | jms/ma | 33. drinking only water
she and the dog
begin their diets | mb |
| 24. amaryllis
in Amarillo | ma | 34. "Blessed are the peacemakers
for they shall inherit the earth" | ds |
| 25. the antique harpsichord
needs to be carefully
carefully tuned | ab | 35. in spite of everything
the cherry trees blossom
in complete abandon | ah |
| 26. she plays his heartstrings
like a pro | ch | 36. you know . . . in Jamaica
they have whistling frogs | jms/ma/ab |
| 27. the homecoming queen
in ecstasy
on the hood of the Rolls Royce | ma | | |

[Roger Abe: renku master, Patricia J. Machmiller: renku assistant,
Mimi Ahern, Dyana Basist, Marcia Behar, Ann Bendixen, Anne Homan, Toni Homan, Christine Horner,
Mariko Kitakubo, Judith Morrison Schallberger, David Sherertz, Carol Steele, Charles Trumbull]

Apologies to the second renku group. Due to space constraints in this issue, "From Swale to Dune Top"
kasen renku will be featured in the next issue, May 2017.

Minutes of Yuki Teikei Annual Business Meeting

November 19, 2016

Patrick Gallagher's home, Pacific Grove, CA

The following members were present: Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Betty Arnold, Dyana Basist, Eleanor Carolan, Carolyn Fitz, Patrick Gallagher, Phillip Kennedy, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Carol Steele, and Alison Woolpert.

Old Business: None

New Business:

Complete the roster of YTHS officers, chairs, and editors. Positions already filled are: President—Patrick Gallagher; Vice-President—Carolyn Fitz; Treasurer—Patricia J. Machmiller; Membership Secretary—Toni Homan; *GEPPO* Editor—Betty Arnold; Asilomar Chair—Carol Steele, with the help of Alison Woolpert, Sherry Barto and Lois Scott; Asilomar Registrar—Clysta Seney with Mimi Ahern's help. A planning meeting will be held in January. Tea House Reading Chair—Roger Abe.

Mimi Ahern resigned as Secretary. Dyana Basist volunteered to be Secretary. She was nominated and voted in. Clysta Seney resigned as Librarian. It was suggested Judith Schallberger be asked to take this position; Betty Arnold conveyed Judith's request to decline this position. It was also agreed to request a volunteer for Librarian through the *GEPPO*. Ed Grossmith has stepped down as Haiga chairman. It was decided not to fill this position. Other posts filled at the meeting were: Anthology Editor and Publisher—Amy Ostenso-Kennedy and Phillip Kennedy; YTHS Contest Chair—Mimi Ahern.

Monthly meetings topic and location were discussed. Joan Zimmerman submitted ideas for including more teaching at the monthly meetings. A lively discussion followed. Patricia summarized two types of teaching: monthly meetings with one hour of teaching, and quarterly meetings of all day workshops. Patricia volunteered to offer her kigo workshops. Phillip offered to provide small talks at some meetings. The overall consensus was to have more teaching sessions with Patrick stating that we will make it a point to include some teaching at the meetings. Locations were offered by Carolyn, Eleanor, and Dyana.

The 2017 Yuki Teikei Calendar was tentatively established with some dates needing confirmation. *GEPPO* and the website both can be consulted for updated information.

Roger Abe, Patricia J. Machmiller and Betty Arnold will represent YTHS at the planned visit to San Jose by a delegation from the sister-city Okayama on April 21-22, 2017. Roger suggested creating a brochure with YTHS haiku and Japanese translation, to serve a dual purpose: a thank you gift to the City of San Jose for letting us use the Tea House once a year for our Annual Tea House Reading at no charge, as well as a welcome gift to the visiting delegation.

Roger reported that the last Haiku Pacific Rim conference was in 2014, and would be due again in 2018. Patrick raised the idea of holding a Haiku Pacific Rim conference together with our Asilomar retreat in 2018. The idea was not greeted with enthusiasm by the group; no such plans exist at this time.

Patricia brought up the need to replenish the dojin supply. Patrick said this will be taken up in a separate meeting.

For all YTHS publications Patricia suggested that two sets of eyes are needed when proofing. People who have volunteered to proofread for the *GEPP*O are Joan Zimmerman, Kyle Sullivan and Jessica Latham. Currently Joan and Kyle are the proofreaders for the *GEPP*O.

Betty wanted the Board to consider adding the *GEPP*O editor to the voting members of the board. Betty shared her need as editor of *GEPP*O to have guidelines for the write-ups submitted to the *GEPP*O. It was determined that Betty and a small group of people would work on this.

There was a discussion about the fact that YTHS had a set of bylaws drafted in 1980-81 which were never ratified. Patricia brought a hand-typed copy to the meeting. Phillip volunteered to type them up on the computer, and Patrick said we would schedule a separate meeting to discuss them and other subsequent proposed bylaw drafts. It was agreed the issue of the bylaws should be addressed in 2017.

Treasurer's Report: Patricia submitted the treasurer's report. It was approved. Patrick will add his name to the YTHS bank account which will enable him to be a co-signer for Asilomar business.

Patricia suggested that since Jerry Ball is unable to come to most events, he would appreciate members visiting him individually in Walnut Creek and perhaps taping the visits which could then be shared at a panel discussion at Asilomar.

The meeting ended with a delicious pot luck lunch around Patrick's inviting kitchen table.

Submitted by Mimi Ahern, with help from Patrick Gallagher and Patricia J. Machmiller.

YTHS Archivist Needed for 2017

If you'd like to help organize the backlog of YTHS Archives at the Markham House, Kelley Park, San Jose, please contact:
Patrick Gallagher, YTHS President

A NOTE ON SEASON WORD USE IN HAIKU

essay by Patrick Gallagher, with thanks to Patricia J. Machmiller

At the YTHS Asilomar retreat in November, 2016, I participated in a panel on season words with Patricia J. Machmiller, Charles Trumbull and Michael Sheffield. What I hoped to communicate there is the view that the use of a season word unites the import of a haiku not only to the season of the occurrence of the scene in the haiku, but also to all time, past, present, and future. By achieving that union a haiku can significantly expand its significance.

This understanding came to me from Frank Kermode's *The Sense of an Ending* where he refers to two kinds of time, *chronos* and *kairos*, the former the continuity of time, and the latter an episode full of meaning. These are theological distinctions which Kermode uses to analyze fiction and which he finds necessarily present and skillfully treated in great literature. Kermode refers to the coupling of *chronos* and *kairos* as an example of complementarity, such as the description of light as a particle and a wave. Regardless of what a critic may esoterically explain* the added chronological universality of a haiku provided by a season word seems intuitively apparent.

An explicit illustration of the impact of the use of a season word in a haiku versus its absence is available in Patricia Machmiller's discussion in Dojin's Corner, *GEPPU* XLI:2, p. 13. Patricia is remarking on the entry:

raised eyebrows—
that smile we thought
was just between us

Patricia says, “. . . I can't help but ask, 'what if it had a kigo?' Would a kigo change it from a vignette, interest in passing, to something larger? For example, 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 background 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.”

In Kermode's terms, by the addition of a kigo to the poem the *kairos* of the poem has been coupled with the *chronos* of the universe. And this is something he finds essential in estimable literature.

* Kermode says “. . . what I mean by the Greek words, *chronos* and *kairos*. Broadly speaking my usage is derived from the theologians who have developed this distinction in various ways, notably Oscar Cullmann in *Christ and Time*, and John Marsh in *The Fulness of Time*. The distinction has been familiar in a general way for a good many years, having been given currency by F. H. Brabant's *Time and Eternity in Christian Thought*, of 1937. Tillich uses *kairos* idiosyncratically, but basically he means by it 'moment of crisis,' or, more obscurely, 'the fate of time'; in any case he has firmly associated it with a specifically modern sense of living in an epoch when 'the foundations of life quake beneath.'”

YTHS Monthly Meeting: December 2016 “Holiday Party”

Home of Patricia and Al Machmiller, San Jose, CA

On December 10, 2016 many wonderful folks made their way through the rainy dusk for the annual Yuki Teikei Holiday Party held at Patricia and Al Machmiller’s lovely home in San Jose.

slinging her school scarf
 over her shoulder the rush
 into winter
 ~Joan Zimmerman

Members in attendance were:

Roger Abe, Patricia J. Machmiller, Alison Woolpert, Judith M. Schallberger, Dyana Basist, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, Eleanor Carolan, Patrick Gallagher, Sandy Vroom, Anne Homan, Karina M. Young, Ann Bendixen, Clysta Seney, Linda Papanicolaou, Betty Arnold, Joan Zimmerman, Beverly Acuff Momoi, Katsuhiko Momoi.

Guests: Becky Davies (Anne Homan’s daughter), Tom Berry (Anne Bendixen’s son-in-law), Cynthia & Rob Holbrook, Smita Patel, Sirgit Patel, Lou Schallberger, Alan Levitt, Al Machmiller.

After mingling with bubbly beverages and rose petal jam on crackers, the sumptuous potluck was served. WOW, what a feast for the senses: everything from world-class baked beans and duck cassoulet, to a large platter of sushi, beet salad, string beans with pomegranate seeds, quinoa and chicken, mung bean and waldorf salads and . . . on and on.

toyon berries
 the faces of haiku friends
 illuminated
 ~Karina M Young

After dinner everyone got in a crazy big circle and the holiday haiku were read and gifted to each other. Every haiku and card so unique and carefully rendered; a beautiful reflection of the members of our Society. People left lighter of foot and heart.

your pure love
 when the world is snow
 -Roger Abe

write-up by Dyana Basist

YTHS Monthly Meeting: January 2017
Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest Preparation:
a YTHS Craft Workshop by Joan Zimmerman
 Carolyn Fitz's Clubhouse, Soquel, CA

On Jan 21, 2017 a small window in the winter storms allowed many poets to brave the wet roads to attend this special workshop. We gathered at Carolyn Fitz's clubhouse in Soquel where we were met by an abundance of delicious snacks, warm drinks and Carolyn's gracious hospitality.

YTHS members present: Joan Zimmerman, Alison Woolpert, Karina Young, Betty Arnold, Judith Morrison Schallberger, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, Clysta Seney, Phillip Kennedy, Amy Ostenso Kennedy, Toni Homan, Cynthia Holbrook, Beverly Acuff Momoi, Mimi Ahern, Patrick Gallagher, Linda Papanicolaou and Dyana Basist.
 Guests: Jennifer Thiermann, Susan Giddings, Evelyn Kern and Rob Holbrook.

Joan Zimmerman led us in an educational and inspirational discussion of the rules for writing appropriate haiku for the Tokutomi traditional haiku contest, including the need for 5/7/5 syllable count and use of a *kigo*. Joan and some of the past contest winners read their distinguished haiku. You can find these haiku listed on the YTHS website <youngleaves.org>

This year's contest chairperson, Mimi Ahern, explained how she came up with her list of *kigo* choices for 2017. After a short potluck break, we returned to try our hand at several writing exercises: writing fragments with 5 syllable, 7 syllables and finally completed haiku. An example of a seven syllable line using a contest *kigo* written by Amy Ostenso-Kennedy was "tadpoles zip in the puddle." Another concept proposed by Joan, haiku juxtapositions, was also tried. Phillip Kennedy's examples were "school begins / sliced cheese" and "first morning / straightening the welcome mat." A wonderful afternoon started out the new YT year, leaving many eager to create haiku to submit to the contest this year. A "Big Thank You" from all of us to Joan!

write-up by Dyana Basist / Betty Arnold



Inspiration by Past Winners of the Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

by Joan Zimmerman

At the 1/21/2017 YTHS meeting, I presented a craft session on “Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest Preparation” as Dyana Basist reports in this issue. Below are some of the winning poems we studied. I hope you’ll be inspired when you study the poems, their structures, and the email comments from some authors.

A winning haiku can present a single experience such as here:

drying persimmons—
this deepening of color
so deliberate

~ Alison Woolpert (2003 2nd place)

This is a visual and tactile poem. The poet told me that it came out of her own experience in drying whole persimmons over several weeks. For me, the sounds are also terrific, especially the way the “d” in each line helps the poem feel, like persimmons, good in the mouth.

Contest haiku with seventeen English syllables are spacious, with room to juxtapose different images often in comparison or in contrast. A comparison, where the parts reinforce each other, is seen in:

early summer rain
Mom hums some forgotten tune
in a minor key

~ Gregory Longenecker (2014 2nd place)

Its author told me: “I thought of how my mother loved to sing and a few years ago she sang a song my dad used to sing to her; it was ‘their’ song. The line ‘in a minor key’ worked with the ‘m’ sounds, the need for 5 syllables, and the concept of sadness.” (Gregory Longenecker, personal email, 12/6/2016).

Contrast, another powerful tool, offers something in one phrase in opposition to something in another phrase (e.g. darkness versus brightness, departure versus arrival, abundance versus lack). The delicate and poignant first place winner in the 2016 contest displays great contrasts:

flowering dogwood--
mother’s belongings all fit
into one suitcase

~ Priscilla Lignori (2016 1st place)

Its author told me how she came to write this well-received haiku:

My mother passed away last year at the time when Japan’s flowering trees were coming into full bloom. During her last few years, my mother lived in a nursing home in the Bronx where few of her belongings were allowed to come with her. She did not want to leave NY City and all but one of her children lived elsewhere. While composing haiku for the contest last year, however, I had not thought of any of this, at least not at first . . . I write haiku daily and mostly from something in the moment or about a recent experience in nature . . . I came up with a number of other flowering dogwood haiku . . . When I finally was ready to complete the batch to send, I went over the kigo again, and when I thought of the flowering dogwoods and the abundance of blossoms they held, my mother’s image came to mind and

how all her belongings fit into one suitcase. It was as simple as that. That the dogwood can represent renewal and new beginnings had not consciously occurred to me at the time, just the contrast. (Priscilla Lignori, personal email, 1/28/2017).

The second place winner in 2016 is also a poem of contrasts such as the water and air elements, as well as the short life of a dragonfly and the long life of a river:

river baptism
the brief cellophane rustle
of dragonfly wings

~ Ferris Gilli (2016 2nd place)

It contains wonderful words, especially “cellophane” and “rustle.” It also implies a comparison, when the closing “wings” remind the reader of baptism’s being potentially a step on the road to becoming an angel. Its author told me:

In my youth, occasionally a river baptism would take place around the bend from our swimming hole. I love watching and listening to dragonflies near or over bodies of water. Their wings always make me think of ‘cellophane.’ Our time on earth is so very brief, and in the juxtaposition of ‘baptism’ and ‘wings,’ I found angels. That’s how it came to me, and after using every word I wanted for the content, I happily discovered that the syllable count was right. (Ferris Gilli, personal email, 1/28/2017).

From talking to other winners of the contest, there is usually a personal story that leads to their contest haiku. The YTHS list of all contest winners is at <https://youngleaves.org>

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Announces The 2017 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Haiku Contest

Enter the oldest, USA-based, international haiku contest honoring traditional Japanese haiku. Win a Prize! \$100, \$50, and \$25 to the top three haiku.

Contest Rules:

- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must each have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern.
- Haiku must each use only one kigo from the contest list.
- Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.
- **In-hand deadline: May 31, 2017**

Contest Kigo List:

- New Year: first morning
- Spring: tadpole, departing spring
- Summer: midday nap, flea
- Autumn: school begins, harvested fields
- Winter: winter cloud, early plum blossoms

Contest Chair, Mimi Ahern.

Entries, payment, & guidelines are available on the YTHS website:
<http://youngleaves.org>

Call for 2017 YTHS Anthology Submissions

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society invites its members to contribute to the Society's annual anthology, which will be edited this year by Phillip and Amy Kennedy. The in-hand deadline for submissions is **June 2, 2017**.

Email

Subject Line: 2017 Anthology

In the body of the email, please include 6 to 10 haiku. You may submit haiku that have appeared in the Society's newsletter *GEPPPO* or haiku that are unpublished. Provide your name, city, and state (or country), as you would like them to appear.

Hard copy submissions with the above information may be sent to:
Phillip and Amy Kennedy

Deadline: June 2, 2017

Save the Date . . . November 10-13, 2017 Asilomar Retreat

Please mark your calendar for our annual retreat at Asilomar. John Stevenson will be our featured presenter. He is a haiku poet, Japanese literature scholar, past president of the Haiku Society of America, former editor of *Frogpond*, and current managing editor of *The Heron's Nest*. A Registration form with costs will be in the next *GEPPPO*.

Carol Steele,
Asilomar chair

GEPPPO Submission Guidelines

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

Betty Arnold, 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 are due 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

2017 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

2017

Mar 11
1-4pm

Haiku Roots, Part 1. Phillip Kennedy will present the life, haiku, and poetic philosophy of Takahama Kyoshi (1874-1959) and how it has influenced the traditional yuki teikei-style haiku in English. Meeting at the home of Dyana Basist, Feel free to bring a peanut free snack or beverage to share. Newcomers and guests are welcome!

April 8
1-4pm

Picnic lunch and ginko at Hakone Gardens, Saratoga. Patrick Gallagher will present the "zoom lens" technique of haiku writing. Bring your own lunch plus a peanut free dish or beverage to share. Newcomers and guests are welcome!

May 1

Deadline for submissions to the second 2017 *GEPP*O.

May 13
11am-4pm

Garden tour and Annual Haiku Poetry Reading in the San Jose Japanese Friendship Garden Tea House, 1490 Senter Road, San Jose, CA. The public, newcomers and guests are welcome!
11am-Noon Garden Walking Tour; Noon-1pm on your own lunch and ginko walk.
1-4pm Featured readers and then open mike haiku reading.

May 31

In-hand deadline for submissions to the 2017 YTHS Tokutomi Memorial Contest.

June 2

In-hand deadline for submissions to the 2017 YTHS Anthology.