

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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|------|---|------|--|
| 1215 | April Fool's Day
a father pick-a-backs
his son to school | 1226 | a butterfly
hitches a ride on my back
Jack's Peak |
| 1216 | early morning sun
my son catches a snapper
at Paihia Beach | 1227 | smoky winter clouds
so many of his best friends
killed in the last war |
| 1217 | a ghostly whiting
in sun-speckled shallows
comes in with the tide | 1228 | thin wartime jacket
indented over his chest
fraying winter clouds |
| 1218 | sunlight slices
across the new leaves
on the ancient oak | 1229 | silver winter clouds
overlooking a long lake
war veteran's home |
| 1219 | typos
a rejection letter splattered
with squid ink | 1230 | rummaging
on a trophy wife's ankle
the poodle's flea |
| 1220 | if i had it
to do over—
dung beetle | 1231 | rain on snow—
a sparrow in the hedge
comes out for a sip |
| 1221 | summer school
conjugating verbs
into the desktop | 1232 | a few petals
and suddenly
it's spring |
| 1222 | happy hour
until her boy friend
returns | 1233 | falling in love—
we test how prickly
the holly leaves are |
| 1223 | steamed artichokes—
old friends sit in circle
talking about Life | 1234 | graduation day—
a cloud in the shape
of your smile |
| 1224 | home from surgery—
left at my front door
asparagus soup | 1235 | Leap Day
starting to work
step one |
| 1225 | can you see it?
the mustard field at dusk
still glowing | 1236 | growing new thorns
among the old
haw tree |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 1237 | nicks
in the dogwood blossoms
what else is missing? | 1251 | Father's Day—
he signs
the DNR form |
| 1238 | red sky
in the morning
this racking cough | 1252 | spring fever—
one mallard clambers
upon another |
| 1239 | bored at a red light
until a flash of movement
acorn woodpecker | 1253 | chewing
a tulip—
the heavy doe |
| 1240 | new daffodils
push through the damp earth
sun-drenched morning | 1254 | St. Patrick's Day—
the women gliding by
in green saris |
| 1241 | overnight
blossoming lavender
Daylight Saving Time | 1255 | chasing the wind
through a hole in the fence
a jackrabbit |
| 1242 | afternoon rain
I follow shiny slug-trails
to the kitchen | 1256 | another spring—
wrapping my garden clogs
with duct tape |
| 1243 | still red
and the crow too early
—ripening plums | 1257 | I watch the towels
sway on the clothes line—
tranquility |
| 1244 | from a tall tree's crown—
the larger nestling hawk flaps
irrepressibly | 1258 | a desert tortoise
lumbers across the hi-way
swerving semi |
| 1245 | the debris
at the entrance to the woodrat's nest
—cholla blossoms | 1259 | windy hilltop
one kite couldn't wait
for string |
| 1246 | spring sea
in goes a yellow tennis ball
in goes the black Lab | 1260 | the new cycle
all around the neighborhood
fifty shades of green |
| 1247 | the earth
opens its blue heart
again the wild iris | 1261 | first responder
in a time of need . . .
Indian plum |
| 1248 | cherry blossom drift
a painted bud
on the cup | 1262 | her deep breath
through yellow fluff
Easter morning |
| 1249 | the Shape Changer
becomes a cloud
of starlings | 1263 | funeral of last sibling . . .
my receding hairline
cuts deeper |
| 1250 | contentment . . .
the days and the river
flow by | 1264 | nursing home . . .
the gradual decline
of the wheelchair ramp |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 1265 | Autumn gold . . .
mama cat and I nap
in a sunbeam | 1279 | dandelion fairy
dancing on whiffs of air
life liberated |
| 1266 | periscoping
over the neighbor's wall . . .
curious hollyhock | 1280 | the plover speeds up
as his shadow chases him
my face, another wrinkle |
| 1267 | Easter parade—
his worship the mayor
high-steps the poop | 1281 | first rose
with velvet skin
opens its petals for breath |
| 1268 | spring dusk alights
on soft, mauve wings—
your gentle touch | 1282 | lines on the wall
measuring their growth heights
sandpiper footprints |
| 1269 | black eyes and Guinness
line the pub bar—
Saint Patrick's Day | 1283 | cherry petals
stream on the water
in the reflected sky |
| 1270 | a spring poem
about grandchildren . . .
written on her face | 1284 | going across
bridge over the spring current—
I'm a bird |
| 1271 | Japanese maple
such red against
the spring sky | 1285 | bees are
busy on the flowers of
bird cherry |
| 1272 | all at once
around the bend
azaleas | 1286 | viewing cherry blossoms
in the moonlight
still life |
| 1273 | reflections
of pond water
wisteria wind | 1287 | the barista's wiles
mirror an exotic blend—
first morning coffee |
| 1274 | garden lizard
the warmth
in a pond stone | 1288 | the caretaker
hinders hungry predators—
caged water lilies |
| 1275 | thinning out
our deutzia bed
a suite of sneezes | 1289 | a young mallard
preens before a dip with koi . . .
late afternoon tryst |
| 1276 | a tiny finch
blurs past my window
summery spring day | 1290 | stone gatherers
showcase their windowsills—
tranquility |
| 1277 | late frost
her pregnancy showing
a pecking robin | 1291 | summer rut—
you drive willy-nilly
thru my garden |
| 1278 | through the screen
a pixelated murder
of crows | 1292 | pickleweed—
time to trim
my nose hair |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 1293 | shopping cart—
I walk out with
someone else's baby | 1307 | leggy daffodils
weave through rockrose limbs—
ikebana pose |
| 1294 | before it was broken—
my typewriter
my spirit | 1308 | wrapped around Gaia
a morning marine layer—
autumn's suncatcher |
| 1295 | the moist eyes
of the old dog
blossom morning | 1309 | inside piney light
a sun-shaped batman sign—
bark beetle battles |
| 1296 | I hum an old hymn
my father sang
Thanksgiving | 1310 | in the middle
of the night moon
any silhouette |
| 1297 | seaside cottage
once more I come
to my senses | 1311 | childhood backyard
our picnic table
turns petal pink |
| 1298 | spring profusion
Mom leads me through
her garden stories | 1312 | tree pose
all I need to know
about cherries |
| 1299 | city park
pigeons in spring rain
on astro turf | 1313 | the elegance
a life with no need
to make cherries |
| 1300 | water dog
yet again my reading chair
soaking wet | 1314 | awake all night
in my dream . . .
counting petals |
| 1301 | summer souvenir
damp sand carried home
between my toes | 1315 | curious children
poking into everything
chirpy chickadees |
| 1302 | tall grass marks
the path where deer walk
and hides it | 1316 | cloudy day
this unexpected beauty
double rainbow |
| 1303 | Morning sky turns black—
the downpour is impressive,
hail mixed with the rain. | 1317 | darker dragonfly—
sparkling emerald needle
stitching static air |
| 1304 | On the Ides of March
there's not much to beware of,
except maybe Trump. | 1318 | long shadow
runs ahead of me
I can't catch up |
| 1305 | Sudden cloudburst makes
temporary waterfall—
bird bath overflows. | 1319 | morning sun on snow
captured by Monet
one magpie |
| 1306 | Distinctive bird call
punctuates the pre-dawn sky
"Come hither my love." | 1320 | sea mist
he walks away
disappearing |
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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 1321 | ceanothus blossoms
fallen and swept away
spring's ending | 1335 | barely ahead
of the dark clouds from the north
the sun and me |
| 1322 | March melancholy--
the languorous pet purring
but she's not in love | 1336 | rainy morning
on top of the waterfall
a mallard |
| 1323 | green behind my eyes--
spring time meditation
becomes a forest | 1337 | old man and woman
argue over plastic bottles
Beijing dawn |
| 1324 | gentle April breeze
dappling garden foliage--
dog ambles, content | 1338 | green light of sunset . . .
an old dog chases his youth
on the other leash |
| 1325 | warm cocoon of home
boiled chicken breasts, down quilt--
her small dog's last Spring | 1339 | the world
turned upside down
water lilies |
| 1326 | Finished, it begins:
fields harvested, plowed, harrowed.
New seed catalogs. | 1340 | spring paddy field
a white stork and
tiny ripples |
| 1327 | Mother has died.
From every harbor ships sail
To where, when or whom? | 1341 | spring sunlight
a cat sleeping under
the azalea |
| 1328 | It failed seven times
new year, time, and wondrous words,
"Sonogram normal!!". | 1342 | a long pilgrimage
to Basho's hut,
a fake hut |
| 1329 | Second Saturday
I may write seventeen syllables
every now and Zen. | 1343 | storage compartments
in all the nooks and crannies—
time for spring cleaning |
| 1330 | a café patron
slams down his stoneware mug
flooded arroyo | 1344 | a little child's cry
and above small birds answer—
the flowering quince |
| 1331 | northern flying squirrel
a quick slug of espresso
before the workout | 1345 | Mother's good china
now looks at home in my hutch—
Chinese orchids bloom |
| 1332 | Easter chocolates
my wellness coaching app turns
passive aggressive | 1346 | all my knife blades
need sharpening again—
the end of winter |
| 1333 | three friends' laughter
soaking into the bookcase
Anna's hummingbirds | 1347 | cherry blossom shower
refreshes my monotonous
ritual of bathing |
| 1334 | gray sky
I stop to watch a parade
of motorcycles | 1348 | cherry blossoms gone—
juicy consolation
with u-pick cherry trees |
-

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|------|--|------|---|
| 1349 | Cherry Blossom Express
cues in the long line*****
snow dancing on Mt. Fuji | 1351 | red white and blue
waving in the sky
memorial day |
| 1350 | the fluttering of clothes
on clothes line
spring breeze | 1352 | a feral mama cat
inside a trap
spring afternoon |

Featured Poet from New Zealand

Did you know the *GEPP*O has a worldwide membership? In an attempt to learn more about our contributors, I'd like to introduce one of our fellow poets, Patricia Prime, who lives down under.



the westerly wind
shreds the tops of waves
white against the air

a trawler captain
plots a tenuous course
across the dark bar

across the ocean
crested terns are sent
wheeling in the wind

a single flash
of lightning in the dark
thrusts its bayonet

Patricia was born in London, England, and emigrated to New Zealand with her husband and four young children in 1973. She's a retired early childhood education teacher with B.A. degrees in English and Education. Her initial writing career focused on traditional lyric poetry until an editor friend suggested she consider writing haiku. She was so taken with this Japanese form of writing, especially as it was growing in popularity, that she decided to co-found a new haiku magazine, subsequently titled *Kokako*. Although the magazine has gone through some change over the years, she has continued to be one of the editors through its 26th issue.

In addition to haiku, this Kiwi writer also composes other forms of Japanese poetry, including tanka, renga, linked verse, cherita (type of linked verse), and haibun. She's been very active in her local haiku community and has collaborated with poets in other countries. Currently she is a member of the New Zealand Poetry Society, the *New Zealand Author*, and Tanka Society of America. She has been a member of YTHS for nearly a decade.

As author and editor, her accomplishments on the international scene are many. Her articles, reviews, interviews and poetry have been published extensively in the small press, in anthologies in New Zealand and Canada, and in the *World Poetry Almanac* (Mongolia) 2009-2017. She has written about contemporary Indian English poetry, Australasian poetry, and New Zealand women poets. She's collaborated with poets from New Zealand and India to produce several collections of haiku; she's also produced two books of linked verse and haiku from her collaboration with New Zealand haijin, Catherine Mair. Her own collection of poetry *Accepting Summer* was published in 2001 by Bahri Publication, India. In addition to being the editor of *Kokako* in New Zealand, she has also edited the New Zealand Poetry Anthology *Something Between Breaths*, and co-edited *100 Tanka by 100 Poets* with two well-known Australian poets, Amelia Fielden and Beverley George.

Patricia Prime is an accomplished member of the haiku world. As editor of the *GEPP*O, I'm happy to know she values our study-work journal and brings her own unique voice to us from down under.

write-up by Betty Arnold

Spring Challenge Kigo: Cherry Blossom

spring sunshine
cherry blossom petals drift
into the child's pram
~Patricia Prime

falling
on the just and unjust
cherry blossom rain
~Michael Henry Lee

library entrance
shiny with cherry petals
the rust on my bike
~Joan Zimmerman

clogged gutter—
a burst of wind
stirring the blossoms
~Michael Dylan Welch

on my bucket list
trailing the blossoming cherries
through Japan
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

loved ones depart
cherry petals drifting
into the grave
~Michael Sheffield

viewing
the cherry blossoms—
strangers still
~Ruth Holzer

late spring snow
on cherry blossoms
a white wedding
~Dyana Basist

clearing my windshield
on this sunny morning
cherry blossoms
~Barbara Snow

in a parking lot
cherry blossoms
scatter on top of cars
~Majo Leavick

picking cherry blossoms
to grace her new home . . .
mountain sparrow
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

the jogger pauses
beneath cherry blossoms, but
looks down at his watch
~Ed Grossmith

my sister
on my mind
the weeping cherry
~Karina M. Young

early cherry blossoms
our car windows rolled shut
in the deepening rain
~Richard St. Clair

cherry blossom
I would wag it with you
if I could have a tail
~Hiroyuki Murakami

leaving the
Holocaust Museum—
cherry blossoms
~Susan Burch

beneath the blossoms
a scattering
of cameras
~Greg Longenecker

as if I wore
rose colored glasses—
cherry blossoms
~Christine Horner

Simple gratitude
for trees covered in light pink—
cherry blossoms bright.
~David Sherertz

repeated rain squalls rip the cherry blossoms
~Lois Heyman Scott

*hanami dango**
I paint my toenails
to match
~Kath Abela Wilson

the homeopath
archives flower remedies—
cherry blossoms
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

cherry blossoms
our walk around the neighborhood
already mapped out
~Alison Woolpert

Final cherry blossoms
flowers unsmelled, fruits untasted
Mom died in her bed.
~William H. Peckham

checking my pockets
for an asthma inhaler
cherry blossoms
~Phillip Kennedy

cherry blossoms
in a cracked Chinese vase
each year the same
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

cherry blossoms
her fingernails
painted pink
~John J. Han

cherry blossom tour-
17 shades of pink
to please everyone
~Janis Albright Lukstein

cherry blossom petals
fall into the gutter—
spring rain
~E. Luke

*<https://sakurajunction.com/2017/04/11/hanami-dango/>

Members Votes for February—April 2017 Haiku

Joan Zimmerman	1070-10, 1071-1, 1072-8, 1073-4
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson	1074-4, 1075-0, 1076-0
Michael Henry Lee	1077-7, 1078-0, 1079-7, 1080-3
Ruth Holzer	1081-4, 1082-0, 1083-6, 1084-3
Bruce H. Feingold	1085-2, 1086-0, 1087-3
Richard St. Clair	1088-1, 1089-1, 1090-3, 1091-1
Carol Steele	1092-0, 1211-1
Michael Dylan Welch	1093-0, 1094-3, 1095-6, 1096-7
Neal Whitman	1097-1, 1098-0, 1099-0, 1100-0
Zinovy Vayman	1101-7, 1102-0, 1103-0, 1104-2
Patrick Gallagher	1105-2, 1106-8, 1107-3, 1108-4
Joyce Joslin Lorensen	1109-4, 1110-0, 1111-2, 1112-0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	1113-2, 1114-2, 1115-2
Alison Woolpert	1116-4, 1117-1, 1118-1, 1119-2
Peg McAulay Byrd	1120-5, 1121-2, 1122-0, 1123-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	1124-8, 1125-2, 1126-1, 1127-5
Michael Sheffield	1128-6, 1129-0, 1130-0, 1131-0
Dyana Basist	1132-1, 1133-3, 1134-3, 1135-2
Edward Grossmith	1136-2, 1137-9, 1138-1, 1139-1
Susan Burch	1140-1, 1141-0, 1142-0, 1143-0
Elaine Whitman	1144-2, 1145-1, 1146-2, 1147-0
Karina Young	1148-3, 1149-2, 1150-4, 1151-3
Hiroyuki Murakami	1152-0, 1153-2, 1154-0
John J. Han	1155-3, 1156-2, 1157-0
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	1158-0, 1159-3, 1160-1, 1161-0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	1162-0, 1163-0, 1164-0, 1165-0
Clysta Seney	1166-0, 1167-1, 1168-1, 1169-0
Peggy Heinrich	1170-2, 1171-2
David Sherertz	1172-0, 1173-2, 1174-0, 1175-0
Kyle Sullivan	1176-6, 1177-9, 1178-1, 1179-2
Lois Heyman Scott	1180-0, 1181-0, 1182-1, 1183-2
Kath Abela Wilson	1184-0, 1185-3, 1186-3, 1187-3
Christine Horner	1188-2, 1189-5, 1190-0, 1191-4
Phillip Kennedy	1192-5, 1193-3, 1194-2, 1195-0
Sherry Barto	1196-1, 1197-3, 1198-2, 1199-0
Toni Homan	1200-0, 1201-0, 1202-0, 1203-0
Patricia Garvey	1204-3
Francis Silva	1205-1, 1206-0
Majo Leavick	1207-0, 1208-0, 1209-1, 1210-0
Joan Iversen Goswell	1212-8, 1213-0, 1214-3

Attention All Voting Members:

The purpose of voting is 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

**November 2016—January 2017 Haiku
Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers
(received 5 or more votes)**

<p>Buddha's Birthday— tying a line of prayer flags with a stranger ~Joan Zimmerman</p>	<p>round bales scattered in the field a hawk's curved cry ~Joan Iversen Goswell</p>	<p>Christmas Eve . . . I leave a blanket outside for the stray dog ~Kyle Sullivan</p>
<p>I read worn love notes the banked fire shifts and flares again ~Ed Grossmith</p>	<p>baby's first laughter little piggies go to market again and again ~Michael Henry Lee</p>	<p>our canoe lowered from the carport ceiling . . . a dried swallow's nest ~Michael Dylan Welch</p>
<p>the fading forms of black-faced spoonbills estuary fog ~Kyle Sullivan</p>	<p>stiff winter wind we walk leaning into it at the same angle ~Zinovy Vayman</p>	<p>severing fish heads the cod ladies begin to sing songs ~Christine Horner</p>
<p>New Year's card suddenly I'm the oldest cousin alive ~Joan Zimmerman</p>	<p>desert stars what's not to understand ~Michael Henry Lee</p>	<p>inheritance . . . the family dogs fight over the food bowl ~Elinor Pihl Huggett</p>
<p>garden in bloom the progressive disclosure of intentions ~Patrick Gallagher</p>	<p>still harbour— the ferry waits for a rowboat ~Michael Dylan Welch</p>	<p>peregrine falcon— an old friend makes the last of his journeys ~Christine Horner</p>
<p>starry night . . . a curious doe nibbles the snowman's nose ~Elinor Pihl Huggett</p>	<p>winter river— the pallor of sycamores ~Ruth Holzer</p>	<p>the neighbors are burning toast again deep winter ~Phillip Kennedy</p>
	<p>seaside marathon the snail and I neck and neck ~Michael Sheffield</p>	

Dojin's Corner Nov-Jan 2016

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Phillip Kennedy

Greetings everyone. We believe the addition of a guest editor to our column has been a success offering a variety of views and perspectives to our readers so we have decided to continue to invite a different member of Yuki Teikei to be a guest commentator for this next year. We have invited Phillip Kennedy to join us for this column. Phillip is a haiku poet who is a scholar of Chinese literature and reads both Chinese and Japanese. This year he and his wife Amy have volunteered to edit the YTHS Members' Anthology. Welcome, Phillip!

Our choices from the last *GEPP*O are:

pk: 1072, 1074*, 1084, 1094*, 1105*, 1119,
1146*, 1176, 1186, 1212

pjm: 1079, 1081, 1083, 1084, 1087, 1100,
1101, 1111, 1112, 1113, 1116, 1117, 1118,
1119, 1120, 1125, 1128, 1132, 1133, 1135,
1137*, 1138, 1141, 1146, 1147, 1149, 1150*,
1157, 1162, 1171, 1176, 1177, 1186*, 1192,
1193, 1194, 1195, 1200, 1203, 1204, 1212*

E: 1070, 1071*, 1077, 1082, 1083, 1084,
1088, 1100*, 1101, 1103*, 1104, 1117, 1118*,
1134, 1138, 1144, 1157, 1170, 1171, 1182,
1184, 1192, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1203,
1206

Those with an asterisk were the ones
chosen for comment.

1071 hot potato
charcoal streaked from his bonfire
I pass it on

E: "Hot potato." I thought it was simply a baked potato. But my dictionary disagrees, and it says, "a controversial issue or situation which is awkward to deal with." Then suddenly the third line has changed from a friendly tone to an unfriendly one. I

would like, however, to discuss the poem based on my first impression—the feeling of the heat of the potato on my palms and the burning fragrance from the charcoal on the baked potato. I feel the warmth and expectation centered at the bonfire, along with the people surrounding it, as the hot potato is passed on to someone else. When we interpret the first line as a controversial issue, then the haiku becomes a conceptual one, and loses its warmth and charm, I am afraid.

pk: I like how this haiku unfolds. First, we perceive the temperature of the potato (hot). Then, the potato's visual appearance (charcoal-streaked). Next, the poet's faculty of deduction (from his bonfire). Finally, a resolution in the form of an action (I pass it on). This is a splendid example of how to show emotion in a haiku indirectly.

pjm: Emiko is right that a "hot potato" can be a controversial issue everyone wants to dodge. Emiko, you might be interested to know that "hot potato" is also a children's game similar to musical chairs where a potato (or other object like a ball) is passed while the music plays. When it stops, the person with the potato is out of the game. These references are interesting in a secondary way. I also agree with Emiko that the primary and most appealing sensation offered by the poem is from the surface reading: the gathering around a bonfire on a chilly night, the feeling of closeness and the warmth from the fire, the group, and the potato.

E: This poem is an example of how reading haiku by someone from a different culture has its difficulties. On the other hand it is also a source of joy when one discovers yet another meaning of an otherwise rather ordinary word or phrase.

1074 snowflakes
a momentary state
of smiling

pk: This is a wonderful comparison of snowflakes and smiles. Both are beautiful but fleeting phenomena. What makes this

haiku effective, in my opinion, is that the poet took a *kigo* that is somewhat abstract (snow) and made it more concrete (snowflakes). Paired with this concrete *kigo* is a more abstract way of looking at a smile—it's not just a smile; it's a momentary *state* of smiling. This switching of concrete and abstract brings out the essential, ephemeral, hard-to-pin-down, character of the snowflakes.

pjm: So this must be a day when the temperature is borderline freezing, and the falling snowflakes bring a smile, but both the snowflakes and the smile can disappear in an instant. How precarious it all is!

E: This haiku says that the snowflakes are like a momentary state of smiling. Both disappear in a moment. I wonder if the haiku can be deepened a little more by showing an actual person in the scene. Then I can see someone's smile just for a second to feel the coldness of snowflakes falling on the person's face.

1094 folk festival—
the hillbilly pretends
to tune his washboard

pk: This is a light-hearted vignette that conveys the essential character of festivals: fun, carefree, slightly disorderly, packed with people. The fact that the performer is pretending to tune a washboard, of all things, really brings this out—he is not just performing for spectators, but is also sharing in the festival's good feelings. This shared moment contains a lot of empathy. I wonder, though, if the empathic tone of this haiku could be strengthened by referring to the hillbilly as a "musician." Because of its connotations for some people, "hillbilly" can create a certain psychological distance between the poet/reader and the subject of the haiku.

E: A washboard player! I am not familiar with the washboard as an instrument because in my mother's days, when she was washing my diapers (before the washing machine came to our lives), what we had was a wooden washboard. Patricia

told me that there were also metal washboards and some people used them to play music! My apology if I am making mistake here, but "the hillbilly pretends / to tune his washboard," does not sound quite as friendly as the attitude expected on an occasion like a folk festival which makes me worry. However, if the musician is making fun by pretending to tune his washboard, then it enhances a festive feeling, too. Haiku is a riddle in three lines!

pjm: A tongue-in-cheek description of a musician's spoof. We imagine him or her winking at us. The lightness of the moment brings this summer scene home and leaves us smiling. I do agree with Phillip about changing the word "hillbilly" to "musician."

1100 a rock oyster
the size of my right foot
its shape, too

E: A huge rock oyster emerges in front of me, dripping seawater. And opening and tasting of the oyster follows, as my mouth keeps watering. I think "the size of my right foot / its shape, too" is an interesting way to convey the presence of the rock oyster, and is very successful, too.

pjm: I was immediately taken by this strong image, saying to myself, "What a perfect description of an oyster!" The forthrightness of the language and the homeliness of image make that old oyster shell vividly alive! Well done!

pk: I am struck by how well this haiku conveys the interconnectedness of all things. Humans and mollusks may be quite different creatures, but we still share a lot. There is a lot of empathy here for both the rock oyster and for the poet writing about herself or himself.

1103 "mildJanuary"
this book font merges
"d" and "J"

E: Is it simply a lack of a space between this "d" and this "J"? No, it isn't. The entire book carries this ritual of merging d and J. "Mild January" states a certain tone to this haiku,

and I think it matches the ritual somehow. This typo should not be adjudicated and be adjusted! One question arises: is a book title a kigo? Other than January, we have no clue as to seasonality in this haiku. In Japan, the answer is no. But isn't it just like something we would do on a mild winter day—reading a typeset book like this?

pk: I deal with font issues every day in my job, so this haiku very quickly brought a smile of recognition to my face. I like the repeated d/t and j consonants, and I like the suggestion that this book's January is so mild that it just grows organically from the previous word.

pjm: Haiku is most powerful, I've found, when it comes at you through the senses. I like the *idea* of this haiku. I can imagine the author alone on a winter's day reading and musing about the font and how these two letters merge, but I don't feel it, and I'm guessing it's because I'm not reading the poem in the font the poem describes. So it becomes an intellectual exercise for me. I would like to know the font and see the actual phrase in the font. I really think I need the visual to make this haiku hit home. Maybe the poet can make this happen?!

1105 spring peepers
my DNA cousin
invited to tea

pk: This is a wonderful topic for a haiku. Spring peepers are small frogs that sing to each other in the springtime. We can't always see such tiny frogs, but they do make their presence known by singing. Learning about a hitherto-unknown DNA relative is similar to this, I think. You might not know such a person, but somehow, some song (e-mail? telephone call?) makes the connection clear. I can almost hear the DNA testing company's printer singing out its report, line by line.

E: Spring peepers announce the arrival of spring by their chorus while the author and his/her DNA cousin are having tea. Who is the DNA cousin here? Is the spring peeper a candidate? And is its singing voice welcomed at the tea party? Or is the guest

invited from the author's complex family with a history of divorces and second marriages? In any event, it is time to bring our tea cups outdoors and enjoy the arrival of spring! With company.

pjm: The feelings that come with spring are at the center of this haiku. These tiny frogs and their chirping are a sure sign of spring. I imagine the poet in the backyard enjoying a cup of tea and exulting in the feeling of rejuvenation that comes with this season and also rejoicing in the connection he/she feels toward "my DNA cousin" and thereby to all living things. One niggling thought I have is since the "peepers" are plural, perhaps the "cousins" should be also.

1118 to the cliff edge
and back . . . the kids' fists
tight with oxalis

E: There is a tension from the first line and the ellipsis that follows; I hold my breath to see what is going to happen. Then I can see what this brave child has found, the oxalis! The tight fists on both hands make me feel the pounding heart of the little one who must have seen how high he/she was above the sea. Oxalis are everywhere on this planet except polar areas, blooming flowers in pink, white, and yellow. I picture them white here, just like seeing a black and white movie.

pjm: Another complex expression of spring—exuberant, and yet with an undercurrent of risk ("cliff's edge") and danger ("fists / tight").

pk: I live in a part of California where oxalis (also called sour grass) is considered a nuisance by many people—it spreads quickly, it can crowd out wildflowers, and it is hard to eradicate. Kids, though, rarely bother themselves with such grown-up preoccupations. They just see bright yellow flowers. This haiku reminds us of the value of our immediate sense perceptions.

1137 I read worn love notes
the banked fire shifts
and flares again

pjm: If you have ever tried writing about memory and remembering without using the words *memory*, *remember*, *recall*, *remind*, or *reminisce* and been at a loss, then use this haiku as a guide. It uses a concrete object (“love notes”) to anchor the memory in something tangible, and then expresses the emotion through the skillful description of an well-chosen (in this case winter) *kigo*—the banked fire dying down and then flaring up delicately matches the rekindling of a long forgotten passion.

pk: This is a very effective juxtaposition. A banked fire is supposed to burn slowly, but here its configuration changes and it flares one more time. Since the love notes are “worn,” they have presumably been kept and treasured for some time. But, instead of a warm, banked nostalgia, the notes may flare into something considerably less nostalgic.

E: The shifting and flaring of the banked fire reads like the author’s own feelings. A “banked fire” may suggest a desire that has been restrained or forgotten for a long time, secluded deep in one’s unconsciousness. It says notes, so there must be several of them. I think one needs to invest in one’s life when younger to harvest something lovely like this, a moment of warmth!

1146 cool notes
of an alto saxophone
flickering fire

pk: The image I get from this haiku is a late-night beach bonfire. Someone is playing a saxophone, and the surroundings get darker and darker as the night deepens. As the fire flickers, the people sitting around it hear the notes of the saxophone more clearly. The wavering quality of the saxophone’s music is also echoed by the flickering flames. Very atmospheric!

pjm: This haiku involves the comparison of two senses—a sound (the jazz saxophone) to a visual image (the flickering fire). From the adjective “cool,” I imagine a light airy musical phrase that moves rhythmically with the light-fingered quickness of the fire’s flicker. The coziness of a winter evening

lends itself to this intimate image of jazz by the fire.

E: An alto saxophone, I imagine a kind of pale navy blue wind, perhaps the wind blowing on and off at dusk? The flickering fire, I capture it again in an image of wind that plays with the orange flames. Cool that is!

1150 on a trail post
pointing the wrong way
a phoebe

pjm: I like this image. A phoebe is a small bird, member of the flycatcher family. It has a relatively long tail that gives it a characteristic look when it is perched. One can visualize the arrow on the post pointing one way and the little bird perched on top facing the opposite direction. And that could be it—a strong, clear image. But there might be a deeper thought buried in here. The Say’s and eastern phoebes migrate. So it might just be the end of summer and the “wrong way” might be north just when it’s the season to head south . . . time to get out the map!

E: It could have been anything, a dragonfly, a butterfly, a woodpecker, but here the author is looking at a phoebe. The phoebe perches and waits for its food to come by. For an insect, it is the wrong way to go that way. The phoebe gives a hint of this food chain from which no living thing can escape.

pk: I like the structure of this haiku. Is the trail post pointing the wrong way, or is the phoebe? Since phoebes perch on things to catch insects, is it looking in the wrong direction to see a tasty insect, or is it looking in the right direction for food, but in the wrong direction for our human-made trail? This haiku captures well how human and animal worlds interact.

1186 mother’s calligraphy
even her snowy footsteps
graceful

pjm: I’m imagining there has been a light snow overnight. A son or daughter is

watching the elderly woman, his or her mother, dressed in her robe and slippers heading out to the mailbox or to pick up the newspaper in the driveway. The watcher sees her slippers drag a bit in the snow leaving sweeping calligraphic strokes as footprints. The lightness of the snow and the lightness of her step contrast with the feeling evoked in the watcher, the one who sees winter—its beauty fragile and transient.

pk: When we study and practice an art over time, that art makes itself felt in our very being in unexpected ways. Here, the footsteps of the poet's mother naturally form graceful calligraphic shapes in the snow. This is a very observant haiku full of filial tenderness.

E: Is the mother a calligrapher? Does she do calligraphy for a hobby? In any case, the footstep she leaves on the white of the snow is like a line traced by pale India ink, a shadow forming inside each step; also, she walks with short steps which makes each line neat and lovely. Ah, the author is sharing us the beauty of her/his mother's calligraphy left on the snow!

1212 round bales
scattered in the field
a hawk's curved cry

Commentary from Joan Iversen Goswell: I'd like to comment on Joan Zimmerman's article "Save the *Kigo* from Extinction!" I too, have noticed the current trend of not including a *kigo* in a haiku. If there is no *kigo*, there is no haiku! I recently received *2016 HSA Members Anthology*. I gave up counting how many "haiku" had no *kigo*. The winner of the 2016 Henderson Haiku Awards had no *kigo*! What is going on?

Haiku poet, Michael Sheffield, has expressed his dismay at the direction he sees haiku moving. In a recent talk he said, "haiku are beginning to sound more like psychotherapy than like true haiku. A legitimate psychological disorder known as **nature-deficit disorder** results when people withdraw from direct experience of nature. The shift away from nature haiku may be due to this trend in which people do not have the exposure to nature that used to be more commonplace."

I think this is totally true. However, even if you live in an apartment in the city, there is always something in nature around—clouds, sky, wind, potted plants, pigeons, and the like. You can go outside, maybe take a walk in a park. Perhaps we have become so obsessed with iPhones, digital games, and technical gadgets, we no longer notice nature. Everyone seems to be so self-absorbed that they can't look beyond their noses. Or maybe it's just plain laziness.

I'm pretty much an amateur writer and I tend to write infrequently (I have three horses, two dogs and an 80 acre farm), but I know a good haiku when I see one!

What to do? Perhaps journals should not publish poems that are not haiku under the heading of "haiku." Maybe it should be clearly stated that any "haiku" that does not contain a *kigo* or reference to nature will not be accepted as haiku. Haiku published in journals should be held to a high standard. If they want to include short poems, include a section titled "Short Poems."

pjm: I see this scene from a bird's-eye view. The roundness of the hay bales and the hawk's beak replicated in the landscape is the same imagined shape as the hawk's cry. And somehow that seems right to me—a hawk's cry, unseen, but heard, takes the shape of an arc.

E: Without "round," "scattered," and "curved" this haiku reads like a peaceful landscape sketch, but these three words add tension to the poem, spread its horizon, and bring a chill to the air. Somehow, I feel very lonely!

pk: The poet has created a vivid landscape. When hay bales are in the field, you can be sure that mice are also present. The hawk, circling overhead, is on the lookout for food. For me, what sets this haiku into motion is the hawk's cry being curved. Not only does that adjective echo the shapes of the bales and the movement of the hawk in the sky, it also perfectly describes the sonic quality of the hawk's call. This is a very effective use of synesthesia.

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

What Makes a Haiku a Haiku?

Jerry Ball

Think of a bird in a nest. If there's an egg in it, it's much more like a haiku. But when the egg hatches, it shows the relation between the bird and the nest. It is closer to a haiku.

Well, what were you thinking it was?

In the morning chill
I answer the doorbell ??

Well... this isn't quite a haiku. This is like a haiku begun, but not complete. Try a new version!

In the morning chill
I answer the doorbell ... and ... **(and what?)**

In the morning chill
I answer the doorbell ... and ...
there is no one there

Now, this is more like a haiku. It's all about expectation, expectation missed. Consider:

the red squirrel
out of the oak tree
into the acorns

Well, that's more like it. I'm not sure what I *expected* ... but I was invited to join in. Consider:

morning chill
coaxing the ketchup
out of the bottle

So far, so good, but I expect more. What is *more* is something of the *spirit*.

lengthening shadows
the last few maple leaves
clinging to their lives

or
in recovery
he sees himself
much differently

Here we have the bird in the nest. The bird is the person. The nest is recovery. The egg is the action of the person. And if we can just get the egg to hatch, ... well try reading it *aloud*.

Summer Challenge Kigo: summer grove/summer trees, *natsu kodachi*

June Hopper Hymas

Once the spring leaves have grown larger and trees have assumed their summer shapes and fullness, we are drawn to the beauty and shelter of trees and to their dappled summer shade. I would like to suggest that for this challenge, you return to memories of summer from your own childhood; here is one of my own. When I was in high school, the leader of our church spoke to a group of the faithful in an Eastern woodland. It was high summer; he was wearing a white suit. As the tall preacher spoke, the light from the sun shifted, his full head of white hair and the bright white suit were struck by a shaft of sunlight from above through a small opening. I have never forgotten the striking impression this made and how deeply religious I felt then.

Not a leaf stirring:

How awesome

The summer grove! Buson, p. 844

Even the woodpecker

Will not harm this hermitage

Among the summer trees. Basho, p. 842

even woodpeckers

do not damage this hut

a summer grove

Basho (Tr. Jane Reichhold)

from <http://www.masterpiece-of-japanese-culture.com>

The summer grove

Struck by a small stone

Coming from somewhere Buson, p. 844

In the midst of a field,

Four or five trees, —

A summer grove! Shiki, p. 844

for now I'll rely

on the pasania tree

summer grove

Basho from *Haiga Online*: issue 17

Today, reminded, I have just begun working on a haibun about a circular grove of sugar maples in the center of a pasture in Northern Michigan, near my daughter's home. How beautiful it is, centering a grassy field: a circle of green in green. Each summer one can sense the approaching hot days, as more and more, the cattle resort to its deep shade.

Haiku with page numbers are from: *Haiku: Volume 3, Summer-Autumn* by R. H. Blythe.

(It is amazing to work with Blythe's useful volumes and see how much the fashions for presentation of haiku translated from Japanese have changed!)

Send your summer grove/ summer trees haiku to the *GEPP*O editor so it can be published with the other verses in the Challenge Kigo section next issue.

YTHS Monthly Meeting: February 2017

**Life and Poetry of Chiyo-jo (Chiyo-ni, 1703- 1775): Woman Haiku Master
presented by Joan Zimmerman and Alison Woolpert**

Firehouse in Kelley Park, San Jose, CA

“The show must go on!” On Saturday, February 11, 2017, many brave folks were encouraged by the surprising sunshine to drive past landslides, around fallen trees and a very full reservoir to attend a YTHS meeting on “Chiyo-jo(1703-1775): Woman Haiku Master” at the Firehouse in Kelley Park, San Jose.

Attending members: Linda Papanicolaou, Bev Momoi, Bill Peckham, Joan Zimmerman, Patrick Gallagher, Patricia Machmiller, Clysta Seney, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Carol Steele, Betty Arnold, Alison Woolpert, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Phillip Kennedy and Dyana Basist.

Visiting guests were Elizabeth Bader and Jesse Judwick who heard about us through the YTHS website, www.youngleaves.org

the first wild geese / coming / still coming Chiyo-jo composed at age seven

Alison Woolpert started out our lively afternoon with a detailed history of Chiyo-jo and the Edo period she was born into. As Chiyo-jo matured and eventually became a nun, her haiku which always honored the simple sensuality of nature and the sacredness of life, became rooted in an awareness practice. This carried her into old age and death at age seventy-one.

After a delicious snack break, Joan Zimmerman dove into an inspirational discussion of how and what Chiyo-jo wrote about. One of Chiyo-jo’s favorite topics was the **butterfly**, which was a symbol for herself: Charles Trumbull’s Haiku Database has sixty-one translated butterfly poems of Chiyo-jo. Another favorite topic was the **willow**, a symbol of women’s beauty: forty-one translations of Chiyo-jo’s willow haiku are listed in Charles Trumbull’s Haiku Database (thanks to Charles Trumbull for his data).

Following Joan’s evocative suggestions, we all dispersed into the History Park to write our own haiku for an hour and then came back to share them.

attracting a crowd / in the sanctuary / mating monarchs Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

narcissus—/ how I’ve waited for / the first signs of spring Carol Steele

Chiyo-jo, with her elegant tenderness and sincerity, inspired us all:

woman’s desire / deeply rooted—/ the wild violets Chiyo-jo

If you would like to learn more about Chiyo-jo:

Chiyo-ni Woman Haiku Master by Patricia Donegan and Yoshi Ishibashi

Far Beyond the Field: Haiku by Japanese Women: An Anthology by Makoto Ueda

write-up by Dyana Basist

YTHS Monthly Meeting: March 2017

Roots of Haiku I: Takahama Kyoshi (1874–1959) by Phillip R. Kennedy

Dyana Basist's home, Santa Cruz, CA

On Saturday, March 11, 2017, Yuki Teikei members and friends gathered at the home of Dyana Basist and Leaf Leathers to listen to Phillip Kennedy give an informal talk about the life and work of Japanese poet Takahama Kyoshi.

YTHS members present: Phillip Kennedy, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Clysta Seney, Joan Zimmermann, Carolyn Fitz, Alison Woolpert, Roger Abe, Eleanor Carolan, Dyana Basist, Carol Steele, Betty Arnold, Patricia Machmiller, Judith Schallberger and Karina Young.

Guest: Sheila Malone

Phillip began his talk with a brief overview of Kyoshi's life. Born in 1874, Kyoshi was one of Masaoka Shiki's most prominent students. Under Shiki's influence, Kyoshi became a proponent of traditional, objective *shasei* haiku, which emphasizes writing haiku based on close observation. During his long career, Kyoshi was one of the most important poets and editors in twentieth-century Japan.

Although only a few of Kyoshi's haiku have been translated into English, Phillip shared a selection of Kyoshi haiku in English which he himself translated from the Japanese! There were three pages of haiku for the group to read and contemplate quietly. After twenty minutes of silence, Phillip asked people to share their thoughts and reactions, and the group had a lively discussion about Kyoshi's poetry.

Following a break for snacks, Phillip continued his talk with a discussion of Kyoshi's poetic philosophy of seeing and accepting the real world as it actually is. Again, the group discussed these ideas enthusiastically. Then Phillip finished his talk with instructions for a haiku writing exercise, based on Kyoshi's own advice for how to write haiku.

The group then broke up to stroll through the garden, write haiku, and enjoy one of the first sunny spring days of the year after a very cold, wet winter. At the end of the afternoon, the group came back together to share the haiku they had written and thoughts about the day.

It was a glorious afternoon, filled with good company and much laughter. Many thanks to Dyana and Leaf for sharing their beautiful home and garden with us on this spritely spring day.

write-up by Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

YTHS Monthly Meeting: April 2017
Cinematic Perspectives in Writing Haiku by Patrick Gallagher
 Hakone Gardens, Saratoga, CA

On April 8, a good number of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society poets met for a picnic lunch meeting and ginko at Hakone Gardens, Saratoga. The forecast for the day predicted the prevailing rain would cease midday, and happily it did.

Members in attendance: Ann Bendixen, Carol Steele, Alison Woolpert, Karina M. Young, Patricia Machmiller, Anne Homan, Betty Arnold, Patrick Gallagher, Sandy Vroom, Linda Papanicolaou. Guests: Becky Davies and Tom Berry.

After lunch and prior to the ginko Patrick Gallagher presented a discussion of the utility of describing haiku in cinematic terms as related by Allan Burns in his 2007 *Frogpond* article. These terms, with Patrick's glosses in brackets, are

- mise-en-scène versus montage [single viewpoint versus cut-away]
- establishing shot [big picture]
- zoom [move between wide and narrow views]
- match cut [sensation to similar sensation]
- subjective shot, flashback [the world according to one person]
- eyeline matching [person, then the world sensed]
- reaction shot [world, then a person reacting]
- voiceover [personal comment]
- tilt, pan, focus rack [shift attention within scene]
- tracking [follow through space]
- long take [follow through short time]
- time lapse [follow through long time]

After this discussion the poets were asked to write their poems of the day keeping the cinematic terms in mind. They willingly dispersed through the Gardens, observing spring flora, bridal parties, fauna, and their own reactions and using them for inspiration for haiku. Later the poets reconvened and shared their poems, and the cinematic terms that could be used to describe each poem was the subject of spirited discussions. It seemed that the poets were happy to have available a new way to think about their haiku.

Write-up and photo by Patrick Gallagher



Hakone Gardens, Saratoga

60th Anniversary of San Jose-Okayama sister city relationship

On Friday, April 21, 2017 over one hundred special guests from the city of Okayama, Japan, including the mayor and council people visited Kelley Park's Japanese Friendship Garden. The visit was to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the San Jose-Okayama sister city relationship, and the garden is a living symbol of that friendship.

On their arrival the guests were given a bilingual haiku brochure themed to the garden. The brochure was developed by Roger Abe, Betty Arnold and Patricia J. Machmiller, haiku translations by Mariko Kitakubo, and finished and printed by the City of San Jose, PRNS marketing team and Kelley Park. Poets contributing to the fifteen haiku in the brochure: Kyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, Dyana Basist, Patricia J. Machmiller, Alison Woolpert, Eleanor Carolan, Mimi Ahern, Marcia Behar, Judith Morrison Schallberger, Patrick Gallagher, Betty Arnold, Roger Abe and Joan Zimmerman.

From all accounts the haiku were well received! Among the guests was Midori Teramoto of the Kibi no Haiku Group. This project was conceived as a thank you to the park from the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society for many years of use of the garden and the Teahouse, as well as a commemorative gift.

write-up by Roger Abe

GEPP0 Submission Guidelines

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

Betty Arnold, Editor

by mail to:

Betty Arnold, *GEPP0* Editor

When you submit emails please write in the subject line: *GEPP0* 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. Do not vote for yourself.

◆ The newsletter is published quarterly: deadlines for submissions are due on the first of the month, Feb, May, Aug, Nov.

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 *GEPP0*, notification of events, and the annual membership anthology. Only members can submit to the *GEPP0* and anthology.

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

Toni Homan, Membership Secretary

You may also pay by PayPal.

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 has been extended to **July 1, 2017**.

Email to:

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 GEPPO 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

Kasen Renku written at Asilomar YTHS Annual Retreat—Nov. 12, 2016

Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA

"From Swale to the Dune Top"

- | | | | |
|--|----|--|-------|
| 1. the welcome mat
from swale to dune top
beach sagewort | aw | 9. ex-nun
she agrees to travel
in separate rooms | pg |
| 2. illuminating the pines
super moon | kb | 10. bed bugs
I'll scratch your itch | sv |
| 3. round face
of a jack-o'-lantern
grinning | aw | 11. the rune carver
keeps misspelling
Eyjafjallajokul | pk |
| 4. multi-colored kimonos
adorn the happy guests | ls | 12. kick up your spurs
cowgirl day spa | kb |
| 5. midday siesta
the dogs join her
on the couch | ky | 13. aging rock star
his pants hang low
winter moon | sv/gl |
| 6. the constant hum
of the swamp cooler | jh | 14. subzero morning
die-hard battery dies | cs |
| 7. sign me up
for courses
at the electoral college | cs | 15. chess championship
the Swede and the Russian
in a close game | pg |
| 8. two introverts notice
each other's shoes | pg | 16. Baudelaire runs out
of absinthe | pk |

- | | | | |
|---|----------|--|----|
| 17. out of season
cherry blossoms
global warming | ls/ky | 28. inking the contract
for our RV rental | pg |
| 18. we chose a woman president
April Fool's | sb | 29. light pooling
on the beach at Waikiki
from the autumn moon | gl |
| 19. the slow pace
of a mud snail
across the parking lot | dk/gl/ao | 30. monarch butterflies
layered in the eucalyptus | sb |
| 20. "intruder alert"
"set phasers to stun" | ao | 31. morning glories
climbing up
the schoolyard fence | cs |
| 21. apple pay
what's in
your wallet? | cs | 32. a cockatoo squawks
in time with the radio | sv |
| 22. "Zippity Doodah"
dammit nothing's going my way | aw | 33. discoball
shines across
the salad bar | kb |
| 23. brown lawn
after brown lawn
drought year | dk | 34. flying fish
over the waves | sb |
| 24. bare feet
hunting Pokémon | ls | 35. Siri tells us
turn right on Main
cherry blossoms | aw |
| 25. Captain Ahab
organizes
his harpoon collection | pk | 36. not a cloud today
soaring skylark | ky |
| 26. whispers of love
reveal Victoria's Secret | jh | | |
| 27. Niagara love
Viagra love
you make the call | kd | | |

[Deborah P. Kolodji: renku master,
Gregory Longenecker: renku assistant,
Sherry Barto, Kae Bendixen, Patrick Gallagher,
Phillip Kennedy, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik,
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Lois Scott, Christine Stern,
Sandy Vrooman, Alison Woolpert, Karina Young]



"Touched by the Elements"
Parallel pen sketch by Carolyn Fitz

2017 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Retreat

November 10-13, 2017 (Friday-Monday)*

Asilomar State Beach and Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA

Each year Yuki Teikei hosts a long weekend haiku retreat at Asilomar Conference Center, located along a dramatic section of the Monterey, California coastline. The retreat is designed to inspire and nurture the creative spirit of haiku poets from near and far. Guest speakers will offer insight into the process of writing haiku. The program allows time for attendees to wander and write in a relaxed and informal atmosphere.

John Stevenson will be the 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*. He is a founding member of the Route 9 Haiku Group (Upstate Dim Sum). John was one of the organizers of Haiku North America, 2015 at Union College, Schenectady, NY.

Three of John's favorite haiku he wrote are:

Colonel Mustard in the library . . . winter night	fireflies beyond the sarcasm	last pieces of a jigsaw puzzle . . . filling in the skies
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Other special presentations at the retreat will include: a traditional kukai (a Japanese haiku contest), haiga presentations, a dress-up renku party and the announcement of the winners of the 2017 Tokutomi Haiku Contest and the presentation of the 2017 YTHS Anthology. We are honored John Stevenson has accepted our invitation to join us at Asilomar this year. We hope to see many of you, our haiku friends, there! Carol Steele is the Chairperson organizing this retreat.

Cost:	
full conference fee + shared room (3/rm) + 9 meals	\$ 540
full conference fee + shared room (2/rm) + 9 meals	\$ 580
full conference fee + single room + 9 meal	\$ 865
conference fee only	\$ 100

\$100 Deposit due by July 15. Balance due by Sept 15. Deadlines are Firm.

Please mail this registration form with your check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society to the retreat registrar: Clysta Seney.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: (home) _____ (cell) _____

Email: _____

Special Needs (physical &/or dietary): _____

Vegetarian Meals: Yes No (please circle)

2017 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

June 17 11-3pm	Haiga Party at the home of Carolyn Fitz,. Bring your haiga and a peanut-free dish to share for potluck lunch. Opportunity to create. Please RSVP to Carolyn Fitz
July 1	In-hand deadline for submissions to the 2017 YTHS Anthology.
July 8 6-9pm	Traditional Tanabata celebration at the home of Anne Homan, Bring a peanut-free dish to share for potluck dinner. Newcomers and guests are welcome!
July 15	Deposit due for Asilomar 2017 Annual Retreat.
Aug 1	Submission deadline for the third 2017 <i>GEPP</i> O edition (quarterly).
Sept 9 12-5pm	Annual Board Meeting. Home of Patrick Gallagher. Peanut-free potluck lunch followed by business meeting and planning for 2017. All YTHS members are welcome!
Sept 15	Balance due on full payment for Asilomar 2017 Retreat.
Oct 7 6-10pm	Moon Viewing at the home of Carol Steele. Bring a peanut-free dish to share for potluck dinner. Moon rise 8:26pm.
Nov 1	Submission deadline for the fourth 2017 <i>GEPP</i> O edition (quarterly)
Nov 10-13	Asilomar Annual Retreat, Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA.