

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Volume XLII:3 May—July 2017

Published in August 2017

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation — Betty Arnold, Editor

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1353 | first sunburn—
rocktrumpet
climbing the trellis | 1364 | her unopened letter on the table—
all the chopsticks
in the dishwasher |
| 1354 | midnight derecho
a squall line
in the nursery | 1365 | buying fine dust
along with the book . . .
June rain |
| 1355 | my daughter's bun
ribbons of pink and blue
blooming hydrangea | 1366 | view of the Kremlin:
this beggar's kerchief
from Burberry's |
| 1356 | muscle-builder
in the gymnasium window
willow fluff floats by | 1367 | daybreak
the night dream breaks into
a thousand pieces |
| 1357 | retirement
still faking pride
in what i do | 1368 | fully open!
the peacock stares at me
through its tail's eyes |
| 1358 | first snake of spring . . .
take care crossing the garden
that no one sees | 1369 | hunter and his dog . . .
a muzzle pokes through the blind
at the quack of dawn |
| 1359 | daylight savings
the trickle down theory
of free time | 1370 | <i>wait, wait</i> says Mister Toad
<i>it's on the tip of my tongue . . .</i>
dragonfly |
| 1360 | Christmas shopping
well in advance
of the spirit | 1371 | dentist's front yard . . .
the extraction of an ash tree
full of cavities |
| 1361 | remembrance day—
dew pool
in the open mailbox | 1372 | Japanese garden . . .
surrounding a stone toro
fifty shades of pink |
| 1362 | wet kitchen sink—
the leftover stem
from a cut orchid | 1373 | far away
in foreign lands
there too the birds sing |
| 1363 | a smell I don't know
at a tree I can't name . . .
first buds | 1374 | cotton wood fluff
the cat deep in her
afternoon musing |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 1375 | dry season
a sudden rain disturbs
the California dreaming | 1389 | a black snake
sips from the birdbath—
the heat |
| 1376 | garden edge
in and out—in and out
dart the field mice | 1390 | grackle
pulling from a cicada
the living legs |
| 1377 | bok choy and bitter melon
picking from Emma's garden
stir frying | 1391 | Canada Day cake—
they cut a big slice
for me too |
| 1378 | blue butterfly
lands on rose petals
tastes with its tiny feet | 1392 | a dragonfly
silver and crystal
seals my lips |
| 1379 | hot August wedding
flowers hang from trees
uninvited hummingbird | 1393 | in the ruffled leaves
of field mustard
summer kiss |
| 1380 | July night skies
sparkling fireworks popping
puppy hiding | 1394 | Commencement
inside today
tomorrow |
| 1381 | gravel yields
to the poets' footsteps—
fresh peach cobbler | 1395 | welcome water
the taste of Oregon
blackberries |
| 1382 | the vocalist
eases into her lyrics . . .
summer river jazz | 1396 | forest bathing
in downtown Portland
rooftop maple |
| 1383 | the sparkle of youth
ignites this short night—
Pink House Jazz Café | 1397 | at the piano
she plays the white notes
a flight of egrets |
| 1384 | a hot-town drummer
spanks out moods . . .
his flower tattoos | 1398 | August flames the pulse
of heart and seed
the touch of your hand |
| 1385 | billows of clouds
behind the sparkling skyline
new beginnings | 1399 | oh! the fullness
of emptiness
summer moon |
| 1386 | waves of red
rising above the mountains
the days shorter | 1400 | mosquitoes buzz
around my ears
rap concert |
| 1387 | in the shade
a sprinkling of buttercups
high noon | 1401 | we just walk and talk
and then—ahh!
the waterfalls |
| 1388 | teens
sprawl on the grass with sketch books
rose garden | 1402 | summer car wash
the toddler soaping
her belly first |

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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 1403 | hey, black phoebe
go on hunting gnats
I'll take the long way | 1417 | white sailboat
disappears on the bay
summer fog |
| 1404 | two crows squawk
in the honeysuckle—
love at first sight | 1418 | summer vacation—
I swing in the hammock
gobbling mysteries |
| 1405 | a lollipop
left to the ants
end of school | 1419 | two mourning doves
in the live oak tree
summer romance |
| 1406 | family vacation
the kids run along
after their kids | 1420 | Peace Ceremony
we scatter rose petals
on the bay waters |
| 1407 | honeycomb
the time it took to build
Manhattan | 1421 | knife on a pear
like a bow of the boat
runs |
| 1408 | dog day morning
his long sleeve shirt
already unstarched | 1422 | my passwords
lost in a maze
summer solstice |
| 1409 | historic wayside
a minor war
over picnic trash | 1423 | dragon-shaped cloud
from the direction of China
arises in sunset |
| 1410 | cornfield pollen
on the children's shoulders
peeling sunburn | 1424 | a summer affair
the honeybee chooses
the bride's bouquet |
| 1411 | a set of keys
on the jogging path
mutter of thunder | 1425 | bright orange poppies
long after the funeral—
cracks in the asphalt |
| 1412 | his toy Beetle
where a spider settles
summer camp | 1426 | weed mowing—
with each pass of the tractor
loss grows |
| 1413 | invasive
this commoner
—Queen Anne's Lace | 1427 | news photo—
pine skeletons black
through flames |
| 1414 | cicada shells
the old collection can smells
of coffee | 1428 | a fledgling moon
perched on a black bough
stranded by the tide |
| 1415 | SEVEN DOLLARS?
two organic pears left
on the farmer's scale | 1429 | summer heat
the road workers remove
their hard hats |
| 1416 | senior apartments
everyone's planter box
full of tomatoes | 1430 | this warm night
a moth dances
round the light bulb |
-

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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 1431 | summer wedding
flower by flower
smelling her posy | 1445 | sea shells strung on twine
hung on a clear glass door—
beautiful afterlife |
| 1432 | first plum—
beneath the bitter skin
sudden succulence | 1446 | ground fog on the coast
California summer
still a dream |
| 1433 | laughter and clatter
through the open windows
summer mahjong | 1447 | “merge left” the sign said —
on a bench seat
it was easy |
| 1434 | golden fire lilies
tucked among fern fronds—
lizards’ kingdom | 1448 | sweet scent of mint
memories of mojitos
filling the garden |
| 1435 | her sewing machine
idle now for thirty years—
lost attachments | 1449 | flat-faced halibut
surprising delicacy
for a bottom feeder |
| 1436 | summer romance
the mockingbird’s playlist
on repeat | 1450 | Gee’s Bend quilters
stitching in time with their songs
rhythm of birds |
| 1437 | shimmering aspens
her bare feet
in the Colorado | 1451 | summer's end?
before twilight the sky
is roaring |
| 1438 | summer
not enough “m”s to hum
hummingbird | 1452 | wolf's pond park
my dad winks at me
from the family grill |
| 1439 | sandal weather
the meander of creek water
across the meadow | 1453 | watermelon smiles
the childhood photo
implies pink |
| 1440 | steel fence . . .
a neighbor’s coneflowers
spill into my yard | 1454 | picnic percussion
the ring of horseshoes
around the stake |
| 1441 | moonlit mountains
a dog barks at the sound
of his own bark | 1455 | summer downpour
the child laborer’s sweat
drips down her face |
| 1442 | rice fields at dusk
the lengthening shadow
of a yellow-billed stork | 1456 | monster truck
he rolls right over
my concerns |
| 1443 | summer night
the blue jay flies from the yard
into my dream | 1457 | noise machine—
planes flying over
our summer rental |
| 1444 | an empty dog collar
hangs on a door handle
gone, the ten pound badger hound | 1458 | hot day
the wall map of Greenland
yellowing |
-

- 1459 the clock shop
closed for remodeling
summer solstice
- 1460 summer afternoon
comparing recipes
for kale chips
- 1461 half a donut
in the office kitchen
summer's end
- 1462 The melodious
song of the male Swainson's thrush—
such a sweet suitor.
- 1463 Life's metastable:
think things are under control;
think again—they're not.
- 1464 Long black necks erect
cavalcades of cormorants
swim stately upstream.
- 1465 Flecks of fog break off
from the fog bank, race across
the sky and vanish.
- 1466 butterfly wings
the tender feelings
of a young girl's heart
- 1467 setting down
another box of books
sun-warmed boulders
- 1468 twilight dragonflies
skim the pond alongside swifts—
her prom date arrives
- 1469 hot honeysuckle
vines drape down the back fence
hummingbirds limbo
- 1470 yellowest daisies
plucked— beloved or not—
withered wreaths
- 1471 fast piano beats
splatter air against eardrums
salamander feet
- 1472 Sacramento heat—
inside sewing doll linens
with my granddaughter
- 1473 the Basho scholar
recites like sutra chantings—
orange canna lilies
- 1474 foggy ocean dawn
we sit on a blue cooler
sharing the first beer
- 1475 the great adventure
of another summer dawn
my house guests' laughter
- 1476 honeymoon quarrel
poison oak reddens
on the crumbling cliff



Edith Shiffert in 2005 in Kyoto, Japan.
Her poetry was influenced by her many
years living there.

Photo by Micah Gampel

In Memoriam: Edith Shiffert

The well-known poet and scholar, Edith Shiffert, a long-time friend of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society died recently at the age 101. The New York Times has published an obituary, on the web at <http://tinyurl.com/yadgb58w>. Portions of this article are paraphrased and quoted below.

Edith Shiffert, an American poet whose work was profoundly influenced by the half-century she spent in Japan authored nearly two dozen volumes of poetry. Ms. Shiffert was published in *The New Yorker*, *The New York Times* and elsewhere. She was also known as a writer on, and translator of, Japanese poetry. "Ms. Shiffert was a quiet sensualist, her verse characterized by spare simplicity and a deep, abiding affinity with the natural world."

Patrick Gallagher relates, “Edith was very kind to many haiku poets visiting Kyoto. The photograph below shows her with YTHS poets on a 1997 visit to the tomb of Buson, whose work she translated.”

Left to right: Kyoto Tokutomi, June Hopper Hymas, Edith Shiffert, D. Claire Gallagher, Alex Benedict, Minoru Sawano (Edith’s husband), Alice Benedict, Lynn Leach and Patricia Machmiller.

Photo by Patrick Gallagher.



Featured Poet from Japan

While this series is focusing on YT members who live abroad, I’d like to introduce a special fellow from Tokyo, Japan, Hiroyuki Murakami. He has been a regular contributor to the GEPP0 for the last four years. I hope you will look for his recently translated work in our 2017 Anthology.



to an infant
the spring wind is handed
with a pinwheel

cherry petals
stream on the water
the reflected sky

Ginza neon light
turns the cafe windows pink
February ends

Born in 1954 at my grandfather’s Zen temple of Mie prefecture, I grew up in Nagoya and entered a Christian university in Tokyo. By the time I graduated I was a big fan of pop music and participated as a lyricist in a renowned national song competition organized by Yamaha. The contest experience led me into the music industry. Starting from 1977 to the early 2000’s I was involved in various international musical activities, including foreign music promotion in the World Popular Song Festival in Tokyo, and Japanese artists’ promotion abroad. I was living in a suitcase at that time.

My encounter with haiku was by a literal accident. I got seriously injured during a basketball game. That is when my old friend recommended I join the Yukuharu Haiku Society, even though I had no idea about haiku. There were two masters from 2001, the first year I attended the Yukuharu. Hokuto Kiyomi, a retired national language teacher who ran the Yukuharu Chichibu branch, taught me haiku through correspondence and kukai for 110 consecutive months until the end of his life. Teruo Yamagata, the fourth director of the Yukuharu, gave me an open page on the monthly Yukuharu magazine where I can write freely. Without their thoughtfulness I am not here to write this for YTHS. Currently I finished a translation work, “The Rush To Rescue Atomic Bomb Survivors/Kazan Tanino Haiku Collection,” with a big help from Patricia J. Machmiller. This piece will be featured in your 2017 YTHS Anthology.

While working four days a week in a digital music distribution company, I enjoy going on short ginko trips, entering kukai, writing articles for the Yukuharu Haiku Society, listening to good old music and drinking good wine.

Spring Challenge Kigo: Summer Grove

a summer grove swells
toward plywood castle walls
in the Scottish Play

~Joan Zimmerman

summer trees
the irrigation system
fails again

~Dyana Basist

summer grove—
the knife grinder's chair
coated with rust

~Judith Morrison Schallberger

my son breaks in
a new pair of hiking boots—
summer grove

~Julie Bloss Kelsey

summer grove
I stand surrounded
by silence

~Greg Longenecker

weeping willow branches
dip into the cool water
summer grove

~Janis Albright Lukstein

summer grove
in name and
name only

~ Michael Henry Lee

summer grove
again and again
the swish of tails

~Barbara Snow

along the river bank
a summer grove of aspens
quench their thirst

~E. Luke

summer grove—
the whippoorwill's song
here and gone

~Michael Dylan Welch

summer grove
long ago our dolls lived on top
of dirt furrows

~Alison Woolpert

Tarusa birch grove
summer after summer so many movies
being shot there

~Zinovy Vayman

not a breeze stirring . . .
black angus swish away flies
in a summer grove

~Elinor Pihl Huggett

summer grove
peace by the hundredweight
where cattle once lay

~Christine Horner

summer trees recalled
sweet fruits on highest branches
precarious ladders

~Lois Heyman Scott

sweltering afternoon
the smell of dung
from the summer grove

~Michael Sheffield

in the city park
among summer trees
sudden tui song

~Patricia Prime

summer trees
my daughter
a late bloomer too

~Susan Burch

the eagle's flight
soars on drafts of wind
above summer trees

~Sharon Lynne Yee

summer grove
the flicker of afternoon
birdsong

~Karina M. Young

catching my breath
at the padlocked water pump
summer grove

~Phillip Kennedy

breathing
together
the summer trees

~Ruth Holzer

summer grove
the shifting shadows
of bamboo

~John J. Han

Quiet majesty
within summer redwood groves—
air-conditioned too.

~David Sherertz

slender limbs embrace
the green silence
summer grove

~Ed Grossmith

childhood summer
I and the caterpillars'
slow day in the oaks

~Kath Abela Wilson

Members Votes for February—April 2017 Haiku

Patricia Prime	1215-0, 1216-0, 1217-1, 1218-1
Michael Henry Lee	1219-1, 1220-6, 1221-2, 1222-1
Neal Whitman	1223-2, 1224-1, 1225-9, 1226-3
Joan Zimmerman	1227-2, 1228-2, 1229-2, 1230-0
Michael Dylan Welch	1231-2, 1232-9, 1233-6, 1234-3
Beverly Acuff Momoi	1235-0, 1236-3, 1237-2, 1238-6
Elaine Whitman	1239-1, 1240-3, 1241-1, 1242-1
Alison Woolpert	1243-1, 1244-2, 1245-5, 1246-6
Michael Sheffield	1247-10, 1248-0, 1249-1, 1250-6
Ruth Holzer	1251-4, 1252-0, 1253-2, 1254-11
Dyana Basist	1255-6, 1256-4, 1257-1, 1258-1
Barbara Snow	1259-9, 1260-2, 1261-0, 1262-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	1263-0, 1264-7, 1265-1, 1266-4
Ed Grossmith	1267-1, 1268-2, 1269-1, 1270-3
Karina M. Young	1271-4, 1272-7, 1273-3, 1274-5
Richard St. Clair	1275-0, 1276-0, 1277-0, 1278-1
Toni Homan	1279-0, 1280-0, 1281-1, 1282-9
Hiroyuki Murakami	1283-1, 1284-0, 1285-0
E. Luke	1286-0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	1287-0, 1288-0, 1289-3, 1290-0
Susan Burch	1291-0, 1292-7, 1293-3, 1294-0
Greg Longenecker	1295-5, 1296-3, 1297-9, 1298-2
Christine Horner	1299-1, 1300-1, 1301-6, 1302-0
David Sherertz	1303-0, 1304-1, 1305-0, 1306-0
Clysta Seney	1307-1, 1308-1, 1309-0, 1310-1
Kath Abela Wilson	1311-1, 1312-3, 1313-0, 1314-3
Christine Lamb Stern	1315-4, 1316-1, 1317-3, 1318-0
Sherry Barto	1319-1, 1320-2, 1321-1
Lois Heyman Scott	1322-0, 1323-1, 1324-0, 1325-1
William H. Peckham	1326-1, 1327-0, 1328-0, 1329-2
Phillip Kennedy	1330-2, 1331-1, 1332-4, 1333-0
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	1334-2, 1335-1, 1336-2, 1337-1
Kyle Sullivan	1338-0
John J. Han	1339-8, 1340-1, 1341-2, 1342-0
Carol Steele	1343-0, 1344-2, 1345-4, 1346-7
Janis Albright Lukstein	1347-1, 1348-1, 1349-2
Majo Leavick	1350-0, 1351-1, 1352-1

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

**February—April 2017 Haiku
Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers
(received 5 or more votes)**

St. Patrick's Day—
the women gliding by
in green saris
~Ruth Holzer

the world
turned upside down
water lilies
~John J. Han

contentment . . .
the days and the river
flow by
~Michael Sheffield

the earth
opens its blue heart
again the wild iris
~Michael Sheffield

nursing home . . .
the gradual decline
of the wheelchair ramp
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

chasing the wind
through a hole in the fence
a jackrabbit
~Dyana Basist summer

can you see it?
the mustard field at dusk
still glowing
~Neal Whitman

all at once
around the bend
azaleas
~Karina M. Young

souvenir
damp sand carried home
between my toes
~Christine Horner

a few petals
and suddenly
it's spring
~Michael Dylan Welch

pickleweed—
time to trim
my nose hair
~Susan Burch

if i had it
to do over—
dung beetle
~Michael Henry Lee

lines on the wall
measuring their growth heights
sandpiper footprints
~Toni Homan

all my knife blades
need sharpening again—
the end of winter
~Carol Steele

the debris
at the entrance to the woodrat's nest
—cholla blossoms
~Alison Woolpert

windy hilltop
one kite couldn't wait
for string
~Barbara Snow

falling in love—
we test how prickly
the holly leaves are
~Michael Dylan Welch

garden lizard
the warmth
in a pond stone
~Karina M. Young

seaside cottage
once more I come
to my senses
~Greg Longenecker

red sky
in the morning
this racking cough
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

the moist eyes
of the old dog
blossom morning
~Greg Longenecker

spring sea
in goes a yellow tennis ball
in goes the black Lab
~Alison Woolpert

Dojin's Corner Feb-April 2017

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller,
and Joan Iversen Goswell

Greetings everyone. Our guest editor this issue is Joan Iversen Goswell, an East Coast denizen. In addition to being a student of haiku, she is a student of the tea ceremony. She is an artist and runs a farm. She is especially fond of her two horses, Trusty and Jazz. We are delighted to have her perspective on last issue's haiku.

Before we get into our choices, we would like to share with you an exchange prompted by a comment made by our last guest editor, Phillip Kennedy.

One of the poems Phillip chose for comment about was Michael Dylan Welch's

1094 folk festival—
the hillbilly pretends
to tune his washboard

Phillip praised the haiku and its light-hearted and care-free mood. He also wrote:

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.

This led to the following exchange between Michael and Phillip:

Michael: Thank you, Phillip, for selecting one of my haiku to comment on in *GEPP*O, and for your good thoughts about the poem. I would just like to say that "hillbilly" is essential to the poem, at least for me. Just as the washboard is "tuned" in a pretend way, the hillbilly is also pretend, which is part of the implication. For me, saying "musician" would also elevate the performer to a more formal status which isn't accurate. Perhaps this intent would be more obvious if "hillbilly" was presented in quotation marks, but that's too heavy-handed, I think -- and I wanted this implication to be a little more subtle.

Phillip: Thank you very much for sharing this. I can see how changing "hillbilly" to another word (or adding quotation marks) does change the character of the poem. There is a shared joke here, I think, between the man with the washboard and the speaker of the poem; calling out "hillbilly" with quotation marks or italics moves us away from the gentle humor of this moment. The word "musician" could pull us out of a folk festival and into a recital or concert—something formal and much less playful.

I wrestled with my reaction to the word "hillbilly" quite a bit. I'm of Lowland Scots extraction, and my grandfather's home language was the Doric dialect of Scots. The language has been greatly neglected (and devalued) by my father's generation, but I study, read and speak the Scots language as much as I can. Because of my interest in Scots, I see a lot of cultural and linguistic commonalities between my father's family's language and culture and that of people living in Appalachia. I think I brought some of that background into my reading of that word.

If the man with the washboard, though, is conscious of all the connotations of "hillbilly" and *still* chooses to convey that identity to his audience (who may be equally sophisticated in *their* understanding of that identity), the added nuance deepens the nature of the shared joke.

Thank you again for your feedback. I really like this poem, and I'm glad that we've been able to have a more extended conversation about it.

Michael: Thank you for your thoughtful reply, Phillip. My poem was inspired by attending Seattle's huge Folklife festival, which attracts a quarter million people most years, and features musicians from every imaginable folk tradition: lots of Appalachian music, and music from many other regions and countries. Much of this music is not performed by natives of these areas, but these performers seek to do justice to the cultures and the music they borrow, in the

the same way I've honored Japan in performing haiku at the festival with Japanese koto players and other musicians—and the koto player, though American, dressed in a kimono.

I realize that the term "hillbilly" may be offensive to certain people, but not so much that there aren't websites such as <http://www.hillbilly-music.com/>. The TV show *The Beverly Hillbillies* may have projected a stereotype, but it also played on the many positive qualities of "hillbillies" in outsmarting "city folk" (who were also stereotyped). I believe the performers I saw (and others like them at numerous Folklife festivals) were being respectful in "pretending" to be "hillbilly"—wearing overalls but no shirts, performing with no socks or shoes, wearing straw hats, and so on. Rather than belittling a stereotype, I believe they were honoring an established tradition. They were trying to BE hillbillies, and thus were elevating them, not appropriating them. Yet they were still happy to have fun with their performance, and not to take it too seriously—resorting to "tuning" their washboard. I believe the performer with the washboard was entirely conscious of all the connotations of "hillbillies," as he was portraying them through music and clothing, and still chose to convey that identity—even if the group might not have used the term "hillbilly" itself (I don't recall specifically). Nevertheless, I have found the term "hillbilly" on the Folklife festival website and in conjunction with Folklife performances without too much trouble, and in many other respectful website links that promote this particular music.

Thank you, again, for appreciating the poem.

Our choices from the last *GEPP*O are:

jig: 1232, 1252*, 1256, 1257*, 1272*, 1296, 1320*, 1334*, 1341

E: 1223, 1224, 1242*, 1248, 1253*, 1254, 1256, 1265, 1266, 1270, 1282*, 1290, 1292*, 1301, 1311, 1346

pjm: 1221, 1224, 1225*, 1226, 1227, 1228*, 1229, 1231, 1232, 1234, 1236, 1237, 1246,

1247, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257*, 1258, 1259*, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1295, 1314, 1321, 1330, 1334, 1339, 1344, 1345, 1346

Those with an asterisk were the ones chosen for comment. (Note: since Joan and I picked the same haiku, we asked Joan to choose one more to make 12.)

1225 can you see it?
the mustard field at dusk
still glowing

pjm: The expanse of mustard catches the last light and glows even as the light fades. This haiku brings to mind Buson's haiku:

Field of bright mustard
the moon is in the east
the sun is in the west
(trans: Robert Hass)

E: This question is addressed to the readers or maybe to someone who is with the author. Whichever the case, it gives a friendly tone to the opening of this haiku. The warmth in the air, the yellow of the field still glowing, and the approaching dusk in the eastern sky—the combination of all these, gives the haiku a sense of peacefulness. It also reminds me of how time flies differently at dusk. The world presents itself with the speed of turning a page in a picture book. For your reference, 遅日 (*chijitsu*) is a Japanese kigo for the lingering daylight that stays even after the sunset. Literally it means a late day or a slow day.

I think mustard field works nicely here. What if it were rape seed flowers or potato flowers? They may glow, too, but rape seed flowers may carry a strong odor and potato flowers may hint at some household odors! The haiku reminds me of one written by Robert Spiess.

A dirt road . . .
Acres of potato plants
White-flowered under the moon
Robert Spiess
(*Modern Haiku*, editor, 1921-2002)

jig: I'm not sure what this haiku means. A question in a haiku is unusual. It hangs in the air and feels detached from the rest of the poem. The lines "mustard field at dusk/ still glowing" are a nice image evoking the thought that even when dark times approach there is always hope.

1228: thin wartime jacket
indented over the chest
fraying winter clouds

pjm: I imagine a Vet in a well-worn Army jacket; so well-worn, it has lost its "starch" and now molds itself to the former soldier's worn body following an unexplained concavity in his chest. The cause—an injury or surgery, we don't know. The short melancholy whine of "in" can be heard in "thin," "Indented," and "winter"; interspersed is the short e sound like a cough—once in "jacket," twice in "indented," and once in "chest." Whatever this Vet's trauma, we feel it in the sounds embedded in the language—very effective writing.

jig: The thin wartime jacket and fraying winter clouds make me think of an old veteran from an old war, perhaps World War II or Korea. There is pathos in this poem. Maybe he is one of the last living soldiers from those wars. However, I do not know what the "indented" is. I spent so much time trying to figure out what it was and why it was there, that I almost lost the feel of the poem. Maybe something like this would work a little better:

an old veteran
in a thin wartime jacket
fraying winter clouds

E: The indented chest of a wartime jacket is projected on the winter sky making an image parallel with the fraying clouds. Which war? The U.S.A. has been fighting several wars since 1945. Is this jacket a uniform or one owned by a civilian during war? Since it is thin, perhaps it was worn during the Vietnam War by a veteran? The haiku evokes an uneasy feeling causing us to ask what war means for the individuals who are involved and those who are not yet involved.

1242 afternoon rain
I follow shiny slug-trails
to the kitchen

E: It is raining in the afternoon so the author stays home only to find slug-trails leading into the kitchen. She/he follows. The poem captures humidity in the air, and the stress-free comfortable home where a slug can enjoy its afternoon walk to find something to lick! The haiku reminds me of a huge banana slug in a redwood forest, and at the same time, it makes me feel like finding something to nibble, an afternoon snack!

jig: This haiku is a mystery to me. Why did the slugs go into the kitchen? Why is the poet following their trails into the kitchen? How can the poet even see the slug-trails in the rain? Is this an allegory? Could it be that the poet is exhausted and feels like a slug having to go back into the kitchen again to cook more meals? I don't know. It's a mystery.

pjm: Slug-trails, those thin, ephemeral threads showing the passage of a no-longer-seen creature. Mysterious, and yet, concrete. In the daily activity—varied by the vagaries of weather (rain today)—of cooking dinner, there is this moment of mystery—a creature has been here and left its mark.

1252 spring fever—
one mallard clambers
upon another

jig: The mallards are copulating. This is an earthy haiku similar to those of the Zen monk Sōjun Ikkyū (1394-1481). Spring is here and a young man's fancy turns to love and sex. Spring is about creating new life whether it's lovers in the park, teenagers holding hands, bulls courting cows, butterflies and birds pollinating flowers. Mallards, too, feel the pull of spring and the urge to create new life.

pjm: The urge for reproduction no matter the creature is indeed a fever. Creatures, including humans, caught up in the drive to

reproduce, throw caution to the wind. Much like that old expression: spring fever.

E: I don't get to see mallards often in my environment, however, imagining one clamber upon another makes me think of a mating activity. When spring comes wildlife gets busy reproducing; this is not always the case in the human world. I wonder if the author is feeling somehow left out? It is interesting that the author did not use "spring melancholy" but "spring fever"; perhaps to suggest a double meaning for the burning love of the mallards?

1253 chewing
a tulip—
the heavy doe

E: I don't think this is about an obese doe; I suspect she must be pregnant and will be expecting her little Bambi soon! I have no idea if a tulip is edible, but the thick petals in vivid color seem juicy and rich in vitamins. A small-surprise haiku capturing the essence of spring.

jig: The doe is pregnant. She is an expectant mother, completely content. I like the image of her chewing a tulip instead of leaves or grass as she usually would. For her, it's a moment of spring and sheer pleasure. A lovely image of motherhood.

pjm: This tulip was planted and watched with care as it grew and budded and bloomed. And in one nip, it is gone—but the wrenching loss of this carefully tended flower is mitigated by one word: heavy. The doe, dining on this carefully nurtured flower, is about to give birth. Perhaps, the gardener whose tulip is so sacrificed might be somewhat mollified by this knowledge.

1257 I watch the towels
sway on the clothes line—
tranquility

jig: Ah . . . the satisfaction of a job well done. The washing is done and hung out to dry. There is contentment here. The once dirty towels are now fresh and clean. It's a warm, sunny day. There's pleasure in watching the sway of the towels in the breeze. Now it's

time to rest and simply enjoy the rest of the day.

pjm: The lazy feeling in the motion of the towels on the line—they have no control; in observing them, we yield to the moment and in doing so feel tranquil.

E: I was not sure if I was happy with the last line because the swaying towels were blowing in the wind, and the wind could make many sounds, many movements. I thought that tranquility was still much like a *sumi-e* painting. However, when I looked it up in my dictionary, I found out that tranquil and peaceful were the translation for 長閑 *nodoka*, a Japanese spring kigo for a warm, sunny, spring day when everything moves slowly in a relaxed mood; the emphasis being on the long and leisurely feature. Literally it means long, calm, and quiet. Now, I see!

1259 windy hilltop
one kite couldn't wait
for string

pjm: In this poem, too, is the question of who is in control—the kite-flyer or the kite? In this instance one kite escaped, but without its string, what is its destiny? Freedom can be exhilarating—and scary. The kite, untethered, is on its own.

E: I wonder if I am seeing a cause and effect in this haiku. Many kites are being pulled by many children on the hilltop catching the winds and flying high. A swift wind had taken one of these kites and now the kite is freed from its string. Kites need to be pulled back so that they can hold wind/air to stay aloft. The kite freed from the string will eventually fall, although this kite still does not know its fate. Saying all this, I think it is great to feel the wind and see the vast sky with colorful kites flying.

jig: This is a playful haiku. The kite is so anxious to fly and be free that it grabs the wind, leaving its string behind. Maybe the poet is the kite—a free spirit. The poet does not want to be tethered to convention. He or she exclaims, "I am myself! Nothing can

hold me back!” as he or she flies away on the wind.

1272 all at once
around the bend
azaleas

jig: Someone is driving down the road. It has been a long drive after a hard day. Maybe things have not gone well and now, there's traffic! The driver comes around a bend and, suddenly, there are the beautiful azaleas! What a delight! All is forgotten in the brightness and color of the flowers! It has become a good day after all!

E: All three lines start with an *a*, a simple and yet spectacular haiku. I saw a house surrounded by an azalea hedge in full bloom. It was nicely trimmed so that even the sharp edges of the corners were nothing but deep pink.

pjm: I have had this experience—a massive exuberance of azaleas in tiers up a hillside! They hit you over the head with their intense and unbroken color. Happiness abounds!

1282 lines on the wall
measuring their growth heights
sandpiper footprints

E: Sandpipers' footprints can be found all over on the beach sometimes, but they will be washed away by the next tide. The lines on the wall must have been there for quite a while. Our old house still has these lines that date back to the 80's recording the growth of our children. Both the lines of the sandpipers' footprints and the fading pencil lines on the wall remind me that not only is time measurable, but also it teaches us that we are among those that are passing!

pjm: The faint penciled lines marking the heights of young children as they grow. Are they as ephemeral as sandpiper footprints? Perhaps they are . . .

jig: When children are growing up, parents often mark their heights on a wall with a pencil. As time passes, the children become taller. The marks are higher and higher on the wall and soon, adulthood is here.

Childhood is washed away by time, just as a sandpiper's footprints are washed away by waves.

1292 pickleweed—
time to trim
my nose hair

E: Pickleweed grows on sandy ground, coming up first in green, but later in red, as it sucks up the salt becoming less adorable, just like a nose hair poking out from a decent nose. (I agree that it has its own beauty, but for now, I am seeing only the less attractive side, its thick hair-like leaves.) I don't know what chemical reaction this haiku brings, but it makes me nod in approval! For city dwellers where the air is polluted to some degree, to trim one's nose hair occasionally is an appreciated etiquette!

jig: There's humor in this haiku. I'm not familiar with pickleweed, but its image is of a stubby, tubular shrub. Before he knew it, the poet's nose hair has gotten thick, like a pickleweed shrub. I can hear him exclaiming, "Oh, my! I look like I have grown a pickleweed shrub in my nose! It looks so odd! I better trim it!"

pjm: Pickleweed is weird; nose hair is weird. There you have it—weirdness with a chuckle. (Pickleweed, by the way, is an autumn kigo because it seems to be reddest then—it can be found at Elkhorn Slough on the Monterey Bay.)

1320 sea mist
he walks away
disappearing

jig: I like this haiku but it is difficult to say why. It's almost subliminal. I feel that the poet is somehow abandoned. We don't know who the *he* is in this poem. Maybe he is someone from a life long ago, a parent, a lover, or a friend. Is he physically disappearing, by walking through the mist into the sea? If so, why? Perhaps, it's a memory. Memories, like the mist, are fleeting and can fade away. There is a lost and all alone feeling here. I feel so sad when I read it.

pjm: There's a strange melancholy feeling as the image fades before our eyes. The sea mist (or sea fog) tells me it's summer—but this ghostly image makes me feel that death is just around the corner.

E: Is the author the one who is seeing him off, or is he/she watching two people parting? The sea mist is thick and it moves slowly inland. Although I have very few experiences being in the sea mist, I believe in the power of this mysterious mass of white which can exhibit a ghostly pirate ship as it lifts, if you are lucky! The last word, "disappearing," makes me conjure up such a scene and this man becomes even more mysterious.

Speaking of ghostly things, I recommend *The Book of the Dead* by Orikuchi Shinobu, translated by Jeffrey Angles (University of Minnesota Press, 2017). Orikuchi was very famous as a tanka poet with the penname of Shaku Chôkû, so famous that a top award for tanka, the Chôkû Award, in Japan is named after him. Ghost is a summer kigo in Japan!

pjm: Emiko, in English, I think ghost is probably an autumn kigo because of its strong association with Halloween.

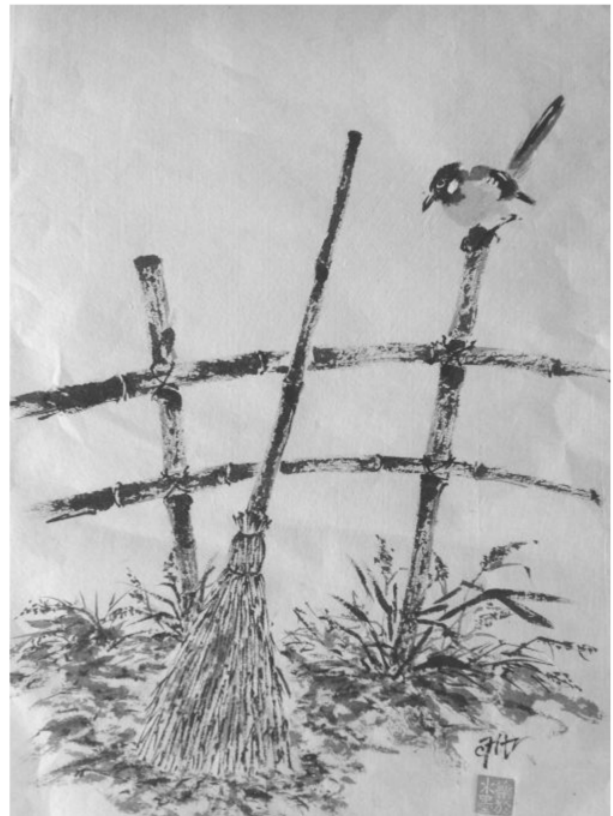
1334 gray sky
I stop to watch a parade
of motorcycles

jig: There's a wistful feel to this haiku. The writer stops what he is doing and watches the motorcycles parade by. I think of motorcycles as freedom, youth and adventure. A gray sky makes me think of dreariness. The poet wishes he was riding with them, but now, it's too late. A busy life has constricted him, and his dreams of youth and adventure have gone. All he can do is watch as his dreams go by.

E: When I was a child, there was a day in a nearby park when children would decorate their little bikes with colorful paper ribbons and enjoy a mini parade around a small lake. I wonder if this is a similar festive parade or if it is more like a gang of motorcycles honking and knocking along the street. Gray sky may suggest the feeling of the author who may not look favorably on this parade. Have I guessed it right?

pjm: Parade, a summer kigo, is usually an upbeat, high-energy occasion. This is a high-energy affair, but I have a feeling of foreboding—the feeling that I'm in Hollister and it's 1947 and Marlon Brando could appear at any moment—there's a whiff of danger in the air.

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



Sumi-e ink painting of "Bamboo Broom" by Carolyn Fitz. The bird was added by her painting teacher, Mr. Kan.

Autumn Challenge Kigo: Autumn Evening, *aki no kure*

June Hopper Hymas

Autumn Evening is one of the classic kigo phrases. It contains within itself two aspects of the sadness of nearing an ending. Autumn is the last season before winter, and evening comes before nightfall. In our days of electric light and indoor heating, it is easy to forget how limited the activities of people used to be in times gone by.

All cited haiku are from R. H. Blyth, *Haiku, Volume 3, Summer-Autumn, Hokuseido Press, 1982*. I have chosen to type them here in the more modern fashion without capitalization and punctuation.

autumn evening
a crow perched
on a withered bough Basho

Some translations give this as a bare branch, or a withered branch. When you write your challenge haiku, see if adjectives or modifiers augment the emotional effect of your haiku.

when I go out of the gate
I also am a traveler
in the autumn evening Buson

in a short life
an hour of leisure
this autumn evening Buson

one came
and visited someone
an autumn eve Buson

an autumn evening
without a cry
a crow passes Kishu

an autumn eve
there is a joy too
in loneliness Buson

a young child
but when he laughed
an autumn evening Issa

along this road
goes no one
this autumn eve Basho

Send your autumn evening 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: May 2017**Spring Reading and Chinese Cultural Garden Tour at Overfelt Park, San Jose, CA**

Dyana Basist

The YTHS Spring Reading is always a highlight of our haiku year. This year May 13th was no exception. Many members attended: Roger Abe, Jerry Ball, Karina Young, Alison Woolpert, Betty Arnold, Christine Horner, Judith Schallberger, Michael Sheffield, Mimi Ahern, Anne Homan, Joan Zimmerman, Patricia Machmiller, Carol Steele, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Phillip Kennedy, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Linda Papanicolaou, Dyana Basist, and Sandy Vrooman.

Special guests: Sylvia and Pauline Lowe.

Roger Abe, long time YT member and Santa Clara County Park Ranger, once again organized the Spring Reading event as he had done for the past 25 years. He paved the way for us to receive a unique tour of the Chinese Cultural Garden at Overfelt Gardens Park in San Jose prior to the poetry reading.

Several members met for an inspiring tour of these cultural gardens. Sylvia Lowe, who drove all the way from Topanga Canyon in Southern California, was our gentle and wise tour guide. She is the daughter of Frank and Pauline Lowe, the founders of the Chinese Garden. The Lowe family voluntarily began working to create the gardens in the 70s; the project soon became a longtime passion. We strolled through the park gazing at several wonders, one being a magnificent fifteen ton black marble rock gifted from Taiwan. The inscription on the stone was translated to us with the meaning "your heart will always tell you the right way." Everyone in our group was touched.

Back to the Overfelt House for lunch we met up with other friends, then settled in to listen to our four featured poets. Our fine readers this year were Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, professor emeritus; published writer Karina M. Young; Phillip Kennedy, editor; and Christine Horner, retired nurse.

almost dusk
at the end of the tall grass
sleeping wasps
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

ah, garden spider
your nest in the gate latch
occupies my mind
~Christine Horner

summer sea
a forgotten language
upwelling
~Phillip Kennedy

dark woods
snow falling
on snow
~Karina M. Young

After a brilliant reading, members read haiku sparked by our earlier garden walk.

the earth
opens her blue heart
again the wild iris Michael Sheffield

We had the good fortune to have one of our elder leaders, Jerry Ball, attend and read many of his own haiku.

evening approached
the wildflowers she picks
somewhere in her book Jerry Ball

YTHS Fundraiser Haibun Workshop: Telling Tales

Joan Zimmerman and Patricia J. Machmiller

On a sunny Sunday, June 11, 2017, Joan Zimmerman and Patricia J. Machmiller led an all-day Haibun Workshop in Monterey, at the edge of the Pacific Ocean. Participation was by donation, which attendees made generously to support the publication of the annual YTHS anthology. Participants were: Alison Woolpert, Betty Arnold, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, Clysta Seney, Dyana Basist, Eleanor Carolan, Judith Schallberger, Karina M. Young, Mimi Ahern, and Toni Homan. Donors and participants in absentia were: Beverley Acuff Momoi, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, and Phillip Kennedy.

Two weeks before the workshop, Joan and Patricia distributed to participants a "homework" of readings on the basics of haibun and its alternate formats, and a request that they find in the literature (including *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *Presence*, *Contemporary Haibun Online*, and *Haibun Today*) a favorite haibun to bring to the workshop. This encouraged participants to arrive with skills, vocabulary, and appreciations already in place.

Patricia welcomed the poets, introducing them to additional haibun books and anthologies. Joan oriented the poets to ways they could learn from other haibun poets. She then led a lively presentation by each participant of an admired haibun. Participants often chose a haibun on the basis of topic and tone (ranging from the elegiac to the humorous). Preferences were expressed for certain sizes (most were short and two were lengthy), for the styles of sentences, and for a visual sense of balance. Most selected haibun had a prose paragraph followed by a single haiku. For the others, one haibun enveloped its prose between two haiku; two had multiple prose-haiku sequences. The group shared insights into the relationship of the haiku to the prose.

To conclude this session Joan spoke of the varied degrees of closeness with which a haiku and title could relate to the prose, ranging from being effectively linear, through making moderate leaps, to being fractured and tenuous. She handed out a sheet with five prose paragraphs of one to four lines long, taken from published haibun. (She omitted all titles and haiku.) In each original haibun, there was a different connection between title and prose and haiku. For the first example, the connection was very strong. The other examples had increasingly fractured and tenuous connections. Participants were invited to write a haiku in response to each piece of prose, with the specified degree of connection.

On returning from the writing break, participants had created many and varied responses. Sometimes a haiku was serious, such as Patricia's:

calliope song
wanting things to be the same
as before

and sometimes it was humorous, such as Betty Arnold's:

from the bocce court
 the glint of a seashell fragment
 summer addiction

The group noticed how the tone of a concluding haiku had a powerful effect on the way the prose was interpreted, and changed immensely the resulting effect of the haibun. In a few instances where the haiku was in a different season from the prose, Patricia recommended ways that that the season of the haiku or the prose could be altered to make the seasons match. Discussions were so enthusiastic that the 12-noon lunchtime was delayed until 1 p.m.!

The first lunchtime assignment was for each poet to add prose to a haiku of her own. Alternatively, if she already had prose, then she could add a haiku. The second assignment was to write a food-related haibun. During the lunch break, Joan and Patricia welcomed each poet who requested a brief one-on-one craft conversation.

After lunch Patricia led participants in an in-depth workshop session. Each was invited to read to the group whichever of their haibun was the most pressing. Most participants had completed a fairly powerful haibun. Others had a clear vision of what they wanted to accomplish, and a sense of how they could work on the material to develop it once they were home.

In conclusion Joan cited Haruo Shirane's *Traces of Dreams* (1998) analysis of dualism of influences in *haikai* literature through:

the constant interaction of ... a perceived notion of a cultural past that had expanded to include ... popular medieval legends [a "vertical" axis back in time], with contemporary, urban commoner life [a "horizontal" axis] (Shirane, p.5).

She assigned a "dualism" exercise as homework: to retell in prose a story from culture, such as a scene from history, or a myth, or a folk song. Optionally, they could allow modern insights into the telling.

It was a glorious day, filled with blue skies decorated with small white clouds and a blue ocean flecked with wind-kicked waves. Thanks to all the participants for their poems and their insights. Special thanks to Patricia for organizing the registration and the meeting room so beautifully, and for being such a gracious hostess in addition to being our consummate teacher.

Addendum by Betty Arnold:

I would like to add, as one of the attendees of this tremendously successful, heartwarming workshop, that Joan Zimmerman did a fantastic job spearheading the concept, researching materials, providing reading references and as always, giving us homework in advance to enrich the depth of our learning during the day. A big "Thank You," to Joan as well.

YTHS Monthly Meeting: June 2017

Haiga Garden Party at the home of Carolyn Fitz, Scotts Valley, CA

Eleanor Carolan

Members present were Judith Schallberger, Patricia Machmiller, Betty Arnold, Carol Steele, Joan Zimmerman, Patrick Gallagher, Carolyn Fitz, Eleanor Carolan, and one special guest, Keith Emmons.

June 17 was hot, but we stayed cool with peach and mint tea under Carolyn's redwoods. Patricia explained YTHS's history of a traditional Japanese walk in nature to write haiku.

Everyone shared haiga and a variety of ways to create it. Joan had blank cards. Betty brought a stunning black and white haiga, made after her recent whale watching trip. Patricia shared a stunning scroll of irises painted in different shades of watercolors. Judith added that Patricia has the titled honor of *Dojin* from work sent to Japan. Judith had worked diligently to create a strong haiku with a red, white and blue collage. Eleanor passed out haiku cards picturing her haiku and sculpture done for Friends of the Felton Library and shared her current project of haiga-in-a-box. We all brainstormed with Carol about creative choices for haiga. Keith told us of his book "Moondrifter Reverie" and read from his notebook of poems. Carolyn shared a photo with a haiku from Mimi Ahern, who wondered if it could be called "Phaiga." Patrick says it is called "photo haiku" in Japan, differentiated from haiga which is handmade. Carolyn had *shikishi* boards from the Asian Dollar Store and encouraged us to make simple ink marks with a haiku. Judith also found colored cards from T J Max and used joss papers for collage.

After a beautiful potluck lunch, Carolyn showed us how to fold a book and make a spine with bamboo or chopsticks. On a ginko walk, she shared her bamboo, trees and native plants. Everyone had a little book of haiku to share as we came to a close.

rays of gratitude
filtering through warm redwoods
haiga gathering



Left to right: Betty Arnold, Joan Zimmerman, Carolyn Fitz, Patricia Machmiller, Keith Emmons, Patrick Gallagher, Carol Steele, Alison Woolpert, Eleanor Carolan, Judith Schallberger.

Photo by Brian Peterson

YTHS Monthly Meeting: July 2017

Tanabata, The Star Festival at Anne and Don Homan's Home, Livermore, CA

Carol Steele

Yuki Teikei celebrated Tanabata on July 8th, 2017, at Anne and Don Homan's beautiful home in the hills above Livermore. After sharing a potluck dinner and hearing the Tanabata legend, we went outside to wait for the moon to rise and look for the stars Vega and Altair.

seventh night
of the seventh month
full moon rising

Anne Homan

rising moon
half pink half white
Tanabata

Ann Bendixen

a gust steals the note
and then it's snagged by the oak
the lovers whisper

Kae Bendixen

the cowherd
along with weaver girl
—cricket hum

Alison Woolpert

Sun down over hills
Horses mosey to shelter
Fading evening light

Becky Davies

another long year
hoping for a star filled night
waiting and working

Carol Steele

how like a dream
tonight I am a spider
in a web of stars

Jerry Ball

Those attending were Anne Homan, Becky Davies, Anne Bendixen, Kae Bendixen, Jerry Ball, Alison Woolpert, Carol Steele and our host Don Homan. Guests were Sandy Ball and Alan Levitt. A lovely evening was had by all.

Shared Subjects in Haiku

Michael Dylan Welch

It has been interesting to see some similar poems in recent issues of *Geppo*, starting with Bruce H. Feingold's haiku that appeared in *Geppo* XLI:4 (August–October 2016), page 2:

winter twilight
the weight of a pen
for the DNR

It's a fine poem, so it was no wonder that it was voted as one of the top ten poems in that issue, and was reprinted in *Geppo* XLII:1 (November 2016–January 2017), page 9. And then another DNR haiku appeared in the next issue, in *Geppo* XLII:2 (February–April 2017), page 2:

Father's Day—
he signs
the DNR form

This later poem, by Ruth Holzer, might well have been written in response to Bruce's poem, but as it turns out, the timing was just coincidence. She said in an email to me that she wrote the poem "about seven years ago, directly from the experience," and added that "when I read Bruce's haiku [in *Geppo*], I thought hmm . . . that sounds something like mine—how we are all subject to the same misfortunes.

What's of much greater interest to me, though, is the similarity of Bruce's poem to a classic poem by Yu Chang, first published in *The Heron's Nest* XI:2 (June 2009), where it was an editor's choice selection, and republished in numerous other places, including Jim Kacian's widely available anthology *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years* (Norton, 2013):

bearing down
on a borrowed pen
do not resuscitate

Years ago I coined the term "deja-ku" to describe haiku that bring to mind other poems. The good kinds include allusion, parody, homage, and shared subjects (including season words). The bad kinds include plagiarism, cryptomnesia (an "accidental" sort of plagiarism), and excess similarity. I know from conversations with Bruce that his poem was written independently of Yu's, and despite the sad circumstances of these poems, I celebrate their shared subject. This is because "sharing," in all its various ways, is what haiku are all about—we share our haiku with each other to validate our human existence (William J. Higginson said in the first paragraph of *The Haiku Handbook* that the purpose of haiku is to share them), and we resonate with haiku written by others because we share that experience, or we empathize sufficiently. And of course, different haiku can share similar experiences also. I've written an essay about the similarity of the preceding DNR poems, and other similar poems, which I invite *Geppo* subscribers to read. See it at <https://dejakudiary.wordpress.com/2017/06/08/do-not-resuscitate-a-case-of-haiku-similarity/>, or search for "Deja-ku Diary" online, go to the site, and then click the Blog option. I welcome your comments, either on the blog or by email to me.

GEPPPO Submission Guidelines

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

Betty Arnold, Editor

by mail to:

Betty Arnold, *GEPPPO* Editor

When you submit emails please write in the subject line: *GEPPPO* submissions: your name

Please submit your **haiku single-spaced in the body of the email and votes recorded horizontally.** No attachments please.

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: due by January 1 of the new year

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

You may also pay by **PayPal**.

Note this Deadline: Sept 15, 2017

Payment due on outstanding balances for Asilomar Annual Retreat 2017

Corrections in May 2017 GEPPPO XLII:2

One haiku listed in the Asilomar 2016 Renku "From Swale to the Dune Top"

3. round face
of a jack-o'-lantern
grinning

was written by Amy Ostenso-Kennedy (AK) and accidentally credited to Alison Woolpert (AW) due to a transcription error with their initials.

Apology to Elinor Pihl Huggett for a typo in her winning haiku. Her poem should have read:

inheritance . . .
the family dogs fight
over the food bowl

2017 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

- | | |
|-------------------|--|
| 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 10
12-5pm | YT will host a haiku table at the Chinese Moon Festival in Overfelt Gardens Park, San Jose. |
| 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. |
| Dec 8
5-9pm | Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert.
Please bring a peanut-free dish to share for the potluck dinner. It is a tradition of our society that each poet bring a holiday card haiga to gift fellow poets. Thirty copies of the haiga card are likely to be enough for the exchange. Guests and newcomers are welcome! |