

G E P P O

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

Volume XLII:4 August—October 2017

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

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|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1477 | gypsy moth
her family of origin
unknown | 1488 | dharma talk
the old man
nods off |
| 1478 | coffee stains
on his button down
darkening days | 1489 | pen on paper . . .
I wait for the poem
to write itself |
| 1479 | eyelash moon
she darkens her eyes
with shadow | 1490 | a teacher
points out the exit sign
cicada shell |
| 1480 | rustling leaves
father still too busy
to talk | 1491 | Labor Day
the cabbage white
checks in anyway |
| 1481 | In winter
glorious autumn evenings
to look back. | 1492 | fireweed pods
the inward curl
of emptiness |
| 1482 | a toothache
electrifying the jaw—
growl of a wolf moon | 1493 | night game—
the winning home run
lost in the moon |
| 1483 | muscle builder
in the gymnasium window
willow fluff floating by | 1494 | autumn rain—
I come to the end
of my journals |
| 1484 | shadow bands
the tremors in the atmosphere
of my life | 1495 | the footbridge
ruined past repair—
early darkness |
| 1485 | year-end remembrance
your ukulele scarlet
mine violet | 1496 | singing
until it's over—
insect voices |
| 1486 | first September rain
brief wet
fragrant | 1497 | the first leaves
turning
to face the night |
| 1487 | flash of black
a raven's wing
catches the sun | 1498 | a short notice
of transfer down under—
dragonflies glide |

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|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1499 | canyon path
the sun goes down easily
spider lily | 1512 | tremor in his voice
panic in his feet
park toilet closed |
| 1500 | bloomed cotton ball
laid on the cotton tapestry
—a oneness | 1513 | startled
by the glow of fungi
at night |
| 1501 | Jazz FM
slots into our London cab
sunset glow, too | 1514 | she holds the funnel
as I scoop hot apples--
our fingers touching |
| 1502 | long night
listening then not—
faint clicks of the keyboard | 1515 | trundling
across the meadow
a moon-lit skunk |
| 1503 | last day
on the job
wild aster | 1516 | the autumn sun
slides up her slender legs
wild horses |
| 1504 | autumn morning
the American coots
are also hungry | 1517 | sunrise
wildfire smoke
sunset |
| 1505 | on Storm Mountain
after the storm the maples
are spent | 1518 | chilly morning
the ancient oak
sheds its leaves |
| 1506 | on the horizon
a renewal of my zeal—
moon of falling leaves | 1519 | a shift in the wind
the sun umbrella remains
furled on the deck |
| 1507 | Tanabata rain—
the edict of abuse deepens
against young lovers | 1520 | autumn breeze
a young boy loses
hold of his kite string |
| 1508 | winter desire . . .
a short shopping spree
one prize find | 1521 | nodding in the breeze
gold chrysanthemums
shed their petals |
| 1509 | hunter's moon
the diviner's "selfie" talk
attracts tourists | 1522 | up in flames—
winter solstice wishes written
on magician's paper |
| 1510 | grey ghost
the mist rolls in
sea shocked | 1523 | Xmas margaritas
the neighbors from down the street
are friendlier |
| 1511 | first frost
then snow
inside we glow | 1524 | ski cabin
in the cedar chest an old game
called Tiddlywinks |

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|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1525 | the calligrapher
ends his bold strokes with a cry
Good Year! | 1538 | winter market –
a vendor tells me
I'm a peach |
| 1526 | beside the scarecrow
a stork is asleep—
two missing legs | 1539 | pouring ex-lax
into the punch bowl –
party pooper |
| 1527 | sumo wrestlers
the crowd
is moon viewing | 1540 | 6 flags –
the roller coaster ride
before our wedding |
| 1528 | my home
two blocks away—
fresh-baked bread | 1541 | dully reciting
the canon of saints—
white hydrangeas |
| 1529 | rising night breeze—
on the lake
a moon dance | 1542 | tern feeding frenzy
hundreds of beaks pierce the sea—
summer baptism |
| 1530 | slowly waking
to the inseeping
of autumn chill | 1543 | on an ebbing tide
floating atop the water
heron's final glide |
| 1531 | dream cut short
by the frosty peal
of faraway bells | 1544 | his proud helping hand
hands over a clean cup—
rimmed with lip prints |
| 1532 | the weathervane
rusted to the north
pelting sleet | 1545 | unripe tomatoes
impatiens still in bloom
first snowfall |
| 1533 | to my frosty breath
the barned horse gives answer
a tired whinny | 1546 | whoosh of the wind
a freight train rushes
through my dream |
| 1534 | substitute teacher . . .
the snap of a rubber band
in the back row | 1547 | wildfire smoldering
a sooty dog
hobbles home |
| 1535 | cirrus clouds
drift slowly in the summer sky . . .
a hawk banks to the left | 1548 | lapping above
the unmade bed
dreamcatchers |
| 1536 | passionate spring . . .
the peacock is all eyes
for a young hen | 1549 | one gull stands
with his back to the waves—
#dangerzone |
| 1537 | tough guys muscle
their way into the neighborhood . . .
wild violets | 1550 | wrapped in cashmere
for a morning bay walk
first autumn fog |
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|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1551 | on the jutting rock
a huddle of cormorants—
committee meeting | 1564 | a bee sting
only females have
such power |
| 1552 | a line of bikers
wobbles on the sandy trail
Beach Hazard | 1565 | bushes of lupine
along the coastal trail
blue . . . yellow . . . blue . . . |
| 1553 | startled
by the autumn wind
a spider and I | 1566 | Sunday afternoon
at the supermarket
kids with dads |
| 1554 | after rain
the crunch of an acorn
echoing | 1567 | city lights
through the mist and fog
one by one |
| 1555 | autumn evening
I find the warmth
in her curves | 1568 | snow on the hilltops—
an out-of-state license
on the Harley |
| 1556 | hard winter ground
barren tress
stones sitting silently | 1569 | first day of the year—
traffic lights changing
at an empty intersection |
| 1557 | getting older
in the Zendo
more chairs | 1570 | winter dew
still in the grass
long past noon |
| 1558 | winter night
condensation on the window
your breath beside me | 1571 | ferry breeze—
I show the tourists
the photo I took |
| 1559 | fall leaves
scent of wood burning
missing you | 1572 | black-eyed Susan
another dream
deferred |
| 1560 | fall planting
the tall brown grass
twitches | 1573 | tai chi chuan
moving in concert
with the stars |
| 1561 | the old olive
rooted in the shade
of skyscrapers | 1574 | landfall
sandcastle doing what
sandcastles do |
| 1562 | incoming tide—
broken shells with each return
smaller and smaller | 1575 | meditation
another verb
escapes me |
| 1563 | night shift—
the reflecting pool
full of moon | 1576 | autumn flood
two logs float apart
best friends no more |
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|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1577 | pinging acorns
drop on a steeply pitched roof
spoken in Swedish | 1590 | in the backyard
squirrel hops from oak to oak
circus in town |
| 1578 | fall equinox
she hides under the covers
nowhere to go | 1591 | autumn drive
dog's fur flutters
in the wind |
| 1579 | to my town
a marching band is coming
to your town, too | 1592 | trees still stand
behind her house the earth
black from wildfire |
| 1580 | my grandson deploys
next week to Afghanistan—
autumn loneliness | 1593 | a small tea cup
cupped in her small hands
chilly night |
| 1581 | a huge peach moon
slowly turns to vanilla—
the long drive back home | 1594 | seventeen slices
of pumpkin pie, giving thanks
for every one |
| 1582 | thinking of you cards
for my soldier grandson—
the chill of autumn | 1595 | "please take me home,"
our sister says again
white chrysanthemum |
| 1583 | canning rhubarb sauce—
twenty-four pints, enough for
me and for my son | 1596 | the climate deniers
are really bugging me—
Halloween mosquitoes |
| 1584 | the scarecrow
protects the last harvest
autumn evening | 1597 | Napa fires
opening an old Cabernet
from the burnt vineyards |
| 1585 | hummingbirds dying
in autumn winds
climate changing | 1598 | the view
through the parched hills
San Francisco rising |
| 1586 | trembling
I touch his hand
falling leaves | 1599 | baby garter snake
coiled on the patio
next to the green and yellow hose |
| 1587 | monarch butterflies
passing the full moon
autumn chill | 1600 | swaying pine
taking a deep breath of air
from my lungs |
| 1588 | busy fall
maple leaf stuck to my car
all the way to work | 1601 | car wash
old nose prints inside windows
disappear |
| 1589 | ringing in the ears
the sound of autumn winds
in my native land | 1602 | bright sun, cold shadows
coastal hills without fog
wait silently for a change |
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|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1603 | sunflowers and zinnias
bright harvest
table for one | 1611 | Haze, smoky smells at
sunrise, eerily yellow
skies—North Bay on fire. |
| 1604 | old friendship
consumed by anger
at her body's decline | 1612 | grounds
in the last sip of coffee
autumn deepens |
| 1605 | nightfall
the hooting owl
perches on a cherry tree | 1613 | Gounod's <i>Faust</i>
rattles the wireless speaker
chilly night |
| 1606 | chilly night
a feral cat
jumps into a trash bin | 1614 | autumn wind
the flyers in my mailbox
thicker |
| 1607 | autumn scene
a yellow leaf spiraling
down the sleeping cat | 1615 | blue ikat work coat
last worn in a rice paddy—
now on sale Ebay |
| 1608 | Green and gold fern frond
upturned in the morning sun—
sora petticoats. | 1616 | vase once held flowers
from your abundant backyard—
now your white ashes |
| 1609 | Italy: high-speed
train's nose is spattered with bugs;
Japan: they're spotless. | 1617 | vanilla orchids
beset by cyclones and theft—
my cocoa suffers |
| 1610 | Red-breasted nuthatch
sounds like a truck backing up—
big sound, tiny bird. | 1618 | rectory kitchen
homeless can get sandwiches
winter baloney |
| | | 1619 | the abundance of
unlikely possibilities
tree orchid |

Dear YT Members and *GEPP*O Subscribers,

Please take a moment to renew your membership dues today. Deadline is **Jan 1!**
Domestic and Canada dues are \$32; Seniors \$26.
International dues are \$40; Seniors \$31.

When using PayPal send your payment to: Yuki Teikei @msn.com,
YTHS Dues—your Name

Mail your check or money order to: Toni Homan, Membership Secretary

Autumn Challenge Kigo: Autumn Evening

gathering the children
in my arms . . .
an autumn evening
~Jessica Malone Latham

autumn evening
on the tree-lined street
I shuffle through leaves
~Patricia Prime

never mom . . . not sis
nor daughter . . . yes to "life mate"
an autumn eve
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

In winter
glorious autumn evenings
to look back.
~Francis Silva

autumn evening
such desire to retire
at this early hour
~Alison Woolpert

autumn evening
the first kiss
of a falling leaf
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

autumn evening
the way I trust him
deepens
~Joan Zimmerman

the faded scent
of clematis
autumn evening
~Ed Grossmith

autumn evening
a sky of crows
breakdancing
~Dyana Basist

autumn evening
golden above the mountains
gathering rain clouds
~Michael Sheffield

one more time
the website corrects my French
autumn evening
~Richard St. Clair

the gold of finches
in changing light—
autumn evening
~Christine Horner

the tidal flats
glossy in moonlight
autumn evening
~Barbara Snow

first stars
of the Autumn evening
fireflies and Jupiter
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

long ago
his photo discarded
autumn evening
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

sitting here
the last of the line—
autumn evening
~Ruth Holzer

autumn evening
grabbing a shawl
to sit on the porch
~Susan Burch

wearing a bracelet
in camouflage with his name—
autumn evening
~Carol Steele

autumn evening
I watch orange Manhattan
from a distance
~Hiroyuki Murakami

autumn evening
I find the warmth
in her curves
~Karina Young

autumn eve
brings fiery sunsets
and high winds
~Janis Lukstein

autumn evening
lapping against my neck
the cat's tongue
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

autumn evening
in the empty playground
on an empty swing
~Michael Henry Lee

offering to
Chinese moon goddess
autumn evening
~Sharon Lynne Yee

autumn evening
shadows of wild geese
flying south
~John J. Han

autumn evening
fence posts leaning
with lichen
~Bruce Feingold

blood red sunset
bleeding-across-the-sky
autumn evening
~E. Luke

paying property taxes
planning, year-end donations?
autumn evening
~Sherry Barto

what's left
of a sandcastle . . .
autumn evening
~Michael Dylan Welch

Warm Autumn Evening
we dine outside—not alone,
insects sup on us.
~David Sherertz

autumn dusk
the tall patio door
screeches shut
~ Phillip Kennedy

autumn evening— ashes, ashes, all fall down
~Lois Heyman Scott

Members Votes for May—July 2017 Haiku

If you love the GEPP0, honk twice and please pay your dues by Jan 1!

Julie Bloss Kelsey	1353-1, 1354-1, 1355-1
Joan Zimmerman	1356-3
Michael Henry Lee	1357-2, 1358-0, 1359-3, 1360-1
Michael Dylan Welch	1361-3, 1362-2, 1363-4, 1364-1
Zinovy Vayman	1365-5, 1366-1, 1367-7, 1368-2
Elinor Pihl Huggett	1369-3, 1370-6, 1371-3, 1372-2
Michael Sheffield	1373-3, 1374-4, 1375-0, 1376-4
Sharon Lynne Yee	1377-0, 1378-1, 1379-3, 1380-2
Judith Morrison Schallberger	1381-3, 1382-3, 1383-0, 1384-1
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	1385-2, 1386-1, 1387-3, 1388-1
Ruth Holzer	1389-2, 1390-1, 1391-1, 1392-1
Beverly Acuff Momoi	1393-4, 1394-2, 1395-0, 1396-1
Ed Grossmith	1397-15, 1398-0, 1399-4, 1400-1
Dyana Basist	1401-4, 1402-13, 1403-1, 1404-1
Greg Longenecker	1405-5, 1406-5, 1407-8, 1408-2
Barbara Snow	1409-0, 1410-3, 1411-5, 1412-1
Alison Woolpert	1413-4, 1414-1, 1415-1, 1416-6
Elaine Whitman	1417-1, 1418-3, 1419-2, 1420-1
Hiroyuki Murakami	1421-0, 1422-2, 1423-1
Christine Horner	1424-5, 1425-1, 1426-1, 1427-1
Patricia Prime	1428-2, 1429-6, 1430-1, 1431-0
Lois Heyman Scott	1432-5, 1433-6, 1434-0, 1435-6
Karina M. Young	1436-5, 1437-2, 1438-0, 1439-4
John J. Han	1440-3, 1441-7, 1442-8, 1443-4
Sherry Barto	1444-1, 1445-0, 1446-0, 1447-1
Christine Lamb Stern	1448-1, 1449-0, 1450-0
Kath Abela Wilson	1451-0, 1452-1, 1453-0, 1454-6
Susan Burch	1455-3, 1456-3, 1457-0
Phillip Kennedy	1458-6, 1459-5, 1460-0, 1461-4
David Sherertz	1462-0, 1463-1, 1464-1, 1465-0
Amy Ostenso Kennedy	1466-8, 1467-3
Clysta Seney	1468-2, 1469-2, 1470-0, 1471-0
Carol Steele	1472-3, 1473-0
Joan Zimmerman	1474-3, 1475-1, 1476-6

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

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

at the piano
she plays the white notes
a flight of egrets
~Ed Grossmith

senior apartments
everyone's planter box
full of tomatoes
~Alison Woolpert

buying fine dust
along with the book . . .
June rain
~Zinovy Vayman

summer car wash
the toddler soaping
her belly first
~Dyana Basist

summer heat
the road workers remove
their hard hats
~Patricia Prime

a lollipop
left to the ants
end of school
~Greg Longenecker

honeycomb
the time it took to build
Manhattan
~Greg Longenecker

laughter and clatter
through the open windows
summer mahjong
~Lois Heyman Scott

family vacation
the kids run along
after their kids
~Greg Longenecker

rice fields at dusk
the lengthening shadow
of a yellow-billed stork
~John J. Han

her sewing machine
idle now for thirty years—
lost attachments
~Lois Heyman Scott

a set of keys
on the jogging path
mutter of thunder
~Barbara Snow

butterfly wings
the tender feelings
of a young girl's heart
~Amy Ostenso Kennedy

picnic percussion
the ring of horseshoes
around the stake
~Kath Abela Wilson

a summer affair
the honeybee chooses
the bride's bouquet
~Christine Horner

daybreak
the night dream breaks into
a thousand pieces
~Zinovy Vayman

hot day
the wall map of Greenland
yellowing
~Phillip Kennedy

first plum—
beneath the bitter skin
sudden succulence
~Lois Heyman Scott

moonlit mountains
a dog barks at the sound
of his own bark
~John J. Han

honeymoon quarrel
poison oak reddens
on the crumbling cliff
~Joan Zimmerman

summer romance
the mockingbird's playlist
on repeat
~Karina Young

wait, wait says Mister Toad
it's on the tip of my tongue . . .
dragonfly
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

the clock shop
closed for remodeling
summer solstice
~Phillip Kennedy

Dojin's Corner

May-July 2017

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and Gregory Longenecker

Greetings everyone. Our guest editor this issue is Gregory Longenecker from southern California. Gregory is a member of the Southern California Haiku Study Group, the Haiku Society of America and the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. We are delighted to have him join us in reviewing the haiku from the last issue of *GEPP*O.

Before we get into our choices, we have received a number of comments on the haiku from the last issue and also a continuing dialog prompted by comments on a haiku from the Feb-April 2017 issue.

Let's start with a comment from a new member of Yuki Teikei, Barbara Snow:

Barbara: Thank you so much for selecting for discussion my haiku "windy hilltop" . . .

1259 windy hilltop
one kite couldn't wait
for string

It was so interesting to read the individual takes of you, Emiko, and Joan [Goswell] on this poem. The emphasis on freedom and being a free spirit as my mini-biography is right on target. Exploring this life IS exhilarating, even after many years. Take a lesson from the little kite: Don't wait for string!

I am enjoying my new membership in the YTHS and its *GEPP*O very much. Thank you.

We also received comments from Joan Zimmerman on two of her haiku that were reviewed, one in Feb-April *GEPP*O and one in the May-July *GEPP*O:

Joan: Special thanks to Emiko-sensei for selecting my haiku for comment in *GEPP*O 42:2:

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

All the Dojin comments were interesting and insightful. I can add the poem's "origin story" giving an additional reading that in no way invalidates any of yours.

I grew up in the UK, and I was remembering a November 5th bonfire. "Bonfire Night" [also known as Guy Fawkes Day] is another name for that date, which is deep autumn in the UK. The British tradition is to burn a "Guy" in effigy on a big bonfire made of the year's trash and a lot of tree limbs. The effigy represents Guy Fawkes, the bloke with the "most foreign" name in the many-men gang of homegrown English terrorists of the 1605 Gun Powder Plot that was intended to blow up the Houses of Parliament and King James I (crowned 1603). Guy Fawkes and colleagues were Catholics; their Plot was in protest of anti-Catholic laws. When I was about six I was given an actual hot potato from a Guy Fawkes bonfire that I did not want to eat—partly because it was "dirty" (charcoal-streaked) but mainly because an all-too-human "Guy" had been burned over it. Since then I came to know of some anti-Catholicism in a branch of my ancestors. At that point, I began to think of that "hot potato" as a symbol of religious intolerance that dirtied my hands and that I would prefer not to hang on to.

I would like to thank Patricia for selecting my haiku for comments, especially for her insightful comments on its sounds:

1228 thin wartime jacket
indented over the chest
fraying winter clouds

I appreciate the comments recognizing the suffering of the non-combatants as well as the veterans. The generation of this poem was a home for veterans that my Dad visited. It was for (British) WWII officers that were shell-shocked (their minds were in a sense 'frayed'). The reason I wrote 'indented' was partly their thinness (many of them seemed reluctant to eat) but mainly that several had lost a lung—some to TB, I believe perhaps some to gas warfare. Hence the in-caved chest.

And finally the poem from Feb-April 2017 *GEPP*O, vol 42:3, by Michael Dylan Welch:

1094 folk festival—
the hillbilly pretends
to tune his washboard

Phillip Kennedy 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 GEPP0, and for your good thoughts about the poem. I would just 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 that they borrow, in 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.

This discussion prompted another reader, Joan Iversen Goswell, to send this comment:

Joan: First of all, I would like to say that I have admired and been inspired by Michael Dylan Welch's haiku for many years. However, I feel I must comment on this haiku.

I too, found the word "hillbilly" to be offensive. Michael's response to Phillip Kennedy's comment was:

"I believe the performers I saw . . . were being respectful in "pretending" to be a "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." (Joan's underlining.)

Does Michael really think that people who live in Appalachia dress this way as an "established tradition"? Appalachia is one of the most poverty stricken areas of this country. If people dress that way it's because they are too poor to purchase "fine store bought clothes."

The performers are certainly NOT elevating them! I see little difference between this and a white performer putting on black face and pretending to tune a stringless banjo.

The haiku began as light-hearted but quickly turned ugly at the word "hillbilly". Even though I still do not like the word, I think that putting hillbilly in quotes is NOT heavy handed. In fact, I think it clarifies that the performer's "fake hillbilly" is having a joke, therefore offending no one.

Our choices from the last GEPP0 are:

GJL: 1361*, 1374, 1382*, 1383, 1385, 1393, 1402, 1409, 1410, 1416, 1424, 1428, 1435, 1437, 1439*, 1458, 1461, and 1466*

E: 1361, 1362, 1380, 1386, 1392*, 1397, 1402*, 1405, 1406, 1408, 1410*. 1412, 1414*, 1416, 1418, 1438, 1439, 1450, 1453, 1454, 1458, 1460, 1461, 1467, 1472, 1474, 1476

pjm: 1353, 1356, 1374, 1382, 1389, 1391, 1397, 1399, 1400, 1401, 1402, 1403, 1404, 1405, 1406, 1408, 1411, 1412, 1413, 1414, 1416, 1417, 1423*, 1424, 1428, 1429, 1432, 1433, 1436, 1437*, 1442, 1443, 1458, 1459*, 1460, 1461*, 1464, 1472, 1473, 1474

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

1361 remembrance day—
dew pool
in the open mailbox

GJL: What is called Veteran's Day in the U.S. is called Remembrance Day in British Commonwealth countries, originally marking the end of World War I. It's unclear if the poet opened the mailbox and discovered a pool of dew; or if the mailbox had been left open and

on checking for mail, the pool was discovered. In either case, what has captured my imagination is the evocation of tears in the notion of a dew pool. Tears for someone who is not here: who used to send mail but has passed away and can no longer send mail. A very effective haiku which suggests someone's feelings on a day devoted to remembering those no longer with us.

pjm: Thank you, Greg, for informing us that this is a British observance. I knew it was a day of significance to someone. Perhaps if it had been capitalized, it would have been a clue that this was more than a personal remembrance day. In any case, I knew it to be a day honored by at least one person and yet so far the mailbox has only collected dew. Dew was often used by early Japanese poets as a symbol for tears. There is the echo of that here in this twenty-first century haiku.

E: A day to remember the wars fought in the previous century, to remember the soldiers deprived of their lives and dreams. Or is it a personal "remembrance day" to remember a dear one? The first line evokes the feeling of loss, and the second part of the poem adds a practical image of emptiness by placing the dew pool in the open mailbox. A chill, yet the crystal cleanness of the dew pool may hold a reflection of the cerulean autumn sky, an opening for hope.

1382 the vocalist
eases into her lyrics—
summer river jazz

GJL: There is something about summer and jazz that seems to go together. Here the poet has linked the idea of the singer "easing" into the words with "summer river jazz" extremely well. I can easily see and feel the event with a river flowing freely by the concert. The use of "vocalist" and "lyrics" I thought worked particularly well to slow down the haiku and bring out a relaxed feeling for the scene. The use of several "ess" sounds throughout the poem further works to enhance the feeling of summer and relaxation.

E: "Summer river jazz," the third line, gives me a picture of New Orleans where I once visited before Hurricane Katrina struck the city in

2005. I picture a vocalist with her audience seated beside a river or on a river boat, enjoying the cool breeze from the water and relaxing. The expression of “eases into her lyrics” makes me feel the smoothness of the flow, the tune, which may turn into swing at any moment!

pjm: This poem gives us that lazy day feeling that comes with summer. The word “eases” has echoes of the song “Summertime,” especially the opening line: “Summertime and the livin’ is easy . . .”

1392 a dragonfly
silver and crystal
seals my lips

E: In awe, the beauty of dragonfly wings, shuts the author’s mouth. He/she becomes wordless is my interpretation of this haiku.

GJL: This is a mysterious haiku. The dragonfly, sometimes called a darner (after a darning needle), is associated with sealing the poet’s lips. Attention is called to “silver and crystal” as the cause of the sealing. Has money crossed hands? Or is the poet saying that they’ve settled or could settle for a lavish lifestyle?

pjm: This haiku is like a Magritte painting. I like “silver and crystal” as a description of a dragonfly. The image of a dragonfly sealing a person’s lips, like a Magritte, is very arresting, yet mysterious. A unique vision.

1402 summer car wash
the toddler soaping
her belly first

E: Toddlers are experts of soaping! Every time they come home, before and after every snack and meal, they are asked to wash their hands. And how they love their bath time, with a rubber ducky, a toy ship, and so many other colorful floating toys. The first stage is to wash their belly; then they learn to shampoo their hair. A lovely haiku capturing the behavior of toddlers, and it certainly makes me smile!

GJL: This haiku is full of humor. I picture the car being washed at home, on the driveway perhaps. The toddler has no idea of what is

being done; only that she’s been given a sponge or cloth. So she begins washing herself! I find this a fun and successful poem.

pjm: This haiku made the final list of all three of us. It captures a moment of summer with such charm, we are immediately taken with the image. But is there more here? I say yes! The toddler is soaping him or her self just because it’s what you do with soap when you are three. We see the beginner mind at work and we are profoundly touched by its authenticity.

1410 cornfield pollen
on the children’s shoulders
peeling sunburn

E: A close observation of the children’s skin which found the pollen. Peeling sunburn is something I don’t do any more as I grow older. But the memories of peeling sunburn are kept fresh, bringing me back to my childhood days. I was very careful not to tear the piece off too quickly, I wanted a big piece of skin to show off! A very summery haiku.

GJL: I first read the first two lines as a passage, “cornfield pollen on the children’s shoulders.” Then I realized the peeling sunburn was what was on their shoulders, not the pollen. I very much like this shift of focus, it adds great playfulness to the ku. Corn pollen is associated with summer as is sunburn resulting in the use of two kigo in this poem. Possibly only referring to a cornfield without the pollen add-on would eliminate a kigo.

pjm: A unique, yet familiar, image of summer. My reading of the haiku puts the pollen on the children’s sunburned shoulders.

1414 cicada shells
the old collection can smells
of coffee

E: The old can containing a collection of cicada shells gives a smell of coffee? Or, the old collection can with nostalgic graphics, which when opened gives the smell of coffee, is juxtaposed with cicada shells. I googled and found walls and walls of collection cans, so it must be the latter. Here the resonance is that both were once containers of life and food.

pjm: Astute observation. These artifacts of summer, the cicada shells, are so ethereal that their presence in the can over time has not noticeably affected the original strong coffee smell of the can in which they are stored.

GJL: At first, I was put off by the smell of old coffee in the collection. It actually took me three close readings to realize the connection between the “cicada shells” and the last two lines. Of course, the rattling of cicada shells would be similar to coins in a tin can. For me this results in a very good juxtaposition of images. Having understood this, I found myself wondering, a collection by whom and for what? Children at a Kool-Aid stand, a church bake sale?

1423 dragon-shaped cloud
from the direction of China
arises in sunset

pjm: This observer is looking west at a dragon-shaped cloud over China. Since dragons in the East are usually beneficent, I assume this one is friendly. It is stained red by the setting sun. A red dragon or fire dragon is a metaphor for the sun or the god of fire. Also the dragon represents the principle of seeing clearly, of seeing things as they really are; therefore it symbolizes power and wisdom. Perhaps this poem is a vision of China rising as a friendly, clear-seeing, beneficent power. There may be other interpretations as the dragon symbolism is very complex, but I like this one.

GJL: The dragon is a traditional symbol for China and, for those of us on the West Coast, the “East” is where the sun sets. I like the image of a “dragon-shaped” cloud. On reading it I wondered, is the poet hinting at danger from China? Or a reference to its rising power on the global stage? Unfortunately, the last line doesn’t allow me to discover to what the poet is referring. I also would have preferred the use of the word “at” in place of “in.”

pjm: I agree with Greg about replacing “in” with “at.”

E: Since the direction of China is in the west, and the sun sets in the west, the golden dragon-shaped cloud must have been spectacular. When I gave a haiku workshop in Chicago and Boston in September, I was told

by the locals that people’s interest in Japanese culture and language is declining due to the efforts by the Chinese government to establish language schools everywhere. The Chinese language is becoming more and more accessible. The poem reminded me of that fact.

1437 shimmering aspens
her bare feet
in the Colorado

pjm: I think it is so interesting to notice how a tactile sense is triggered by words. We have an excellent example of that here. Can’t you just feel the tingling cold of the Colorado River? But that tingling cold, the sense of relief after a long, hot hike—none of these feelings are mentioned. I actually think the word “shimmering” referring to the aspens sets us up to feel the sudden tingling cold of the river. Very intriguing how this poem works.

E: The sunshine and the breeze touch the aspens, making them shimmer. How cool it must be to dip one’s bare feet in the river. The Colorado reminds me of the Rocky Mountains and the Grand Canyon, although I have never visited those places. The name makes me think of something grand and perpetual.

GJL: The “shimmering aspens” is a fine opening to this haiku. It establishes a scene of light playing off of surfaces, a sparkle in a mountain setting. The last two lines go well in extending the first line in another direction, a girl or woman with her feet in the river. The sparkle I saw in the aspens I can see in the water cooling the feet of, possibly, a weary hiker.

1439 sandal weather
the meander of creek water
across the meadow

GJL: “Sandal weather,” by itself, suggests summer; enjoying life and taking it easy. This feeling is carried over by the description of the creek “meandering” “across the meadow.” I was, at first, not fond of the use of “creek water.” After all, isn’t a creek something which is filled with water? However, the longer I sat with this poem the more the use of the two words grew on me. They help to form a strongly accented line which adds a sound

rather like water over stones that enhances the haiku.

pjm: Here is another summer haiku about bare feet or sandaled feet and running water. But the feeling here is entirely different. This is about the slowness of time on a summer day—its about dawdling like a slow-moving creek. This is not about a tactile feeling, but rather it is about a state of mind.

E: Warm weather invites us to go for a walk or hiking. Let's follow the creek water across the meadow for today's hike. The discovery of the day is that the creek through the meadow is making turns here and there due to its flatness! The idle feeling of warm weather and the meander of creek water somehow resonates in me.

1459 the clock shop
closed for remodeling
summer solstice

pjm: Here we are on the longest day of the year, the peak of summer, and we are given this fact: the clock shop is closed. What is the significance of this? It feels as though time has stopped, if even for a moment, and we are all holding our breath waiting for it to start again.

GJL: There's a sly sense of humor on the part of the poet in this haiku. He or she seems to be merely reporting an event, the closing of a shop during June, but the reference to its closing during the solstice raises the humor. I sense the remodeling of the shop is due to the occurrence of the solstice; the seasonal event has changed time itself. The use of the words "clock" and "closed" add an interesting accent to the first two lines rather like the ticking of a timepiece.

E: It is a perfect time to do a remodeling, the summer solstice. The longest day of the year! "The clock shop" makes me think of a very punctual shopkeeper, therefore "summer solstice" works here to resonate with that kind of punctuality.

1461 half a donut
in the office kitchen
summer's end

pjm: Such a small thing, a half a donut sitting

there, left over, drying out in the late afternoon sun. Soon no one will want it and it will be tossed away without a second thought. Is this how summer disappears? Please, please say no.

E: Summer is always quick to go; here the summer has left half a donut in the office kitchen. But why in the office kitchen? Suddenly we see a worker who left the donut, and perhaps his/her life. We always have a feeling of something unfinished, something left behind, at the end of summer. A half donut gives a shape to the feeling.

GJL: There's something sad, almost pathetic, about a half-eaten donut lying around an office kitchen. It's certainly unappetizing, something to be thrown out. And this well expresses the end of a season as well; summer is over, let's move on to fall. The poet has made good use of the slow "a" and "o" sounds in the first two lines to lead into the quickly disappearing "summer's end."

1466 butterfly wings
the tender feelings
of a young girl's heart

GJL: This haiku matches the delicacy of "butterfly wings" with a girl's "tender feelings." I sense that the poet may be sharing a remembrance of their own life at a young age. I sense some sadness at an event which caused a lingering pain at a tender age. I wish the poet had included some image which would better suggest the source of the feeling; a concrete image to set alongside the wings. For example, some letter, keepsake, or gift which has been rejected or in some other way remindful of the pain the poet encountered at a young age.

E: Butterfly wings are one of the last things I would like to touch, partly because I do not want to ruin the fine patterns created by the arrangement of the tiny scales and because I am afraid of its magical strength. Here in this poem, the wings are the tender feeling of a young girl's heart. Can't young girls be cruel sometimes because they have not yet experienced the pain of life? I think the "butterfly wings" here make me see them through a magnifying glass, while the author sees them as a movement in a peaceful garden. A romantic haiku.

pjm: It is good to be reminded of how vulnerable we were at a young age before we grew our protective coat of armor. Yes, there was a time when each of us was as fragile as butterfly wings. For me, this haiku is the starting point of thoughts about children worldwide who are neglected or uncared for, or worse, forced into soldiering or prostitution. As

grown-ups we have much to answer for.

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

Featured Poet from Japan

This issue is focused on one of our YTHS International members: Emiko Miyashita, who lives in Tokyo, Japan. For the last several years she's been one of the regular commentators for the *GEPPPO* Dojin's Corner. When you meet her in person you will discover a petite woman with a big heart whose playfulness and twinkling eyes will charm you in an instant!



photo by Kit Pancoast Nagamura

autumn cicada
the aluminum coin
shines silver

night rain
a toad on the road
makes way for me

a passage
of the swallowtail
lower . . . today

Basho once said, "A seed of haiku is found in a shift of the universe." These 'shifts' are what the Japanese refer to as kigo, the basis of our haiku writings. Looking for kigo in my surroundings enables me to come out from my cocoon of thoughts, and to live down-to-earth days. In the beginning I was quite content to merely discover kigo and haiku moments; my haiku notebook stayed blank. However, I came to realize this "easy-going way" was depriving me of the daily practice of recording my haiku experiences. As my notebook began to fill, I also discovered the fun that comes with sharing my haiku with other poets!

I joined the haiku community in 1993 as a new member of Dr. Akito Arima's kukai. Soon my mother, Hiroko Minami, found out that Dr. Arima's family and her family had both traveled on the same ship to Seattle, sponsored by a Fulbright Grant in 1959. My twenty-four year long haiku journey has brought many wonderful people into my life, along with opportunities to work with others on interesting projects. I co-translated more than ten books about haiku and waka poetry, including the work of Dr. Akito Arima, Masajo Suzuki, Taneda Santoka, and *The New Pond: English-Language Haiku Anthology* introducing 120 haiku poets. As a director of the JAL Foundation, I am involved in the biannual World Children's Haiku Contest. On several occasions I've enjoyed reading from the anthologies of contest winners at the YTHS Retreat in Asilomar. The 15th World Children's Haiku Contest is held now with the theme of "living things". Hope you can check this out for your little friends: <http://www.jalfoundation.or.jp/wch/15th/poster/sfo.pdf>

I frequently attend the National Theater in Tokyo, and enjoy traditional Japanese music, dance, and puppet shows. I like to cook and eat simple, light Japanese cuisine; ramen noodles are one of my favorites! I value a natural, clean appearance so I don't dye my hair or manicure my nails. I do have my hair cut every month to shed off the bad from my body. I only put on lipstick to remind myself that words can be dangerous. My husband is an antique tea utensil dealer, and we live in a rented house in the city. My weekends are busy with my three grandchildren: three-year-old Hizuki, two-year-old Waka and five-month-old Nano. Perhaps I am best remembered as the deliverer of 'haiku seed bags' sewn by my mother!
write-up by Emiko Miyashita, edited by Betty Arnold

Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter Moon, *fuyu no tsuki*.

June Hopper Hymas

High, cold, white and unseeing, the winter moon seems an often frigid and unmoved observer of the short and unprotected lives of creatures here on earth.

In some kigo in English which refer specifically to seasons, such as spring melancholy, winter desolation, or autumn loneliness, the emotional or feeling-tone of the kigo is actually specified in the English wording. But the winter moon is its own, isolate self: high, pale white and quite, quite removed.

winter moon
passing a schoolyard
of childhood taunts

Gregory Longenecker, *The Color of Water*, n.p.
Two Autumns Press, San Francisco, 2013.

Under the winter moon,
The river wind
Sharpens the rocks.

Chora, *Haiku*, Vol. 4, R. H. Blyth, page 213,
Hokoseido. 1952.

“working on updates
don’t turn off your computer”
winter moon

June Hopper Hymas

winter moon
nudge of the unborn child
between us

Jean Jorgenson, *Haiku World*, William J. Higginson,
page 242, Kodansha International, 1996

winter moon—
bowing to a monk
on the bridge

Buson, English version by Gabriel Rosenstock
<http://www.poetry-chaikhana.com/blog/2016/12/14/>

Not a single stone
to throw at the dog
the winter moon.

Taigi, *Haiku*, Vol. 4, R. H. Blyth, page 208,
Hokoseido. 1952.

A stray cat
Running off under the eaves,—
The winter moon.

Joao, *Haiku*, Vol. 4, R. H. Blyth, page 209,
Hokoseido. 1952.

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

If you enjoy learning about kigo every issue, please send in your membership dues by Jan 1!

YTHS Event: September 10, 2017 Chinese Moon Festival at Overfelt Park, San Jose, CA

Clysta Seney / Patricia Machmiller

On September 10th, YTHS members hosted a haiku booth at the Chinese Moon Festival held at Overfelt Park in San Jose. Temperatures were in the nineties and we were sheltered under a grove of mature redwood trees. As the sun's rays shifted we migrated the booth toward shade. Face-painted children carrying crafts from other booths (folded paper luna moth bracelets and fans) stopped by our booth, drawn by writing materials and empty sheets of paper. One family stood out for me. Their one-year-old daughter nick-named Crow, dressed in a yellow cotton sundress with pink rose patterns, watched as her father wrote a haiku about crows in the trees; and her mother sketched her image in her bright sundress for her baby book:

on my lap
the toddler Evelyn Grace
drums summer away
Clysta Seney

Mimi Ahern showed two kindergarteners how to make a haiga to enter in the JAL World Haiku Contest. The little boys were so engrossed in their artwork they didn't even look up to watch the lion dance.

Others who helped make it a successful day were Judith Schallberger, Carol Steele, and Patricia Machmiller.

Mid-Autumn Festival Facts

Name in Chinese: 中秋节 Zhongqiujie /
jong-chyoh-jyeah/

Date in 2017: Wednesday, October 4

History: Over 3,000 years

Must-eat food: mooncakes

Celebrations: admiring the full moon,
eating mooncakes, flying lanterns

Greetings: The simplest is "Happy Mid
Autumn Festival" (中秋快乐).

<https://www.chinahighlights.com/festivals/mid-autumn-festival.htm>

YTHS Monthly Meeting: Moon Viewing October 7, 2017

Carol Steele / Dyana Basist

On October 7, 2017 we had a moon viewing evening at Carol Steele's home at the edge of the redwoods in Santa Cruz. We shared a potluck dinner and sat by the fire pit waiting for the moon to rise. Members attending were Judith Schallberger, Alison Woolpert, Betty Arnold and Carol Steele. Keith Emmons was our guest.

harvest moon
the host serves a bountiful
shepherd's pie
~Judith Schallberger

harvest moon—
the golden flesh of
the kabocha squash
~Betty Arnold

two desserts—
the cricket chorus begins
to wind down
~Alison Woolpert

waiting for the moon
we sit by the fire watching—
stars tonight, no moon
~Carol Steele

late for moon viewing
all the good verses
already taken
~Patrick Gallagher (sent in)

San Jose Poetry Festival October 21, 2017

Patrick Gallagher

Patricia Machmiller and Patrick Gallagher represented the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society at the 2017 San Jose Poetry Festival on Saturday, October 21. The Festival was sponsored by the Poetry Center San Jose. Using the YTHS projector, a five minute video of YTHS history and celebrations was provided as an introduction, and Patricia showed a number of haiga from her publications. Then each poet read some of their own poems, and collaborated in reading poems of members from the 2016 YTHS Anthology, *Cherry Blossom Light*, and a renku from Asilomar. The audience was appreciative of the presentation. During the day-long festival, YTHS books were displayed for sale: Mimi Ahern, Clysta Seney, Carole Steele and Patricia Machmiller took turns at the sales table.

Conversations on Haiku with Jerry Ball Interviewed by Mimi Ahern in Spring, 2017



Mimi: How does a haiku happen?

Jerry: How does anything happen?
How does a storm happen?

Here's an example I will read to you . . . a haiku of mine published in [San Francisco Haiku Anthology](#):

*a long line of cars
at Santa Rita Prison
Easter morning rain*

Now this Easter morning I happened to be driving past Santa Rita Prison, which is off the freeway near Livermore and Pleasanton. And there it was. It actually happened. So it happened because I was there . . . and because it was there. **We have simultaneity of appearances.**

Mimi: But by choosing that . . . are you putting a tone of sadness because of the rain and by saying *Easter morning rain*?

Jerry: I wanted the effect of tears.

Mimi: . . . sadness . . .

Jerry: So here is this line of cars just waiting to get in and see their relatives who have been sent to prison and these cars are just waiting and nothing much is going on it appears . . . but in reality there is a lot going on.

Mimi: They are there to see their loved ones.

Jerry: Yes. Whole families.
Here's another example . . .

*a beautiful daughter
of a woman I once loved
ending of springtime*

Mimi: How did that happen?

Jerry: So, **I looked at her** one day after I divorced my now ex-wife and **the haiku just came to me.**

beautiful daughter . . . she is a beautiful girl . . . *of a woman I once loved* . . . and I don't say I no longer love but that's the case.

So I could have written:

*a beautiful daughter
of a woman I no longer love* . . . but that's not . . . that doesn't work.

Mimi: What's interesting to me is if you had said of "a woman I no longer love," it would change the tone of the haiku which is very tender and so . . .

Jerry: Yes.

Mimi: Instead you write “once loved” and you keep it in this positive place instead of going to the negative . . . expressing your good feelings . . .

Jerry: That’s the case.

Mimi: And then . . . *ending of springtime*. How did you choose that kigo?

Jerry: Well, because of that marriage ending . . . I like to think it chose itself.

Mimi: . . . and springtime . . . has a positive feel.

Jerry: This represents a lot of the feelings I have toward my daughter.

Mimi: . . . positive . . . like springtime.

Jerry: Yeah.

Mimi: I think that’s a beautiful haiku.

Jerry: Here’s another one:

*autumn evening
as we share the planets
a stranger joins us*

That really happened.

YTHS was at Asilomar and as a group we were looking at the stars. It was Autumn and we all knew each other and had good feelings. A stranger joined us. And that was OK. The stranger *could* join us. The fact that a stranger *could* walk up to our group and join in represents our feelings and how our group is. So that’s how I think of it and that’s how it happens. **It just happened.**

Mimi: Here is what I got from it. I didn’t know it was about our YT but the way that the group welcomed the newcomer, shows it is the kind of a group that allows a stranger to come and enjoy whatever is going on which is so true of our YT.

Jerry: Yes, you call it an open group.
A last one for today:

*first day of spring
every dog in the neighborhood
is a puppy again*

The dogs are out there wiggling . . . wagging their tails and it’s the first day of spring.

Mimi: It’s more than that, don’t you think? A lot more than that.

Jerry: It’s at least that.

Mimi: But here is what I think happens with your haiku like that one . . . the reason it works is that you write it in such a way that it is beyond your description of what just happened.

Jerry: Right, technically it’s false . . . but as a metaphor . . .

Mimi: . . . it catapults it into the human condition.

Jerry: Exactly, **it just happens** . . .

to be continued . . .

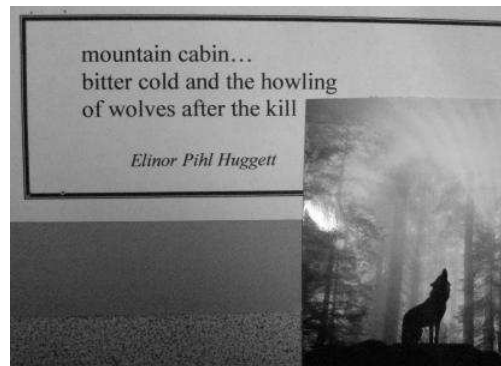
Crime Writers

Elinor Pihl Huggett

When I was invited to contribute to the Crime Writers' Display in the Whitehorse Library in the Yukon, Canada, I accepted the challenge to come up with haiku about crime and mystery. Since I believe you can write a haiku about anything, even difficult topics in a diplomatic, non-violent manner, this challenge turned out to be a fun assignment. The first photo below is one of two poems displayed in Whitehorse. The two lower images, photo and drawing with haiku, were displayed in the South Bend Indiana Library. One of the new students in my class is an artist and said she was so attracted to my display because of the accompanying drawings that she decided to join our poetry class. Another student is into photography and is excited about writing poems with a companion photo.

I usually include a haiku and drawing with my Christmas letter and I'm in the process of writing my family history. Some of my family stories include a verse of scripture or a haiku and drawing. Another way to use your haiku is to frame your favorite photos with an accompanying haiku.

long winter . . .
a coyote on the hunt
for roadkill

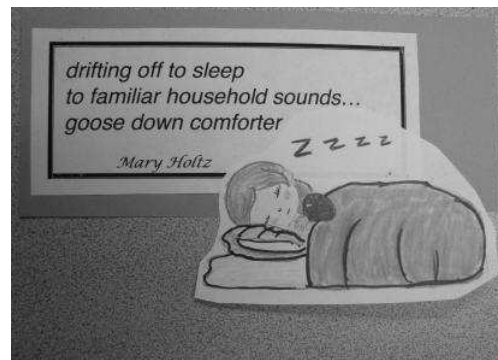


old bookstore . . .
the creaking floorboards
in the mystery section

old gangster movie . . .
another dead bulb
in the marquee

raven . . .
pecking at the eyes
of a dead potato

Additional Illustrated Haiku in the South Bend Indiana Library



***GEPPO* Submission Guidelines**

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

Betty Arnold, Editor

or snail mail to:

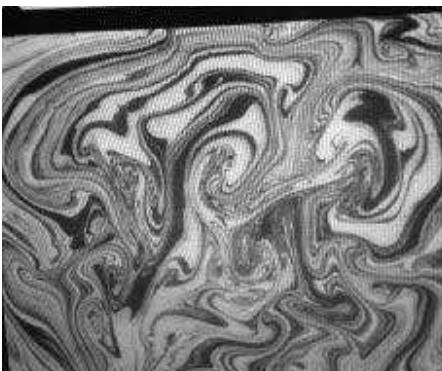
Betty Arnold, GEPPO Editor

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

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.



Suminagashi, the ancient art of Japanese paper marbling www.suminagashi.com
famous images "Pinterest 736 X 749"

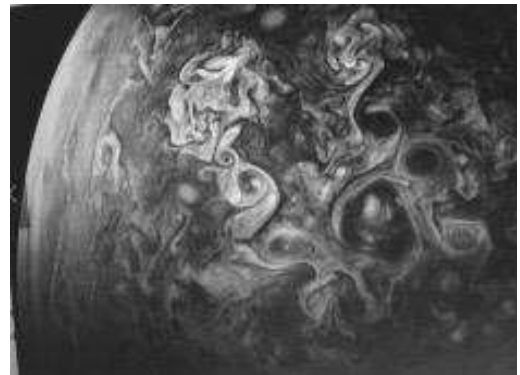


Photo of Jupiter Planet- NASA/SwRI/
MSSS/Gerald Eichstädt/Seán Doran

2017 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

Dec 9
5-9pm

Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert at her home. Please bring a peanut-free dish to share for the potluck dinner. Our YTHS tradition is for each poet to bring a holiday card haiga to gift fellow poets. Thirty copies of the gift card are probably enough for the exchange. Guests and newcomers are welcome!

2018

Jan 1

Membership Renewal Dues are due!

Jan 13
1-4pm

Ginko and Haiku Workshop at the History Park, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose. An opening ginko will be followed by an opportunity to workshop members' haiku, i.e. discuss what works or what could be improved. Each poet is encouraged to share a poem during the workshop, either a poem written before the meeting or during the ginko. Newcomers and guests are welcome!

Feb 10
1-4pm

History Park, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose. Joan Zimmerman will present a program about Gender in Haiku.

President Patrick Gallagher will send out the entire 2018 calendar by email. In the New Year, the calendar will also be posted on our website at www.youngleaves.org