

G E P P O

the haiku study-work journal of the

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

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

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1620 | sit down
share a moment
with me | 1631 | filtering its glow
through winter clouds
ashen moon |
| 1621 | patience
antidote
for anger | 1632 | torch on full beam
the gloom of a winter night
banished |
| 1622 | felling better
after plea
of insanity | 1633 | night walk
inside the blackbird's
pure song |
| 1623 | winter
her room
smells of spring | 1634 | the harvesters—
beneath their boots
mud churning |
| 1624 | spring haze—
I lose again
at solitaire | 1635 | pregnant skies
blanket of aurora cloaking
a silent scream |
| 1625 | weeding done
for another week . . .
the unfolded clothes | 1636 | white coating
the mini snowman's
menacing smile |
| 1626 | hazelnut catkins
dangling from their branches—
a pendulous bull | 1637 | a new twist
on jackhammer blues
cold snap |
| 1627 | cherries in bloom
time again
to repaint the garage | 1638 | laughing gas
sorting distant memories
of next spring |
| 1628 | Among other things
a snow-capped foot ball –
I fill the bird feed. | 1639 | two canes tap-tapping . . .
golden couple's morning stroll—
wild geese honking fades . . . |
| 1629 | In a light drizzle
riding an old bicycle -
a Father Christmas! | 1640 | oh, how tight the mask!
protective coloration—
autumn loneliness |
| 1630 | No Parking sign
outside the undertaker –
empty streets. | 1641 | whisk, whisk--sweeping out
fallen leaves caught in threshold . . .
how crimson the steps! |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1642 | by kitchen window . . .
tattered web, starving spider—
that relentless wind! | 1656 | cabin fever
sunrise fills a space station
portal |
| 1643 | New Years Eve
a blanket of clouds obscures
the supermoon | 1657 | faith . . .
not even the size
of a mustard seed |
| 1644 | brisk morning walk —
arrayed on the table
bowls of <i>ozoni</i> | 1658 | happy hour
one question remains
to be answered |
| 1645 | sunset walk —
floating low over the beach
a lost balloon | 1659 | a new song
in thistledown
goldfinch glitter |
| 1646 | moving day
a persnickety kitten
in my yarn basket | 1660 | imported apricots
the warmth of the sun
in winter |
| 1647 | new calendar—
this year I promise
no more chicken scratch | 1661 | pivoting
over the skateboard park
swallows |
| 1648 | first reading—
first page of Finnegan's Wake
will be my last | 1662 | wave-polished rock
rising out of the ocean
a seal and her pup |
| 1649 | I brush off advice—
closing up the fireplace
I smudge my sweater | 1663 | warming his feet
on the chimney vent—
a starling |
| 1650 | artichokes
bagged in my pick up—
a bumpy ride home | 1664 | more fluids
leak from the car—
cold snap |
| 1651 | wing-clap sounds
bounce about the bay—
vee-shapes edge north | 1665 | a skin of ice
on the empty pond—
turning back |
| 1652 | yellow slide rule
blue-lined graph pads—
departing years | 1666 | can't even
give them away—
next year's calendars |
| 1653 | uncrowned and cheeky
courageously yellow—
Townsend's warbler | 1667 | indoor cyclamen
the winter fly ignores
its fly ribbon |
| 1654 | lofty intentions—
straight up wisps of smoke
blush at first dawn | 1668 | mountain lake stillness
not even a ripple from
the descending snowflakes |
| 1655 | cloud hands
suspended from the heavens
rooted in the earth | 1669 | changeable spring day:
the unfamiliar book
in my library |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 1670 | in his i-phone light
he becomes a Bluebeard—
this one woman's man | 1684 | December's pale sun
my lantern
needs a new wick |
| 1671 | days getting shorter
the paper castle of Liechtenstein
almost done | 1685 | winter night
driving home
your way |
| 1672 | gust of wind:
before cooling my face
it has wrinkled the pond | 1686 | winter solitude
a used book
left unread |
| 1673 | jet fighters!
the dark gray contrails crisscross
the October sunset | 1687 | morning pink . . .
that time when night
eases into day |
| 1674 | Flavor Promise grapes . . .
half of the intricate tattoo
under her skirt | 1688 | cold—damp—silent
tule fog shrouds
the valley |
| 1675 | getting old –
I fill my pill box
with sighs | 1689 | morning fog
not even a whisper
from my muse |
| 1676 | Doc's hairy hand
on mother's shoulder –
tarantula | 1690 | melting snow
my nose drips
in sympathy |
| 1677 | busy street -
no one
to talk to | 1691 | heavy rain
fast running stream
hides a scream |
| 1678 | first plum blossoms
our calico giddy
with a rubber band | 1692 | after the storm
spiders renew the webs
between the trees |
| 1679 | flossing—
snow sifts through
the picket fence | 1693 | strong wind
garden swing
tries to escape |
| 1680 | the end-of-row pause
in the knitting clicks
New Year's eve | 1694 | crows swoop
above the soup line
cold snap |
| 1681 | parkade exit
that crunching sound
of tires on sleet | 1695 | first heart-to-heart
how the frost crackles
under our feet |
| 1682 | aging spots
on the florist's hands
winter garden | 1696 | New Year's Day
golden willow leaves
still clinging |
| 1683 | in the beehive
the scent of
wild peonies | 1697 | my X
tracks me down in dreams
frozen ground |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 1698 | chilly midday autumn
in a bowl of soup
a blond strand of hair | 1712 | young leaves
the sheen
of fresh denim |
| 1699 | in a luminous sky
honking of the wild geese
passing by | 1713 | last day of the year
a list of the undones
shredded to confetti |
| 1700 | after the rain
under the clay pot
clusters of snails | 1714 | depth of winter—
trudging with the laundry
to the laundromat |
| 1701 | scarlet red and yellow leaves
in a puddle of water
autumn scene | 1715 | the feel of clean sheets
after she makes the bed
after the flu |
| 1702 | howls of first laughter
a shhhhh! comes from the other
end of the hallway | 1716 | the now of now . . .
little winter lizard
in the sidewalk sun |
| 1703 | early plum blossoms—
for a second time I trip
over the same crack | 1717 | the armor
we cling to . . . clings
tule fog |
| 1704 | returning whales
the cows and their calves
hug the coastline | 1718 | lengthening days—
leaf fragments hitch a ride
on my sneakers |
| 1705 | flu season—
my clean chapped hands
knock on wood | 1719 | old year . . . new year
the dryer screen
gorged with lint |
| 1706 | along the Autumn sea
dogs run with abandon
with them, her shadow | 1720 | the neighbor's lawn
forlorn with decaying fruit—
super blue moon |
| 1707 | a piece of coal and broken carrot
lay abandoned in the snow
kids back in school | 1721 | without signposts
like a whole white earth
drive in the snow |
| 1708 | satin white ribbons
weave through her ebony hair
flowering dogwood | 1722 | reading prayer
in names of northern cities . . .
New Year's card |
| 1709 | not yet ready
to let go
the autumn sea | 1723 | ironing bottoms
thoroughly —
super-cold day |
| 1710 | winter rain
the mouse gets
a head start | 1724 | young one
says "on the road" —
spring night |
| 1711 | finger nail moon
the body of a roof rat
still warm | 1725 | thinning winter fog . . .
the trees start to come
out of the woods |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 1726 | melting snow pile . . .
the lengthening handle
of the snow shovel | 1740 | gusty winds
spread snow blanket
for winter night |
| 1727 | mid-winter warm up . . .
I defrost a few muffins
for lunch with Mom | 1741 | since Columbine
a father wears his son's shoes
on days he speaks out |
| 1728 | icicles . . .
loosening their grip and weeping
over spilled melt | 1742 | Christmas morning
the smell of wood smoke
on a spare-the-air day |
| 1729 | each tourist site
different song, different species
cicadas | 1743 | Christmas Day
solitary coastal drive
suspended in mid-day twilight |
| 1730 | rap music
races past me on a bike
winter sun | 1744 | New Year's Day walk
footsteps behind me
some already passed |
| 1731 | much about him
I never knew . . . can't remember
May sky | 1745 | winter beach—
a taste of sunshine and
the bite of salt wind |
| 1732 | construction workers
eat lunch on a shady hill
city view | 1746 | first morning—
the slow wing-beat of vultures
finding the sun |
| 1733 | wind-broken branches
their divorce becomes
more complicated | 1747 | weeds caught
in lake ice—
the trips we never took |
| 1734 | shadow puppets
the static electricity
in her hair | 1748 | silver-plated roads
and shadows black as ravens—
reunion bound |
| 1735 | 3 a.m. tweets
a deer sheds
its antlers | 1749 | Two young, blonde sisters—
same outfits, but one has gold
boots, other silver. |
| 1736 | exposed sand
of the lowest low tide
Russian dossier | 1750 | In the Dolomites
the sweet sonority of
cowbells soothes the soul. |
| 1737 | winter moon shines
on Hong Kong Harbor
houseboats | 1751 | One snowy plover
in a flock of sanderlings—
blonde amongst brunettes. |
| 1738 | cozy smell
of chocolate chip cookies—
winter frost | 1752 | Fetid adder's tongue
in the Botanic Garden—
flowers before leaves. |
| 1739 | whirling crystals
landing on my tongue—
fairies dance | 1753 | winter jasmine leaves
festooned with glinting dew—
don't pee there, puppy |
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|--|--|
| <p>1754 magnolia bud
on old tree waits to unfurl—
my hip is aching</p> <p>1755 December visit—
Gustav Klimt leads me down
a summer allee</p> <p>1756 iridescent male
followed by dowdy mate—
New Years' ducks on Stow Lake</p> <p>1757 the cow walks
right up to the fence
withered field</p> <p>1758 a stack of pizzas
in the delivery boy's hands
short day</p> <p>1759 winter harbor
a houseboat's square windows
light up</p> <p>1760 swerving
after I hit it
pothole</p> <p>1761 full moon
the blueness
of snow</p> <p>1762 starless night
the air filled with
sparkling snow</p> <p>1763 rusty moon
the patch of snow
atop an old barn</p> <p>1764 silent night . . .
an old couple wraps gifts
for each other</p> <p>1765 first morning, resolved:
eat less, exercise, lose weight
enough already</p> <p>1766 flea-covered mongrel
barking loudly door to door
Buddhists let him in</p> | <p>1767 going home at last
released from intensive care
early plum blossoms</p> <p>1768 far side of the bed
no longer warmed by romance
heavy winter cloud</p> <p>1769 mountain home—
Mother arranges the first
flowering quince</p> <p>1770 commanding the road
coyote stops, stares—
winter woods</p> <p>1771 he'll be guarding
an Afghan base but where we don't know—
wind of 120 days</p> <p>1772 a scrap of news
that he might be back soon—
early daffodils</p> <p>1773 first time
wide eyed wonder
of snow flurries</p> <p>1774 super moon
bare tree shadows
dance on the cobblestones</p> <p>1775 winter blues
my re-gift hoard
piles up</p> <p>1776 the boatman scoops
with a bamboo net
winter rain</p> <p>1777 sheep encircle
the high desert hogan
dusting of snow</p> <p>1778 contentment . . .
in winter the sleeping cat
dreams of slow mice</p> |
|--|--|



Ann Bendixen

Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter Moon

First snows of winter
uncleared back garden—
aah, winter moon!
~Francis Silva

the only witness
to his put-down –
winter moon
~Susan Burch

winter moon's faint light
on the side street's obscured shapes . . .
there—a glimpse of home!
~Cherie Jameison

stamps now
on all the letters—
winter moon
~Michael Dylan Welch

my finger cold
and wet from the pane
winter moon
~Barbara Snow

through the window
traveling across our bed
winter moon
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

low hanging
smiling emoji
winter moon
~Genie Nakano

the widening crack
in grandma's porcelain bowl
waning winter moon
~Ed Grossmith

crescendo
of angry voices
winter moon
~Deborah P. Kolodji

winter moon rising
the impossible nearness
of stars
~Patricia Prime

winter moon . . .
hanging out in the sycamore's
bare branches
~Michael Sheffield

mountain lion
crouching to attack
under winter moon
~Sharon Lynne Yee

winter moon
interrupting my samadhi
a flapping of wings
~Richard St. Clair

thick canopy—
playing hide and seek
with the winter moon
~Dyana Basist

under the winter moon
footsteps in wet sand
disappear
~Sherry Barto

gene marker report:
Parkinsons and Alzheimers—
winter moon
~Clysta Seney

coaxing my cat
to come down the roof
winter moon
~Majo Leavick

winter moon—
offstage a night bird begins
his soliloquy
~Christine Horner

moving her bed
for a better view
winter moon
~Michael Henry Lee

winter moon—
the line cook shoos away
wharf rats
~Alison Woolpert

Winter Moon this month
a trifecta—Supermoon,
Blue Moon, and Blood Moon.
~David Sherertz

winter moon
reflects off her sharp teeth—
I turn to run
~E. Luke

the rugged edges
of Alaskan mountaintops
clear winter moon
~Karina Young

the flickering
of a street light
winter moon
~John J. Han

winter moon . . .
white streamers
follow me home
~Janis Albright Lukstein

the warrior within
opens her gate of change
winter moon
~Judith Schallberger

winter moon
my long lost friend nowhere
on the internet
~Zinoviy Vayman

Taking out the trash
I bow to the light
of the winter moon
~Joan Zimmerman

grabbed paper
out of my mailbox . . .
winter moon
~Hiroyuki Murakami

the neighbors too
open their blinds
winter moon
~Phillip Kennedy

a day's journey
to meet
the winter moon
~Ruth Holzer

barren landscape . . .
an owl's silent glide beneath
the winter moon
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

her parka gives comfort
on a long night
winter moon
~Bona M. Santos

winter moon alone city's starless sky ~Lois Heyman Scott

Members Votes for August—October 2017 Haiku

Jessica Malone Latham	1477-7,	1478-3,	1479-2,	1480-5
Francis Silva	1481-0			
Joan Zimmerman	1482-1,	1483-1,	1484-1,	1485-0
Michael Sheffield	1486-2,	1487-6,	1488-5,	1489-2
Barbara Snow	1490-1,	1491-2,	1492-11,	1493-9
Ruth Holzer	1494-4,	1495-1,	1496-4,	1497-0
Hiroyuki Murakami	1498-0,	1499-0,	1500-0,	1501-0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	1502-0,	1503-7,	1504-0,	1505-1
Judith Morrison Schallberger	1506-1,	1507-0,	1508-1,	1509-3
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson	1510-0,	1511-1,	1512-1,	1513-0
Dyana Basist	1514-1,	1515-10,	1516-2,	1517-3
Patricia Prime	1518-2,	1519-1,	1520-2,	1521-0
Alison Woolpert	1522-0,	1523-1,	1524-3,	1525-1
Ed Grossmith	1526-3,	1527-1,	1528-3,	1529-4
Richard St. Clair	1530-1,	1531-2,	1532-3,	1533-4
Elinor Pihl Huggett	1534-5,	1535-3,	1536-5,	1537-4
Susan Burch	1538-6,	1539-1,	1540-3	
Clysta Seney	1541-2,	1542-1,	1543-2,	1544-0
Christine Lamb Stern	1545-0,	1546-2,	1547-8,	1548-1
Elaine Whitman	1549-0,	1550-1,	1551-1,	1552-2
Karina Young	1553-2,	1554-2,	1555-2	
Bruce Linton	1556-2,	1557-3,	1558-1,	1559-1
Christine Horner	1560-0,	1561-4,	1562-5,	1563-3
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	1564-1,	1565-0,	1566-0,	1567-2
Michael Dylan Welch	1568-0,	1569-7,	1570-1,	1571-1
Michael Henry Lee	1572-1,	1573-3,	1574-5,	1575-3
Neal Whitman	1576-2,	1577-0,	1578-0,	1579-0
Carol Steele	1580-4,	1581-3,	1582-6,	1583-2
Sharon Lynne Yee	1584-3,	1585-0,	1586-3,	1587-2
John J. Han	1588-1,	1589-0,	1590-0,	1591-2
Mimi Ahern	1592-2,	1593-1,	1594-1,	1595-4
Bruce H. Feingold	1596-1,	1597-3,	1598-1	
Toni Homan	1599-2,	1600-0		
Sherry Barto	1601-3,	1602-1,	1603-1,	1604-0
Majo Leavick	1605-1,	1606-0,	1607-2	
David Sherertz	1608-0,	1609-1,	1610-1,	1611-0
Phillip Kennedy	1612-12,	1613-2,	1614-4	
Lois Heyman Scott	1615-1,	1616-4,	1617-0,	1618-0
Amy Ostenso Kennedy	1619-7			

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

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

grounds
in the last sip of coffee
autumn deepens
~Phillip Kennedy

last day
on the job
wild aster
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

rustling leaves
father still too busy
to talk
~Jessica Malone Latham

fireweed pods
the inward curl
of emptiness
~Barbara Snow

first day of the year—
traffic lights changing
at an empty intersection
~Michael Dylan Welch

dharma talk
the old man
nods off
~Michael Sheffield

trundling
across the meadow
a moon-lit skunk
~Dyana Basist

the abundance of
unlikely possibilities
tree orchid
~Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

substitute teacher . . .
the snap of a rubber band
in the back row
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

night game—
the winning home run
lost in the moon
~Barbara Snow

flash of black
a raven's wing
catches the sun
~Michael Sheffield

passionate spring . . .
the peacock is all eyes
for a young hen
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

wildfire smoldering
a sooty dog
hobbles home
~Christine Lamb Stern

winter market –
a vendor tells me
I'm a peach
~Susan Burch

incoming tide—
broken shells with each return
smaller and smaller
~Christine Horner

gypsy moth
her family of origin
unknown
~Jessica Malone Latham

thinking of you cards
for my soldier grandson—
the chill of autumn
~Carol Steele

landfall
sandcastle doing what
sandcastles do
~Michael Henry Lee

Dojin's Corner Aug-Oct 2017

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita,
and Beverly Acuff Momoi

Happy New Year everyone. Our guest editor this issue is Beverly Momoi from Mountain View, California. Bev is second vice president of the Haiku Society of America, as well as a member of Haiku Poets of Northern California and of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. We are delighted to have her join us in reviewing the haiku from the last issue of *GEPP*O.

Before we get into our choices, we have received another comment on Michael Dylan Welch's haiku from the Feb-April 2017 *GEPP*O:

1094 folk festival—
the hillbilly pretends
to tune his washboard

Michael writes:

I'm grateful to have read Joan Iversen Goswell's comments on my poem, "folk festival—." I apologize for any offense I may have caused, and agree that all doubt about my intention could be removed by putting "hillbilly" in quotation marks. I tend towards hoping the reader would figure things like that out (so the poem does not have to explain itself), but that seems not to have been the best choice for this poem. To better understand the situation, I spoke about this poem with one of the former directors of the Seattle Folklife Festival, which inspired my poem. He is also a musicologist, a folk musician himself, and director of a folk music promotion company (I know him through his wife, who is a haiku writer). He said that yes, the word "hillbilly" can be offensive, but that putting "hillbilly" in quotation marks would "seem more sarcastic than you mean." He also said that "hillbilly music was the official term for white Southern music of the 78rpm era," saying that "Hillbilly music is still an acceptable term to refer to 1920s and 30s Southern music recordings." Yet he acknowledged that it's a difficult term even while saying it's "not necessarily offensive." He explained that "Sometimes Southern or Appalachian artists can get upset about really fake accents, and some people really hate the new wave of jug [bands] and buskers that dress like

they're from the 1920s, but they usually just call them hipsters." He added that "There were two kinds of roots music, 'race records' for black artists and 'hillbilly' for white." Yet despite some allowances for the term, he said "It's just that now you can't use hillbilly to describe someone [meaning a person, as opposed to describing music]." So it's clearly a touchy subject, and even though I meant my reference to have a specific musical context, I did not give sufficient thinking to how the term might still be offensive. Again, my apologies. The bottom line, whether with haiku or not, is that we should always be careful with our words.

The Dojin's Column editors appreciate the lively and yet civil discussion that our readers have presented in response to this haiku. In addition to learning more about the sensitivities surrounding the word "hillbilly," we also were shown how to present a different point of view in such a way as to lead to greater understanding.

And now, on to our choices:

Bev: 1477, 1487, 1493*, 1496, 1497, 1520, 1557*, 1563, 1575, 1576, 1578, 1589, 1595*, 1612, 1614*, 1619

E: 1478*, 1480*, 1483, 1492, 1495, 1498, 1501, 1502, 1517*, 1533, 1534, 1548, 1550, 1553, 1554, 1561*, 1566, 1583, 1599, 1612

pjm: 1491, 1494, 1503, 1515*, 1516, 1518, 1522, 1530, 1533, 1537, 1538, 1550, 1568, 1569*, 1580, 1582*, 1586, 1589, 1612, 1613*, 1619

1478 coffee stains
on his button down
darkening days

E: Button down is a shirt, and it makes me think of an office worker or maybe a student. Coffee stains, not just one but some or even more, are on the white or pale-colored shirt. And the days are darkening, heading towards the winter solstice; a hectic time of the year for office workers to get their tasks finished before the holiday season arrives. However, the poem makes me think that the days are getting darker and shorter because the coffee

stains on his shirt are starting to color the world in coffee black!

Bev: In just eight words, this haiku gives us a narrative. The opening image sets up certain expectations of carelessness or sloppiness, but it becomes much more interesting when followed by "button down." That suggests someone who really has it together, someone organized, in charge. How did those coffee stains get on his button down shirt? The darkening days of the closing line alludes to difficulty, a change in circumstance.

pjm: We have the image of someone who is usually meticulous (suggested by "button down") with stains on his shirt. So we know something is not quite right. Perhaps—we are guessing—his eye sight is going or he's suffering from depression or his wife, who always made sure he had a clean shirt, has died. We don't know the reason exactly, but he is in a slump. And matching his mood, the days too are turning dark. We know that for the days eventually the light will return; we don't know if that will be true for him—a very dark though, indeed.

1480 rustling leaves
father still too busy
to talk

E: Leaves are rustling on the pavement, so dry and so cold. The little ones are already enjoying their winter holidays. But their father is still too busy to talk, to talk with them about Christmas or the New Year yet. The paperwork the father is doing is generating the similar rustling sound with the leaves outside. Or here, "father" can be the Father Christmas who is busy sorting gifts for the children all over the world! It must take a while to do so and the sound of rustling leaves tells him that it will be snowing very soon so he must hurry up!

Bev: Sound is underrepresented in haiku, so when it is used, it gets my attention. Here the juxtaposition of the kigo and the father's distraction is especially effective. The rustling leaves bring to mind rustling papers, a father more focused on his work than on family.

The fall image reminds us how short-lived our time together is.

pjm: The restlessness of a child trying to get her father's attention is suggested by the rustling leaves. It's interesting that the phrase "rustling leaves" made both Emiko and Beverly think of dry, fallen leaves. I thought of green leaves in summer still on the tree and rustling a little with a night breeze. This pleasant sound didn't work as well for me in suggesting the restlessness of a child impatient with her father's lack of attention.

1493 night game—
the winning home run
lost in the moon

Bev: When I was a kid, we played baseball morning, noon and night, and as an adult, I fantasized about quitting my job and becoming a bleacher bum. So I had an immediate response to this haiku. Night games are magical. Power hitters talk about hitting "moonshots," home runs that take off like a rocket, going high as well as deep into the night. This haiku captures that magic with its image of the ball going on forever, until it's lost in the moon.

E: The New Year this year was blessed with full moon, the super moon. "Night game" is a summer kigo in Japan. I think the moon man was stretching out his arms to get the winning ball for his collection. Why not?

pjm: My only quibble with this poem is that baseball is strongly associated with summer and the moon with autumn. An easy fix that would resolve this conflict would be to change the last line to "lost in the summer moon."

1515 trundling
across the meadow
a moon-lit skunk

pjm: A seemingly straight-forward image. But it's in the clarity and accuracy of the writing that the image comes alive. And the writer is skillful in what to include and what to exclude. For instance, skunks do trundle, don't they?

Not walk, not mosey, but trundle. This one word conveys the heaviness and size of the skunk. The word “moonlit” (note: “moonlit” doesn’t need to be hyphenated) does two things: we know it is night (skunks usually come out at night), and it calls attention to the unique marking of a skunk—the bright white stripe down its back—without mentioning it.

I’d also like to note the sounds which stitch the image together: The vowel sound of the first word of each line is the same vowel sound in the last work “skunk.” And the light sound of “li” in trundling is echoed in the last line in “lit.” That little tinkle of sound gives a sparkle to the poem’s audio in the way the moon lights up a night with a skunk in it.

E: This haiku is a bit difficult for me to picture, for someone who is not familiar with the nature of the skunk. Shall I picture a black and white striped animal moving slowly, separating grasses that are not too tall to hide its back, the white part outstanding in the moonshine (not the whisky kind). I heard that skunks produce hazardously pungent gas when they are exposed to danger. So as far as I can read from this haiku, the author is not one of the animal’s hazards, and the author thinks that the animal is beautiful by describing it as “a moon-lit skunk.” Perhaps both are on their way to a moon-viewing party!

Bev: The opening word of this haiku brings to mind the slow movement of a child trundling along. So it is a wonderful surprise when that “moon-lit skunk” is revealed in the last line. It conveys an affection for the natural world (even skunks) and delights me.

1517 sunrise
wildfire smoke
sunset

E: This poem reminds me of a haiku by Santoka: dawn glow evening glow/nothing to eat. The duration of time is expressed by the sunrise and sunset; a desperate feeling for the devastating wildfire is expressed by its smoke. Because the sunrise and sunset repeat, a feeling of endlessness is aroused by this haiku.

pjm: Interesting visual depiction of a day during the California wildfires. The sun is seen only at the beginning and the end of the day. The entire middle of the day is covered by dense smoke. Very clever use of the three line haiku form. Also very effective condensation of time.

Bev: This haiku depicts a scene Californians are all too familiar with: the smoky red of wildfires at sunrise, that are still there at sunset. But this haiku is not just visual. There’s also an olfactory response: the pungent smell of smoke carried on the wind for miles. This haiku captures a gut-wrenching scene in just four words.

1557 getting older
in the Zendo
more chairs

Bev: Although there is no kigo here, it strikes an autumnal tone for me. Autumn is often associated with aging, and I like the telling and unusual perspective of the second and third lines. As we get older, for many of us sitting zazen on a floor cushion becomes less feasible with every passing day. More chairs are needed. When I write a ku like this, I ask myself: Could it be made stronger with a seasonal reference? I think an autumn kigo, rather than the explicit reference to getting older, would make this haiku even stronger.

pjm: Many would call this a senryu since it has no kigo and is mostly referring to the human situation with a bit of a wry sense of humor. I agree with Bev that adding an autumn kigo might deepen the feeling. Just to illustrate, consider this modification:

deepening autumn
in the Zendo
more chairs

E: Who or what is getting older? The author, the Zendo itself, or what? The chairs seem newer, at least new to the place. And I see a picture of meditators in the latter half of their lives, who are no longer able to sit in their

zazen posture. It is likely that aging brings knee problems into one's life. Is this what the poem's about? Perhaps it suggests that our spiritual condition lasts longer than our physical condition, and we all need to cope with that fact in the most appropriate way. At a tea ceremony, a chair is provided for those who can no longer sit on tatami mats. Seeking the essence is the most important and whether one sits on the tatami or a chair is a secondary thing. I think this haiku encourages us, the aging, in a humorous way.

1561 the old olive
rooted in the shade
of skyscrapers

E: Olive trees love sunshine. Now the tree is in the shade of a skyscraper. Lucky that it hasn't been torn down, but its environment has changed so much. The haiku reads as a sentence but if you take a deep breath before going to the third line, you can enjoy the shift. And at the same time, I am tempted to identify myself as this old olive tree in this new high-tech environment.

Bev: In Greek mythology, the olive tree is the ultimate gift to mankind. It provides fruit for food, wood for burning, and shade from the sun. This haiku reminds us that—in the midst of our urban jungles—there is still a place for the old olive with its deep roots. Skyscrapers have not supplanted it.

pjm: The pleasure in this haiku is the surprise at the end.

1569 first day of the year—
traffic lights changing
at an empty intersection

pjm: Reading this haiku, I feel a strange combination of joy and loneliness. To think of the colorful lights at an intersection changing on New Year's Day is such a happy thought. The intersection is empty; no one is there to see—such a lonely image! What can I say—I want to laugh and cry at the same time.

E: The first day of the year is a holiday, but only for humans. The machines are working

as usual. On the day before, people go and come, cross and make turns in both directions making it a busy place, but the same intersection now is empty and quiet just like a New Year's Day should be. It is the time when humans are at home busy celebrating the holiday with their family and friends.

Bev: I love New Year's haiku, and this one captures both the literal scene and the significance of the season in one detail. That first day is not the usual hustle bustle. The old year gets a big send-off, but the new year often begins quietly (perhaps inversely proportional to the amount of fanfare the night before).

1582 thinking of you cards
for my soldier grandson—
the chill of autumn

pjm: I remember when my son was in the Army not only the feeling of separation but the feeling of anxiety. Each day I would wonder where would he be deployed? Will he be in harm's way? The simple act of buying thinking-of-you cards expresses so well the worry and angst of a grandparent of a young man in the Army. I suggest that the phrase "thinking-of-you" be hyphenated for clarity.

Bev: This haiku opens straightforwardly, with a selection of "thinking of you cards" but the turn in the second line reveals a more fraught situation. This is about more than just missing someone. The season itself — "chill of autumn" — reflects the deep concern for a grandson, who is not just physically distant but, as a soldier, perhaps in dangerous circumstances. A very poignant haiku.

E: Being a soldier means that there is risk of killing and being killed on a daily basis. And these possibilities are overwhelming when we consider it in the context of a relationship between grandparent and grandchild. Perhaps "the chill of autumn" is hinting at the chill or the fear of losing the beloved or of the beloved turning into a killer. The patriotism in individuals starts from a family bond which gives a reason for

killing and being killed. However, my hope is that the soldiers do not have to kill or to be killed even as they work in a peace-keeping force, and that eventually they can fulfill their lives with their families in peace. Autumn chill reminds us of the uncertainty in the world and makes us long for the warmth of the human heart.

1595 "please take me home,"
our sister says again
white chrysanthemum

Bev: I find this haiku intriguing. It raises questions, without providing conclusive answers. We know that this takes place somewhere other than home. But what is going on? There is something both plaintive and imperious in that opening request. Why can't the sister leave on her own? There are several possibilities, and all hinge on the closing image. It is significant that it is white chrysanthemum. White mums are symbols of loyalty and devotion. In some cultures, they signify grief, loss. But what kind of loss or transition is occurring? Why can't the request be honored? I like the ambiguity of this haiku. It is like an optical illusion that can be interpreted more than one way.

E: I picture a nursing home for the elderly. The white chrysanthemum in the third line gives me a bit of uneasiness because in our culture it is the flower commonly seen at funeral halls. White can be associated with the white hair if the sister is old enough.

pjm: I read the white chrysanthemum as an indication that death is near making the sister's plea all the more poignant.

1613 Gounod's Faust
rattles the wireless speaker
chilly night

pjm: What could be a better image to evoke the chilling reaction one has when coming face to face with the prospect of selling one's soul to the devil than music that rattle a wireless speaker! All I can say is brilliant!

E: I thought about what would I trade for my soul, if I were asked? It will not be youth for sure. I am quite happy with the time I have already spent, even though my achievement

is small. Also, I wonder which tune the speaker is playing. Chilly night may suggest that it is "Jewel Song," the chill in each jewel felt on Marguerite's skin and the way her mind transforms as she puts on those jewels is, I think, a bit chilly, too.

Bev: I am not familiar with Gounod's Faust, but I picture a dark night with the poet listening to the opera. I imagine being chilled to the bone hearing Faustian deals being struck with the devil. In crafting the haiku, the poet has made two choices that give it particular resonance. The verb "rattles" conveys both the sound as well as the feeling of being unnerved. Temperature mirrors mood; "chilly night" is far more evocative than a kigo that doesn't give a physical sensation of cold.

1614 autumn wind
the flyers in my mailbox
thicker

Bev: I like the word play here, with the wind bringing flyers. It brings to mind birds in the wind, flocks of migrating birds. But in this haiku, the flyers land in the mailbox, and there is that thud in the last line. More arrive with each passing day. Summer clothes sales, back-to-school specials, homes for sale, lost pets, political issues on the horizon. Signs of change stacking up. There's a sense of passing time weighing on the poet.

E: The advertisement business really heats up toward the Christmas shopping season in late autumn. I wonder how many of them are homemade and how much comes from China. Most of the Christmas ornaments, I found out, were made in China. The thicker the flyers the thinner the calendar!

pjm: As the weather gets colder, animals' coats get thicker, and so do, apparently, those pesky flyers in the poet's mailbox. Very sly observation. Makes me smile.

We invite your responses. Send letters to the
*GEPP*O editor or e-mail us.

Featured Poet from the United Kingdom

This issue focuses on one of our YTHS international members, Kevin Goldstein-Jackson, who lives in Poole, a large coastal town and seaport in the southern county of Dorset. He's an interesting person with a breath and depth of knowledge in the fields of broadcasting, business and publishing.



cold winter
staring at the fire
five mice

wind chimes
rusting in the garden
barely raise a clink

melting snow
my nose drips
in sympathy

I was born in Windsor close to Windsor Castle, in the outskirts of London, England. Two of my aunts were seamstresses for the Royal Family, and as a small boy I was allowed to visit them at work, run about the castle battlements and watch Royal Processions.

My parents were poor; mother was a homemaker and father worked at Mars sweet factory. Yet, I managed to earn degrees in Philosophy and Sociology at Reading University, and an MPhil degree in Law at Southampton University. At both universities I was editor of various student publications. Later I also gained a qualification in counseling skills and a Teacher's certificate.

I've worked on children's series, political programs, arts programs, etc. at various television stations in the UK, Hong Kong and Oman. Good fortune introduced me to Roald Dahl, and I contributed several adaptations to his popular TV series "Tales of the Unexpected," which sold to many countries around the world. In addition to television, I founded one of the UK's first commercial radio stations. My management skills and business interests helped me become a freelance columnist for the *Financial Times* and the *Sunday Times*, and a director of various companies.

I am the author of 18 published books, ranging from *Experiments With Everyday Objects* (a book of science experiments for young people) published in English, Dutch, German and Italian, to *The Astute Private Investor*, *Dictionary of Essential Quotations* and a number of joke books, including one published in Japanese. I have been writing haiku for many years, my first published in 1996 by the British poetry magazine *Doors*. My first haiku book, titled *First Flutter*, was published by Red Moon Press in Dec, 2017.

I write haiku because I enjoy observing haiku moments, and I like the way haiku allows the author many ways to express different emotions in a small package. I've enjoyed being a member of YTHS for the last decade because I appreciate the quality of GEPPPO and greatly admire the beautiful anthologies. Long may it continue!

Spring Challenge Kigo: remaining snow, *zansetsu*, mid-spring

June Hopper Hymas

In spring when the snow has almost all melted, small patches may remain in cooler areas or where a larger quantity of snow had accumulated, perhaps in a shaded or protected spot. As I write this in Eagle, Idaho, in early February, there is a small snow hill where our son blew much of our Christmas Eve and Christmas Day snow gifts onto the corner of a bed where roses bloom in summer. The rest of the snow is gone, but for this little hill of white, which reminds me of the luck I have in having a strong and loving son nearby.

the remaining snow
in isolated patches:
our separate lives . . .

Patricia J. Machmiller

last patch of snow
a small black spider
lowers into it

Elizabeth St. Jaques. *Haiku World*, W. J. Higginson, p. 55.

under the big spruce
and following the fence line
remaining snow

June Hopper Hymas

remaining snow
old cow pies
and a crocus

Michael Dylan Welch *Haiku Quarterly* 3:1,
Spring 1991, page 35

remaining snow—
yachts in the marina
bobbing gently

Michael Dylan Welch

On one of the peaks
Of the frontier
Snow remains

Shiki, *Haiku; Volume 2, Spring*, R. H. Blythe, p. 442.

Send your remaining snow haiku to the *GEPP*O to be published with the other icy and melting Challenge Kigo submissions.



Ann Bendixen

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's Annual Retreat Nov. 10-13, 2017

Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA

Guest Speaker—John Stevenson

This year we had the wonderful opportunity to once again gather at Asilomar. What a back-drop for a haiku weekend! The thirty-five attendees included Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Jerry Ball, Betty Arnold, Sherry Barto, Dyana Basist, Ann Bendixen, Kae Bendixen, Eleanor Carolan, Carolyn Fitz, Patrick Gallagher, Ed Grossmith, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Anne M. Homan, Toni Homan, Debbie Kolodji, Phillip Kennedy, Gregory Longenecker, Patricia J. Machmiller, Beverly Acuff Momoi, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Linda Papanicolaou, Bona M. Santos, Clysta Seney, Judith Morrison Schallberger, Lois Heyman Scott, Michael Sheffield, Carol Steele, Christine Stern, Neal Whitman, Elaine Whitman, Alison Woolpert, Karina Young and Joan Zimmerman.

John Stevenson traveled by train from Albany, New York to the West Coast to inspire us with haiku games, share with us his haiku knowledge, join in the raucous renku night, and delight one and all with intimate conversations. This is how the retreat unfolded in haiku:

Asilomar

a poet taking dictation
from the ocean

~John Stevenson

Friday:

dune spirit
rising in autumn sun
rising in me
~Michael Sheffield

autumn dunes
crows gather where the stream
meets the sea
~Alison Woolpert

autumn tryst
white waves pulling me
closer
~Dyana Basist

sitting alone
autumn sunshine
ocean breeze
~Sherry Barto

arranged just so
four silvered pine cones lie
in the autumn woods
~Anne M. Homan

Dali's butterfly
almost a real species
Asilomar sky
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

wood smoke
circles the circle of oaks
setting sun
~Elaine Whitman

taillights flash
up the switchback road
dragon dance
~Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

Saturday:

tai chi beginners
we stretch our spines
to the morning moon
~Joan Zimmerman

soft is the grass in
section 60: Arlington
three deer cross the road
~Roger Abe

clustered snowberries
suspended with maple leaves—
red fading, white bright
~David Sherertz

autumn's end
just a few birds
on the beach
~Gregory Longenecker

it took me ten years
to come home from war
Veteran's Day
~Neal Whitman

cold tear-streaked cheeks
under a low bright sun—
veteran's day
~Clysta Seney

lavender flowers
from Mrs. Matano's plants—
autumn loneliness
~Carol Steele

Sunday:

haiku in motion
beach taiko drumbeats
on marathon day
~Bona M. Santos

tai chi—
an Asilomar crow
steps in, rolls back
~Linda Papanicolaou

I wonder
do they see what I see
autumn clouds
~Carolyn Fitz

sounds of pages turned
Patricia leads kukai
appreciation
~Lois Heyman Scott

autumn afternoon
orange and yellow pool balls
in the side pocket
~Phillip Kennedy

not yet ready
to let go
the autumn sea
~Karina M. Young

autumn evening
as we stare at the planets
a stranger joins us
~Jerry Ball

Monday:

beach sagewort
holding the universe
together
~Patrick Gallagher

along the autumn shore
dogs running with abandon
her shadow too
~Toni Homan

I lift a seashell
from the ebbing tide -
sea lights fade
~Ed Grossmith

bull kelp
under the sand
hidden agendas
~Debbie P. Kolodji

pine cones
cling to the snag's branches
last survivors
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

the deer
the moment before
the moment after
~Patricia J. Machmiller



We thank Carol Steele for being the Asilomar chair, herding us haiku cats with such graciousness. This year Phillip Kennedy and Amy-Ostenso Kennedy compiled our members' anthology, *hanami dango*. In addition to a selection of haiku written by society members, the anthology includes the first North American publication of Kazan Tanino's haiku collection "The Rush to Rescue Atomic Bomb Survivors." Kazan Tanino was a young medical intern and haiku poet who went to Hiroshima in the immediate aftermath of the atomic bombing to help care for the survivors. The poignant and often heartbreaking haiku in this collection reflect his experiences from that time. The 2017 Anthology also features an insightful essay by Michael Dylan Welch about Shugyo Takaha: "Arriving Geese: Learning from Shugyo Takaha," and publication of the 2016 Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest. Bows to Phillip and Amy in appreciation for their work on the anthology. Available at www.youngleaves.org

The 2017 Asilomar retreat was a complete success. We hope you'll consider joining us next year.
Dyana Basist

SAVE THE DATE
2018 ANNUAL ASILOMAR RETREAT will be Nov. 9-12, 2018 Fri-Mon

Asilomar Kazen Renku "Out of the Park"



Front line: Mimi Ahern, Bona Santos, Toni Homan
Judith Schallberger, Anne Homan.
Back line: Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Phillip Kennedy,
Greg Longenecker, Debbie Kolodji, Christine Stern.

on wet pine needles the squirrel shakes his tail welcome to Asilomar	Toni		
moon viewing over the gazebo	Chris	the TV drones spewing half-truths	Bonnie
sharing a cup of apple cider with grandmother	Phillip	the moon lights up a fish house on the frozen river	Anne
the old chintz chair beside the radiator	Amy	Scrooge refuses to repair the coal stove	Judith
peonies fill the vase on the piano	Mimi	she longs for the time when calories didn't count	Amy
a cormorant stretches its jet black wings	Phillip	my constant search for provocative verbs	Mimi
a red decal on the patio glass door shaped like a stop sign	Linda	Newton computes the trajectory of a cherry blossom	Phillip
she nibbles his canapé to get his attention	Chris	a surrogate rhino rebirths a species	Amy
tapping his toes to a slow rumba with a wide wide grin	Toni	the big wave surfers helicopter in to Mavericks	Mimi
she trains the mouse to jump through her hoop earrings	Mimi	the world is my oyster says the orange-haired clown	Greg
Marco Polo gets his ox-cart detailed	Phillip	an Eagle Scout petitions for a gender-fluid dress code	Judith
the TV drones spewing half-truths	Bonnie	why can't we talk about gun control?	Anne
Marco Polo gets his ox-cart detailed	Phillip	a line of ants marches past the toy soldiers	Debbie

the aroma of adobo from the backyard fiesta	Bonnie	on a chilly night the homeless family huddles together	Anne
give me a moment while I remove my dental appliance	Chris	Spock teaches Klingons to do the hokey pokey	Phillip
they use each other's wifi hotspots	Phillip	she brings her rah-rah girls to the renku party	Mimi/ Bonnie
older lovers reminisce on favorite spontaneous trysts after their nap	Judith	the tai chi instructor speeds it up	Mimi
she gives the other team the wrong answer	Mimi/ Chris	one screwdriver and he wants a cherry blossom tattoo	Chris/ Bonnie
a cigarette drifts downstream on the autumn moon	Debbie/ Greg	the smallest player hits a home run out of the park	Anne
the winning pumpkin gets carved	Bonnie	Renku Master: Deborah P. Kolodji Renku Assistant: Gregory Longenecker	



Ann Bendixen

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Business Meeting

Eleanor Carolan

The Annual Membership Business Meeting on November 18, 2017 was attended by Patrick Gallagher, Patricia Machmiller, Carolyn Fitz, Eleanor Carolan, Phillip Kennedy, Amy Ostenso- Kennedy, Alison Woolpert and Carol Steele.

The President, Patrick Gallagher, called the meeting to order at 1 PM and announced we would be reading and voting on the by-laws for YTHS. Phillip Kennedy had typed them up from older notes, they had been approved with slight revisions by the Bylaws Committee, and then circulated. Editorial suggestions were provided by Michael Dylan Welch, and appropriate revisions were made by the committee. Patrick handed out copies of the by-laws as approved by the committee. They were read out loud by Patrick, and adopted with a unanimous vote. The adopted bylaws will be mailed out to all active members.

The next order of business was the election of the Board of Directors for 2018. The nominating committee chaired by Patricia Machmiller had provided the nominations for offices as designated by the bylaws: Patrick Gallagher, President; Carolyn Fitz, Vice President; Patricia Machmiller, Treasurer; Eleanor Carolan, Recording Secretary. Nominations from the floor were requested. There being none, the nominated officers were elected by unanimous vote.

Carolyn Fitz asked if the GEPPPO Editor is a voting member of the Board. Patricia explained that the President appoints the editor according to the expertise needed for the GEPPPO and is not a voting member. Voting members per the newly adopted bylaws consists of the President, Vice President, Treasurer, and Corresponding Secretary. The Treasurer writes checks under \$100, as needed. The other board members vote on major expenditures.

Dues, and how to get them paid in a timely manner, were discussed. Yearly dues of \$32 U.S./Canada, \$26 U.S./Canada Sr., \$40 International, \$31 International Sr. are due on January 1 of each year and collected by the Membership Secretary, Toni Homan. Notification of dues are in the GEPPPO. Suggestions will be given to Betty Arnold, Editor. One suggestion is after the first GEPPPO, a warning be provided that no more publications will be sent if dues are not paid. Other ideas are a stamp with dues and date and/or a sticker to notify the last issue sent for the front of the GEPPPO.

A new schedule for Board Meetings was discussed. The current email notices and one meeting a year does not seem to be enough. The goal of quarterly meetings, if possible before the monthly meetings, was adopted. Patrick will notify the membership of meeting schedule and dates.

A discussion of the 2018 program status was discussed. Carol Steele talked about the CA State Library in Sacramento with their haiku archives as a meeting. Carol will be the chair of the Asilomar Retreat on dates to be determined. A Friday—Monday schedule is preferred. Judith Schallberger will host the Holiday Party in Dec. 2018. Patrick will post the full schedule of 2018 meetings on the website and in the *GEPP*O.

The final item was a suggested trip to Japan in 2019. Patrick was contacted by Meguro International Haiku Circle (MIHC). This group does haiku in English. Sakura (cherry blossom) Haiku Festival is from April 1 to April 6, 2019 in Tokyo, Japan. There was a previous trip to Japan in the 1990's. Patricia remembered costs to \$3,000 for two weeks in 2007. In previous trips there was a core group of travelers and others joined in as they wished. Costs should include food, fare and travel. A research committee was formed to include Patricia, Patrick, Alison and Carol. A place to Google is the Miko Museum out of Kyoto. Carolyn went to Japan on a trip with Hakone Gardens and suggests visiting Yasugi Adachi Museum.

The meeting was closed by Patrick at 3 PM with thanks to Carolyn for the meeting room in Soquel, CA, with tea and goodies.



Ann Bendixen

YTHS Monthly Meeting: Annual Holiday Party

Eleanor Carolan

On December 11, 2017, a cold and starry night, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS) gathered for the holiday party at Alison Woolpert's home in Santa Cruz. Her guests included Carolyn Fitz, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Phillip Kennedy, Karina M. Young, Patrick Gallagher, Marie Murray (from Alaska), Anil Bisht (back from India), Kat and Beverly Momoi, Joan Zimmerman, Cynthia Holbrook, Eleanor Carolan, Alison Woolpert, Alan Leavitt, Lou and Judith Schallberger, Al and Patricia Machmiller, Ed and JoAnn Grossmith, and Roger Abe. John Stevenson, Toni Homan and June Hopper Hymas joined us through messages read by Patricia and Alison.

Members gathered in Alison's kitchen for beverages before and after the feast. A large table, occupying most of her dining room, was covered with special dishes. Rooms were decorated with lights draped on driftwood and other artistic pieces found on the nearby beach. Groups gathered amidst laughter and murmuring, visiting with each other and sharing a meal. Trifle from an English recipe was a sweet treat from Ed ("just add whipped cream," says JoAnn.) Alison graciously guided us until we gathered for the culmination of the evening, sharing our haiku gifts.

Our President, Patrick (ho, ho, ho), had a gift for Roger, thanking him for arranging our meetings in the park. Bags to collect haiga and haiku were lined up for absent members: Betty Arnold, Ann Bendixen, and others who sent in haiku and letters. Everybody applied imagination and generosity to their creative gifts. There were dogs and cats from Carolyn, and Minions from Joan (evolving from single-celled yellow organisms at the dawn of time, Minions live to serve, but find themselves working for a continual series of unsuccessful masters) wikipedia.org.

Patrick's gift was a surprise! He made a pleated, paper, evergreen tree to decorate his haiga. Karina loves reading, and gave us a bookmark haiku. Year of the Dog haiku came from Bev and Kat Momoi. Their Japanese calligraphy, "A year in which happiness is abundant," was received as a welcome wish, and sent on to our readers. Outstanding original haiga came from Patricia, Anil, Alison and JoAnn. Toni sent her haiku wrapped in suminagashi paper (marbling technique) which was made at the Asilomar retreat the previous month. Each and every haiku was read out loud with copies passed out to everyone. Thank you one and all!

warmth of friends
keeps the winter chill out
holiday party



Ann Bendixen

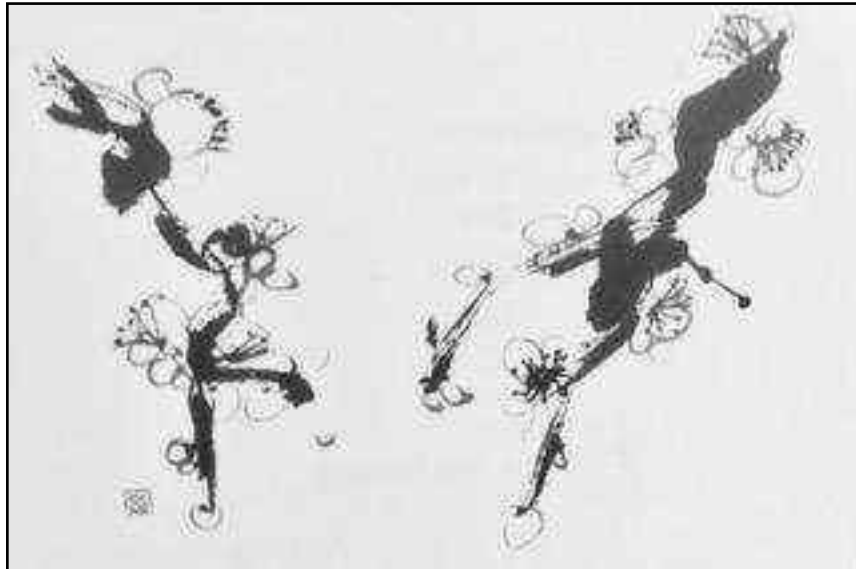
January Monthly Meeting: Workshopping our Haiku

Eleanor Carolan

On January 13, 2018 Patrick Gallagher led the meeting at the Firehouse in the San Jose History Park at Kelley Park. Attending members were Dyana Basist, Carol Steele, Judith Schallberger, Betty Arnold, Eleanor Carolan, Patricia Machmiller, Alison Woolpert, and Linda Papanicolaou. Bill Peckham was remembered and some members will read his haiku at the Memorial on January 27th.

Patrick went over the Tokutomi Contest kigo, which are chosen not to duplicate past contests. He gave us a list of winter kigo and sent us out into the sunny afternoon to write haiku. On return, Patrick had a computer to project haiku for sharing. We chose one haiku each and wrote it on a blank card. They were printed and projected onto a screen. The group reviewed the haiku and suggested changes, voting on each one. Only then was the author revealed.

Patricia talked about timing and phrases like “warm winter” works because the words are next to each other; too far apart would not work. Betty questioned meditation and words with “ion” because they are not concrete enough. Judith talked about a butterfly bat being a summer kigo. Linda used “a time warp” for the Historical Park. Alison brought celery and carrots alive as winter kigo. We left with lots to think about as we continue to write haiku.



Ann Bendixen

Conversations on Haiku with Jerry Ball, Patricia Machmiller and Mimi Ahern



*please tell me
just how is it
that haiku happen*

The above verse happened during a Yuki Teikei May meeting at Overfelt Park as Jerry Ball, with his ever-ready Sharpie marker, wrote on a piece of palm bark. It was in response to the question Mimi had asked earlier as they walked along the path to the picnic tables with Christine Horner.

Mimi: "Jerry, How does a haiku happen?"

Jerry: "How does anything happen?"

And so...that initial brief interchange sparked continuing conversations with Jerry which have evolved into articles for GEPPPO.

In the last issue of the GEPPPO, the beginning of the conversations with Jerry appeared. It had taken place in a very noisy restaurant in Fremont, CA. Jerry, his wife Sandy, Patricia Machmiller, Carol Steele and Mimi Ahern then moved to a quiet coffee shop to continue the conversation and there Jerry wrote the following verse:

with cappuccino
it's easier to be me
in a quiet place

Mimi: I noticed you played in your notebook with the lines: "it's harder to be me/ it's easier to be me." We were talking about how noisy the restaurant was and how quiet the coffee shop is. In the verse you go to the quiet. You focus on a kind of serenity as opposed to writing about all the noise.

Jerry: Well...yeah.

Patricia: It implies that there was a different environment that was noisier. It doesn't say there was...but "it's easier to be me in the quiet" implies there was a place that it was harder to be me.

Mimi: The reason I thought about it is that Jerry wrote a haiku about his beautiful daughter. In the haiku there is a line about his ex-wife. The line, in the way it's written, is positive as opposed to negative, yet it is basically saying the same thing.

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

Patricia: Thinking that the glass is half full, he's generally an upbeat guy.

Mimi: Are you generally an upbeat guy?

Jerry: Yeah, I think so. My son once asked me: "Are you an old soul or a young one?" and I said:

"I'm a young soul from an ancient time."

Mimi: A young happy soul from an ancient time. Do you believe that people are born with basic temperaments that come out in their haiku?

Patricia: Sometimes sadness creeps in often times with a kind of twinkle in his eye in his observation of the world. Like the haiku of the little boy who is alone in the rain.

“Hide and Seek!” they cried
then they left him there to wait...
spring rain on his cheeks

Jerry: Here’s another haiku:

internment camp
he gives her a bouquet
made of barbed wire

Internment camps are still in the hearts of the people. If you want a sad one...that’s a sad one.

Mimi: I wasn’t really requesting a sad one, Jerry! Now I’m thinking of the poem “Valentine for Ernest Mann” by Naomi S. Nye...“You can’t order a poem like you order a taco. Walk up to the counter, say, ‘I’ll take two...” Basically you can’t do poems on demand.

Jerry: They have to happen.

The online [Maininchi](#) column “Haiku in English,” is published worldwide. I see haiku from Germany, Latvia, Estonia, Italy, Greece, India... They publish a haiku a day. At the end of the year the editor, Mr. Hashimoto selected a number of haiku for comment. Five of mine were included in this group:

frost everywhere
we stuff an old sock
into the mail slot

bitter morning
a sudden shudder jolts through
a row of freight cars

end of winter
I just can’t find my glasses
without my glasses

the new Star Wars
may the Fourth
be with you

cancer removed
I cover the empty spot
with my cowboy hat

Jerry: That’s it [he points]...that’s the spot on my head. I’ll let you read the comment from the editor.

Mimi reads: “You are a great haiku master, Jerry Ball; I hope you will regain your vigor. The haiku above are all superb. Haiku #5 especially is just like you...expecting your next masterpieces in the year 2017.”

In Memoriam: William Henry Peckham, Jr.
 (May 7, 1938-Dec. 31, 2017)



On 12/31/2017, Bill Peckham, long time member of YTHS since 1998, passed away at the age of 79 from acute leukemia. He wrote lyric poetry, sonnets and haiku, and enjoyed attending our annual retreats at Asilomar and our monthly meetings. He also was a member of the Mensa Society.

Bill grew up in Poughkeepsie, NY and began his career in computer programming at IBM in that area. In 1972, IBM transferred him to the California branch as he was one of their top programmers. His wife, Joan, and daughter, Jennifer, joined him. While in California, he had a second daughter, Barbara. In his free time he enjoyed fishing, target practice and being with family. He retired from IBM after 25 years. Notably Bill was very active in his church: he led a homeless meal program; always volunteered in the nursery on Mother's Day; and sang in the choir for many years. He also was a member of the West Bay Opera Chorus. He was proud of 24 years of sobriety, volunteered on the 24-hr AA hotline night shift, and loved to work with the Al-anon programs focusing on the needs of children living in alcoholic homes. He started writing long poetry in his sixties, but once he discovered haiku, it became his favorite form. In his later years Bill experienced failing health and struggled with memory loss. Despite his challenges, he inspired many of us with his positive attitude, determination to stay involved, and sense of humor. He loved his family, enjoyed time with his grandchildren, and continued to be active in his church, all the while keeping daily contact with his sponsor. He was a man of exceptional brilliance who was committed to community service, acquired a strong faith in his higher power, and touched many lives with his big heart and generous spirit.

hazy moon—tongue-tied
 he sings of his love, then she
 joins in a duet

water lilies bob
 on tremulous ripples in
 the wake of goslings

Betty Arnold

The 2018 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

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

Contest Rules

- In hand-deadline of **May 31, 2018**
- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern. Contest standard: *The American Heritage Dictionary, 5th Edition*.
- Haiku must use only one kigo from the contest list. Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

2018 Contest Kigo List

- New Year: first day of the year
- Spring: frog, spring fever
- Summer: hollyhock, balmy breeze
- Autumn: Milky Way, mushroom gathering
- Winter: Basho's Day, winter moon

Email Entries

To: Mimi Ahern

Fee: \$8.00 per 3 haiku with PayPal: YukiTeikei@msn.com.
In the "note" box of PayPal type: YTCcontest, your name, and the number of haiku.

Paper Entries

To: Mimi Ahern, Contest Chair,

Fee: \$7.00 per page of three haiku. Include check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Place 3 poems per 8 ½ x 11 page and 3 copies of each page with name and address on one copy only. Overseas entrants use International Postal Money Order in U.S. currency only.

Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, web site, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the November 2018 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat in Asilomar. Soon afterward they will appear on the YTHS website: <http://youngleaves.org/>
- For a paper copy of the contest results send a self-addressed stamped envelope (SASE) marked "Contest Winners." Those abroad please enclose a self-addressed envelope (SAE) plus enough postage in international reply coupons for airmail return.

Call for 2018 YTHS Anthology Submissions

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society invites its members to contribute to the Society's annual anthology, which will be edited this year by Phillip and Amy Kennedy. The in-hand deadline for submissions: **July 1, 2018.**

Email to: [redacted]

Subject Line: 2018 Anthology

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

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

[redacted]

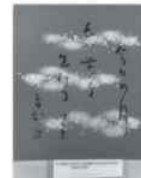
Deadline: July 1, 2018

Visit to California State Library and Haiku Archives.

Wednesday **March 14** 11 AM - 4 PM.

Details to be provided on youngleaves.org

Dear YTHS and HPNC Members and friends—



Yuki Teikei poets are planning a visit on Wednesday, March 14 to the California State Library exhibit of Shikishi created by famous Haiku poets of Japan and presented to the Haiku Society of America on their 10th Anniversary. We will also tour the Haiku Archives at the library and take the opportunity to see some of the materials that reside in the archive. We will assemble in Sacramento at the library at 11:30 AM. If you are interested in participating, please contact Patricia Machmiller

Second YTHS Haibun Workshop: Saturday June 2nd, 2018.

A haibun workshop by Joan Zimmerman and Patricia J. Machmiller will be held on Saturday June 2nd, 2018, near Moss Landing, CA, 9:30 AM to 4:30 PM. We will study how to juxtapose prose and haiku. There will be opportunities for writing new work, improving drafts, and sharing work individually as well as within the group. This is a fundraiser for YT; attendees are invited to make a donation on the order of \$60 if possible.

To register, please email Patricia:
Enrollment will be limited to 12.

***GEPP*O Submission Guidelines**

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

Betty Arnold, Editor

or snail mail to:

Betty Arnold, *GEPP*O Editor

When you submit emails please write in the subject line:

***GEPP*O 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. Do not vote more than once for any poem.
- ◆ The newsletter is published quarterly: deadlines for submissions are due on the **first of the month in Feb, May, Aug, and Nov**.

The quarterly *GEPP*O newsletter and annual YTHS Anthology are treasures. To receive both publications you must be a paid member.

Domestic and Canada dues \$32, Seniors \$26.
International dues \$40, Seniors \$31.

You may pay by PayPal by sending your payment to Yuki Teikei @msn.com and write "YTHS Dues— Your Name" in the note box. (Please include \$1 additional fee for this service.)

Or mail your check or money order to:

Toni Homan, Membership Secretary

Membership Dues

2018 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Mar 10
1-4pm | Phillip Kennedy will give a presentation about the Usage of Modifiers with Kigo Season Words. Meeting place in Soquel, CA. Please bring a peanut-free snack to share. Newcomers and guests are welcome! |
| Mar 14
11am-4pm | Visit to California State Library and Haiku Archives. Details to be provided on www.youngleaves.org |
| April 14
1-4pm | Meet at Hakone Gardens, Saratoga, CA for picnic lunch and a talk by Patrick Gallagher about how to use Cinematic Techniques in writing haiku. Ginko to follow. Bring your lunch and a peanut-free snack or beverage to share. Newcomers and guests are welcome! |
| May 1 | Deadline for submissions to the second 2018 <i>GEPP</i> O issue. YT members only. |
| May 12
10am-4pm | Friendship Garden Tour and YT Annual Haiku Poetry Reading. Kelley Park, 1300 Senter Road, San Jose, CA. Meet at the Okayama Room of the Leininger Center. Featured readers: Yvonne Cabalona, David Grayson, Carolyn Fitz, and Kath Abela Wilson. For a detailed schedule see www.youngleaves.org . |
| June 2
9:30am-
4:30pm | Haibun workshop by Joan Zimmerman and Patricia Machmiller near Moss Landing, CA. How to juxtapose prose and haiku. "Requested donation" \$60. Limited to 12. For more information, see announcement in this issue, p. 30. |
| June 16
1-4pm | Haiga Garden Gathering/ Sharing hosted by Carolyn Fitz at her home in the redwoods Bring a bag lunch, a peanut free snack, and your latest haiga to show and share your process. Drinks will be provided. |