

# 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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| 1779 | mother and son<br>depth of Icelandic blue<br>autumn twilight                     | 1790 | high school<br>graduation day<br>stiletto heels                                |
| 1780 | rose petal ice cream<br>or cardamon ice cream<br>a difficult choice              | 1791 | water hyacinths<br>between the green bulbs<br>goldfish bloom                   |
| 1781 | giggles<br>blowing bubbles<br>best friends                                       | 1792 | the first ladybug<br>trembles on your fingertip<br>your held breath holds mine |
| 1782 | bushy eyebrows<br>echo old man's frown<br>St. Patrick's Day celebration          | 1793 | black umbrella<br>rain drips from the canopy<br>of Spanish oak                 |
| 1783 | "owning" it<br>a crow perched on the flag pole<br>what a scold!                  | 1794 | spring welcome<br>on the balcony<br>geranium blossoms                          |
| 1784 | partly cloudy<br>partly sunny<br>depends on you                                  | 1795 | Italy<br>walking the same streets<br>as Michelangelo                           |
| 1785 | what a handsome gull<br>if only The Divine<br>made fewer of them                 | 1796 | in attack mode<br>that raven<br>on the wall                                    |
| 1786 | teacher's gun went off<br>and nicked a student's neck<br>school "safety" lesson! | 1797 | midnight . . .<br>no one's number<br>i recognized                              |
| 1787 | rest here<br>hummingbird<br>the winter is long                                   | 1798 | solar eclipse<br>a temporary tattoo<br>wiped away                              |
| 1788 | It's too<br>early for Spring<br>butterfly dreams                                 | 1799 | first day of spring<br>the swimming pool fills<br>with toads                   |
| 1789 | halos<br>around the street lights<br>night magic                                 | 1800 | in a mirror<br>that never changes . . .<br>space time                          |

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| 1801 | warm early morning<br>we compare histories<br>of perceived insults         | 1815 | the high path<br>to a spring bamboo grove<br>an insect's wing beat         |
| 1802 | mist around the moon<br>the coming and going<br>of tweets                  | 1816 | drinking<br>wisteria breezes . . .<br>pond koi                             |
| 1803 | wisteria<br>beginning on<br>her rebuilt porch                              | 1817 | roughly fine<br>cloudy with occasional<br>shower of blossoms               |
| 1804 | mobile home<br>camouflaged as a garden<br>of wisteria                      | 1818 | one's smile<br>makes others smile—<br>flowering dogwood                    |
| 1805 | pulling LPs<br>from decades of dust<br>a spring moth                       | 1819 | sung by the bride<br>songs selected by the groom—<br>spring evening        |
| 1806 | welcoming<br>the whip-poor-will<br>a water birdcall                        | 1820 | spring tapestry . . .<br>twigs woven with rabbit fur<br>for the wren house |
| 1807 | cleaning day<br>the new place for sepias<br>of ancestors                   | 1821 | crow . . .<br>the dark crackle<br>of river ice                             |
| 1808 | sunlight<br>its warmth breaking through<br>the thunderhead                 | 1822 | shaded footpath . . .<br>egg shells the color of sky<br>on a tuft of moss  |
| 1809 | Easter chick<br>from a perfect white egg<br>solid black                    | 1823 | new hiding place . . .<br>that dreadful clatter<br>of the cat carrier      |
| 1810 | March winds—<br>the makeshift memorial<br>shredded                         | 1824 | false spring<br>believing the women but . . .<br>there's always a but      |
| 1811 | unnoticed<br>they bloom and droop—<br>spring ephemerals                    | 1825 | tangle of honeysuckle<br>between my neighbor and me<br>bees                |
| 1812 | first warbler<br>lemon-yellow<br>on a bare twig                            | 1826 | last to leave<br>the flowering dogwood<br>at dusk                          |
| 1813 | a morning greeting<br>from the door jamb Celtic Cross<br>spring melancholy | 1827 | cold snap<br>bruises mar<br>the magnolias                                  |
| 1814 | expressive voices<br>meld with aromatic food<br>a Thrush sings             | 1828 | good days and bad days<br>shadows of spring clouds<br>pattern the hills    |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 1829 | a steaming teapot—<br>green leaves are preparing a<br>spring ceremony             | 1843 | the only certainties—<br>sunrise<br>sunset                             |
| 1830 | May twilight<br>the florist shop is closing<br>with its petals                    | 1844 | advancing spring<br>firestorm scars dissolve<br>into green             |
| 1831 | spring departs too soon<br>how eagerly blossoms ride<br>the balmy breezes         | 1845 | stream crossing—<br>entering the land of Myth<br>beyond the rapids     |
| 1832 | coming of spring<br>squeaking sounds<br>of a baby squirrel                        | 1846 | yesterday the rain<br>today the shining sky<br>April morning           |
| 1833 | flowering dogwood<br>even whiter today<br>April snow                              | 1847 | he winds her obi<br>in the teahouse parking lot<br>the scent of lilacs |
| 1834 | over sixty<br>learning to grow moss<br>on rocks                                   | 1848 | swollen river crossing<br>the differences between<br>my son and I      |
| 1835 | funeral service<br>a train whistle<br>now distant                                 | 1849 | spring wind<br>through the jacaranda<br>the swish of her skirt         |
| 1836 | pink clematis<br>blankets the cottage<br>your warm embrace                        | 1850 | quack of dawn<br>the sound of hanky-panky<br>in the late spring rain   |
| 1837 | green labyrinth<br>I pull<br>the starter rope                                     | 1851 | spring thief—<br>allergies<br>steal my voice                           |
| 1838 | sunrise dew<br>on the tips of new grass<br>votive candles                         | 1852 | full moon<br>what can I do<br>to regain her trust                      |
| 1839 | a round puff<br>pulls away from the cloud<br>Easter dinner rolls                  | 1853 | tinnitus—<br>every angel<br>gets its wings                             |
| 1840 | 66th springtime<br>this small boy shouts to his dad<br>in my pre-pubertal voice   | 1854 | her mixtape<br>of love songs<br>desert super bloom                     |
| 1841 | pushing and pulling<br>the porcelain lady and her lapdog—<br>ricksha and rickshaw | 1855 | ceanothus<br>a hawk shown the ropes<br>of the sky                      |
| 1842 | the right soap!<br>we are in our own bubbles                                      | 1856 | no matter<br>that it's a gray day<br>poppies                           |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 1857 | lighting my way<br>through the rain<br>roadside mustard                 | 1871 | shadow<br>protects ground squirrels<br>snowy entrance                  |
| 1858 | spring gusts<br>the bronze baby shoes fill in<br>as paperweights        | 1872 | remaining snow<br>cherry blossoms<br>freeze on Mt. Fuji                |
| 1859 | mouth of the canyon<br>a sweep of hedgehog cacti<br>with magenta crowns | 1873 | the last patch of snow<br>melted in my pocket<br>Route 66              |
| 1860 | stroller roll<br>in a green-leafed wind<br>—sleeping baby               | 1874 | yellow tulips<br>on the kitchen counter<br>we talk of old times        |
| 1861 | lone a cappella<br>at the patio party<br>—Bewick's Wren                 | 1875 | the love in her smile<br>as he tells their story—<br>earthshine        |
| 1862 | dried daffodils<br>the bouquet on my desk<br>four months old            | 1876 | Valentine's Day . . .<br>calling her<br>mom now                        |
| 1863 | later than last year<br>a dove arranges twigs<br>on top of the flue     | 1877 | weeding weeds<br>alone<br>my mother                                    |
| 1864 | snapdragons<br>a full pot planted before<br>the demolition              | 1878 | deployment over<br>and home from Afghanistan—<br>the end of winter     |
| 1865 | still at work<br>right up to the weeder<br>dandelions                   | 1879 | I put my camo<br>bracelet on the jizo statue—<br>early spring          |
| 1866 | wild columbines<br>bend down towards soil—<br>his averted eyes          | 1880 | your holiday gift<br>sent to Afghanistan—<br>will it be sent back home |
| 1867 | checkered flags<br>waving-off summer—<br>yellow-billed magpies          | 1881 | first skylark<br>we all leap over<br>the turnstile                     |
| 1868 | meadow baseball<br>chipped arrowheads<br>out in left field              | 1882 | drifting back<br>to memory's source<br>spring dream                    |
| 1869 | behind a blank screen<br>hives of sleepy bees<br>do back-ups            | 1883 | the sidewalk café<br>filled with cyclists—<br>summer is near           |
| 1870 | fresh rays of sun<br>discover the last<br>patch of snow                 | 1884 | lingering day<br>a rescue chopper<br>hangs in the air                  |

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| 1885 | those piercing howls<br>coyotes circle a deer<br>—restless winter night              | 1899 | field of oxalis<br>birds on the high phone wire<br>calls upon calls         |
| 1886 | we've given up<br>on mopping floors<br>mud season                                    | 1900 | pears crowding the bowl—<br>rows of plucked trees<br>and the wind           |
| 1887 | two crocuses show up<br>outside the garden fence<br>running away from home           | 1901 | "Stayin' alive!"<br>we dance with our eyes closed—<br>tightly cut daffodils |
| 1888 | women add their names<br>to Hashtag MeToo<br>dense fog lifting                       | 1902 | artist's memorial—<br>all "her people" on the walls<br>and in the chairs    |
| 1889 | city slickers<br>a roost of pigeons<br>takes over a stop light                       | 1903 | the hospice handrail<br>shines in the moonlight . . .<br>the heavy box      |
| 1890 | rite of spring<br>empty baby carriage<br>claimed by the roadside                     | 1904 | autumn rain—<br>for once I'm not<br>feeling lonely                          |
| 1891 | starless night<br>at least the moon<br>takes a view                                  | 1905 | a spring tea bowl<br>from your hand to mine<br>warm to the touch            |
| 1892 | moon viewing<br>she gives his buttock<br>a low score                                 | 1906 | endless autumn rain—<br>even the windshield wipers<br>seem tired            |
| 1893 | his coffin lowered<br>sudden cloud of butterflies<br>gathers in grief                | 1907 | light between cracks<br>of the wooden outhouse<br>sparrow song              |
| 1894 | solitude<br>in the tank<br>monk fish   | 1908 | half-sisters in lavender<br>the youngest one's basket<br>of rose petals     |
| 1895 | Wind-driven flurries<br>not of snow, but plum blossoms<br>pink, delicate swirls.     | 1909 | the dark spot<br>of desert mariposa<br>hidden faults                        |
| 1896 | Two magnificent<br>magnolias bloom in front<br>of an empty house.                    | 1910 | mockingbird<br>if I could only learn<br>when not to speak                   |
| 1897 | First the robins start<br>then the crows and others join—<br>urban dawn chorus.      | 1911 | balmy breezes<br>the door of a streetcar<br>closing behind me               |
| 1898 | In still morning air,<br>enticing scents of fruit trees—<br>sweet perfume of Spring. | 1912 | turtles kissing<br>atop a pond rock<br>spring bamboo shoots                 |
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| 1913 | power strip—<br>wired to facsimiles<br>as spring explodes                    | 1921 | crossed by children<br>laughing and shouting<br>the rope bridge        |
| 1914 | spring rush—<br>a fistful of lists<br>but no lipstick                        | 1922 | outside my window<br>a woman in yellow burqa<br>and matching socks     |
| 1915 | right off the bat<br>that ball to the jaw—<br>weeks of soup                  | 1923 | licking ice cream<br>in the quayside car park<br>teenagers             |
| 1916 | sunrise—<br>slowly green grass unfolds<br>where deer slept                   | 1924 | two jet skis<br>their zigzags blurring<br>cut across the bay           |
| 1917 | port cranes<br>in the fading light<br>trips he never took                    | 1925 | spring break dim sum<br>granddaughter picks red dish<br>chicken feet   |
| 1918 | a man and his dog<br>slowly emerge from the fog<br>Black Friday              | 1926 | to fledge<br>or not to fledge<br>the quivering branch                  |
| 1919 | Route 66<br>lined with brittlebush in bloom<br>Vivaldi's spring              | 1927 | her note arrives<br>one week after she died<br>billowing spring clouds |
| 1920 | stretching toward the sun<br>long black necks of geese<br>the feel of velvet | 1928 | Steller's Jay nest<br>we wait for eggs to hatch<br>momma bird...and I  |



Sumi-e ink sketch by Carolyn Fitz

## Spring Challenge Kigo: remaining snow

East L.A. I never saw remaining snow ~Genie Nakano	Remaining snow patch clings to its hard dirty crust as water seeps out. ~David Sherertz	trying to see past the gray remaining snow ~Beverly Acuff Momoi
remaining snow across the yard a dogwood drifts its white petals ~Elisabeth Liebert	remaining snow— trumpet practice from an open window ~Michael Dylan Welch	you left me and this empty chair— remaining snow ~Ed Grossmith
remaining snow the child's footprints only there ~Barbara Campitelli	remaining snow black in the parking lot bluelight special ~Deborah P. Kolodji	remaining snow the new habit of browsing obituaries ~John J. Han
remaining snow eye to eye with the garden gnome ~Michael Henry Lee	remaining snow . . . the crocus pushes its head to the sun ~E. Luke	last patch of snow— he starts to come around ~Susan Burch
remaining snow the gravesite next to dad's haunting me ~Richard St. Clair	remaining snow— snapshots of my old dog filed in memory ~Christine Horner	the vast valley gives way to mountain ridges remaining snow ~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
new lambs on the hillside remaining snow ~Ruth Holzer	not quite ready to let go . . . remaining snow ~Michael Sheffield	remaining snow— the train slows in its ascent of the Sierras ~Alison Woolpert
mere ghosts now of the men they were remaining snow ~Barbara Snow	guarding her stairs a week later small dog-shaped remaining snow ~Kath Abela Wilson	remaining snow rabbit's winter coat changes to brown ~Sharon Lynne Yee
remaining snow clumps pasted with the new snow— the breath of Greenland ~Zinovy Vayman	she won't let it go holds on to history remaining snow ~Christine Lamb Stern	remaining snow mother's younger sisters cope with decline ~Judith Morrison Schallberger
remaining snow . . . bright yellow daffodils nudge winter aside ~Elinor Pihl Huggett	beside the road in the remaining snow birds search for grubs ~Patricia Prime	remaining snow play catch with the last cherry blossoms ~Janis Albright Lukstein

## Members' Votes for November 2017—February 2018 Haiku

Genie Nakano	1620-0,	1621-0,	1622-0,	1623-2
Michael Dylan Welch	1624-4,	1625-3,	1626-1,	1627-1
Francis Silva	1628-1,	1629-2,	1630-2	
Patricia Prime	1631-3,	1632-1,	1633-8,	1634-0
Richard St. Clair	1635-1,	1636-1,	1637-0,	1638-1
Cherie Jameison	1639-2,	1640-0,	1641-0,	1642-2
Elaine Whitman	1643-1,	1644-3,	1645-4,	1646-2
Neal Whitman	1647-0,	1648-2,	1649-2,	1650-0
Clysta Seney	1651-1,	1652-2,	1653-0,	1654-1
Michael Henry Lee	1655-1,	1656-1,	1657-3,	1658-0,
Joan Zimmerman	1659-0,	1660-10,	1661-7,	1662-3
Ruth Holzer	1663-2,	1664-1,	1665-5,	1666-1
Zinovy Vayman	1667-1,	1668-1,	1669-4,	1670-1
Zinovy Vayman*	1671-2,	1672-4,	1673-0,	1674-0
Susan Burch	1675-5,	1676-1,	1677-3	
Barbara Snow	1678-5,	1679-9,	1680-5,	1681-0
Ed Grossmith	1682-5,	1683-2,	1684-2,	1685-6
Michael Sheffield	1686-4,	1687-1,	1688-1,	1689-3,
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson	1690-1,	1691-0,	1692-3,	1693-2
Dyana Basist	1694-1,	1695-3,	1696-1,	1697-2
Majo Leavick	1698-0,	1699-0,	1700-2,	1701-0,
Alison Woolpert	1702-0,	1703-4,	1704-1,	1705-1
Toni Homan	1706-0,	1707-1,	1708-1	
Karina M. Young	1709-5,	1710-0,	1711-4,	1712-1
Mimi Ahern	1713-3,	1714-1,	1715-1,	1716-2
Judith Morrison Schallberger	1717-2,	1718-1,	1719-6,	1720-0
Hiroyuki Murakami	1721-0,	1722-0,	1723-0,	1724-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	1725-12,	1726-3,	1727-0,	1728-1
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	1729-1,	1730-2,	1731-0,	1732-0
Deborah P. Kolodji	1733-4,	1734-1,	1735-1,	1736-0
Sharon Lynne Yee	1737-0,	1738-0,	1739-1,	1740-0
Sherry Barto	1741-3,	1742-2,	1743-0,	1744-1
Christine Horner	1745-5,	1746-5,	1747-14,	1748-0
David Sherertz	1749-0,	1750-0,	1751-0,	1752-0
Lois Heyman Scott	1753-0,	1754-0,	1755-0,	1756-1
Phillip Kennedy	1757-6,	1758-2,	1759-4,	1760-3
John J. Han	1761-7,	1762-1,	1763-0,	1764-4
Christine Lamb Stern	1765-1,	1766-1,	1767-0,	1768-3
Carol Steele	1769-1,	1770-0,	1771-1,	1772-4
Bona M. Santos	1773-0,	1774-1,	1775-5	
Ann Bendixen	1776-2,	1777-4,	1778-3	

### Attention All Voting Members:

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

**November 2017—January 2018 Haiku  
Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers  
(received 5 or more votes)**

weeds caught  
in lake ice—  
the trips we never took  
~Christine Horner

full moon  
the blueness  
of snow  
~John J. Han

the end-of-row pause  
in the knitting clicks  
New Year's eve  
~Barbara Snow

thinning winter fog . . .  
the trees start to come  
out of the woods  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

winter night  
driving home  
your way  
~Ed Grossmith

aging spots  
on the florist's hands  
winter garden  
~Ed Grossmith

imported apricots  
the warmth of the sun  
in winter  
~Joan Zimmerman

old year . . . new year  
the dryer screen  
gorged with lint  
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

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

flossing—  
snow sifts through  
the picket fence  
~Barbara Snow

the cow walks  
right up to the fence  
withered field  
~Phillip Kennedy

winter beach—  
a taste of sunshine and  
the bite of salt wind  
~Christine Horner

night walk  
inside the blackbird's  
pure song  
~Patricia Prime

a skin of ice  
on the empty pond—  
turning back  
~Ruth Holzer

first morning—  
the slow wing-beat of vultures  
finding the sun  
~Christine Horner

pivoting  
over the skateboard park  
swallows  
~Joan Zimmerman

getting old –  
I fill my pill box  
with sighs  
~Susan Burch

winter blues  
my re-gift hoard  
piles up  
~Bona M. Santos

first plum blossoms  
our calico giddy  
with a rubber band  
~Barbara Snow

## Dojin's Corner Nov 2017—Jan 2018

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita,  
and Michael Dylan Welch

Happy Spring! It's finally warming up in San Jose. How is it where you are? Our guest editor this issue is Michael Dylan Welch from Sammamish, Washington. Michael is a member of the Haiku Society of America and has served as an officer in that society, as well as a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. He has recently offered his assistance to several people in YT who were editing books for the first time. This help was much appreciated. We are delighted to have him join us in reviewing the haiku from the last issue of GEPPPO.

We received this comment from Carol Steele on our commentary last time addressing her haiku, # 1582:

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

Carol writes:

Thank you very much for choosing my haiku for the Dojin's Corner. I'm honored to have it discussed and glad the family's concern for the deployed soldier came through. When our soldier is sent to a country we are at war with, there is constant worry that he or she might be in a life-or-death battle. There are strict rules from the Geneva Convention stating what conduct is lawful and unlawful while engaging in combat with an opposing force. I don't think military families think of their soldier as a killer or being turned into a killer, but rather that, as the last resort in battle, we know he or she would act honorably to protect himself or herself and his or her fellow soldiers. I know military families and civilian people may have different views about this difficult subject. Thank you once again for discussing my haiku.

And thank you, Carol, for giving us this perspective.

And now to our choices from the last issue:

MDW: 1661, 1663, 1672, 1675\*, 1677, 1678, 1680, 1685\*, 1686, 1687, 1700, 1704, 1709\*, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1718, 1726, 1730, 1734, 1738, 1742, 1747, 1760\*,

1760\*, 1763, 1764, 1772, 1775, 1777.

E: 1627, 1628, 1629, 1634, 1645, 1650, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1669, 1671, 1672, 1684, 1690, 1700, 1703, 1708, 1713, 1715, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1734. 1742, 1758, 1762, 1775, 1777.

pjm: 1628, 1649, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1665, 1668\*, 1669, 1680, 1682, 1683, 1685, 1686, 1694, 1695, 1697, 1703, 1704, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1719, 1725\*, 1737, 1758, 1759\*, 1762, 1767, 1769, 1770\*, 1772, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778.

1668 mountain lake stillness  
not even a ripple from  
the descending snowflakes

pjm: This image of quiet makes me almost ache it's so beautiful and so simple and so *still*. Even though the snowflakes are moving, they disappear soundlessly without a ripple into the lake's surface. The coming together of the lake's water and the snow's crystalline water seems so profound: a merger of two forms of the same thing and yet . . . there is not one sound, not one ripple.

MDW: What a gentle snowfall this must be if its flakes do not cause any ripples in the lake. I take this poem to be early in the winter because the lake has not yet frozen over. I can see that the poet may have kept "from" in the middle line to give each line approximately the same length, but if this were mine I would move it down to the third line. Not only does this prevent what I see as an awkward line break, but moving "from" puts more emphasis on "ripple," and then "the" could be cut.

E: This haiku reminds me of Christopher Herold's haiku: *just a minnow—/the granite mountain wobbles/on the lake*, which was included in *The New Pond: An English-language Haiku Anthology*, Tokyo, 2002. The haiku focuses on the stillness of the mountain lake, emphasizing it by the fact that the landing snowflakes do not make ripples on it. Christopher's haiku on the contrary shows a sudden movement

intruding the stillness—the ripples stirring the glassy surface of water. Which one brings you a deeper stillness?

1675 getting old—  
I fill my pill box  
with sighs

MDW: The bittersweet humor of this poem resonates with me today in ways that I suspect might not have happened ten or fifteen years ago. Once a week many people fill up their pill boxes to help them remember whether they've taken their medications on any given day. And here the poet is not just filling the box with pills but with sighs, a lament on growing older, perhaps even a gentle protest against its challenges. Internal rhymes (fill/pill and I/my/sigh) also give the poem cohesion and perhaps add to the humor. Although no season word is given for this poem (and might be out of place since this is an indoor poem), it feels like autumn, doesn't it?

E: Hmmm. This haiku visualizes the sigh which is an exhaled breath with a reluctant emotion, in the shape of a capsuled pill or a tablet. The first line may be a bit garrulous which in a way makes it easy to picture the haiku, but it dilutes its surprise, because the scene is quite familiar among elders. How about something like: *dog-eared catalog—I fill my pill box/with sighs, or untuned piano—I fill my pill box/with sighs*. Something that can vaguely hint at a feeling of aging is better than a straight pitch, I think.

pjm: I really like the last two lines—they seem to sigh themselves with the long and short sounds of *i*. I, too, like Emiko, wish the first line matched the power of the last two lines. I would suggest going to the kigo list to find inspiration. Keeping the *i* sounds in mind, here are two possibilities: night chill or winter solitude.

MDW: You make good points about how the first line could be improved—I agree, though I still found it easy to identify with and appreciate this poem.

1680 the end-of-row pause  
in the knitting clicks  
New Year's eve

E: I knitted wool caps for my three granddaughters, their mother, my mother, and for myself this winter. I made comforters for them, too. So the first line grabbed my heart immediately. The end-of-row pause—how I longed to get there! And how proud I was to get there! Is this pause showing us the arrival of the New Year? I feel a contentment in the author's life by the clicking sound that has ticked the last few hours of the passing year. Lovely!

pjm: Time, we know, marches relentlessly on, and yet, it does feel as though that moment when one year becomes another, that moment, being more propitious, is longer in our minds as we acknowledge what has passed and we long to give it its respectful due even as it slips away from us. The process of knitting—what an excellent metaphor for time!

MDW: A pleasing domestic scene, but not just any night of knitting quietly at home, but New Year's eve. Here the person is content to stay at home rather than going out to celebrate the New Year in a more raucous fashion. The pause in the knitting needles seems to be just the same as the person's pause at the end of the year.

1685 winter night  
driving home  
your way

MDW: We don't know if it's snowing, or if the roads are icy or frosty, but we know it must be cold. The days are short, and driving is just a bit more difficult. What's left unstated is whether two people are driving together in this vehicle, and one person is deferring to the other regarding which route to take, or if just one person is in the car and he or she is taking the route suggested by another person (which leads us to contemplate the nature of that relationship). Either way, the route being taken is surely the safer one. However, another way to interpret this poem is that the choice of route isn't affected by any inclement weather but by choosing to drive by another person's location, with the chance of perhaps visiting that person on the way home. Perhaps this interpreta-

tion is less likely, but it gives this deceptively simple poem added reverberation. Sometimes naming the season can be just right for a haiku, but another thought here is to consider whether it might benefit the poem to change “winter night” to something more specific, such as “snowy night” or “frosty night,” to give the poem a little more character.

E: Somehow, I don't hear a conversation between the two driving home in a car together. Why? Usually a driver takes the best way he/she prefers, and the author is saying here that the driver is not taking his/her favorite way, thus creating an emotion which resonates with the season word, is my guess. Or it may be of a totally different situation, where the author is happy after eating out or enjoying a concert and feels like just relaxing in the passenger's seat. The haiku seems to convey a certain feeling but is open to many interpretations.

pjm: I agree, Michael and Emiko, about being able to give different readings to this poem. One way I read it is that the couple in the car each have a favorite way home and the ensuing argument has left a wintry feeling between them. In my second reading the couple is no longer together, but on this winter night one of them, feeling lonely, has chosen to drive home by way of the other's place.

In the first reading there is a feeling of frosty tension. In the second there is only sadness and a longing for what was. It's surprising what one can do with six words!

1709 not yet ready  
to let go  
the autumn sea

MDW: My personal tendency in reading and writing haiku usually favors specific images and concrete actions, but here's an effective poem that takes a more abstract view of an experience. We do not know why a person is not yet ready to let go of something, or what that something is. Surely it's an emotional issue of some

kind, and the poem's withholding of this detail empowers readers to engage with the moment to supply their own reason for not being able to “let go.” The fact that this is an “autumn” sea suggests that, whatever the issue is, it may well have been building for some time—or related, perhaps, to the autumn of someone's life. Or it could be a moment of scattering someone's ashes at the seaside, and not being able to release those ashes just yet, to let them scatter with the wind into the ocean waves. I find it satisfying to dwell in this poem, letting it take me, like the unmentioned wind, wherever it will.

pjm: The sea is amazing the way that it can absorb suffering and pain. But this visitor to the sea is “not yet ready” for the sea to do its work. It's interesting that it is the autumn sea from which solace is sought. Interesting because no other season will do—only the autumn sea can hold this kind of sadness.

E: Autumn sea. Because I don't live close to the sea, what I imagine is a vacant beach and a rough sea. Or I think of it as a home for tons of sardines, sea urchins, and salmon—rich seafood. The author may be suffering from stress and is overtaken by his/her worries. She/he thinks it takes more time to put a period to this situation. The autumn sea assures it. Patricia's beach house has a natural cure for worries—the steady sound of surf crashing to the beach adjusts our heartbeat and makes us think of “tiny me with tiny worries” embraced in nature's heartbeat. I hope that the author is invited to Patricia's beach house soon!

pjm: Or consider coming to the Haiku Retreat at Asilomar on the Pacific Coast this fall!

1725 thinning winter fog . . .  
the trees start to come  
out of the woods

pjm: A simple scene so accurately depicted. As we watch, the fog thins, and we begin to discern first one tree and then another. And in the process the trees are

transformed from being one of a group to each becoming an individual, uniquely shaped entity. That's the thing about fog—it's transformational.

MDW: Of course, the trees aren't coming out of the woods at all. This is a poem of perception, and it does indeed *look* like the trees are "coming out" as the fog thins. Something unstated in the poem is how the trees must be bare of leaves, if deciduous, because it's winter—the trees are thinner too.

E: A lovely narration. And how mystical it must be to encounter such a moment! A mass of trees—the woods—are vaguely covered with the thinning fog; as the fog dissipates, it reveals a full view of each tree in detail. "The trees start to come/out of the woods" is the author's feat.

1726 melting snow pile . . .  
the lengthening handle  
of the snow shovel

E: "The lengthening handle" speaks a lot because that is the very portion the author grabbed and gave her/his maximum strength to get rid of the snow from sidewalks. What a tough job! Do we see a cause-and-effect in this haiku? Yes, but in a lovely way.

MDW: Meteorologists or home weather enthusiasts might have a snow gauge to measure how much snow has fallen or accumulated during a storm or throughout the winter season. But here we have the opposite—a way to measure the snow's melting. The shovel hasn't been used to clear the snow recently, but seems to have been left in the snow pile, which may cause us to wonder about the health or busyness of the person who usually shovels the snow. But now it's spring. Soon the shovel will be free of snow and can be hung in the garage until the next season's snowfall, and hopefully the person who hadn't been shoveling the snow lately will be in better health or less busy. Even if there's no story behind why the shovel has been left alone, we can still celebrate the coming of spring by the shovel's measurement of the snow's

melting.

pjm: Hmmm . . . the snow shovel was buried in the snow? That complicates the digging-out process quite a bit!

1730 rap music  
races past me on a bike  
winter sun

E: I like the sudden come and go of rap music on a winter day. It makes me picture patches of clouds hiding and then releasing the sunshine on the ground as the author takes a walk. Our life is full of these small gifts prepared to brighten our days.

pjm: All that energy—the music, the biker—zooms past leaving the poet behind enjoying, I assume, a leisurely walk in the winter sunshine.

MDW: This haiku may be seen as an example of synecdoche, a type of metaphor where a part of something represents the whole. The music itself isn't racing past, but the music player is. In this case the bike and its occupant are racing past, presumably carrying some kind of music player. The poet's first awareness, though, is that the *music* is racing past, and then that perception moves from sound to sight in seeing the bike (which could be a bicycle or a motorbike). And all of this takes place in winter sunshine—perhaps it's still cold out, but the sun hints of warmer times to come.

1747 weeds caught  
in lake ice—  
the trips we never took

E: A feeling of resignation faintly flows between the lines. The image of "weeds caught/in lake ice" is not something very special or different, and therefore it makes me think of the constant demands of home and work that we are tied down to in our everyday life. Whatever the situation is, I can also sense a positive feeling such as "we never took those trips, but we've been together and are happy" from this haiku. A very modest love poem.

MDW: We are left to wonder why this trip was never taken, whether due to money or health problems, perhaps a political reason.

We can imagine any number of causes, which helps to engage the reader. For whatever reason, the trip wasn't taken, and the poet might well have felt trapped, just like the weeds caught in lake ice. But of course the ice will thaw in the spring, and perhaps the trip might be possible in a later season. So although the moment here is tinged with sadness or regret, the unfolding of the seasons still provides a glimmer of hope.

pjm: Regret. We all know how that feels—to look back on what might have been. What does it feel like? Like “weeds caught/in lake ice.”

1759 winter harbor  
a houseboat's square windows  
light up

pjm: Nothing is more warming to the psyche than the image of an interior light on a winter night. For some reason, I don't know why, the fact that the windows are square is deeply satisfying. This simple fact makes all the difference.

E: Night falls early in winter. When we see a light floating on the water, we see its reflections as well. The harbor must be beautiful with those lights against the darkening sky and the even darker surface that stretches out to the open sea. Square windows are large, unlike the little round windows on lower sides of a boat; even from this distance, I can almost hear the jolly voices and even smell some garlic and shrimp sautéed on the houseboat.

MDW: This poem easily engages us with its immediate images. Pleasure boats are used most often in the summer, of course, but this is a houseboat, perhaps even a place of permanent residence, and thus could be lived in all year round. The light is fading on a winter afternoon, and the houseboat's occupants have turned on their lights as a stay against the darkness. An unspoken part of the poem is the

emotion of the observer who notices this, perhaps feeling a flash of empathy for the houseboat occupants as the observer walks past or sees the boat from a distance.

1760 swerving  
after I hit it  
pothole

MDW: This senryu reminds us of what we've all done—making a correction on the road after it's too late. And perhaps the same is also true on the road of life, metaphorically speaking. Although a senryu doesn't require a season word, one thought here is to consider whether adding a seasonal reference might be worth exploring. To do that, the poem could also avoid the repetition of saying “it” and then “pothole” (which is what the “it” is). For example: “swerving / after I hit the pothole . . . / mackerel clouds” (or choose your own seasonal reference in a new first or third line). However, such a choice erodes the poem's humor, leaving the author to decide what tone he or she might prefer, whether leaving the poem as a senryu, as it is, or giving it a haiku feeling, with some sort of addition. I'm inclined to leave it just as it is.

E: Roads get bumpy when the season of snow tires is over. When we were young, we did not bump into those holes, but as we get older and our nervous system begins to rust, we cannot seem to avoid hitting potholes, which, in a way, may give a good shake to our nervous system and shake off the rust! I'm crossing my fingers.

pjm: A lesson in paying attention.

1770 commanding the road  
coyote stops, stares—  
winter woods

pjm: A coyote, the trickster, is in charge of his world. For this one moment he's seen ruling his domain from the top of the road; in the next he will disappear into the winter woods, into the night.

E: Knowing it or not, the coyote, too, has become a part of the human world where

roads are dangerous to cross. The bareness of the woods and the view that the coyote is commanding makes the chilly winter air flow into my room.

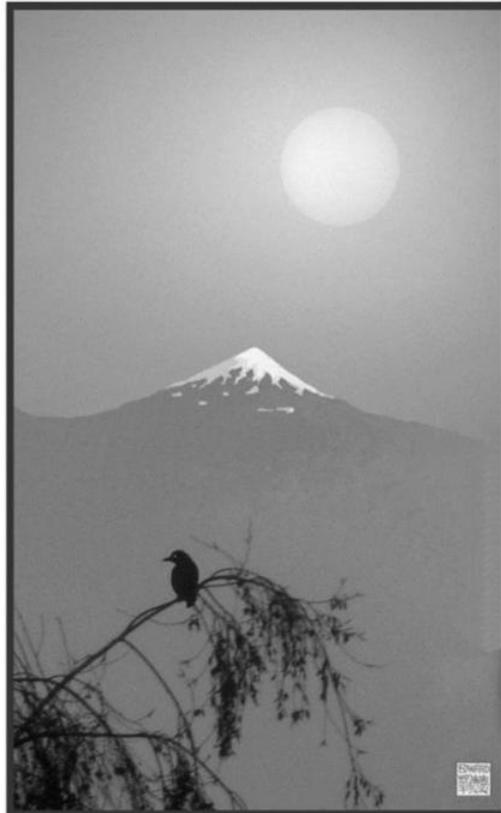
MDW: We may immediately wonder who or what the coyote is staring at. Is it us? Is it something else? Either way, the coyote is in command, and we as observers should be wary. I hesitate a little on the fact that we are told rather than shown that the coyote is “commanding” the road. Can this be implied in some way? Sometimes the haiku’s most important thing needs to be taken out so that it can be suggested, even if the poem has to take a risk in whether the suggestion is understood by the reader. And is the setting on a road, or in the woods? A road in the woods? I think I might have chosen a different word than “road”—perhaps “trail”.

Of if “road” is important, then I might change “woods” to something else. And to keep the poem from sounding like a telegram (or suffering from a touch of “Tontoism,” as Paul O. Williams once referred to it), I would consider adding an article before “coyote.” Perhaps the poem could be refined like this (or with similar revisions):

erect on the trail  
the coyote stops, stares—  
winter woods

\*\*\*

We invite your responses. Send letters to the GEPP0 editor or email us.



Photograph by Ed Grossmith

## Summer Challenge Kigo: cumulus/billowing clouds, *kumo no mine*, summer

Karina M. Young

The heat of summer can be oppressive. I remember my childhood in Phoenix, Arizona where my summers were spent outside with my friends, on a bicycle, in the pool, and on a playground swing, daydreaming and pumping my feet high into the bright, billowing clouds. On summer afternoons, especially in July and August, tall, thick, ominous clouds, a froth of light and darkness, would move in on the wind, often culminating in thunderstorms. Sometimes the storms would come in so violently that tool sheds would blow across yards, dust devils whip up, and rooftops shake, lightning streaking down the sky. Before I knew it, it was gone, and the afternoon sun shone even more brilliantly across the desert.

the afternoon  
swells with heat  
cumulus

Karina M. Young

billowing clouds—  
poplars by the river bank  
bend in a breeze

Lorraine E. Harr. *Haiku World*, William J. Higginson,  
p. 111.

The billowing clouds,  
Piled low along  
The far line of the sea.

Shiki. *Haiku*, Vol. 3: *Sumer-Autumn*, translation by  
R. H. Blyth, p. 676.

Billowing clouds;  
Next door,  
A mortar grinding.

Riyu. *Haiku*, Vol. 3: *Sumer-Autumn*, translation by  
R. H. Blyth, p. 676.

A Dutch ship  
With many sails;  
The billowing clouds

Shiki. *Haiku*, Vol. 3: *Sumer-Autumn*, translation by  
R. H. Blyth, pg. 677.

Send in one haiku using the Summer Challenge Kigo to the *GEPP*O Editor. It will be published with other member's verses in the next issue.

## YTHS Feb 2018 Meeting: “Gender in Haiku”

Eleanor Carolan

On February 10, 2018 Joan Zimmerman presented “Gender in Haiku” at the Firehouse, History Park in Kelley Park, San Jose. She presented the words used for self and gender, with extensive statistics on how it shows up in contests and publications. She stressed the importance of considering which person is speaking in the haiku (i.e. first person, second person, third person male or female) as it has a big impact on the effect of the poem. We got a handout to work with.

Those attending were Patrick Gallagher, Carolyn Fitz, Patricia Machmiller, Eleanor Carolan, Marilyn Gehent (new friend), Kat and Bev Momoi, Mimi Ahern, Alison Woolpert, Dyana Basist, Carol Steele, Linda Papanicolaou, Karina Young, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Dennis Noren, Betty Arnold, Phillip Kennedy, and Amy Ostenso-Kennedy.

A lively conversation was had about women in haiku. Phillip pointed out that in 1916 Japan Takahama Kyoshi coined the term “kitchen haiku.” From then on women’s presence in haiku grew, exploding after WWII. With the increase in availability of education for women came the increase in female haiku poets.

We dispersed to write haiku, using pronouns from Joan’s suggestions. Dennis invited all to the events of the 40th year celebration for Poetry Center San Jose. Our day ended with the kigo of “spring fever again” from Karina Young.

## YTHS March 2018 Meeting: “Unseasonable Season Words”

Eleanor Carolan, Carolyn Fitz, Betty Arnold

A great turnout at the YTHS meeting on March 10th in Capitola included Patrick Gallagher, Patricia Machmiller, Phillip Kennedy, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Joan Zimmerman, Alison Woolpert, Betty Arnold, Judith Schallberger, Mimi Ahern, Carol Steele, Karina Young, Dyana Basist, Carolyn Fitz, and guest Sarah Tarrant.

Phillip Kennedy, in his talk “Spring Rainbows and Summer Colds: Unseasonable Season Words,” looked at topics that appear as *kigo* in multiple seasons. The talk was illustrated with many example haiku, with an emphasis on the subtle ways each season influences each topic. He passed around a number of *saijiki* and Japanese books about the names of seasonal topics, such as the moon, winds, and rains.

Carolyn surprised Phillip and Amy with thank you gifts. She carved a rooster chop with Phillip’s initials and Patricia gifted him with the cinnabar paste used to make a print. Members were interested in a carving workshop to make personal chops.

Snacks abounded, including Judith’s chocolate brownie cake! Carolyn also provided a ton of other snacks, teas, cookies, etc. All had a most enjoyable time.

## “Twenty-Four *Shikishi*” Exhibit, California State Library, Sacramento, CA

Patricia J. Machmiller

On a rainy March 14, 2018 a number of haiku poets from around California made a special journey to the American Haiku Archive exhibit of twenty-four *shikishi*, or poem cards, which in 1978 had been gifted to the Haiku Society of America on their 10th anniversary by the Museum of Haiku Literature in Tokyo. These beautiful creations, made by twenty-four distinguished haiku masters in Japan, consisted of a signature haiku of each poet rendered in calligraphy by their own hand on a stiff rice-paper card about one foot square. The paper was often decorated in gold or other subtle colors; the calligraphy varied in tone or style, from delicate to bold, echoing the voice in the haiku which we were able to appreciate through translations by Michael Dylan Welch and Emiko Miyashita.

Michael Dolguskin of the California State Library led us on the tour of the exhibit. Michael joined us for lunch where we had a lively discussion of one-line vs three-line haiku in English. After lunch, he took us to the beautiful, book-lined reading room where we got to view the actual poem cards still in their original wrappings (only facsimiles were in the exhibit itself). The poem card shown is by Nozawa Setsuko: spring afternoon—/when my fingers stop/the koto, too, dies away. We also reviewed letters and memorabilia from the archives of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi and Kay Anderson collections. Then the final pièce de résistance was the trip to the basement where the haiku archives are stored.

The travelers were Alison Woolpert and Carol Steele from Santa Cruz, Patricia Machmiller and Mimi Ahern from San Jose, Christine Horner from Walnut Creek, Wendy Wright from Long Beach, and Deborah Kolodji from Pasadena.

## YTHS April 2018 Meeting: Hakone Japanese Gardens

Eleanor Carolan

On April 14, the Yuki Tekei Haiku Society gathered for a picnic at Hakone Gardens in Saratoga. It was a perfect spring day with cherry blossoms, bird song and wisteria blooms. Lunch was shared with Dyana Basist, Judith Schallberger, Patrick Gallagher, Karina M. Young, Eleanor Carolan, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Phillip Kennedy, and Patricia Machmiller. A new member, Marilyn Gehant, and online haiku writer, Dana Grover joined us.

Our President, Patrick, began with a discussion of “Cinematic Techniques for Haiku Writing.” This is haiku that uses images and a visual focus, and can be edited like a movie from what you see to what you feel. The Yasujiro Ozu Cut goes from inanimate to animate images, such as a group of rocks to a group of people in a similar shape. Joan Zimmerman contributed notes on “Field of View” including long shots, medium shots, close and extremely close. These might include mountain range, mountain, peak, scree, rocks, rock, or rock texture.

Filled with all this inspiration, we explored the garden and spring like movie makers, returning to share many, many haiku.

turtle  
a pond statue  
blinks its eye

~Eleanor Carolan

**Essay by Jerry Ball:  
the nature and structure of haiku**



“Two of the features of significant works of art are first that they stand the test of time and continue to reach people in other ages and cultures; and second that they inspire new works.”

Stephen Addiss, author of *The Art of Haiku*

**Definition of: Happen**

To take place; come to pass; occur; to come to pass by chance; occur without apparent reason or design; to have the fortune or lot (to do or be as specified); chance: I happen to see him on the street; to befall, as to a person or thing: don't worry nothing happened to her; to meet or discover by chance; to happen on a clue to a mystery; to be, come, go, etc ...casually or by chance: my friend happened along; to be exciting or interesting. That party was happening!

This essay is a collection of thoughts devoted to understanding the nature of a haiku and its structure.

The first general question is: How does a haiku happen? An answer is: a haiku happens when a person becomes engaged in observing nature or life. The haiku is a record of a life experience.

Writing a haiku requires training in how to observe. And having observed how to recognize an event, to represent it in the most insightful way. For example, a haiku happens when a person is engaged in observing nature. Nature is a continual power. Haiku are statements of events, where an event is something that happened. Consider Basho's haiku:

old pond  
frog jumps in  
water sound

This is a nature poem. The pond and the frog are in a process. The pond consists of a collection of objects: the bank, frogs, fish, plants, animals, birds and the like. The frog is also a collection of processes. It could be being eaten or it could be drinking, i.e. the animals and pond are interacting. The pond can grow (literally!) if the rains are sufficient. The life of the pond consists of the collection of events in which the pond is a participant. The frog has a life spent in which all these events happen. The pond does not move to engage in these events, though it can be said that it participates in them by supplying a home for the animals, as a location for the food, and a basic social life of fish, frogs, insects, etc. From this point of view, the pond is full of life. It is the place where the pond and creatures co-exist, and where sensitive humans visit.

Here is another example:

dust settles  
a desert road  
is lonely again

In this example, there are three parts: 1) settling of dust, 2) a desert road, and 3) a present condition of loneliness and its connection with life. The haiku is a record of this experience or class of experiences. If you take the haiku seriously, it will help lead you to insight of the human condition.

Now, as to whether this haiku happens, we should look at the content of the three lines. A haiku such as this can represent loneliness in many (in fact any) parts of the world. The writer of the haiku is not named but has chosen to express his/her feelings about an event such as this so that the readers of the haiku can gain insight into this situation. This haiku clearly has happened and while some of the readers of the verse may not react in a manner of the poet, nevertheless some of the readers have indeed reacted.

Now for this haiku to happen, there are three areas of focus: the desert itself with its heat and dryness, the observer, and its connecting with the qualities of the desert. And finally, the recognition of the desert as a home for these qualities.

First, haiku “happens” when a present observer captures the emotive content of the situation. Note, all, or nearly all of the elements of the situation can be present, but still a haiku must be written down, given form, and shared. Second, the poet’s reaction is recorded and available for sharing. Third, the poem is available for a reader or readers to potentially experience the same thing. If all three of these are present in a situation, then the verse itself reacts on the poet and the readers. In this poetic universe, the haiku happens in three interconnected ways.

\* \* \*

## 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]

## Now is a great time to ready your Haiga for our annual retreat!

At our 2017 Asilomar Haiga Evening there were 130 artworks displayed, not including those in the DVD finale. We hope this enthusiasm will continue to grow and be enjoyed at the upcoming 2018 retreat. Images may be in any medium.

Note, on June 16th Carolyn Fitz will be hosting a Haiga Garden Party at her home in Scott's Valley. She is welcoming local members to come and share their artwork.



Haiga by Ed Grossmith

## 2018 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Retreat

**Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA**

**November 9-12, 2018 (Friday – Monday)**

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society hosts a long weekend haiku poetry retreat at the Asilomar Lodge & Conference Center, located along a dramatic section of the Monterey California coastline. The retreat is designed to nurture the creative spirit of haiku poets. Guest speakers will offer insight into the process of writing haiku. The program allows time for attendees to wander and write in a relaxed and informal atmosphere. There will be opportunities for poets to share their work with each other.

Professor Steven Carter will be our special guest speaker this year. He is a haiku poet, a retired professor of Japanese Literature, a writer of eleven books and numerous articles on pre-modern Japanese Literature, and is an award-winning translator and teacher. His most recent book is *Haiku Before Haiku: From the Renga Masters to Basho* (Columbia University Press, 2011). He will give a lecture, a reading and lead a workshop.

Other retreat events will include: a traditional kukai led by Patricia Machmiller; a dress up renku party; an art party; a haiga event; a taiko performance; the announcement of the 2018 Tokutomi Haiku Contest; and the presentation of the 2018 YTHS Anthology.

We are fortunate to have Steven Carter join us at the retreat and hope to see you there.

Cost:

Full conference fee + shared room (4/rm) + 9 meals	\$547
Full conference fee + shared room (3/rm) + 9 meals	\$586
Full conference fee + shared room (2/rm) + 9 meals	\$667
Full conference fee + single room + 9 meals	\$843
Full conference fee only	\$100

**Deposit of \$100 due by July 15. Balance due by September 15. Deadlines are firm.**

Please mail this registration form with your check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society to our retreat registrar: Greg Longenecker

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Special Needs (physical, need a ground floor room &/or dietary) \_\_\_\_\_

Vegetarian Meals:    Yes    No    (please circle one)

A retreat roster will be created with each attendee's name and email address. If you prefer not be on the list, please check here \_\_\_\_\_.

## **GEPPPO Submission Guidelines**

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

Betty Arnold, Editor

or snail mail to:

Betty Arnold, Editor

When you submit emails please write in the subject line:

**GEPPPO 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 *GEPPPO* 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](mailto: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

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.
July 7 6-9pm	Tanabata Celebration at the home of Anne and Don Homan, in the hills above Livermore, CA. Newcomers and guests are welcome. Please bring a peanut-free dish for a pot-luck dinner.
Aug 1	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (from members only) for the 3rd issue.
Aug	no meeting
Sept	TBA.
Oct	TBA.
Nov 1	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (from members only) for the 4th issue.
Nov 9-12	YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA.
Dec 8 5:30pm	YTHS Holiday Party at the home of Judith and Lou Schallberger.