

# 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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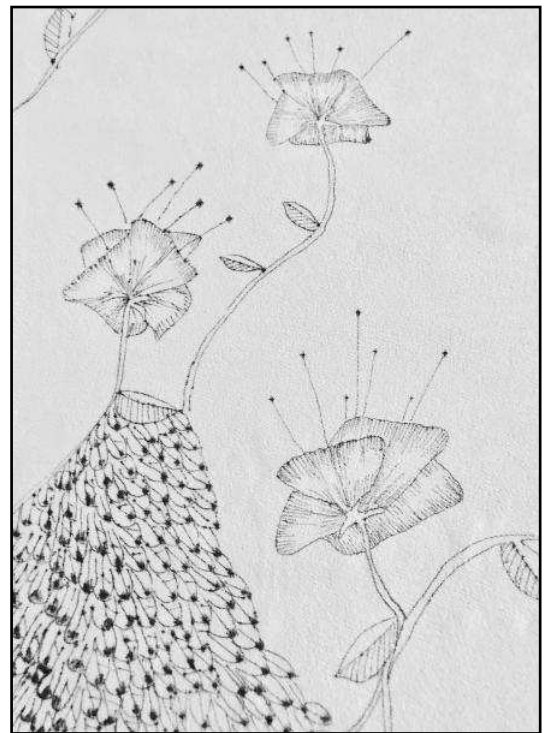
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|------|--|------|--|
| 1929 | calm morning<br>last night's words<br>in a new light                     | 1940 | midnight special<br>the sweeping curve<br>of a minor chord                     |
| 1930 | lazy arc<br>of my garden hose<br>earth scent                             | 1941 | after a long cold winter<br>the warmth of sand<br>through my toes              |
| 1931 | lone caterpillar<br>the house no cleaner<br>after you left               | 1942 | sunny day—<br>running along the beach<br>warm sand airborne                    |
| 1932 | gladiolus<br>each vase a new barrier<br>between us                       | 1943 | billowing cloud<br>I await the sound of thunder<br>nothing but silence         |
| 1933 | love on Highway 5<br>the honking of geese<br>southbound                  | 1944 | their first date—<br>he tells her she looks pretty<br>in candlelight           |
| 1934 | tumbling head-first<br>into mid-summer—<br>my first crush                | 1945 | after all these years<br>his jokes still make her laugh—<br>My Funny Valentine |
| 1935 | a wet summer—<br>the grass is growing,<br>as is my love                  | 1946 | slow-dancing<br>in the living room—<br>married forty years                     |
| 1936 | now we know<br>what is behind thunder clouds . . .<br>tomorrow's sorrows | 1947 | holding the wishbone<br>she wishes to die first . . .<br>so does he            |
| 1937 | Mother's Day<br>picking a bouquet of fresh<br>contentions                | 1948 | the lovefulness<br>of Kathabella Wilson's<br>rose crowned hat                  |
| 1938 | early spring<br>robins seeking robins<br>seeking worms                   | 1949 | from 30 feet<br>number 30 swishes<br>the basketball                            |
| 1939 | trivia night<br>getting to know<br>all about you                         | 1950 | a field of sunflowers<br>rising<br>to a standing ovation                       |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 1951 | her first<br>kimono—<br>pink moon                                      | 1965 | in my garden<br>topiary roses<br>white                                       |
| 1952 | golf course in fog<br>distant whine<br>of bagpipes                     | 1966 | to keep the bugs out<br>she puts some dried lavender<br>in her nighty drawer |
| 1953 | so much heat<br>the railway line buckles<br>an ache in my toes         | 1967 | the crow<br>chases a hummingbird off<br>dripping water                       |
| 1954 | summer moon<br>settles over the commuters<br>the child's round face    | 1968 | the only certainties—<br>sunrise<br>sunset                                   |
| 1955 | summer seclusion<br>among redwoods I plan<br>a longer life             | 1969 | stream crossing<br>entering the land of Myth<br>beyond the rapids            |
| 1956 | a speedboat<br>crashes the calm of the lake<br>time after time         | 1970 | clothing optional<br>hot spring weekenders become<br>Adam and Eve            |
| 1957 | summer thunder—<br>the needle bruises running<br>farther up my arm     | 1971 | old man's death . . .<br>an empty bench<br>in the chess garden               |
| 1958 | the skunk's spray<br>wafts back—<br>a hot night                        | 1972 | flying kites<br>fly in the sky<br>with billowing clouds                      |
| 1959 | down the garden path<br>carrying garbage again—<br>evening of August   | 1973 | snowy mountains<br>tower in my daydreams<br>billowing clouds                 |
| 1960 | nestled in the arms<br>of a felled ponderosa<br>a baby lupine          | 1974 | angel music<br>echoes across<br>the billowing clouds                         |
| 1961 | another hot day<br>look! under the flowerpot<br>a fat garden toad      | 1975 | mysterious forest<br>has hidden messages<br>in billowing clouds              |
| 1962 | hoping both chicks<br>soon tire of their tug of war . . .<br>earthworm | 1976 | tai chi<br>White-Stork-Cools-Its-Wings<br>under the day moon                 |
| 1963 | hot humid day—<br>the gardener fans himself<br>under the ginkgo tree   | 1977 | downwind<br>the doe doesn't see us<br>till she hears us                      |
| 1964 | Buson's deer<br>looking sad<br>and happy                               | 1978 | turning leaves<br>who knows how long<br>they'll stay                         |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 1979 | autumn beach<br>the unclaimed dog digs<br>maniacally                    | 1993 | ebb tide<br>bird tracks<br>lead my morning walk                               |
| 1980 | backwards numbers<br>on the sidewalk hopscotch—<br>their wee bare feet  | 1994 | sweet talk<br>empty words<br>of broken promises                               |
| 1981 | tucked in the thistle<br>talking to herself<br>a mockingbird            | 1995 | spring again—<br>I click the button<br>to reset my password                   |
| 1982 | skipping stones<br>with my grown-up son<br>river of stars               | 1996 | snow slides<br>from the school bus roof—<br>the stray's sneeze                |
| 1983 | distant thunder—<br>belting it out 'bout<br>the black-eyed-blues        | 1997 | pocketed bird book—<br>a branch in the thicket<br>shaking as we approach      |
| 1984 | journal entries<br>a whiff of teakettle<br>boiling dry                  | 1998 | summer's end—<br>my old record player<br>skipping                             |
| 1985 | a fern's shadow<br>limp across the stones<br>summer lethargy            | 1999 | pink Apache Plumes<br>flush with the road . . . bounce back<br>cusp of summer |
| 1986 | slack tide<br>the dance hall crowd lingers<br>in the parking lot        | 2000 | I freeze in my steps<br>then second guess a sound . . .<br>ticking leaves     |
| 1987 | summer shower<br>a robin reverses<br>the puddle                         | 2001 | first life-drawing class<br>the naked model<br>where to begin . . .           |
| 1988 | slowly . . . slowly . . .<br>lotus flowers open<br>with the morning sun | 2002 | small town lights<br>on the desert horizon—<br>flower moon                    |
| 1989 | on the door<br>a pine wreath . . . in the yard<br>white roses bloom     | 2003 | summer beach<br>the reflection of sunlight<br>on dog glasses                  |
| 1990 | a wooden fence<br>taken over by<br>nasturtiums                          | 2004 | July seashore<br>the swinging shadow<br>of a hammock                          |
| 1991 | for years<br>smoothness inside my coat pocket<br>native pecan           | 2005 | Great Plains sunset<br>a haystack's long shadow<br>reaches the horizon        |
| 1992 | dissonant summer<br>a bird in a cage warbles<br>by an open window       | 2006 | I still miss someone . . .<br>the café song blends<br>into summer rain        |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2007 | dusk alights<br>on soft mauve wings<br>gem moth                                 | 2021 | Christmas dinner –<br>the know-it-all's food<br>loses its steam                    |
| 2008 | drudge laps at the Y<br>a moor hen is skipping<br>across the lake               | 2022 | scarlet and black<br>in the same bunch of cherry<br>ripened into berry             |
| 2009 | with the dying breeze<br>wind chimes come to rest—<br>a church bell tolling     | 2023 | chill-out train cars<br>in the switching yard—<br>summer stars                     |
| 2010 | fishing boat lanterns<br>spark the vast summer sea—<br>star fields high and low | 2024 | a mother and a child<br>come out of nursery—<br>harvest moon                       |
| 2011 | through the summer day<br>a soundtrack beats<br>the same cassette               | 2025 | tatted lace—<br>sky-blue sky peeps through<br>the old sycamore                     |
| 2012 | perched on sand dunes<br>parents gaze at children<br>playing in the tide        | 2026 | we talk<br>about her unspoken lie—<br>slice of melon                               |
| 2013 | slanting sunlight<br>patterns the lush pasture<br>where cows graze              | 2027 | summer night—<br>a light bulb in the garage turns<br>the cricket on and off        |
| 2014 | photos on my phone<br>holiday snaps of Fiji<br>bathed in sunshine               | 2028 | validation—<br>we know he's arrived by the size<br>of his valet's tip              |
| 2015 | morning thunder<br>our little room so far<br>from home                          | 2029 | her last Christmas here—<br>kids and grandkids cannot live<br>someone else's dream |
| 2016 | between planes<br>a cactus garden<br>on the airport roof                        | 2030 | three weeks without rain<br>backyard tinder crackles<br>with cicada song           |
| 2017 | reading at the beach<br>sound of waves<br>meets wind on paper                   | 2031 | sepia snapshot<br>you measure yourself<br>against hollyhocks                       |
| 2018 | summer's flight<br>who hears<br>our plane's sound                               | 2032 | pummeling hail<br>the sparrow nest falls<br>silent                                 |
| 2019 | falling snow<br>what if we could<br>start again                                 | 2033 | maybe she'll be there<br>we'll forget what happened<br>hibiscus blooming           |
| 2020 | half-off sale—<br>will I ever be<br>enough for you?                             | 2034 | I take a chance<br>by speaking up<br>—eating a blowfish                            |
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- 2035 old-timers  
can't be transplanted  
blue lupine
- 2036 yellow sun drops  
behind a wide, blue sea  
—flash of green
- 2037 An island of pink  
in a sea of ad flyers—  
spring *GEPP*O arrives.
- 2038 A patient frog waits  
(eyes and nose just visible)  
for some passing prey.
- 2039 A spiritual  
alpenglow remains after  
Eastern Sierras.
- 2040 Bees buzz in Ti-trees:  
elegant pollinators  
while getting nectar.
- 2041 faint lines vein  
the vast dry plain—  
hollow-horned gazelles
- 2042 white butterflies flock  
mud-caked elephants—  
the grazers grazed
- 2043 dancing tea lights  
sputter and pool—  
summertime nights
- 2044 grating at daybreak  
the last bat fastens  
onto its dark place
- 2045 autumn is close—  
the tour boat makes its way  
back to port
- 2046 heavy steps  
on the iron staircase—  
summer cold
- 2047 hot day—  
breaking another pencil  
in the sharpener
- 2048 summer grove  
deep in the leaf mulch  
the rustle of crows
- 2049 taillights flash  
up the switchback road  
dragon dance
- 2050 nick of time  
the buck moon just clears  
a power line
- 2051 sunflowers . . .  
the width  
of her smile
- 2052 summer's end  
the fades in my jeans  
worn through
- 2053 her laughter everywhere the scented breeze



hand-painted silk scarf- artist unknown

**HAIKU EXCHANGE PROGRAM**  
between  
**YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY and YUKUHARU HAIKU SOCIETY**

Betty Arnold: Our Yuki Teikei Haiku Society was founded in San Jose in 1978 by Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi as an English-speaking division of the Japanese Yukuharu Haiku Society in Tokyo, Japan. Compared to other haiku societies in America, we are unique. Due to our origin, we advocate for the study of traditional haiku and place strong emphasis on the importance of using kigo/season words. Editor of the *Yukuharu Journal* and YTHS member, Hiroyuki Murakami, has proposed we have a haiku exchange to appreciate each other's haiku and celebrate our kinship.

Hiroyuki Murakami: For this month's column, I have chosen two poems from the Feb, 2018 *GEPPU* (Vol 43:1), and one poem each from our last two issues. Assistance with translation of these haiku was provided by Ms. Beverly Momoi, for which I'm most grateful. Thank you, Beverly! You will find these haiku below, in Japanese and English, and hopefully discover how enjoyment of haiku can transcend differences in our cultures.

grounds in the last sip of coffee autumn deepens ~Phillip Kennedy	秋深しコーヒーカップに残る澱 aki fukashi koohiikappu ni nokoru ori フィリップ・ケネディ
--	---

While drinking coffee the author looks into the cup. He looks at himself beyond the grounds. The deep relationship between the kigo, "autumn deepens," and the scene makes the poem very sophisticated.

last day on the job wild aster ~Beverly Acuff Momoi	現役の最後のひと日紫苑咲く gen'eki no saigo no hito shion saku ビバリー・エイカフ・モモイ
--	---

The fiscal year ends in early autumn in the United States. The worker looks up at the aster on the last day of her employment. The aster's fresh, yet pale color, fits an outgoing person.

新装のカフェの新人フリージア shinsou no kafe no shinjin furiijia 植村文彦	freesia reopening the café a new face ~Fumihiko Uemura
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A smiling new face at the reopened café. It is just like the flower freesia, which attracts us by its freshness and fragrance. Tunefulness is another feature of the original poem in Japanese.

湯けむりの晴れてオリオンまたたきぬ yukemuri no harete orion matatakinu 内海登代子	when the steam from the hot spring clears Orion blinks ~Toyoko Utsumi
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Blinks of Orion come down to the outdoor hot tub. You can hear the author's shout for joy at a break in the steam.

\_\_\_\_ Thank You \*\*\* Arigato \_\_\_\_\_

## Spring Challenge Kigo: billowing clouds, cumulus

a shopping bag  
of maternity dresses  
billowing clouds  
~Deborah P Kolodji

billowing clouds  
learning the right speak  
of Oceania  
~Michael Henry Lee

billowing cloud  
a streak of sunlight  
across the lawn  
~Peggy Heinrich

scraping the sky  
above Manhattan  
billowing clouds  
~Joan Zimmerman

billowing clouds—  
another day  
of drought  
~Ruth Holzer

due  
any day with twins . . .  
large billowing cloud  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

afternoon reverie  
drifting with  
the billowing clouds  
~Michael Sheffield

golden eagles  
soar through the skies  
billowing clouds  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

billowing clouds  
the bridal shower book full  
of family recipes  
~Alison Woolpert

reflected  
in the dying crow's eyes  
cumulous clouds  
~Dyana Basist

billowing clouds  
three scoops of rocky road  
on the sidewalk  
~Barbara Snow

billowing clouds  
I paint a mural  
in our blue room  
~Kath Abela Wilson

tall sails take flight  
on white-winged waves  
soaring cumulus  
~Ed Grossmith

billowing clouds . . .  
sailboats chumming  
at the boat show  
~Michael Dylan Welch

pumping  
the swing ever higher  
billowing clouds  
~Karina Young

billowing clouds  
race across the sky--  
impatient wind  
~E. Luke

billowing clouds  
without a sound  
daybreak unrolls  
~Patricia Prime

the snorer  
moves to another bedroom . . .  
billowing clouds  
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

billowing clouds  
along the seashore  
billowing waves  
~John J. Han

a plate of cumulus  
of mashed potato clouds  
drenched in crimson sunset  
~Janis Albright Lukstein

high  
above the brown foothills  
cumulus clouds  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

gray billowing clouds  
she pushes back the dark mood  
from the suicide news  
~Bona M. Santos

billowing clouds  
I start to see  
a future with you  
~Susan Burch

cumulus clouds—  
each year they close the lake house  
with an argument  
~Christine Horner

Billowing clouds rise  
above the hot tub's surface,  
roiling the cool air.  
~David Sherertz

## Members' Votes for February—May 2018 Haiku

Ann Bendixen	1779-1,	1780-0,	1781-1,	1782-0
Neal Whitman	1783-0,	1784-2,	1785-0,	1786-1
Genie Nakano	1787-5,	1788-1,	1789-1,	1790-2
Elisabeth Liebert	1791-1,	1792-3,	1793-3	
Barbara Campitelli	1794-0,	1795-3,	1796-1	
Michael Henry Lee	1797-2,	1798-2,	1799-5,	1800-0
Joan Zimmerman	1801-0,	1802-2,	1803-2,	1804-0
Richard St. Clair	1805-5,	1806-0,	1807-0,	1808-3
Ruth Holzer	1809-2,	1810-1,	1811-0,	1812-3
Judith Morrison Schallberger	1813- 0,	1814-0,	1815-0,	1816-1
Hiroyuki Murakami	1817-0,	1818-3,	1819-2	
Elinor Pihl Huggett	1820-3,	1821-8,	1822-3,	1823-2
Beverly Acuff Momoi	1824-1,	1825-5,	1826-3,	1827-1
Ed Grossmith	1828-4,	1829-0,	1830-2,	1831-2
John J. Han	1832-0,	1833-4,	1834-1,	1835-4
Barbara Snow	1836-2,	1837-2,	1838-1,	1839-0
Zinovy Vayman	1840-1,	1841-0,	1842 -0	
Michael Sheffield	1843-2,	1844-5,	1845-0,	1846-3
Dyana Basist	1847-11,	1848-7,	1849-9,	1850-2
Susan Burch	1851-2,	1852-2,	1853 -1	
Karina M. Young	1854-0,	1855-0,	1856-5,	1857-6
Alison Woolpert	1858-4,	1859-2,	1860-1,	1861-2
Kath Abela Wilson	1862-0,	1863-1,	1864-1,	1865-1
Clysta Seney	1866-0,	1867-0,	1868-0,	1869-0
Sharon Lynne Yee	1870-2,	1871-0,	1872-1,	1873-0
Mimi Ahern	1874-5,	1875-0,	1876-2,	1877-1
Carol Steele	1878-0,	1879-3,	1880-1	
Phillip Kennedy	1881-7,	1882-0,	1883-1,	1884-4
Christine Lamb Stern	1885-1,	1886-0,	1887-0,	1888-0
Bona M. Santos	1889-0,	1890-0		
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson	1891-0,	1892-3,	1893-0,	1894-3
David Sherertz	1895-0,	1896-0,	1897-0,	1898-0
Susanne Marie Smith	1899-0,	1900-0,	1901-0,	1902-1
Michael Dylan Welch	1903-0,	1904-1,	1905-6,	1906-6
Deborah P Kolodji	1907-6,	1908-1,	1909-4,	1910-5
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy	1911-0,	1912-0		
Christine Horner	1913-0,	1914-0,	1915-0,	1916-8
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	1917-6,	1918-0,	1919-0,	1920-0
Patricia Prime	1921-0,	1922-1,	1923-0,	1924-0
Carolyn Fitz	1925-1,	1926-9,	1927-2,	1928-1

### Attention All Voting Members:

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



**February—May 2018 Haiku  
Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers  
(received 5 or more votes)**

he winds her obi  
in the teahouse parking lot  
the scent of lilacs  
~Dyana Basist

spring wind  
through the jacaranda  
the swish of her skirt  
~Dyana Basist

to fledge  
or not to fledge  
the quivering branch  
~Carolyn Fitz

crow . . .  
the dark crackle  
of river ice  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

sunrise  
slowly green grass unfolds  
where deer slept  
~Christine Horner

swollen river crossing  
the differences between  
my son and I  
~Dyana Basist

first skylark  
we all leap over  
the turnstile  
~Phillip Kennedy

lighting my way  
through the rain  
roadside mustard  
~Karina M. Young

a spring tea bowl  
from your hand to mine  
warm to the touch  
~Michael Dylan Welch

endless autumn rain—  
even the windshield wipers  
seem tired  
~Michael Dylan Welch

light between cracks  
of the wooden outhouse  
sparrow song  
~Deborah P Kolodji

port cranes  
in the fading light  
trips he never took  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

rest here  
hummingbird  
the winter is long  
~Genie Nakano

first day of spring  
the swimming pool fills  
with toads  
~Michael Henry Lee

pulling LPs  
from decades of dust  
a spring moth  
~Richard St. Clair

tangle of honeysuckle  
between my neighbor and me  
bees  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

advancing spring  
firestorm scars dissolve  
into green  
~Michael Sheffield

no matter  
that it's a gray day  
poppies  
~Karina M. Young

yellow tulips  
on the kitchen counter  
we talk of old times  
~Mimi Ahern

mockingbird  
if I could only learn  
when not to speak  
~Deborah P Kolodji

## Dojin's Corner

### May—July 2018

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita,  
and Deborah P Kolodji

Summer's here! The wildfire season in the western United States has had an early start. We hope you are finding a way to keep cool. Our guest editor this issue is Deborah P Kolodji, known to most of you as Debbie. She lives in Temple City, CA. She is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, the Haiku Poets of Northern California, the Southern California Haiku Study Group, and the Haiku Society of America for which she is the Regional Coordinator for California. We are delighted to have her join us in reviewing the haiku from the last issue of *GEPP*.

Our choices from the last issue:

DPK: 1787, 1793, 1798, 1799, 1802, 1808, 1818\*, 1821, 1825\*, 1826, 1835\*, 1836, 1847, 1848, 1852, 1854, 1856, 1859, 1862, 1864, 1874, 1888, 1904, 1917, 1921\*, 1927

E: 1791, 1798, 1799, 1804, 1805\*, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1821\*, 1822, 1826, 1830, 1834, 1839, 1857, 1858, 1865, 1877, 1878, 1883\*, 1894, 1902, 1907, 1908, 1911, 1920, 1921\*

pjm: 1810, 1812, 1821, 1826\*, 1830, 1840, 1847, 1848, 1856, 1861, 1866, 1867, 1874, 1877, 1878, 1879\*, 1884, 1904, 1906\*, 1907, 1908, 1911, 1916, 1918, 1926\*, 1927, 1928

1805    pulling LPs  
          from decades of dust  
          a spring moth

E: "LP," such a nostalgic word! When I was growing up, I spent most of my savings to buy LPs of Rolling Stones, Santana, and Led Zeppelin. Indeed, how long have I not listened to those LPs? A spring moth's powdery texture and its dull color resonate with the dust covering those LPs.

DPK: The juxtaposition of the spring moth against the aging LPs is striking. As people rediscover the allure of vinyl records versus digital recordings, and younger people buy their first turntables, there is a sense of rebirth, of the LP arising from the dust to be listened to once again. As a moth comes out of its cocoon and starts to fly, I can imagine playing my old LPs stored in the garage as the music soars again after years of neglect. Just the thought of this makes me feel younger.

pjm: The dust of decades has given this LP collection a fuzzy coating that looks and feels, perhaps, like the velvety wings of a moth. The poet has chosen to place this haiku in spring (moth is a summer kigo), a time of deep cleaning, of renewal, of recommitment.

1818    one's smile  
          makes others smile—  
          flowering dogwood

DPK: Smiles are contagious, and I find myself smiling as I read this haiku. The juxtaposition of a dogwood, brimming with white blooms, with the reaction of other people smiling after one person smiles gives me a sense of an auditorium filled with smiling people, white teeth visible everywhere, or a group of people gathered in a park or a college campus, smiling. Or a more intimate group of people, gathered around a table for dinner, smiling together. Or, more simply, a stranger on a bus who smiles at you and you can't help but smile back. The haiku has a spring kigo, which makes me think of new beginnings—the smile of a person you first meet, is this the beginning of a new relationship, and how many smiles will you share together in the future? The fact that this is not limited to a specific person's smile, it's not "her smile" or "his smile" or "your smile" or "my smile," seems to add to the chain reaction as each random smile makes another person smile until the entire world is smiling.

E: It is true that a smiling face makes us smile. The dogwood blossoms' white petals look like

they are smiling, too. This is a lovely haiku, but because it says “one’s smile,” I feel it’s a bit general.

pjm: The poet seems to be saying that in the same way the smiles are contagious, so too the blossoming of one dogwood invites others to bloom. A lovely thought. Unlike Debbie, I would prefer a personal pronoun in the first line.

1821 crow . . .  
the dark crackle  
of river ice

E: I think the way the author leads our imagination here in this haiku is interesting. First, “crow . . .” appears, then the dark crackling sound of the river ice. The suspicious crow becomes all ears to listen. Or the dark crackle may be a crow-shaped crack in the ice. The haiku brings chilly solitude, but also a vague hint of an approaching spring in the distance.

pjm: Usually I’m a bit wary of haiku that use the word “dark,” as it is overused, and then, not used imaginatively. But here its use is both effective and imaginative, as well as mysterious. Does “the dark crackle” refer to the sound a crow makes? Or does it refer, perhaps, to the crow’s color? Its shape? Its movement? Overall, the haiku gives us the feeling of something cold, something cerebral (the crow is noted for its intelligence), something subterranean, something . . . dark.

DPK: This haiku effectively uses juxtapositions of both sound and sight. “Crackle” seems to echo a crow’s “cawing” in my head as I read this poem. And, crows are black, so “dark crackle” on the second line reminds me of what a crow looks like. I’m hearing a “dark cackle coming out of the crow,” even as I realize it is much more ominous; it is the cracking of the river ice. The order of the poem is important here as the crow acts as a harbinger for the rest of the poem. If the river cracked first, for example, as “the dark crackle/of river ice.../crow,” the poem would not be nearly as effective because the connections between the

sounds of the crow/ice and the blackness/darkness would be separated by the river ice, which inserts a sense of a white flash between these sounds/images and the resonance of the poem would be lost. As it stands, the images and sound of the simple word “crow,” followed by an ellipsis, brings to mind everything about crows: what they look like, what they sound like, that a group of them is called “a murder of crows;” it sets the stage for the next two lines. This is an ominous poem, yet haunting in its beauty.

1825 tangle of honeysuckle  
between my neighbor and me  
bees

DPK: This haiku effectively uses a pivot line. What is between my neighbor and me? A tangle of honeysuckle or bees? The way the haiku is written, it is both. And tangle of honeysuckle is an interesting choice of words because tangle also implies complications, and it makes me wonder what the relationship is like between these two neighbors. Do they have a complex history of property disputes, or are they good friends, whose lives are tangled together simply by living in close proximity? The word “tangle” also seems to imply a passage of time, so I think these neighbors have lived by each other for years. The buzzing of the bees between these neighbors could be long conversations and gossip. And, what about bee stings? Do these neighbors sometimes hurt each other by the things they say and do? This is one thing I find interesting about haiku—on the surface this poem seems to be about honeysuckle and bees, but the more I sit with the haiku, the more I think about these two people on either side of the property line.

pjm: Well stated, Debbie, a delightful, summery confusion of honeysuckle, neighbors, and bees.

E: The tangle of honeysuckles, where the bees are busy gathering pollen and nectar from the flowers, is making a border for the author’s and the neighbor’s house. The bees are buzzing to keep the humans away so that they can have all

the nectar for themselves. The haiku is hinting that the chatting with the neighbor will have to wait until the flower season is over.

1826 last to leave  
the flowering dogwood  
at dusk

pjm: As the light departs, the beauty of flowering dogwood becomes more prominent as the white flowers hold and reflect the remaining light. The haiku also hints that the beauty of the dogwood is holding the viewers long past the time they had intended to leave.

DPK: On the surface, this haiku seems to be straightforward, even though the first line presents a mystery. Who/what is the last to leave? At first, the second two lines seem to solve the mystery—it is the flowering dogwood at dusk that is the last to leave, either by flowering longer than other plants/trees that spring, or by being visible with all of its white flowers longer than other trees which fold into darkness faster as the sun sets. But, then what if it is a person who is the last to leave? A grown child, the last to leave home, flowering with new independence? Or, the last person to leave a party, whose laughter lingers even as their car drives away? This haiku reaches me on different levels, the more I sit with it.

E: The author notices that she/he is the last one to leave a gathering and walks into the dusk where the flowering dogwood is about to fade into the dark. Or, among the garden plants, the dogwood blossoms are actually the last ones to disappear into the dark. Without saying how white their petals are, the author is making us see the white petals fading into the dusk.

1835 funeral service  
a train whistle  
now distant

DPK: Funerals bring closure as mourners gather together to remember their departed loved ones. What is said at a funeral often lingers, even as grief slowly fades as mourners begin to start their

new lives without the person they have lost. A train whistle can sound mournful, especially in the silence of the night. The juxtaposition of the sound of a fading train whistle with a funeral service really works for me on an emotional level. This haiku doesn't have a kigo, yet "funeral service" acts as one in the sense that it sets the stage and brings in all of the emotions, senses, sounds, etc., that we associate with a funeral service into the poem first. So, as the reader contemplates "funeral service" and everything that entails—the loss of someone we love, the eulogy, the tears, the soloist, a bugle playing taps if it is a military funeral—then is presented with the haunting, piercing sound of a distant train whistle, a powerful sense of loss develops in the space between the two sides of this poem.

E: A train's loud whistle is heard as it passes the funeral house, then again from a distance. The author, I think, is not telling us about the speeding train but trying to convey the feeling of his/her loss by how the whistle travels farther and farther away into the unreachable distance.

pjm: The distant sound of the train's whistle—even as it moves away—fills us with sadness for what is lost. It becomes a metaphor for the passing of time and for the transition from one world to another.

1879 I put my camo  
bracelet on the jizo statue—  
early spring

pjm: The camo bracelet, a treasured ornament, not because of its material value but because of what it represents (a loved one in the service, maybe), is now gifted to the jizo statue in prayerful thanks for a good outcome. We know this because the feeling is the same feeling we have at the first sign of spring—joy—pure joy!

DPK: Most haiku are accessible and sometimes seem overly simple until the reader sits with it a while. For this haiku, I was at a disadvantage, because I didn't know what a "camo bracelet" was, and though I had faintly remembered

something someone told me about jizo statues in Japan, I didn't remember what they meant. Fortunately, we have Google. For some reason, my brain was reading "chemo bracelet" even as my eyes were reading "camo bracelet," so the first image that popped into my head for this haiku was a person who had finished chemotherapy, leaving it behind her as she travelled on. Once I realized it was a camo bracelet, and was indicative of honoring a member of the armed services, and once I realized that jizo statues, besides being the protector of travelers, are also the protector of children, this haiku sharply came into focus for me and my appreciation grew. I suddenly saw a mother of a soldier placing a camo bracelet on the jizo statue for protection. Early spring is the kigo, which brings a sense of youth into the haiku.

E: What does jizo do? Jizo is the guardian deity of travelers and children. The author offers her/his camo bracelet to pray for the protection of her/his child who might be going to a war because it is a camo bracelet. The air is still tense in early spring.

1883 the sidewalk café  
filled with cyclists—  
summer is near

E: Summer is near, indeed. I can picture the cyclists in their colorful gear and bright-colored helmets chatting and laughing, celebrating the arrival of cycling season.

pjm: We can feel the excitement of all the cyclists as they prepare for the day's ride—the same anticipation that one feels when thinking about the approach of summer. Which is different than the feeling one has with the approach of spring. The seasonal aspect of the approach of a season change is nicely captured here by the use of the image of cyclists—it has a muscular clamoring energy that fits our expectation for summer.

DPK: In addition to the cyclists eating/ drinking at sidewalk tables, I am seeing a jumble of

parked bicycles. Has the ride finished or about to begin? Since the kigo is "summer is near," I am envisioning a ride about to commence as the cyclists gather together first, sharing plans over cups of coffee. I am wondering, though, if the haiku might be better served with a different third line. Since the Tour de France is in July, I tend to get a sense of summer already from the fact there are cyclists, so it is almost as though the third line just echoes the first two, instead of adding a new dimension. I feel a different third line could open up this haiku to different levels of interpretations beyond this vibrant scene of cyclists and bicycles at an outside café.

1884 lingering day  
a rescue chopper  
hangs in the air

DPK: In any rescue operation, there can be a lot of anxious waiting. Just recently, the whole world waited for word about the soccer team trapped in the cave in Thailand, and there was a huge global sigh of relief as news of their safe rescue spread. Here, in this haiku, there is a tension between the first line, "lingering day," and the second two lines, "a rescue chopper/hangs in the air." "Lingering day" is a spring kigo, as the days become longer and longer each day. We don't know who needs rescuing, but we feel the time tick by slowly with each rotation of the helicopter blades, not unlike a ceiling fan circling overhead, cooling a room as the days also become warmer. The rescue is at a standstill, due to conditions beyond our knowledge, and as the day stretches on, the chopper seems to just hang in the sky. A different first line wouldn't have this effect. "Spring day," for example wouldn't add anything to the haiku besides the season. "Lingering day," by itself, might evoke a time that days grow longer, but when paired with a rescue chopper in the next line, lingering becomes a more intense sort of lingering, an anxious, endless sense of wait.

E: A new forest fire? Maybe not, because "lingering day" conveys a calm and placid atmosphere typical for springtime . . . or it

actually is a forest fire that lights up the evening.

pjm: Here is a different kind of anticipation. This one has an edge of anxiety, of danger about it. "Lingering day," a spring kigo, is usually used to convey a mildly pleasant passage of time. Here it is used to convey how slowly time passes when life and death are in the balance.

1906 endless autumn rain—  
even the windshield wipers  
seem tired

pjm: Yes, a long drive in an unrelenting rain storm can be exhausting. So exhausting that even inanimate objects begin to seem woebegone.

DPK: On my first read, "endless autumn rain" seemed wordy with two adjectives modifying rain, but when juxtaposed with the second two lines, I loved this line on my second read. I tend to prefer a minimal use of adjectives in haiku, and having two in row can seem a bit much, yet in this case, having that extra adjective in the first line seems to heighten the feeling of being tired. I think it works wonderfully as written and wouldn't drop a word. It isn't just autumn rain hitting that windshield, it is endless autumn rain, and we are so very tired of the rain, so much so that we can imagine that the wiper blades are tired, too.

E: The haiku makes me picture the windshield wipers moving lazily as the driver waits for the traffic signal to change. Autumn rain cools down both the air and our mind, as it changes the colors of the leaves. "Endless" and "even" are emphasizing the author's feelings; however, I think this poem works without those two words.

pjm: Emiko, do you mean to say that the autumn rain changes the color of the leaves? Or that as the air cools, the leaf color changes?

E: We say that leaves change colors with each rain that falls in late autumn. Or the autumn deepens with each rain.

1921 crossed by children  
laughing and shouting  
the rope bridge

E: "Crossed by children /laughing and shouting" sounds like they are on an excursion, not just two or three kids but a whole class marching on the rope bridge. The author must have been frightened by this encounter, because the rope bridge sways when walked on by people in unison. Marching soldiers were told to walk on their own when crossing a bridge. Rope bridges are often built in a place where the river is rapid and is deep below. The haiku has the effect of making me chill! A haiku to read on a hot and humid day.

pjm: What can cause trepidation in an adult can be a source of playful cavorting for children. They have yet to learn fear; we wish they would never have to, and yet for their own sakes, for their own safety, they need to understand risks and consequences. Life is . . . a rope bridge.

DPK: This is another haiku where the order really matters. At the beginning, we see a group of children crossing something, laughing and shouting, and we don't know it is a rope bridge until the end. In *Haiku: A Poet's Guide*, Lee Gurga talks about "the order of perception" and the importance of presenting the images in the haiku in the order you would perceive them, versus re-ordering them for effect. At first glance, this haiku seems to break that recommendation, yet if we focus on the sound of laughing and shouting and then come around the bend and encounter the bridge, it works at some level of an order of perception. The only problem is that to know that children are "crossing" we have to have seen the bridge, or at least known that it was there. However, if we reorder the haiku and put the rope bridge first, I think the other two lines become less effective, since when you add

children to a rope bridge, the laughing and shouting comes so naturally. A second reading of the haiku might be that the crossing of the children is something that has happened in the past and will happen again in the future, and that rope bridge is just suspended across the chasm waiting for it to happen all over again. I don't think I'd see this reading of the poem in any other ordering of the words.

1926 to fledge  
or not to fledge  
the quivering branch

pjm: One of the most terrifying moments must be the first flight of a young bird. Imagine launching into the air with untried wings, with no practice, and no second chances. No wonder the branch is quivering as we all hold our breath.

E: Siblings of birds wondering if they can trust their wings to leave the branch, stepping and flapping.

“To be or not to be” is used as a pattern to express uncertainty, and here, without mentioning what kind of bird they are, we are picturing the initiation in early summer.

DPK: This haiku immediately takes me to Shakespeare and Hamlet. What is a bird, if it doesn't fly? This riff on “to be or not to be” as a young bird's wings prepare to fly for the very first time, is nicely juxtaposed against “the quivering branch,” which makes me think of that hesitation we all feel as we prepare to take our first step/flight into adulthood.

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

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hand painted silk scarf- artist unknown

## Autumn Challenge Kigo: first rain

Michael Sheffield

This kigo is found in the Autumn section of the *San Francisco Nature Guide and Saijiki*. It refers to the first rain, which usually falls in October after the six-month dry season in California. Since it is a regional kigo, there is no Japanese equivalent. The Japanese word for rain is "ame," which is an all-year kigo. "Rain" can be made more season-specific by using qualifiers. The following piece describes my experience of "first rain." What is yours?

### FIRST RAIN

After the long, dry summer, at last I hear that comforting ping on the windowpane. I go outside and open my arms in welcome and thanksgiving. So too, the earth, the plants, the trees welcome the rain. On the parched ground, little puffs of dust burst. I breathe in the musky fragrance. Tiny beings scurry for shelter. Birds flutter in a bath of glee. Miss Kitty sits at the edge of the veranda, and with religious fervor contemplates the falling drops.

Last year after ten days of firestorm and smoke, that first rain squelched the wildfire, and I was able to return home. The year before that first rain led to weeks and weeks of flooding.

Now, the Rain Goddess descends from her home in the clouds and strolls field and forest. And I, a tiny speck on this most beautiful of worlds, am filled with joy knowing the meadow will green itself again. The dry creek bed will fill with rushing water. Once again, her promise of renewal will be fulfilled.

fingers in rhythm  
knitting by the window  
first rain

Elaine & Neal Whitman  
*San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki, pub. 2010*

first rain  
the sound stirs  
a frog's libido

Michael Sheffield

first rain  
the concrete baby footprints  
start to fill

Alison Woolpert

first rain  
the little toddler  
lifts her dress

Mimi Ahern

first rain—  
puddles shiver  
with each passing car

Ed Grossmith - *GEPPPO* Vol 41:4

Please send in one haiku using the Autumn Challenge Kigo to the *GEPPPO* Editor. It will be published with other members' verses in the next issue.



## YTHS May Annual Haiku Reading

Eleanor Carolan

On May 12, 2018, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society held their annual Friendship Garden Tour and Haiku Poetry Reading in Kelley Park, San Jose, CA. We so appreciate Roger Abe, retiring park ranger (25 years), for making the park arrangements and hosting the event. In the Okayama Room, Roger had each person fold a handout into a haiku book with notes by Joan Zimmerman on kigo and haiku. A garden walking tour and ginko (haiku writing) followed with Docent Joyce Swanson.

Alison Woolpert and helpers set up lunch and the stage: Carol Steele contributed a beautiful ikebana arrangement; Patricia Machmiller displayed two watercolored paintings from 101-year-old, master-teacher Pei-Jen Hau. Lunch on the patio followed the ginko. Those attending included Michael Sheffield, Judith Schallberger, Dyana Basist, Eleanor Carolan, Deborah Kolodji, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Nick & Eirene Butterfield, Don & Marilyn Gehant, Thomasjohn and Tracy Wells Miller, Mary Dederer, Karina Young, Phillip Kennedy and Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Betty Arnold, Tim Abella, Susan Diridoni, Chuck and Kim Brickley, and Karen Mentalbano (San Francisco).

The afternoon began with Roger's surprise reader Vernon Hayashida celebrating Japanese History Month with questions about race in America. He finished with his moving poem, "From A Sensei." Roger continued with thanks and introduced the featured readers for the day.

- ◆ Yvonne Cabalona (*Mermaid*) from the Central Valley is widely published and loves haiku and haibun.
- ◆ YTHS Vice President, Carolyn Fitz enjoys writing haiku found in the surprises of daily life.
- ◆ David Grayson (*discovering fire*) focuses on haibun that include his family and life in the Bay Area.
- ◆ Prize-winning Kath Abela Wilson and flutist Rick Wilson shared a series of haiku and tanka with changing flutes from their international travels.

six years gone  
I still can't delete  
mom's phone number  
-Yvonne Cabalona

pale moon  
the circumference  
of a bullet hole  
-David Grayson

fresh sword ferns fronds  
unfurl through forest duff  
I have no excuse  
-Carolyn Fitz

soil  
of different lands  
Pacific  
-Kath Abela Wilson

Another surprise: Roger, Carol, Dyana, Phillip, Amy, Karina and Alison (Linda Papanicolaou and Mimi Ahern were *in absentia*) read us their Haiku Society of America grand prize renku. After refreshments, Patrick Gallagher led us in haiku sharing to close a most enjoyable day.

## YTHS June 2018 Event: Haiga Garden Party

Eleanor Carolan

On June 16, 2018, YTHS gathered in Carolyn Fitz's redwood and bamboo garden. The skies were drizzling as we wondered, "Is this Santa Cruz sun?" Guests included Betty Arnold, Joan Zimmerman, Alison Woolpert, Carol Steele, Patricia Machmiller, Dyana Basist, Eleanor Carolan, Linda Papanicolaou, Karina Young, and a new visitor, Jeannie Rueter. Dedicated lovers of haikai arts and nature, plus the spirit of friends brought warmth to a very chilly day.

A wide range of talent was shared from trading cards, brush painting, watercolors, collage and mixed-media and digital photos. Thank you, Carolyn, for welcoming us with peach cobbler, tea and snacks on the patio. We fit ourselves into Carolyn's warm home for the second half and continued to explore haiga. Ed Grossmith, at home with his daughter for Father's Day, sent beautiful photo haiga through the Internet. Questions were welcomed, and support given on how to begin and continue to do haiga. Linda will lead a Haiga Session at the Asilomar Retreat in November. At the end of the day, Carolyn had river rocks for us to create haiga. The rocks said it all: joyful; flow; truth, whoops; play, giggle, laugh; Yes!; by the woods; INCLUSION; tonight's/moon/missing a bite; well within; lemonade day / wanting; refuge.

## YTHS July 2018 Event: Tanabata

Eleanor Carolan

On July 7, 2018, YTHS celebrated the Japanese holiday Tanabata on the traditional seventh day of the seventh month. Anne and Don Homan were our gracious hosts in Livermore, beyond Mount Hamilton. Looking east from their deck one can see a magnificent view of the central valley and a 360 degree view of the night sky. Just after sunset, we were able to view the amazing phenomenon of Venus's Girdle ... the atmospheric ring of pink above the horizon. A yummy potluck was shared with Patricia and Al Machmiller, Karina Young, Marilyn Gehant, Christine Horner, Mimi Ahern, and Eleanor Carolan.

In ancient folklore, this evening marks the meeting of the celestial weaver girl and her cowherding lover, represented by the stars Vega and Altair respectively. This couple in love, who neglected their duties, were condemned to meet only once a year on this night at the Milky Way bridge. On Tanabata, celebrants annually look to the stars to wish them well.

One tradition is to write wishes for health, safety, knowledge, and progress on colored papers called *tanzaku*. At our party, Karina brought the colored papers cut in kimono and rectangular shapes, and we added haiku relating to the evening. Patricia told us that Kiyoko Tokutomi, a co-founder of Yuki Teikei Society, made the first kimono pattern, learned from her grandfather so many years ago. Our haiku were tied to bamboo branches supplied by Mimi, and we encouraged the wind to carry them to the stars.

Season words include *love, Tanabata, 7th day of the 7th month, Milky Way, Star Festival, river of stars, and Magpie Bridge*. Of those who could not attend, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy and Phillip Kennedy sent a sequence poem for the occasion, and Judith Morrison Schallberger sent the following haiku:

Star Festival—  
the weaver's shuttle  
fills with sorrow

## LEGEND OF TANABATA MATSURI (“Weaving-Loom Festival”)— CELEBRATED ON JULY 7TH

This is a festival in which children and young women find much enjoyment. Fairylike in its fantasy is its legend: That on the eve of July 7 *Shokujo*, or Weaver Princess Star, is supposed to meet *Kengyu* or Herdboy Star, on the bank of the *Amanogawa* (“River of Heaven”) or Milky Way, for their annual tryst. Vega is the Princess Star, Altair, the Herdboy Star. The legend back of this meeting is that the celestial princess, daughter of the celestial king, a most skillful weaver and the embodiment of industry, while engaged in weaving cloth for the king's garments, fell in love with a handsome lad, a cow-herder, and as a reward for her diligent industry the king allowed them to marry. But so much in love were they that the princess gradually neglected her weaving and the herder allowed his cows to stray, which so exasperated the king that he finally separated the couple forcing them to remain on opposite sides of the Milky Way, and permitting them to approach each other only once a year.

But there is no bridge over the Milky Way and the princess, on her first visit, wept so bitterly at the impossibility of meeting her husband that she roused the sympathy of a *kasasagi* (magpie) who assured her that a bridge would be contrived for her. This was done, the magpies with wings spread forming a bridge on which the princess crossed. But, further says the legend, if the eve of July 7 is rainy the magpies will not form the bridge and the celestial lovers must wait another year before meeting.

The princess, as an accomplished weaver, receives on this day the supplications of those who wish to improve their own weaving, sewing, and their knowledge of the gentle arts: music, poetry, handwriting, etc., of which the princess later became the patron, and farmers ask the herder for bounteous harvests. The festival is observed in a spirit of joy. Bamboo trees are set up in front of the houses or before garden shrines and to their branches are hung poems on the love theme of the festival, also papers cut in the shape of kimono (as a tribute to the weaver princess), and to represent cows (for the herder), also threads of five colors: green, red, yellow, white, and black (or purple). Melons, peaches, egg-plant and other fruit and vegetables, cakes and sweet- meats are likewise offered. The next morning the bamboos are taken to a stream and are floated away on the current.

Submitted by Patrick Gallagher from the book *We Japanese*, Book I, 1934, Yamagata Press, Yokohama.

Patricia Machmiller adds, “YTHS has been celebrating Tanabata Matsuri since 1994!”

On the right:  
Colorful paper kimonos and strips of paper, called *tanzaku*, show off haiku written by YT members at Tanabata celebrations. This board was made by Patricia Machmiller and exhibited in the Japanese American Museum in Japantown, San Jose.



## YTHS 2018 Fundraiser Haibun Workshop: Connecting Poetry and Prose

Joan Zimmerman

On a sunny Saturday, June 2, 2018, Joan Zimmerman and Patricia Machmiller led an all-day Haibun Workshop beside the Pacific Ocean. Attendees made generous donations that will support the publication of the annual YTHS anthology. Poets present were Amy Ostensio-Kennedy, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, Dyana Basist, Johnnie Johnson Hafernack, Karina M. Young, Mark Levy, Mary Dederer, and Michael Sheffield.

The workshop's theme was the linkage between poetry and prose. In preparation, participants observed how haiku relate to prose in haibun published in *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, etc. They each brought a haibun by another author to the workshop for discussion. Then, every poet read one of their own haibun, receiving comments in thoughtful discussions.

During lunchtime, participants picked popular-culture magazines from stacks Joan brought. They wrote a couple of sentences of prose about an image found within. Next they wrote three haiku: one that practiced close linkage to the prose (by having the haiku refer to the same image); one that practiced a moderate leap in the linkage (by having the haiku refer to a different image they selected from the same magazine); and one that showed a large leap (by creating a haiku when they walked down to the shore while allowing their prose to percolate in the background). The poets also had a few minutes in private session with Joan or Patricia for individual feedback.

We reconvened to continue the in-depth workshop so that every poet received group feedback on a haibun. Karina won our haibun "lottery" with her haibun 'Pockets' (written at lunchtime). Joan commented further on haibun craft, highlighting material from her 10-page workshop handout. To close, all poets read another of their haibun, each receiving delighted applause.

## Firefly Invitations: A Firefly from Shiki

Joan Zimmerman

To help us write haiku, a spark from the past can be invaluable. Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902) offers us this flash of light: his "rensaku" practice. Shiki created the term "rensaku" (meaning "sequential composition") to refer to working with a conscious artistic aim of creating multiple haiku rather than resting after composing one.

You might write a set of poems that address different aspects of a topic. Makoto Ueda wrote that Shiki "taught that a student ... should compose as many poems as possible on a given subject and then choose the finest" (*Modern Japanese Poets and the Nature of Literature*, 1983, p. 45). This could be helpful when working on your plans for submitting to the Tokutomi Contest: each day, pick a single kigo from the contest list, and perform rensaku practice on it.

In addition to having a student write a lot and then select the best, Shiki found special merit in the potential resonance among poems written in sequence. He advocated for "the practice of writing haiku ... in sequence, usually in such a way that the poems, though autonomous, take on additional significance when seen as a group. ... [Shiki] practiced rensaku a number of times, with such successful results that he started a trend ... he would retain two or more poems and present them under a common title or headnote."

Continued on next page

Continued from Page 20

You might try this, such as for a complex or multilayered topic. Note that the student is not burdened with having to begin with perfect poems written in perfect sequence: she can write a lot and then later select the haiku and decide how to sequence them.

While earlier poets had used the idea of sequential composition, Shiki created the term "rensaku" and was the poet who promoted this practice the most strongly. I hope you would like to try it.

## Firefly Invitations: A Firefly from Buson

Joan Zimmerman

Sometimes it is hard to settle down and write haiku. Help can arrive from the past in a spark that starts us writing. Yosa Buson (1716–1783) sent us this firefly in the night: simply write ten haiku per day and do this for a hundred days. This is "the Buson 100." In my experience this practice lets us produce lots of draft haiku many of which are worth revising for publication.

Recent experiences by Beverly Acuff Momoï and Karina M. Young in their first Buson 100's confirm this. Beverly writes:

I've become a real convert and hope to do a mini-Buson this summer— maybe Buson 50? I ... definitely plan to keep this in my toolbox.

My walks have been my go-to resource. In addition to just keeping my eyes & ears open, I always have my phone with me and take pictures which serve as prompts when I am writing ... I've realized I have a thing for grasses and some trees and flowers. I like birds as well—but they usually move too fast for my camera skills.

Also, I've learned that getting behind in the count can be a good thing. It pushes me to try things beyond my usual comfort zone and tosses the inner critic overboard.

Karina writes:

I highly recommend this practice to anyone even mildly serious about writing haiku. The Buson 100 is working for me because I'm not editing as I go. There will be plenty of time for editing after I fill up a few notebooks with, hopefully, some kernels of haiku life.

Karina made the practice her own by selecting when and where to write, etc:

- I write first thing in the morning and I write all 10 haiku/proto-haiku in one sitting.
- I use one kigo and riff on it 10 times. This lets me focus on and practice with kigo.
- I use a special notebook just for this practice. After I've written today's 10, I prepare the notebook with tomorrow's date and choose a kigo for next day. This way, the kigo is mentally accessible (unconsciously as well as consciously) until next writing session.
- I "lower my standards" and tolerate a lot of BAD writing.
- I forgive myself when life happens; I give myself the flexibility that the 100 days might take 104, in the end.

I hope other GEPPPO readers would like to try this practice. Additional information on the Buson 100 is in the 2014 article, "A Disarmingly Simple Challenge: The Buson One Hundred" by J. Zimmerman and Gregory Longenecker. First printed in *Frogpond* 37:3 pp. 82-91; available online at the HSA website.

## In Memoriam: Angelee Deodhar

Angelee Deodhar, an eye surgeon, poet and artist from Chandigarh India, was an international haiku figure. She was a member of many haiku societies including Haiku Society of America, Haiku Society of Canada, World Haiku Association-Japan, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, et al.



Her haiku and haiga have been published widely in books, journals and on the internet. She was the editor of several international haibun anthologies, including *Journeys 2015* and *Journeys 2017*. A number of YT members met her in Matsuyama, Japan when we attended Haiku Pacific Rim 2007.

She was an active promoter of haiku around the world. Many of her writings and speeches are cited on the website: <http://www.worldhaiku.net/poetry/eng/india/a.deodhar/a.deodhar.htm>. Here are some of her haiku published in 2010 and 2015 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members' Anthologies:

crows crowd  
the still bare poplars  
Ides of March

morning star—  
through rain-hung clouds  
a peacock's cry

summer haze  
a butterfly's shadow  
on the shoji screen

Memoriam authors: Patricia Machmiller, Bettv Arnold

Photo from haikupedia.ru

## Are you signed up for the 2018 Yuki Teikei Society Annual Retreat?



**Late registration** is still being accepted for the retreat at the Asilomar Conference Center in Pacific Grove, CA. It will be November 9-12, 2018 and Stephen Carter will be our featured guest. The conference program fee is \$100 which will get you into the whole retreat. However, you will be responsible for making your own room and meal tickets arrangements. You can register by sending \$100 to Gregory Longenecker

Please include your contact information and let us know if you would like to be included in the retreat roster. Late registration will be accepted until November 1. It will be a wonderful conference again this year and we hope you join us there.

Carol Steele



## **2018 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar**

Aug	No Meeting.
Sept 16 11am-3pm	YTHS Membership & Planning Meeting in Soquel, CA. Please bring a peanut-free dish to share. Society members only. Here's your chance to nominate officers and make suggestions for event activities during the year!
Sept 22 5-9pm	Moon viewing at Linda Papanicolaou's home. We'll share a potluck dinner (peanut-free, please), walk to Kite Hill to view the moon and read our haiku. The view of the rising moon from Linda's place is breathtaking! This event is open to members, spouses and guests of members only.
Oct 13 9am-5pm	San Jose Poetry Festival at History Park San Jose, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose will feature a haiku section from 9:30-10:20AM, led by two YTHS members. General Admission for the day is \$20. Please refer to <a href="http://pcsj.org/festival">pcsj.org/festival</a> for more information. Open to the public.
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. Please refer to our website <a href="http://www.youngleaves.org">www.youngleaves.org</a> for details.
Dec 8 5:30-9:30	YTHS Holiday Party at the home of Judith and Lou Schallberger, San Jose, CA. We will have a peanut-free potluck dinner followed by an exchange of haiku and haiga gifts. Plan for 30 copies of your gift to share. This is a society event open to members, spouses, and guests of members only. Please RSVP to Judith