

G E P P O

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

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

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|------|---|------|--|
| 2054 | crunch
here goes another one
autumn leaves | 2065 | barnacled rocks
the anemone closes
on my finger |
| 2055 | I keep
my insanity
idling | 2066 | played an old LP
Aretha RIP
out of respect |
| 2056 | the present
is here to stay
forever | 2067 | back to school
I say to myself
the 23rd Psalm |
| 2057 | interviewing
myself—I ask
many questions | 2068 | under the bed
a plate of cold pizza—
our sheets sticky |
| 2058 | ice in the water bottle—
the dawn sky
reddens our tent | 2069 | an unlit candle
in a frosted cake—
a match is struck |
| 2059 | dripping azaleas—
traffic noise
enters the garden | 2070 | Black Friday
business as usual at
the animal shelter |
| 2060 | the sky grown dark
still the shouts
from the kiddie pool | 2071 | thanksgiving day
turkey vultures bow around
the roadkill |
| 2061 | ears popping—
your hand on my thigh
through the snow zone | 2072 | Christmas morning
pretending
it fits |
| 2062 | cottontail man
in the eastern sky
desert creosote | 2073 | golden autumn
an old woman sweeps
the temple steps |
| 2063 | the roundness
of juniper berries
uneven ground | 2074 | secrets . . .
a distant mountain
cloaked in mist |
| 2064 | autumn leaves
he falls off
her pedestal | 2075 | morning mist . . .
the heaviness
of gray |

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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 2076 | tea
from a new cup . . .
first morning | 2090 | senior center—
a flock of geese
into the sunset |
| 2077 | aroma of wood smoke
in the masseuse's hands
her strong heart line | 2091 | instead of the news
watching
deer in the snow |
| 2078 | late-afternoon light
the hemlock filling
with crows | 2092 | crossing the bridge
into another state—
winter solitude |
| 2079 | New Year afternoon
the dark-chocolate color
of broken resolutions | 2093 | eve of the election
little green worm
on the kitchen cutting board |
| 2080 | she resigns
an Asian pear drops gently
in her open palm | 2094 | orb weaver
waiting for the dew
to dress up her web |
| 2081 | first autumn rain
the insistent screeching
of hawks | 2095 | All Saint's Day
crack
in the communion cup |
| 2082 | the fragrance
of a cucumber round
day moon | 2096 | culling copyedits
from his manuscript
mackerel sky |
| 2083 | Indian summer
she snags her dress
in the cocklebur | 2097 | autumn yard
between fallen leaves
new grasses |
| 2084 | tomato harvest
leaving the biggest one
for the rat | 2098 | autumn woods
the glint in the eyes
of squirrels |
| 2085 | the long night
flips to dawn
faces of a coin | 2099 | red dragonfly
a color that cannot
be redder |
| 2086 | wine press—
grapes becoming
fragrance | 2100 | woodpeckers pecking
the sound of drums
from a parade |
| 2087 | in moonlight
even rattlesnake grass
wears a tiara | 2101 | chamomile tea—
in spite of aching joints
a restful night |
| 2088 | busy woodpecker
more ventilation
in my shake roof | 2102 | my neighbor's pumpkins
sagging on his front porch
hardly a treat |
| 2089 | kudzu vines
slowly losing their grip
on the fence | 2103 | tiptoeing
around climate change
Thanksgiving dinner |
-

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|------|--|------|---|
| 2104 | first frost
I rediscover
cashmere | 2118 | purple orchid
on the kitchen counter
yesterday's dishes |
| 2105 | summer vacation:
her paper crane has fallen
from its perch | 2119 | chrysanthemum
her gift
of understanding |
| 2106 | harvest bounty!
in the bunch of seedless grapes
this grape with the seed | 2120 | twilight breeze
a golden leaf
lets go |
| 2107 | chilly night:
even fewer fringe tassels
on the old blanket | 2121 | new treadmill—
walking off
your embarrassment |
| 2108 | my old laptop
deleting "orphan files" —
night of stars | 2122 | baby cradle
I rock my worries
to sleep |
| 2109 | M.L.K. Memorial
at the reflecting pool's edge
pigeon feathers floating | 2123 | air raid siren—
my son drops
the f bomb |
| 2110 | autumn wind—
seeing old friends
no longer familiar | 2124 | will you go home
when your life is ending
salmon run |
| 2111 | a flute playing
through an open window
the cry of gulls | 2125 | fog shrouds the city
turning edges into curves
hiding the truth |
| 2112 | framed by walls
railings and telephone lines
winter sunrise | 2126 | young girls
twirl at the bus stop
autumn morning |
| 2113 | party starts
with a chat at round table
autumn evening | 2127 | to-do list done—
a check mark of pelicans
flies south |
| 2114 | in the clouds
floating, smiling
harvest moon | 2128 | companionless
directionless
new moon night |
| 2115 | fresh-cut cosmos
grows to a bouquet
in my wife's hand | 2129 | luna moth
spreads her wings
beckoning |
| 2116 | all races
slide on a tiny ice rink
round and round | 2130 | salty winter tales—
life rafts of tofu sail
on hot miso soup |
| 2117 | tomato leaves . . .
a lingering fragrance
on his fingers | 2131 | starry night . . .
holding moon drops*
in my hand |

*a special type of black grape

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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 2132 | house plant . . .
striped spiders rappel
over the side | 2146 | giant pumpkin fest
beauty contestants
stroll the runway |
| 2133 | corn field . . .
a combine rearranges
grasshoppers | 2147 | autumn house spider
scoots from my flyswatter swat
sweet dreams Issa! |
| 2134 | noisy treetop . . .
a flock of migrating birds
debate departure | 2148 | autumn moonlit stroll
my shadow gets there
before me |
| 2135 | this day
time to be happy
daffodils | 2149 | dried pine needles
dangle from the spider's web
I change course |
| 2136 | a short walk
turns into a long walk
spring day | 2150 | yellow cab sign
atop the black hearse
late October chill |
| 2137 | right . . . left . . .
sways a runner's red hair
rhododendrons | 2151 | gale winds rising
to the hilltop homes
shattering glass |
| 2138 | slowly
wispy fog reveals
the church steeple | 2152 | shimmering orange
on yet undeveloped hills
our State flower |
| 2139 | above our roof
the windstorm oak
creaks again | 2153 | golfers stop on greens
raising their phones to capture
Blue Angels air show |
| 2140 | favorite walk
my street of yellow leaves
this time of year | 2154 | apps for everything—
'plant nanny' for ungreen thumbs
hope for window box |
| 2141 | no bitterness
before buds open
chrysanthemum tea | 2155 | turning ginkgo leaves
my windowsill nosegay—
peace reigns |
| 2142 | midnight pumpkin
one last slice
after the movie | 2156 | meteor birthday—
with love and fine wine
we linger lakeside |
| 2143 | boy at the market
typhoon recounting
over the mushrooms | 2157 | kiss of snow
on alpine conifers—
a heart chakra day |
| 2144 | long night
at the border
sobs of a child | 2158 | the higher road
with minor clichés . . .
paper kimono |
| 2145 | farmer's stand
pyramid of pomegranates
balance for buyers | 2159 | the cat's head swivels
toward the invisible—
midnight in autumn |
-

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|------|---|---|--|
| 2160 | orange traffic cones
and bright yellow caution tape—
deepening autumn | 2169 | In the golden meadow
parched by the sun
The billowing clouds. |
| 2161 | not remembering
which language I said it in—
scarlet dragonfly | 2170 | determined to attempt
the impossible
steelhead trout |
| 2162 | Smoky sunrises
unsettle reality—
fires keep on burning. | 2171 | two in walkers
and two in wheel chairs
getting flu shots |
| 2163 | Doom hieroglyphics—
pine-bark beetle tracks translate:
"Sorry tree, you're dead." | 2172 | fresh persimmon
telling me she's shy
but strong |
| 2164 | Sharing the silence—
I lean back so I can feel
raindrops on my face. | 2173 | friendly employees
of Belmont Senior Village
huckleberry cupcakes |
| 2165 | Switchbacks through aspens—
massive trunks in black and white,
golden leaves line trails. | 2174 | mothers reminisce
about their shy preschoolers
little acorn squash |
| 2166 | a strange candy wrapper
floating in a puddle
first autumn rain | 2175 | ensō—
the long-tongued dog's
morning kiss |
| 2167 | the rustling of the leaves
blown by a gusty wind
windy autumn | 2176 | tucked up
under the sun umbrella . . .
warm paper wasps' nest |
| 2168 | quack, quack, quack
off to migration
Canadian geese | 2177 | coyotes calling—
my dog answers from the depths
of her ancestry |
| | 2178 | skateboarder speed dialing his cell phone is his oyster | |



Artwork by Patricia J. Machmiller

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

Hiroyuki Murakami: This is the second edition of the Haiku Exchange Program between our two societies. I chose two poems from YTHS *GEPPŌ* May 2018 issue and one each from the June and August 2018 issues of the *Yukuharu* Journal. I hope you will find how fluently the haiku format transcends cultures.

Betty Arnold: Christine Stern, my new Associate Editor, and I, Chief Editor of YTHS, appreciate the opportunity to collaborate with Hiroyuki Murakami in critiquing the chosen haiku. Our society is thoroughly enjoying this exchange of haiku and accompanying translations: it is both educational for the newer haiku poet and fascinating to those of us who have been on the haiku path for many years.

lighting my way
 through the rain
 roadside mustard
 菜の花の雨や行先明るうす
 nanohana no ame ya yukisaki akaruu su

Karina M. Young
 カリーナ・M・ヤング

This haiku emphasizes the contrast between the monochrome (the gray on gray) of the rainy road and the yellow color of mustard. The author welcomes the brightness appearing in the darkness. A poem with a calm mind, yet a big view of things.

sunrise —
 slowly green grass unfolds
 where deer slept
 朝日差す鹿の眠りし草の上
 asahi sasu shika no nemurishi kusa no ue

Christine Horner
 クリスティーヌ・ホーナー

Deer is an autumn kigo. This animal is no longer visible to the author, but readers can see it in the poem. A gentle poem letting us know how the author relates to her surroundings.

mirage generated
 on Fukushima sea
 an illusionism
 フクシマに騙し絵のごと海市立つ
 fukushima ni damashie no goto kaishi tatsu

Hanako Suzuki
 鈴木はな子

Mirage is a spring kigo. It is also called *kaishi*, or sea city, as it projects buildings on the sea horizon. The author sees the scene with an inner eye. A poem with hidden messages about the atomic-power accident.

voicemail from
 the man passed away —
 fireflies
 亡き人の留守電の声蛍の夜
 nakihito no rusuden no koe hotaru no yo

Iriko Sato
 サトウイリコ

This kigo works well in combination with the other two lines. The beauty of fireflies suggests the beauty of the man's life. A skillful *sabi* poem.

Thank You * * * Arigato

Autumn Challenge Kigo: first rain

in the land
of doubt and drought
first rain

~Genie Nakano

leaving my son
at kindergarten
first rain

~Ed Grossmith

first rain—
the drooping heads
of hydrangea

~Elinor Pihl Huggett

first rain . . .
the welcome smell
of petrichor

~Michael Dylan Welch

sheltering
under the cypresses—
first rain

~Ruth Holzer

first rain
we wake to rainbows
in puddles

~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

unwrapping
the wedding gifts
first rain

~Deborah P Kolodji

first rain
beneath the pines
breathing humus

~Stephanie Baker

after
the first rain
first kiss

~Kath Abela Wilson

first rain
softening up the earth's
persona

~Michael Henry Lee

first rain—
to make sure we don't forget
the scent of damp earth

~Christine Horner

First rain
fakes us out—
drought not over

~Janis Albright Lukstein

first rain
leaves gutter
down the driveway

~Michael Sheffield

first rain
a cat sits by the window
with distant eyes

~John J. Han

Thunder rolls
across the dark sky
first rain

~E. Luke

first rain
the redhead flirts
with the sandbag guy

~Joan Zimmerman

first rain
the flag darker
than usual

~Susan Burch

first rain—
a beautiful woman tangoes
from her soul

~Judith Morrison Schallberger

juncos
chittering—
first rain

~Dyana Basist

first rain . . .
the lighted rotunda on the top
just a sealed space

~Zinovy Vayman
(To Angelee Deodhar)

First rain (petrichor)—
spores and oils perfume the air,
as parched landscape drinks.

~David Sherertz

first rain—the smell of wet dust

~Lois Scott

Petrichor: a pleasant, distinctive smell frequently accompanying the first rain after a long period of warm, dry weather in certain regions. The musty, barky smell of fresh rain fallen on the dry earth.
Oxford English Dictionary

Members' Votes for May–July 2018 Haiku

Deborah P Kolodji	1929-7,	1930-1,	1931-2,	1932-2
Neal Whitman	1933-0,	1934-5,	1935-1,	1936-1
Michael Henry Lee	1937-2,	1938-2,	1939-3,	1940-1
Peggy Heinrich	1941-2,	1942-0,	1943-0	
Elaine Whitman	1944-1,	1945-0,	1946-0,	1947-4
Mimi Ahern	1948-1,	1949-0,	1950-7,	1951-4
Joan Zimmerman	1952-1,	1953-0,	1954-1,	1955-5
Ruth Holzer	1956-0,	1957-1,	1958-1,	1959-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	1960-4,	1961-2,	1962-1,	1963-0
Ann Bendixen	1964-0,	1965-0,	1966-2,	1967-1
Michael Sheffield	1968-2,	1969-0,	1970-1,	1971-1
Sharon Lynne Yee	1972-0,	1973-1,	1974-0,	1975-0
Alison Woolpert	1976-2,	1977-3,	1978-4,	1979-3
Dyana Basist	1980-1,	1981-5,	1982-4,	1983-2
Barbara Snow	1984-2,	1985-2,	1986-5,	1987-5
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	1988-2,	1989-1,	1990-1,	1991-2
Bona M. Santos	1992-1,	1993-3,	1994-0	
Michael Dylan Welch	1995-2,	1996-0,	1997-1,	1998-4
Judith Morrison Schallberger	1999-0,	2000-0,	2001-6,	2002-3
John J. Han	2003-0,	2004-2,	2005-6,	2006-3
Ed Grossmith	2007-2,	2008-0,	2009-1,	2010-0
Patricia Prime	2011-0,	2012-0,	2013-1,	2014-0
Kath Abela Wilson	2015-5,	2016-1,	2017-1,	2018-0
Susan Burch	2019-9,	2020-2,	2021-1	
Hiroyuki Murakami	2022-0,	2023-0,	2024-1	
Christine Horner	2025-1,	2026-3,	2027-5,	2028-1
Aneel Bisht	2029-2			
Elisabeth Liebert	2030-1,	2031-6,	2032-4	
Christine Lamb Stern	2033-1,	2034-2,	2035-2,	2036-2
David Sherertz	2037-2,	2038-0,	2039-0,	2040-0
Clysta Seney	2041-1,	2042-0,	2043-0,	2044-4
Phillip Kennedy	2045-1,	2046-3,	2047-4	
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy	2048-6,	2049-8		
Karina M. Young	2050-4,	2051-10,	2052-2,	2053-7

Attention All Voting Members:

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

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

sunflowers . . .
 the width
 of her smile

~Karina M. Young

first life-drawing class
 the naked model
 where to begin . . .

~Judith Morrison Schallberger

summer seclusion
 among redwoods I plan
 a longer life

~Joan Zimmerman

falling snow
 what if we could
 start again

~Susan Burch

Great Plains sunset
 a haystack's long shadow
 reaches the horizon

~John J. Han

tucked in the thistle
 talking to herself
 a mockingbird

~Dyana Basist

taillights flash
 up the switchback road
 dragon dance

~Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

sepia snapshot
 you measure yourself
 against hollyhocks

~Elisabeth Liebert

slack tide
 the dance hall crowd lingers
 in the parking lot

~Barbara Snow

calm morning
 last night's words
 in a new light

~Deborah P Kolodji

summer grove
 deep in the leaf mulch
 the rustle of crows

~Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

summer shower
 a robin reverses
 the puddle

~Barbara Snow

a field of sunflowers
 rising
 to a standing ovation

~Mimi Ahern

tumbling head-first
 into mid-summer—
 my first crush

~Neal Whitman

morning thunder
 our little room so far
 from home

~Kath Abela Wilson

her laughter everywhere the scented breeze
 ~Karina M. Young

summer night—
 a light bulb in the garage turns
 the cricket on and off

~Christine Horner

Dojin's Corner May–July 2018

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller,
and Kyle Sullivan

It's autumn already and on the California coast we are looking for rain to no avail. Elsewhere (Mexico, Florida, North Carolina, Hawaii, and Japan) devastating hurricanes! We hope you are safe. Our guest editor this issue is Kyle Sullivan. He is now teaching English in Taiwan and working on his haiku collection featuring the stray dogs he has encountered there. He is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. He has been a proofreader for *GEPP*O for several years now for which we are very grateful.

We had a note from Judith Schallberger offering thoughts prompted by the haiku by Carolyn Fitz:

1926 to fledge
or not to fledge
the quivering branch

Judith writes: *Mourning doves generally train their chicks to exercise their wings and groom feathers, etc., until they can hover above the nest at least a foot for some time. The female would then fly to our lemon tree and call them to join her; then fly to the ground where they were trained to forage for several days. Some were resistant to leave the nest. I watched one stay in the nest for days until the female eventually flew away for good. The fledgling lingered for a day or two, then made its way to the lemon tree without foraging training. Of course, other females were tired of it all too soon and forced the fledglings out before training them with airborne skills and they perished. Somehow, it makes me think of homeless people.*

Our choices from the last issue:

KS: 1955*, 1958*, 1978*, 2019*, 2044*

E: 1941*, 1946, 1950*, 1955, 1978, 1980, 1982, 1984, 1987, 1993*, 1998, 2007, 2011, 2024, 2027, 2031, 2047*, 2051

pjm: 1931, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1955, 1957, 1958, 1864, 1976*, 1977, 1978*, 1979, 1980, 1985, 1986, 1988, 1995, 1998*, 2000, 2005*, 2015, 2019*, 2027, 2031, 2045

(Note: Since Kyle and Patricia each chose two of the same haiku, they each chose a fifth haiku to maintain a total of 12 to be commented on.)

1941 after a long cold winter
the warmth of sand
through my toes

E: The warmth felt through the poet's toes immediately recalled my experience at Asilomar in Pacific Grove, California. It was not in springtime, but a sunny autumn day; how happy I was to feel the sun-warmed grains of sand after walking along the cold shore. The haiku gives me the whole picture of the sunny beach and the joy of coming out from the cold season. However, the first line sounds slightly explanatory to me because of "long" and "cold." Perhaps we can just have one of them? "Cold" and "warmth" in one haiku may be a bit loud, comparing temperatures. Just "long" (time) and "warmth" (temperature)? But winter is felt long, which is a matter of fact. Could we focus on the joy of coming out from winter and simply have "winter's gone"? What do you think?

KS: Spring has finally arrived, and it seems appropriate that the narrator's toes are the first parts of the body to become aware of the warmth. By focusing on the toes, I am reminded of how the chill of winter often finds me through my extremities. It is often my toes, or my feet in general, as well as my hands, that

are the most difficult to protect. I also get a sense that this “long cold winter” might have more implications than just taking note of the season itself, and now that spring has arrived, the narrator is able to relax and let loose a little.

pjm: Interesting how the writer has collapsed the seasons in just three lines. The first line looks backward toward the winter just passed, the middle line speaks to the present moment in spring with the sun-warmed sand, and the last line closes with a nod toward summer with the bare toes. I agree with Emiko’s recommendation about changing the first line, although I’d like to keep the word “cold”—I like the long “o” that echoes in “toes.” The chime of those two words reminds us of how we’ve rushed from winter to almost summer and how brief our life is and how we should savor small moments like the feel of warm sand through our toes.

1950 a field of sunflowers
rising
to a standing ovation

E: Yes, the sunflowers grow tall and they look like human figures with heads and arms. As they all turn towards the sun, they may look like people in standing ovation admiring musicians or magicians on the stage. A lovely image!

pjm: Pure elation! One sunflower is joy. A field of them, joy times a thousand. The description here expresses this perfectly. The form is remarkable, as well: long line, very short line, long line. The form gives emphasis to “rising,” letting it stand alone in the middle of the poem. However, the rhythm of the poem is the opposite—each line ending with a falling rhythm: FLOW-er, RIsing, o-VA-tion, a subtle suggestion that even ovations, no matter how euphoric, must eventually fade.

KS: Without a clear cut, it falls on the reader to

decide whether the sunflowers themselves are rising to a standing ovation. This interpretation personifies the sunflowers in a way that may or may not work for some. However, there is also a sense that things are rising for the occasion of late summer. The shape of the sunflower is also matched by the “o” in ovation, and I see a comparison between the parts if the work is read with a cut after the first line. All that said I am still left wondering why one might be rising to a standing ovation near a field of sunflowers.

1955 summer seclusion
among redwoods I plan
a longer life

KS: I chose this haiku particularly because of what it expressed to me. There is an idea here that I can relate to, and I suspect others might as well. For me, it is the idea that nature can be rejuvenating, and only when we feel this connection to it can a shift in our own outlook take place. We are dependent on nature (and the earth itself) for our future, and it is nature here that provides the narrator with a reason to go on. Although the focus is on the narrator, it is this connection to nature that brings about the idea. This is a good example of man-as-part-of-nature, as opposed to human nature, which is the realm of senryu. There is also more to consider here when I think about the life span of the redwood in relation to the narrator. This also reminds me a little of Bashō:

among these summer trees,
a pasania—
something to count on

pjm: Usually winter is thought of as the season for going inside, both literally and figuratively. This haiku turns that notion on its head by going outside into the redwoods where in a cathedral of nature the poet is called to “plan/a longer life.” Even this notion is a bit quixotic—that one can actually create a plan to live longer, and that by

one's actions, one can (god willing and the creeks don't rise) influence the day of death.

E: I once visited Mrs. Kiyoko Tokutomi's house in the redwood forest. The tall trees covering the sky made the place look dim even in the daytime. I sensed that I was a very small presence like a tiny mushroom compared to those huge redwoods. So in summer it must be a good place to stay cool and to think about a longer life.

1958 the skunk's spray
wafts back—
a hot night

KS: I chose this one for the humor that hinges on "a hot night." Although it is a seasonal reference for summer, it also has some other connotations, and one in particular stood out when connected with the skunk. This immediately brought to mind the old Pepé Le Pew cartoons. On the literal level, the skunk's spray may have missed its potential target, but a shift in the wind brings it back. Another way of looking at this is that the "skunk," having failed to win over his "potential target," lets out some "defensive" spray to boost his own ego. I doubt it would be difficult to imagine such a scenario taking place on a summer night. So here "a hot night" ends up possessing a touch of irony and also lets the work act as both haiku and senryu, depending on the interpretation.

E: Skunks are not in my neighborhood, so I am not sure how strongly it smells, but I can sense from "waft" that it is bearable this time. A hot, sleepless night must be as annoying as the skunk's spray. And on this very night the author is experiencing them both, so sorry to say. Many people sleep with their air conditioners turned on nowadays, but I need to keep my windows open to hear the early crickets in our garden.

pjm: The feeling here is of heat, oppressive,

humid heat. The skunk, a creature of the night, has made it all the more oppressive by releasing its odoriferous spray. Thanks, Kyle, for reminding us of Pepé Le Pew's amorous advances—as oppressive as a "hot night."

1976 tai chi
White-Stork-Cools-Its-Wings
under the day moon

pjm: The appeal of this poem is the language, both the sound as well as the image it paints. The assonance of "tai" and "white," of "its" and "wings," of "cools" and "moon" soothes the ear just as the image, painted in shades of white, soothes the mind.

E: The first and the second line provide the activity the author is engaged in or watching. The third line gives a certain feeling to the haiku by adding an image of a pale white moon just above the performer. White-Stork-Cools-Its-Wings ends with positioning opened hands right next to one's face on both sides, as if searching for something—the day moon.

KS: The image presented in the phrase seems to match the overall concept of coolness embodied in the movement of the tai chi practitioner and the day moon. However, for me the parts are currently too close. I do not feel that the mention of tai chi in the first line adds anything to what follows, and feel that a new first line would add more to the scene itself.

1978 turning leaves
who knows how long
they'll stay

KS: Without a clear cut after the first line, the phrase that follows could apply to the "turning leaves," or a different "they" as mentioned in the third line. This back and forth movement trying to make sense of the work opens up an imaginative space, creating depth for me, and

allows both interpretations to come and go on equal footing. “Turning leaves” juxtaposed with the wondering expressed in the second line is quite apt given the season. It is difficult to imagine any other time more given to this melancholic wondering than when autumn’s presence is fully felt in the turning leaves.

pjm: Yes, who knows? Embedded in the question is the longing for them in all their beauty to stay. And the sadness that we know they cannot. Nor can we stay. This, too, we know. And this makes the appreciation of the leaves all the more poignant.

E: What/who is turning the leaves? Or are the leaves turning their colors? In case of the latter, this haiku is counting down the arrival of winter without a conviction. From the way it is said, at first I sense a bit of devil-may-care attitude of the poet, but my second thought is that no one actually knows the answer; therefore the haiku is about this discovery. If the haiku is about birds that hide in the tree and turn the leaves, no one knows how long they may stay there, either.

1993 ebb tide
bird tracks
lead my morning walk

E: The footprints of birds are like arrows; following them for a morning walk gives a peaceful picture. The seasonal touch can be felt from “morning walk” when the morning starts early and is refreshing.

KS: The water is flowing out, away from the shore, and there is a sense that the narrator is also being led away into the natural world. Although it is the narrator’s morning walk, I get a feeling that not much needs to be done later on in the day. So this, for me at least, is a pleasant slice of life.

pjm: This scene only exists for now. As the tide went out a bird followed it looking for breakfast;

a short time later a walker follows the tracks left behind. Soon the tide will return and both the tracks and the walker will disappear. Only through this haiku does the moment live beyond the next tide.

1998 summer’s end—
my old record player
skipping

pjm: The end of a season (summer); the end of an era (78s, maybe?).

This haiku is about nostalgia—nostalgia for a time that was and is now ending, be it the end of a season or the end of an era. The skipping record reminds us that even though we have fond memories of the past, the time that was had its flaws as do our memories.

E: The end of summer is the time when we have mixed feelings, a little fatigue from the activities we’ve done and a relief of having cool air again. The skipping of the old record player is a nice image to express those feelings. “The Blue Danube Waltz”?

KS: “End” and “old” come together for me here. I do wonder, though, if “old” is needed. Most record players tend to be old, or at least older, nowadays. The point is the record player seems to have already reached its peak, much like the things of the world do in relation to summer.

2005 Great Plains sunset
a haystack’s long shadow
reaches the horizon

pjm: The image here creates a feeling of expansiveness, an expansiveness as large as the Great Plains themselves. Having grown up on the prairie, I am very attached to the feeling created by an uninterrupted horizon and the long, long shadow cast by the haystack at sunset. It is as if you can feel the universe itself

expand. It is very freeing.

E: The vastness, the wide angled view of the Great Plains is focused well in the haiku. The haystack there is huge, too, isn't it? The horizon is something that I miss in my life here in Tokyo. If the author is standing in the field instead of sitting on the driver's seat as he/she watches the scene, I wonder how deeply the moment can affect the very being of the author. The shadow in this haiku is alive. 夕焼け, *yūyak* (evening glow), a summer kigo in Japan, includes the idea of grandness with its long-lasting glow turning everything coral pink at the end of the day; in autumn the sun sets as quickly as a well bucket so the autumn kigo for sunset is 釣瓶落とし, *tsurube otoshi* (well bucket falls).

KS: The sun is setting, and the narrator is standing with his or her back to it. Thus, looking into the darker light of the horizon opposite the sun, the narrator sees the shadow of the haystack merging with it. There is something interesting in the idea of darkness reaching out for darkness.

2019 falling snow
what if we could
start again

pjm: What a great question! In the same way that nature gets to start afresh at the beginning of winter with a new fall of snow (as it does in many parts of the world), what if we too could wipe the old and the overwritten and the crossed out, and start again with no past entanglements, no spilled milk? Would that be good? I wonder. Aren't entanglements and failures necessary for a person to grow? On the other hand I can imagine some entanglements becoming so burdensome that a person becomes overwhelmed. For that person a fresh start, a fresh fall of snow, obliterating the marred landscape, would be a blessing.

KS: It is winter, the oft-metaphorical setting of old age, and when applied to the phrase, there is a tinge of sadness in that "what if." The thing is, even if the "we" cannot start again, we as readers know that winter will end, and "life" will continue on, for some.

E: What is happening here? I wonder if the author is playing with the idea of falling snow that can eventually cover the ground making it pure white so that looks like the fresh page of a notebook where one can rewrite his/her story again. The temperature drop suggested by the falling snow hints at the current state of the relationship between the two.

2044 grating at daybreak
the last bat fastens
onto its dark place

KS: What stood out to me most was the imaginative use of "its dark place," as well as the attention to sound in the overall work itself. A dark place is the natural realm of the bat, but as people, do we not often fasten ourselves to our own dark places? The particular use of "fastens" is what brought about this thought for me. It seems that people often find themselves holding on when they should be letting go. They hold on to past hurts, pain, anger, etc., and in essence, they hold on to the "dark places" in themselves, instead of letting the light in, even when it is right there.

E: The sunrise is the deadline for bats to go home is what I suspect from a vampire story. I am not very familiar with their nature. Bat is a summer kigo, and I see small bats at dusk here in Tokyo, too. We sometimes call them 蚊食鳥, *kakuidori* (mosquito-eating bird), and they make me feel relieved at the end of the hot and humid day.

pjm: Night is ending and night creatures, like the bat, scurry to find darkness. Perhaps, swing shift or graveyard workers can relate to this life lived

in darkness. Or Alaskans, northern Canadians, Siberians, those in the northern Nordic countries . . . maybe they too cherish the dark? But I also think they might cherish the sun. In this aspect they are different from the bat, who loves only the dark.

2047 hot day—
 breaking another pencil
 in the sharpener

E: I think this haiku captures the mentality of a hot day nicely. Breaking a pencil is a small disappointment, not a big problem; but repeating it twice or three times can cause some annoyance. On a hot day, like one in Tokyo where we have 38°C or more, nothing can be done properly or perfectly in the heat. Yet, we know that it will pass, and as for the breaking of the pencils in the sharpener, a very practical happening, we know that it can be tried again.

KS: It is summer, and I get a sense that the heat has become cause for some degree of anger, frustration, or irritability in the narrator. This host of similar feelings manifests in what would normally be the rather mundane event of “breaking another pencil,” but in this case is actually caused by the influence of the seasons.

pjm: It’s one of those days. Nothing is going right. It’s hot—too hot. It is exasperatingly hot. And just when you need a sharp pencil, your pencil lead breaks. And when you go to sharpen it, it gets eaten by the pencil sharpener. Grrr!

We invite your responses. Send letters to the *GEPP*O editor or send an email.



Artwork by Carolyn Fitz

Winter Challenge Kigo: cold drizzle/drizzling rain, *shigure*

Beverly Acuff Momoi

Kigo that capture the transience of life—cherry blossoms in spring, falling leaves in autumn—do more than mark the seasons; they evoke powerful emotions.

Shigure, the cold drizzle that marks the transition from late autumn to winter, often arouses feelings of loss and melancholy. In addition to depicting the physical chill of the first drizzling rains, my husband, Katsuhiko Momoi, tells me that *shigure* also suggests sudden darkening and unpredictability. That makes sense to me. When it is drizzling, the sky is overcast. Surroundings dissolve in a veil of mist. Drizzling rain muffles the clamor of daily life. There is a pervasive moodiness.

According to the World Kigo Database, *shigure* has been used in Japanese literature since the Heian period, and there are many examples in the haiku of the Japanese masters. It is found less frequently in English language haiku. For this challenge, I encourage you to consider your own experiences of this early winter kigo and the feelings evoked.

初時雨 猿も小みのを ほしげなり
 hatsu shigure saru mo komino wo hoshige nari
 first cold drizzle
 the monkey also wants
 a straw coat
 Bashō, tr. Katsuhiko Momoi

うしろすがたのしぐれてゆくか
 ushiro sugata no shigurete yuku ka
 My back disappears
 as I walk away
 in the cold drizzling rain
 Santoka, tr. Katsuhiko Momoi

釣人の 情のこはさよ 夕しぐれ
 tsuribitono jouno kowasayo yuu shigure
 How headstrong!
 He goes on fishing
 Early winter rain
 Buson, tr. Shoji Kumano

Why does the blindman
 Stop so still for a second
 In the drizzling dusk?

Richard Wright, *Richard Wright Writing America at Home and from Abroad*, ed. Virginia Whatley Smith

November rain
 the slow drizzle
 of chocolate

Cynthia Cecota, *Modern Haiku* 45.1

sky drizzling gray winter wrens in the garden

Beverly Acuff Momoi, *Cherry Blossom Light*, 2016 YTHS Members' Anthology

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

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Business Meeting, 2018

Mimi Ahern

September 16, 2018

Soquel, CA

Called to order by President Patrick Gallagher at 1:30 p.m.

Reports on the following subjects were provided:

GEPP0—by Editor Betty Arnold: Additional volunteers to support *GEPP0* production include Christine Stern as Associate Editor and Karina M. Young as Layout Editor. J. Zimmerman and Kyle Sullivan continue as proofreaders, and David Sherertz as vote tallier. *GEPP0* issues will be no more than 24 pages.

Membership tracking/reporting—by Treasurer Patricia Machmiller: Membership dues will be sent directly to the Treasurer; Judith Schallberger will compile and distribute the membership reports. Dyana Basist volunteered to help with outreach as the YTHS Greeter.

Treasurer's Report—by Treasurer Patricia Machmiller: All is well. Expenditures under \$100 can be approved by the Treasurer; all others must be approved by the Board.

2018 Asilomar Retreat—by Chair Carol Steele: Steven Carter will be the featured speaker.

2018 Anthology—by email from Co-editor Amy Ostenso-Kennedy: On schedule.

Nominating Committee—by Chairperson Patricia Machmiller: New officers needed due to the move of President Patrick Gallagher to Washington and the resignation of Secretary Eleanor Carolan. Nominations: Mimi Ahern for President and Clysta Seney with alternate Alison Woolpert for Secretary. Carolyn Fitz to continue as Vice-President and Patricia Machmiller as Treasurer.

Election of 2019–20 Officers—The candidates put forth by the nominating committee were elected by unanimous voice vote. In accordance with the YTHS bylaws the new officers assumed their posts immediately.

New Business—David Sherertz described a plan for website revision, in which his son would be paid \$500 to migrate the website to a new theme, and David would work with him to transfer the content from the present website. After discussion the matter was tabled.

2019 Planning—President Mimi Ahern: Meeting dates and venues were selected for the year's major activities.

San Jose Poetry Festival Readings: October 13, 2018

Alison Woolpert



Alison Woolpert and Karina M. Young

Photo by Mimi Ahern

On a gorgeous Saturday in October, Karina M. Young and Alison Woolpert represented the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society at the San Jose Poetry Festival. Karina read from her new book, *Eucalyptus Wind*, and her online chapbook, *Through the Lupines*. Alison read from her new publication, *Greetings From*. They also shared haiku from the YTHS 2017 Members' Anthology, *Hanami Dango*. Carole Steele, another YTHS member, was part of the VeteransWrite group that immediately followed the YTHS reading, and she shared haiku and prose poems about her grandson in the military. The appreciative audience warmly received their readings.

YTHS Annual Retreat: November 9–12, 2018

J. Zimmerman, Alison Woolpert, and Christine Stern

Nearly 40 poets attended the 2018 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society retreat in early November, including six first-time attendees. The annual symposium took place at the beautiful Asilomar Conference Grounds, situated in a Monterey pine and oak forest just a short walk from the ocean in Pacific Grove, California. Our distinguished speaker throughout the event was Dr. Steven Carter, Stanford University Yamato Ichihashi Chair in Japanese History and Civilization, Emeritus.

In three stimulating sessions, Professor Carter described the life, times, and talents of 17th-century Japanese poet Matsuo Bashō. Professor Carter talked about Bashō's extensive travels throughout the country and his practice and mastery of haiku and linked verse. Professor Carter spoke from his deep knowledge of the subject, and his expertise was greatly appreciated.

(continued)

YTHS Annual Retreat (*continued*)

YTHS members also made substantial presentations—Phillip Kennedy’s “Compositional Patterns in Haiku: An Experimental Workshop” and Greg Longenecker’s “The Schools of Haikai no Renga and Their Role in the Development of Hokku.” Both speakers shared informative and helpful handouts that placed haiku in its Japanese historical context and showed us how we can follow Japanese forms in our English-language world.

In preparation for our ginko, Patricia J. Machmiller guided us in a conversation about the autumn season and subsequently led us in sharing the rich assortment of haiku from our resulting walkabout. Later, Patricia, supported by Karina M. Young, led our kukai, with Greg Longenecker producing this first-place winner:

apricot jam
Mom puts a lid
on summer

Mimi Ahern announced the results of the 2018 Tokutomi Haiku Contest, which she had coordinated. The winning haiku, by Priscilla Lignori, was:

walk in the evening
reminiscent of mom’s touch
this soft balmy breeze

Amy Ostenso-Kennedy and Phillip Kennedy revealed *nesting dolls*, the YTHS 2018 Members’ Anthology, which they had edited. Attendees each read aloud a haiku or a haibun from the collection.

We enjoyed many additional events during the retreat, including:

- exploration of members’ haiga, both hard-copy and digital, organized by Patrick Gallagher
- video set to music featuring haiga by Ed Grossmith, highlighting the seasons
- creative and permissive art party led by Linda Papanicolaou, for making haiga “mail art” on blank postcards
- evening renku party, where costumes were flaunted, refreshments were enjoyed, and the two teams wrote ‘til midnight and exuberantly shared their results the following morning
- daily morning tai chi overlooking the Pacific Ocean, led by David Sherertz
- silent auction to raise funds for YTHS
- display and sale of books by members
- optional trip to Watsonville to view magnificent taiko drum making by Joe Bowes and lively drumming by Christine Bowes

Many people who donate their time and talents to YTHS throughout the year were formally recognized. In particular, we celebrated Dojin Patricia Machmiller; our latest past president, Patrick Gallagher; our new president, Mimi Ahern; our ongoing vice president, Carolyn Fitz; and the editor-in-chief of our work-study journal, Betty Arnold. Carol Steele, chair, and Greg Longenecker, registrar, were thanked for organizing this outstanding retreat.

Meet Yuki Teikei's Haiku Greeter!

Dyana Basist

In the spirit of it taking a village, Yuki Teikei has many people who contribute to our continued success. New this year is Yuki Teikei Greeter, Dyana Basist. Dyana welcomes and talks to newcomers at meetings, but she would also like your help. If you know any haiku enthusiasts (or haiku "curious") who may be interested in YTHS, please consider sending their email, home address, or phone number to Dyana (subject line: YT Greeter). She would then reach out and, if appropriate, send a packet of haiku tip cards, newsletters, and/or haiku brochures to their home address. Let's spread our love for haiku!



Dyana Basist

Photo by Leaf Leathers

Errata

Apologies for the misquote of Kath Abela Wilson's haiku featured in the YTHS 2018 Annual Haiku Reading write-up on page 17 of the August issue, Volume 43:3. Her poem, which took Third Place in the First Annual Santoka Haiku Contest, 2017, should read:

stirring the soil
of different lands
Pacific

Apologies for crediting haiku submissions #1917–1920 in Volume 43:3 to John J. Han in error. They actually belonged to Johnnie Johnson Hafernik.

Johnnie's "winning haiku" #1917 scored six votes:

port cranes
in the fading light
trips he never took



Artwork by Carolyn Fitz

GEPPO's "A-1" Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief..... Betty Arnold

Associate Editor..... Christine Stern

Layout Editor Karina M. Young

Haiku Column Associate ... David Sherertz

Proofreader..... J. Zimmerman

Proofreader..... Kyle Sullivan

A big thank you and a deep bow!

Thank you to all the contributors of haiku, articles, photos, and artwork. You make this journal what it is!



Artwork by Patricia J. Machmiller

In Memoriam: Jean Hale (1928–2018)

Patricia J. Machmiller

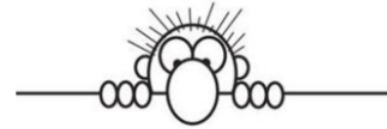
Jean Hale, beloved Yuki Teikei *GEPP*O editor, died on November 8, 2018. She served twice as editor: 1987–1988 and 1993–2009. In addition to her editorial skills, we will miss her sharp wit and wry sense of humor.

the crows
omnipresent
and not a bit christmassy

In the next issue of *GEPP*O we will commemorate her long service to YTHS. Please send a haiku in her memory if you wish.



Artwork by Patricia J. Machmiller



“We’re looking for your dues!”

MEMBERSHIP DUES

Your current membership expires at the end of the year, and dues for 2019 are due **by January 15th!**

Domestic and Canada dues \$32, Seniors \$26.

International dues \$40, Seniors \$31.

You may pay by **PayPal** by sending your payment to yukiteikei@msn.com. Please write “YTHS Dues—Your Name” in the note box and include \$1 additional fee for this service.

Or mail your check or money order to:

Patricia Machmiller

DEADLINE: January 15th!

The quarterly *GEPP*O and annual Anthology are available **only** to paid members.

GEPPO Submission Guidelines

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

Betty Arnold, Editor

or snail mail to:

Betty Arnold, *GEPP*O Editor

When you submit emails please write in the subject line:

***GEPP*O submissions: your name**

Submit your **haiku single-spaced in the body of the email with votes recorded horizontally. No attachments, please. Palatino font if possible.**

You may submit:

- Up to **four haiku** appropriate to the season. They will be printed without your name and identified by 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 highest 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 journal is published quarterly. Deadlines for submissions are due on:
1st of Feb, May, Aug, and Nov.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar for 2019

Please Note: January 15, 2019, Membership Due Date!

Bring peanut-free food to all potluck sharing, please!

For addresses of events at private homes, call Patricia Machmiller.

January 12 10 a.m.–4 p.m.	Haiku Workshop by Patricia Machmiller at Markham House, History Park, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose, CA. This workshop will give participants the opportunity to develop their internal critic. Bring haiku struggling to lift off and a bag lunch.
January 15	Membership Dues for 2019 due.
February 1	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only).
February 9 1–4:30 p.m.	Haiku Workshop by Phillip Kennedy at the home of Dyana Basist, Santa Cruz, CA. This workshop will look at the history of season words and seasonal topics in Japanese poetry. Phillip will also share some season word descriptions from an Edo Period saijiki. Please carpool.
March 9 1–4:30 p.m.	Haibun Workshop by Carolyn Fitz near Soquel, CA. Bring a short personal story (1–2 paragraphs) to read aloud and to inspire a haiku. RSVP to Carolyn.
April 13 11 a.m.–3 p.m.	Tour and Ginko at the Tilden Botanic Garden, Berkeley, CA, led by David Sherertz, garden docent and YTHS member.
May 1	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only).
May 11 10 a.m.–4 p.m.	Tea House Reading, Okayama Room (tentative), History Park, 1650 Senter Road, San Jose, CA.
June 8–9	Day or overnight trip to the historic first Japanese colony in the USA. The Wakamatsu Festival 150-Year Celebration, Coloma, CA.
June 15 10 a.m.–2 p.m.	Sharing of the Wakamatsu Festival at Alison Woolpert’s home, Santa Cruz, CA. Potluck lunch and Haiku writing.