

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 2179 | winter stars
that one that most
reminds me of you | 2188 | his Christmas wreath
still hanging on the front door—
breaking up is hard |
| 2180 | asking
more of me than i know
snowy owl | 2189 | half-price
2019 calendars—
it's not too late |
| 2181 | advent season
cedar waxwings rumored on
the edge of town | 2190 | for my birthday
a Victorian hourglass—
go figure |
| 2182 | clear skies
contrails obtuse in their
coming and going | 2191 | so much depends
upon a red tin roof—
homeless shelter |
| 2183 | eating raspberries
with chocolate drizzle—
washed down with warm milk | 2192 | Hanukkah candles—
the primary colors
of childhood |
| 2184 | long road home
slipping and sliding
through icy passes | 2193 | still
enjoying his life—
December cricket |
| 2185 | blowing snowflakes
into our cold faces
winter wind | 2194 | winter sun—
the young hawk's
vivid red shoulders |
| 2186 | gazing at the stars
on a cold winter's night . . .
their brilliance | 2195 | cold night—
down by the lakeshore
the voices of wolves |
| 2187 | one chrysanthemum
left to fall in the garden
picked by my grandson | 2196 | a gleam
on the winter lake
five-minute sun |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 2197 | the pond strider
parading all night
with the moon | 2210 | New Year's Day
empty pots at the door
waiting for soil |
| 2198 | beside me
a pine bonsai—
haiku muse | 2211 | deep winter
bird-strewn manure piles
bereft of their bugs |
| 2199 | in winter twilight
my shadow still follows—
our lonely walk home | 2212 | winter storm
bedside at the hospital
I lean into his whisper |
| 2200 | big snow flakes floating
down in real
time | 2213 | high desert fog
some of it
the breath of the pack |
| 2201 | broken ice
his long ladder
where the child fell in | 2214 | winter puddle
the three year-old warns, "Watch out
for alligators!" |
| 2202 | dawn blizzard
the white-iced doughnuts
broken in the box | 2215 | cold drizzle
all afternoon
and no fish |
| 2203 | night valley
the flood of snow melt
and starlight | 2216 | Lunaria plants
shedding their husks
galaxy of moons |
| 2204 | hold me
in your petals
passion flower | 2217 | wintering over
in the ceiling beams
very still a mosquito |
| 2205 | seventies
still black as night
my tangled hair | 2218 | the warmth
of the freeway overpass
tent city |
| 2206 | conversation
above the clouds
nebulous | 2219 | furnace fired up
backpacking socks
worn thin |
| 2207 | last night
the man in the moon
winked | 2220 | a photo of
daffodil field and lighthouse—
my son, from a distance |
| 2208 | We break with the land
Selling the farm and cattle
Orion rises | 2221 | fireside chat
of a magpie and a clam
add some wood |
| 2209 | day after Christmas
the magpie drags its tail
across a snowy sky | 2222 | a Noh theater
in the basement of Ginza—
Groundhog Day |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2223 | holiday spirit
one more for the road
nets a speeding ticket | 2236 | spring twilight
she leaves the dishes
to drip dry |
| 2224 | endless sky
my solitude
reaches the zone | 2237 | alternative facts
the oxalis seed packet reads
“Shamrock” |
| 2225 | purple orchid
with a knowing look
she whispers her last words | 2238 | a double rainbow
arcs over bay waters—
we make two new friends |
| 2226 | his tears
pooling at my clavicle
depth of winter | 2239 | blood moon—
on the narrow road north
refugees |
| 2227 | holy
silent night
owls | 2240 | on his study wall
sunset over the ocean
her last photograph |
| 2228 | the teenage pact
to be lovers forever
peeling tangerines | 2241 | clouds obscure
the lunar eclipse
we whisper secrets |
| 2229 | a seagull
wings level . . . motionless
in the winter wind | 2242 | pale pines rise
beyond paned windows—
first light |
| 2230 | dense fog
not knowing
which way to swirl | 2243 | strings of pelicans
stitch the shifting sea
to the galaxy |
| 2231 | family reunion
the toilet
overflows | 2244 | golden ginkgo leaves
tremble on rain-soaked branches—
puddle of sun |
| 2232 | momentary state
then the wind
rattles my mind | 2245 | winter solstice:
the hawthorn berry clusters
still hanging low |
| 2233 | in the library
baby book
over due | 2246 | already full moon . . .
the skyscraper top sunlitness
gets smaller and smaller |
| 2234 | seed planting
<i>shikishi</i> art made by the dojin’s
dojin’s dojin | 2247 | this quickened life
in the accelerated Universe
the winter blue |
| 2235 | lacing
the rim of the crudité plate
wildflowers | 2248 | delivery man—
long after he’s passed
the scent of pizza |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2249 | winter blues
painting the town
pink | 2262 | weeds sprout
in my garden
drizzling rain |
| 2250 | winter garden
even paradise
is pruned | 2263 | billowing clouds sweep
past white rose and skull
Ghost Ranch |
| 2251 | approaching storm
the tree silently
fills with crows | 2264 | five fish and two loaves
fed thousands
miracle diet |
| 2252 | concert begins
on the snowy campus
a deer walks in | 2265 | Christmas Eve . . .
the soft glow of halos
crown the street lamps |
| 2253 | yellow daffodils
spunky on a grey day—
rain-washed sidewalks | 2266 | wolf moon . . .
the pack leader's paw prints
missing one toe |
| 2254 | the allure
of unfolding pink petals . . .
tulip magnolias | 2267 | season of change . . .
uncapping a new shade
of hair color |
| 2255 | "shut down days"
her second infusion round . . .
super blood wolf moon | 2268 | Christmas Day . . .
the grandchildren overtoyed
to see us |
| 2256 | a beach chair throne
top his SUV roof
king tide views | 2269 | thousand star night
high above the rice terrace
the wooden plank bed |
| 2257 | Twelfth Night
the Bengal cat visiting
a new neighborhood | 2270 | winter outage
we barbecue
our coffee water |
| 2258 | simmering stew
with an aroma of thyme
north wind | 2271 | windshield wipers
at full speed
five miles an hour |
| 2259 | driving up
the hospital ramp
winter rainbow | 2272 | lump of melted wax
shape of the Madonna
the crowd's crunch of snow |
| 2260 | I welcome
the solitary robin
longer days | 2273 | the rain gutter
full of leaves soaked with rain
his wobbly ladder |
| 2261 | dusty flowerbed
thirstily swallows
the first rain | 2274 | deep in December
his weekly pill container
without enough room |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 2275 | just enough snow
in the palm of her hand
a snowman | 2288 | sometimes returning
dirty dishes to cupboard—
love over ninety |
| 2276 | we sew the first badge
on my granddaughter's sash
red-breasted robin | 2289 | January
daffodil—
scope creep |
| 2277 | through the skylight
floating in and out
Monet moon | 2290 | mother earth
tugs her blue blankets tight—
teakettle whistles |
| 2278 | uncovered
in a corner of the yard
a rose bush blooming | 2291 | abalone shell
in lacquerware—
black ice night |
| 2279 | a lone sailboat
beyond the breaking waves
November sun | 2292 | sainted moon—
streaming
her own halo |
| 2280 | road repairs
I discover new routes
new vistas | 2293 | hummingbird—
i stop what i was doing
whatever it was |
| 2281 | Cold disheveled crow
grooming wet feathers
First rays shine through | 2294 | inclement weather
the cat hangs out inside
more |
| 2282 | Christmas tree still standing
filled with heart ornaments
Her failing heart | 2295 | sensual
the soft smooth curves
of the calla |
| 2283 | In the purple sky
a last glimpse of sunset
my tiny shadow | 2296 | garden sale—
we buy tomato plants
we've not heard of |
| 2284 | Ray shining
through the forest
an old path | 2297 | lengthening shadow
pausing to see how high
a squirrel can climb |
| 2285 | Endangered species—
men in suits, women in skirts
City in winter | 2298 | winter clouds
a whimbrel wades into
a patch of sunlight |
| 2286 | compelled again
to track calories—
count out ten cashews | 2299 | warm winter sun
in the woods the bustle
of rabbits |
| 2287 | golden coyote
mines the tufted hillside
for gophers | 2300 | a new year dawns
the same old
same old |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2301 | gray hairs—
every day I grow
more invisible | 2312 | downy feather
dances in the morning breeze
to an unheard jig. |
| 2302 | like the Sphinx,
I too
am flawsome | 2313 | As the rain begins
robin on edge of birdbath—
shower or a soak? |
| 2303 | bomb defuser—
I stop the microwave
before it hits zero | 2314 | Brown, bushy bristles
protrude along spine and neck—
sleeping squirrel's Mohawk. |
| 2304 | ready to let joy
into a sorrowful heart
first day of the year | 2315 | Backyard climate change—
a Christmas narcissus blooms
before the Solstice. |
| 2305 | wildly colorful
rising from a dark place
amaryllis | 2316 | winter nights
peaceful nights
cicadas hibernating |
| 2306 | Gramma's will—
my son only wants
her recipes | 2317 | dew drops
fall into an empty cup
winter morning |
| 2307 | hoping for
a different outcome
ice fishing | 2318 | after the rain
a cluster of snails
surround the cat food |
| 2308 | my future lurches
down the frozen foods aisle—
icy steel walker | 2319 | dried prunes
I put on
my brave face |
| 2309 | phosphorescence—
she explains to grandfather
her love of flying | 2320 | winter morning
the dog and I
stay inside |
| 2310 | full winter river—
in cumbersome silence
an old couple strolls | 2321 | turnip for the stew
an unexpected piece
of advice |
| 2311 | sun after rain—
on a steaming black roof
pigeons percolate | 2322 | unfilled prescription
for pain meds
winter desolation |

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.

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

Betty Arnold: We're saddened to learn this Haiku Exchange Program with the Yukuharu Haiku Society must come to an end. Hiroyuki Murakami has done a wonderful job creating this educational program, a program which has afforded all of us the opportunity to share and appreciate haiku from our two different cultures. Thank you, Hiroyuki.

Hiroyuki Murakami: Here is the third and last round of HEP as Yukuharu Society will close its long history this spring. I chose two poems each from *GEPPŌ* November issue and *Yukuharu Journal* December issue. Enjoy these haiku focused on relationships between animals, plants, and people (real and imagined).

tucked in the thistle
 talking to herself
 a mockingbird
 あざみ野をマネシツグミの独り言つ Dyana Basist
 azamino wo maneshitugumi no hitorigotsu ダイアナ・バシスト

Thistle is a spring kigo. Lots of "t" sounds in the poem make a busy mockingbird seem much closer.

sepia snapshot
 you measure yourself
 against hollyhocks Elisabeth Liebert
 スナップに立葵との背比べ エリザベス・リーバート
 sunappu ni tachiao tonon seikurabe

A fond family memory of summer. In one poem readers can see two pictures, the past, and the present.

Astro Boy soars
 into the stratosphere
 autumn sky Mikiko Kataumi
 天高し成層圏へとアトム飛ぶ 片海幹子
 ten takashi seisouken eto Atomu tobu

Sometimes popular characters exist within our mind. Autumn sky is as high as the stratosphere.

parks
 that's where autumnal leaves
 play with the wind Nobuko Tanishima
 公園は落葉が風と遊ぶ場所 谷島展子
 koen wa ochiba ga kaze to asobu basho

Parks are places to play, not only for humans but also for nature. It can be said that the universe plays to the rhythm of life, as well.

Sayonara.

Winter Challenge Kigo: cold drizzle/drizzling rain

drizzling rain
losing sight of
the gator
~Michael Henry Lee

winter drizzle
a sniffing stranger
offers me a tissue
~Stephanie Baker

young lovers
cling together
cold drizzling rain
~Sharon Lynne Yee

cold drizzling rain
cooling my mocha latté
Christmas morning
~Janis Albright Lukstein

cold drizzle
the flush of heat
when a steelhead strikes
~Barbara Snow

hushed conversations
in the surgery waiting room
cold drizzle
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

on the dry garden
it makes very little sound
drizzling rain
~Patricia Prime

cold drizzle
the dog pulls on his leash
towards home
~Bruce Feingold

cold drizzle
the homeless line up
at the shelter
~Dana Grover

bristling on a limb
the crow shakes off
the drizzling rain
~E. Luke

cold drizzle
the last gold leaf
drifts away
~Bona M. Santos

cold drizzle
a stray cat shakes
it off
~John J. Han

cold drizzle—
the sapsucker
drills more holes
~Ruth Holzer

what's to
become of us
winter drizzle
~Dyana Basist

over the top
flattery—
a cold drizzle
~Susan Burch

drizzling rain at last
bowed plants
are standing tall
~Ed Grossmith

morning drizzle
dots blue plastic—
soggy news
~Kathleen Goldbach

drizzling rain—
the grating one-way complaint
of windshield wipers
~Christine Horner

drizzling rain
no one can find
the cottage's fuse box
~J. Zimmerman

her birth year digits
revealed on her year of death . . .
cold drizzle
~Zinovy Vayman

Steady drizzling rain
enlarges driveway puddles—
soil saturated.
~David Sherertz

he can't
stop lying
cold drizzle
~Genie Nakano

shigure soup
the scent
of hot sake
~Kath Abela Wilson

a little brown bird
seeks refuge
from the drizzling rain
~Majo Leavick

cold drizzling rain
a squirrel shakes
the empty nest
~Gloria Jaguden

politicians
stump the new socialism—
cold drizzling rain
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

cold drizzle
windowless room
in the ER
~Deborah P Kolodji

drizzling rain—rubbing away the smoke ~Lois Henry Scott

The 2019 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest Sponsored by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Enter the oldest USA-based international haiku contest honoring traditional Japanese haiku!

Prizes: \$100, \$50, \$25 to the top three haiku.

Contest Rules

- In-hand deadline is May 31, 2019.
- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern. Contest standard for determining syllables is *The American Heritage Dictionary, 5th Edition*.
- Haiku must use only one kigo which must be from the contest list. Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

2019 Contest Kigo List

- New Year: first wind in the pines; New Year's tea/good luck tea/ lucky tea*
- Spring: skylark/soaring skylark; snowmelt/melting snow
- Summer: sunburn; thistle
- Autumn: autumn dusk; acorn
- Winter: wolf; hot chocolate

* find added information on New Year's kigo at the YTHS website: www.youngleaves.org

Navigate to Home > Contest > 2019 Tokutomi Haiku Contest > Notes

Email Entries

To: Christine Horner

Subject Line: **Your Name, Contest**

Please single space your haiku in the body of the email

Fee: \$8.00 per three haiku. Go to PayPal. At "Send money to" type: YukiTeikei@msn.com.

In the "Add a note" box of PayPal type: *Contest, your name, and the number of haiku.*

Paper Entries

To: Christine Horner, Contest Chair

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

Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere. Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, website, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the November 2019 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat in Asilomar. Soon afterward they will appear on the YTHS website: <http://youngleaves.org/>
- For a paper copy of the contest results send a self-addressed stamped envelope marked "Contest Winners." Those abroad please enclose a self-addressed envelope plus enough postage in international reply coupons for airmail return.

Members' Votes for August–October 2018 Haiku

Genie Nakano	2054-3,	2055-2,	2056-0,	2057-2
Michael Dylan Welch	2058-4,	2059-1,	2060-7,	2061-0
Deborah P Kolodji	2062-1,	2063-3,	2064-5,	2065-3
Neal Whitman	2066-1,	2067-2,	2068-0,	2069-1
Michael Henry Lee	2070-4,	2071-6,	2072-9	
Michael Sheffield	2073-5,	2074-6,	2075-5,	2076-3
J. Zimmerman	2077-0,	2078-6,	2079-1,	2080-4
Dyana Basist	2081-3,	2082-3,	2083-3,	2084-6
Ed Grossmith	2085-2,	2086-3,	2087-0,	2088-1
Ruth Holzer	2089-0,	2090-5,	2091-0,	2092-6
Stephanie Baker	2093-3,	2094-2,	2095-3,	2096-1
John J. Han	2097-1,	2098-6,	2099-2,	2100-0
Elaine Whitman	2101-3,	2102-0,	2103-6,	2104-3
Zinovy Vayman	2105-3,	2106-0,	2107-2,	2108-0
Sherry Barto	2109-1,	2110-3,	2111-3,	2112-0
Hiroyuki Murakami	2113-0,	2114-1,	2115-0,	2116-1
Mimi Ahern	2117-4,	2118-6,	2119-5,	2120-4
Susan Burch	2121-1,	2122-3,	2123-4	
Christine Lamb Stern	2124-2,	2125-1,	2126-1	
Clysta Seney	2127-3,	2128-0,	2129-1,	2130-1
Elinor Pihl Huggett	2131-5,	2132-2,	2133-7,	2134-5
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	2135-1,	2136-4,	2137-1,	2138-1
Kath Abela Wilson	2139-2,	2140-0,	2141-1,	2142-0
Marilyn Gehant	2143-1,	2144-3,	2145-0,	2146-2
Carolyn Fitz	2147-0,	2148-6,	2149-3,	2150-1
Lois Scott	2151-0,	2152-2,	2153-0,	2154-0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	2155-0,	2156-0,	2157-2,	2158-0
Phillip Kennedy	2159-2,	2160-0,	2161-7	
David Sherertz	2162-0,	2163-0,	2164-4,	2165-0
Majo Leavick	2166-1,	2167-0,	2168-0,	2169-0
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy	2170-4			
Ann Bendixen	2171-2,	2172-4	2173-1*	2174-3**
Christine Horner	2175-9,	2176-1,	2177-9,	2178-1

*with Mimi Ahern

**with Lisa Whalen and Mimi Ahern

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

- | | | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|------|---|
| 2072 | Christmas morning
pretending
it fits
~Michael Henry Lee | 2078 | late-afternoon light
the hemlock filling
with crows
~J. Zimmerman | 2073 | golden autumn
an old woman sweeps
the temple steps
~Michael Sheffield |
| 2175 | ensō—
the long-tongued dog's
morning kiss
~Christine Horner | 2084 | tomato harvest
leaving the biggest one
for the rat
~Dyana Basist | 2075 | morning mist . . .
the heaviness
of gray
~Michael Sheffield |
| 2177 | coyotes calling—
my dog answers from the depths
of her ancestry
~Christine Horner | 2092 | crossing the bridge
into another state—
winter solitude
~Ruth Holzer | 2090 | senior center—
a flock of geese
into the sunset
~Ruth Holzer |
| 2060 | the sky grown dark
still the shouts
from the kiddie pool
~Michael Dylan Welch | 2098 | autumn woods
the glint in the eyes
of squirrels
~John J. Han | 2119 | chrysanthemum
her gift
of understanding
~Mimi Ahern |
| 2133 | corn field . . .
a combine rearranges
grasshoppers
~Elinor Pihl Huggett | 2103 | tiptoeing
around climate change
Thanksgiving dinner
~Elaine Whitman | 2131 | starry night . . .
holding moon drops
in my hand
~Elinor Pihl Huggett |
| 2161 | not remembering
which language I said it in—
scarlet dragonfly
~Phillip Kennedy | 2118 | purple orchid
on the kitchen counter
yesterday's dishes
~Mimi Ahern | 2134 | noisy treetop . . .
a flock of migrating birds
debate departure
~Elinor Pihl Huggett |
| 2071 | thanksgiving day
turkey vultures bow around
the roadkill
~Michael Henry Lee | 2148 | autumn moonlit stroll
my shadow gets there
before me
~Carolyn Fitz | | |
| 2074 | secrets . . .
a distant mountain
cloaked in mist
~Michael Sheffield | 2064 | autumn leaves
he falls off
her pedestal
~Deborah P Kolodji | | |

Dojin's Corner Aug–Oct, 2018

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita,
and Linda Papanicolaou

Happy New Year! The rains have come to the California coast and we are happy. We hope this Year of the Boar is full of promise for you. Our guest editor this issue is Linda Papanicolaou. She teaches art to middle-schoolers in Palo Alto and is an active online renku writer as well as an award-winning haiku writer. She is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Haiku Poets of Northern California, and Haiku Society of America.

Our choices from the last issue:

LP: 2058*, 2071*, 2076*, 2079*, 2161*

E: 2054, 2058*, 2059*, 2072, 2073, 2077, 2089*,
2091*, 2100, 2132, 2133, 2137, 2171, 2175

pjm: 2059, 2060, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2087,
2092*, 2094, 2095, 2096*, 2098, 2107, 2110, 2111,
2117, 2120, 2124, 2126, 2128, 2129, 2148*, 2149,
2160, 2161*, 2164

(Note: Since Emiko and Linda each chose one of the same haiku, we asked Linda to pick a fifth haiku to maintain a total of 12 haiku to be commented on.)

2058 ice in the water bottle—
the dawn sky
reddens our tent

E: The temperature is below zero, and the author is camping with someone; the daybreak is casting dazzling rays that turn their tent to red. The crisp fresh air and the auspicious daybreak is felt from this haiku, perhaps in the wilderness but without

being too lonely due to the word “our.” Ice expands as it freezes. If it were far below zero, the entire bottle would freeze causing the plastic bottle to balloon. But from the touch of the haiku, I see just the right amount of ice in the bottle.

L: Brrr! This haiku vividly evokes winter camping, waking up at daybreak in a tent so cold the water has frozen during the night. The haiku leaves open whether we're still in the tent, snuggling deeper into a sleeping bag and the ruddiness is sunlight shining through the fabric of the tent, or we're already up and out and it's a red tent—meaning that the early grayness of dawn has passed and we're seeing our campsite in its fullness of morning color. For me, these two possible readings work in succession, and I get an image of outdoor adventure in what promises to be a fine, bracing winter day.

pjm: It's been a cold night. It must feel glorious to waken surrounded by a glowing tent. This haiku makes us aware of how the color red feels—its warmth, its joy.

2059 dripping azaleas—
traffic noise
enters the garden

E: Since the azaleas are dripping, there must have been a rain shower. The traffic noise on smooth, dry streets is the kind of sound that disappears in our consciousness due to its chronicity (or because it is too ordinary), but the splashing traffic noise is different, and it is just beginning to enter the garden. A delight!

pjm: This poem can be read as a soundscape. Against the white noise of the distant cars going by, we hear, near at hand and clearly, the pleasant drip of dew or rain from the azaleas. It's the dripping azaleas that tell us this is about spring, about renewal, about aliveness. But the “traffic noise” is not benign. It's entering the

garden; it could be read as threatening to the peace here. It has the potential to overpower the drip of the azaleas. Beware!

L: Azalea (*tsutsuji*) as a season reference setting the haiku in late spring illustrates the complexities we face when exporting the Japanese *saijiki* to climate zones that may be quite different. I used to live in the northeastern US where azaleas marked the abundance of spring. In that context I see and feel a warm rain that has saturated the white, pink, and red flowers and their lush green leaves. Rain also enhances the sound of traffic on wet streets, making the haiku a rich tapestry of color, scent, and sound. On the other hand, if I conjure the imagery where I live now in California, the haiku is quite different, because by late spring or early summer, the dry season may have started. Azalea roots cannot be allowed to dry even briefly, so now the dripping water comes from garden sprinklers. The traffic sounds from outside the garden will be different, and they may be accompanied by the smell of exhaust. In this alternate reading I sense an unseen gardener who's caring for this precious, vest-pocket paradise.

2071 thanksgiving day
turkey vultures bow around
the roadkill

L: I laughed with delight when I first read this haiku. It neatly conflates two separate image types I have known since childhood. I had comic books with vulture characters. As drawn, they were black, hunched birds with white ruffed necks, quite like how the Pilgrim colonists were depicted in somber coats with seventeenth-century white collars as they celebrated the first Thanksgiving. That's the Andean condor, as I learned when I first saw California turkey vultures airing their wings on telephone poles or circling overhead on a canyon updraft. For me,

the mark of a good poem is that I keep coming back to it and that it changes my way of seeing. This haiku certainly does both. I love the wit of the Thanksgiving Day *kigo* combined with "turkey" as the choice of vulture species. I envision the birds surrounding and bowing in their own way over their feast. Not anthropomorphism, but the haiku does leave me with deeper questions: Do even these ugly, despised carrion birds have their own way of recognizing and appreciating the providence of bounty?

E: So they are having their Thanksgiving Day's share. Since it is on the special day, we think that the turkey vultures are bowing in gratitude, which of course is not mentioned in the haiku. The combination of words "thanksgiving" and "turkey" makes a big contrast with the third line. I hope that the spirit of thanksgiving will thrive for another millennium!

pjm: A haiku with an unflinching observation of nature and a recognition that the harsh reality of roadkill and feasting vultures is consequential, necessary, and appreciated, all at once.

2076 tea
from a new cup . . .
first morning

L: I feel the warmth of the tea and the fragrance steaming from it. More than that, the choice of "first morning," a sky *kigo* denoting New Year's, lends ceremony. I have a shelf full of cups and mugs at home, though I generally prefer one or two because of the way they balance in my hands and accommodate my fingers curled through the handles. Is this new cup a gift, or a purchase that's been saved for the occasion? Will it become a new favorite, or wind up with the other less-used ceramics on the shelf? In a way it comes to symbolize the year ahead, open with uncertainties and possibilities.

pjm: The hopeful feeling of newness, of a fresh start, of relief, almost, to begin anew, calmly and with resolution—all this in seven words.

E: Very simple and yet the poem captures the auspicious mood at the beginning of the New Year.

2079 New Year afternoon
the dark-chocolate color
of broken resolutions

L: How long do you keep to your New Year's resolutions? This writer's, one of which was obviously related to overindulging in holiday candy, did not even last the day! The specifics are open; everything depends on that double meaning of "chocolate" as both a food and a color, and "dark" as referring both to the kind of chocolate and to the negative associations we ascribe to darkness as the opposite of light.

E: Is the resolution to stop a habit of eating excess dark chocolate? Or are there some other resolutions that have the color of dark chocolate? In case of the latter, my imagination flies to something slightly bitter, but has its own taste like burnished furniture. What can they be? A forbidden cigar from Havana? Calling an ex-lover? But, "afternoon," I think, is the cue, and I am convinced that the author has eaten a box of dark chocolates not even before the first day of the New Year comes to an end.

pjm: So soon? I know chocolate lovers everywhere will sympathize with how tough it is to give up their favorite food, but to not even last the day—wow! I like that a haiku about the tradition of New Year's is written in the 5-7-7 format, an alternate form to the familiar 5-7-5. The formality of the form representing the sternness of the poet's resolve is in contrast to the sudden collapse of willpower represented in the content of the poem. Regarding the form and the

idea of making the form work to advance or support the meaning, I have a small suggestion: the poem could focus on one resolution—that of no more chocolate—by changing the last line to "of a broken resolution," making it an eight-syllable line, thus breaking the form. In so doing the form would even more closely replicate the meaning.

2089 kudzu vines
slowly losing their grip
on the fence

E: Kudzu is monstrously vigorous and grows everywhere covering all the vegetation; sometimes their vines become ten meters in length, stretching quickly and with strength. Now they are losing their grip on the fence. The passing of time, the passing of autumn is evident here. The wind blows and turns the leaves showing their whitish backside; gradually it dries out the plant. I am a great fan of kudzu starch, a specialty of Mt. Yoshino. Pour boiling water into a cup containing two to three tablespoonfuls of kudzu starch, stir well, and when it thickens add some sugar or honey to taste! This steaming kudzu sweet is a nice winter treat!

L: For me, one of the pleasures of kigo is that it presents opportunities to learn. Kudzu (Japanese arrowroot) is one such case. Though I've never seen it, there was a comic strip by that name, from which I learned that kudzu is a highly invasive species. Imagine my surprise to learn that as a kigo it is one of the Seven Herbs of Autumn. Its first introduction to the US was at the Centennial International Exhibition of 1876 in Philadelphia, where the Japanese pavilion set off an American mania for things Japanese. Soon it was marketed as a shade and heat screen for sunny porches, as animal fodder, and as an erosion stabilizer for the Dust Bowl. Though it's edible and has medicinal properties, as well as

being good for basket making, we have neither climate nor the cultural habits to keep it under control, and it has become known as "the vine that ate the South." Some of the pictures you'll find online show it overwhelming and swallowing whole trees. That's the delightful humor in this haiku: picture the kudzu as a sort of Zombie Apocalypse, swarming up but failing to get over the fence—and all of course in slow motion.

pjm: Kudzu is an incredibly invasive vine that takes over everything around it: plants, bushes, fences—even trees. The approach of winter is making it lose its "grip/on the fence" for it goes dormant at this time. But it will be back with renewed vigor come spring. I'm thinking that the last line is a little weak; perhaps the second and third lines with a little rewrite could be reversed.

2091 instead of the news
watching
deer in the snow

E: I think we are the first generation growing up with a television set in our living rooms. My husband is surely addicted to TV; whenever he is at home, his TV is on. On the other hand, I prefer silence. He grew up in a family where the TV is never turned off, while my family had a limited hour for TV watching—live sumo-wrestling for my grandfather, news shows for my father, and Astro Boy for us children. This haiku made me smile to find the kind of person like myself! Or, perhaps the recent news is too painful to watch or too ridiculous to follow so that the author is watching the deer happily walking in the snow instead. In any event, I think it is lovely to have such a window in the house to see the snow and the deer.

pjm: Once upon a time my husband and I took two of our granddaughters to Glacier National Park in Canada where we vacationed in the

Prince of Wales Hotel. The hotel and the nearby town of Waterton are only open for three or four months in the summer; the snow comes early there and leaves late. But the deer are there year round; they are a lovely part of breakfast in the hotel's huge dining room with floor to ceiling windows. The deer come in groups of two, or three, or five and lie down in the shade and converse among themselves or rest or just hang out. One day we bought the girls disposable cameras and drove into Waterton, a very small, picturesque town of summer homes. In the yard of the first house was a buck with a magnificent rack of antlers. We stopped so the girls could get out and photograph him. They were very excited when they returned to the car to resume our sightseeing. We had hardly started up when we spotted a mother deer and two fawns in the next yard. So we stopped for pictures. We were soon to discover that every house practically had its resident deer or deer family, and they all looked at us as if to say, "This yard is mine; I don't know who you are, but I'm here summer and winter—you're just a Johnny-come-lately, arriving after the snow melts and leaving at the first hint of chill." It would have been a joy to watch those deer in snow.

L: Each day the 24-hour news cycle brings us some new disaster or outrage that would have been unthinkable a few years ago. We become addicted, yet how soothing it is to turn the television off and gaze out the window at a winter landscape. For me, this wonderful haiku is a perfect marriage of image and form. I'm thinking of insights I gained from presentations by Jeanne Emrich (*Haiku North America* 2005, published in *Haigaonline* 9-1, 2008) and Patricia Machmiller (*Haiku Pacific Rim* 2012, *Frogpond* 36.2, 2013). Jeanne's paper on the aesthetic of white space in haiga was my first glimpse of understanding how much the poetics of both *sumi-e* and haiku depend on what is not painted and what is not said. I asked one of my school's

music teachers if there was an equivalent in their art form. “Yes,” she smiled. “They’re called rests.” If you’ve been in a school ensemble where someone has played when they shouldn’t, you’ll know that what gives this silence a shape and value is the music’s time signature and the measure. For haiku it’s what Patricia discussed in her talk on formal structure as it deepens meaning. With two stresses in its first line, one in its second, two in its third, this haiku would seem to have an accentual free verse form. But if we read it according to the two/three/two stress accentual modern form, the expectation of a three-stress second line changes line two from a simple line break after “watching” to a two-count rest. Try reading it aloud, and you’ll see how the long pause becomes the white space of the next line, “snow,” and it brings wonderment to seeing the deer.

2092 crossing the bridge
into another state—
winter solitude

pjm: This poem speaks on two levels. There is the physical act of crossing a border, going from, perhaps, familiar territory into a more foreign environment raising the accompanying feelings of strangeness and isolation that come with venturing into the unknown. The poem can also be read as a transition in one’s state of mind due to some life event, or maybe even just the change of season might trigger it. These two possible readings give the poem a deeper resonance; the kigo “winter solitude” reminds us that when we make the ultimate transition, we will do it alone.

E: Perhaps there are no living creatures in sight; no one in the passenger seat either. The author is crossing the boundary which happens to be a bridge to the neighboring state. “Another state” suggests that the author is not just crossing into this state but has been traveling across several states already, which makes him/her feel even

lonelier. That everything is new to him/her means that there is nothing dear in sight around him/her at the moment. A myth of the river one has to cross when one dies, the Styx, is found in many cultures. The river indicated by the bridge may add some extra loneliness to the poem.

L: How layered this haiku is! On its surface there’s a bridge that marks the boundary between two states; it’s winter and we’re traveling alone. I could see this as my former daily commute over the George Washington Bridge from New Jersey into New York, as crossing the Mississippi bridge from my father’s hometown in Illinois into Iowa on my move to California. This bridge is much more than a geographic feature—it’s a liminal structure that marks transition to a new “state” or phase in life. The choice of “winter solitude” as kigo is powerful. I picture myself alone in the car, heater on, catching a glimpse of ice floes passing downriver beneath the bridge. I also read it metaphorically as the passage into old age, or as a meditation on an unspecified, unwanted change in life.

2096 culling copyedits
from his manuscript
mackerel sky

pjm: Funny how this haiku hit me. It has to do with the visual sight of a marked-up manuscript and the form of a mackerel cloud. I envisioned a manuscript with all the changes some editor has made highlighted in red floating across the text much like the numerous puffy cirrus clouds that make up a “mackerel sky.” The author has to work his/her way through all the edits one by one. As he/she clicks “accept” or “reject,” the red copyedit disappears from the manuscript, and in my mind’s eye flies into the sky transformed into one puffy white scale of an enormous mackerel cloud. I readily admit that this interpretation of how the two parts of this haiku come together is

very quirky and subjective. I will be interested to know if others find this haiku to be visually interesting.

E: Mackerel sky is a group of round white clouds dotting the sky; the idea of culling copyedits juxtaposed with mackerel sky makes me wonder how many copyedits there are in the manuscript. Mackerel sky appears in autumn when the sky is vast and high, so the haiku is in an uplifting mood, too.

L: Everyone who's had the experience of receiving a manuscript back from a copyeditor can relate to this haiku. You had worked hard on it and in a state of exhaustion submitted it just in time for the deadline. Now here it is again, your perfect pages full of blue pencil marks correcting grammar, spelling, syntax, punctuation, continuity, and factual inconsistencies or errors. You want to be done with it all but you must go through and deal with each edit, and it's hard not to become upset when the copyeditor has mangled your intended meaning. Line three, "mackerel sky," is well-chosen. These formations of curdled cirrocumulus clouds aptly evoke a manuscript that is very heavily marked up. *Iwashigumo*, also called sardine clouds, set the haiku in autumn, perhaps when the author had expected to be able to move on to other projects. A mackerel sky signals change in the weather—hinting that an argument with the editor lies ahead.

2148 autumn moonlit stroll
my shadow gets there
before me

pjm: This haiku could be interpreted as a metaphor for life as a journey, and if one reads the poem this way, the idea of one's shadow getting there before the traveler leaves me wondering what is the meaning of that. Can the shadow be read as the spirit? Or is the shadow a

premonition? A ghost of the future? A foretelling. The feeling of the poem is calm acceptance and appreciation. The kigo "moonlit" is fittingly autumn (therefore the word "autumn" could be dropped) as the meditation here is on the end of the journey.

L: Shadows or reflections often feel like a trope that is overdone, but this haiku does it charmingly. The night is bright enough to invite a stroll, and the writer's shadow is clearly projected on the ground ahead. What is literally depicted is that as the writer nears the destination of the stroll, the moon is behind and low enough in the sky that the shadow does arrive first. However, I picture this moon shadow as having magically become independent of the person casting it, a childlike companion on the stroll that suddenly races ahead to get there first. My one suggestion is that since "moonlit" is sufficient to indicate season, doubling down on the season by including "autumn" is redundant. This isn't about simply lopping off anything superfluous to gain minimalism as an end in itself: in this case, it's "more is less" and a distraction to a very pure expression of moment.

E: So the moon is shining from behind the author, and it is well-tilted already. Perhaps there's no need to mention "autumn" for moon is an autumn kigo. I like to walk with the moon, the moon in my view, but when I turn around, it follows me from behind. It must be a pleasant evening and the author feels like playing with his/her own shadow.

2157 kiss of snow
on alpine conifers—
a heart chakra day

L: I respond to the sound patterns of this haiku—the "kiss of snow" and "on alpine conifers"—and I kept coming back to it. The scene could be a high-altitude landscape, or perhaps a rock

garden planted with dwarf species of pine or fir, the writer looking down on branches lightly “kissed” with snow. As for the third line, I can recall yoga teachers speaking of chakras, but I knew little of them until I googled “heart chakra” to learn that it’s associated with balance, calmness, serenity, and a capacity for compassion, affection, and love. Sometimes you can’t rationalize a poem—you just have to let it be and perform its magic.

E: Assuming that the heart chakra day is a day when one’s heart chakra opens and fills the person with universal affection, “kiss of snow” is what the author sees while others just see snowflakes falling down on the alpine conifers. I think “kiss” and “heart chakra day” may be too close to have in one haiku; will we still see the snow kissing the trees if we made “a touch of snow” the first line?

pjm: “A kiss of snow”—how lightly and lovingly this poem begins, and it builds to a leap—the leap of the heart. We see this delicate touch of snow, and we are, in turn, touched with joy.

2161 not remembering
which language I said it in—
scarlet dragonfly

pjm: Ah, the mystery of it all. What makes it possible for some people to be so comfortable in multiple languages that they can’t remember which one they are conversing in? What must it be like to have a brain like that—one that zigzags easily from one domain to another like a dragonfly darting from one side of the creek to the other making it all one.

E: There is a vagueness in the first part of the haiku—what is being said to whom, why, when? The dragonfly’s vivid color and its shape make an interesting match with the first part, since dragonflies do not sing or speak. Dragonfly is

one of the oldest types of living creatures on the earth, which goes well with the phrase of “not remembering,” I think. But still the haiku is a little puzzling for me.

L: For years I took French lessons, and while I never became fluent, I did get to a point where I might briefly lose track of which language I was speaking. For me, the third line, “scarlet dragonfly,” is what really makes this haiku. Here in California we have a couple of species of red dragonfly, including a meadowhawk that may be a cousin of the red dragonfly of Japan. From the *World Kigo Database* I’ve learned that Japan used to be called the “Island of the Dragonfly” and that dragonflies are symbols of good luck. Here in the West, our folklore is more ambivalent. They’re sometimes called “darning needles” from a belief that they can sew up your lips—an apt metaphor for the confusion that code-switching between languages can cause!

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



Block print of “At First Light”
by Patricia J. Machmiller

Spring Challenge Kigo: Violet, Wild Violet

Elinor Pihl Huggett

Violets, like their cousins violas, Johnny Jump Ups, and pansies, start blooming in early spring in northern Indiana and never fail to charm me. They first appeared in my yard uninvited like a pregnant cat looking for a home, and since I allowed them to stay, they soon blessed me by “littering” my lawn with babies, blending in with my flowers, and snuggling up to my raspberry canes.

At times, they can be invasive weeds, yet they do have their good points. A violet is not just another pretty face. The flowers and leaves are edible with the leaves having a high level of vitamins A and C. They can be used in salads or cooked as greens, and the flowers can be made into delicious jelly. The roots should not be eaten as they can cause nausea.

The sweet violet is the principal medicinal and culinary species in Europe. It contains rutin, which is antioxidant and anti-inflammatory. It can be eaten or used as a tea or syrup and has been used for centuries as a pulmonary remedy for dry, hacking cough.

birch woods
the new fawn
asleep in violets

Lynn Steel, “Shiki Monthly Kukai,” www.haikuworld.org, May 14, 2001.

as quiet
as the sunrise
a violet

Linda Robeck, “Shiki Monthly Kukai,” www.haikuworld.org, May 14, 2001.

at the doorsteps
visiting every year
our violet

Edith Muta, “Shiki Monthly Kukai,” www.haikuworld.org, May 14, 2001.

Nothing special
yet even so, enchanting—
wild violets

Bashō, *Modern Haiku*, Summer 2011, page 123.

my careful plans...
clumps of wild violets
in the flower beds

Kathe Palka, *Frogpond*, Autumn 2013, page 53.

Wild Violet Jelly Recipe

For a delicious treat, try this recipe online for wild violet jelly:
ediblewildfood.com/wild-violet-jelly.aspx

Jelly has never looked this enticing. Wild violet jelly not only tastes amazing on toast or crackers, it looks, and is, incredibly delicious.

Please send in one haiku using the Spring Challenge Kigo to the *GEPP*O Editor. It will be published with other members’ verses in the next issue.



Photo by Judith Landau

In Loving Remembrance of Jean Hale

August 13, 1928–November 8, 2018

Iguisu ya

in the small bamboo thicket
singing of old age

Bashō, version by Cid Corman

Jean Hale had been an involved part of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society since 1987. With her recent passing, a significant part of the history of YTHS comes to an end. There is no way to thank her enough!

Jean was born and raised in Boston. When she married Noel Hale, she moved to California and raised two children, Sarah and Stephen. After her divorce, she went to work for Apple. It was during this time that she offered to become the editor of *GEPPPO*.

Jean served as the editor twice: a short stint in the late 1980s and again from September 1993 through 2009 producing six issues a year. To imagine the work involved multiply the number of submitted haiku by the total membership of YTHS. Think of each piece of paper (or later, also email submissions) which must be numbered and reproduced. Think of questions to be answered, member votes to be tallied. Think about the placement of announcements, kigo lists, the Challenge Kigo and the Dojin's Corner. Think of gradually changing from an all paper setup to incorporate email submissions. She had to upgrade her own computer and software to better produce the *GEPPPO*.

After the copy for each *GEPPPO* is prepared, it has to be taken to the printer and then the membership copies picked up and prepared for mailing all around the world. Then mail them and begin all over again for the next issue. She did this six times a year for seventeen years. Her dedication to Yuki Teikei's publication tied the membership together and formed the heart of our community.

We all were terrified when she fell on the stairs in her townhouse, breaking not one, but both legs. And we all were delighted by her recovery. We will always treasure the wonderful memories of the YTHS Holiday Parties which she hosted at her home in Cupertino, California, and later after she retired, in The Villages in San Jose, where she enjoyed the friendly companionship of book clubs and other activities. Perhaps the event we remember most lovingly is the 2002 winter holiday party at which our beloved Kiyoko Tokutomi read to us from her recently published volume of translated haiku, *Kiyoko's Sky*. Kiyoko passed away on Christmas Day a few weeks afterwards.

This tribute which Judith Schallberger wrote for the anthology that celebrated our thirty-fifth year can give a sense of what she was like to members who never got to meet her in person.

The wonderful persona of Jean, her sense of humor is clear and sophisticated and not stuffy or arrogant, not exactly dry, but it comes from a fresh place rarely ever heard. It is so enjoyable and like no other...

Autumn Deepens, 35th Commemorative Members' Anthology, 2010.

From our Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and all the members, past and present, Hail and Farewell, our Jean!

—June Hopper Hymas

Haiku for Jean Hale (August 13, 1928–November 8, 2018):

erased
by an autumn wave
footprints

Mimi Ahern

*

the poems
she left us—
Remembrance Day

Linda Papanicolaou

*

August sunset clouds
become the new mountain ridge . . .
O golden Wild West!

Zinovy Vayman

*

old cottonwood
a few brown leaves
trembling

June Hopper Hymas

*

a persimmon dawn
backlights seaside pines—
missing her humor

Judith Morrison Schallberger

*

glowing logs
the fire-darkened keystone
holds the rocks in place

Alison Woolpert

*

those not with us
sand spills
from the beach

Deborah P Kolodji

*

the warmth of
institutional
memories

David Sherertz

*

fallen pine needles
the path laid out
before us

Karina M. Young

*

sun on autumn sea—
its shining iridescence
masks our loss

Patricia J. Machmiller

cold morning—
news of our friend's passing
during the night

Carol Steele

to re-read your words
I light a candle
open the sparkling wine

J. Zimmerman

Haiku by Jean Hale:

the crows
omnipresent
and not a bit Christmassy

*

elusive moon
where have you hidden
my muse

*

misshapen moon
it looks to be
shrugging off an overcoat

Thank you, Jean!

watching Casablanca
on a two inch screen
play, Sam, play

the click of silverware
at the silent breakfast table
foggy morning

YTHS Annual Holiday Party: December 8, 2018

Alison Woolpert

On December 8, 2018, guests gathered at the lovely home of Judith and Lou Schallberger. Included were Patricia and Al Machmiller, Carol Steele, Mimi Ahern, Roger Abe, Karina Young, Betty Arnold, Dyana Basist, Toni Homan, Joan Zimmerman, Cynthia and Rob Holbrook, Jeannie Rueter, Dana and Barbara Grover, Alan Leavitt, Alison Woolpert, and our hosts' daughter, Audra Schallberger. Joining us in absentia were Beverly and Katsuhiko Momoi and June Hopper Hymas.

There is nothing more festive at this time of year than entering a household brimming with good cheer, delicious aromas, the sight of an abundant table, the warm touches of holiday décor, a glowing fire, and a room full of friends.

After the feast, we gathered in the living room to exchange our winter haiku and haiga cards. Wonderful stories (in turn, funny, instructive, and poignant) were shared about these creations: there were nuzzling polar bears in Manitoba, a child touching icicles, a clothesline fragrant with fresh snow, snow falling somewhere else in the world, quietly and sadly. A grandfather and granddaughter wrote haiku together. We heard stories of birds of all feathers: small birds spilling into daylight, a first sighting of a Red Cardinal in Arizona, trying to follow a line of sandpipers on Asilomar's beach, the Monet-like wake of a mallard, as well as a five-verse sequence where we, the audience, were requested to speak the third line of each haiku — *a flock of juncos*. There was an expressionist painting of sleeping houses by one artist and explanations of what fun stamp art can be and how to use alcohol inks by others. One poet spoke of coming to terms with selling the family farm. On the topic of warmth: the winter warmth of cats, a cup of hot chocolate that transported the poet back to *Mother's kitchen*, and a first sunrise in Canyonlands. Our hostess, Judith, shared an exquisite haiga card with this haiku.

chill wind—
the deepening quiver
of pine needles



Cypress pine tree from Moss Landing by Carolyn Fitz

Haiku Workshop Led by Patricia J. Machmiller: January 12, 2019

Alison Woolpert

On Saturday, January 12, twenty-one writers gathered for a workshop to discuss the haiku revision process. It was held at the Markham House in History Park, San Jose (home of poet Edwin Markham during the late 1800s). The workshop was led by Patricia J. Machmiller, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society dojin.

Patricia started by clarifying the two-part process for writers. The first is to get the words down on the page without having your inner critic sitting on your shoulder. The second (at a later time) is to invite your critic in, and she even suggests giving your critic a name and encourages making sure that the critic is well-trained! This is the time for deep reading, word-by-word and line-by-line, and to pay close attention to the experience that inspired the haiku. It's the time for questions. The dual goal being that the haiku moment is kept alive for the writer, and that it comes alive for the reader.

Group discussion and commentary among the participants was thoughtful and lively. For each poet it was revealing to hear a goodly amount of feedback about their personal haiku, as well as to listen and share responses with the other writers. Questions were addressed naturally as they arose from our intimate sharing: was the haiku moment truly captured; was the emotion keenly felt; did the haiku effectively unfold; and how about the line breaks, kigo usage, punctuation?

Following one long and rich in-depth study round, a final *lightning round* (where each poet got no more two minutes) took place. It worked! Deep bows to Patricia!

Attendees: Mimi Ahern, Betty Arnold, Lauren Banner, Dyana Basist, David Eisbach, Carolyn Fitz, Kathleen Goldbach, Dana Grover, Cynthia Holbrook, Amy King, Mark Levy, Patricia Machmiller, Beverly Momoi, Linda Papanicolaou, Jeanie Rueter, Judith Schallberger, Clysta Seney, Carol Steele, Michèle Turchi, Alison Woolpert, and Joan Zimmerman.

YTHS Trip in June: Wakamatsu Festival–150th Year Celebration

Alison Woolpert

This coming June 6-9, the Wakamatsu Tea and Silk Farm Colony near Placerville, California, will celebrate its 150th anniversary during a four-day sesquicentennial celebration. Some YTHS members are planning to attend for two days and will have a booth at the festival on Saturday, June 8. Carolyn Fitz will demonstrate sumi-e art and Alison Woolpert, along with other interested members, will encourage festivalgoers to write haiku.

The history of the Wakamatsu Colony coming to America is of importance. In May of 1869, the first Japanese emigrants arrived in San Francisco. They traveled by wagon to their newly purchased farm near Placerville. The colonists were members of a samurai clan, yet they came bringing the means for their agricultural productivity, including 50,000 three-year-old mulberry trees used for the cultivation of silk worms and six million tea seeds. They also brought fruit tree saplings, paper and oil plants, rice, and bamboo. Although short-lived, the Wakamatsu Tea & Silk Farm Colony represents the beginning of permanent Issei migration to the United States.

In 1969, then-Governor Ronald Reagan proclaimed the site to be a California Registered Historical Landmark, and in 2010, the American River Conservancy purchased the 272-acre property. It is a lovely historical site within the American River watershed and is managed as a working farm. Tours are available of the farmhouse that serves as a museum displaying the Wakamatsu Colony history.

The website for the American River Conservancy festival is at the following URL: www.arconservancy.org/wakafest150. There you will find all the festival details: various activities, tours, performances, lodging options, etc. Check out the website, and if you are interested in joining our group contact Alison Woolpert: If you plan to go and wish to stay overnight, it is recommended that you make your reservation early, as this festival likely will draw a crowd.

The following Saturday, June 15, 10:00 a.m.–2:00 p.m., a reporting of the trip to the Wakamatsu Festival will take place at Alison Woolpert's home in Santa Cruz, California. There will be a potluck lunch and also time to write and share your haiku that day. No food with peanuts, please.

2019 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Retreat
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA
November 8–11, 2019 (Friday–Monday)

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

Michele Root-Bernstein will be our special guest speaker this year. Michele is a well-known haiku poet, a historian, an independent scholar in creative studies affiliated with Michigan State University, and a teaching artist associated with the John F. Kennedy Center. She will give a lecture, a haiku reading, and lead a craft workshop.

Other retreat events will include: a traditional kukai led by Patricia Machmiller; a dress-up renku party; an art party; a haiga event; the announcement of the 2019 Tokutomi Haiku Contest; and the presentation of the 2019 YTHS Anthology. We are looking forward to the retreat and hope to see you there.

Cost:

Full conference fee + shared room (4/rm) + 9 meals	\$547
Full conference fee + shared room (3/rm) + 9 meals	\$586
Full conference fee + shared room (2/rm) + 9 meals	\$667
Full conference fee + single room + 9 meals	\$876
Full conference fee only	\$100

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

Please mail this registration form with your check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society to our retreat registrar: Patrick Gallagher,
 For more information, you can contact Patrick.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

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

Vegetarian Meals: Yes No (please circle one)

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

Call for 2019 YTHS Anthology Submissions

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society invites its members to contribute to the Society's annual anthology, which will be edited this year by Amy Ostenso-Kennedy.

The in-hand deadline for submissions: **June 1, 2019.**

Subject Line: 2019 Anthology

In the body of the email, please include 6 to 10 haiku. You may submit haiku that have appeared in the Society's newsletter *GEPP0* or haiku that are unpublished. Provide your name, city, and state (or country), as you would like them to appear.

Hard copy submissions with the above information may be sent to:
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

Deadline: June 1, 2019



New Year Blessings Boar by Carolyn Fitz

MEMBERSHIP DUES

The quarterly *GEPP*O newsletter and annual YTHS Anthology are only available to members with paid memberships. Your current membership expires in December, and **dues for 2019 were due January 1st!**

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 and write the following: “YTHS Dues—Your name, home address, email address, and phone number” in the note box. (Please include \$1 additional fee for this service.)

Or mail your check or money order to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
P. O. Box 53475
San Jose, CA 95153 **Please note our new address**

*GEPP*O’s “A-1” Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief..... Betty Arnold
Associate Editor..... Christine Stern
Layout Editor Karina M. Young
Tallyman David Sherertz
Proofreader..... J. Zimmerman

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!

*GEPP*O Submission Guidelines

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

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:
1st of Feb, May, Aug, and Nov.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar for 2019

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

March 9 1–4:30 p.m.	Haibun Workshop by Carolyn Fitz in 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. Gather at the Visitor Center (to the left of the Main Gate). Easiest parking is in the parking lot across from the Garden on Wildcat Canyon Drive. Lawn picnic potluck lunch first. Bring blanket or low chair. Please bring peanut-free food for sharing!
May 1	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only).
May 11 10 a.m.–4 p.m.	Haiku in the Park, Okayama Room/Leininger Center, Kelley Park, 1300 Senter Road, San Jose, CA. Featured readers: Dyana Basist, Chuck Brickley, Genie Nakano, and Judith Schallberger.
May 31	In-hand deadline for 2019 Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest.
June 1	Deadline for YTHS Members' Anthology submissions (members only).
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. Please bring peanut-free food for sharing!