

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 2323 | with so few
hours in a day . . .
short sale | 2332 | frightened away
by the rising sun's warm rays
Sandburg's creeping cat |
| 2324 | night fishing
the bait bucket teems
with scrappy minnows | 2333 | the mourning dove clings
to the sagging power line
solitary grief |
| 2325 | night shade
of friends or family
who might have known | 2334 | lanolin softens
the hands holding the clippers
bags full of spring wool |
| 2326 | nesting season
an American goldfinch there
in the field guide | 2335 | reborn
into the mystery . . .
sun slant through redwoods |
| 2327 | warming rain—
a row of poplars
newly in bud | 2336 | bend in the trail
the bear and I—
startled |
| 2328 | sick day—
I write a letter
instead of email | 2337 | first light
call of the mourning dove
opens the day |
| 2329 | and now she's gone . . .
the winter tide has taken
a little of me with it | 2338 | on coastal bluffs
blue iris
anchor the sky |
| 2330 | Douglas fir—
we hear of the wind
from its distant canopy | 2339 | mayflies
at the crevice of dawn—
morning stretch |
| 2331 | nectar cathedral . . .
visit ends with pilgrim wearing
vestments of pollen | 2340 | a broken flock
peppers the spring sky—
leaking fountain pen |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 2341 | ears flick, eyes dart—
at the slam of a screen door
a doe jumps the fence | 2353 | among the marsh reeds . . .
the first turtle of Spring
sunning on a log |
| 2342 | arctic blast
even in this spring—
my friends out East | 2354 | five babies later
occasional creaks and groans . . .
thrift store rocking chair |
| 2343 | sitting on a stool
in their lavender tutus
hyacinths | 2355 | churning
with turtles—
the vernal pool |
| 2344 | a locomotive
steaming down the tracks
Pineapple Express | 2356 | first wildflower—
a face
without a name |
| 2345 | chickadee
hanging upside down
spring buds | 2357 | melting snow—
a long-lost friend
tracks me down |
| 2346 | spring dream
Ferlinghetti awaiting
the last word | 2358 | on both sides
of the river
bluebells |
| 2347 | a pair of cranes
inlaid on the puzzle box
wedding present | 2359 | patterns of petals
on a spring dewdrop
a brief eulogy |
| 2348 | two male hummingbirds
preen beside the feeder
lengthening days | 2360 | lifting a shell
from the spring tide
fading sea lights |
| 2349 | morning walk—
I listen for the first
<i>uguisu</i> | 2361 | the end of spring rains
rising again from the creek
worn heads of old stones |
| 2350 | anticipating
the budding lime tree's yield . . .
shaken, not stirred | 2362 | at old crossroads
forget-me-nots linger
first love |
| 2351 | heavy snowfall
a cattail bends with the weight
of a black bird | 2363 | abandoned barn
swallows flying
through its ribs |
| 2352 | wild goose chase . . .
our dog finds Canadians
in our pond | 2364 | Alzheimer's
forgetting lunch but oh . . .
cherry blossoms |
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|------|---|--|--|
| 2365 | beneath your words
bees busk the lips of lavender
the sting | 2377 | bowed heads
a confusion
of camellias |
| 2366 | springtime glen
where a war unfolded
our picnic | 2378 | one fell swoop
the balcony
in bloom |
| 2367 | pushing up
through the turbo turf
forget-me-nots | 2379 | I take a deep breath
of spring air—
achoo! |
| 2368 | between the biopsy
and the diagnosis
a mud snail | 2380 | Vivaldi's concerto
a Painted lady finds spring
in a vase |
| 2369 | a seagull soars
through the thin mist
white, so much white | 2381 | semicolon
the next chapter
waiting to be written |
| | 2370 | loping through the puddle in her pink crinoline—Pricilla | |
| 2371 | a trail of ants
from the mousetrap bait
disarmament march | 2382 | backyard brawl
the two robins don't know
I am the owner |
| 2372 | boxwood prunings
again this longing to plant
a maze | 2383 | after spring rain
in the valley
rising mist |
| 2373 | stillborn—
seeds of a pine cone
snap in our fire | 2384 | cherry blossom painting
time frozen
in pink |
| 2374 | my feet
leave the ground . . .
lilacs | 2385 | Notre-Dame de Paris
confused pigeons fly
past the blaze |
| 2375 | first light
the wise forgetfulness
of owls | 2386 | January gray
dressed in yellow
a gingko tree |
| 2376 | keeping the dirt
around the roots
spring cleaning | 2387 | a small garden
filled with birdsong
I stop for a while |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2388 | waves
dotted with surfers
winter sky | 2400 | silent spring—
through airport glass
the blackbird's call |
| 2389 | leading to
another reality
the overpass | 2401 | spring semester—
a new haircut curls around
chandelier earrings |
| 2390 | early sunlight
I vacuum the cobwebs
from the porch | 2402 | tardy sunset—
tiny stones on the road
make long shadow |
| 2391 | the rug spread
children's picnic lunch
among the daisies | 2403 | Britain and India,
two embassies in town
cherry blossom viewing |
| 2392 | first day of June
she brings me a slice
of her birthday cake | 2404 | filling the paddies
with just enough water
to feed the village |
| 2393 | summer dusk . . .
drinking chilled wine
on the veranda | 2405 | Mirage
that's the name of the hotel—
an old port town |
| 2394 | new flight path for planes
arriving songbirds
divert | 2406 | lonely anemone:
already not a complete set
of its petals |
| 2395 | on the welcome mat
tufts of dun-colored hair—
friend or foe? | 2407 | huge cat
its no noise passage through
the barely open door |
| 2396 | Easter procession
her angel hem too short—
she too has risen | 2408 | spring break party
the old plaster flakes descend
from the kitchen ceiling |
| 2397 | up a side canyon
a salvage operation—
acorn granary | 2409 | on the wallpaper
the oil from my father's head—
his empty armchair |
| 2398 | flash fire—
morning sun strikes
the hummingbird's throat | 2410 | Easter blooms—the sun
ignites pink hallelujahs
while Notre Dame burns |
| 2399 | spring melancholy—
sand slips to the bottom
of the hourglass | 2411 | sun sizzles
the back of my neck—
storm coming in |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 2412 | rush of wings
then sudden silence—
hawk on the fence | 2424 | in a secret place
my soul grows food for thought
wild violets |
| 2413 | one apple tree, two
woodpeckers, two nuthatches—
persistence counts | 2425 | soft breezes flow
through the meadow
wild violets |
| 2414 | monitors beep, nurses hushed
bubbles in the IV line
comfort of spring rain | 2426 | Valentine’s Day—
his hand
on the doorknob |
| 2415 | cold forest morning
each tree the sunlight touches
diaphanous mist | 2427 | light pink light
beneath a dogwood tree
the newlyweds |
| 2416 | through the sunset rain
perched on the mountain pass
a rainbow crown | 2428 | flow of river stones
through his summer garden
the scent of a woman |
| 2417 | those asleep and awake
wrapped by the morning haze
in this cemetery | 2429 | murky old frog pond—
promises
of transparency |
| 2418 | from the hillock
she shares her secret
great horned owlets | 2430 | the eggs she kept
waiting for “the one”
frozen dreams |
| 2419 | iris farm
a view down the throat
of a “Kiss Me Twice” | 2431 | a father’s goo-goo
swiped from his mouth
DNA, no match |
| 2420 | garden wedding
the bridesmaids’ bouquets
of blue-dyed flowers | 2432 | driving to the beach
36 hours
the life of a fly |
| 2421 | our folding chairs
around the campfire
this side no that side | 2433 | dog on soft new grass
spinning and squatting to poop
snout pointing north |
| 2422 | wild violets
waving to the flying birds
coming home | 2434 | desk drawer pebble
muddled white quartz
mystery keepsake |
| 2423 | memories
of mother’s sweet voice
wild violets bloom | 2435 | top floor windows
open in apartment block—
first hot day |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2436 | one white tennis ball
April courtyard two small dogs
going ballistic | 2449 | the conversation
stalls
lingering snow |
| 2437 | tailgate busking sunset | 2450 | deserted beach
footprints sucked by sand
silence of twilight |
| 2438 | cold drizzle
drizzle drizzle drizzle
god, i wish i had bacon | 2451 | no prom
invitation
spring melancholy |
| 2439 | rolling wild ginger
into our dry palms under
the mountain apple | 2452 | coming out
on the other side
lengthening days |
| 2440 | shredding my visa
(c-a-r-d)
priceless | 2453 | Single ghost flower
in Little Surprise Canyon—
well-named location. |
| 2441 | mock orange tree
glutted with blossoms
I drink the fragrance | 2454 | Intense sunlight makes
the growing grasses and trees
burst with bright greens. |
| 2442 | amaryllis
the clatter of five blossoms
sharing one stem | 2455 | Unlike past drought years
plentiful April showers
bring April flowers. |
| 2443 | the weathered scow
moored at an inlet
bull frogs serenade | 2456 | Unseen, her fingers
gently intertwine with mine—
secret connection. |
| 2444 | scanty sundresses
in retro floral patterns . . .
ingénues dazzle | 2457 | dwarfed
by redwood scent
hiking poles |
| 2445 | dog walking—
the excitement
of pigeons | 2458 | heron standing
in the wetlands
your boredom |
| 2446 | a breeze moves
golden poppies on the hills—
traffic stands still | 2459 | in the midst
of all this fragrance
spring melancholy |
| 2447 | a bright spring day—
standing in the front door
she leans on her cane | 2460 | morning tulips
she clears out
her desk |
| 2448 | not waiting plum blossoms | | |
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Spring Challenge *Kigo*: violet, wild violet

wild violets
the first spring without her
still sinking in
~Michael Henry Lee

wild violets—
my crossword
still unstated
~Michael Dylan Welch

edge of the forest
pine violets lift faces
to the warming sun
~Michael Sheffield

clutching
a fistful of violets
love note
~Marilyn Gehant

wild violet
bursts through black asphalt
has no shame
~Mark Levy

splash of color
in a salad of greens . . .
violet petals
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

wearing
of the rocky road—
wild violets
~Ruth Holzer

first days of spring—
among wild violets
white, bony knees
~Ed Grossmith

all-day hike
the wild stream violets
keep my pace
~J. Zimmerman

Grandma's violets
now here and there . . . and there
wild rabbits
~Barbara Snow

wild violet
she chooses
a grazing diet
~Kath Abela Wilson

wild violets
my dog and I sniff
the scent
~John J. Han

a tea party
on a grassy knoll
wild violets
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

added
to fresh fruit salad
violet flowers
~Patricia Prime

wild violets—
an unexpected win in
the game's last seconds
~Christine Horner

green hills
covered with violets
Mother's Day
~E. Luke

nasturtiums,
pansies and violets—
his aphrodisiac salad
~Zinovy Vayman

hand-picked violets
fill the paper May basket—
wilted hopes
~Kathleen Goldbach

clinging to the mountain rocks
falls rushing by
a wild violet
~Michele Boyle Turchi

dried violets
pressed in the pages
of her diary
~Sharon Lynne Yee

in between
the cow's legs
wild violet
~Susan Burch

she left for rehab
seven days after they bloomed
violet wild violet
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

tango partners
their connection . . .
wild violets
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

Peeking through clover
surprising flecks of color—
wild violets bloom.
~David Sherertz

waxy leaves
of wild violets . . .
she repeats her story
~Deborah P Kolodji

selling wild violets
fit for a queen
Pygmalion
~Janis Albright Lukstein

secret scent—wild violets
~Lois Heyman Scott

Members' Votes for November 2018–January 2019 Haiku

Michael Henry Lee	2179-3,	2180-8,	2181-2,	2182-1
Janis Albright Lukstein	2183-0			
Patricia Prime	2184-1,	2185-1,	2186-1,	2187-1
Neal Whitman	2188-2,	2189-0,	2190-3,	2191-7
Ruth Holzer	2192-4,	2193-7,	2194-3,	2195-5
Ed Grossmith	2196-4,	2197-4,	2198-1,	2199-4
J. Zimmerman	2200-0,	2201-2,	2202-5,	2203-2
Genie Nakano	2204-4,	2205-1,	2206-2,	2207-4
Cynthia Holbrook	2208-4			
Stephanie Baker	2209-1,	2210-3,	2211-0,	2212-3
Barbara Snow	2213-0,	2214-1,	2215-1,	2216-0
Bruce Feingold	2217-1,	2218-1,	2219-3	
Hiroyuki Murakami	2220-0,	2221-0,	2222-0	
Bona M. Santos	2223-3,	2224-0,	2225-2	
Dyana Basist	2226-2,	2227-2,	2228-2,	2229-4
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson	2230-3,	2231-7,	2232-0,	2233-2
Alison Woolpert	2234-2,	2235-2,	2236-5,	2237-1
Elaine Whitman	2238-2,	2239-6,	2240-2,	2241-2
Kathleen Goldbach	2242-2,	2243-3,	2244-1	
Zinovy Vayman	2245-0,	2246-0,	2247-0,	2248-4
Kath Abela Wilson	2249-0,	2250-1,	2251-8,	2252-1
Judith Morrison Schallberger	2253-1,	2254-1,	2255-0,	2256-0
Marilyn Gehant	2257-0,	2258-3,	2259-3,	2260-2
Sharon Lynne Lee	2261-0,	2262-1,	2263-2,	2264-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	2265-5,	2266-2,	2267-3,	2268-2
Carolyn Fitz	2269-4,	2270-3,	2271-0,	2272-0
Mimi Ahern	2273-0,	2274-3,	2275-3,	2276-12
Johnnie Johnston Hafernik	2277-2,	2278-0,	2279-1,	2280-1
Amy King	2281-0,	2282-1,	2283-1,	2284-0
Lois Henry Scott	2285-1,	2286-1,	2287-2,	2288-1
Clysta Seney	2289-2,	2290-1,	2291-1,	2292-2
Dana Grover	2293-10,	2294-0,	2295-2,	2296-0
John J. Han	2297-5,	2298-6,	2299-1,	2300-3
Susan Burch	2301-5,	2302-1,	2303-3	
Christine Lamb Stern	2304-2,	2305-2,	2306-3,	2307-5
Christine Horner	2308-3,	2309-2,	2310-0,	2311-3
David Sherertz	2312-0,	2313-1,	2314-0,	2315-1
Majo Leavick	2316-1,	2317-1,	2318-1	
Deborah P Kolodji	2319-4,	2320-1,	2321-11,	2322-2

**November 2018–January 2019 Haiku
Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers
(received 5 or more votes)**

we sew the first badge
on my granddaughter's sash
red-breasted robin
~Mimi Ahern

still
enjoying his life—
December cricket
~Ruth Holzer

spring twilight
she leaves the dishes
to drip dry
~Alison Woolpert

turnip for the stew
an unexpected piece
of advice
~Deborah P Kolodji

family reunion
the toilet
overflows
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

Christmas Eve . . .
the soft glow of halos
crown the street lamps
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

hummingbird—
i stop what i was doing
whatever it was
~Dana Grover

blood moon—
on the narrow road north
refugees
~Elaine Whitman

lengthening shadow
pausing to see how high
a squirrel can climb
~John J. Han

asking
more of me than i know
snowy owl
~Michael Henry Lee

winter clouds
a whimbrel wades into
a patch of sunlight
~John J. Han

gray hairs—
every day I grow
more invisible
~Susan Burch

approaching storm
the tree silently
fills with crows
~Kath Abela Wilson

cold night—
down by the lakeshore
the voices of wolves
~Ruth Holzer

hoping for
a different outcome
ice fishing
~Christine Lamb Stern

so much depends
upon a red tin roof—
homeless shelter
~Neal Whitman

dawn blizzard
the white-iced doughnuts
broken in the box
~J. Zimmerman

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.

Dojin's Corner
Nov. 2018–Jan. 2019

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller and
 Michael Sheffield

Happy spring! Spring? It's almost summer. It's been in the high 80s in San Jose this week—the irises, so beautiful, could not stand it; it was so hot. Our guest editor this time is Michael Sheffield. He lives in the north bay of California where he is a docent naturalist and enjoys sauntering over the mountain and valley trails. He is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and Haiku Poets of Northern California.

Our choices from the last issue:

MS: 2180*, 2193, 2199, 2212, 2213, 2230, 2251*, 2266, 2276, 2280, 2292, 2293*, 2301*, 2306

E: 2182, 2192, 2200*, 2202, 2215*, 2291, 2220, 2228, 2236, 2240*, 2242, 2248, 2252, 2274, 2288*, 2291, 2309, 2318

pjm: 2181, 2195, 2199, 2202, 2203, 2208*, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216*, 2217, 2227*, 2228, 2229, 2231*, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2239, 2245, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2257, 2258, 2265, 2266, 2269, 2274, 2276, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2293, 2294, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2304, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322

2180 asking
 more of me than I know
 snowy owl

MS: Many cultures regard the owl a symbol of wisdom. Athena's sacred animal was the owl. In some shamanic cultures, animals can appear in dreams or visions imparting wisdom. The snowy owl is a northern species difficult to see in its white habitat. Does it symbolize a person's wisdom years when one needs to reflect on life's

experiences? Does a person need to know all the answers? Perhaps a life well-lived is the only answer one needs.

E: The snowy owl lives in arctic regions, so I am not familiar with the bird's nature. I imagine from the poem that the snowy owl is hooting like, "Who? Who? Who?"

pjm: Sometimes the mystery of the poem is in the sound: oh, oh, oh, ow. As in "more," "know," "snow," and "owl." And as these sounds reverberate in your ear, that snowy one, the owl, reminds you of his mysterious call: "who, who, who." The music of the verse and its moody question puts us on the spot: do we know ourselves well enough to answer the question "Who am I really"?

2200 big snow flakes floating
 down in real
 time

E: The haiku captures the nature of spring snow. The snowflakes are bigger and fall down slower, drifting this way and that. The author says they are snow flakes, flakes of snow, perhaps to emphasize their size (my dictionary has "snowflake"). Our eyes, used to powdery winter flakes, open wide to see them float down as if in a slow-motion film, but this is happening in real time.

MS: People in our modern culture spend so much time in cyber reality. Click of the mouse and experience an event a thousand times or hear the voices of deceased friends and relatives. The image of big snowflakes floating down in real time draws us back into the present moment, the only moment, the haiku moment.

pjm: I appreciate the image here and the desire to slow down and watch these beautiful snowflakes descending. But I have to admit that I am

flummoxed by the form. If you count syllables, it's a 5-3-1 form; if you count beats, it's a 3-2-1 form. Either of these is very unusual so the form calls attention to itself. Why this form? How does it contribute to the poem's meaning? As we go to press, I am still without answers.

2208 We break with the land
Selling the land and cattle
Orion rises

pjm: A family once rooted in the land has decided to end that relationship. How wrenching that must be. But it is not the end for "Orion rises." It's interesting that it is Orion, the Hunter, who is rising.

MS: Many cultures, both ancient and modern, consider the constellation Orion to be a hunter. After selling the family farm, is the author imagining a return to hunter/gatherer consciousness? Roaming the earth, one needs a map to find one's way. Maybe Orion holds the guiding stars needed to find the way to a new home.

E: As a city dweller, I cannot say that I have a strong attachment with land (because we live in a rented house), nor do I know the joy and grief of being a farmer. However, the poem makes me think as if I were one. The reason why the poet is breaking with the land is not mentioned in the haiku. The hint that is given is its third line: "Orion rises." He/she now becomes a hunter to pursue a different life away from the land to become a consumer instead of a producer.

2215 cold drizzle
all afternoon
and no fish

E: "No fish" means there is no catch while the poet is out fishing on the thick ice, a hole in front of him. The author sets his/her chair and wraps

himself/herself up while letting the bait go down into the lake water. In any moment, the cold drizzle may turn into snow or may start melting the thick ice! The day is short and, perhaps, this haiku was written when the sun was about to set at around four in the afternoon; he/she's been sitting there hours without a catch. I think the poet deserves a comment for what he/she has endured! I wish to spend an afternoon alone like this with a thermos flask of hot chocolate one day.

pjm: Many fishermen/women say they don't care if they catch anything; they just want to be on the river. But I think they might desire that if it is warm and sunny. I suspect when it's cold and drizzling, the feeling of disappointment creeps, and that feeling too feels damp and cold.

MS: What motivates a person to persevere at fishing all afternoon in cold drizzle? And no fish! Does he/she simply love to fish? Maybe there is some heavy issue weighing on the soul and she/he needs this time to reflect, maybe to heal. Does "no fish" mean that no resolution was found? A subtle haiku evoking compassion.

2216 Lunaria plants
shedding their husks
galaxy of moons

pjm: Lunaria plants were brought to America by the Pilgrims for their edible roots. It's the plants' seedpods that look like moons. I think what makes this haiku is the phrase "galaxy of moons." What a fresh, intriguing image!

MS: "Galaxy of moons" is a very poetic way of describing the seed pods of a Lunaria plant. Maybe a subtle way of describing the transformation after shedding one's own husks, revealing a many-faceted inner being. Yet these moons are reflecting the light of a greater being, the sun. This author alludes to a cosmic truth.

E: The imagination flies upward to picture a galaxy of moons, pale white rounds all over. Shedding usually makes things to drop or fall, but here the vector is in the opposite direction, therefore nice.

2227 holy
silent night
owls

pjm: How can four words create a world? This haiku shows you. We know it's Christmas, the world is wrapped in silence, but for the reverent, holy sound of owls.

E: Three phrases with four words like three wooden blocks in a toy box piled up to build a deep night atmosphere, perhaps the one that St. Claus travels in his sleigh.

MS: We enter silence to pray, to reflect, to meditate, to be inspired. Are these intentions transforming this night into a holy experience? The owls, in their wisdom, sense the holiness and remain silent allowing the silent wisdom of this holy night to be heard. A most spare and subtle haiku.

2231 family reunion
the toilet
overflows

pjm: What a mess! Yes, life can be messy, very — not just the toilets—but relationships! Especially family relationships! I think of family reunions as happening in the hot, sticky summertime. Very fitting for the mess we're in!

MS: Family reunions are often challenging. Unresolved issues and conflicts can back up. Too much honesty and directness can overwhelm. Family "business" overflows. What a mess. Who in the family has the strength and compassion to clean it up? Maybe no one.

E: Very likely to happen in a single-toilet house packed with dozens of people. However, the poem is not complaining about the toilet; it suggests how much food and drink the family has enjoyed at the reunion. Some may have stayed overnight as well! A winter haiku? We go to toilet more frequently when it is cold, I think.

2240 on his study wall
sunset over the ocean
her last photograph

E: The second line is inserted to depict the last photograph, I assume. It is a lovely scene; however, the sunset (Japanese summer *kigo*) is a photographed one and therefore may not function as a real *kigo*. Or perhaps the sunset glow is actually coloring his study wall. As I read the haiku repeatedly, I began to believe so, whether the glow is from the actual sunset or from the photograph on the wall.

pjm: This haiku can be read two ways depending on how the second and third lines are read. In the first reading the glow of sunset is reflected on his study wall along with the last photograph he has of the woman. In the second reading the woman is a photographer, and her last photograph of an ocean sunset now hangs in his study. I prefer the first reading where the sunset is real and the glow is in concert with his feelings for her.

MS: The setting sun is a symbol of endings. Was it bright in its own light or cloaked in clouds of orange and red? Maybe the photographer was aware these days on earth were coming to an end? The study is an intimate room, a place to reflect, remember, and discover meanings not yet fully known. What a fitting place to hang this photo. A very touching haiku.

2251 approaching storm
the tree silently
fills with crows

MS: Flocking crows are often noisy. They are black like the clouds of the approaching storm. Sensing the storm they flock into a tree and go silent. This haiku evokes that feeling I get when a dark uncertainty arises, and I am compelled to be silent, to go inside myself, to observe and evaluate the situation. Within silence lies the answer.

E: It must be a big tree to hold a flock of crows. The sky is darkened and the tree, too, turns darker with so many black crows. The tree is silent, no wind arriving yet, no rustling sound of leaves caused by perching birds. Perhaps it is a bare tree without leaves, suggesting the winter season. The poem does not say whether the crows are silent or not; I assume they are, as the saying goes, “the calm before a storm.”

pjm: I cannot read this poem without recalling one of my favorite Bashō poems: *autumn evening/ on a bare branch/a crow settles down*. The Bashō poem does not feel quite so ominous as the “approaching storm” haiku, but they both have a dark mood. Also, the Bashō poem is almost always translated as a single crow; in this poem, there are numerous crows filling the tree. That so many crows arrive and all are silent adds to the feeling of deep anxiety.

2288 sometimes returning
dirty dishes to the cupboard—
love over ninety

E: A couple married to each other for almost seventy years or an elderly couple in their nineties—a forgetfulness gradually has crept into their everyday life, such that dirty dishes are returned to the cupboard. It is a pity that we lose our memories as we age, but accepting the change as it is, the couple keeps on with their happily married life. No seasonality is found here, but I like this positive attitude in the haiku. If I may, I would like to picture them in an early

summer light that shines through their kitchen windows.

pjm: I can see a couple who enjoy each other so much that even their foibles and small mishaps add a little smile to the course of the day. We should all wish that life will be that good should we get to be 90!

MS: As some people age, they become absent-minded. Or they can be distracted by thoughts and memories making staying in the present a bit challenging. Love can be compelling, whether a memory or a present experience. I sense the author is, and maybe always has been, a loving person who is absorbed in loving thoughts. To be filled with love at ninety is a great gift.

2293 hummingbird—
i stop what i was doing
whatever it was

MS: The hummingbird can pause in mid-flight as if suspended in time. In that magic space of the present, I too am suspended, losing awareness of what I was doing, becoming one with the hummingbird. This haiku captures a haiku moment in a most beautiful and skillful way. A deep bow to the author.

pjm: Of course, hummingbirds do that to us. They are amazing as they dart from one flower to another with their wings going so fast we can't even see them move. And we delight in the paradox that as they torpedo ahead, we are stopped in our tracks!

E: The zoom of a hummingbird—the author's eyes follow the sound, stopping things he/she was doing a moment ago. The second and the third line do not tell specifically what the author was doing, so we can picture a variety of possibilities, such as reading a book, watering the garden, peeling potatoes, sorting tarot cards, or

even eating a piece of cake. The important thing for the author is to feel the presence of the tiny bird entering into his/her life and pause for its momentary company.

2301 gray hairs—
everyday I grow
more invisible

MS: This haiku speaks of aging. A sad statement about our culture that glorifies youth. White light contains all colors yet is the colorless color. Could this haiku also address how increasingly colorless one feels? Or perhaps how wise one has become, having absorbed all those colorful experiences over the years. A very skillfully written, poignant haiku making a cultural observation without overtly stating it.

pjm: Oh, the feeling of loss expressed here—a person diminished because the eyes of others look past. This is a lesson to us all—look, look, look into the eyes of those you meet. You have the power to make them visible.

E: As a woman with gray hair from her thirties, I do have a bit of objection to this poem. I think when our hair begins to turn gray, at that same time our experience ripens us as a human being, making us more interested in our environment, more caring about the others, and we begin to act with more confidence, too. Therefore, my theory is we become more visible. If one is talking about the evaporating of youth, a loss of smoothness of skin, well, that's another story. The haiku seems to reveal what this author values in life.

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



"May Iris" by Patricia J. Machmiller

Summer Challenge *Kigo*: Summer Solstice

Edward Grossmith

Summer solstice is the time when the sun reaches its highest point in the sky and appears to stand still, making for the longest day with the most sunlight. The sun's perceived stillness in the sky is perhaps a sign for us to pause and reflect upon our journey through our seasons. As creatures of Nature we too awaken to the longest day, the onset of summer, its warming rays, and the potential for inner enlightenment.

This return to summer light reconnects us with the natural world, and we sense anew the tangible energy surrounding us. Nestlings have fledged, lambs gambol through verdant fields, shadows of scudding cumulus pattern the lush hills, and the music of streams becomes less fervent.

This celebration of the sun brings its own magic and mystery and is a source of many religious and spiritual festivals dating back to ancient days. In this moment in time, anticipation hangs in the air; a portal is opening allowing one to step into new experiences of both Nature and the inner Self. It's a time to start something new, just like the Earth at summer solstice.

summer solstice

the sky bursts

into sparrows

Martha Magenta, *Better than Starbucks!*, vol. I, no. II, August 2016.

summer solstice

a sparrow's

perfect pitch

Meik Blöttenberger, *The Heron's Nest*, vol. XIX, no. 3, Sept. 2017, page 5.

summer solstice

the golden bittersweetness

of limoncello

J. Zimmerman, *Cherry Blossom Light* (YTHS Anthology, 2016), page 34.

waiting for you

to breathe on your own

summer solstice

Maureen Sexton, *Summer Solstice Haiku String* (Australian Haiku Society, 2018).

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

YTHS Presentation by Phillip Kennedy: “A Short History of Haiku *Saijiki* and Season Words”

J. Zimmerman

On Saturday, February 9, 2019, YTHS members gathered at the lovely home of Dyana Basist to hear a special presentation by Phillip Kennedy: “A Short History of Haiku *Saijiki* and Season Words,” based upon his extensive collection and reading of Japanese-language *saijiki* (dictionaries of season words). Besides our host and our speaker, those present included Alison Woolpert, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Betty Arnold, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, Jean Mahoney, Joan Zimmerman, Judith Schallberger, Karina Young, Michèle Turchi, and Mimi Ahern.

Phillip told us that he wanted to explore the beginning and development of Japanese *kigo*, the season words and phrases at the emotional and literary heart of the Japanese haiku. The Japanese have a shared, cultural understanding of each *kigo*. They understand its season and its resonances. Many Japanese haiku teachers advise a poet to entrust his or her emotions to the season word and avoid explicit description of his or her emotional state. In Phillip’s experience, half the time when a haiku is unsuccessful, the poet has chosen a *kigo* that does not match the needs of the poem, or where a different *kigo* could enrich the work.

His presentation reflected five centuries of Japanese use and development of *kigo*. To be acceptable and used as a Japanese season word or phrase, it must be authentic, appearing in a haiku *saijiki*. It must evoke a deep and shared cultural experience with a clear literary history. In contrast, North America has only a few decades of *kigo* practice and relatively few *saijiki*. While Phillip was not advising alterations in English-language haiku methods, he did say that he uses Japanese season words that he selects from Japanese *saijiki* for his own haiku.

Phillip passed around some of his own Japanese *saijiki*. Several were pocket-sized. But it was the largest volume richly illustrated with photographs of Japanese natural history and culture that particularly charmed us. He clarified that a Japanese haiku *saijiki* is not a scientific, natural-historical work, but rather that it prioritizes the literary and cultural tradition associated with each season word. This can lead to some season words appearing in the *saijiki* at a different season than they would appear in a scientific list; for example, the morning glory is an autumn season word in haiku, while scientifically and horticulturally it is a summer plant in Japan.

During the mid-session break we were delighted by dozens of robins foraging (or were they flirting?) in the winter treetops beyond the end of Dyana’s garden. And she offered this one-line haiku:

robins leap from branch to branch stacks of *saijiki*

Additional Comments Regarding *Saijiki*

J. Zimmerman

Over 14,800 season words (including regional season words) appeared in the five volumes of *Haikai Saijiki* (1933) compiled by Yamamoto Sansei. Based upon it, the 2,400 season words of *Shin Saijiki* (“New *Saijiki*”) compiled by Kyoshi Tokutomi in 1934 were more manageable.

While North America lags behind Japan by several centuries in the *saijiki* department, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi listed more than 1,200 *kigo* in their *Season Words in English Haiku* (1980). The season word list on the YTHS website contains about 1,000 *kigo*. *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac* (1996) by William J. Higginson discusses 3,600 words and phrases. Charles Trumbull is developing *A Field Guide to North American Haiku*, a long-term project (preview samples appear in most recent issues of *frogpond*) to create a multivolume encyclopedia-cum-*saijiki*.

Yuki Teikei’s “*Haibun Hoot*”

Alison Woolpert

On Saturday, March 9, 2019, Carolyn Fitz hosted what she called a “*Haibun Hoot*,” and in the truest sense of the word, it was a *hoot*! Our instruction had been to bring a personal prose piece of one-two paragraphs to read aloud to the group.

None of the participants was sure how the “hoot” experience was to unfold. Carolyn Fitz, an aficionado of trying new things, trusted that group members would share in shaping and leading the activity. And that is exactly what happened. After a short discussion of what makes a *haibun*, the format was agreed to: each person would read their prose, followed by a quiet minute in which one could jot notes or ask a clarifying question.

After all participants had finished, they taped a copy of their prose to the wall. Authors talked informally and circled about the room reading (noshing as we moseyed). Some were inspired to write haiku to other’s prose. We gathered once more to celebrate each person’s work and to share heartfelt reactions and ideas for a possible haiku or title. With any luck, these “starts” will be transformed into *haibun* and may appear in journals or as contest winners.

Besides our host, those present included Mimi Ahern, Dyana Basist, Eleanor Carolan, Cynthia Holbrook, Patricia Machmiller, Thomasjohn Wells Miller, Jeannie Rueter, Carol Steele, Michèle Turchi, Karina Young, Alison Woolpert, and Joan Zimmerman.

YTHS Visit to Botanic Garden

David Sherertz

On April 13, 2019, I welcomed YTHS members and friends to the Regional Parks Botanic Garden in Berkeley, CA. As a nine-year Garden Docent, I led a special tour of the Garden for these visitors: Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Jerry and Sandy Ball, Kathleen Goldbach, Roz Handy, Christine Horner, Patricia Machmiller, Michael Sheffield, and Michèle Turchi.

The day began by sharing a potluck lunch. The highlights were Michael's cauliflower coleslaw and Roger's Japanese crackers. The 10-acre Garden was founded in 1940 and is situated in Tilden Park. Its mission is the collection, display, distribution, and preservation of California native plants. Among the 4,000+ plant species in the Garden are an unparalleled collection of California manzanitas and nearly all the state's conifers and oaks. There are also extensive California ceanothus, bunch grasses, and bulbs.

Following the tour, we did our own *ginko* through other parts of the Garden. We gathered to write and share haiku from our experience. Here are some examples:

each mountain
brews its own manzanita—
sky island magic
~Kathleen Goldbach

Birds sing, wind whispers
through the trees and plants
of the Botanic Garden
~David Sherertz

spring garden—
bumping down the cobbles
in his wheelchair
~Patricia J. Machmiller

the softest petal
touching his cheek ...
the California Poppy
~Mimi Ahern

dogwood petals sway
backlit by sunbeams
red frog croaks
~Michèle Turchi

Sticky Monkey—
he invites me to feel
a leaf
~Mimi Ahern

Many wildflowers and trees were in bloom. Together we wrote a "group" haiku, inspired by a plant blooming in the Desert Section:

*he finds her
a fresh bouquet
of prickly flox*



News Flash: Our Website, [YOUNGLEAVES.ORG](https://youngleaves.org), Has a New Look!

Mimi Ahern

With a deep California Poppy bow, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society thanks David Sherertz and his son Chris Sherertz for all the wonderful work they have done to update our website. They focused on both the visual aesthetic of simple elegance (with the addition of photographs on most pages) and optimum ease of use on smartphones (by choosing the theme Zelle Lite). To honor the original creator of the site, Patrick Gallagher, they retained his original photograph on the home page.

Thanks also to many members who took time to provide feedback and proofing, especially Patrick Gallagher, Patricia Machmiller, Carolyn Fitz, Alison Woolpert, Chris Stern, and Karina Young.

Check it out! Go to: <https://youngleaves.org>. Enjoy the ease of navigation (a search button on each page) as you discover all that the YTHS website has to offer.



Wall Painting by RICE 2018 in Yosemite Starbucks

Attention Readers: Deadline Changes for the *GEPP*O

Betty Arnold

The deadline for *GEPP*O submissions is being moved up by two weeks to allow the staff more time to produce the publication.

Please note the new deadlines during this year will be:

July 15th and **Oct. 15th, 2019**. In 2020, please plan for **Jan. 15th, April 15th, July 15th, and Oct. 15th**.

The journal will continue to be published quarterly, and we anticipate getting the issues to you by the end of Feb., May, Aug., and Nov. Please honor these deadlines; late submissions will not be published. Thank you for your cooperation and understanding.

Last 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.

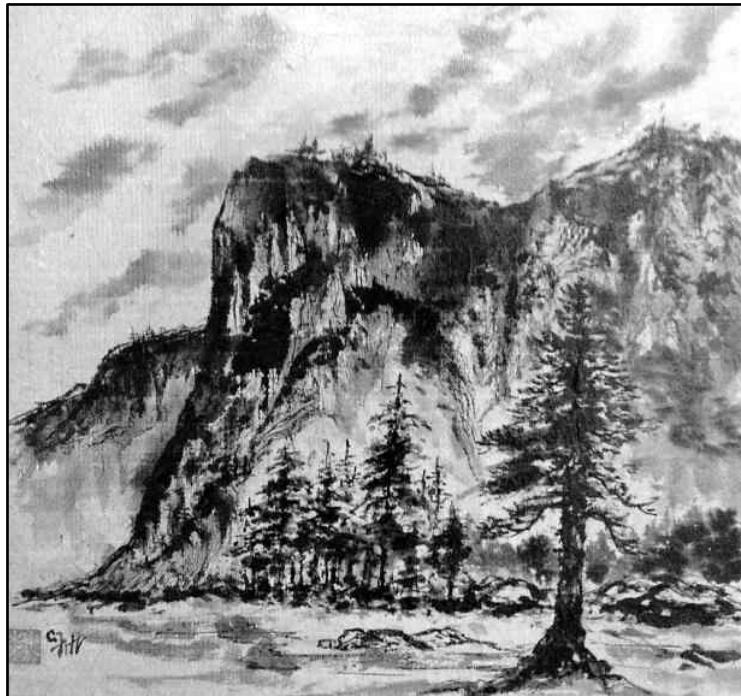
The in-hand deadline for submissions has been extended: **June 15, 2019.**

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 *GEPP*O 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 15, 2019



"Yosemite Valley" by Carolyn Fitz

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 and haiku reading, and will 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.

Cost: Please circle the type of room you want and write the total at the bottom.

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
	Total _____

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,

To pay by PayPal send your registration fee to yukiteikei@msn.com.

Name: _____ Address: _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

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

Vegetarian Meals: Yes No (please circle one)

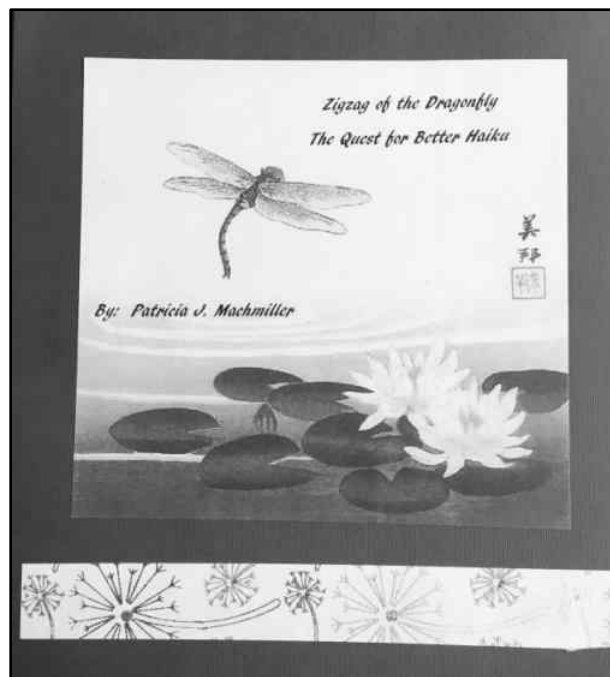
A retreat roster will be created with each attendee's name and email address. If you prefer not to be on the list, please check here _____.

In Search of the Dragonfly: Four Workshops on the Haiku Writing Process

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is offering four one-day workshops conducted by Patricia J. Machmiller spread over the four seasons that will focus on the haiku writing process.

1. Summer Workshop **6/22/2019**: The Writing Process—getting words on paper
2. Autumn Workshop **9/21/2019**: Elements of Haiku—*kigo* and image
3. Winter Workshop **1/25/2020**: Elements of Haiku—sound and form
4. Spring Workshop **3/28/2020**: The Revision Process

The workshops are fundraisers for YTHS. Attendance will be limited to 12. They will be held near Moss Landing, CA. Although the workshops are designed to cover the complete writing process, a person can register for a single workshop[, if desired. Suggested donation: \$60.



Dragonfly pamphlet cover by Toni Homan

Text

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, 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 authors’ 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:
(NOTE: new dates) 15th of Jan, Apr, Jul, and Oct.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar for 2019

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

June 8–9	Day or overnight trip to the historic first Japanese colony in the USA. The Wakamatsu Festival 150-Year Celebration, Coloma, CA. For more information, contact Alison Woolpert.
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 dish.
June 15	Deadline for YTHS Member Anthology (extended)
June 22	One-day workshop on the haiku writing process by Patricia Machmiller near Moss Landing. Suggested donation to YTHS: \$60.
July 13 6 p.m.–9 p.m.	Tanabata Celebration and potluck at Anne Homan’s home, .Bring a peanut-free dish to share for a potluck dinner, please. Newcomers and guests are welcome!
July 15	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only).
September 8 10:30 a.m.–2:30 p.m.	Annual Board Planning Meeting and Potluck at Mimi Ahern’s home, Peanut-free dish to share at potluck lunch, please.
September 14 5 p.m.–9 p.m.	Moon Viewing and potluck at Linda Papanicolaou’s home, Stanford, CA. Peanut-free dish to share, please.
September 21 9:30 a.m.–4:30 p.m.	One-day workshop on haiku elements of <i>kigo</i> and image by Patricia Machmiller near Moss Landing. Suggested donation to YTHS \$60. For more info or to register: contact Patricia.
October 12 12 p.m.–4 p.m.	Picnic Lunch at Hakone Gardens, Saratoga, CA. Picnic, <i>ginko</i> , haiku writing and sharing. Bring your own lunch.
October 15	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only).
November 8–11	Haiku retreat at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA. Friday lunch through Monday lunch.
December 14 5 p.m.–9 p.m.	Holiday Party at Patricia and Al Machmiller’s home, San Jose, CA. Potluck dinner and card exchange. Please bring peanut-free dish.