

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 2461 | lingering shadows
something familiar
in one's presence | 2470 | washed with shadows
of cumulus clouds
river rocks |
| 2462 | moonset
the great horned owl
calls it a day | 2471 | proud sails take flight
on spume-flecked seas
billowing clouds |
| 2463 | laissez-faire
regaling an economy
of wild thyme | 2472 | dusk alights
on soft mauve wings
gem moth |
| 2464 | third shift
counting out last night's
shortage | 2473 | the closed-up
amusement park
cicadas roar |
| 2465 | glistening dew —
this particular morning
her face brightens | 2474 | pop fly
after pop fly —
peonies |
| 2466 | dusk falling faintly
or was it faintly falling?
Mum's memory | 2475 | at the slightest breeze
the rustling cottonwood
my brittle bones |
| 2467 | reflected in the lake
last summer's boyfriend
on the rebound | 2476 | all the summers
of my youth —
chickadee |
| 2468 | summer reading
<i>The Tale of the Genji</i>
torn and tattered | 2477 | adding two sons
to the home team
opening day |
| 2469 | lightning flash
a brief tiara
for the tarweed | 2478 | Labor Day picnic
our first and only girl
breaks my water |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 2479 | for his 60th birthday
Julia Child's
Gateau Cage Caramel | 2492 | never forgetting
fly fishing on the driveway
left after father |
| 2480 | hot fudge sundae
in the ice cream parlor
cold kiss | 2493 | hummingbird
in pursuit of a hawk
how you love fighting |
| 2481 | the dove
preening her feathers—
soft summer rain | 2494 | Mexican stairwell
the bright embrace
of an arum lily |
| 2482 | new moon—
the darkness filled
with fireflies | 2495 | the bull jumps
after the cow
full harvest moon |
| 2483 | a low pine branch
strikes my head—
the heat | 2496 | wave after wave
the beach reading the bodies
of surfers |
| 2484 | Thunder Moon—
this month
two of them | 2497 | the bush warbler's song
softens Mother's death date . . .
illusive peace |
| 2485 | summer breeze
over the lake . . .
cloud ripples | 2498 | the batik duvet
makes a comeback
firefly memories |
| 2486 | mountain temple
mist descends as
prayers rise | 2499 | Agapanthus
engorged buds stretch skyward . . .
I brave vertigo |
| 2487 | summer night
the roar of baseball fans
on a cul-de-sac | 2500 | gingko leaves
giant-size on young shoots
exuberance |
| 2488 | summer night
a homeless man
and the moon | 2501 | sleepless summer night
I've become an antenna
for my radio |
| 2489 | one knee for justice
we take another to pray
memorial day | 2502 | lilac in a glass . . .
I find myself in a very
distant future |
| 2490 | a gentleman june
wind rushes open the door
leaves droppin' in line | 2503 | Galilee bus
all the passengers smell
of the same detergent |
| 2491 | anger forgotten
frigid ocean therapy
santa cruz summer | 2504 | Passover feast
the fronts of her palms
still rosy young |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2505 | summer vacation
the click of marbles
on a sidewalk | 2518 | October twilight
the breathtaking hues
of PM2.5+ |
| 2506 | powering down
the mind before it crashes
distant thunder | 2519 | turkey and gravy
his favorite uncle offers
no advice |
| 2507 | bags of ripe plums
so many of my friends
have drifted away | 2520 | Smell of canine fur
he relaxes on my hip
pain becomes distant |
| 2508 | sometimes
I still count on my fingers
bamboo shoots | 2521 | joy of strawberries
following the heat wave—
sweet all the way through |
| 2509 | lavender bush
the sweetness of my childhood
in a war-torn city | 2522 | giggles and gossip
sound of young girlfriends through wall—
hemp on my hip |
| 2510 | curve of the bay
the child holds my hand
over slippery rocks | 2523 | the little parrot—
diligent imitation
of washing machine |
| 2511 | lake path
strewn on the grass
duck feathers | 2524 | mountain musical . . .
people in the shady seats
people in the sun |
| 2512 | Japanese bridge
a tangle of blue-eyed eels
in torpid water | 2525 | Father's Day heat
she leans into the shade
of her Father |
| 2513 | choosing to look
beyond the clouds
blue sky | 2526 | wildfire—
the shield she's wearing
inside herself |
| 2514 | daybreak's two-part harmony
dogs barking
and doors banging | 2527 | summer afterglow—
<i>home again, home again</i>
<i>jiggity-jog</i> |
| 2515 | the press of leaves
against the window
dogwood | 2528 | Bees in lavender
Green leafed wind caresses
Their golden work |
| 2516 | after the wildfire
yarrow, wasps
and ladybugs | 2529 | Fog burns to blue sky
Yellow sun glows above
Bamboo whispers- hush |
| 2517 | harvest moon
church bells echo
through the fields | 2530 | Silent room tic toc
afternoon fog settles in
sweeping in the blues |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2531 | Fuzzy childhood friend
only you know the secrets
hidden in my heart | 2544 | morning rainbow
no longer strangers
in a crowd |
| 2532 | first fall
of autumn leaves . . .
the tap drips | 2545 | new mother's day
the cry of a baby
at birth |
| 2533 | tied to a branch
of the yellow maple
my wish to visit Matsuyama | 2546 | chance encounter
a crane flies by
its origami likeness |
| 2534 | blinding snow—
the white light
inside a passing bus | 2547 | dub-dub-dub-dub-dub
the rescue helicopter flies
into beach fog |
| 2535 | midsummer—
sandbags still around
the flooded house | 2548 | October wind
an otter raft rests inside
the choppy break |
| 2536 | graduation party
my autistic grandson
finds his voice | 2549 | new coolness
wild turkeys along the road
swallow pebbles |
| 2537 | getting used to it
playing second fiddle
in the finale | 2550 | autumn chill
untold hoodoos up and down
the badland canyon |
| 2538 | stroller tracks
through the Zen garden
no worries | 2551 | Cutting the grass with
muscle power—push mower
and antique hand scythe. |
| 2539 | left coast Christmas
on the community tree
origami ornaments | 2552 | Six ripening figs
on a tree that produced none
last year—and in May. |
| 2540 | Independence Day . . .
dandelions disperse their seeds
in all directions | 2553 | In a field of thistles,
one solitary native—
beauty amidst beasts. |
| 2541 | Amish farm . . .
the colorful flower garden
of the plain people | 2554 | Foothill flowers fade,
alpine plants still under snow—
an in between time. |
| 2542 | darkening skies . . .
a light drizzle dimples
the pond scum | 2555 | porch swing—
as they wing away we count
invisible bats |
| 2543 | pothole . . .
the sound of a hubcap
spinning down the road | 2556 | summer doldrums
the usual white clouds
soak in the salt ponds |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2557 | summer lethargy—
across afternoon asphalt
shadows ooze | 2570 | in my hammock
sharp broken hazelnut shells—
those squirrels! |
| 2558 | mañana
the master plan for fixing
a loose sandal strap | 2571 | soap bubble
astronomers visually capture
a black hole |
| 2559 | changing the course
of conversation
butterfly wings | 2572 | spring rain sends me
searching for a rain-hat—
my lost notebook! |
| 2560 | forgetting streets
but never crossroads
fall memories | 2573 | young pomegranate
the passing wind shows
her baby bump |
| 2561 | parting ways
a passion flower
unravels | 2574 | strawberry moon
I saw it raising
in Napa |
| 2562 | a river
ribbons into the sea
veterans day | 2575 | early summer light
the timid click of hooves
on warm pavement |
| 2563 | native tribes
chant and dance
Summer Solstice | 2576 | coastal highway
they honk at me
for waving at blossoms |
| 2564 | ancient people
come to praise with drums
Summer Solstice | 2577 | summer hillside
mulch pile of bull thistle
and raspberry thorn |
| 2565 | I feel the warmth
walking hurriedly uphill
sunflowers | 2578 | longest day
the trip home through traffic
even longer |
| 2566 | we gather together—
sing traditional songs of thanks
son of God | 2579 | a finished leaf
composted into me—
graduation |
| 2567 | submission deadline—
my muse is
on vacation | 2580 | on her circle pin
pale blue bunches—
forget-me-nots |
| 2568 | hospital visit—
in her Chinese to go box
a purple orchid | 2581 | the shock of green—
drip irrigation
leak |
| 2569 | the store door greeter
in colorful shorts
grandma stops to stare | 2582 | poppy's
opening move—
for the gold |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 2583 | walking lightly
on new grass
heart stent | 2596 | butterfly
on my finger
watermelon |
| 2584 | low moon
winks through the trees
summer folly | 2597 | lucky bamboo
some of us
have a pet dragon |
| 2585 | bright moon
mute stones
share their music | 2598 | summer solstice
that rip! as the water—
melon splits |
| 2586 | summer night
incantations
at the edge of hearing | 2599 | geese at rest
on the riverbank
parallel parking |
| 2587 | 747
he flies off
the handle | 2600 | adding deep purple
to the late night sounds
hoot owl |
| 2588 | sitting at the head
of the table
my new confidence | 2601 | remedial math
a spider surveys
her wind-torn web |
| 2589 | Doodlebug
only the favorite daughter
gets a nickname | 2602 | pasture of yellow
the song of a meadowlark
goes on and on |
| 2590 | forgotten?
or placed?
straw hat on a chair | 2603 | an urban trail
winds through the oak woodlands
the flutter of moths |
| 2591 | tomatoes
bearing in a field
on the platform, too | 2604 | billows of smoke
obscure the foothills
a day in June |
| 2592 | harvest moon
do you see our planet
still blue? | 2605 | music from steel drums
in the middle of downtown
summer begins |
| 2593 | falling leaves
onto the painter's head,
into his picture | 2606 | grape vines~~~~~
crawl across the concrete
sour grapes |
| 2594 | first hummingbird
at the feeder
a deep bow | 2607 | volunteer sweet peas
in between stepping stones—
single-minded |
| 2595 | popsicle sticks
the fence between
our houses | 2608 | flower fragrance
waffling in the air ~~~
diversity |
-

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 2609 | harvesting the seeds
to sow them next April
or is it May? | 2618 | salad days
the garden's first tomatoes
ripen |
| 2610 | hot day
the chess queen's crown
is slightly askew | 2619 | swooping
through the garden
hummingblur |
| 2611 | tarot cards
on a café table
summer thunder | 2620 | late afternoon
just enough breeze
to dance a flower |
| 2612 | jellyfish
twenty pounds
of camera gear | 2621 | first light—
the garden brightened
by nasturtiums |
| 2613 | hammock
I read a poem
by Cao Cao | 2622 | high school reunion
an old boyfriend's hug lingers
floating fireflies |
| 2614 | prickly burrs
itch through my socks
crickets' first night | 2623 | ancient stone ruins
battered by passing of time
holds the Solstice sun |
| 2615 | a robin splashes
in the backyard birdbath
bedtime story time | 2624 | ancient history
growing in a tiny pot
smaller than my palm |
| 2616 | hot summer night
the dog next door barks
on and on | 2625 | Star thistle honey
Berries ripe on vine
Wind sweeps river clean |
| 2617 | old friends gather
for her ninetieth birthday
shaggy sunflowers | 2626 | Blackberry, melons
Juice drips down our sticky chins
Picnic in the park |



Artwork by Carolyn Fitz

Summer Challenge *Kigo*: Summer Solstice

summer solstice
lingering a bit longer
at eventide
~Michael Henry Lee

a blank page
a poised pen—
summer solstice
~Ed Grossmith

crow and I
eye the raspberries
summer solstice
~Bob Redmond

I am sitting
in a Celtic “thin place”
summer solstice
~Marilyn Gehant

summer solstice—
downhill
from here
~Ruth Holzer

summer solstice—
the slow descent of dust notes
through a louvered blind
~Linda Papanicolaou

summer solstice
the best day for
mayflies
~John J. Han

motorcycling
the entire Silk Road
summer solstice dust
~J. Zimmerman

his persistent cough
the pending diagnosis
summer solstice
~Judith Schallberger

summer solstice
the word “challenge” becomes
a Russian term
~Zinovy Vayman

summer solstice
muddled mint lingers
on his breath
~Dyana Basist

summer solstice
sorting out my shelves
for the book exchange
~Patricia Prime

June solstice
in the garden
volunteers rally
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

summer solstice
a boy and his dad play catch
until the light fades
~Bruce Feingold

my mom’s labor with me
was ooooh soooo looong . . .
Summer Solstice
~Janis Albright Lukstein

long haul
sailing into the sunset
Summer Solstice
~e luke

the tattoo
I never knew she had—
summer solstice
~Michael Dylan Welch

little frogs dancing
to accordion music . . .
Swedish *midsofmar*
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

summer solstice
holding my breath
after the tremors
~Bona M. Santos

summer solstice
the newborn stays alert
longer tonight
~Alison Woolpert

Summer Solstice—sun’s
first rays align to marks at
sacred sites world wide.
~David Sherertz

summer solstice
in the hive the queen begins
to slack off
~Christine Horner

above
the hot air balloon
summer solstice
~Gregory Longenecker

house finch
nests in Saguaro cactus
Summer Solstice
~Sharon Lynne Yee

summer solstice moon
rises through the redwoods—
hoot of owls
~Carolyn Fitz

solstice sunrise
the plane’s slow push back
from the gate
~Stephanie Baker

summer solstice
feng shui
the cat changes chairs
~Mark Levy

will this day
never end
summer solstice
~Susan Burch

summer solstice
getting another bottle in
the spice rack
~Hiroyuki Murakami

summer solstice
a rosebud fills the space
between lost petals
~Kath Abela Wilson

ready for bed
before I remembered
summer solstice
~Barbara Snow

vacant lots
their wildness, their beauty
summer solstice
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

the cat and I
adjust our postures
summer solstice
~Phillip Kennedy

summer solstice
we clear out the attic
before the new roof
~Kathy Goldbach

so noted
by the wind chimes—
summer solstice
~Dana Grover

summer born
I long for autumn
summer solstice
~Patricia Wakimoto

five long years
in World War II
no Summer Solstice
~Toni Siamis Steele

ecitslos remmus
gnimraw labolg
sreined egnahc etamilc
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

Summer Solstice—gender ripens
~Lois Heyman Scott

Midsommar in Sweden

Elinor Pihl Huggett

On *Midsommar* in Sweden everyone leaves the cities and goes to the countryside and lakeside or their small hometown to celebrate with picnics, flower garlands in their hair, accordion music, dancing, and drinking. One of the dances is called “the little frog dance” (*Små grodorna*) where everyone hops like frogs around the maypole and sings the frog song. The little children love it—but then so do the grownups. In America a few places celebrate the Swedish *midsommar*. My husband and I, along with my brother and his wife, went to the Indiana Dunes Chellberg farm, one of the early Swedish-settled farms in Indiana, to enjoy the old folk songs, dances, and food, etc. If you google “Swedish midsummer frog dance” you will probably find a few videos of the dance.



Photo from en.wikipedia.org

Members' Votes for Haiku Published in May 2019 *GEPP*O

Michael Henry Lee	2323-0,	2324-2,	2325-0,	2326-2
Michael Dylan Welch	2327-1,	2328-2,	2329-3,	2330-3
Chris Lofgren	2331-2,	2332-2,	2333-4,	2334-3
Michael Sheffield	2335-6,	2336-6,	2337-2,	2338-8
Neal Whitman	2339-0,	2340-2,	2341-1,	2342-0
Marilyn Gehant	2343-5,	2344-2,	2345-3,	2346-1
Elaine Whitman	2347-1,	2348-1,	2349-1,	2350-3
Elinor Pihl Huggett	2351-9,	2352-2,	2353-0,	2354-2
Ruth Holzer	2355-3,	2356-13,	2357-8,	2358-4
Ed Grossmith	2359-3,	2360-2,	2361-2,	2362-4
J. Zimmerman	2363-10,	2364-7,	2365-1,	2366-7
Dyana Basist	2367-2,	2368-10,	2369-2,	2370-0
Barbara Snow	2371-2,	2372-1,	2373-8,	2374-4
Kath Abela Wilson	2375-1,	2376-8,	2377-3,	2378-0
Bona M. Santos	2379-2,	2380-1,	2381-2	
John J. Han	2382-3,	2383-2,	2384-1,	2385-2
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	2386-1,	2387-1,	2388-2,	2389-2
Patricia Prime	2390-3,	2391-1,	2392-1,	2393-1
Clysta Seney	2394-0,	2395-1,	2396-2,	2397-0
Christine Horner	2398-9,	2399-8,	2400-2,	2401-2
Hiroyuki Murakami	2402-0,	2403-1,	2404-3,	2405-1
Zinovy Vayman	2406-0,	2407-0,	2408-2,	2409-1
Kathleen Goldbach	2410-1,	2411-1,	2412-4,	2413-1
Michèle Boyle Turchi	2414-1,	2415-5,	2416-0,	2417-1
Alison Woolpert	2418-2,	2419-1,	2420-0,	2421-3
Sharon Lynne Yee	2422-2,	2423-0,	2424-0,	2425-2
Mimi Ahern	2426-4,	2427-1,	2428-0,	2429-2
Susan Burch	2430-2,	2431-0,	2432-2	
Lois Heyman Scott	2433-0,	2434-0,	2435-1,	2436-1
thomasjohnwellsmiller	2437-1,	2438-2,	2439-0,	2440-1
Judith Morrison Schallberger	2441-1,	2442-1,	2443-0,	2444-1
Sherry Barto	2445-4,	2446-3,	2447-2,	2448-3
Christine Lamb Stern	2449-8,	2450-1,	2451-0,	2452-5
David Sherertz	2453-0,	2454-0,	2455-0,	2456-1
Deborah P Kolodji	2457-2,	2458-2,	2459-4,	2460-4

Erratum: Our apologies to Lois Heyman Scott for misspelling her name in the May 2019 *GEPP*O.

Attention All Voting Members:

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

May 2019 Haiku Voted Best by *GEPP*O Readers
(received 5 or more votes)

- | | | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|------|---|
| 2356 | first wildflower—
a face
without a name
~Ruth Holzer (13) | 2338 | on coastal bluffs
blue iris
anchor the sky
~Michael Sheffield (8) | 2366 | springtime glen
where a war unfolded
our picnic
~J. Zimmerman (7) |
| 2363 | abandoned barn
swallows flying
through its ribs
~J. Zimmerman (10) | 2373 | stillborn—
seeds of a pine cone
snap in our fire
~Barbara Snow (8) | 2335 | reborn
into the mystery . . .
sun slant through redwoods
~Michael Sheffield (6) |
| 2368 | between the biopsy
and the diagnosis
a mud snail
~Dyana Basist (10) | 2357 | melting snow—
a long-lost friend
tracks me down
~Ruth Holzer (8) | 2336 | bend in the trail
the bear and I—
startled
~Michael Sheffield (6) |
| 2398 | flash fire—
morning sun strikes
the hummingbird's throat
~Christine Horner (9) | 2399 | spring melancholy—
sand slips to the bottom
of the hourglass
~Christine Horner (8) | 2415 | cold forest morning
each tree the sunlight touches
diaphanous mist
~Michèle Boyle Turchi (5) |
| 2351 | heavy snowfall
a cattail bends with the weight
of a black bird
~Elinor Pihl Huggett (9) | 2449 | the conversation
stalls
lingering snow
~Christine Lamb Stern (8) | 2452 | coming out
on the other side
lengthening days
~Christine Lamb Stern (5) |
| 2376 | keeping the dirt
around the roots
spring cleaning
~Kath Abela Wilson (8) | 2364 | Alzheimer's
forgetting lunch but oh . . .
cherry blossoms
~J. Zimmerman (7) | 2343 | sitting on a stool
in their lavender tutus
hyacinths
~Marilyn Gehant (5) |

Dojin's Corner
February–April 2019

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Patricia Prime

Summer greetings to everyone in the northern hemisphere. And winter greetings to our friends in the southern hemisphere and our guest editor, Patricia Prime of New Zealand. She is a longtime member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society as well as a member of the Tanka Society of America. She is editor of *Kokako*, a New Zealand-based haiku magazine.

Before we begin our commentary on the haiku in the last issue of *GEPP0*, we have some comments on two of the haiku from the Nov. 2018–Jan. 2019 *GEPP0* that we commented on in the most recent issue.

First, we received two comments on Patricia's question about the unusual form of J. Zimmerman's haiku:

2200 big snowflakes floating
down in real
time

Bev Momoi wrote:

"I always enjoy reading the comments in the *Dojin's Corner*—the give and take and different perspectives of each editor—and the latest issue didn't disappoint.

"I wanted to respond to your comments 'big snowflakes floating,' and offer another perspective on the form. I agree that the choice of form is unusual, but it was key to my appreciation of it. I read it (saw it?) as a concrete representation of the poem's content, with the top-heavy first line echoing the fat flakes of

snow. The final line's single word, 'time,' hangs in mid-air, much like spring flakes seem to do, and it's as if we see them for the first time."

And J. Zimmerman wrote this:

"Thanks to all three for your *dojin* comments on my haiku 'big snowflakes floating down.' The flakes I saw are about the area of a thumb knuckle but no thicker than regular snowflakes. I've only seen them (and rarely) in the British maritime climate. Because of their big cross sections, they rise on the lightest of air currents almost as much as they float down. As a result of their slow descent and their being tossed upward, the sky seems whiter and more full of flakes the higher I look. This led to my choice of my flummoxing form—it was my attempt to indicate both the apparent density on high and the slowing down of 'real time' in their leisurely approach to the ground."

The second haiku that elicited more comments was Susan Burch's:

2301 gray hairs—
everyday I grow
more invisible

Emiko had commented, as follows:

"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."

Michael Dylan Welch wrote:

“If I may, I’d like to respond to Emiko’s comments on Susan Burch’s poem, ‘gray hairs—/everyday I grow/more invisible.’ When Emiko says ‘The haiku seems to reveal what this author values in life,’ that may be true, but I wonder if this misses the point of the poem. As I see it, the poem reveals what *society* values, rightly or wrongly, saying that, as someone grows older, they become more invisible to *society*, more marginalized. My understanding is that respect for the elderly is much stronger in Japan than in North America, which is part of Emiko’s perspective, but most or all *GEPP*O contributors do not live in Japan, so for me the comments seem to miss the poem’s Western cultural bias which favors the young. So for me the poem is indeed finely written, with nothing objectionable. One small change I would make is to say ‘every day’ as two words (happening repeatedly, every day). I agree with Emiko that we can ripen and grow more confident and aware as we grow older, but for me the point of Susan’s poem is that Western society too often makes people feel invisible and marginalized as they grow older, regardless of how increasingly confident or experienced they may be.”

Michael Sheffield writes in response:

“I believe both interpretations are acceptable. Is it not an accepted convention that each reader might come to a different understanding?”

* * *

And now to our choices from the last issue:

PP: 2334*, 2361*, 2366*, 2408*, 2421, 2427, 2441, 2457, 2376, 2386

E: 2338*, 2339, 2340*, 1248, 2351, 2356, 2358*, 2382, 2388, 2390, 2392, 2420*, 2433, 2435, 2443, 2457

pjm: 2338, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2348, 2349, 2351, 2357*, 2358, 2359, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375*, 2376,

2377, 2382, 2387, 2388, 2390, 2391, 2393, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399*, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2406, 2408, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419*, 2421, 2422, 2424, 2426, 2441, 2443, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2449, 2451, 2452, 2459, 2460

2334 lanolin softens
the hands holding the clippers
bags full of spring wool

PP: The first reflection is that this is a rural haiku—a farmer is clipping wool from his or her sheep. The lanolin from the wool softens the farmer’s skin and the bags are filled with the bounty of wool. It is a haiku that harmonises human endeavour with a meaningful description of nature.

E: The lanolin/fat from the wool is softening the hands of the clipper while he/she clips wool from a sheep. Am I correct? I am not familiar with this scene and therefore can just say that my arms are weighing the weight of the clipped wool!

pjm: The shearing season has begun. I’ve never witnessed it firsthand—only in the movies or on the Internet. It looks like hard, grueling work. This haiku has a tender feeling for the person with the clippers, but also, somehow, for the sheep whose wool coated with lanolin soothes the hands of the shearer. An accidental gift in an otherwise arduous process. The poem is written in the traditional five-seven-five syllabic form. It may be that it is this form with its formal structure that works like a cradle that holds the moment with tenderness and compassion.

2338 on coastal bluffs
blue iris
anchor the sky

E: The blue iris is holding the sky still on coastal bluffs. I picture the sky without a piece of cloud, in perfect blue. Blue is the color of the iris, but it lingers to the next line making me see the blue sky. The shape of blade-like leaves and the shape of the iris flower is hooking the sky onto this earth. I like the simplicity of the haiku.

PP: This well-constructed haiku offers a juxtaposition between the brightness of the blue iris against the starkness of the cliffs. The pivot in line three connects these two images anchoring them together.

pjm: The word “anchor” changes what would be a simple word sketch to something other. The poet sees the sky with anchors—the wild irises. We are delightfully surprised by this unusual way of seeing the sky and of the dawning realization that buried in the image is the metaphor for the interconnectedness of all things.

2340 a broken flock
peppers the spring sky—
leaking fountain pen

E: A flock of birds suddenly loosens its V-shape and the birds are scattered in the sky, like when we sprinkle pepper on our dish. 鳥帰る *tori kaeru* (birds returning/migrating back) is a spring *kigo* in Japan. The spring sky, rich in water vapor, looks whitish compared to other seasons (over the archipelago of Japan). A leaking fountain pen staining the author’s fingers and perhaps dotting the white sheet of paper resonates well with the scattered black dots of birds in the white sky for me.

pjm: The erratic nature of life is expressed through these two images. Plus it’s the nature of a spring sky to be lightly “peppered” with small

clouds—which have their own erratic nature.

PP: The clouds in this haiku look like a flock of sheep—woolly and white, in contrast to the darkness of the “pepper” image. The “leaking fountain pen” image stopped me in my tracks as I had imagined a different final line. But the surprising third line is perfect as the blue ink flowing from the pen presents us with an image of the blueness of the spring sky.

2357 melting snow—
a long-lost friend
tracks me down

pjm: A friendship that has turned cold is suddenly warming—it’s springtime again in the world and in the poet’s heart.

PP: This is a haiku that involves humanity in a way many readers will be able to relate to: the “melting snow” would probably contain traces of someone’s footprints—the two-fold meaning of the word “tracks” in the poem. Then there is the surprise of snow, even though it is now melting, and the equal surprise of seeing the return of a familiar friend.

E: Two things are happening: snow is melting away revealing what has been underneath in winter, and a long-lost friend tracks the poet down, another finding after a long period of time. The author in this poem is not taking any action; it’s the sun that melts the snow, and the friend finds her/him. Now, they can enjoy their reunion! The haiku reminds me of a saying, “It’s a long lane that has no turning.”

2358 on both sides
of the river
bluebells

E: The blue sky, the blue water of the river, and the fields of bluebells on both sides of the river—blue is the color of the arrival of spring! The same feeling can be expressed in Japan, perhaps like this, on both sides/of the river/cherry blossoms! A joy felt by the author finding the bluebells is well-expressed in the haiku.

PP: There's surprise in this haiku in the fact that the glorious sight of the bluebells can be seen on both banks of the river. Among the green of grass and trees and the blue of water, the blue mass of flowers exploding on "both sides" is tangible with its truth and beauty.

pjm: Yes! Bluebells everywhere. How joyful this image is!

2361 at the end of spring rains
rising again from the creek
worn heads of old stones

PP: The images in this haiku conjure a sense of otherworldliness as the old stones rise again from the creek when the rain abates. The juxtaposition of "spring rains" and "worn heads" combines the new and the old. It's like a miracle when the stones are revealed once more in the creek after the rains.

pjm: Yes, it's as if the stones were buried and now have risen. I had a vision of this as possibly being an old cemetery and the stones were headstones of graves long forgotten.

E: The worn heads of old stones are there in their positions as always; it is the amount of water that lowers. But how joyful it is to think that the stones are rising again although they are worn old stones! We humans, too, have to rise again in

our worn bodies at the end of spring rains! Let's go for a *ginko*!

2366 springtime glen
where a war unfolded
our picnic

PP: This is a haiku which many readers who have experienced war will be able to relate to; yet here, the possibilities are many. It is spring—the dawning of a new season; it might be a new era after the war. This place, once a war zone, has changed as it is now a place where families or lovers can escape from the rigours of everyday life to enjoy a picnic in the spring weather.

E: Spreading a picnic sheet and sitting around the food, rice balls, cut melon, leafy salad, and sweetened iced tea, where a war unfolded. When? Not long ago? Or in the distant past? In any event, we are at war with the occasional mosquito attack!

pjm: Time does heal both the scarred earth and our hearts. Spring, as a time of renewal, emphasizes the restorative power of nature.

2375 first light
the wise forgetfulness
of owls

pjm: A pair of barn owls nested near my home in Moss Landing; they hatched seven chicks and five of them fledged. They have the most wonderful faces. No wonder people think of them as wise. Sometimes I think a little forgetting is wise; it helps us heal; it helps us go on. But not all forgetting is good. Forgetting what has come before can lead to repeating the same horror. So, as the poem admonishes us, forget wisely.

E: Light/wise owl. This combination of words is quite popular, I think. I assume that the author is hearing the hooting of owls saying “good night!” as they go to sleep at dawn when the first light arrives to his/her tent or mountain cottage, and reminding him/her that the essence of owls’ wisdom is to forget unnecessary things that bother our mind. But I am not sure what the author means by “the wise forgetfulness of owls”; perhaps there is some legend behind this haiku?

PP: There are many myths and superstitions about owls. They have been noted throughout time for their wisdom. Here, it is a new dawn, and we are taken to the woods with their spellbinding sense of beauty, defined by the ghostly calls of owls, which may be hidden, unseen among the trees. This adds to their mystery and the folklore that they are sacred, a sign of death, and that they have exceptional eyesight.

2399 spring melancholy—
sand slips to the bottom
of the hourglass

pjm: People of a certain age feel this more acutely, I suppose—that sense that time is not forever, that it has its limits. That feeling is aptly expressed here.

PP: In this haiku spring is seen as a melancholy time and time is measured in the ancient way of recording sand falling in an hourglass. The resulting haiku blends the passage of time with the writer’s sadness at the passing of spring.

E: The author is watching the sand slipping down in the hourglass while feeling melancholy. “Time does pass” is how we acknowledge the

succession of happenings in our daily life, but actually there isn’t anything called “time.” We cannot see time as a substance. We think, as time passes, we grow, get old, and die one day, which may provide some negative feelings to cause melancholy. Shall we change our way of thinking and accept this order of happenings as natural? I think haiku gives us this idea of small happenings building up our lives, and we can be here, only in *now*, a numerous now!

2408 spring break party
the old plaster flakes descend
from the kitchen ceiling

PP: This is a haiku that seems to involve students sharing a flat in a dilapidated house. It’s spring and the students celebrate their break from study with a party. There is chatter, music, and dancing, which shakes the plaster flakes from the ceiling, perhaps surprising the revellers as it falls into their hair, drinks, and food.

E: At first, I thought it was a “break-up party” and a couple was celebrating their parting in spring. My non-native tongue! Then I saw “spring break” as a phrase, convincing me of the situation. Students are back from school, and they are having a party; the busy, steaming kitchen is heated up and the old plaster flakes from the ceiling are loosened and falling! Or the kids are having fun upstairs, dancing and shaking, causing damage to the ceiling downstairs! When my granddaughters, even though they are only five, three, and two years old, come to spend a day here in our old rented house made of wood and paper, I feel like the house is squeaking and is about to collapse!

pjm: Ah, the exuberance of the younger generation causing plaster flakes to fall on the

older generation. What an image! Maybe the oldsters should just forget about everything and go upstairs and join the party!

2419 iris farm
a view down the throat
of a “Kiss Me Twice”

pjm: The growers of flowers, such as roses, camellias, peonies, tulips, irises, etc. give the different varieties such beautiful and often catchy names. It’s a delight to see one of those names here. I do have a longing to know more about this iris. I assume it’s purple, but was it red-bearded or frilly or muted or . . .? Just a thought . . .

PP: I must confess to not having heard of a “Kiss Me Twice.” It is the title of a song, but not what we are looking for here. It is possible that it is the name of one of the hundreds of irises that symbolise passion, purity, faith, and hope. In the farm there may be many varieties of iris and the writer is peering into the throat of one of these beautiful plants, which come in a variety of colours, some with beards.

E: The name of the iris is “Kiss Me Twice,” I guess. I see a name tag for each iris in our Japanese iris park, too. Most of their names are taken from classical *waka* and they are elegant. In this haiku, the name is more titillating or sensual. I see the author leaning towards the face of the flower after comprehending its meaning.

2420 garden wedding
the bridesmaids’ bouquets
of blue-dyed flowers

E: The blue-dyed flowers are seen quite often these days, an artificial beauty. The bridesmaids’ blue bouquets are outstanding against their

white dresses and the garden’s natural green. The third line reveals the author’s surprise; I am guessing that the author is around my age and is new to such flowers. Blue roses have been a dream since the days of Cleopatra, and by genetic recombination Suntory succeeded in producing their blue rose “Applause” in 2004 (marketed in 2008); however, it is much easier to dye white flowers by letting them draw up blue-colored water. The floral language of a blue rose is “dreams come true.”

PP: Having been to one or two garden weddings, I can imagine this scene. A memorable and magic occasion for many people and the writer is captivated by the sight of the bridesmaids and their bouquets. The “blue-dyed flowers” are perhaps a contrast to the whiteness of the bride’s wedding dress.

pjm: At this wedding what takes center stage is not the bride (she’s not even in the poem), not the garden, not the bridesmaids, but the flowers because they are not just blue—they are blue-dyed. The hand of a person is seen here: the florist has created a beautiful, man-made (person-made?) thing. Weddings too are a man-made thing—the human ritual celebrating the beginning of a life together.

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

Autumn Challenge *Kigo*: Oak

Edward Grossmith

Ah! The mighty oak stands tall as a symbol of strength and endurance. The hearts of oak trees were used in the building of wooden sailing ships when King Alfred (871–901) constructed England’s first navy. Its resultant oaken supremacy defended their island shores and won an Empire which led to the wide adoption of the English language. The song, “Hearts of Oak,” remains the official song of the Royal Navy. The title “HMS Royal Oak” has been given to six ships, an enduring tribute to this worthy tree.

There are so many ways in which the oak has been a companion and servant of mankind, not only for conveyance on sea, land, and air but for homes, furniture, shelter, leafy shade, beauty, and even for the oxygen we breathe. It takes twenty-two oak trees to meet the daily oxygen intake of each human. *Shinrin-Yoku* is forest bathing in Japan and a cornerstone of preventive health care and sense of well-being.

For all its apparent male attributes the oak tree is a sentient and nurturing being. When an acorn sends down first roots the parent oak is aware of their location and shuts down the intake of nutrients to its own roots in that area—care of offspring is not limited to creatures. There’s a radar-like system which allows each branch and leaf to obtain its own space and sunlight in support of photosynthesis.

The oak is home to numerous creatures during its life and continues this service in afterlife. The dead wood of tree trunks, branches, and roots provides shelter and serves as storage for acorns and other food sources. When the UK had a nation-wide program to chop down dead trees it resulted in a serious impact on the wildlife population; we humans are still learning our role in Nature’s grand scheme.

Joyce Kilmer may have been looking at an oak when he wrote in his famous poem, “I think that I shall never see/a poem lovely as a tree.”

the oak tree:
not interested
in cherry blossoms
Bashō (1644-1694)

you dried all my tears
i stand proud now like the oak—
no weeping willow
Deb Wilson, from “Love Like a Mighty Oak,” poetrysoup.com (Jan. 28. 2013)

Pondering greatness
I despise small beginnings
An oak’s acorn falls
Leona J. Atkinson, *A Return to Right Thinking*, Leonas Lines—Poetry Plus (2014)

Note: In *Haiku World*, William Higginson lists “oak” as a *kigo* for all four seasons.

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

YTHS May 2019 Event: Haiku in the Park

Alison Woolpert

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's "Haiku in the Park" was held on Saturday, May 11, in History Park San Jose. Roger Abe has coordinated this annual event since 1992, and he chose this year's theme *Hikari* (Light) to honor the ascension of the Crown Prince and Princess to the Japanese throne.

The morning offerings included a haiku workshop and a *ginko* tour of the Japanese Gardens, followed by lunch hosted by YTHS.

The featured poets for the afternoon were: Genie Nakano, Chuck Brickley, Judith Schallberger, and Dyana Basist.

Genie Nakano's lively presentation included many food-related haiku, tanka, and haibun.

artichoke
we discover
your secrets

Chuck Brickley wove the theme of light throughout by including quotations on the subject by the likes of Goya, O'Keeffe, and Einstein. A number of haiku appear in his 2017 Touchstone Award winning book, *Earthshine*.

slow harmonica
the glow of the fireplace
on his closed eyes

Judith Schallberger shared lovely haiku, tanka, and haibun, many inspired from her childhood and deep relationship to her family's California Central Valley ranch.

the absence
of loved ones . . .
winter river

Dyana Basist's reading included haiku and haibun; some were gems from her recent book, *Coyote Wind*. Leaf Leathers accompanied her reading with his meditative playing of the *shakuhachi* flute.

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

The closing to this wonderfully rich day was an open reading of haiku.

Besides our featured readers and musician, those present included Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Melaku Assegued, Hildy Bernstein, Stephen Colgar, Stefanie Elkin, Ashley Frazer, Mathew Frazer, Marilyn Gehant, Dana Grover, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Deborah Kolodji, Shawn Kolodji, Andrea van de Loo, Patricia J. Machmiller, Obayashi, Audra Schallberger, Lou Schallberger, Clysta Seney, Michael Sheffield, Aza Steel, Carol Steele, Michèle Turchi, Alison Woolpert, Karina Young, and Joan Zimmerman.

Attending the Wakamatsu Festival

Carolyn Fitz

My initial interest in Wakamatsu (first Japanese colony in America) came from Alison Woolpert’s account of her visit there in Placerville, California, last year. Shortly thereafter came the announcement of a grand four-day festival commemorating the 150th Anniversary of this site on June 6–9, 2019. Their council elicited a call for offerings, sharing of cultural arts, and aspects of Japan. We offered; they gladly accepted; we planned.

So, on Saturday, June 8, YTHS members Alison Woolpert, Roger Abe, and David Sherertz offered haiku education and a contest. Theirs was a very popular table and fun for the many participants!

I offered a two-and-a-half-hour demo of *sumi-e*—Japanese ink painting. I set up my table so a few folks at a time could try their hand. Everyone seemed to enjoy it, and a few were so enthralled with the process, I’m sure they will do more.

The vast landscape of Wakamatsu was dried grass on rolling hills with mature oaks and fenced pastures with cattle and sheep. I even saw a lone sheepdog watching over the flock. Many hillside organic farms were in view, as well.

Hundreds of appreciative visitors attended the event each day, including a large number of delegations from Japan. There were many festive activities, including talks and plays on the area’s rich history, cultural and food booths, tea ceremonies, gardens, historic buildings, Okei’s gravesite, etc. For more information and history, see the following website: <https://www.arconservancy.org/wakafest150>. Click on “contests” to see the beautiful information Alison submitted for the YTHS haiku-writing competition.

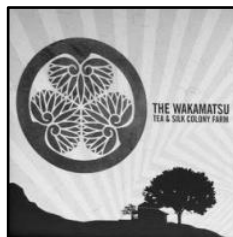
Some of David Sherertz’s great photos from the festival are shared here. To see his complete album, go to <https://tinyurl.com/yyvqf96y>.



Roger Abe and Alison Woolpert promoting the Art of Writing Haiku



Wakamatsu Barn



Poster from festival



Carolyn Fitz Demonstrating *Sumi-e* Ink Painting

YTHS June 2019 Meeting: Sharing of Wakamatsu Festival

Dana Grover

It happened on a Saturday, midday, June 15, 2019. Twelve intrepid lovers of haiku gathered at the home of Alison Woolpert in Santa Cruz, CA. Alison, Roger Abe, and Carolyn Fitz reported on the 150th Anniversary celebration of the first Japanese colony established in the US. In 1869, the Wakamatsu Colony started a tea and silk farm in California's Gold Country. At the festival, Alison, Roger, and David Sherertz invited visitors to write haiku about the experience while Carolyn demonstrated and encouraged visitors to have a brush with *sumi-e* style painting. After the report, we broke for a potluck lunch that ended with Roger's amazing cherry cheesecake dessert.



Photo of Roger Abe
by Alison Woolpert

Following lunch and conversations, a list of summer *kigo* was made available. We had a 45-minute opportunity to sit quietly in the front or rear garden, or to stroll a couple of short blocks to the bluff above the blue Pacific, to write haiku either from the list, or not. We then regrouped and, going around the circle, read our inspired masterpieces: what we witnessed, what we experienced, what we felt, or what stood out for each of us.

proverbial
the good time that was had
by all

Attendees: Alison Woolpert, Roger Abe, Carolyn Fitz, Linda Papanicolaou, Mimi Ahern, Joan Zimmerman, Dyana Basist, Jean Mahoney, Karina Young, Eleanor Carolan, Carol Steele, and yours truly, Dana Grover.

In Search of the Dragonfly—Workshops with Patricia Machmiller

Alison Woolpert

Patricia Machmiller’s workshop, *The Writing Process—Getting Words on Paper*, was the first of a four-part series on the haiku-writing process. Poets gathered near Moss Landing, CA on Saturday, June 22, 2019, settling in for the prompt 9:30 a.m. start time. Just a few minutes later, a favored participant arrived, “summer sunshine.”

Poets started by sharing one of their own haiku and talking about the writing process used to create it. Patricia followed up, having us name and draw our inner critic, and then dismissing it from the room (to be invited back at a future workshop when a critic’s help is required).

We quickly moved into a number of fun and challenging writing exercises meant to aid in creating a large pile of words (the writer’s tool), and Patricia reminded us to trust the power of sound. She asserted, “The ear is the path to the psyche.”

Writing was interspersed with outdoor opportunities for further inspiration; participants would hurry out to walk the short path through the sand dunes to the sea. When the winds came up, bringing in the fog bank, it only made the day seem more wonderfully intense and complete. Everyone left feeling energized with new ways to tap into their creative writing process.

Participants: Mimi Ahern, Betty Arnold, Sherry Barto, Dyana Basist, Kathy Goldbach, Jean Mahoney, Thomasjohn Wells Miller, Lois Scott, Carol Steele, Karina Young, Joan Zimmerman, and myself.



Artwork by pjm

YTHS July 13, 2019 Event: *Tanabata & Obon*

Alison Woolpert

Once more, we had the pleasure of celebrating *Tanabata* in the Livermore hills at the lovely home of Anne and Don Homan.

Roger Abe unveiled a number of surprises. One, we enacted the story of *Tanabata*; another was an illustrated slideshow (a special project of a San Jose Girl Scout troop) regarding the legend of *Obon*. Although *Obon*, which honors the spirits of one's ancestors, will not be celebrated until August, we learned about the Japanese Buddhist custom and Roger led guests holding fans in an *Obon* dance.

Later, with the help of his *Planisphere* (an analog star chart) and his iPhone *Night Sky* app, Roger pointed out the correct positioning for the rise of the two most important stars of the night, Altair and Vega. Legend has it that two lovers, Altair (cow herder) and Vega (weaver princess), shirked their duties, and for that reason they are allowed to meet only once a year.

Despite the waxing gibbous moon rising first, the star lovers finally made a showing. The celestial beings crossed the Milky Way on a bridge of magpies (as folklore has it), and we felt lucky to be witnesses.

Haiku, written on colored paper called *tanzaku*, were hung from bamboo branches. Carolyn Fitz supplied the bamboo and she gifted YTHS a lovely metal holder for future celebrations. Enjoy this haiku by Carol Steele:

in the stillness
the sound of wind through the trees
magpie wings flutter

Besides our host, Anne Homan, her daughter Becky Davies, and her brother Jim Marshall, the guests included: Kathy and Ewald Goldbach, Judith and Lou Schallberger, Patricia Machmiller, Mimi Ahern, Roger Abe, Karina Young, Carol Steele, Alan Leavitt, and Alison Woolpert.



Photo by Kae Bendixen

In Loving Remembrance of Ann Bendixen

May 8, 1942 – July 3, 2019

Patricia J. Machmiller

Ann Bendixen was a long-time member of YTHS. She died July 3, 2019, at the age of 77, surrounded by the love of family and friends, grateful for a life well-lived. She left with a “glad heart.”

Ann grew up on a farm in Iowa. She graduated from the University of Iowa as a medical technologist. She then raised four children while living in New Mexico, Iowa, Michigan, and Ohio. She was very active as a leader in both community volunteer and arts organizations. And she was a small plane pilot.

She began studying Chinese brush painting with Master Pei-Jen Hau after moving to California in 2000. She also studied Chinese calligraphy with (Shu-Jen) Marie Hu and was introduced to writing haiku poetry by Patricia Machmiller. The practice of all three art forms allowed her to connect her profound appreciation for the natural world with her deep observational skills and to practice art within amazing communities of fellow artists. She felt honored by the support and teaching she received from members of both the American Society for the Advancement of Chinese Arts (ASACA) and the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS). Ann served as president of ASACA and traveled twice to China for exhibitions there. She was also recording secretary for YTHS and travelled to haiku conferences in Japan and New Zealand.

A collection of Ann’s Chinese landscapes and haiku was published in 2010 as *Reflections of an Old Pine Tree*. Her artwork was also featured on the covers and inside both *Wild Violets*, the YTHS 2011 Members’ Anthology, and *Butterflight*, the 2017 Two Autumns anthology published by the Haiku Poets of Northern California.

Ann was an adventurer; she always experienced joy in learning new things and encouraging others to do the same. She will be buried near her parents near Spirit Lake in Iowa.

contentment
all winter the sleeping cat dreams
of slow mice

sheep encircle
the high desert hogan
dusting of snow

a trumpet
backpacked to the ridgetop
first sunrise

she died before winter
in the painter’s eyes, the trail
of a thousand years

paper kimonos
cut to Kiyoko’s pattern
star festival

Note: These poems by Ann were first published in YTHS Members’ Anthologies.

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. 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 guest speaker this year.

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 _____

Balance of registration fees (minus \$100 deposit already paid) due by **September 15**. Deadline is 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. In the “Add a note” put Asilomar 2019 and your name. Send this form to the above address, and indicate that you paid your fee by PayPal.

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 _____.

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 next deadline during this year will be:

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

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.

In Search of the Dragonfly: Continuing Workshops on the Haiku-Writing Process

In June, Patricia Machmiller presented her first workshop in a four-part series on the haiku-writing process. See page 23 in this *GEPP*O for a review of *The Writing Process—Getting Words on Paper*.

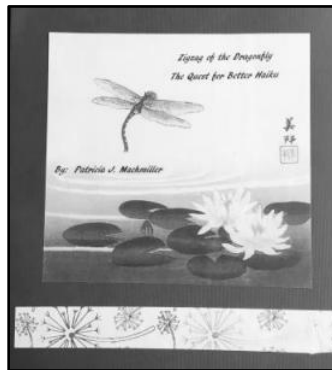
Although the series is designed to cover the complete writing process, anyone can register for a single workshop, if desired.

Autumn Workshop **9/21/2019**: *Elements of Haiku—Kigo and Image*

Winter Workshop **1/25/2020**: *Elements of Haiku—Sound and Form*

Spring Workshop **3/28/2020**: *The Revision Process*

The workshops are fundraisers for YTHS. Attendance will be limited to 12. They are held near Moss Landing, CA. Suggested donation per workshop is \$60.



Pamphlet cover by Toni Homan

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.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

The quarterly *GEPP*O journal and annual YTHS Anthology are only available to members with paid memberships. Your current membership expires in December, and **dues for 2020 are due January 1!**

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!

A deep bow to Carolyn Fitz and Joan Zimmerman for their donations of colored paper, 2018 and 2019 respectively. Color is a lovely addition to *GEPP*O. Thank you!

*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 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**) **Jan. 15, Apr. 15, July 15, and Oct. 15.**

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Calendar for 2019–early 2020

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

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, please.
September 14 5 p.m.–9 p.m.	Moon Viewing and potluck at Linda Papanicolaou's home, Stanford, CA.
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.
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.
January 1	Membership dues due!
January 15	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only).
January 25	One-day workshop on the elements of haiku (sound and form) by Patricia Machmiller near Moss Landing. Suggested donation to YTHS: \$60.