

G E P P O

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

Volume XLIV:4 Aug–Oct 2019

Published in November 2019

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation — Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 2627 | waning light
enrapt in the singing bowl's
fading resonance | 2636 | through
broken windows
I left |
| 2628 | winter wellness check
things deteriorate right
from the weigh in | 2637 | release
the emergency brake
on level ground |
| 2629 | approaching storm
an extra stone finds its way
in my shoe | 2638 | darkness
a full moon
drowns |
| 2630 | adjusting his meds
the storm before the calm
before the storm | 2639 | my ninth decade—
trying to stay
until November 2020 |
| 2631 | half moon
over Half Moon Bay . . .
Really! | 2640 | soap bubbles
drift through the intersection . . .
lost in thought |
| 2632 | harbor fog horn
at eight second intervals—
welcome or warning? | 2641 | sipping herbal tea
to the sound of the foghorn—
coastal cantata |
| 2633 | safe place
for harbor seals—
sheer cliffs | 2642 | the headlands
half-hidden in morning fog
first cup of coffee |
| 2634 | on the trail
origami au naturel
candy wrapper | 2643 | shall I let him
share my slice of key lime pie?
first date |
| 2635 | low hanging
smiling emoji
summer moon | 2644 | they at least
know where they're going—
migrating monarchs |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 2645 | moon cakes—
the sweet stickiness
of lotus seed paste | 2657 | torrential rain
our brief conversation
at the front door |
| 2646 | every night
in a different room—
the singing cricket | 2658 | autumn evening
in our bowls of pea soup
chink of spoons |
| 2647 | a birthday gift
left on my pillow—
chrysanthemum | 2659 | last leaves
huddling beneath his blanket
the homeless man |
| 2648 | crimson leaf
flutters and falls
autumn moon | 2660 | bramble patch—
the theory of money
torn into tatters |
| 2649 | Jack-o-lanterns
smile from the top step
at ghosts | 2661 | election season
the nesting dolls
of espionage |
| 2650 | autumn moon
lights the way
for ancestors | 2662 | gym treadmill—
outside a running deer
glances back |
| 2651 | fluffy marshmallows
dot the stubby corn field
autumn harvest | 2663 | hunter's moon
the Economics Nobel
lights up rivals |
| 2652 | stunted spruce
rise in wavering rows
tundra thumbtacks | 2664 | afternoon breeze
towhee beneath the rosebush
stirring the leaves |
| 2653 | straight stitches
run yellows through green
trembling aspens | 2665 | full of hot air
our neighbor's dust blower
dusts our zinnias |
| 2654 | sharp clinks echo
rock against rock
the long game | 2666 | sunflower petals
uncurl one by one
anniversary |
| 2655 | silvery catkins
evenly silhouetted
equinox sun | 2667 | orange flip-flops
left in soft sand
autumn ghost |
| 2656 | family reunion
a storm warning
dominates the news | 2668 | autumn morning
following a dog
inhaling his walk |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 2669 | thunder rumbles
autumn sky turns black
change of plans | 2681 | never getting
a straight answer
ground beetle |
| 2670 | in sickness and health
the narrow years, the fat ones
rings inside the oak | 2682 | less salmon now—
a lone fisherwoman
stares out to sea |
| 2671 | a hundred oaks
could rise from the acorns
scattered on my porch | 2683 | an abandoned nest
wedged in the tangled branches
autumn deepens |
| 2672 | first rain
the toddler, too,
sings a little song | 2684 | turning leaves
a café sign: <i>We Have The Right
To Serve Everyone</i> |
| 2673 | gibbous moon—
his promise
to tell the whole truth | 2685 | thin deer
inside the fences they feed
on dry rose hips |
| 2674 | school begins
the sharpened pencil
behind her ear | 2686 | the car
makes a quick stop . . . green chiles
turned red |
| 2675 | picking up a penny
as daddy used to do—
autumn clarity | 2687 | our blanket
laid out in the meadow
—Orionids |
| 2676 | tarnished magnolias
red studded seeds sprout
autumn songbirds | 2688 | sedum autumn joy
the bees dancing
even at sunset |
| 2677 | found selfie
my shadow fallen
on pink petals | 2689 | leaf-stains
on the school sidewalk
autumn dusk |
| 2678 | waxing gibbous
white moon made of peace
dove feathers | 2690 | subway station
at the end of the line, alone
cricket |
| 2679 | autumn forest bathing
my yellow rain hat
of big leaf maple | 2691 | she's been gone a year—
scritch scritch a neighbor
raking leaves |
| 2680 | autumn chill
the golden yarrow crumbles
into the sand dune | 2692 | ice covers the day
damp sounds of sleepy cattle
despite the ear buds |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2693 | cool nighttime chicken coop
a silent egg lies there warm
despite calloused searching hand | 2705 | a glowing tree crown
from out of the gloom
breaking dawn |
| 2694 | tidy fall classroom
a nosebleed bloodspot spreads
onto the math book | 2706 | food tasting
for the price of one
dutch treat |
| 2695 | summer night
so quiet
who hears the silence | 2707 | fallen leaves
on the dark temple path—
new year's bell fades |
| 2696 | cold morning
last lemon
from the garden | 2708 | slushy street—
with my index finger
I stop the busy signal |
| 2697 | summer afternoon
refuses to wane
swatting flies in outer space | 2709 | lighthouse shadow—
my steps in the sand
filling as I pass |
| 2698 | light fall rain
sprinkles dry hills
whisper of poems | 2710 | the charcoal fire
in the traditional Japanese inn,
lit just for tourists |
| 2699 | angry wind
tosses the brown leaves asunder—
naked tree | 2711 | red, yellow, blue—
a riot of primary colors
in her window box |
| 2700 | city garden
the pumpkin nestling
in a sling | 2712 | baby newt
rustling in the leaves
never misses a thing |
| 2701 | the couple
reading apart but together . . .
autumn evening | 2713 | fanfare
among the trumpet vines
honey bees |
| 2702 | the autumn wind
plucks the leaves from the trees
tug of war | 2714 | evening news
listening with the sound off
autumn rain |
| 2703 | waiting room
all walks of life
walk in | 2715 | last summer sunset—
my tie-dye top with sparkles
put away |
| 2704 | desert drive
a water bottle
rattles in the backseat | 2716 | i say hello
to the living season . . .
autumn |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2717 | autumn deepens—
my husband braves dependence
in the world of air | 2729 | my lost kite
found
Delphinus constellation |
| 2718 | the lake's voice
lapping the shoreline . . .
autumn twilight | 2730 | Labor Day
among the scrapped beacons
the wild chickens |
| 2719 | a finishing touch
to our neighbor's new roof
the silence | 2731 | Bermuda seashore:
the distant cloud reflection
stretching to my feet |
| 2720 | great expectations
crows look under
fallen leaves | 2732 | YELLOW #5!?
twelve empty ice cream cones
already eaten |
| 2721 | Daddy's pocket knife . . .
a taste of bur oak acorn
served on the blade | 2733 | Rosh Hashanah afterglow:
my body-to-mass index
pushes to thirty |
| 2722 | newborn photo . . .
the school bus window
framing her face | 2734 | brisk breeze . . .
a cowhand adjusts
his stampede strings |
| 2723 | a squirrel
scurries to her sleepy babies
oak tree | 2735 | peony buds . . .
getting antsy
to bloom |
| 2724 | a lonely nest
waits in the branches
oak tree | 2736 | hood ornament . . .
a grasshopper's antennae
whip back and forth |
| 2725 | in a sudden downpour
I run to the oak tree
lightning flashes | 2737 | dusk . . .
the bedtime twittering
birds in the bush |
| 2726 | an oak tree
greet the old eagle
coming for a rest | 2738 | Black Hills autumn
he pins me anew
with a gold pine tree |
| 2727 | fall loneliness
everyone hates
the whistle-blower | 2739 | overnight labor
of the orb weaver
I am caught . . . |
| 2728 | Japanese kimono
a lifetime stuck
in the same pattern | 2740 | in her camouflage
octopus escapes from the tank
Halloween |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2741 | September birthday
streaming Mendelssohn's
"Songs Without Words" | 2753 | low hum of harvest
a little boy
builds mice coffins |
| 2742 | west sun runs
into smoggy tropic sky
the job is done | 2754 | early autumn chill
even the butter
is stiff |
| 2743 | no one cares
about overhead blossoms
October Cherry | 2755 | yellowed willow leaves
blanket the hammock —
one last snooze |
| 2744 | autumn breeze
turns the pages of
some circled poems | 2756 | silent retreat
crunch of autumn leaves
and hiway traffic |
| 2745 | a wave
rolls to an infant
the sea of cosmos | 2757 | nary a breeze
PG & E pulls the plug —
the turkey's cooked |
| 2746 | morning mist
the slow drizzle
of honey | 2758 | A surprise proposal
went awry —
early autumn |
| 2747 | commuter traffic
the hem of a white skirt
outside her car door | 2759 | sunset over the horizon
the phone rings
love is in the air |
| 2748 | spell check
not all of my errors
are cot | 2760 | October moon —
thinking of the
unthinkable |
| 2749 | headwind
offshore a seagull flies
backward | 2761 | forgetting to take
her medication —
twilight zone |
| 2750 | catching the moon
in its wax . . .
bootshine | 2762 | serene autumn
the neighbor's cat
mid-musing |
| 2751 | north wind
boys comparing the size
of their biceps | 2763 | autumn wind
letting it
go |
| 2752 | potato vine
I bait his hook
one last time | 2764 | fallen leaves
in place until
wind blows |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2765 | autumn in the Ozarks
beyond the hills
blue calmness | 2777 | smoke haze
the iPhone app turns
the sky blue |
| 2766 | double helix—
a chain of white-faced cattle
wind along the trail | 2778 | steely sky
sounds of dirt clods
on the casket |
| 2767 | afternoon nap—
piercing the silence
a nail gun | 2779 | Xmas
the blinking red lights
of paramedics |
| 2768 | the dig at Corfu—
summer evaporates
in sweat and effort | 2780 | Fuzzy fog fragments
meander the firmament,
growing and fading. |
| 2769 | calving glacier—
just when I thought I had it
all together | 2781 | Copious tree roots
on Fundy Trails force focus
to avoid tripping. |
| 2770 | perched on the top shelf
the old baseball mitt catches
autumn sunset | 2782 | A cricket so near,
chirping so loudly it feels
like it's in my ear! |
| 2771 | my cookie is round
yours is a star
under one moon | 2783 | Blue skies, red, gold leaves—
the clarity of autumn
purifies the soul. |
| 2772 | dark side of the moon
we bite the ears off
Mickey Mouse pancakes | 2784 | high pitched voices
from the swimming pool
shrieking and laughter |
| 2773 | Salton Sea
wind . . . dust . . .
the stench of rotting fish | 2785 | walking alone
to the sound of my cane
crowded sidewalk |
| 2774 | the fragrance of
cinnamon and brown sugar . . .
Autumn reverie | 2786 | summer weekend
father and son shoot hoops
silence between them |
| 2775 | water lilies . . .
I too float
among the clouds | 2787 | at dusk
the leaves of a toyon trembling
a bustle of finches |
| 2776 | ancient sycamore
the many branches branch
and branch again | 2788 | earthquake—
pampas grass plumes
shimmering |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2789 | cold night—
the twenty-year-old cat
hisses at her bowl | 2796 | across the border
in relentless desert heat
I.C.E. awaits |
| 2790 | sidewalk café—
a glass jar full of water
and autumn clarity | 2797 | dementia unit
she admires her shirt
on her roommate |
| 2791 | death in the family—
seeing loved ones in the clouds
from a garden bench | 2798 | ocean washed rocks
have stories to tell
some are not so clean |
| 2792 | fly's back glittery
on the unshaded concrete—
sun warms my legs too | 2799 | early autumn wind
casting his troubles to sea
the migrant worker |
| 2793 | last week, tall green trees—
today, yellow leaves floating
next to dog's pink nose | 2800 | autumn morning
gps says
take a u-turn |
| 2794 | hard to tell jet trails
from broad white swathes of cloud
til blue angels roar | 2801 | one monarch
the ground beneath
the ground cover |
| 2795 | dry dusty branches
lackluster leaves
end of summer | 2802 | monarch butterfly
blue hat above the railing
looking out to sea |



Artwork by Carolyn Fitz

Autumn Challenge Kigo: Oak

Note to Members—Since “oak” is a year-round topic, it does not operate as a season word. If you wish for your haiku to have a seasonal flavor, you must add another word or phrase to bring in the season. Notice that the three haiku given as examples in the last issue all have an additional phrase indicating the season: the first haiku is in spring (cherry blossoms), the second haiku is in summer (weeping willow), and the last is in autumn (acorn). To help us learn more about how kigo (season words) operate, the haiku that you sent using “oak” as the topic have been sorted into seasonal and non-seasonal verses. This will give you the opportunity to observe how haiku work with and without a season word.

~Patricia Machmiller & Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Seasonal Verses (with a kigo)

eye of the hurricane—
a big branch from our oak
on the neighbor’s lawn
~Linda Papanicolaou

the child’s bag
filled with acorns and much more
—acorn weevils
~Alison Woolpert

trick or treat
red oak drops acorns
on squirrels
~Marilyn Gehant

surviving
another winter—
the live oak and I
~Ruth Holzer

the dead oak
arrayed in holes and acorns
life after life
~Bob Redmond

a shining oak
with dew drops
the typhoon is gone
~Hiroyuki Murakami

this oak is the acorn
I planted years ago
. . . my life
~Toni Siamis Steele

strong wind
oak leaves dance
free fall celebration
~Mark Levy

equinox
beneath the live oak acorns
fall
~Dana Grover

new moon
rests gently
on the ancient oak
~Marcia Behar

prairie homestead—
the tire-swing oak
felled by an ice storm
~Michael Dylan Welch

the old oak’s shade
made family reunion
bearable
~Carolyn Fitz

how many
become too many
oak limb granary
~Clysta Seney

dead oak tree:
yet under it new acorns
and some with caps
~Zinovy Vayman

fall aspens
paint the oak forest
with myriad rainbows
~e Luke

grey afternoon
schoolchildren collect acorns
from the ancient oak
~Patricia Prime

acorn—
will you someday be
my great-grandson’s cane?
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

after we part
the fallen moon, broken,
in the oak tree
~Roger Abe

falling oak leaves the webcam at the frontier ferry
~J. Zimmerman

red-headed acorn woodpecker
hoards his oak treasures
cold snap

~Janis Albright Lukstein

the ranch Oak
disperses galls . . . my father's
courage with cancer
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

**Seasonal Verse (with a kigo,
but no year-round topic: oak
[tree])**

an eager tourist
gathers a red-leaved bouquet
poison oak

~Kathleen M Goldbach

**Nonseasonal Verses
(without a kigo)**

live oak
an unwilling accomplice
in unspeakable things

~Michael Henry Lee

dad's room
all the furniture
solid oak

~Genie Nakano

protestors
hold their ground
mighty oaks

~Christine Lamb Stern

forest canopy
a love note found
in the heart of an oak

~Kath Abela Wilson

hiding the ink stain
on their old oak dresser
Kuan Yin's porcelain feet

~Dyana Basist

the oak stands tall
silent witness to the changing
parade of life

~Dean Okamura

88 years
at the same address
white oak

~Barbara Snow

I meet
my first love
beneath the oak tree

~Sharon Lynne Yee

oak root there it is

~Susan Burch

oak tree roots
find each other
under the old racetrack

~Stephanie Baker

fine sketch of lone oak – Dad still quit tenth grade

~Lois Heyman Scott

The oak tree
my cats' favorite
playground

~Majo Leavick

the tall oak
midway a squirrel decides
to climb down

~John J. Han

centuries of silence . . .
the sudden death
of Grandmother Oak

~Michael Sheffield

The grandeur and grace
of an ancient coast live oak—
majestic silence.

~David Sherertz

Oak of Black, White, Red
are so very fine, but Tan,
Achoo!

~Alexis George

rain-soaked-wet black trunk
the long-suffering stripped Oak
squirrel super highway

~Monique CM Keffer

sweeping overhead
early morning wake-up call
california oak

~thomasjohnwellsmiller

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

Michael Henry Lee	2461-1,	2462-11,	2463-1,	2464-2
Neal Whitman	2465-0,	2466-3,	2467-1,	2468-1
Ed Grossmith	2469-5,	2470-5,	2471-0,	2472-4
Bob Redmond	2473-3,	2474-5,	2475-4,	2476-6
Marilyn Gehant	2477-1,	2478-5,	2479-1,	2480-2
Ruth Holzer	2481-4,	2482-8,	2483-0,	2484-0
John J. Han	2485-2,	2486-5,	2487-8,	2488-4
thomasjohnwellsmiller	2489-1,	2490-0,	2491-1,	2492-0
J. Zimmerman	2493-3,	2494-2,	2495-1,	2496-2
Judith Morrison Schallberger	2497-0,	2498-3,	2499-2,	2500-0
Zinoviy Vayman	2501-2,	2502-3,	2503-1,	2504-1
Dyana Basist	2505-9,	2506-1,	2507-5,	2508-7
Patricia Prime	2509-2,	2510-1,	2511-0,	2512-0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	2513-5,	2514-0,	2515-1,	2516-2
Bruce Feingold	2517-4,	2518-0,	2519-7	
Lois Heyman Scott	2520-0,	2521-2,	2522-0,	2523-2
Mimi Ahern	2524-2,	2525-10,	2526-5,	2527-2
Jean Mahoney	2528-0,	2529-1,	2530-0,	2531-1
Michael Dylan Welch	2532-1,	2533-5,	2534-3,	2535-2
Patrick Gallagher	2536-5,	2537-1,	2538-1,	2539-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	2540-7,	2541-6,	2542-5,	2543-3
Bona M. Santos	2544-4,	2545-1,	2546-1	
Alison Woolpert	2547-0,	2548-1,	2549-2,	2550-2
David Sherertz	2551-0,	2552-0,	2553-1,	2554-0
Christine Horner	2555-1,	2556-3,	2557-2,	2558-8
Gregory Longenecker	2559-7,	2560-7,	2561-5,	2562-2
Sharon Lynne Yee	2563-0,	2564-0,	2565-0,	2566-0
Carolyn Fitz	2567-6,	2568-7,	2569-2,	2570-1
Amy King	2571-0,	2572-1,	2573-1,	2574-0
Stephanie Baker	2575-3,	2576-1,	2577-0,	2578-1
Clysta Seney	2579-1,	2580-0,	2581-1,	2582-1
Mark Levy	2583-6,	2584-2,	2585-1,	2586-2
Susan Burch	2587-0,	2588-0,	2589-3	
Hiroyuki Murakami	2590-3,	2591-0,	2592-1,	2593-3
Kath Abela Wilson	2594-1,	2595-2,	2596-1,	2597-5
Barbara Snow	2598-1,	2599-3,	2600-4,	2601-4
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik	2602-4,	2603-1,	2604-0,	2605-3
Janis Albright Lukstein	2606-1,	2607-1,	2608-1,	2609-1
Phillip Kennedy	2610-4,	2611-7,	2612-0,	2613-1
Kathy Goldbach	2614-1,	2615-0,	2616-5,	2617-2
Dana Grover	2618-0,	2619-10,	2620-7,	2621-1
Cynthia Holbrook	2622-4			
Alexis George	2623-0,	2624-1,	2625-0,	2626-0

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.

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

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|--|---|--|
| 2462 moonset
the great horned owl
calls it a day
~Michael Henry Lee (11) | 2508 sometimes
I still count on my fingers
bamboo shoots
~Dyana Basist (7) | 2620 late afternoon
just enough breeze
to dance a flower
~Dana Grover (7) |
| 2525 Father's Day heat
she leans into the shade
of her Father
~Mimi Ahern (10) | 2519 turkey and gravy
his favorite uncle offers
no advice
~Bruce Feingold (7) | 2476 all the summers
of my youth—
chickadee
~Bob Redmond (6) |
| 2619 swooping
through the garden
hummingblur
~Dana Grover (10) | 2540 Independence Day . . .
dandelions disperse their seeds
in all directions
~Elinor Pihl Huggett (7) | 2541 Amish farm . . .
the colorful flower garden
of the plain people
~Elinor Pihl Huggett (6) |
| 2505 summer vacation
the click of marbles
on a sidewalk
~Dyana Basist (9) | 2559 changing the course
of conversation
butterfly wings
~Gregory Longenecker (7) | 2567 submission deadline—
my muse is
on vacation
~Carolyn Fitz (6) |
| 2482 new moon—
the darkness filled
with fireflies
~Ruth Holzer (8) | 2560 forgetting streets
but never crossroads
fall memories
~Gregory Longenecker (7) | 2583 walking lightly
on new grass
heart stent
~Mark Levy (6) |
| 2487 summer night
the roar of baseball fans
on a cul-de-sac
~John J. Han (8) | 2568 hospital visit—
in her Chinese to go box
a purple orchid
~Carolyn Fitz (7) | 2469 lightning flash
a brief tiara
for the tarweed
~Ed Grossmith (5) |
| 2558 mañana
the master plan for fixing
a loose sandal strap
~Christine Horner (8) | 2611 tarot cards
on a café table
summer thunder
~Phillip Kennedy (7) | 2470 washed with shadows
of cumulus clouds
river rocks
~Ed Grossmith (5) |

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

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|--|--|
| 2474 pop fly
after pop fly—
peonies
~Bob Redmond (5) | 2533 tied to a branch
of the yellow maple
my wish to visit Matsuyama
~Michael Dylan Welch (5) |
| 2478 Labor Day picnic
our first and only girl
breaks my water
~Marilyn Gehant (5) | 2536 graduation party
my autistic grandson
finds his voice
~Patrick Gallagher (5) |
| 2486 mountain temple
mist descends as
prayers rise
~John J. Han (5) | 2542 darkening skies . . .
a light drizzle dimples
the pond scum
~Elinor Pihl Huggett (5) |
| 2507 bags of ripe plums
so many of my friends
have drifted away
~Dyana Basist (5) | 2561 parting ways
a passion flower
unravels
~Gregory Longenecker (5) |
| 2513 choosing to look
beyond the clouds
blue sky
~Beverly Acuff Momoi (5) | 2597 lucky bamboo
some of us
have a pet dragon
~Kath Abela Wilson (5) |
| 2526 wildfire—
the shield she’s wearing
inside herself
~Mimi Ahern (5) | 2616 hot summer night
the dog next door barks
on and on
~Kathy Goldbach (5) |

Dojin's Corner**May – July 2019**Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller,
and Kath Abela Wilson

Autumn greetings to everyone in the northern hemisphere. And spring greetings to our friends in the southern hemisphere. And welcome to our guest editor, Kath Abela Wilson of Pasadena, CA. She is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, The Southern California Haiku Study Group, and the Haiku Society of America. She is the poetry editor for the “Colorado Boulevard” website: <https://tinyurl.com/poets-salon>.

We have chosen these haiku to comment on from poems submitted to the last issue of *GEPPPO*:

KA: 2472, 2473, 2475, 2533, 2561, 2568*, 2583*, 2600, 2619*, 2624*

E: 2470*, 2473, 2487, 2508, 2534, 2556, 2575, 2590*, 2600, 2605*, 2610, 2611, 2612*, 2620

pjm: 2468, 2470, 2476, 2480, 2484, 2485, 2502, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2518, 2519, 2524, 2526, 2527, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2547, 2548, 2556*, 2561, 2562, 2571, 2573*, 2578, 2581, 2583, 2586, 2590, 2592, 2594, 2600*, 2602, 2610, 2611*, 2616, 2618, 2619, 2620

2470 washed with shadows
of cumulus clouds
river rocks

E: The passing of the shadows over the river rocks is depicted in the haiku as “washed,” which I like very much because it makes me picture the clean and smooth surface of the rocks. I can feel the wind, the heat, and the light from the strong

sun that casts the dark passing shadows. Summer is here, right in the haiku. Well done.

KA: Cumulus clouds are mostly white and are considered indicative of fair weather. River rocks can show any color of the rainbow. I can imagine the rocks being bathed in a purifying foamy whiteness to induce fair weather times. A positive fast-moving swirling tumbling. It makes me think of a tumbler, as I have used in jewelry making, smoothing the pieces and foaming in the process. But this is almost a reversal—since the clouds are reflections. The river rocks in water are doing the “washing” of the cloud reflections. A skillfully painted picture with just eight words.

pjm: The ephemeral and the immovable are brought together in this beautiful image with its illusive and mysterious feelings of longing and desire. It’s an indelible image of what stays and what goes, of the transient and the eternal. Bravo, Poet.

2556 summer doldrums
the usual white clouds
soak in the salt ponds

pjm: Clouds again. And yet, such a different feeling. There is stillness, sluggishness, the ennui of summer heat. Time has slowed to a standstill. Salt is suspended in the ponds, unmoving, where even the clouds appear to be immersed; they, too, suspended in the brine appear to have become timeless.

KA: “Doldrums” is such a suggestive word and one of its origins concerns a maritime region where winds are still and cause action to cease. Here we have the whiteness (suggesting a bland, emotional depression) of the usual soaking in salt ponds, which tend to be vibrant in color! Deep

reds and green, the ponds are made so by algae. The suggestion of a dyeing action—that our emotional state, like clouds might be naturally brightened by soaking in appropriately dynamically potent ponds—an amazing, subtle, and sure suggestion!

E: Due to the heat, everything gets dried up. In Tokyo, we had over 35°C for ten days and over 30°C for twenty-nine days in succession during July and August. Here in this haiku, the whiteness of the clouds and the salt ponds merge. I was not sure why the author had “usual” in the haiku at first; then I thought of recent global warming—the “usual seawater ponds” are changed to “the salt ponds.” A comparison of something usual and unusual?

2568 hospital visit—
in her Chinese to go box
a purple orchid

KA: This haiku is vivid, visually and emotionally. The colors jump out immediately. Hospital white, to-go box white—and orchid purple. The sight is memorable, positive, and striking. I imagine the box brought to a friend in the hospital and voila! Many orchids, especially the purple ones are in fact edible. (A friend told me that they were in a hospital where edible orchids were served with dinner!) In China orchids can symbolize friendship and good fortune. A fitting symbol for someone bringing a special treat—Chinese food to a friend in this situation. The haiku is 5-7-5! So natural I did not notice at first. A haiku box perfectly sized to contain a purple orchid!

E: We often see a small purple orchid placed on Chinese dishes served in a restaurant, but here it

is in the to-go box. How nice! Apparently, the patient seems to be free from any food restrictions, which is nice, too. I found out that one of the flower meanings of orchid is love!

pjm: To the hospital patient maybe even better than a change from hospital food to Chinese take-out is the purple orchid that’s found inside. The orchid is a gift that evokes the autumn season, that time when gladness for the harvest is mixed with sadness that the end of the year is approaching. Such complicated feelings resonate well with a hospital stay that is lifted for a moment by the sight and scent of a purple orchid.

2573 young pomegranate
the passing wind shows
her baby bump

pjm: My immediate response to this haiku is one of delight—every aspect brings me delight. The shape of the pomegranate is delightful, the shape of the young pregnant woman is delightful, the two shapes together—delightful. I delight in the playful wind that disclosed the young (I assume) woman’s baby bump. And I imagine my feeling of delight to be similar to her warm feeling of pleasure now growing within her. And finally, I realize the pomegranate in many cultures is a symbol of fertility. And that delights me. All this is evoked by the light but deft hand of the poet.

E: The combination of “young pomegranate” and “baby bump” which is only noticeable when the wind presses her cotton dress against her belly resonates well. Usually an image of *Kishimojin* (Hariti), the goddess of childbirth and children, holds a branch of pomegranate in her hand, so the combination of the two images resonates well in me who was raised in a Buddhist family.

KA: There is a sweetness to this haiku. The first line is immediately suggestive, and by the last line we see the wind exposing the natural pomegranate of a young woman with child, so delicately put and beautifully pictured. Some imagine the pomegranate, an autumn kigo, was the legendary apple in the Garden of Eden. So appropriately and nonchalantly we are shown that she is pregnant. I imagine a lovely pomegranate-colored tunic, her maternity dress.

2583 walking lightly
on new grass
heart stent

KA: The color I see here is spring green. A soft delicate but resilient surface on which to begin again. "Heart stent" has a strong voice here, and is the controlling factor to the poem. We are tentative. It is virtual spring. This is an optimistic step forward. Each line is short, little steps, in the light of a difficult but manageable situation. Exercise is fine in moderation, I know, with such a treatment as a family member of ours has just had a stent put in . . . but take it easy, and don't lift any weight for a while!

pjm: The complex feelings after a major surgery are captured here. The feeling of gratitude for life after surgery is echoed in the appreciation for the "new grass." So, too, the feeling of weakness and vulnerability is brought to the fore by the act of "walking lightly/on new grass." The adjective "lightly" says everything about how tenuous one feels during recovery—the heightened sense of mortality. It's all there in these seven words.

E: I assume that the author has gotten a new heart stent. The first and the second lines convey the joy and relief of the author who can now walk on

the new grass for years to come. "New grass" sounds refreshing and strong and shows a willingness to live on!

2590 forgotten?
or placed?
straw hat on a chair

E: The simplicity of the haiku captures a moment in summer. A thousand stories can be told just from this scene. This openness is airy and full of sunlight, too. Now in October, when I am writing this comment, I think of a possibility that it might have belonged to a scarecrow!

KA: The unusual and interesting use of two question marks emphasizes the essential question of this haiku and of life itself. What is intended and what is incidental, random? The simple sight of a straw hat on a chair draws our mind and eye to the question. What assumptions might we make? Is someone saving a place? Did they rush away without thought? We cannot be sure what is happening. This draws us to consider the questions, small and large, about our lives that we cannot know, unless something happens to reveal the answer.

pjm: I can see the poet noticing the straw hat left carelessly on the chair and thinking how attractively displayed it is. So attractively the poet's suspicions are raised—was it really casually dropped there or has the scene been deliberately orchestrated? If it was contrived, does that reduce the visual pleasure of it? Perhaps, a bit. And yet . . .

2600 adding deep purple
to the late night sounds
hoot owl

pjm: Yes! It must be so. If the sound of a hoot owl has a color, it has to be deep purple. As does the sky on a late winter night. As does the feeling of melancholy unfolding in it all.

E: How can “deep purple” be added to the late night sounds? At first, I thought about color; late at night long after the evening glow has gone, what will bring the purple color to the sky? And then I found out that it refers to the sounds. Since purple is a royal color, does the hooting sound of a wise bird add some noble and elegant taste here? The quietness of the night stands out. Then, suddenly, I remembered a rock band called Deep Purple in the 70s! It can be a very loud night, too!

KA: The blend of sight and sound in this haiku is stunning. That a hoot owl adds deep purple to “the late night sounds” is an exquisite idea. For me, this is synesthesia of the most delicious kind, memorable and rich in nuance. It is so naturally and lyrically stated that it feels both true and inevitable. I love the choice of the name hoot owl (which is actually a common name given the barred owl), because it powerfully highlights the sound aspect of the poem. Memorable and unusual.

2605 music from steel drums
in the middle of downtown
summer begins

E: This haiku evokes my memory from NYC vividly, of a street musician drumming a lid of a garbage can, a wooden box, and the pavement for a loud and rhythmic piece of endless music, a very impressive improvisation. In this haiku, Caribbean steel drums are generating summer, making us jump up and dance! I like the idea that the summer begins in downtown, and not in the

grassy fields or in the blue sky! Humans are also a critical part of the season!

pjm: Another image that leads with sound—this time the percussive bongs and lively rhythms of steel drums calling everyone to come together. The festive mood is set, the night air is warm, and to enjoy it fully one must be in the company of others. *Come on! Everybody dance now!*

KA: Sight and sound combine in this city haiku to denote the season. There is a festive feeling, open air and a powerful sound, excitement of a vivid beat; the lines are 5-7-4. I feel a full-paced prelude and a sudden quick drumroll at the end to announce summer. And we are off.

2611 tarot cards
on a café table
summer thunder

pjm: Another image with sound as the principle sense: the contrast between the stillness of the tarot cards before the fortune is revealed and the ominous sound of thunder. Thunder by itself is a summer kigo, so the last line could be “clap of thunder” making the contrast even more startling.

E: Uh-oh. A terrifying oracle? In the Japanese *saijiki*, thunder is listed as a summer kigo, thus, we have spring thunder, autumn thunder, and winter thunder for the other seasons. I like the breathtaking moment of opening each tarot card on the table combined with summer thunder—very dramatic. Thunder is a perfect sound effect for such a moment.

KA: Many people say that the energy and excitement of a thunderstorm enlivens them.

A reading of tarot cards during a storm could accentuate the drama. The fact that we have the cards on the table in a café makes it informal. Some might feel it as a threatening omen or drum roll that precedes a revelation. The drama of the last line leaves us wondering . . . what next?

2612 jellyfish
twenty pounds
of camera gear

E: A simple contrast of the weight of jellyfish and a set of camera gear. We picture the translucent bodies of jellyfish swimming like flowers in the sea. However, jellyfish, too, weigh a lot when they are washed on the shore. Even though in water they look weightless, they are as heavy as the equivalent amount of water. *Echizen-kurage* in the Japan Sea can grow to two meters in diameter and weigh 150 kg. A professional photographer shooting jellyfish on the beach makes me think of Asilomar!

KA: In this haiku I imagine a small, often venomous creature, enigmatic and unusual, attracting attention and the use of a lot of equipment to do it justice. (Jellyfish do vary in size from a tiny millimeters tall to very large, the largest 350 lbs.) I like to watch them in aquariums. Here I see the jellyfish as small. Fitting just right into the haiku. I think the poet intends to highlight the incongruity of the great resources and energy it seems to take to accomplish a small task; so small, sometimes, it's almost comical. We can all relate to this.

pjm: Contrast and a touch of irony. The photographer's gear contrasted with the photographer's subject. The gear so heavy, the

jellyfish so delicate, so airy, as it floats in the sea so effortlessly. And deeper even—the contrast between the apparent nonchalance of the jellyfish compared with the intentionality of the jellyfish's pursuer.

2619 swooping
through the garden
hummingblur

KA: Such a delightful moment, we all can identify with. And expressed with such vitality and originality! We have sight and sound—simultaneously in the wonderful created word “hummingblur.” We can all see this, as it so often happens when we see a hummingbird. Swift movement turns into a swirl and where did it go? This is a colorful haiku moment. No colors are named, but swirl of action and “blur” of colors excites our senses. So graceful and vivid with only five words!

E: Assuming that the third line is to provide a surprise, yes, it is a surprise. This haiku reminds me of the first time when I saw a hummingbird in the late Claire Gallagher's garden. So small and so glittering, and it sounded so mechanical!

pjm: A new name for a hummingbird. Fitting and very clever.

2624 ancient history
growing in a tiny pot
smaller than my palm

KA: Here is the essence of bonsai. Ancient is presumed past, but here it is growing. I think of a cycad bonsai, perhaps, and I imagine so many centuries smaller than “my palm.” (The word “palm” here suggestive of the plant as well.)

A beautiful resonant image. Something with deep roots in the past and yet so present. I feel it as deep green enduring potential.

pjm: I am intrigued by the image and the thought of “ancient history” in the palm of one’s hand, but I have to admit, I don’t fully comprehend this poem.

E: A mysterious haiku. What is the season? What is the “ancient history” growing in a tiny pot here? It is hard for me to picture, perhaps a plant which can be traced back to ancient time? My guess is moss. Moss has been covering the earth from so long ago and is a summer kigo. Now it has become fashionable to grow moss in a tiny pot to feel a touch of nature in air-conditioned condominium rooms.

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



Artwork by Carolyn Fitz

Winter Challenge Kigo: Ice

Edward Grossmith

Ice is just one partner in earth's grand water cycle which supports all life on our planet: evaporation from the sea; condensation in air; water vapor lifting to cloud; the cooling into rain, then into ice such as hail, snow, or sleet; and the flow back to the sea.

Ice also comes in the form of frost accumulating on a solid surface at a temperature below freezing point. The delicate traceries it forms on windows are unique as are the innumerable snowflakes that fall each year. A snowflake is made up of approximately six hundred tiny ice crystals. Every human who has lived is also unique, and each of us has played a role in this magic cycle. Around sixty percent of the human body is composed of water. The air we inhale is exhaled to condense and join the water cycle. Maybe our breath was destined to coat an icicle, create a tiara on a holly bush, or help cover a withered moor with a fine mantle of snow.

In addition to etching dainty filigrees, ice has also become earth's supreme sculptor. Glaciers have created awesome configurations into granite, carving such wonders as Yosemite Valley and the Grand Canyon. Ice floes, breaking free from their parent glacier, float upon open seas to become artistic sculptures carved by wind and water and trimmed with translucent turquoise.

This rich panorama and the source of all life is entirely due to the mating of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen. Writing a haiku about ice seems a good way of paying homage to this cosmic miracle and invoking the feeling of winter . . . like the haiku below.

an icy morning
we take a serious look
at the stairway

Jerry Ball, *The Plover and the Moonstone*, *Yuki Teikei Haiku Society 40th Anniversary Anthology*, ed., Patricia J. Machmiller (San Jose: YTHS, 2015), 11.

In the middle of the night
On the ice
A small abandoned boat.

Yosa Buson, *1020 Haiku in Translation: The Heart of Basho, Buson and Issa* trans. by Takafumi Saito and William R. Nelson (North Charleston, South Carolina: BookSurge, LLC, 2006), 224.

Dakota Lake
biggest perch he ever caught
six fathoms of ice

Ann Bendixen, *The Plover and the Moonstone*, 12.

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

YTHS September 2019—Annual Membership Meeting

Alison Woolpert

Call to order by President Mimi Ahern at 10:30 a.m. at her home. In attendance: board members Patricia Machmiller and Alison Woolpert, and members Carol Steele, Dyana Basist, Judith Schallberger, Dana Grover, Roger Abe, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Phillip Kennedy, and Linda Papanicolaou.

Board Decisions:

- Focus for the 45th Anniversary of YTHS 2020 will be *Education*. Patricia Machmiller to finish her book on writing haiku, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly*, and YTHS to publish it with proceeds from Patricia's four haiku-writing workshops. The website will have a link to book and workshop video excerpts. Sales will benefit YTHS, encourage haiku writing, and raise awareness of our organization.
- Donations: Thank-you letters to be sent by the membership chair or the president.
- Expenditures: Over \$50 need board approval.
- Dues: January 1 remains the due date. New members will pay the full price whenever they join throughout the year; however, if a new member joins at Asilomar, they will be graced in for the following year. The greeter will welcome new members with a packet.
- *GEPP*O: At this time, it will continue as a print document.
- December Holiday Party: It will remain an evening event.
- Membership Roster Usage: Board policy is to protect access to members' information including the Asilomar member list. Information will be used solely for YTHS business.
- Digital Projector and Screen Usage: Accepted board policy allows the equipment loan with restrictions pertaining to YTHS or other haiku-related use by a member.
- Bylaws and Traditions of YTHS: The president explained procedures for changing the bylaws. Proposed bylaw change to the definition of *GEPP*O will be voted on at the 2020 Annual Meeting. The board is to begin a document that describes traditions of YTHS.
- Election of Officers: All board members agreed to remain in office for another year—Mimi Ahern, president; Carolyn Fitz, vice president; Patricia Machmiller, treasurer; and Alison Woolpert, recording secretary.

Reports:

- Treasurer: Cash on hand, December 31, 2018 = \$17,949.64. As of August 31, 2019 = \$14,059.19
- Membership Committee: Roster-keeping changes were explained. YTHS now has a PO box.
- Tokutomi Contest: All is running smoothly.
- Anthology: Content, publisher, and timeline were confirmed.
- *GEPP*O: Editor Betty Arnold has resigned, and Johnnie Johnson Hafernik is now editor. The rest of the *GEPP*O team will continue. Submission guidelines will soon be available.
- Asilomar: Thirty-eight people have signed up.
- Web: David Sherertz and his son Chris have the new website up. The goal is to add photos and work on issues as they arise. Volunteers will review and edit content.
- Archives: A group of volunteers, under the guidance of Patricia Machmiller, tries to go monthly to Sacramento to help with cataloging.

YTHS September 2019 – Annual Membership Meeting (*continued*)

New Business:

- Education Committee: Members Mimi Ahern, Linda Papanicolaou, Patricia Machmiller, and Alison Woolpert will work on the goals for 2020 and consider future goals.
- *Dojin* Committee: Members Patricia Machmiller, Phillip Kennedy, Roger Abe, Linda Papanicolaou, and Carol Steele will work on creating a path to becoming a *dojin* in YTHS.
- Social Media: Linda Papanicolaou will work with June Hopper Hymas on the Facebook Page to enhance YTHS web presence.
- Calendar 2020: Most meeting dates, venues, and content were chosen.
- Miscellaneous: Carpools are encouraged. A hub site for carpooling to events is being considered.

The meeting was adjourned at 2:45, after a one-hour lunch.

YTHS September 14, 2019 – Moon-Viewing Party

Michèle Boyle Turchi

A moon-viewing party and potluck dinner was hosted by Linda and George Papanicolaou on Saturday evening, September 14. Their home is adjacent to Kite Hill which provides a perfect perch to watch the full harvest moon come up over the southern San Francisco Bay area.

While waiting for the moonrise, members discussed the spring reading and possible readers. Also, Roger Abe and Mimi Ahern reported on YTHS' participation in the very successful Multicultural Moon Festival held at Kelly Park on August 31 where over six hundred people attended.

Members walked to Kite Hill in time for the spectacular vision of the bright orange harvest moon coming out from behind the East Bay hills and illuminating the bay and Silicon Valley. Roger Abe set up his telescope focused first on the moon and then onto Jupiter and its four moons.

Returning to Linda's home, guests shared their haiku and those sent in by members who could not attend. Here are two haiku from the evening:

autumn at its best—
the moon comes up
smiling

~Linda Papanicolaou

an old habit
wandering by your house—
moonrise

~Patricia J. Machmiller

Besides our hosts, Linda and George Papanicolaou, the guests included: Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Mary Dederer, Patricia Machmiller, Carol Steele, and Michèle Boyle Turchi.

In Search of the Dragonfly—Second Workshop with Patricia J. Machmiller

J. Zimmerman

Patricia J. Machmiller's workshop "Building a Haiku" was held on September 21, 2019, near Moss Landing, California. It was the second in her series on the craft of writing haiku. These workshops will become the heart of her forthcoming book on haiku craft, to be published by YTHS in 2020, our 45th anniversary year.

To open the workshop Patricia quoted Charles Trumbull's definition of haiku as "a brief verse about a moment in nature that makes a specific reference to a season and juxtaposes two concrete images." She designed the morning for studying how we reference a season through the use of kigo (which we also call season words) and the afternoon for investigating images and their juxtaposition.

Patricia invited participants to name our favorite season: almost all chose autumn. Then she led us toward effective kigo use. First, we had a "lightning" kigo exercise in which Patricia read out thirty words or phrases, a new one every couple of seconds. For each we jotted down the season we thought it most signified (or "no season"). We discussed our choices and found that only a few of the words (such as "snow" and "red leaves") were strongly suggestive of the same season to everyone. Other words (such as "leaf" and "giraffe") indicated no season, while some (such as "cool water" and "rainbow") had seasonal implications that varied depending on a poet's experiences.

For our second exercise we wrote prose about the current season, autumn. Patricia next gave us Charles Trumbull's definition of an image as "a text that evokes in the reader a strong sensory stimulation." After she reminded us that a kigo is an image too, she sent us outside to collect ten images that had a feeling of autumn. We were to write a line or two for each, but were not pressured to include season words.

On returning, we wrote descriptions of each of the other three seasons and the feelings they evoked. This helped us settle more deeply by contrast into the sensations of autumn. The final morning exercise was to look over the ten images we had gathered earlier. We had been asked to bring our preferred kigo list: most brought a list by YTHS or by Higginson or both. Patricia requested that for any of our images that did not include a kigo, we find a listed kigo that paired well with that image.

After lunch, Patricia introduced us to the sense of the image given by Robert Hass as something where "what perishes and what lasts forever have been brought into conjunction." She spoke of images as having a haunting ability "to sink into our psyche—this combined with the kigo, which sets the mood ... gives haiku, for all its brevity, such power." She sent us out again to discover ten more images, but this time to find two for each of the senses (touch, taste, sound, smell, and sight) and to write them in one or two lines.

In Search of the Dragonfly—Second Workshop with Patricia J. Machmiller (*cont.*)

In our concluding session, Patricia gave examples of juxtapositions in published haiku, including several by Japanese poets. Often the juxtapositions were quite far apart but had some kind of visceral energy that connected them, even if we could not always explain them in a logical way. For the final exercise we at last wrote haiku: “Using images from the morning that had a kigo as well as the images you have just written, try combining images to create as many three-line verses as you can.” We had three rounds of sharing our resulting haiku, with much joy and delight at what had been created.

Participants: Carol Steele, Dyana Basist, J. Zimmerman, Karina M. Young, Kathy Goldbach, Marilyn Gehant, Mimi Ahern, Pushpa MacFarlane, and Thomasjohn Wells Miller.

YTHS October 12, 2019—Hakone Gardens

Alison Woolpert

After the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915, San Francisco philanthropist Isabel Stine was inspired to build her own private Japanese estate and garden nestled in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains near Saratoga: Hakone Gardens.

Fourteen haiku poets and friends recently came together there for a picnic lunch and *ginko*. Patricia Machmiller gave a short talk comparing the process of creativity to that of the flight of a dragonfly. “We might have a goal in mind, but we don’t get there in a straight line.” She also reminded us of a Shakespeare quote from *Hamlet*, “By indirections find directions out,” and though we were not concerned about the same issues, we did try to be less intentional and more open about our writing.

Carolyn Fitz demonstrated beautiful and novel sumi-e art possibilities of how to create a dragonfly. After she shared a bit about the life cycle of the dragonfly, we tried our hand at using a brush dipped in black ink and also a brush dipped in bleach that we then pressed onto black “Astrobrite” cardstock-weight paper. Magical!

We peacefully walked the grounds, reassembling later to share our haiku. Here is one by Marilyn Gehant.

the metal heron
hovers over the koi
autumn loneliness



Entry to Hakone Gardens
Photo by Alison Woolpert

Participants: Violet Abtahi and Vincent Diallo (new guests), Betty Arnold, Dyana Basist, Carolyn Fitz, Marilyn Gehant, Dana Grover, Mark Levy, Patricia Machmiller, Jean Mahoney, Linda Papanicolaou, Judith Schallberger, Carol Steele, and Alison Woolpert.

Jerry Ball, a Renaissance Man

Dec 16, 1932 – Aug 18, 2019

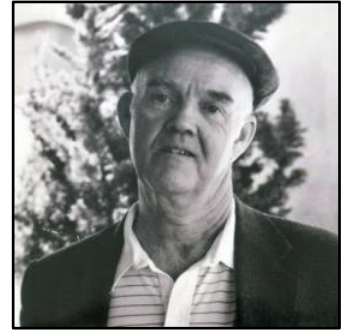


Photo by Sandra Ball

Jerry Ball was born in Lincoln, Nebraska, during the depression. In 1940 his family moved to San Francisco where he grew up. He thought of himself as a Californian, though he was not a native. He went to Lowell High School and then San Jose State, where he majored in philosophy and mathematics. During the Korean War and after college he entered the army, spending his time in Colorado Springs. Following his army tour he studied philosophy at the University of Minnesota. Eventually he received his master's degree in mathematics from California State University Hayward, whereupon he took a position at Chabot College in Hayward where he taught humanities and mathematics courses for thirty-six years. During his tenure at Chabot College, and eventually Las Positas College, he wrote poetry and developed an admiration for haiku. It was in 1977 that he joined the Yukuharu Haiku Society with Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi. This group, later known as the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, emphasized kigo and three-line form. He was the editor of the *GEPP*O for four years and also president of that organization in 1981 and 1982. He planned and developed the Haiku Retreat held at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, California, for Yuki Teikei, which began in 1984 and has gone on every year for the last thirty-five years. He was also the co-founder of Haiku North America, which he and Garry Gay developed jointly. He was president of the Haiku Society of America. He wrote numerous haiku chapbooks, poetry books, and academic books related to the subjects he was teaching.

Jerry was honorary curator of the American Haiku Archives, located at the California State Library in Sacramento, where he currently has several of his books archived; his personal papers will be archived there as well.

under the grayest clouds
the sound of pouring rain
on a silk umbrella

Wherever he went, Jerry loved to gather people who enjoyed poetry together. When he and his wife moved to Seal Beach, California, in 1996, he discovered there was no haiku group, so he began the Southern California Haiku Study Group. He conceived and developed the Haiku Pacific Rim conferences, which took place on five different occasions: in 2002 at Long Beach, California; 2005 at Ogaki, Japan; 2007 at Matsuyama, Japan; 2009 at Terrigal, Australia; and 2012 at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, California. The conferences included poets from all countries in the Pacific Rim, including New Zealand, Australia, the Philippines, Japan, Canada, and the United States. When he moved back to northern

Jerry Ball, A Renaissance Man (*continued*)

California in 2006, he began a haiku study group in Walnut Creek, as well as another poetry group that studied longer poems.

His wife, Sandy, was often his inspiration for haiku, tanka, and long poems. They met while they were both at Las Positas College (formerly Chabot College Valley Campus). Jerry started there in fall 1974 as a member of the original faculty. Sandy and Jerry married in 1984 and were together for 37 years.

In addition to being a recognized haiku poet, he wrote other forms of poetry, was an extremely gifted educator, enjoyed traveling and collecting ancient artifacts, was an enthusiastic supporter of all the arts, especially opera, was an amateur photographer, acted in the theater when he had the chance, played, coached and refereed soccer, and followed baseball, rooting especially for the Oakland Athletics. There wasn't a subject he couldn't talk about in some depth. He was a modern-day renaissance man.

selling umbrellas
I don't understand a word
but he is friendly

the first working day
businessmen take time out
to visit their teacher

Jerry's facility with language was unparalleled, and he was well-known for his sense of humor. Anyone who was around him for a half an hour would get the benefit of his quick wit.

Jerry passed away at home on August 14, 2019, at the age of 86, after a long battle with Parkinson's disease. He is survived by his wife, five children, six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

spring twilight
the new widow wonders
where to put her hands

~Sandra Ball, with excerpts from the American Haiku Archives,
<https://tinyurl.com/poet-jerryball>

Goodbye Message from the Outgoing Editor

Betty Arnold

My sincere thanks to all the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society members who have participated with the *GEPP*O during my four-year tenure as editor. I've truly enjoyed getting to know you personally, and I want to celebrate your contributions. Your work has not only helped us produce a quality publication on a quarterly basis, but stands as an endearing testament to the heart and soul of our haiku society. My goal has always been to make the *GEPP*O the very best it could be; it was my way of honoring our society and the creativity of our members.

First conceived in 1977, the *GEPP*O (a Japanese word meaning "monthly walk") started as a mere "newsletter" to inform the then-small society of members of ongoing activities. Over the last 40+ years it has climbed to the status of a noteworthy publication, heralded for representing the only Japanese-based, traditional haiku society in the USA and recognized by the Haiku Society of America for being a most helpful "instructional aid" for haiku learners. During my watch, it's been exciting to witness the remarkable growth of the *GEPP*O, with the number of participating poets increasing from 25-30 to 50+ and most poets sending in the maximum number of haiku allowed. Similarly it's my impression that the quality of the haiku has steadily improved. To that point, I credit our masterful *Dojin*, Patricia J. Machmiller, and friends, who have been dedicated to teaching readers the "art of writing haiku" through the *Dojin's Corner*.

Likewise, the well-researched presentations of the seasonal challenge kigo, historically written by June Hopper Hymas for many years, and now by other members, have supported the blossoming of skillful traditional haiku writers. No wonder so many members tell me they can hardly wait to receive their next issue!

And yet, "to everything there is a season." It's now time for me to shuffle off in order to take more dance classes and get more use out of my hiking boots while adventuring abroad. Please be reassured I am leaving you in very good hands: Johnnie Johnson Hafernik has taken over my position, orchestrating the "entire works"; while Chris Stern continues to carefully edit all content; Karina Young forges ahead with terrific layouts; "hawkeye" J. Zimmerman perseveres with meticulous proofreading; and the fastidious tallyman, David Sherertz, feverishly tallies all the votes. It has been my pleasure to work with them all.

May the *GEPP*O continue to grow and prosper. *Arigato* and "a best of autumn" bow to all.

***GEPP*O Leadership Change**

It is with deep gratitude that we thank Betty Arnold for the outstanding *GEPP*O she, as editor, published over the past four years. Her devotion to *GEPP*O, the heartbeat of our Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, has connected and enriched our worldwide membership. Through her leadership the *GEPP*O has added features, such as profiles of members from overseas, has seen increased participation from the members, and has acquired a new look.

As she passes on the editorship to our new *GEPP*O editor, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, she leaves in place a well-organized and dedicated team of volunteers supporting the *GEPP*O production: Chris Stern, Karina Young, J. Zimmerman, and David Sherertz.

With deepest bows to Betty, to Johnnie, and to the *GEPP*O team,

The YTHS Board,

Mimi Ahern, Carolyn Fitz, Patricia Machmiller, and Alison Woolpert

A Note from the New *GEPP*O Editor

As the new *GEPP*O editor and a member of YTHS, I am keenly aware of my indebtedness to Betty Arnold and past editors of *GEPP*O. I am honored to join their company.

Thank you to Betty for her commitment and dedication to *GEPP*O these last four years. Personally, I am grateful to her for her kind generosity of time, knowledge, and expertise as I transition into the editorship. Thank you also to the *GEPP*O editorial staff: Christine Stern, Karina M. Young, David Sherertz, and J. Zimmerman. I'm grateful that each of them is continuing in their position and that *GEPP*O continues to benefit from their talents, experience, and commitment.

A final thank you to the leadership team and you, the members, for your warm welcome, encouragement, and support. I look forward to working with and learning from you.

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Call for 2020 YTHS Anthology Submissions

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society invites all members to contribute to the Society's annual anthology which will be edited by Charles Trumbull.

The in-hand deadline for submissions is **April 1, 2020**.

Between January 1 and April 1, 2020, email submissions to Charles Trumbull .

In the body of the email please include six to ten haiku. You may submit haiku that have appeared in the *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:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
YTHS Anthology
PO Box 53475
San Jose, CA 95153



Buckeye butterfly (*Junonia coenia*)
Photo by John J. Han

Announcing a New International Journal

Seashores, “an international journal to share the spirit of haiku,” is a new bi-annual journal, first published in October 2018. “The objective of *seashores* is to share haiku from all over the world and explore how the way and the spirit of haiku, with its power to connect us to nature and our world, can play a role in poetry and our lives in general.” The editors, David Burleigh, Paul Chambers, and Gilles Fabre, are encouraging international submissions of haiku/senryu, as well as essays or articles on haiku. To learn more check out their website—



Near Sensoji Temple, Asakusa, Tokyo, Japan
Photo by Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Erratum:

Kae Bendixen wrote the lovely memorial for her mother, Ann Bendixen, in the August 2019 issue of *GEPP*.

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

Or mail your check or money order to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
PO Box 53475
San Jose, CA 95153

GEPPO Editorial Staff

Editor Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
Associate Editor..... Christine Stern
Layout Editor Karina M. Young
Tallyman David Sherertz
Proofreader..... J. Zimmerman

Thank you to our staff and all the contributors of haiku, articles, photos, and artwork. We depend on your creative energy!

A deep bow to Carolyn Fitz and J. Zimmerman for their donations of colored paper, 2018 and 2019 respectively. Color is a lovely addition.

GEPPO Submission Guidelines

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

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor ythsgeppo@gmail.com

Or snail mail to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
ATTN: J. J. Hafernik, *GEPP*O Editor
PO Box 53475
San Jose, CA 95153

For *GEPP*O submissions, please write in the subject line:

GEPPO Submissions: your name

Submit your haiku single-spaced in the body of the email and record your votes horizontally. In the subject line and the email, include your name as you prefer it to appear in *GEPP*O. Please no attachments. Please send only one email per submission period.

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 one vote; submit the number of the haiku as your vote. The poems with the highest number of votes are reprinted with the authors’ names in the next issue. Do not vote for yourself. Do not vote more than once for any poem.
- *GEPP*O is published quarterly. Deadlines for submissions are **Jan. 15, Apr. 15, July 15, and Oct. 15.**
- Note the new email address:
ythsgeppo@gmail.com

YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY CALENDAR for 2019, early 2020
For addresses of events at private homes, call Patricia Machmiller.

Nov. 8-11	Haiku retreat at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA. Friday lunch through Monday lunch.
Dec. 14 5:00-9:00	Holiday Party at Patricia and Al Machmiller's home, San Jose, CA. Potluck dinner and card exchange. Please bring peanut-free dish. It is a YTHS tradition for each poet to bring a holiday card haiga to gift fellow poets. (30 copies will be enough.) Guests and newcomers welcome!
Jan. 1, 2020	Membership dues for 2020 due.
Jan. 11 10:00-4:00	Haiku Workshop by Patricia Machmiller at Firehouse, History Park, 1650 Senter Rd., San Jose, CA. This workshop will give participants the opportunity to develop their internal critic. Bring haiku struggling to liftoff and a bag lunch, no peanuts please.
Jan. 15	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only).
Jan. 25 9:30-4:30	One-day workshop by Patricia Machmiller on elements of haiku: sound and form. Near Moss Landing, CA. Suggested donation to YTHS: \$60.
Feb. 8 1:00-4:00	<i>Ginko</i> to the Ng Shing Gung Chinese Temple by Roger Abe and <i>kukai</i> by Patricia Machmiller. Meet at Markham House, History Park, San Jose, CA. Also included: a tour of the YTHS Library upstairs.
March 14 1:00-4:30	"Mountains, Days, and Nights: The history of two kigo complexes," a talk by Phillip Kennedy in Soquel, CA.
March 28 9:30-4:30	One-day workshop by Patricia Machmiller on the revision process. Near Moss Landing. Suggested donation to YTHS: \$60.
April 1	YTHS Anthology submissions due (members only). Please note this early date.
April 11 12:00-4:00	Filoli Gardens, Woodside, CA. Optional lunch in the Garden Café at noon. Tour and <i>ginko</i> begins at 1:00. <i>Kukai</i> to follow led by Patricia Machmiller. Attendees will pay entrance fee at the gate.