

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 — Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 2803 | winter beach
more bird tracks
than footprints | 2812 | hanging
just beyond our reach
oak mistletoe |
| 2804 | close of the year
the things still remaining
on my "to do" list | 2813 | mittens drip
on the green linoleum
E. 26th, Brooklyn |
| 2805 | we huddle together
this December morning
missing you | 2814 | winter storm
just me and dog walkers
crazy enough |
| 2806 | whale watching
you spout off about
the cost of boats | 2815 | cold rain
finding cures
for sadness |
| 2807 | holiday cheer
a kingfisher dives head first
in the drink | 2816 | gray clouds
obscure blue sky
runaway mind |
| 2808 | warm autumn day
the birds briefly return to
being themselves | 2817 | icy swim
mind
bled-out white |
| 2809 | indian summer
her squash blossom necklace still
a sight for sore eyes | 2818 | winter light
emptiness
without a body |
| 2810 | spider mites
all the dots we never
got connected | 2819 | the lamp tilted
to light my diary—
the year's first snow |
| 2811 | shrill cry of a hawk
seagull feathers drift
on the sidewalk | 2820 | citizenship oath—
a man up front
with dirty fingernails |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 2821 | snowy graveside—
family members take their turn
with a silver trowel | 2833 | first winter
wide-eyed
for the last snowfall |
| 2822 | late-evening sun—
the honeysuckle blossom
finds a hummingbird | 2834 | first day of the year
a string of confetti clings
to a gnarly branch |
| 2823 | winter sparrows
starting up their chatter—
early evening | 2835 | foggy morning
seated on a park bench
a lone woman |
| 2824 | New Year—
entering the decade
that will see me out | 2836 | winter clearing
on the roadside berm
old picnic table |
| 2825 | rattling wind—
the elderly orphan's
empty shot glass | 2837 | after heavy rain
streaming through the trees
homing pigeons |
| 2826 | the first junco
flits in
followed by flurries | 2838 | a boy's homemade kite
tossing in gale force winds
heads out to sea |
| 2827 | blown snow
erasing the school-yard
battle lines | 2839 | second-hand book store
<i>The Tailor of Gloucester</i>
dust jacket torn |
| 2828 | New Year's morning
the stroll to the Post Office
with overdue bills | 2840 | four o'clock
winter loneliness—
drawn blinds |
| 2829 | mental-health day
so what if all the surf perch
ignore his bait | 2841 | violins
transcribed for recorders
church basement |
| 2830 | winter wind
sewing the body
into an old sail | 2842 | Hamlet 2020
one fifth gone, four acts to go
we stand on the parapet |
| 2831 | a walk among
floating tree branches—
morning mist | 2843 | a brief gleam
on the winter lake
five-minute sun |
| 2832 | December haze
a flower offering caught
by the rushing tide | 2844 | the softness
of white sound
snowflakes |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 2845 | first snow
how dapper
the withered moor | 2857 | kindergarten
my first line-up . . .
by height |
| 2846 | seclusion
that wolf's
haunting call | 2858 | fourteenth birthday
his trumpet shifts from taps to
wonderland by night |
| 2847 | frost moon
snagged
on antlers | 2859 | wrapping presents
fewer now . . . the memories
of beloveds |
| 2848 | winter wind
throwing itself
a party | 2860 | the couched barbs
in a friend's conversation
Christmas cactus |
| 2849 | winter solstice
chickadee calling back
the sun | 2861 | new year . . . new decade
the golden-age couple buy
a coastal condo |
| 2850 | winter fire
sending New Year's wishes
skyward | 2862 | the passage of doubts
i wrestle with risks . . .
winter gratitude |
| 2851 | she asks the mirror:
"Do these jeans make me look fat?"
college reunion | 2863 | back at the trailhead . . .
the last sips of good luck tea
hot from the thermos |
| 2852 | he plans
his memorial service . . .
twilight moon | 2864 | first wind in the pines
the filly's nose deep inside
her oat-filled feedbag |
| 2853 | New Year's morning
in need of Alka Seltzer—
seal haulout | 2865 | daffadowndilly
the square dance caller hollers
<i>Promenade</i> |
| 2854 | waves crash
against bay boulders
shortest day | 2866 | oasis wind
throughout the dry wash
Canterbury bells |
| 2855 | closet cleaning—
the old dictaphone burps out
her infant chortles | 2867 | snowless city
the urban child marvels
at the falling hail |
| 2856 | a meltwater shaft
pierces the alpine glacier
their divorce final | 2868 | the option
of starting anew
first snow |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 2869 | winter blues
the barista's heart-shaped foam
saves the day | 2881 | California winter
the snow white wonder
of bee covered jade |
| 2870 | rainwater
my uncertainties
in the ripples | 2882 | snowy entrance
should I open the concert door
for the deer |
| 2871 | midnight
how darkness
deepens pain | 2883 | black and yellow
on the swallowtail
on the daisy |
| 2872 | unsettled afternoon
a Zephyr's gust
stirs the meadow | 2884 | a side of me
even my friends don't know . . .
wild violets |
| 2873 | spiritual quest
still finding things
shoved under the rug | 2885 | window screen—
pixelated view
of the world |
| 2874 | reflecting pool
the peace of knowing
who I am | 2886 | low hanging cloud . . .
coming home to a crib
still empty |
| 2875 | fresh growth
on the licorice fern
the year ends | 2887 | another gift of
outrageous winter socks
charity donation |
| 2876 | cleaning out some
of the junk I've packed in
Year of the Rat | 2888 | medical report
no cause for concern
thanks to lucky tea |
| 2877 | deepening snow
which of my galoshes
did that spider hide in? | 2889 | hot chocolate
mini marshmallows
going offline |
| 2878 | flannel sheets
catalpa leaves
cover a slug | 2890 | avoiding
the questions
hibernation |
| 2879 | signs and symbols
the many mudras
of discarded leaves | 2891 | December thesis
snow geese
dream in dapples |
| 2880 | migration
lone hummingbird left
with a full feeder | 2892 | bounce-bounce of hailstones
I relax my grip
on the wheel |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2893 | dishwashing job someone else's Christmas | 2905 | winter night
his hand slips from mine
untethered |
| 2894 | New Year's Day
the tiniest nesting doll
dreams she is dreaming | 2906 | winter's day
at our usual table
I lunch alone |
| 2895 | winter windstorm—
we really do
mend the fence | 2907 | no shape
only color of nature on
autumn ripples |
| 2896 | she makes a meal
out of deli samples—
winter's bite | 2908 | an old man
a snow mountain
they look at each other |
| 2897 | a goose, halfway
across the frozen pond—
family visit | 2909 | in the zoo
wolves face a snowstorm
your wilderness |
| 2898 | snow goose
slides safely
into third | 2910 | still not cleared
from the ground
fallen camellia |
| 2899 | this soft silent path
beneath the eucalyptus
damp leaves on the earth | 2911 | roadside stump
the tiara of shoots
so much higher |
| 2900 | Thanksgiving Day
the spiked iron gate
no longer locked | 2912 | with a dollar bill
clenched with his teeth above
the Xerox machine |
| 2901 | back on top
Mama's Christmas angel
with a glued wing | 2913 | long time no see
his daughter sends a photo
of Weeping Oak |
| 2902 | <i>please</i> , she says
one more time
Buddha's Hand Orange | 2914 | winter rain over
the newspaper has dried into
the Dead Sea scroll |
| 2903 | winter wind
restyles my hair
no charge | 2915 | warm winter sun
the cat catches some rays
between storms |
| 2904 | Christmas meal
the children return
only to leave | 2916 | stopping by
a snowy woods—
frost |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 2917 | solstice
the arrival of winter's
first cold | 2929 | a vow to let it
all hang out—
budding willow |
| 2918 | cool weather
at the back of the closet
i reach for warm clothes | 2930 | mushroom rain . . .
the smallest misdeeds
keep popping up |
| 2919 | Instagram
he left his smile
at the office | 2931 | Thanksgiving—
how long since we have heard
rain on the skylight |
| 2920 | past mid-life
skateboarding
uphill | 2932 | flu shot—
I build my own
body armor |
| 2921 | I watch
what plays in my mind
breathe in, breathe it out | 2933 | Yule log—
the trees we didn't burn
in fire season |
| 2922 | rose buds
beginning to bloom
unaware it's winter | 2934 | winter regrets—
so many mistakes written
in permanent ink |
| 2923 | rain storm
truckers radio "we have
liquid sunshine" | 2935 | night rain and full moon
my feet follow shiny path—
winter's pretty pain |
| 2924 | chattering voices
during change of class
poinsettias | 2936 | winter sun on tan fur
watching safely behind glass
feline tracks canine |
| 2925 | a cut
of a sawn-off limb
winter seclusion | 2937 | November smugness
carpooling in a Prius
our low carbon footprints |
| 2926 | tree decorating
a collection of brass bells
quieter this year | 2938 | grey clouds smouldering
from weak flickers of hidden sun
my autumn regrets |
| 2927 | lavender under snow
the conversation turns
to an old lullaby | 2939 | at the heart
of the cherry
stone |
| 2928 | new year's card
an offer to trade in
my avatar | 2940 | seeing all
her notes to self
her Bible |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 2941 | spring dream
the 12-stroke kanji
debate my intelligence | 2953 | years now
the same witch hat—
it fits best this year |
| 2942 | leaving
with the shore birds
spring light | 2954 | the whistle blower
some consider a hero
winter deepens |
| 2943 | firstborn
leaves his hand-me-downs
to last little brother | 2955 | mild memory loss
squirrels cannot find
their stashes |
| 2944 | ice fills tracks
of a doe and her young
distant train whistle | 2956 | winter garden
a blue tit's plumage
covered in snow |
| 2945 | the snowman
eats his dinner of ice
another fad diet? | 2957 | daycare center
learning to say goodbye
to a friend |
| 2946 | with wind chilled face
ice skater swirls in mid-air
northern lights | 2958 | my adult daughter follows me
as a three-year-old . . .
winter dream |
| 2947 | gray glacier melt
courses down the narrow creek bed
surprising green shoots | 2959 | raindrops fall
into an empty cat's dish—
winter morning |
| 2948 | tiny skating rinks
curious field mice
discover frozen puddles | 2960 | little brown birds
flock in Buddha's head—
life has never changed |
| 2949 | winter morning sun
at the top of each redwood
a lone bird bathes | 2961 | an opened book
dog-eared and torn
winter evening |
| 2950 | where the oak branch forks
the nest dangles upside down
news from the Senate | 2962 | one dreary night
sitting inside the trap—
a small raccoon |
| 2951 | just in time
before the sushi lunch deadline—
lengthening days | 2963 | Whales in unison
breach Monterey Bay after
Hollister earthquake. |
| 2952 | stage 4
she shops the half-off sales:
Xmas cards and wrap | 2964 | Foggy morning walk
parked convertible, top down—
license plate: NONSANE. |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 2965 | One week left before
wintertime; one leaf left on
the persimmon tree. | 2976 | first visitor—
rye dough thumps
inside the bread machine |
| 2966 | Early hints of spring
oxalis über alles—
mounds of light-green weeds. | 2977 | spring is near—
bottle after bottle
of green ink |
| 2967 | in the leafless birch
a swarm of golden waxwings
first sunlight | 2978 | winter morning
from the telephone pole
two bulbuls keep watch |
| 2968 | shaking the crumbs from
the holiday tablecloth
bittersweet bubbles | 2979 | up and down the street
the dried up christmas trees
await the trash truck |
| 2969 | a fat bee
glides over the dunes
autumn harvest | 2980 | all.day.long.
from her hospital bed
she makes demands |
| 2970 | stiff sagewort arms
reach into blue sky
taste of a yellow apple | 2981 | at the bar all night
he doesn't notice me
until last call |
| 2971 | trek to the dojin
wonder if there will be ice
topping the summit | 2982 | morning alarm
music
of the garbage truck |
| 2972 | square umbrella over
a sausage quiche
on a square table | 2983 | rain
only the sound
comes in |
| 2973 | on thanksgiving day
sunflower seeds i planted
already sprouted | 2984 | on the balcony
waiting for buds
these geraniums |
| 2974 | laughing out loud
the night explodes
into Christmas | 2985 | TV programs
replay, replay
replay |
| 2975 | old year turns to new—
the cat twitches
her whiskers | | |

Winter Challenge *Kigo*: Ice

morning ice
 on my windshield
 a parking ticket remnant
 ~Deborah P Kolodji

icicle lights
 the evening sun sets through
 a tangle of wire
 ~Michael Henry Lee

ice on the gravestone
 covers the year of her death
 while her memory fades
 ~Dean Okamura

dawn ice
 the crackling
 of crows
 ~Dyana Basist

a smooth slide
 thru three red lights—
 black ice
 ~e luke

I slurp
 an icy smoothie—
 BRAIN FREEZE!
 ~Janis Albright Lukstein

icy rain
 the temple bell
 won't ring
 ~Mark Levy

ice on the seesaw—
 the autistic child
 stops running
 ~Michael Dylan Welch

turquoise iceberg—
 a line of ruddy turnstones
 along for the ride
 ~Ruth Holzer

windblown ice crystals
 bright bands of cloud high
 above a ghost town
 ~J. Zimmerman

an icy morning
 the crackle of tree branches
 in the early light
 ~Bona M. Santos

ice on the footpath
 my footsteps in yours
 to the front door
 ~Patricia Prime

a moonlit Twelfth Night
 ice-nipped plants are still wearing
 silver tiaras
 ~Ed Grossmith

the old dog and i
 gaze through the slider . . .
 ice
 ~Judith Morrison Schallberger

melting ice
 I learn to let go
 what I cannot hold
 ~Jackie Chou

sun on the pond
 a thin skin of ice
 dissolves
 ~Michael Sheffield

January first
two bleary red eyes
beneath the ice bag
~Barbara Snow

the clatter
of tree branches—
ice storm
~Dana Grover

a brief
step outside—
the iced birdbath
~Carolyn Fitz

slippery childhood
how I rode my bookbag
down the icy hill
~Kath Abela Wilson

the ice
in your smile
never melted
~Genie Nakano

icy air
the shivering game
of gray squirrels
~John J. Han

shrinking icebergs . . .
the North Atlantic
in hot water
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

ice fishing
clutching a thermos
in the other hand
~Marilyn Gehant

Icy road
sleek and dangerous
winter night
~Majo Leavick

melting ice
the shyness
of wet, dark branches
~Stephanie Baker

an old barb
currents
beneath the ice
~Michele Root-Bernstein

Inside an ice cave
intense blue light envelops—
so ethereal.
~David Sherertz

winter dawn
the new neighbor's shovel
breaking the ice
~Bob Redmond

baby talk—
under blue ice the creek
begins to speak
~Christine Horner

back in the kitchen
she laughs again at the ice
melting in his beard
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

from beneath my feet
you pierce my eardrum
needle ice
~Hiroyuki Murakami

searching for
a hole in the ice
a breath or death?
~Sharon Lynne Yee

warmed by the sun
she carefully navigates
the icy bridge
~Marcia Behar

small puddle duller
the long and straight bars of ice
barring each other
~Zinovy Vayman

the clear chime of ice
from one fir tree to the next
music of this place
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

smiling down
on what's left of the ice
January sun
~Barbara Campbell

ice clings to grass—dog quickens his morning walk
~Lois Heyman Scott

raccoons at the garbage cans ice rings round the moon
~Linda Papanicolaou


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

Michael Henry Lee	2627-3,	2628-5,	2629-2,	2630-5
Neal Whitman	2631-0,	2632-1,	2633-0,	2634-1
Genie Nakano	2635-4,	2636-1,	2637-0,	2638-3
Gloria Jaguden	2639-3			
Elaine Whitman	2640-0,	2641-3,	2642-2,	2643-1
Ruth Holzer	2644-12,	2645-3,	2646-9,	2647-3
Alexis George	2648-4,	2649-0,	2650-3,	2651-1
Clysta Seney	2652-1,	2653-0,	2654-0,	2655-2
Patricia Prime	2656-3,	2657-6,	2658-2,	2659-2
J. Zimmerman	2660-0,	2661-6,	2662-3,	2663-0
Kathy Goldbach	2664-3,	2665-0,	2666-3,	2667-1
Christine Lamb Stern	2668-4,	2669-0,	2670-7,	2671-5
Mimi Ahern	2672-16,	2673-10,	2674-6,	2675-4
Kath Abela Wilson	2676-0,	2677-1,	2678-0,	2679-2
Dyana Basist	2680-6,	2681-2,	2682-0,	2683-6
Alison Woolpert	2684-5,	2685-1,	2686-0,	2687-5
Bob Redmond	2688-0,	2689-6,	2690-0,	2691-1
Monique CM Keffer	2692-0,	2693-0,	2694-0	
Mark Levy	2695-1,	2696-6,	2697-0,	2698-3
Barbara Moore	2699-0,	2700-5,	2701-5,	2702-0
Bona M. Santos	2703-6	2704-3,	2705-1,	2706-0
Michael Dylan Welch	2707-2,	2708-0,	2709-3,	2710-1
Beverly Acuff Momoi	2711-0,	2712-0,	2713-10,	2714-5
Judith Morrison Schallberger	2715-1,	2716-1,	2717-1,	2718-6
Barbara Snow	2719-7,	2720-2,	2721-2,	2722-1
Sharon Lynne Yee	2723-0,	2724-0,	2725-0,	2726-1
Susan Burch	2727-4	2728-3,	2729-0	
Zinovy Vayman	2730-0,	2731-1,	2732-0,	2733-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	2734-2	2735-3,	2736-1,	2737-0
Marilyn Gehant	2738-0,	2739-2,	2740-0,	2741-3
Hiroyuki Murakami	2742-0,	2743-0,	2744-2,	2745-0
Dana Grover	2746-5,	2747-8,	2748-5,	2749-2
Stephanie Baker	2750-2,	2751-1,	2752-1	2753-1
Carolyn Fitz	2754-4,	2755-4,	2756-0,	2757-0
Majo Leavick	2758-0,	2759-0,	2760-1,	2761-3
John J. Han	2762-1,	2763-3,	2764-1,	2765-0
Christine Horner	2766-4,	2767-3,	2768-0,	2769-5
Roger Abe	2770-6,	2771-1,	2772-2	
Michael Sheffield	2773-0,	2774-0,	2775-9,	2776-0
Bruce H. Feingold	2777-0,	2778-4,	2779-3	
David Sherertz	2780-0,	2781-0,	2782-1,	2783-0
Sherry Barto	2784-0,	2785-4,	2786-1,	2787-0
Phillip Kennedy	2788-4,	2789-5,	2790-2	
Lois Heyman Scott	2791-2,	2792-0,	2793-0,	2794-0
Marcia Behar	2795-0,	2796-2,	2797-3,	2798-1
Thomasjohnwellsmiller	2799-0,	2800-0,	2801-1,	2802-0


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.

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

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|--|---|------|---|------|--|
| 2672 | first rain
the toddler, too,
sings a little song
~Mimi Ahern (16) | 2775 | water lilies...
I too float
among the clouds
~Michael Sheffield (9) | 2661 | election season
the nesting dolls
of espionage
~J. Zimmerman (6) |
| 2644 | they at least
know where they're going—
migrating monarchs
~Ruth Holzer (12) | 2747 | commuter traffic
the hem of a white skirt
outside her car door
~Dana Grover (8) | 2674 | school begins
the sharpened pencil
behind her ear
~Mimi Ahern (6) |
| 2673 | gibbous moon
his promise
to tell the whole truth
~Mimi Ahern (10) | 2670 | in sickness and health
the narrow years, the fat ones
rings inside the oak
~Christine Lamb Stern (7) | 2680 | autumn chill
the golden yarrow crumbles
into the sand dune
~Dyana Basist (6) |
| 2713 | fanfare
among the trumpet vines
honey bees
~Beverly Acuff Momoi (10) | 2719 | a finishing touch
to our neighbor's new roof
the silence
~Barbara Snow (7) | 2683 | an abandoned nest
wedged in the tangled branches
autumn deepens
~Dyana Basist (6) |
| 2646 | every night
in a different room—
the singing cricket
~Ruth Holzer (9) | 2657 | torrential rain
our brief conversation
at the front door
~Patricia Prime (6) | 2689 | leaf-stains
on the school sidewalk
autumn dusk
~Bob Redmond (6) |
|  | | | | | |
| <p>Lotus with Seed Head. Photo taken in Beijing,
China, by Johnnie Johnson Hafernik.</p> | | | | | |
| <p>2696 cold morning
last lemon
from the garden
~Mark Levy (6)</p> <p>2703 waiting room
all walks of life
walk in
~Bona M. Santos (6)</p> <p>2718 the lake's voice
lapping the shoreline . . .
autumn twilight
~Judith Morrison Schallberger (6)</p> <p>2770 perched on the top shelf
the old baseball mitt catches
autumn sunset
~Roger Abe (6)</p> | | | | | |

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

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|---|--|
| <p>2628 winter wellness check
things deteriorate right
from the weigh in
~Michael Henry Lee (5)</p> | <p>2746 morning mist
the slow drizzle
of honey
~Dana Grover (5)</p> |
| <p>2630 adjusting his meds
the storm before the calm
before the storm
~Michael Henry Lee (5)</p> | <p>2748 spell check
not all of my errors
are cot
~Dana Grover (5)</p> |
| <p>2671 a hundred oaks
could rise from the acorns
scattered on my porch
~Christine Lamb Stern (5)</p> | <p>2769 calving glacier—
just when I thought I had it
all together
~Christine Horner (5)</p> |
| <p>2684 turning leaves
a café sign: <i>We Have The Right
To Serve Everyone</i>
~Alison Woolpert (5)</p> | <p>2789 cold night—
the twenty-year-old cat
hisses at her bowl
~Phillip Kennedy (5)</p> |
| <p>2687 our blanket
laid out in the meadow
—Orionids
~Alison Woolpert (5)</p> |  |
| <p>2700 city garden
the pumpkin nestling
in a sling
~Barbara Moore (5)</p> | |
| <p>2701 the couple
reading apart but together . . .
autumn evening
~Barbara Moore (5)</p> | |
| <p>2714 evening news
listening with the sound off
autumn rain
~Beverly Acuff Momoi (5)</p> | |

Brush Painting by Marcia Behar.

Dojins' Corner

Aug—Oct 2019

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Hiroyuki Murakami

Happy New Year, everyone. And welcome to our guest editor, Hiroyuki Murakami. Hiroyuki was a member of the Yukuharu Haiku Society of Tokyo and is today a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. He translated Kazan Tanino's haiku in "The Rush to Rescue Atomic Bomb Survivors" (*Hanami Dango*, YTHS 2017 Members' Anthology, pp. 37-69), a sequence reminding us of the very real consequences of nuclear war.

We have chosen the haiku we wish to comment on from these haiku:

HM: 2650, 2659, 2671, 2674, 2734*, 2741*, 2746, 2755*, 2767*, 2770

E: 2634, 2635, 2641, 2643, 2646, 2654, 2655, 2656*, 2668*, 2674, 2675, 2679, 2683, 2689, 2691, 2709*, 2721, 2722, 2745, 2749, 2770, 2775, 2776*, 2790, 2792

pjm: 2638, 2640*, 2642, 2644, 2646, 2650, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2662, 2664, 2667*, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2687, 2691, 2694, 2700, 2701, 2709, 2714, 2718, 2729, 2745, 2746*, 2750, 2754, 2755, 2770, 2771*, 2775, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2796, 2800

2640 soap bubbles
drift through the intersection . . .
lost in thought

pjm: The feeling of being adrift comes through so well here. It's difficult to explain it. It starts with the image of soap bubbles themselves—how they float so lightly and breezily without purpose or direction. The word "intersection" gives the haiku depth, an intersection being a place where

things meet—concrete things like cars or people or ephemeral things like ideas and whimsies. An intersection suggests even a neural network where thoughts can travel and meet and get lost. And finally, the ellipsis gives us the physical representation of those soap bubbles that started it all!

E: Soap bubbles are a spring kigo in Japan. When I was a child, we used to use a stem of a rice plant for blowing soap bubbles. Recently a concern for the harms caused by used plastic straws is rising, and perhaps rice straws can become the alternative for blowing the bubbles of children's dreams once again. Coming back to the poem, is it the soap bubbles that are moving like lost thoughts drifting to the right and then to the left, pausing in the air for a second? Or is it the author who, seeing the soap bubbles at the intersection, is lost in thought? The soap bubbles make me think of a sunny day, little ones blowing soap bubbles somewhere, and the author driving slowly through the street, all in all a peaceful and dreamy scene that matches the nature of soap bubbles in spring time!

HM: Soap bubbles live an ephemeral life freely and easily. The author stands on one side while they float across to the other side of the intersection. The selected kigo and the verb "drift" are used to represent inner yearnings.

2656 family reunion
a storm warming
dominates the news

E: This year Tokyo was hit by a major typhoon. For the first time in my life, I cut out ribbons from newspaper and pasted them with cooked rice paste in a cross-shape on my windowpanes facing to the west and south. Fortunately, our house survived the typhoon, but the lives of many people were affected. I think that it is also happening on the east coast of the continent, and

it makes me think of reducing my consumption of energy from fossil fuels and electricity generated from burning coal. My smallest contribution is not to wash dishes with hot water. This haiku immediately caught my eyes because I am no longer inhabiting a typhoon-free area.

HM: We are aware of increasing fear over natural threats lately. It leads directly to the solidarity of a family. Excuse me for being a bit provocative, but this poem sounds fun to me because it alludes to the warmth of home.

pjm: Ah, yes—getting the family together can build relationships. One strategy is to avoid hot button issues. But sometimes a storm is what's needed to clear the air.

2667 orange flip-flops
left in soft sand
autumn ghost

pjm: The image of flip-flops left all by themselves does have a haunting quality. Where did the person to whom they belong go? Flip-flops are an indicator of summer, but in the third line we find it is autumn. It's as though summer has disappeared along with the person.

E: The haiku is mysterious to me. Who is the autumn ghost? In our culture, ghosts do not have legs! I mean those lingering souls after their physical death, what we call 幽霊 *yûrei*, are usually drawn without legs. The color "orange," I think, tells something here because it is the color of ripened pumpkins and the setting sun, things I associate with autumn. Thus making me guess that the flip-flops have been left on a winter beach that once belonged to a now-gone autumn.

HM: What a symbolic phrase "autumn ghost" is! The flip-flops sound to me like something incongruous and funny. The owner of these

might notice that they are missing from the bag next summer.

2668 autumn morning
following a dog
inhaling his walk

E: A lovely haiku capturing the nature of a dog as it walks. I think the haiku shares the scent of fallen leaves, chestnuts roasting somewhere, and the chilled air tickling my nose! William J. Higginson used to say that three "-ing" words were too much in one haiku, but I think they work well in this one.

pjm: Just how dogs do—sniff everything as they go. My question would be how is this behavior peculiar, say, to autumn? Perhaps there's a better kigo for the first line.

HM: He must be a young, cheerful dog who walks with rhythmical beats. I think the author has chosen the right kigo, autumn, not summer, for this poem. An earworm haiku.

2709 lighthouse shadow—
my steps in the sand
filling as I pass

E: Is this about a shadow cast by the lighthouse on the beach? The sand is so fine and dry that each step taken by the author is immediately filled with the surrounding sand. How hard it is to walk fast on such a beach! This haiku makes me think of a slow walk on the beach, deep in thought, with perhaps an autumn melancholy because of the word "shadow" in the first line.

pjm: It feels as though time is passing quickly, almost too quickly. It's as though there's pressure from the wind to walk faster, or the steps in the sand will be filled before they are made. The poem suggests autumn to me or maybe even the

end of the year although this is not made clear.

HM: The first line “lighthouse shadow” suggests many different contrasts such as the bright and dark sides of life. Dents made by the author’s steps in the sand are easily recovered. It is like an ending scene from an old European movie.

2734 brisk breeze . . .
a cowhand adjusts
his stampede strings

HM: Stampede strings. Without them, people sometimes might feel awkward. I imagined the scene of horseback riding in the autumn woods. This poem also reminded me of a rock album in the ‘70s, *Stampede*, by the Doobie Brothers.

pjm: I like the topic of this haiku. I’ve never read a haiku about stampede strings, which are used to keep the cowboy’s hat on in a brisk wind. So the problem is the first line; it makes the haiku too logical; the relationship between the two parts of the haiku is too obvious, too cause-and-effect. So I encourage the poet to write a new first line worthy of the last two lines.

E: Wow! A breath-taking moment for the cowhand and the audience. Good luck!

2741 September birthday
streaming Mendelssohn’s
“Songs Without Words”

HM: Streaming services like Spotify and Apple Music became a new standard for music-listening pleasure. This haiku reminds readers of the flowing romantic music of Mendelssohn in the crisp breeze of happy autumn. A smooth poem musically composed.

E: I assume the author has been playing the piano throughout their life, and when the birthday comes the tunes they have practiced as a child, as

an adolescent, played as a newlywed, listened to as a mourning family, and so on, surge back in their heart’s ear. “September” somehow works well for this haiku, I think. There are forty-eight tunes under the title of Mendelssohn’s *Songs Without Words*, so “streaming” gives the idea of the time to play the music and also for the author’s lifetime.

pjm: Tender. And a bit nostalgic. A very sweet gift to give oneself on one’s birthday. This is a person who cherishes life and all its small moments.

2746 morning mist
the slow drizzle
of honey

pjm: A quiet morning. For me, it’s an autumn morning. The mood is calm and slow-moving—like honey. There’s a drizzle outside and a drizzle inside a kitchen. That one word is the key to this haiku—both its sound and its meaning. Regarding the kigo “mist,” there is a very good discussion of it in Higginson’s *World Haiku*, pp. 191-194. The Japanese word *karumi* can be translated as either “mist” or “haze”—words in English that have very distinct characteristics and feelings.

E: The haiku captures the temperature drop by showing how slowly the honey drops from the bottle onto the surface of fox-brown toasted bread! Or into a steaming cup of tea. The color of morning mist and the color of stiffened honey may resonate well, too. Perhaps the author is camping in the woods? The morning mist and the chill of the honey bottle are both experienced outdoors, and not in an air-conditioned kitchen.

HM: Until the second line, the poem seems to be a cool conversation with nature about the author’s state of mind. But the third line “of honey” suddenly turns the poem into a warm

and smiling one. It must have been a nice breakfast.

2755 yellowed willow leaves
blanket the hammock—
one last snooze

HM: The poet enjoys hanging under the diminishing heat of sunshine. The selected kigo “yellowed willow leaves” and the third line “one last snooze” work very well in the poem responding to each other. I can see the author smiling in the hammock.

E: Yellow willow leaves, their slim and soft touch may provide a great blanket to the author who is going to sleep in the hammock for the last time before folding it for storage. Or is the author saying that the hammock itself is taking its last nap?

pjm: Time is relentless. All good things must come to an end. And that goes for the pleasure of a nap in a hammock. The willow leaves are falling. . . .

2767 afternoon nap—
piercing the silence
a nail gun

HM: An invasion in the poet’s summer routine. The selected verb “pierce” and the third line “a nail gun” are a perfect match. The poem is clownish yet real.

E: A tool for building a house, a kennel, or making a new shelf, the nail gun sounds different from a hammer which has a rhythmic pounding sound and is merry. The sound of a nail gun bothers the peacefulness of the author for it is expressed as “piercing.” It is interesting how much sound we make to build something or to tear things down. The afternoon must be long

enough to take a nap, so maybe it’s summer or early autumn. “Nap” is a summer kigo in Japan.

pjm: Here we have the jarring disturbance of a nail gun interrupting the sweetness of an afternoon nap. The rhythm of the last line hits the nail on the head, so to speak. The three short words are spit out just like nails from a gun.

2771 my cookie is round
yours is a star
under one moon

pjm: Children sharing cookies at a moon-viewing party. The feeling is one of delight—delight in the sweets, delight in their shapes, delight in the friendship—all “under one moon.”

E: I wonder why the author has chosen to say “one” moon. Is it to hint at the idea of one moon and one earth in terms of the differences in race, cultures, as well as in the shapes of the cookie? I think it works more naturally without “one,” and we can picture the happy moment of the author. For me, “one” brings too many thoughts into this haiku.

HM: This colloquial style poem must be a chat between two kids. Or a fragment of a conversation between a couple can be imagined. Or maybe it is a transaction between extra-terrestrial intelligence. The many different possibilities make for delightful reading.

2776 ancient sycamore
the many branches branch
and branch again

E: Must be so! “Ancient,” “many,” “again”—these words are related in some ways and the word “branch” appears three times, emphasizing the complicated structure of this ancient life form. As you read the poem aloud, you will

notice that you have to read it slower, making us feel that we are pushing our way through the branches! I think words have their own natural speed for reading/reciting.

pjm: The entanglements of the canopy of a large sycamore—a beautiful tree in all seasons—is the subject here. I imagine it is winter when the branches are bare and the complex forms of the branches are more evident. The interlocking network they form reminds me of neurons or lace. And just then, in my mind’s eye, a squirrel appears to show me that it is a very practical highway perfect for those small enough and agile enough to negotiate it.

HM: The repeated words of “branch” make me feel the abyss of time. This haiku also reminds me of an endless genealogical chart.

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



“2020 Year of the Rat.” Brush painting by Carolyn Fitz.

Spring Challenge Kigo: Cat's Love

Gregory Longenecker

If YouTube videos are anything to go by, people love cats. Of course, on YouTube what they show are mostly funny shots of cute felines doing dumb things. Cat's love is a different kind of look at cats. *The World Kigo Database* list contains several types of cat's love for early spring: love-season for cats, cat in spring, philandering cat, cats walking to their lovers, cat going hunting for a girlfriend, and, finally, pledge of a cat.

The first example of a cat's love haiku I have chosen is by Matsuo Bashō and has an interesting backstory. According to Makoto Ueda (*Bashō and His Interpreters*, Stanford University Press, 1992) an ancient tale existed about a courtier with a secret lover in Kyoto. To visit her he used a crumbled wall as an entrance to her house and Bashō, in *haikai* fashion, has made the lover a cat and his access from the kitchen.

the lover cat
over a crumbled stove
comes and goes

Matsuo Bashō, *Bashō and His Interpreters*, 39.

Another example of cat's love is taken from Tom Lowenstein's *Classic Haiku* (Duncan Bard Publishers, 2007). The haiku is by Kobayashi Issa and shows his ability to create a large story in just three lines.

The cat sleeps. It gets up.
It gives a great yawn.
And off it goes now to make love!

Kobayashi Issa, *Classic Haiku*, 142.

Finally, another by Bashō, this time with a scene worthy of an old Hollywood movie (Robert Hass, *The Essential Haiku*, The Ecco Press, 1994).

cats making love—
when it's over hazy moonlight
in the bedroom

Matsuo Bashō, *The Essential Haiku*, 50.

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

Yuki Teikei Annual Asilomar Retreat—November 8–11, 2019

Alison Woolpert

FRIDAY

Starting with a round of haiku introductions, we moved into the magic of “Asilomar By The Sea” with friends, old and new. Michele Root-Bernstein, our honored guest presenter from Lansing, Michigan, gave a lovely haiku reading. Here’s a favorite:

*the daisy’s odds
and evens out* *Frogpond 40:2, 2017*

SATURDAY

- In the brisk early morning air, David Sherertz led Tai Chi.
- “Buddhist/Zen Influence on the Development of Haiku,” a talk given by Michael Sheffield.
- Neal Whitman connected Roz Chast, Jonathan Franzen, and Thoreau for his *ginko* talk. Clysta Seney responded: “After Neal’s delightful suggestions to take fifteen minutes to find a spot and thirty minutes to ‘stay put’ and observe with all of our senses, I came up with a series of haiku, each going a different direction”:

<i>through the pines</i>	<i>the no sound</i>	<i>uniformed crows</i>
<i>yellow-breasted cyclists</i>	<i>of falling pine needles</i>	<i>surveil and report</i>
<i>head somewhere else</i>	<i>autumn wind</i>	<i>one-party-line</i>

Clysta continued, “The incessant calls of crows throughout the conference mirrored the world today, sometimes hard to stay on task or hear important information. . . .”

- Michele Bernstein’s metacognitive lecture, “Honing Imagination Honing Haiku,” guided us to “using multiple tools and thinking in multiple ways simultaneously.”
- Patricia Machmiller and Karina Young led our annual *kukai*. This haiku by Kathy Goldbach was “born”: *a candle flame melts / a hole in the window frost / solstice solitude*
- Silent Auction raised \$738 for the YTHS scholarship fund.
- Haiga presentation—You may view Ed Grossmith’s haiga on YouTube. Enter “Haiga Ed,” and choose “2019.” Very enjoyable!
- We honored the loss of two beloved YTHS members, Ann Bendixen and *dojin* Jerry Ball. Kae Bendixen and Kathleen Ball each shared warm memories of their parent. We were happy that Sandy Ball, Jerry’s wife, could also join us. Members read memorial haiku and placed them next to Carol Steele’s beautiful ikebana arrangement.

SUNDAY

- Michele Bernstein’s workshop “Whole Body Observing, and Other Ways to Notice the Invisible” had us up and out of our seats to inhabit and to move like what was found in a photograph each had chosen to use. A workshop haiku from Greg Longenecker: *the growth spurt / of a sapling / snowmelt*
- Toni Homan’s wonderfully abundant afternoon activity featured the art of collage.
- Tokutomi Memorial Contest Chair, Christine Horner, announced the 2019 winners. Her aesthetic brochure featuring Ann Bendixen’s art can be found here: <https://tinyurl.com/2019-Tokutomi>

Yuki Teikei Annual Asilomar Retreat—November 8–11, 2019 (*continued*)

- Editor Amy Ostenso-Kennedy presented *lost pinwheel*, the 2019 Members 'Anthology, whose title was inspired by Patricia J. Machmiller's haiku:

lost pinwheel— / the wind finds it / plays with it

- Two teams partied on into the evening, linking and shifting to write their *kasen* renku.

MONDAY

- Recognitions were given out with bows to all, but especially deep ones to *dojin* Patricia Machmiller, president Mimi Ahern, and our retreat chair, Carol Steele.
- Mimi Ahern closed the retreat by sharing a Jerry Ball baseball haiku:
end of the season / the voice of the veteran / "See ya next year kid" . . .
- After lunch, Patricia Machmiller led a small haiku study group for those who were not ready to leave this wonderful event.

And we hope to see you all in 2020 to help us celebrate YTHS's 45th year!

Attendees: Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Betty Arnold, Sherry Barto, Dyana Basist, Marcia Behar, Mary Dederer, Carolyn Fitz, Patrick Gallagher, Kathy Goldbach, Ewald Goldbach, Larry Grondahl, Ed Grossmith, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Toni Homan, Christine Horner, Amy King, Greg Longenecker, Patricia Machmiller, Jean Mahoney, Thomasjohn Wells Miller, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Linda Papanicolau, Michelle Root-Bernstein, Jeannie Rueter, Judith Schallberger, Lois Scott, Clysta Seney, Michael Sheffield, David Sherertz, Carol Steele, Christine Stern, Elaine Whitman, Neal Whitman, Alison Woolpert, and Karina Young.



Karina Young and Patricia Machmiller lead the kukai.
Photo by Alison Woolpert.



YTHS President Mimi Ahern; Keynote Speaker Michele Root-Bernstein; Retreat Chair Carol Steele.
Photo by Alison Woolpert.

Kasen Renku from Asilomar Retreat— Part I

A highlight of each year's Asilomar Retreat, for many of us, is the renku party, where teams of poets write a *kasen* renku, a thirty-six stanza linked poem. The evening is festive—many participants dress up or come in wild costumes. With wine and snacks, the party tends to go late into the night. The two groups this year chose to have the starting verse, the *hokku*, be a haiku by or about one of two beloved YTHS members who died in 2019: Jerry Ball and Ann Bendixen. Here is one group's *kasen* renku. In the next issue of *GEPP*O, the other group's renku will appear.

Reflections

A *kasen* renku composed at YTHS Asilomar Retreat
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, California
November 10, 2019

Hokku by the warmly remembered Ann Bendixen (A.B.)

Sabaki (leaders): Roger Abe (R.A.) and Carol Steele (C.S.)

Participants: Marcia Behar (M.B.), Amy King (A.K.), Patricia Machmiller (pjm), MimiAhern (M.A.), Michael Sheffield (M.S.), Toni Homan (T.H.), Christine Stern (cls), and Greg Longenecker (G.L.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. reflections
in the tidal pools—
a gibbous moon / A.B. | 7. he shaves
and wraps on
his obi / G.L. |
| 2. in the distance
the autumn mountains / M.B. | 8. renting a Harley
they zoom off to Lovers' Point / pj |
| 3. for a gift
trimming the thorns
of the pomegranate branch / A.K. | 9. with all the bouncing
her braids
come undone / T.H. |
| 4. exchanging small talk
over the back fence / pj | 10. rain lightly
taps the window / cls |
| 5. the old dog
keeps digging in the roses
for his lost bone / M.A. | 11. bento box breakfast
is her first attempt
with chopsticks / M.A. |
| 6. the golden grass
ready for the mower / M.S. | 12. sipping Nikka whisky
his face turns red / T.H. |

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- | | |
|---|--|
| 13. the winter moon
rises over the river
silver with ripples / M.A. | 25. he grills
shish kabobs
for his friends / G.L. |
| 14. the Warriors start to tank
with Steph's broken hand / R.A. | 26. looking for love
in all the wrong places / cls |
| 15. Trump wants to know:
"WHO is
the Whistleblower?" / cls | 27. in her dream
the Beast pursues Beauty
relentlessly / pjm |
| 16. a letter to the editor
complains about you-know-who / G.L. | 28. the little girl puts a pink tutu
on her teddy bear / M.A. |
| 17. shrouded
in cherry blossoms
Our Lady of the Lake / pjm | 29. from the moon
the rabbit wonders
about humans / R.A |
| 18. sending a spring application
to the Hogwarts School / cls | 30. another wildfire
his heart beats faster / M.B. |
| 19. hours on hours
I wander the beach
gathering seashells / C.S. | 31. as dusk falls
four deer slowly
cross the street / C.S. |
| 20. two elongated hoodoo shadows
run away at sunset / A.K. / R.A. | 32. chamomile tea puts
the babysitter to sleep / T.H. |
| 21. the Grand Master
tosses our poems
on the floor / M.B. | 33. "give me that
old-time religion
it's good enough for me" / pjm |
| 22. OK Google
what the hell is going on / M.S. | 34. she draws her new tattoo
with Adobe Illustrator / cls |
| 23. the sandal pattern
on the old man's
sunburned feet / M.A. | 35. chasing
cherry blossoms
on the <i>shinkansen</i> / M.A. |
| 24. the kingfisher
poses for a close-up / M.B. | 36. a parade of spouts
from returning whales / pjm |
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YTHS Holiday Party – December 14, 2019

Alison Woolpert

'Tis the season of lights. Guests passed beneath a live lemon tree lit with lemon-colored lights and were welcomed into the warm home of our hosts, Patricia and Al Machmiller.

Following good holiday cheer and a sumptuous potluck dinner, we gathered to share our gifts of haiku and tanka: a tribute for a beloved cat; two for parents; the backyard arias of a rosy finch; reappearing chickadees; persimmon trees—a skiff of snow; a tri-fold of haiku; a photo haiga of the beach at Asilomar; tines of a tea whisk opening; cedar wood; geese flying south; glitter flowing into the new year; along with a diaphanous mist, and a pristine new calendar. Below is Patricia Machmiller's artwork and a *tan-renga*, written by Patricia and June Hopper Hymas.

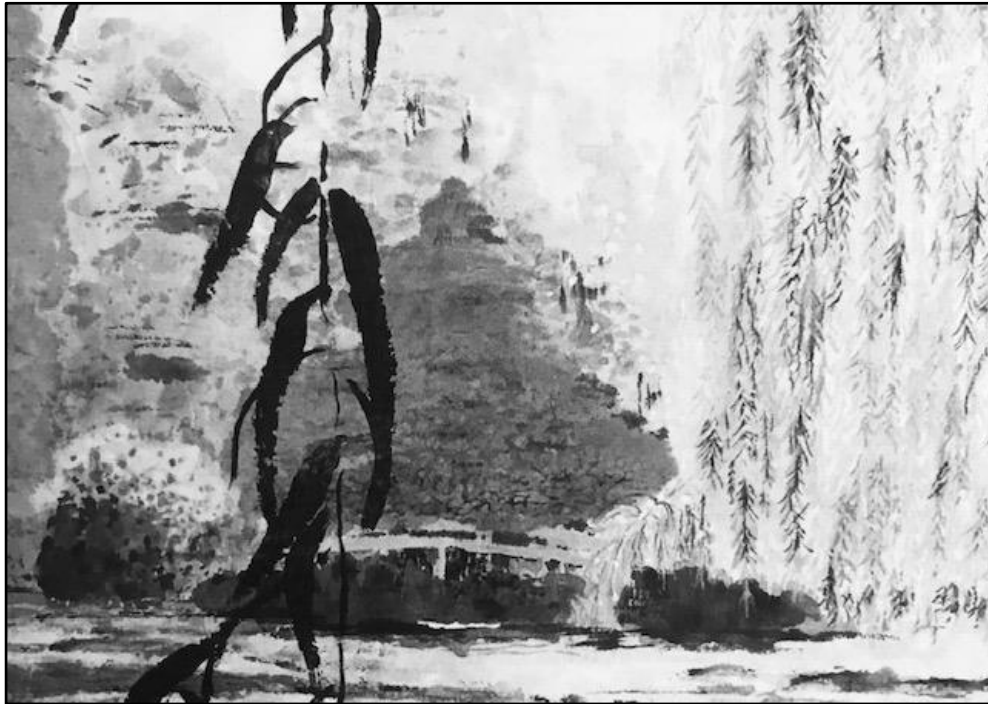
through the crisp air
the voices of carolers
ring like bells

pjm

steaming hot chocolate
passed all around

jhh

Guests: Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Betty Arnold, Dyana Basist, Kae Bendixen, Becky Davies, Anne Homan, Alan Leavitt, Bev and Kat Momoi, Linda Papanicolau, Judith and Lou Schallberger, Carol Steele, Michèle and Patrice Turchi, Shelley Wessels, Alison Woolpert, and Joan Zimmerman.



Painting by Patricia Machmiller.

YTHS Focuses on Education in our 45th Year

When the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society was established in San Jose, California, in 1975 by Mr. Kiyoshi Tokutomi and Mrs. Kiyoko Tokutomi, their purpose was to bring the joy of haiku to English speakers. They spent their lives teaching others about classical form and Japanese tradition in haiku and how these influences can be expressed in English. Today, 45 years later, the Society they founded continues to celebrate the practice they taught, while also making room for modern approaches to haiku.

In 2012 YTHS had the great honor of learning from Dr. Akito Arima when he visited California as keynote speaker at the Haiku Pacific Rim Conference/YTHS Retreat, held at Asilomar Conference Center in Pacific Grove. Dr. Arima is a renowned nuclear physicist, leader in education, and a published and revered haiku poet. At age 82, he told us that almost everyone in Japan writes haiku. It is a national pastime enjoyed by people of all ages—in classrooms, bars, workplaces, homes, clubs, retirement communities, parks, everywhere. What's more, he said, no one is the perfect haiku poet. It is a continual learning experience. He proved this by laughing and revealing that one of the haiku he wrote anonymously at the conference *kukai* (contest) received no votes.

The beauty of haiku is its simplicity. Yet there are layers of meaning, surprises, contrasts, comparisons and insights. There is always more to learn, and it need not be intimidating. In this spirit, the YTHS Board has chosen the theme “Education” as the focus for our 45th year. We honor our founders and our teachers, and we hope to inspire each of our members to help a newcomer learn about haiku.

We're excited to announce that our own *dojin* (teacher), Patricia Machmiller, is writing a book this year, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly*, which will be published by YTHS. It is based on articles she has written and workshops she has been leading on the craft of writing haiku. Her popular workshops have created instant waiting lists, but with her book, everyone will have access to her years of knowledge and experience.

There are many other education-related initiatives in the works at YTHS that we will be sharing throughout the year, including additions to our website, a new column in *GEPP*O, video clips of Patricia teaching, community events, and other activities. We hope you will stay tuned and learn along with us.

Mimi Ahern and Christine Stern, for the Education Committee

Spotlight on the Use of Kigo: Part 1—Spring

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

The *GEPP*O team is pleased to support the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's 45th anniversary theme of "Education." To that end, each issue of *GEPP*O this year will include an article that focuses on the Japanese tradition of using kigo, a season word, in haiku. Lee Gurga writes that "Season is the soul of haiku." (24). Kigo can connect a single moment to a season and its associated perceptions and feelings—creating a link to the larger, natural world.

The article in each of the four issues in 2020 will discuss an aspect of the use of kigo and present example kigo for the upcoming season along with resources. Whether you always use a kigo in your haiku, or sometimes, or never, I hope this column will be beneficial to you as a reader and writer of haiku.

This first article discusses a common subject associated with the use of kigo: the *saijiki*, a dictionary or almanac of season words. William Higginson notes that each *saijiki* is "a representative, not exhaustive, list of season words." He encourages poets "to think beyond the few examples . . . in a *saijiki*" (*Haiku World*, 29). Since its beginning, YTHS has advocated for the use and building of *saijiki*, especially regional *saijiki*. Indeed, YTHS has been at the forefront of doing just that, publishing a season word list in the 1977-1978 YTHS *Haiku Journal*. This list is the basis for the season word list available on the YTHS website. Then in 2010, YTHS published the *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki*. Higginson writes, "Using a *saijiki* may be educational; it is always enjoyable. . . . Whether local, national, or international, a *saijiki* helps us know both ourselves and our place in the world" (*The Haiku Seasons*, 150).

Saijiki are generally divided into six or seven categories for each season. The list below provides the six categories used by YTHS for the upcoming season—spring. I encourage you to try using one or more of these kigo in your haiku submissions for the next issue of *GEPP*O.

Season: departing spring, lingering day, spring dusk, tranquility, vernal equinox

Sky and Elements: thin mist, hazy moon, March wind, melting snow, spring breeze, warm

Landscape: flooded river/stream/brook, muddy field, red tide, vernal pool

Human Affairs: balloon, kite, plowing, sleeping Buddha, swing, Lent, April Fools' Day

Animals: bird's nest, frog, gray fox, horsefly, nightingale, soaring skylark

Plants: anemone, asparagus, azalea, camellia, daffodil, painted lady, pussy willow

Resources:

Gurga, Lee. *Haiku: A Poet's Guide*. Lincoln, Illinois: Modern Haiku Press, 2003.

Higginson, William J. *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*. Tokyo, Kodansha International, 1996.

Higginson, William J. *The Haiku Seasons: Poetry of the Natural World*. Berkeley, CA: Stone Bridge Press, 2008.

Homan, Anne M., Patrick Gallagher, and Patricia J. Machmiller, editors. *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki*. San Jose, CA: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2010.

The Kigo section of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society website: <https://tinyurl.com/YTHS-kigo>
(Use the Kigo pull-down menu to see more.)

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

Haiga may be included in this year's Anthology. If you are interested in submitting, please email Linda Papanicolaou

A Call for Artwork

In each of the next four issues of *GEPP*O, the *GEPP*O team would like to feature a YTHS member and several pieces of their art. To that end, we are inviting members to submit four to six pieces of artwork to be considered for inclusion in *GEPP*O. We would like a variety of types of artwork. Priority will be given to art that reflects our goal of "Celebrating Japanese Traditions in English Language Haiku." We look forward to seeing your art.

Deadline for Submissions — April 15, 2020

Instructions for Submissions:

- Any YTHS member in good standing may submit.
- Artwork of all types will be considered (e.g., sumi-e paintings, pen and ink drawings, photographs, traditional art). Haiga will not be considered.
- Artwork must be black and white and have good contrast.
- Submit artwork by email to the *GEPP*O editor at ythsgeppo@gmail.com
- In the Subject line write: ***GEPP*O Artwork: your name** (Please provide your name as you wish it to appear in *GEPP*O).
- Submit four to six pieces of your artwork.
- Provide a caption for each piece of artwork.
- Submit each piece of artwork in a separate attachment. (For example, if you submit five pieces of art, include five attachments.)
- Artwork should be a high-quality jpeg.
- In the email, provide your name as you wish it to appear, your state and/or country, and the number of and caption for each artwork.
- Send only one email with all your submissions.

Thank you for participating in our creative community!

Save the Date for Haiku in the Park – May 9, 2020

Featured Poets: Toni Homan Mark Levy
 Joseph Robello Michèle Boyle Turchi

When: Saturday, May 9, 2020

Where: Overfelt House, Overfelt Gardens Park
 368 Educational Park Drive, San Jose, CA 95133
 Parking is free.

Schedule: 10:30 a.m. Meet at Overfelt House
 11:00 a.m. *Ginko*/walking tour of the park
 Noon Lunch provided
 1:00 – 4:00. Featured readers, followed by open reading



Brush Painting by Marcia Behar.

The 2020 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest Sponsored by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

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

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

Contest Rules

- In-hand deadline is May 31, 2020
- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern. Contest standard is *The American Heritage Dictionary, 5th Edition*.
- Haiku must use only one kigo, which must be from the contest list. Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

2020 Contest Kigo List

- New Year: first flute
- Spring: dandelion, warming earth
- Summer: drought, waterfall
- Autumn: deer, crickets
- Winter: hibernation, owl

Email Entries

To: Kath Abela Wilson

Subject Line: **Your Name, Contest**

Please single-space your haiku in the body of the email

Fee: \$8.00 per 3 haiku. Go to PayPal. At "Send money to" type in YukiTeikei@msn.com.

At "Add a note," type: Contest, your name, and the number of haiku.

Paper Entries

To: Kath Abela Wilson

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

Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere.
- Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, website, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the November 2020 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat in Asilomar. Soon afterward they will appear on the YTHS website:
<http://youngleaves.org/>
- For a paper copy of the contest results send a self-addressed stamped envelope marked "Contest Winners." Those abroad please enclose a self-addressed envelope plus enough postage in international reply coupons for airmail return.

2020 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Retreat
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA
November 6-9, 2020 (Friday – Monday)

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society hosts a long-weekend haiku retreat at the Asilomar Lodge & Conference Center in Pacific Grove, California. Guest speakers will offer insight into the process of writing haiku. There will be time for attendees to wander and write in a relaxed environment and then share their work with each other.

We are thrilled that Emiko Miyashita will be our featured guest presenter this year. She is the director of JAL Foundation, which holds the World Children’s Haiku Contest. She also is a judge for ESUJ-H, a monthly haiku column of the English-Speaking Union of Japan. Emiko is a *dojin* (leading member) of the “Ten’i Providence” Haiku Group in Japan led by Dr. Akito Arima. In addition, she writes for the *Dojins’* Corner in each issue of the *GEPPPO* with Patricia Machmiller. Emiko will give a reading, a lecture, and a craft workshop.

Other retreat events will include: a traditional *kukai*; a dress-up renku party; an art party; a haiga event; the announcement of the 2020 Tokutomi Haiku Contest; and the presentation of the 2020 YTHS Anthology.

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

Full conference fee + shared room (4/rm) + 9 meals	\$ 550
Full conference fee + shared room (3/rm) + 9 meals	\$ 614
Full conference fee + shared room (2/rm) + 9 meals	\$ 700
Full conference fee + single room + 9 meals	\$1000
Full conference fee only	\$ 100
	Total _____

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

Please mail this registration form with your check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society to our registrar:

To pay by PayPal, send your registration fees to yukiteikei@msn.com. In the “Add a note” put Asilomar 2020 and your name. Send this form to the above address and indicate that you paid your fees 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 be on the list, please check here _____.

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 2021 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

*GEPP*O 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, 2018–2020. Color is a lovely addition.

*GEPP*O 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:

***GEPP*O 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** that 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 2020
For addresses of events at private homes, call Patricia Machmiller.

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.
April 15	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
May 9 10:30-4:00	Haiku Poetry Reading at Overfelt House, Overfelt Gardens Park, San Jose, CA. <i>Ginko</i> walking tour with Roger Abe. Lunch provided at noon. Reading begins with featured poets at 1:00. Open reading afterwards.
May 31	YTHS Tokutomi Contest submissions due.
June 13 12:00-4:00	San Francisco Asian Museum. Optional lunch at 12:00. Tour at 1:00 of newly opened addition (Japanese section). Gather at 3:00 to share haiku inspired by the exhibits.
July 11 5:00-9:00	<i>Tanabata</i> Celebration at the home of Anne and Don Homan.
July 15	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
July 15	Deadline for \$100 Deposit for Asilomar Retreat Registration.
Aug. 30 10:30-2:30	YTHS All Member Annual Meeting at Mimi Ahern’s home.
Sept. 12 1:00-4:00	Haiga ideas and “show and tell” with Carolyn Fitz.
Sept. 15	Deadline for Balance Due, Asilomar Retreat Registration.
Oct. 3 5:00-9:00	Moon Viewing and potluck dinner (peanut-free, please) at Linda Papanicolaou’s home.
Oct. 15	Deadline for <i>GEPP</i> O submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
Nov. 6-9	Annual YTHS Retreat at Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA.
Dec. 12 5:00-9:00	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert at her home in Santa Cruz.