

# GEPPPO 月報

*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

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|------|--|------|---|
| 3341 | now there is time<br>to declutter my inbox—<br>raking leaves                           | 3350 | the recipe<br>we never found<br>apple season                      |
| 3342 | pumpkin vines<br>need room to spread—<br>when will schools open?                       | 3351 | pandemic boredom<br>her creative use<br>of pumpkin spice          |
| 3343 | where there's smoke, there's . . .<br>check it once, check it twice<br>Evacuation Plan | 3352 | autumn loneliness<br>covid ban of visitors<br>at the hospital     |
| 3344 | what's baseball<br>without booing the umpire?<br>Fall Classic                          | 3353 | Autumn stream<br>unhurried . . .<br>the sound of water            |
| 3345 | dusk<br>the shadow within<br>the shadow's cast   | 3354 | hemlock wind<br>a song in the silence<br>at the summit            |
| 3346 | indigo bunting . . .<br>for best use of blue in<br>a live performance                  | 3355 | home again<br>the click of the key<br>in the lock                 |
| 3347 | harvest moon<br>making ends meet<br>of the chaff                                       | 3356 | morning meditation<br>a slow saunter through<br>inner landscapes  |
| 3348 | autumn tide<br>spare change laps the rim<br>of a coffee can                            | 3357 | barely able<br>to eke out a haiku<br>slow drizzle                 |
| 3349 | early wildfires<br>the sun apocalyptic<br>behind falling ash                           | 3358 | catching my thoughts<br>before they turn pumpkin<br>autumn sunset |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 3359 | hooked on you<br>after just one taste<br>wild mushrooms                    | 3372 | lighting candles<br>with another—<br>teaching grandkids             |
| 3360 | tumbling red leaf<br>what wind brings you to me<br>this autumn morn        | 3373 | candy corn<br>replaces peppermints<br>changing leaves               |
| 3361 | stubble fields<br>on the hills of November<br>burning                      | 3374 | election year<br>more yellow jackets<br>at the cider mill           |
| 3362 | one red-spotted purple<br>butterfly wing<br>in the dead leaves             | 3375 | on the porch<br>shooting the breeze<br>windmills                    |
| 3363 | autumn shower—<br>the undulating flight<br>of a goldfinch                  | 3376 | plump pumpkins<br>on the vine<br>ripe gossip                        |
| 3364 | a young squirrel<br>nibbles an acorn—<br>trapped                           | 3377 | where smoke<br>blurs the boundaries<br>leaves turning               |
| 3365 | spirit stick sounds<br>shiver the cottonwood leaves—<br>approach of autumn | 3378 | lichen<br>covers the boulder<br>she tugs on her <i>serape</i>       |
| 3366 | the white continent<br>sends search parties north<br>arriving winter       | 3379 | the roundness<br>of California hills<br>pomegranate                 |
| 3367 | leaning into<br>the swell of the saddle<br>her first Rose Parade           | 3380 | the red dragonfly<br>hitchhikes on my bicycle<br>where to now . . . |
| 3368 | fish owls begin<br>their mating duet<br>spring meltwater                   | 3381 | full moon<br>god's calligraphy<br>the perfect circle                |
| 3369 | the floor of heaven<br>is calling<br>scent of fallen leaves                | 3382 | autumn diablos<br>a newscaster renames them<br><i>firenados</i>     |
| 3370 | the long night<br>flips to dawn<br>faces of a coin                         | 3383 | Halloween battle<br>forcing his Cinderella<br>to be a pirate        |
| 3371 | autumn ballet<br>colors of maples<br>dance in the stream                   | 3384 | mackerel sky<br>the mourners' mass gathers<br>at shoreline          |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 3385 | moon<br>e pluribus<br>unum   | 3398 | the sweet bay<br>with an untamed limb . . .<br>autumn folly              |
| 3386 | orange harvest moon<br>wishing a soft silver rinse<br>could extinguish flame | 3399 | Octoberfest<br>the hazy IPA<br>brilliant                                 |
| 3387 | autumn equinox<br>knowing that everything lit<br>is destined to fade         | 3400 | copper mailboxes<br>gleam along the rural road—<br>turning leaves lovers |
| 3388 | crime scene<br>a field of pumpkins<br>picked over to death                   | 3401 | waiting moon . . .<br>the tempo<br>of hood crickets                      |
| 3389 | underground railroad<br>a trail of mushrooms<br>that ends on my plate        | 3402 | gathering in numbers<br>above the picnic blanket<br>autumn fireflies     |
| 3390 | stained orange sky<br>morning strains<br>against the darkness                | 3403 | at the end of autumn<br>observing seabirds<br>I know a little more       |
| 3391 | full moon<br>disproves<br>the silence  | 3404 | sitting on a bench<br>in the memorial park<br>leaves are falling         |
| 3392 | tuned<br>to an odd frequency<br>the cat chases her tail                      | 3405 | autumn dusk<br>old men on the pier<br>playing dominoes                   |
| 3393 | dog day afternoon<br>ephemeral joys<br>how long is now                       | 3406 | a breeze<br>through the vineyard<br>to sober me up                       |
| 3394 | scales of justice<br>how easy<br>to tip the balance                          | 3407 | mother calling<br>her child's name<br>harvest moon                       |
| 3395 | autumn drizzle<br>her flowers drift<br>in the ebbing tide                    | 3408 | an old film<br>beginning with an accordion—<br>November                  |
| 3396 | cool breeze<br>moonbeams bounce<br>between palm fronds                       | 3409 | leaves turning<br>in my train window<br>northbound                       |
| 3397 | autumn chill<br>the disquiet after<br>a night's dream                        | 3410 | behind clouds<br>somewhere . . .<br>the harvest moon                     |
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| 3411 | the burnished light<br>of shortened days—<br>autumn leaves                | 3424 | sun moves<br>down tree tops<br>my tea cup half empty                            |
| 3412 | mirroring<br>my every move<br>moonshadow                                  | 3425 | pandemic fall<br>our neighborhood restaurant<br>succumbs                        |
| 3413 | tilting towards fall<br>even darkness<br>has its day                      | 3426 | blowing bubbles<br>the scientist pollinates<br>the pear tree                    |
| 3414 | slipping dew<br>from the tip of a leaf<br>chickadee                       | 3427 | full moon<br>the taste of raw spices<br>in the takeout                          |
| 3415 | dispensary window<br>the rising pink moon<br>in a lava lamp               | 3428 | climbing the walls<br>me and the cats<br>shelter in place                       |
| 3416 | the stillness<br>of falling ash<br>cry of the deer                        | 3429 | looking glass pond<br>cumulus speared<br>on heron's beak                        |
| 3417 | early morning<br>an old man scatters<br>Indian millet                     | 3430 | late-summer sky<br>dripping blue<br>into the sea                                |
| 3418 | crocuses nodding—<br>drifts in the lee<br>of clear-cut stumps             | 3431 | burnt-orange autumn sun<br>country lane coughing dust<br>in quail's wake        |
| 3419 | Safeway entrance—<br>a homeless man wipes dry<br>a rain-sparkled cart     | 3432 | hummingbird kissing<br>at the window<br>dawn appears                            |
| 3420 | autumn colours again . . .<br>we share a cup of cider<br>on the verandah  | 3433 | blood red moon<br>it blows the smoke away<br>with pursed lips                   |
| 3421 | from a dusty shelf<br>a used nature book<br>filled with four-leaf clovers | 3434 | smoke shrouds the face<br>of my life-long friend<br>tonight's full moon         |
| 3422 | sticky notes<br>flutter through rooms<br>wings of time                    | 3435 | taking so long to rise<br>then moving away faster<br>anticipation still lingers |
| 3423 | two little girls<br>release caterpillar's cloak<br>metamorphous           | 3436 | no rain in sight<br>I water the lichen<br>on Buddha's belly                     |
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| 3437 | evacuation—<br>with pups packed<br>one long look back                  | 3450 | airplane disappears<br>into sardine cloud layer<br>I go on waving             |
| 3438 | migrating Allen's<br>homebody Anna's<br>peace at the feeder            | 3451 | watching autumn rain<br>through mother's kitchen window<br>leaky faucet drips |
| 3439 | caravan of cars<br>flee the onslaught of fire—<br>autumn alpenglow     | 3452 | dog days<br>in a small town . . . the long<br>panting dog tongues             |
| 3440 | hard to pick out<br>the harvest moon<br>in wildfire haze               | 3453 | tensile strength<br>of the spider thread<br>we hold on                        |
| 3441 | abandoned playground—<br>remember me,<br>maple tree?                   | 3454 | we could be silent<br>together—<br>morning glory vine                         |
| 3442 | fly fishermen<br>drawn to the Sandy River<br>autumn dusk               | 3455 | open shutter . . .<br>slat by slat<br>the rising moon                         |
| 3443 | look! she points out<br>the late dahlia—<br>forgiveness                | 3456 | fog tendrils—<br>the postal delivery<br>late again                            |
| 3444 | golden ginko leaves<br>we talk about the years<br>we've shed           | 3457 | the kitchen fills<br>with warm curry aromas<br>autumn sunset                  |
| 3445 | missing him<br>sea mist<br>on my lips                                  | 3458 | clickety-clack<br>of knitting needles<br>first rain                           |
| 3446 | pumpkin moon<br>squinting at<br>the AQI                                | 3459 | Bach Suites for<br>Unaccompanied Cello . . .<br>sheltered in place            |
| 3447 | slim black legs<br>and white can-can skirt<br>great egret rising       | 3460 | stone lantern—<br>an autumn wind snuffs<br>the candle                         |
| 3448 | marriage counseling<br>widens the separation<br>autumn equinox         | 3461 | day of the dead<br>a graveyard visit<br>with marigolds                        |
| 3449 | grandfather's letters<br>to grandmother unfolded<br>red chrysanthemums | 3462 | garden afternoon<br>plumes of pampas grass wave<br>to the breeze              |
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| 3463 | 2020 vision<br>looking forward<br>to the hindsight                                     | 3476 | nomad wedding<br>the flying carpet<br>on our bedroom floor          |
| 3464 | Lightning beats the night—<br>this season will the dry grass<br>rise in hungry flames? | 3477 | empty hut<br>the banana tree bows<br>to Basho                       |
| 3465 | Drifting weightlessly<br>past the swaying black bamboo—<br>warm snowy ashes.           | 3478 | the muted voices<br>of in-flight conversation—<br>migrating geese   |
| 3466 | Flanked by charred redwoods<br>I tremble on the road home—<br>yet a robin sings.       | 3479 | Cooper's hawk—<br>some things will never be<br>the same             |
| 3467 | pancakes for dinner<br>not much here in quarantine<br>chilly night                     | 3480 | wildfire—<br>wren tit hot-footing it<br>on the spigot               |
| 3468 | robocall<br>interrupts atonement<br>Yom Kippur   | 3481 | mother coyote—<br>in the old tree's twisted roots<br>her empty den  |
| 3469 | trash bin scavengers<br>search for an evening meal<br>harvest moon                     | 3482 | breathing in its fragrance<br>I get exhausted—<br>the dark red rose |
| 3470 | it isn't enough<br>to be together onscreen<br>long winter ahead                        | 3483 | mountain village<br>the slow cloud tries<br>to enter my house       |
| 3471 | raking leaves<br>a cutworm pulled from slumber<br>curls into a ball                    | 3484 | tall woman<br>the Coronavirus mask<br>becomes her beard             |
| 3472 | silver tanzaku<br>swaying in the night wind<br>saury moon                              | 3485 | it loses and gains<br>its tentacle's grip—<br>my window grapevine   |
| 3473 | Halloween mask<br>with a fly<br>on top of his head                                     | 3486 | red harvest moon<br>in the morning sky<br>bitter ashes              |
| 3474 | deep conversations<br>some species only<br>need one word                               | 3487 | the morning paper<br>lands with a thud<br>election day              |
| 3475 | consolations<br>the hummingbirds<br>still come   | 3488 | again today<br>the same DVD<br>autumn deepens                       |
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| 3489 | the steady rhythm<br>of his oxygen machine<br>autumn lullaby             | 3502 | four black birds explore<br>the pepper tree amid<br>twitters and luscious pink |
| 3490 | all night<br>the haloed moon<br>of cataracts                             | 3503 | leaves in August<br>turn yellow, rust,<br>brown, then fall                     |
| 3491 | colored leaves<br>an old man in the park<br>with stories                 | 3504 | day soon folds into night<br>separating light from dark—<br>like laundry       |
| 3492 | falling leaves<br>an old friend becomes<br>someone I know                | 3505 | tejano music<br>from the building site next door<br>fresh candy corn           |
| 3493 | chilly night<br>lost in the thoughts<br>of flames                        | 3506 | masked workers on-site<br>we spend the day in the yard<br>sun-faded pinwheels  |
| 3494 | birds fly home<br>when sunset glows<br>over harvested fields             | 3507 | after kettle corn<br>one last roller coaster ride<br>chilly evening fog        |
| 3495 | the moon<br>spotlights their embrace<br>dancing goddess                  | 3508 | nature left skeletons<br>of wild cucumbers<br>Autumn playground                |
| 3496 | two lovers<br>meet once more<br>the moon lights their way                | 3509 | even ravens have<br>their softer calls<br>the sycamore wind                    |
| 3497 | full moon<br>my round tummy<br>is full of mooncakes                      | 3510 | a toddler peeks<br>a half-cracked pomegranate<br>sweet and sour smile          |
| 3498 | through dry forests<br>the flames race and explode<br>fire moon rises    | 3511 | fog bank over the sea<br>the mew calls<br>out of nowhere                       |
| 3499 | tree limbs, building beams<br>souvenirs engulfed in flames<br>long night | 3512 | stepping through stubble fields<br>we meet here<br>in 300 years                |
| 3500 | airless night, flames afar<br>red moon rises<br>fears do too             | 3513 | closing my eyes to listen<br>mushroom hunt                                     |
| 3501 | a crinkled maple leaf<br>cavorts around<br>subject to the wind           | 3514 | the pen from her night table<br>I never return<br>migrating geese              |
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| 3515 | streets so quiet<br>you can hear them<br>take off their masks                       | 3528 | wild Calla lily<br>the silhouette of a bee<br>on the spadix          |
| 3516 | gnawing summer nails<br>white parts gone on my old hands—<br>renewed childhood vice | 3529 | lights turned red<br>still crossing the street<br>with her walker    |
| 3517 | staying prone at beach<br>in warm sand bed, ocean air<br>numbs my lumbar pain       | 3530 | moonlit surf<br>a coat washing in<br>washing out                     |
| 3518 | the birds didn't sing<br>when our sky went smoky orange—<br>sharing their terror    | 3531 | white mums<br>my floaters<br>mambo                                   |
| 3519 | east side of sunset—<br>Red Mars being elusive<br>hazy autumn dark                  | 3532 | full moon<br>its reflection shaken<br>by a carp                      |
| 3520 | first orange<br>on the persimmons<br>autumn sunset                                  | 3533 | home village<br>one persimmon tree<br>in each backyard               |
| 3521 | riding the breeze<br>on a zinnia blossom<br>monarch butterfly                       | 3534 | flight of the geese<br>a Zoom meeting with mom<br>across the sea     |
| 3522 | downy feathers<br>scattered on the ground<br>autumn gleaning                        | 3535 | before the journey . . .<br>discarding souvenirs,<br>burning letters |
| 3523 | summer over<br>mockingbird<br>still sings   | 3536 | Spotify<br>I cry at my sister's<br>favorite song                     |
| 3524 | working all night<br>on an art assignment<br>the orb weaver                         | 3537 | jacaranda tree<br>just a few flowers left<br>end of summer           |
| 3525 | a honey bee<br>touches each sunflower head<br>the pontiff's blessings               | 3538 | broken dreamcatcher<br>another sleepless night<br>autumn loneliness  |
| 3526 | that scary movie<br>still haunting me<br>popcorn husk                               | 3539 | morning studies<br>the geometry<br>of snowflakes                     |
| 3527 | fiddling<br>with science<br>pumpkin pizza   | 3540 | lingering heat<br>the cat and I<br>watch an insect                   |
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- 3541 autumn dusk  
the susurrations  
of champagne bubbles
- 3542 long night  
three bottles of ink  
on my desk
- 3543 In August, the red  
poison oak understory  
gleams amidst the green.
- 3544 Eucalyptus grove—  
always a cacophony  
of startling tree sounds.
- 3545 Fog drip drizzle on  
Upper Laurel Canyon Trail—  
side-stepping puddles.
- 3546 Late September blooms:  
aster, zauschneria—  
trailside surprises.
- 3547 family traditions  
held together  
by how grandma made it
- 3548 cooler days  
the cat more energized  
to chase the squirrel
- 3549 raking leaves  
wistful for colors  
other than brown
- 3550 harvested fields  
the pumpkin I wanted  
too heavy
- 3551 tailgate party . . .  
the snap of the beer’s pop top  
shatters the frost
- 3552 root canal . . .  
the picture of the Grand Canyon  
in Doc’s waiting room
- 3553 earthworm . . .  
hoping both chicks will soon tire  
of their tug of war
- 3554 crisp Autumn day . . .  
the crackle of oak leaves  
in the burn pile



“Lily,” by Marcia Behar.

## Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Marcia Behar was born and raised in New York and grew up in a household with her parents, her sister, her grandmother, a giant red dog, and a spooky black cat with yellow eyes. Music, poetry, and politics were central themes in their home. Occasionally her mother and she would meet her father in Manhattan on payday and he would take them to a Chinese restaurant. The paintings and large calligraphy on display were fascinating to young Marcia.

After a long and rewarding career as a professional nurse, she joined a creative writing class in which she was first challenged to write haiku. At the Southern California Haiku Study Group, she learned about YTHS and attended a retreat at Asilomar. During an art workshop there, she was encouraged to pursue her lifelong interest in painting. She studied Chinese brush painting in classes at the Pacific Asia Museum and continues to enjoy being a student of this ancient form. She says she looks at everything in more detail now and appreciates nature in a richer way.



“Morning Walk,” by Marcia Behar.

Chinese painting class  
I create a forest  
one tree at a time

~Marcia Behar

## Autumn Challenge Kigo: Harvested Fields

harvested fields  
a red rat snake eludes  
the combine  
~Michael Henry Lee

harvested fields  
each year another  
milestone  
~Deborah P Kolodji

harvested fields  
a farmer holds his hat  
in his hands  
~Michael Sheffield

the reaper's debris  
litters the harvested fields  
migrating geese dine  
~Chris Lofgren

harvested field—  
green-crested lapwings  
picking it over  
~Ruth Holzer

my grandchildren  
have graduated  
harvested fields  
~Ed Grossmith

mules  
in harvested fields  
haystack dinner  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

we seal the canning jars  
rows of round hay bales  
in harvested fields  
~Marilyn Gehant

Now Leaving Kansas—  
ending a run-on sentence  
of harvested fields  
~Lorraine A. Padden

harvested fields  
his word horde  
now empty  
~Mark Levy

nothing left  
but the scarecrow's hat—  
harvested field  
~Bona M. Santos

by lantern light  
we rake the thrashing chaff . . .  
harvested field  
~Judith Morison Schallberger

harvested fields  
the discarded scarecrow  
stored in the shed  
~Patricia Prime

having crossed  
a reconstructed bridge—  
harvested fields  
~Hiroyuki Murakami

harvested fields . . .  
the migrant worker  
goes to the food bank  
~Helen Ogden

crows gone quiet—  
long shadows  
cross the harvested field  
~Michael Dylan Welch

miles of cars  
waiting at the food bank  
harvested fields  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

harvested fields  
along the rows and rows of dirt  
migrant workers stretch their backs  
~Toni Homan

farm workers start  
with temperature checks—  
harvested fields  
~Carolyn Fitz

drag racing  
through harvested fields  
youth in the dust  
~Bob Redmond

one potato two—  
i can still smell the plowed earth  
of harvested fields  
~Dana Grover

Harvested fields,  
silent as the setting sun  
healing my heartbreak.  
~Linda Burman-Hall

slow-moving deer  
nibble what remains  
harvested fields  
~Christine Lamb Stern

fish cleaned  
I bury the guts  
in the harvested field  
~Roger Abe

a murder of crows  
feasting on corn—  
the harvested fields  
~e luke

the old man swings his scythe—  
back'n'forth—back'n'forth—  
harvested fields  
~Janis Albright Lukstein

harvested fields  
I begin to understand  
the use of stubble  
~Kath Abela Wilson

harvested field—  
the last piece of the fence stands  
against the wind  
~Christine Horner

harvested fields . . .  
within our tabernacle  
their bits and pieces  
~Zinovy Vayman

harvest season  
bales of sunlight scattered  
across the fields  
~Gregory Longenecker

harvested fields  
miles of grapevines  
raisins under the sun  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

workers race  
through harvested fields  
flames at their heels  
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

evening sky  
a harvested field of bristling  
orange—ripened  
~Pushpa MacFarlane

a box from the  
harvested field—  
apple scent  
~Wakako Miya Rollinger

brussels sprouts stalks  
our noses hold  
harvested fields  
~Stephanie Baker

from harvested fields  
of my imagination,  
produce box arrives  
~Lois Heyman Scott

a pot of tea  
and a warm bed  
harvested fields  
~Kathy Goldbach

after supper  
Dad sits at the window  
harvested fields  
~Barbara Snow

harvested fields  
the dance of  
cranes  
~John J. Han

harvested fields  
flocks of birds arrive  
for the grand buffet  
~Marcia Behar

Under wildfire haze  
harvested fields look forlorn,  
blanketed in ash.  
~David Sherertz

lucky goats brought in  
to devour dry brush  
harvested fields  
~Patricia Garvey

three deer  
seek a new place to bed down . . .  
harvested field  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

## Members' Votes for Haiku Published in August 2020 *Geppo*

Jackie Chou	3156-6,	3157-2,	3158-0,	3159-3
Michael Henry Lee	3160-0,	3161-3,	3162-2,	3163-0
Neal Whitman	3164-4,	3165-0,	3166-1,	3167-0
Patricia Prime	3168-6,	3169-2,	3170-5	
Mimi Ahern	3171-2,	3172-0,	3173-6,	3174-1
Elinor Pihl Huggett	3175-1,	3176-2,	3177-5,	3178-5
Bob Redmond	3179-6,	3180-4,	3181-1,	3182-4
John J. Han	3183-8,	3184-2,	3185-1,	3186-1
Ruth Holzer	3187-4,	3188-2,	3189-3,	3190-7
Marilyn Ashbaugh	3191-2,	3192-2,	3193-8,	3194-2
Marilyn Gehant	3195-7,	3196-2,	3197-2,	3198-6
Dyana Basist	3199-2,	3200-3,	3201-3,	3202-10
Gloria Jaguden	3203-0			
Hiroyuki Murakami	3204-1,	3205-0,	3206-1,	3207-0
Michael Dylan Welch	3208-5,	3209-7,	3210-0,	3211-8
Roger Abe	3212-0,	3213-0,	3214-0	
Bona M. Santos	3215-3,	3216-6,	3217-0,	3218-5
Christine Horner	3219-15,	3220-0,	3221-2,	3222-3
Ed Grossmith	3223-0,	3224-2,	3225-2,	3226-1
Clysta Seney	3227-1,	3228-1,	3229-2,	3230-0
Michael Sheffield	3231-0,	3232-12,	3233-5,	3234-4
David Sherertz	3235-1,	3236-0,	3237-0,	3238-0
Helen Ogden	3239-2,	3240-1,	3241-8,	3242-3
Barbara Moore	3243-1,	3244-7,	3245-7,	3246-3
Alison Woolpert	3247-1,	3248-2,	3249-2,	3250-7
Michèle Boyle Turchi	3251-0,	3252-1,	3253-0,	3254-7
Christine Lamb Stern	3255-4,	3256-1,	3257-0,	3258-2
Kath Abela Wilson	3259-0,	3260-3,	3261-5,	3262-2
Beverly Acuff Momoi	3263-1,	3264-5,	3265-1,	3266-0
Gregory Longenecker	3267-2,	3268-2,	3269-6,	3270-7
Elaine Whitman	3271-5,	3272-0,	3273-1,	3274-2
Lorraine A. Padden	3275-2,	3276-3,	3277-1,	3278-2
Joyce Baker	3279-1,	3280-0,	3281-0,	3282-2
Deborah P Kolodji	3283-2,	3284-2,	3285-2,	3286-0
Eleanor Carolan	3287-0,	3288-0,	3289-2	
Zinovy Vayman	3290-2,	3291-1,	3292-1,	3293-2
Lois Heyman Scott	3294-0,	3295-3,	3296-2,	3297-0
Sharon Lynne Yee	3298-1,	3299-0,	3300-0,	3301-0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	3302-0,	3303-0,	3304-2,	3305-2
Kathy Goldbach	3306-4,	3307-1,	3308-4,	3309-0
Wakako Miya Rollinger	3310-2,	3311-0,	3312-1,	3313-3
Cynthia Holbrook	3314-1,	3315-2,	3316-3	
Stephanie Baker	3317-3,	3318-8,	3319-3,	3320-0
Phillip Kennedy	3321-0,	3322-4,	3323-1	
Chuck Brickley	3324-2,	3325-4,	3326-5,	3327-3
Angela Lukstein	3328-1			
Carolyn Fitz	3329-0,	3330-4,	3331-0,	3332-5
J. Zimmerman	3333-1,	3334-6,	3335-0,	3336-5
Mark Levy	3337-1,	3338-1,	3339-0,	3340-3

### 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 2020 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers**  
(received 7 or more votes)

- |      |   |      |  |
|------|---|------|--|
| 3219 | rising wind —<br>a stand of bamboo breaks<br>its silence<br>~Christine Horner (15)                  | 3190 | a light<br>at the end of the day —<br>first firefly<br>~Ruth Holzer (7)                      |
| 3232 | tea stains<br>aging together<br>the cup and I<br>~Michael Sheffield (12)                            | 3195 | my grandson meanders<br>through the gravestones<br>tiger swallowtail<br>~Marilyn Gehant (7)  |
| 3202 | quarantine<br>an ice cream truck jingles<br>down the empty street<br>~Dyana Basist (10)             | 3209 | fading thunder . . .<br>the shadow of my pen<br>on the crossword<br>~Michael Dylan Welch (7) |
| 3183 | corn tassels<br>flaxen hair caressed<br>by the wind<br>~John J. Han (8)                             | 3244 | hovering over<br>this tranquil summer morning<br>a night curfew<br>~Barbara Moore (7)        |
| 3193 | microclimates . . .<br>in our conversation<br>small pools of silence<br>~Marilyn Ashbaugh (8)       | 3245 | a kiss<br>in the summer hayloft<br>starburst<br>~Barbara Moore (7)                           |
| 3211 | family dinner —<br>my son asks if Japan<br>has alphabet soup<br>~Michael Dylan Welch (8)            | 3250 | sequestered summer<br>a thousand-piece Mona Lisa<br>minus two<br>~Alison Woolpert (7)        |
| 3241 | I pause on the trail<br>a lesson from the heron<br><i>take time to be still</i><br>~Helen Ogden (8) | 3254 | dusty maps<br>of roads untraveled<br>summer's end<br>~Michèle Boyle Turchi (7)               |
| 3318 | May<br>all the mother poems<br>I'll never write<br>~Stephanie Baker (8)                             | 3270 | all day —<br>a mockingbird<br>mansplains<br>~Gregory Longenecker (7)                         |

## *Dojin's Corner* May–July 2020

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller  
and Betty Arnold

Here we are in late fall in the northern hemisphere, late spring in the southern. And we are still dealing with COVID-19. And we in the US are about to have an election. It is a time of portent. We do all hope that you and yours are safe and well and are finding fruitful ways to weather these uncertain times. We are happy to welcome our guest editor, Betty Arnold, who you all know from the years she served as the editor of *Geppo*. She is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Haiku Poets of Northern California, and Haiku Society of America. She lives in a mountain retreat above Saratoga, CA.

Haiku chosen to comment on are from these:

BA: 3173\*, 3177, 3181, 3183, 3188, 3190, 3195\*, 3197\*, 3202\*, 3222, 3228, 3232, 3245, 3254, 3265, 3268, 3276, 3280, 3306, 3316, 3318, 3319

E: 3163, 3173, 3184, 3189, 3190, 3191, 3192, 3199, 3202, 3211\*, 3232\*, 3235, 3250\*, 3252, 3255, 3267, 3306\*, 3307, 3321, 3323, 3332

pjm: 3156, 3159, 3166, 3171, 3173, 3174, 3176, 3179, 3181, 3184, 3185, 3186, 3187, 3188, 3189, 3190, 3192, 3193, 3194, 3195, 3196, 3197, 3198\*, 3202, 3207, 3217, 3220, 3222, 3223, 3225, 3226, 3229, 3230\*, 3231, 3232, 3234, 3235, 3239, 3241, 3242\*, 3247, 3250, 3251, 3254, 3261, 3262, 3265, 3316, 3318, 3319, 3321, 3324, 3325, 3326\*, 3335

3173 blueberry muffins  
my granddaughter learns fractions  
with a cup and a spoon

BA: This is such a concrete image we can practically smell these muffins! The presence of blueberries makes this a summer haiku. Here we can picture a patient, loving grandmother in her flour-coated apron teaching her granddaughter the tricks of baking. "Now all it takes is a cup of this, a tablespoon of that,

and a lot of love." Of course, the main motivation to master these unfamiliar fractionated cups and measuring spoons is to be able to reap the tasty rewards. An incidental benefit will occur to this girl when she's sitting in 4th grade math class. This is what I call a sweet memory.

pjm: What a warm, yummy way to learn arithmetic. The warm feeling between the grandparent and child pervades this haiku—it's in the muffins just coming out of the oven, in the deep blue of the berries, and the aroma wafting through the kitchen. This haiku is an example of how to convey a feeling without mentioning it explicitly.

E: I still am not good at calculation with fractions. Perhaps it is because I did not get a chance to make blueberry muffins when I was young. What we learn at school should enrich our lives: what I learned 50 years ago no longer works in many ways. But what we learn from our grandmothers, which has been passed down from generation to generation, still works perfectly. How lucky this little girl is to have a grandmother like the author!

3195 my grandson meanders  
through the gravestones  
tiger swallowtail

BA: Although some say cemeteries are haunted, I've always found them intriguing and filled with mystery. As this young person "meanders," I appreciate his sense of wonder and curiosity. Gravestones speak volumes through the accompanying photos, American flags, children's toys, foreign names, religious articles, and, of course, the engraved epitaphs. All lead one to wonder who the deceased person was and how they spent their life. Tiger swallowtails are beautiful butterflies that symbolize transformation, spirits, rebirth, and immortality. When they are present in a cemetery, one may wonder if it is just a coincidence or something more? Could they be the coexistence of a transformed spirit? This haiku artfully reminds us we are spiritual beings having a human experience.

E: Obviously it is the tiger swallowtail that is leading this little boy. How fascinated he must be to encounter

the huge butterfly in yellow and black. Graveyard, grandparent, grandson, and butterfly, all these come together to create a timelessness—I imagine the same scene could have been there 40 years ago, 80 years ago, and 120 years ago.

pjm: The child's wanderings mimic the wanderings of the swallowtail. The haiku has a very spring-like feeling and image even though the setting is in a graveyard. I am always a bit leery of haiku set in a cemetery, but I think it works, in this case; the gravestones are not just markers for the dead, but obstacles in the child's path and the cause of the meandering. They offer no such obstacle to the butterfly, yet, it too meanders. Which leaves us wondering why the butterfly chooses the path it does?

3197 a herd of bison  
blocking the Yellowstone gate  
billowing clouds

BA: I chose this haiku because it represents a bit of Americana. Bison are a symbol of the Wild West, where native peoples hunted and survived off them for thousands of years. To this day they are protected in Yellowstone National Park, America's first national park, established in 1892. Here herds of purebred bison continue to roam freely, passing unhindered through the state lines of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. If you've ever seen one of these massive animals in person—they can weigh one ton and stand six feet tall—you immediately appreciate the comparison made here. Billowing clouds are tall, swollen, and puffy like cotton, gradually rising and rolling in waves across the sky. Thunderheads may also occur. Meanwhile colossal bison trudge along slowly, commanding the roads, the gates, and the attention of visitors. The matriarchs of the herds lead the others as they steadily roam across the valley. If you've never been to Yellowstone, I hope this inspires you to go!

pjm: Bison / blocking / billowing—the “b” sound gives this haiku its bold, brawny feeling. Those bison and those clouds, so materially different, combine to create an image as vast and big as Yellowstone itself.

E: Wow! What a dynamic picture! When I was a child

my father drove us from Urbana-Champaign, IL, to Los Angeles to catch a ship back to Yokohama in 1961. And on the way, we camped in Yellowstone National Park. I still remember a geyser blowing upward, some bears at the camping site, but not a herd of bison. It must be spectacular! I see the thick, powerful summer clouds in this haiku.

3198 wherever they are  
the sons pour a craft beer—  
Father's Day

pjm: A small, annual ritual—a gesture that says a lot about this father. And about the sons he raised.

E: I see this as a family tradition, to pour a craft beer on happy occasions. Sons following the father's way is a smile-provoking scene, and it makes me think how proud the father must be to have grownup sons who are independent and doing well in their places. A great Father's Day haiku.

BA: Craft beers are special. Fathers are special. And guys have their own ways of acknowledging important people in their lives—they toast and share a beer together. Despite being in different places or whether their father is still alive, these men are together in spirit. Camaraderie and sentimentality are nicely expressed here. Father's Day, a 100-year-old holiday celebrated around the world, is a summer kigo.

3202 quarantine  
an ice cream truck jingles  
down the empty street

BA: “Quarantine” is a powerful word and as frightening as its partner, “pandemic.” This sad, empty scene is a perfect example of how these two words can impact a society. The poet here artfully depicts the degree of fear and social isolation present in communities. Not even the popular summertime ice cream truck can entice children to run outdoors. No one dares to go outside and risk catching this dreaded virus, which has already killed in excess of one million people worldwide. We've already lost too much: loved ones, freedom to come and go, the opportunity to connect with others, and in some ways



the very joy of living.

pjm: So much is said in these few words—it's summer, but there are no children. The happy sound of the ice cream truck's calliope becomes an echo in the empty street. The word "jingles" speaks to the music, but also alludes to the sound of coins that the vendor would be collecting were these normal times. We are reminded of the loss of income, of the loss of children's joyful laughter, of the loss of summer.

E: The joy of the jingling sound from a passing ice cream truck emphasizes the emptiness of the street. How many more months will it continue? At first, I thought COVID-19 was a "comma," where we had to pause for a while. Then it began to grow bigger and bigger as weeks went by. Now, I think it is a "full-stop." We are no longer living the same sentence we lived before the pandemic; we are in a new situation.

3211 family dinner  
my son asks if Japan  
has alphabet soup

E: My first reaction to this haiku was my urge to answer the question: yes, we do! I saw a bag of ABC macaroni imported from Italy in my nearby supermarket. It is a pity that we don't seem to have *hirakana/katakana* soup for the kids here. Now, as a haiku, what season can this be? Perhaps in September when schools start?

BA: This senryu offers a touching description of human nature. Kids are known for asking the darndest questions! They usually blurt out whatever's on their mind and reference what is important in their own little world. This thoughtful little boy, on the other hand, reveals his interest in the bigger world. As we become more globally interconnected, the world seems to be getting smaller. Here's a snapshot of how kids develop both emotional intelligence and a fund of knowledge about the world around them from the security of their homes and families. And "yes," thanks to Google, I learned alphabet pasta is available in Japan and often served in miso soup.

pjm: As children are wont to do, this child gets to the nub of things. And the parent is left to ponder

language and the various shapes it takes in its written forms, and how many cultures put their alphabets in their soup?

3230 a battered economy  
makes its point  
purple needlegrass

pjm: Purple needlegrass is the native grass of California, which almost went extinct. Nonnative grasses brought here by ranchers in the last half of the nineteenth century to feed their cattle overwhelmed it. It's called needlegrass because its seed has a very sharp needle-like form. This haiku brings together one abstract image (the battered economy) with a concrete one (the needlegrass) to speak to the idea of the struggle for survival. I think the poet is hopeful; purple needle-grass has survived thus far.

E: Well, life cannot be told without its economic aspects. Here the battered economy due to the COVID-19, I suppose, is beginning to affect the poet's life. The purple needlegrass is native to California and is rooted deeply; therefore, it can withstand droughts. I hope we, too, can survive through this unexpected economic condition.

BA: The comparison here is effective. Purple needlegrass is a common California native bunchgrass with pointed spikelets at the tips. The purple color reminds me of black and blue marks that appear after one has been hit hard. California's booming economy has been battered by the ongoing pandemic. Walking barelegged through purple needlegrass might leave one feeling similarly injured.

3232 tea stains  
aging together  
the cup and I

E: Almost everyone keeps one's favorite cup for a day's company. Bone china can be stained so easily by black tea or coffee; the brownish color remains and thickens as we keep filling the cup. So once in a while, we need to clean the tea stain to make it look brand-new again. I think the stained cup and one's aging are quite a natural match, because both result from the accumulation of good times. I'm sure that the author

is keeping both the cup and body in good shape. *Dan-sha-ri* (to cut off new supply, to throw away what one already has, to give up clinging) has been a popular idea in Japan for a while, and many old people have gotten rid of their dear items for the sake of reducing their children's future troubles, only to make the parents suffer from the loss. These elders with thinning memories need the things they hold dear around them to make sure that they are themselves. We definitely need company to grow older. A nice haiku!

BA: Finding beauty in something old and tarnished refers to the Japanese esthetic *wabi-sabi*. This term emphasizes the value of not only accepting, but even honoring, the transience and imperfection present in our natural world. This haiku is beautifully constructed. First, we note the tea stains. Then we are drawn in closer and deeper to become one with the cup. Therein lies the realization that we are all imperfect, aging and physically changing with the passage of time. The tone here is Zen, meditative, accepting, and comforting.

pjm: This haiku speaks to one of the pleasures of growing old—the possessions we have acquired over the years and the comfort these treasured objects give both for their familiarity as well as their aesthetic qualities.

3242 disrobed  
in its pool of petals—  
dying peony

pjm: This is how beauty ends—disrobed with its petals dropped and scattered. And yet, even in dying, the stamens and carpels remain; there is next year.

BA: This traditional haiku is unsettling due to the use of the words “disrobed” and “dying.” Pink peonies commonly symbolize love, romance, prosperity, and the beauty of marriage. This “King of Flowers” may also represent honor and high value. White peonies, on the other hand, symbolize shame, regret, or apology. The word “disrobed” tells us someone has been stripped of their robe, perhaps even dishonored, leaving them to die. I wonder if this is referring to someone of significant stature in royalty, academia,

religion, or jurisprudence, who has done something shameful. Or is it perhaps written by a woman poet describing unrequited love? This haiku leaves us all wondering. Its high drama and verbiage remind me of haiku written in an earlier period.

E: The peony can live many years, almost for twenty years, but its flowering becomes thinner and thinner after its twelfth to fifteenth year. I assume this peony has reached its natural life span and its last flower is falling. How dramatically the author has depicted the last moment of the plant! And I think the peony deserves that.

3250 sequestered summer  
a thousand-piece Mona Lisa  
minus two

E: A jigsaw puzzle! Think of the time spent gazing at each piece to find a matching spot and the commitment the author made to work on it. Having spent the entire summer indoors, the puzzle can be finished by filling in just two more pieces! Without them, there is no reward! The haiku hints at the feeling we share at the moment, an uncertainty of having no exit in sight from the COVID-19 pandemic; the missing two pieces remind me of the vaccine we are so desperately looking for!

pjm: Oh, joy—to have finished a thousand-piece puzzle (usually a vacationer's pastime, but now a pastime for the sequestered) with that joy diminished only slightly by the two missing pieces. That two pieces are missing indicates the puzzle is an old one, which had been tucked away on some closet shelf and brought out now to serve in this moment of lockdown. Which it did.

BA: Being in isolation during the leisurely days of summer is the ideal time to tackle a 1,000-piece puzzle. Hopefully this person is enjoying the process. Otherwise, the absence of the last two pieces could be a real disappointment, especially if they are a type A personality. This scene reminds me of a tragicomedy. Perhaps adopting a *wabi-sabi* attitude will help ease the imperfection.

3306 summer solstice  
 she self-clips  
 a new buzz haircut

E: What a way to get prepared for the arrival of hot summer—a buzz haircut! I have never had my hair so short. During the pandemic, hair salons may not be open, so the author ventures to clip her hair by herself. The sound the hair shaver makes when cutting is unique; the vibration travels not only through the air to reach our ears but comes directly along our skull! Our head is not smooth nor in a perfect sphere so it must be quite time consuming to cut the hair evenly. I'll bet that the new buzz haircut is very refreshing and looks great on the author!

BA: I love this haiku! I've always wanted to do this but never had the courage. What bold and brazen fun! This is what the summer solstice can do to a person. It's the longest day of the year, midsummer and hot in the northern hemisphere. Many weird and wonderful traditions have been created around the world to celebrate this date, from dancing, to parading, to burning witch effigies in bonfires. And this gal has created her own. What better way to express freedom from the heat, freedom from the conventional, and freedom to be playful than to buzz off all your locks. I salute her strength and courage. I hope she has no regrets the following day!

pjm: One of the two extremes of the year—the summer solstice—is matched with a woman buzz-cutting her own hair. That takes care of looking ragged in this year of sequestration. I can see the look of satisfaction on her face.

3326 hair tucked  
 behind her ear  
 tidepool stars

pjm: We've all seen this—the gesture of a long-haired woman tucking her hair behind her ear to keep it out of the way as she peers intently at something—a verse from the Bible, a crossword puzzle, a tidepool full of stars/starfish.

BA: How practical, almost serious, for this girl/woman to tuck her hair behind her ear before leaning over to

inspect a tidepool. She seems careful, determined, and highly motivated to examine this spot. If it were daytime, she might find sea anemones, starfish, limpets, or sea snails. Instead, this night she discovers a galaxy of stars reflected in the water. How dazzling! I appreciate the contrast here between the mundane and the wondrous discovery that follows.

E: A casual act of tucking her hair behind her ear suggests that she is up to something now. She has found a tidepool and the starfish at its bottom, if daytime, and full of stars on its surface, if at night. Either way, the sound of surf and the comfortable breeze are there. A breezy summer haiku!

\* \* \*

We invite your responses. Email the *Geppo* editor or one of this issue's *dojin*.



"Butterfly with Lotus," by Marcia Behar.

## Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter Butterfly, Winter's Butterfly

Christine Horner

*Winter Butterfly!* These words seem to be an unexpected juxtaposition—as a living form and also as an inspiration with a wide range of nuance (such as beauty, fragility, hardship, surprise, survival)—for your haiku experience as the next issue's Challenge Kigo.

winter butterfly, *fuyuchoo* 冬蝶 winter's butterfly, *fuyu no choo* 冬の蝶

“Butterfly,” as a single word, is a spring kigo, but when modified by another season, as “winter butterfly,” your haiku will be enhanced by other considerations and associations; it will resonate in the context of a season that is *not* spring. A winter butterfly is somehow a little bit out of its element.

Butterflies cannot generate their own heat, so they are at the mercy of the conditions of climate; much of their behavior is governed by this truth. If their body temperature falls below 86°F, they cannot fly. Single butterflies in winter may be found motionless, with wings spread to soak up the sun's warmth. In California, we are in awe of our migrating monarchs clustered on large trees to amass heat or shivering to warm up in the process of their migrations. While some populations do not migrate, others may require as many as four generations, in which no single butterfly makes the entire trip. Now that IS a challenge!

winter butterfly  
if you hesitate  
you'll lose the sun!

Haruyoshi, *Monterey Peninsula and Bay Regional Saijiki*, eds, Patricia Machmiller and Kiyoko Tokutomi (San Jose: YTHS, 1993), 78. (out of print)

winter butterfly—  
my first marriage  
in the jewelry box

Fay Aoyagi, *Haiku North America* 2001, <https://tinyurl.com/faoyagi>

winter butterfly  
leads me—  
a shiny path

Etsuko Yanagibori, *Simply Haiku*, Vol. 2, No. 2, March, April, 2004,  
<https://tinyurl.com/eyanagibori>

Please send one haiku using this month's challenge to the *Geppo* editor. It will be published in the next issue with your name, along with other members' winter butterfly verses.

## Minutes of the Annual Membership Business Meeting on Zoom – August 30, 2020

Alison Woolpert

- **Annual Business Meeting** called to order on Zoom by President Mimi Ahern with thirty-two members in attendance.
  - **Zoom Subscription:** Last spring the YTHS Board approved a one-year pro subscription. Christine Stern is our “host” and manager of the account. The first meeting, “Haiku in the Park,” was open to the local membership for trial; the second, Phillip Kennedy’s lecture, was available to the entire membership. We have the capability for 100 attendees. Zoom recordings will not be on Facebook.
  - **Monthly Meetings** will continue to be held on Zoom as long as it is necessary. These meetings are focused on haiku and related haiku activities. The annual business meeting is a separate meeting for old and new business of the year.
  - **Anthology 2020:** Charles Trumbull, editor, produced by Linda Papanicolaou. The essays focus on the YTHS theme of Education (our present and past efforts). Also included will be the “Haiku in the Park” reading, a tradition of inclusion in the anthology that was established under the editorship of Amy Ostenso Kennedy.
  - **November Zoom Retreat** chaired by Carol Steele will feature our guest presenter, Emiko Miyashita from Japan. It will include *ginko*, workshops, opportunities to share haiku, a *kukai*, the announcement of the Tokutomi Contest winners, anthology presentation, and a special celebration for YTHS’s 45<sup>th</sup> Anniversary.
  - **YTHS Archives** is not a lending library, but one is able to access its riches when visiting the Markham House at History Park San Jose. It includes over 600 books (haiku, cultural, and educational), YTHS’s extensive historical archive material, such as a complete collection of *Geppo* journals, and ephemera. Thanks to Clysta Seney for her work most recently filing Jerry Ball’s books donated by his wife, Sandy. Those wishing to visit Markham House should make an appointment.
  - **CA State Haiku Archives:** Volunteer work is on hold during the pandemic, but YTHS plays a central role in offering monthly volunteer time whenever possible.
  - **Geppo** Editor Johnnie Johnson Hafernik thanked the past editor, Betty Arnold (2016–2019) for her dedication to improving *Geppo*, the heart of our society. She also acknowledged the invaluable work of each member of the *Geppo* team. She reports that for the last four issues the average number of poets submitting haiku is 50, and the average number of poems submitted is 178. *Geppo* has supported the 2020 Education focus with feature articles on kigo, book recommendations, and submission guidelines. A new “Featured Artist” for each issue began with Joan Iverson Goswell, followed by Carolyn Fitz. Carolyn also designed the new masthead that includes “*Geppo*” in kanji.
- Christine Stern has converted past issues of *Geppo*, 2016–2019, to the archival PDF-A format, which maintains the integrity of the document. In the process, she deleted private information, such as home addresses and personal emails. These PDFs will be posted on our website later this year. Thereafter, in July, the previous year’s four issues will be added. Each July the previous year’s issues will be posted. In 2021 members will have the choice to receive the *Geppo* in their mailbox or as a PDF.
- **Membership:** Judith Schallberger received recognition and appreciation for updating and keeping current our membership register. Jeannie Rueter will be taking over that job with a new PO Box in Monterey. Membership Chair Marcia Behar reported that January 1 is the date that dues are to be paid; there will be no partial-year memberships. Those joining late will receive past issues of *Geppo* for the year either printed or as PDFs. New members will receive a welcome packet from greeter Dyana Basist. We have approximately 120 members.
  - **Main Focus on Education in 2020** has been for *Dojin* Patricia Machmiller to publish her “Zigzag of the Dragonfly” articles (that previously had appeared in issues of *Geppo*) in book form. Short video clips taken from her popular workshops will be available on our website. Clips include information about kigo, image and juxtaposition, sound, syllabic form, accented form, and process and revision. A thank you goes out to Chris Sherertz, Mimi Ahern, Pushpa

## Minutes of the Annual Membership Business Meeting . . . (cont.)

McFarland, Patricia Machmiller, and Christine Stern for their efforts. Others who have helped with the Education Focus: Alison Woolpert, Linda Papanicolaou, Roger Abe, Phillip Kennedy, Christine Horner, and Sandy Ball.

- **Dojin Committee:** Patricia Machmiller, Phillip Kennedy, Linda Papanicolaou, and Carol Steele will work on the requirements for *Dojin* status in 2021.

- **Web:** In 2021 we will have a new web address: YTHS.org. The old domain, youngleaves.org, will be maintained for five years. Web tabs will be revised to add one for “Education.”

- **Web—Poets’ Pages for Haiku and Haiga (members only):** The Board approved the newly revised guidelines for submission to either section. Ed Grossmith was thanked for his early work in creating the initial guidelines. At the September 2020 monthly meeting, Patricia Machmiller and Carolyn Fitz will share the newly revised haiga guidelines. Members are encouraged to submit or resubmit to Web Minder David Sherertz. Those members with work already on the web, please confirm that you would like it to remain as it is. (Please send citations for published work.) YTHS will review submissions for current membership and for appropriate content. Members who pass away with their membership to YTHS still current will remain on the web and be indicated with an asterisk. You may submit up to seven haiga and up to ten haiku.

- **YTHS Facebook:** Linda Papanicolaou has taken over monitoring this site.

- **Smugmug, YTHS Photo Archive Project:** The Board approved a \$48 annual fee for the service. It provides a storage site for digital photographs and scans to preserve YTHS history and to serve as a source of images for the Society’s web and print publications. The committee: Chair Patrick Gallagher, Patricia Machmiller, Clysta Seney, June Hopper Hymas, and Yukiko Tokutomi Northon. They will have access to upload, organize, and label the images. (Use of any images for publication will need approval of the individuals photographed.) Any member wishing to access images will need to work through the committee.

- **Treasurer’s Report:** Patricia Machmiller shared a positive report. In short, YTHS started the year with \$17,000; on July 31 it had \$23,000, and by year-end she projects that after our allocated expenses are paid, we will have a balance of around \$17,500.

- **Bylaw Changes:** 1) A Second Vice President position was created and the office-holder will be a voting member of the Board. This position will fulfill assignments from the Social Committee. Unanimously approved.

2) Annual Membership Business Meeting will be held once a year in the San Francisco Bay Area or the Monterey Bay Area, California, United States. Notice shall be provided to each member at least 14 days in advance and shall include the report of the Nominating Committee and any changes in the bylaws proposed by members through the Board of Directors. Unanimously approved.

- **Election of Officers:** The following officers were unanimously approved by an all-members-in-attendance vote:

President, Carolyn Fitz  
 First Vice President, Linda Papanicolaou  
 Second Vice President, Christine Stern  
 Treasurer, Patricia Machmiller  
 Recording Secretary, Alison Woolpert

**President Carolyn Fitz** thanked outgoing President Mimi Ahern for her dedicated service. Mimi was gifted Toshiharu Oseko’s two-volume set *Bashō’s Haiku*. President Fitz then asked for member input to help decide the 2021 calendar. It is well on its way to being completed and will soon appear on our website and in upcoming issues of *Geppo*. The meeting drew to a close with a round of haiku. Best wishes to our new president, Carolyn Fitz!

## Haiga Gathering on Zoom—September 12, 2020

Alison Woolpert

Patricia J. Machmiller and Carolyn Fitz hosted our annual haiga workshop held this year on Zoom and moderated by Christine Stern. Thirty-two YTHS members and a guest artist joined in to learn more about the newly revised YTHS Haiga Guidelines that will soon be posted on the revised YTHS website. Modern haiga combines some type of art with poetry, oftentimes haiku. It may be a sumi ink drawing, acrylic or oil painting, collage, or photograph, and the text written in calligraphy or digital fonts. Patricia stated at the beginning of the workshop that a haiga is greater than the sum of its two parts, that 1+1 is greater than 2.

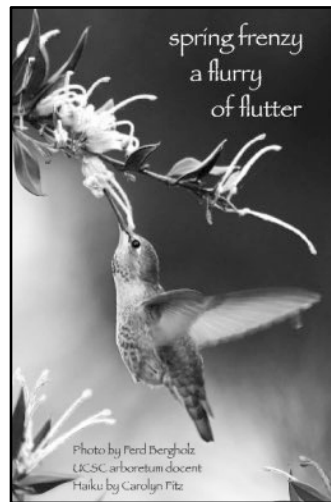
A photograph of an Anna’s hummingbird taken by Ferd Bergholz in the UC Santa Cruz Arboretum was our inspiration to write haiku: *spring dream*, *spring morning*, *spring breeze*, *warm day*, *Easter*, and *Mother’s Day* were suggested as possible kigo choices (a key element of haiku, as well as for haiku appearing in a haiga). Here are two poets’ haiku written for the hummingbird image and a haiga by the photographer and Carolyn Fitz.

spring morning  
every waiting flower  
a place of worship

~Marcia Behar

warm day  
I savor the lemon  
in each sip

~Deborah P Kolodji



“Haiga Hummingbird Challenge,” photo by Ferd Bergholz, haiku and layout by Carolyn Fitz.

Carolyn spoke about the joy of collaborating. She shared haiga collaborations that she and Ed Grossmith created, and Johnnie J. Hafernik and Dorothy Messerschmitt shared some of their haiga creations. Carolyn and Ed trade off being either the artist or poet, and Johnnie serves as the poet for Dorothy’s watercolors. However, for each of these partnerships, their approach might vary. For some of the haiga they shared, the artwork existed before the haiku was written, and in other instances, the haiku existed before either a painting or a photograph was combined with it to make it a haiga.

Want to try creating haiga but worry about how to add the text? Carolyn explained how to use the free Phonto app that works on a smartphone or iPad for either photographs or photos of your artwork. One is able to choose from a large selection and style of fonts, move the text around, change its size and color, and more, plus save the haiga. Different haiga can easily be created from the same photo.

A lovely presentation of these individual members’ haiga followed: Mimi Ahern, Carolyn Fitz, Ed Grossmith, Mark Levy, Cheryl Pfeil, and Christine Stern.

The afternoon came to a close with Ed Grossmith’s 2020 video titled “Haiga Harmony.” His engaging video was especially appreciated as a respite from the difficult times we are experiencing. You too can enjoy viewing it by searching YouTube for “Haiga Ed 2020.”

## YTHS Zoom Moon Viewing—October 3, 2020

Alison Woolpert

The harvest moon, full on October 1 and with Mars in close proximity, was reason to view and to write haiku. For the last three years this event has been held at the home of Linda Papanicolaou on the Stanford campus where participants walked to Kite Hill to view the moon's rise above Mt. Hamilton. This year we viewed the moon on our own and then met on Zoom to report our sightings. Linda listed a few moon resources to visit online, and 29 poets shared haiku.

Mimi Ahern chose a haiku from *Moon Woke Me Up Nine Times/Selected Haiku of Bashō*. (Translated by David Young, 2013).

moon woke me up  
nine times  
still just 4 a.m.

We are experiencing unprecedented times. The haiku that made us collectively gasp (inaudible though, as we were muted) was written by Chuck Brickley and refers to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. The First Horseman is called "Pestilence."

orange moon  
a siren heralds  
the First Horseman

Fire and smoke entered many haiku. Here is one by Michael Sheffield, who had been evacuated from his home due to wildfires for a third year in a row.

ancient trees  
becoming memories . . .  
wildfire moon

From Patricia J. Machmiller, a glass more than half-full:

kitchen faucet  
the drip, drip, drip  
of moonlight

Lastly, from the Great Lakes region, Christine Stern shared this lovely haiku.

ripple of radiance  
the river holds its mirror  
to the harvest moon



## President's Message—With Gratitude . . .

Carolyn Fitz

Since I was recently installed as president of YTHS in August, I have become even more aware of how many wonderful people generously donate their time and talents to making our society run smoothly and be a source of enjoyment, learning, sharing, and enrichment.

For a broad overview of YTHS activities this past year, be sure to read Alison Woolpert's minutes of our Annual Meeting (pages 21–22 in this *Geppo*) held via Zoom on August 30. Mentioned there are some of the many individuals who contribute to the day-to-day workings of the organization. Please know that you, too, as a member, are vitally important to Yuki Teikei, and you have my gratitude, as well.

Here I wish to highlight a few individuals and groups.

Mimi Ahern has been a President Extraordinaire. She accomplished so much both up front and behind the scenes for the past two years.

In this 2020 COVID year, we are so grateful for our Zoom master facilitator, Chris Stern. Each event on the calendar has been well-attended, even attracting many more participants than usual. Members from far and wide can so easily "attend" now.

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, our fabulous *Geppo* editor and the team—Chris Stern, Karina Young, David Sherertz, and Joan Zimmerman—are much-appreciated. Each member's contributions make the *Geppo* a rich learning experience. Your haiku submissions, voting, the guest articles, the "Dojin's Corner" with Patricia J. Machmiller and Emiko Miyashita plus guest, the Kigo Challenge, and more, are all a part of the exceptional work-study journal that we look forward to.

Our esteemed recording secretary, Alison Woolpert, not only transcribes the minutes of our annual meeting, she contributes wonderful reports to *Geppo* about our many activities.

Carol Steele, again this year, is the tireless chairperson for our annual four-day conference, usually held at Asilomar in Pacific Grove. This year, it will be held with Zoom on November 6–9. Roger Abe is the registrar. There are exciting presentations and workshops planned for each day with our featured speaker, Emiko Miyashita, from Japan.

Kath Abela Wilson was the Tokutomi Contest chair this year, and will continue for next year as well. The 2020 winners will be announced in November at the Zoom conference.

Dyana Basist, our new-member greeter, created her position a few years ago out of "seeing a need." A warm welcome she always extends! If you "see a need" and would like to volunteer, please let us know.

And last, our beloved, proverbial "hub of the wheel" of YTHS is our immensely appreciated and admired *dojin* and mentor, Patricia J. Machmiller. She is the longest-standing member and historian of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and also its treasurer. She was dear friends with our founders, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi. Her newly published book, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly*, written over several years, will be mailed to each member, along with the 2020 YTHS Members' Anthology, as a gift to celebrate the society's 45th anniversary.

Deep bows of gratitude to all of you and also to the many predecessors who have given so generously and have truly made a positive difference in our beloved society.

## Spotlight on the Use of Kigo: Part 4–Winter

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

This is the last article in this series that has focused on the importance and use of kigo in English-language haiku—a tenet of haiku aesthetics that the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society honors. I hope these articles, begun to support YTHS's education theme for its 45<sup>th</sup> anniversary, have offered new insights and ways of thinking about kigo. I encourage you to continue learning about, exploring, and experimenting with using kigo in your own haiku journey.

For this article, I've asked two well-known YTHS members to offer us practical advice about using kigo effectively: *Dojin* Patricia J. Machmiller and *Dojin* Emiko Miyashita. Thank you, Emiko and Patricia, for sharing your insights.

### Practical advice for using kigo from Emiko Miyashita

I think the whole issue of kigo here can be considered once again from a simple question: what is haiku? The answer Bashō gave is, "A change in the universe is a seed of poetry," which can be construed to mean, "haiku is all about seasons which are ever-moving and repeating." In other words, a kigo, which is a word to depict one of those changes, must be alive in a haiku, and the haiku is better when we write it on the spot without disturbing the kigo/change by our interpretation. In my early days as a haiku poet, I was taught that poetry emerges from a juxtaposition of two images; therefore it is important to choose a kigo that works the best. Now, I see it differently; I write because I want the change to stay alive: the change that I am experiencing right now. I hope that this moment touches you in a vivid way just as it touched me: *slowly it lengthens / and shortens with its breath / a winter bee*. So my advice is to use kigo as a guide to find the changes in the universe and start writing a haiku!

### Practical advice for using kigo from Patricia J. Machmiller

Consider these English words and phrases: "butterfly," "apple," "Day of the Dead," "red leaves," "sticky monkey flower," "lupine," "fawn," "blizzard." Contemplate these words, one at a time, slowly. These are words that enter our consciousness through our body, through touch, smell, sight, sound, or taste, not through our mind so much. They are visceral emissaries of the natural world. They are kigo. In a first reading of a haiku, they operate on a literal level activating our senses. In addition to this immediate effect, they also feed our mind, for they have acquired a rich history of references that on second and third readings are pulled into the poem, allusions to other haiku, to myths, to traditions, to history. In the West can we ever say "apple" without having the shadow of Eve somewhere near? Or in America, who does not feel the exhaustion of Robert Frost when, after his abundant harvest, he exclaims, "But I am done with apple-picking now."

Whether formally documented in a *saijiki* or not, this is how kigo operate in any language. They have properties that are inherent in language. For this reason, I encourage writers of haiku to study kigo in English in order to harness their power and give deeper, more resonant meaning to their haiku writing. Several online and printed sources to use as educational references are given below. I think you will find this exploration of the kigo will only add to the depth and richness of your writing.

Examples of winter kigo listed below are taken from Higginson's *Haiku World* and the Kigo section of the YTHS website. I encourage you to choose any that speak to you and use them when writing haiku for your next *Geppo* submission.

**Season:** cold, deep winter, freeze, short day, start of winter, winter months, winter night

**Sky and Elements:** frost, ice, snow/first snow, Orion, sleet, withering wind, wolf moon

**Landscape:** snow-capped, frozen ground, mid-winter thaw, winter sea, winter mountain

**Human Affairs:** Bashō's Day, Chanukah, gloves, hot chocolate, snowman, sweater, ski

**Animals:** bear, fox, northern wren, owl, reindeer, swan, whale, winter mosquito, whale

**Plants:** bare tree, early plum blossoms, holly, leeks, poinsettia, tangerine, winter violets

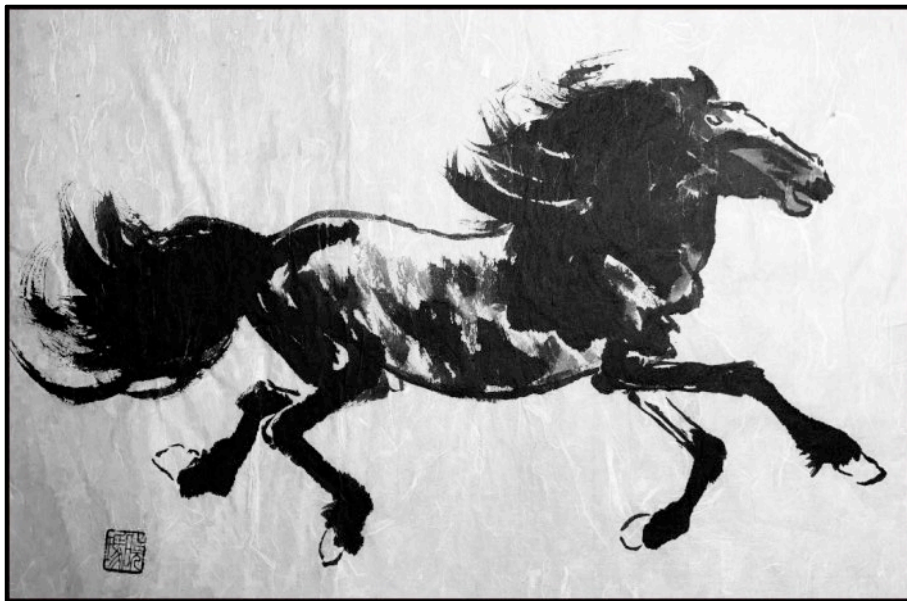
Resources:

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

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

Gabi Greve. World Kigo Database (WKD). Daruma Museum, Japan. 2013. <https://tinyurl.com/GreveWKD>

Anne Homan, Patrick Gallagher, and Patricia J. Machmiller, editors. *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki*. San Jose, CA: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2010. (Available from [www.lulu.com](http://www.lulu.com).)



"You're Still My Horse," by Marcia Behar.

## Book Recommendations – Part 2

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Thank you to everyone who sent in a book recommendation. In Part 1 in the August 2020 issue of *Geppo*, four book recommendations were presented. Here are four more books for haiku poets at all levels of experience.

- *cherry blossom light: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society 2016 Members' Anthology*, edited by Mimi Ahern (San Jose, CA: YTHS, 2016).  
Recommended by Clysta Seney

Clysta praises this YTHS anthology when she says it is “the one book I haul around in my backpack and keep by my bedside.” She finds value in all aspects of the book—(1) the haiku by members and the winners of the 2015 Tokutomi Contest, (2) the interview by Mimi Ahern with Jerry Ball, Emiko Miyashita, and Patricia J. Machmiller about the “*Dojin's Corner*” in *Geppo*, (3) the YTHS list of season words (kigo), and (4) the essay by Michael Dylan Welch that takes a “deep dive into Suzuki’s *Zen Mind, Beginner’s Mind*.” Clysta concludes her comments by saying, “The stunning bright pink blossom cover design makes the book easy to find and makes me smile every time I pick it up. . . . I know this book like a friend, and I learn something new each time I meet it again.”

- *Touch of Light* by Jeannie Martin and Vincent Tripi (Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2019).  
Recommended by J. Zimmerman

Joan notes that this book, shortlisted for the 2019 Touchstone Book Awards, is more than a book of haiku by these two poets “because it contains twenty of Martin’s brief ‘how to’ vignettes that her 34 haiku illustrate.” Joan goes on to describe one vignette that “invites you to focus on a two-foot-square patch of garden: ‘bring your attention to one growing thing. . . . How does the time of day or . . . year make a difference? . . . What small drama of Nature may be taking place?’” Martin and Tripi then respond with example haiku. Joan concludes praising the book as “an inspiring gift for both novice and experienced poet.”

- *The Wonder Code* by Scott Mason (Chappaqua, NY: Girasole Press, 2017).  
Recommended by Christine Stern

Chris praises this book as “my favorite book to recommend—and give. . . .” The winner of the Touchstone Distinguished Book Awards from The Haiku Foundation and the Merit Book Award (Prose) from the Haiku Society of America, Mason’s book is a combination of essays “focused on five ways to approach writing haiku and hundreds of examples of standout haiku published in *The Heron’s Nest* over the last twenty years,” including many haiku by YTHS members. Chris continues her praise by saying “I love Mason’s contemporary perspective and his attention to awe. He offers haiku as an antidote to disenchantment and a celebration of wonder.”

- *Writing and Enjoying Haiku: A Hands-on Guide* by Jane Reichhold (Tokyo: Kodansha International Ltd, 2002).  
Recommended by Hiroyuki Murakami

Hiroyuki recommends Reichhold’s book because it “contains both the real meaning of haiku as a poetry form and useful techniques in writing.” He quotes his favorite passages in the section “Know Why You Want to Write Haiku” — “The writing of haiku is a practice in humility in many ways” (20).

## Announcing Haiga Teamwork Group

Ed Grossmith

A highlight of the first Haiga Zoom meeting on September 12 was the presentation of haiga composed by teams comprised of two members. Not everyone has expertise in producing both an image and a poem. As a solution, it was suggested that members form teams of two, or even three, to create haiga for the second Haiga Zoom meeting, to be held in September 2021. At least one team member should be a member of YTHS.

As the adage goes, “A pleasure shared is a pleasure doubled.” This fun activity can help us grow in one or more aspects of haiga creation and also supports the desire expressed by Patricia Machmiller at the meeting that fellowship continue to thrive in YTHS.

I, for one, offer additional help to teams, and I’m sure others with skills in the creating of various art images or haiku will also be available to help as a standby resource. Please let me know if you think this is a good idea and whether you with your partner(s) will be contributing to the next Haiga Zoom meeting. There is plenty of time and this creative teamwork could brighten our lockdown hours. This arrangement does not preclude any member from sharing their own independent haiga.

Contact Ed Grossmith to express interest in the group and for more information.

### Correction

Apologies to Michael Sheffield for the error in his haiku #3231 in the August issue of *Geppo*. His haiku should read:

one house spared  
call of a mourning dove  
through blackened pines



“Nuthatch,” by Marcia Behar.

## Time to Renew your YTHS Membership for 2021!

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

The end of 2020 is fast approaching. YTHS membership is for the calendar year, so now is the time to renew your membership. Please do so by January 1, 2021. The benefits of membership are many and include being able to submit to YTHS publications (e.g., *Geppo* and the annual Members' Anthology) and receive these publications. See more details about renewals on page 31 of this issue and online at YTHS.org.

Beginning in 2021, members may choose to receive *Geppo*, the quarterly haiku work-study journal, by (1) PDF only, (2) print only, or (3) both PDF and print. Members who do not indicate which they would like will continue to receive the print version.

I encourage you to consider choosing "PDF only" –help the environment, perhaps save a tree, and at the same time, get your issue sooner than you would receive a print copy through the mail.

**Coming Soon . . .** in early 2021 a new YTHS website with a new look, new features, and a new URL—YTHS.org

### Interested in Being a *Geppo* Featured Artist?

Since the May 2020 issue of *Geppo*, each issue has highlighted the artwork of a YTHS member as a "featured artist." The goal is to have a featured artist in each issue. We encourage interested YTHS members to submit artwork for consideration to the *Geppo* editor at [ythsgeppo@gmail.com](mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com).

- Submit four to six pieces of your artwork. We will convert to black-and-white, if needed, so choose work with good contrast.
- All types of artwork will be considered. If haiga are included in the submission, please limit them to no more than one or two of the art pieces.
- Please submit each piece of artwork in a separate attachment as a high-quality jpeg and provide a caption for each piece.
- In the body of the email provide your name, city, and state/country as you would like them to appear.
- Submissions are accepted at any time.

## MEMBERSHIP DUES

The quarterly *Geppo* 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.

Provide the following information along with your dues: (1) Your name, (2) home address, (3) email address, and (4) phone number. Also indicate which version of *Geppo* you wish to receive: (1) PDF only, (2) print only, or (3) both PDF and print. Members who do not specify a version will receive the print version (i.e., print is the default version).

You may pay by PayPal by sending your payment and above information to yukiteikei@msn.com and write the following in the note box: "YTHS Dues" plus the information above. (Please include \$1 additional fee for this service.)

Or mail your check or money order and provide the above information to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
PO Box 412  
Monterey, CA 93942

## *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!

## *Geppo* Submission Guidelines

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

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor     [ythsgeppo@gmail.com](mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com)

Or snail mail to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
ATTN: J. J. Hafernik, *Geppo* Editor  
PO Box 412  
Monterey, CA 93942

For *Geppo* 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. Please no attachments. Please send only one email per submission period. Use Palatino font, if possible.

You may submit

- Up to **four haiku** appropriate to the season. They will be printed without your name and identified by a number for appreciation and study.
- **One Challenge Kigo** haiku 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.
- *Geppo* is published quarterly. Deadlines for submissions are **Jan. 15, Apr. 15, July 15, and Oct. 15.** (Members only.)

## YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY CALENDAR — 2020–Oct. 2021

Little did we know in April that YTHS would still be meeting on Zoom many months later. The pandemic has knocked us down, but Zoom has lifted us up. Our geographically restricted members have joined in, happy to be in the room. Since no one can tell what 2021 will bring, we will continue to plan for Zoom in the months ahead. All times are Pacific. Updates and invitations will be emailed several days before the meetings. Stay safe, everyone.

Dec. 12, 2020 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert. Haiku sharing.
Jan. 1, 2021	Deadline for annual payment of YTHS dues.
Jan. 9 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	The Tokutomi Memorial Contest Unveiling: 2021 Kigo words, Pointers, and Tips. Presentation by Alison Woolpert, Kath Abela Wilson, and Patricia J. Machmiller.
Jan. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
Feb. 13 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“The Weather-Beaten Jizō: Shikoku Pilgrimage Haiku by Shūji Niwano.” (Includes photos, maps, and all the poems translated by Michael Dylan Welch and Emiko Miyashita.) Presentation by Michael Dylan Welch.
March 13 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“Recent Japanese Books about Kigo.” Presentation by Phillip Kennedy.
April 10 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“What Comes First? The Chicken or the Egg? The Order of Perception?” Presentation by Deborah P Kolodji.
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
May 8 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Annual “YTHS Spring Reading,” featuring four haiku poets. Organized by Roger Abe. TBD.
June 12 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“Modern Haiga: A Survey of Artists and Approaches.” Presentation by Linda Papanicolaou.
July 10 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Tanabata Celebration and Haiku Sharing. Host TBD.
July 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
August 14 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	YTHS All-Member Annual Business Meeting and Planning for 2022 on Zoom. Please join the Zoom session at 10:45 so the meeting can begin at 11:00. Hosted by YTHS President, Carolyn Fitz.
Sept. 11 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“Traditional Haiga, Team Haiga, and Members’ Sharing.” Presentation hosted by Ed Grossmith and others. TBD.
Oct. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
Oct. 23 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Full Moon Viewing and Members’ Haiku Sharing. Hosted by Patrick Gallagher.