

GEPPPO 月報

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

Volume XLV:3 May–July 2020

Published in Aug 2020

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3156 | flooded street
an origami boat
carries my heart to yours | 3164 | the boy next door
practicing his trumpet—
summer fog |
| 3157 | reminiscing
on my youth
hydrangeas | 3165 | postal mail arrives
“Your poem won first prize!”
blazing midday |
| 3158 | posh college
my only Armani shades
on my blue collar | 3166 | ice cream
after my annual physical
“not covered” |
| 3159 | spider’s web
I cling on
to sanity | 3167 | face-off
spider and me
semi-finals |
| 3160 | pipe dreams
my CBD card
arrives by mail | 3168 | spring river
a kingfisher lands
on a sinking log |
| 3161 | COVID-19
one hand compulsively
washes the other | 3169 | spring daybreak
peony buds begin
to open |
| 3162 | social distancing
missing the dogs far more
than their humans | 3170 | spring breezes
a plastic bag races
across the playground |
| 3163 | rain bands
our dirty laundry gets
a second rinse | 3171 | whipped into shape
heavy cream
on strawberry shortcake |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 3172 | her apology
to the white hydrangea—
petal burning sun | 3184 | Father's Day
teaching my puppy
how to swim |
| 3173 | blueberry muffins
my granddaughter learns fractions
with a cup and spoon | 3185 | cicadas
debating whether
they sing or scream |
| 3174 | summer twilight
the announcer's deep voice:
. . . <i>bye . . . bye . . . birdie . . .</i> | 3186 | thunder
over the city
filled with teargas |
| 3175 | unknown footprints
on the winding woodland path . . .
a disturbed pebble | 3187 | plague season—
the Virginia bluebells
have come and gone |
| 3176 | look! a white bunny
chasing a polar bear . . .
clouds of summer | 3188 | drowned out
by lawn mowers—
the nestlings' cries |
| 3177 | two strangers bow
before the games begin . . .
dog park | 3189 | summer night—
separate block parties
for us and them |
| 3178 | sleeping cat . . .
a mouse pauses to consider
his options | 3190 | a light
at the end of the day—
first firefly |
| 3179 | saying your name
even after the call drops—
heat lightning | 3191 | the warm wet
of a dog's tongue
all day rain |
| 3180 | field test—
a fingerfull
of honeycomb | 3192 | feral cat
the house wren gathers
a few more twigs |
| 3181 | the newborn sighs
in mama's arms—
honey harvest | 3193 | microclimates . . .
in our conversation
small pools of silence |
| 3182 | fourth of july—
he oohs and aahs
for the fireflies | 3194 | a little fluff
eats a little fluff
dandelion lawn |
| 3183 | corn tassels
flaxen hair caressed
by the wind | 3195 | my grandson meanders
through the gravestones
tiger swallowtail |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 3196 | yesterday
one egret fishing
today two | 3208 | fresh frost—
in a poetry book I find
the peace of wild things |
| 3197 | a herd of bison
blocking the Yellowstone gate
billowing clouds | 3209 | fading thunder . . .
the shadow of my pen
on the crossword |
| 3198 | wherever they are
the sons pour a craft beer—
Father’s Day | 3210 | tiring rain . . .
a man walks by
with Jerry Kilbride’s stoop |
| 3199 | the scent of laughter
from the neighbor’s trampoline
wild strawberries | 3211 | family dinner—
my son asks if Japan
has alphabet soup |
| 3200 | a great blue heron
high steps through the stream
flash of fin | 3212 | seventh day
of the seventh month
you’re so big! |
| 3201 | from my easy chair
the sound of a trotting horse—
bamboo wind chimes | 3213 | downtown sidewalk
carefree bare feet
germ free adolescents |
| 3202 | quarantine
an ice cream truck jingles
down the empty street | 3214 | evening walk, each step
closer to my own front door—
nectarine |
| 3203 | a winged seed
far flown to land
on my nose | 3215 | muggy afternoon
an open window ushers
a birdsong |
| 3204 | departing spring—
let dappled sun play on
an open book | 3216 | silent spring
flora and fauna
reclaim their space |
| 3205 | a restaurant
appears pushing itself out
over lily pond | 3217 | lily of the Nile
a burst of color
lines an empty street |
| 3206 | the wind
resembles the river flows—
deep tree shade | 3218 | clear pond
a blue sky suddenly
within my reach |
| 3207 | a crane hook
out of scorching sun
descends swaying | 3219 | rising wind—
a stand of bamboo breaks
its silence |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 3220 | 'round the swimming pool—
vacant swivel chairs idly
taking turns | 3232 | tea stains
aging together
the cup and I |
| 3221 | quarantine—
endless companies of ants
to the rescue | 3233 | bigleaf maple
the bright chartreuse
of light and leaf |
| 3222 | summer thistle—
whatever she says
sticks in his craw | 3234 | dandelion puff . . .
I pray for a West Wind
when my time has come |
| 3223 | in the heat wave
a black burka—
hermitage | 3235 | A two-week season
from first fallen apricot
to the last one picked. |
| 3224 | waves of heat—
hammering
in the village forge | 3236 | Seeing both our state
bird and flower on one hike
at Abbott's Lagoon. |
| 3225 | safari—
ants braving the jungle
of my flower pot | 3237 | Garden re-opens
clarkia kaleidoscopes—
pink pattern repeats. |
| 3226 | washed with shadows
cumulus clouds are
painting river rocks | 3238 | Anise swallowtail
hill-topping at Wildcat Peak—
awaits companions. |
| 3227 | on each green bough
unplanned communities—
old growth redwood | 3239 | dew flecked web—
the spider finds its victims
shrouded in stars |
| 3228 | from tangled skeins
she shapes an end
and casts off | 3240 | caterpillar
at one with the stem—
bird's eye view |
| 3229 | beach primrose
the languid unwinding
of spun tight buds | 3241 | I pause on the trail
a lesson from the heron
<i>take time to be still</i> |
| 3230 | a battered economy
makes its point
purple needlegrass | 3242 | disrobed
in its pool of petals—
dying peony |
| 3231 | one house speared
call of a mourning dove
through blackened pines | 3243 | a plumed quail
scurries across my deck
summer drop in |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 3244 | hovering over
this tranquil summer morning
a night curfew | 3256 | what will happen
when people really listen—
double rainbow |
| 3245 | a kiss
in the summer hayloft
starburst | 3257 | we plant sixty-five
white pines in Wisconsin woods
faith in the future |
| 3246 | fiery summer
the glowing sun vanishes
in an orange sea | 3258 | Google directions
for the Magpie Bridge
destination—love |
| 3247 | the kids complain
until their feet hit the sand
summer's end nears | 3259 | pandemic walk
beneath the flowery garden
dark matter |
| 3248 | Tanabata Zoom
the best part is more
people in the room | 3260 | offering
in a banana bract
a cup of rain |
| 3249 | lone toad
the child with a palm frond
sweeps around | 3261 | deep in the garden
moss-covered
birdsong |
| 3250 | sequestered summer
a thousand-piece Mona Lisa
minus two | 3262 | what will they find
under our beds of roses
terracotta army |
| 3251 | summer sun
the stone drifts to the bottom
crystalline lake | 3263 | threatening skies
the chaplain's umbrella
not mine |
| 3252 | smells of the season
in the blaze of midday sun
water on asphalt | 3264 | nightfall
tree spiders descend
in my dreams |
| 3253 | sudden shower
as the temperature drops
pine branches shimmer | 3265 | hard at work
in the wild sage
bumblebees |
| 3254 | dusty maps
of roads untraveled
summer's end | 3266 | surprising the team
with an audible
the crows next door |
| 3255 | in bathrobe and boots
I take in the midnight sky
river of stars | 3267 | the face
of a happy dog
summer rain puddle |
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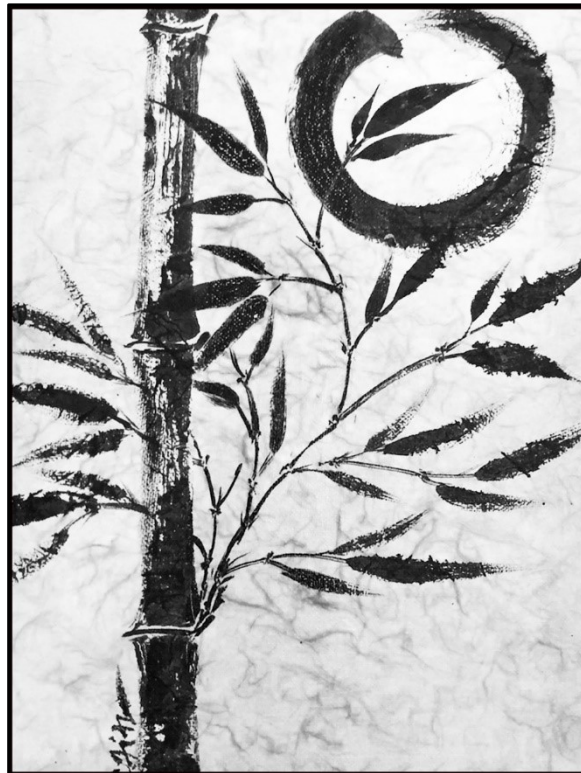
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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 3268 | breakfast
before the orange
the petal's scent | 3280 | birthday balloon
memorial bench
empty swing |
| 3269 | the back story
of my parents' lives
summer reruns | 3281 | hurricane
cars like bathtub toys
children in life boats |
| 3270 | all day—
a mockingbird
mansplains | 3282 | obese man
in running gear
pounds the sidewalk |
| 3271 | neighborhood walk . . .
we only wave at people
wearing masks | 3283 | empty feeder
a hummingbird
checks anyway |
| 3272 | a drizzle
of maple syrup
summer cocktail | 3284 | we pose
in the shade of Tō-Ji
turtles |
| 3273 | the neighbor's children
get noisier every day—
nowhere to run | 3285 | my new neighbor
a single mother
blue-eyed grass |
| 3274 | immersing myself
without getting wet—
<i>shinrin-yoku</i> | 3286 | another round
of stay-at-home orders
billowing cloud |
| 3275 | the sky and her hands
trembling as she lets him in
a slap of thunder | 3287 | night out of phase
alone in the garden this
seventh evening |
| 3276 | Father's Day
coin toss
his mood | 3288 | protect the castle
time will come to gather
swift flowing river |
| 3277 | unzipping the sky
thunder rends a garment
no longer seamless | 3289 | generous heart
sending magpies across
summer skies |
| 3278 | the usual cast
of gray and white thunderheads
election cycle | 3290 | metamorphosis:
I wash the moth butter
from my finger |
| 3279 | quilts for refugees
stacked up
solid borders | 3291 | police officer:
his Corona mask becomes
a blue beard |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 3292 | heat wave's smoke
the Waldorf Astoria pen
writes the best | 3304 | the loom breaks
from weaving masks
river of stars |
| 3293 | it has plopped onto
my touchscreen—the cockroach's
feet touch my finger | 3305 | the exuberance
in a first repertoire
fledgling mockingbirds |
| 3294 | housebound, from window
watching evening arrive
before summer storm | 3306 | summer solstice
she self-clips
a new buzz haircut |
| 3295 | my dead friend's voicemails
I can't bear to delete them—
pain of dry thistles | 3307 | coyotes bark
around the bend
scent of sun-dried grasses |
| 3296 | mother's day
magenta peony buds
billowing open | 3308 | in the apple tree
three nuthatches upside down
summer play date |
| 3297 | father's day fruits
mother yelling to daddy
get down from that tree! | 3309 | flu season
the grosbeak's yearly one-stop
on our seed cake |
| 3298 | a policeman
hugs the senior protester
ignoring social distancing | 3310 | a reddish egret
sprints for dinner
red salt marsh |
| 3299 | I pray and rest
in my quiet place
beneath the deep tree shade | 3311 | forever stamps of
Brooklyn botanical garden
forever Spring |
| 3300 | a fawn
is sleeping safely
under the deep tree shade | 3312 | a large twig
dropped by a dove
hammock time |
| 3301 | in deep tree shade
I pick the berries
to top warm homemade cake | 3313 | burnt mountains healed
by wildflowers
flower power |
| 3302 | tanabata news
the sky king denies all
racist claims | 3314 | flitting hummingbird
pauses in mid-air
green tomatoes |
| 3303 | anarchists
barricade the magpie bridge
seventh night | 3315 | pole bean's soft tendrils
grasps and pulls upwards
her first jumbled joke |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 3316 | “Taps”—its long first note
silences the gathered crowd
red geraniums | 3329 | garden gathering—
pack your own lunch
and mind your distance |
| 3317 | the regret of clicking send
wisteria blooms
through barbed wire | 3330 | apricot road stand—
depending on car model
prices may vary |
| 3318 | May
all the mother poems
I’ll never write | 3331 | beach dunes picnic
circling overhead
turkey vultures |
| 3319 | afternoon sun
a pigeon with its belly
in warm gravel | 3332 | notebook and pen
clipped to my hammock
. . . just in case |
| 3320 | lingering day . . .
me and mosquito
at the pasture fence | 3333 | ethereal booming
from the reed bed
bittern in love |
| 3321 | crows
louder than leaf-blowers
hot day | 3334 | quantum mechanics
the uncertainty
of spring rain |
| 3322 | summer moon
the ivy on the pines
glowing | 3335 | the coming machines
will they care how we sang
about star lilies |
| 3323 | noseprints at the top
and bottom of the window
hot day | 3336 | visiting Norway
after your death
all day night |
| 3324 | the gathering crowd
held back by police tape
cherry blossoms | 3337 | another month
hair a mad field of weeds
mind in the white clouds |
| 3325 | the last few ashes
to float all the way here
Matilija poppies | 3338 | slow summer day
silence before the garden’s music
is this prayer |
| 3326 | hair tucked
behind her ear
tidepool stars | 3339 | relentless sun
clear sky
malediction |
| 3327 | her fog-jewelled hair
tonight I want to curl up
with a mystery | 3340 | alone
with too many books
alms for the nowhere muse |
| 3328 | in the deep shade
of the cave
a shiver comes over me . . . | | |
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Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Carolyn Fitz, of Scott's Valley, CA, is not only our featured artist, she has designed a new masthead for *Geppo*, in celebration of the 45th anniversary of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Her beautiful calligraphy includes kanji characters for the name of our journal. Carolyn has been a member of YTHS for 20 years and deeply appreciates the special friendships and haiku spirit that have enhanced her life immensely. She has always been passionate about creative expression and believes that everyone is artistic in their own way—a means of sharing joy in life. After 32 years of grocery checking, she took an early retirement at age 50. At that time she was offered many opportunities to teach, as she says, “even without a degree,” and a whole new world opened up to her. For 16 years she taught a weeklong summer course in sumi-e (Japanese black-ink painting) through the Yosemite Conservancy Art Program. Currently she teaches quarterly sumi-e and sketching workshops (on hold now for COVID-19) through Cabrillo College Extension. Thank you, Carolyn, for sharing your talents with *Geppo* readers.



“Bamboo with Ensō” by Carolyn Fitz.
Technique: sumi-e.

Summer Challenge Kigo: Deep Tree Shade

deep tree shade
father's serenade
to mother
~Jackie Chou

deep tree shade
the lemonade business
slows to a crawl
~Michael Henry Lee

deep tree shade
an ant finds a crack
in the oak's bole
~Patricia Prime

in deep tree shade
a doe gently nudges
her new-born fawn
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

letting the embers die
to listen—
deep tree shade
~Bob Redmond

unending pandemic
planting pawpaw seeds
in deep tree shade
~John J. Han

deep tree shade
of ancient cypresses
in the cemetery
~Ruth Holzer

the bounty
of a cool breeze
deep tree shade
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

river stones
spill from a clay pot
deep tree shade
~Marilyn Gehant

a bowl of tea
in the deep tree shade—
whirr of insects
~Dyana Basist

a winding path
of deep tree shade
pleasant detour
~Hiroyuki Murakami

Zoom reunion—
the deep tree shade
we shared in college
~Michael Dylan Welch

deep tree shade
concentrates the fragrance--
breathing peppertree
~Roger Abe

deep tree shade
the sound of children playing
echoes through the day
~Bona M. Santos

deep tree shade—
redwood columns hold the sky
off the forest floor
~Christine Horner

a friend visits
deep tree shade
lightens
~Ed Grossmith

deep tree shade
drawing me deeper
into my self
~Michael Sheffield

The meditative
silence of deep tree shade in
an old-growth forest.
~David Sherertz

somewhere
 in the deep tree shade
 her childhood memories
 ~Helen Ogden

in deep tree shade
 life's shapes soften
 even her wheelchair morphs
 ~Michèle Boyle Turchi

swaddled in darkness
 and safe from the world
 deep tree shade
 ~Christine Lamb Stern

sheltering in place
 our eternal moment
 in deep tree shade
 ~Kath Abela Wilson

deep shade
 lost
 in a book
 ~Gregory Longenecker

between musical notes
 the resonating silence
 of deep tree shade
 ~Lorraine A. Padden

escape from
 the breaking news
 deep tree shade
 ~Deborah P Kolodji

deep shade . . .
 in the dapple of sunlight
 an emerald fly
 ~Zinovy Vayman

deep tree shade sheltering wild ferns
 ~Lois Heyman Scott

in the deep tree shade
 a hummingbird
 sips the cool nectar
 ~Sharon Lynne Yee

in remembrance
 of those that were here . . .
 deep tree shade
 ~Judith Morrison Schallberger

deep tree shade
 leaves sifting
 laughter
 ~Alexis George

a snake is spotted
 in the big tree shade
 darkness untwined
 ~Wakako Miya Rollinger

their ancestors our ancestors deep tree shade
 ~Stephanie Baker

with In-N-Out in hand
 we scan for the deep purple shade
 of the jacaranda tree
 ~Janis Albright Lukstein

in the deep shade
 of the Black Forest trees
 a cuckoo calls his mate
 ~e luke

deep tree shade
 solace of shadows
 on all sides
 ~Mark Levy

Members' Votes for Haiku Published in May 2020 *Geppo*

Michael Henry Lee	2986-5,	2987-8,	2988-4,	2989-1
Deborah P Kolodji	2990-2,	2991-4,	2992-4,	2993-4
Marilyn Gehant	2994-0,	2995-3,	2996-0,	2997-1
Neal Whitman	2998-3,	2299-0,	3000-4,	3001-7
J. Zimmerman	3002-2,	3003-0,	3004-4,	3005-5
Alison Woolpert	3006-1,	3007-1,	3008-3,	3009-2
Ruth Holzer	3010-1,	3011-7,	3012-0,	3013-0
Elinor Pihl Huggett	3014-7,	3015-3,	3016-11,	3017-4
Ed Grossmith	3018-3,	3019-0,	3020-0,	3021-2
Alexis George	3022-0,	3023-2,	3024-8,	3025-6
Christine Lamb Stern	3026-4,	3027-6,	3028-1,	3029-1
Hiroyuki Murakami	3030-2,	3031-1,	3032-1,	3033-4
Carolyn Fitz	3034-0,	3035-11,	3036-4,	3037-0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	3038-3,	3039-0,	3040-2,	3041-5
Bob Redmond	3042-8,	3043-5,	3044-3,	3045-2
Clysta Seney	3046-1,	3047-1,	3048-0,	3049-1
Michèle Boyle Turchi	3050-0,	3051-0,	3052-0,	3053-6
Kath Abela Wilson	3054-10,	3055-1,	3056-4,	3057-6
Michael Sheffield	3058-2,	3059-2,	3060-4,	3061-3
Mark Levy	3062-1,	3063-1,	3064-0,	3065-3
Christine Horner	3066-6,	3067-2,	3068-7,	3069-1
Bona M. Santos	3070-1,	3071-0,	3072-6	
Elaine Whitman	3073-1,	3074-3,	3075-1,	3076-1
Michael Dylan Welch	3077-0,	3078-6,	3079-1,	3080-1
Barbara Snow	3081-1,	3082-1,	3083-1,	3084-1
Patricia Prime	3085-0,	3086-0,	3087-3,	3088-0
Dyana Basist	3089-9,	3090-0,	3091-2,	3092-5
Dana Grover	3093-2,	3094-5,	3095-1,	3096-1
Beverly Acuff Momoi	3097-2,	3098-0,	3099-5,	3100-0
Mimi Ahern	3101-0,	3102-1,	3103-6,	3104-0
Stephanie Baker	3105-3,	3106-1,	3107-5,	3108-2
Gloria Jaguden	3109-0			
Barbara Moore	3110-0,	3111-0,	3112-4,	3113-5
David Sherertz	3114-0,	3115-0,	3116-0,	3117-0
Kathy Goldbach	3118-0,	3119-4	3120-0,	3121-2
Sharon Lynne Yee	3122-0,	3123-0,	3124-0,	3125-0
Zinovy Vayman	3126-1,	3127-1,	3128-0,	3129-0
Toni Homan	3130-0,	3131-1,	3132-0	
Michele Root-Bernstein	3133-2,	3134-3,	3135-4,	3136-3
Carol Steele	3137-2,	3138-0,	3139-0,	3140-1
John J. Han	3141-1,	3142-0,	3143-2,	3144-1
Lois Heyman Scott	3145-0,	3146-2,	3147-0,	3148-1
Phillip Kennedy	3149-3,	3150-2,	3151-1	
Marcia Behar	3152-0,	3153-1,	3154-6,	3155-2

Attention All Voting Members:

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

May 2020 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers
(received 6 or more votes)

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|------|--|------|--|
| 3016 | moving van . . .
everything but the growth marks
on the closet door
~Elinor Pihl Huggett (11) | 3068 | washing our hands—
each soap bubble holds
all the colors
~Christine Horner (7) |
| 3035 | a hermit at heart—
I plant the seedlings
further apart
~Carolyn Fitz (11) | 3025 | mallards
glide silently past
memories
~Alexis George (6) |
| 3054 | camellia path
so many
already fallen
~Kath Abela Wilson (10) | 3027 | hummingbirds
in spite of the quarantine
still visit the feeder
~Christine Lamb Stern (6) |
| 3089 | sheltering in place
cherry trees bloom
in an empty park
~Dyana Basist (9) | 3053 | paper cutouts of fish
the child sticks onto papa's back
<i>poisson d'avril!</i>
~Michèle Boyle Turchi (6) |
| 2987 | skunk cabbage
downwind of an
election year
~Michael Henry Lee (8) | 3057 | empty nest
the mourning dove's call
never meant more
~Kath Abela Wilson (6) |
| 3024 | spring equinox
fog bedding down
with deer
~Alexis George (8) | 3066 | sheltering in place—
finches in the porch rafters
nest-building
~Christine Horner (6) |
| 3042 | where the hummingbird
was, the apple blossom
trembles
~Bob Redmond (8) | 3072 | nowhere to go
I embrace
my solitude
~Bona M. Santos (6) |
| 3001 | Evolution—
there is always
more to say
~Neal Whitman (7) | 3078 | drifting snow—
half of the sun dog
hidden by prairie
~Michael Dylan Welch (6) |
| 3014 | the grating whir
of the pencil sharpener . . .
tax time
~Elinor Pihl Huggett (7) | 3103 | green
ruffling from the bud—
her first word
~Mimi Ahern (6) |
| 3011 | hunting
for another job—
spring mud
~Ruth Holzer (7) | 3154 | three pine trees
hold up the moon
winter evening
~Marcia Behar (6) |

Dojins' Corner

Feb–Apr 2020

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Michael Henry Lee

How is everyone doing in this strange time? It's summer in the northern hemisphere and winter on the other side of the equator. We all hope that you and yours are doing well and are able to weather the uncertainty. We are happy to welcome our guest editor, Michael Henry Lee of Saint Augustine, Florida, where he's lived for the last 16-plus years. He is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, as well as Southeast Regional Coordinator of the Haiku Society of America, one of the founding members of the Coquina Haiku Circle, and a founding member of the Ancient City Poets of Saint Augustine.

Haiku chosen to comment on are from these:

MHL: 2998, 3001*, 3002, 3021, 3042*, 3045, 3054, 3057*, 3092, 3094*

E: 2987, 2993, 3045, 3058, 3074, 3082, 3086*, 3092, 3093, 3100, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3107*, 3112*, 3119, 3120, 3124, 3133, 3134*, 3154

pjm: 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 3000, 3010, 3026*, 3033*, 3034, 3034, 3036, 3042, 3043, 3046, 3047, 3056*, 3066, 3068, 3074, 3078, 3094, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3107, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137*, 3138, 3149, 3150, 3151

3001 Evolution—
there's always
more to say

MHL: There's so much going on in this poem that remains unsaid. A volatile subject for some, this poem begs to answer what position the writer is taking. Without being confrontational, cliché, or patronizing, it leaves the reader, any and all, the

space necessary to come to their own conclusions. The only hint the poet lends us is a capitalization of the subject, but that too may only open up a narrative of more lengthy speculation. This poem, in my opinion, demonstrates a consummate example of *ma* (space, the emptiness between things), in this case our beliefs and the beliefs of others.

E: I wonder about the seasonality of this haiku. Perhaps a touch of spring, when sprouting and budding and blooming begin? The author is observing how the words/ideas sprout, bud, and bloom. Simple and interesting, a very intellectual haiku, I think. Or in other words a brain haiku.

pjm: The comparison here I think is to something not said, that is, evolution vs. revolution, where talking is over. It's a thought-provoking chestnut. It might be interesting to pair this idea with a kigo. For example:

lengthening days
as with evolution there is
always more to say

or Emiko's suggestion:

opening bud—
with evolution there is
always more to say

3026 we shelter in place
disconnected
from spring

pjm: This speaks to the strange feeling we experienced this spring when we found ourselves sensing all the usual signals of spring—the warm air, the bright sunshine, the vibrant yellow-green of new tree leaves, and instead of feeling the energy of a resurging earth, we feel anxious and doubtful because of something we couldn't sense at all—the coronavirus. The dread is still palpable in many of us as we move through summer into fall.

MHL: My first reaction was: where would one be living that would keep them so isolated from spring, but on second look the poet is talking about, I believe, being separated directly from so many spring activities: socializing at picnics, blossom viewing, communal gardening, etc. I'm sure the more densely populated your sheltering place may be, the more disconnected you would become. The poem provides a concise, somber picture of how vast populations of folks are forced to endure COVID-19 in order to protect themselves and, more importantly, others.

E: What do we expect in order to experience "spring"? Warm breeze, sunshine, growing greenery, birds and cats in love, something that happens outdoors? What about something we eat in spring, fresh from the fields or the sea? Here are some Japanese spring kigo: lettuce, orange, watercress, spinach, garlic, Chinese chives, asparagus, herring, trout, sea urchin, and wasabi. If you eat some of these, then, you get a chance to write a spring haiku! Coming back to the haiku, it captures the silent spring we had just experienced, secluded in our houses. A spring melancholy haiku.

3033 rereading
The Narrow Road to Oku
 lingering day

pjm: Two things to treasure—a spring day and Bashō's poetic diary of his travels to Oku. Just as the joy of spring lingers so too does the satisfaction of reading as Bashō meets his old friends and traveling companions and revisiting the old temples and scenes he describes—scenes that he treasured and wondered about. What a book to linger over

E: Me, too. I have read quite a number of books during these three months of seclusion, mostly e-books because my favorite bookshop closed temporarily due to the coronavirus. Using "rereading" and "lingering" emphasizes how slowly the time ticks away. *The Narrow Road to Oku* is a small book, and yet it has survived through

centuries since it came out in 1702, increasing its readers year by year. Also, it is a travel book that takes us on a walk through the northern part of Japan, visiting places famed in classical Japanese poetry. What we miss most during the seclusion is to go out, to travel around, thus this title works well in the haiku.

MHL: A delightful unpretentious poem that encouraged me to dig out my copy and begin rereading it, on yet another lingering day in 2020. What better way to pass the time.

3042 where the hummingbird
 was, the apple blossom
 trembles

MHL: This poem elicits a perfect sense of *karumi* (lightness and the beauty of ordinary things). A very visual piece that allows me instant access to what just transpired. If I might suggest, the poem could be slightly restructured in order to give it a more traditional structure; something like: trembling / from the hummingbird's exit / first apple blossom.

E: A sketch. When we start a haiku with "where" or "when," it reminds me of a grammar drill that I had struggled with so much in my school days. Here it pinpoints the location. However, I cannot help but think that the phrase is explaining the place rather than showing it. Also, the usage of past tense, I think, dilutes the moment and it may give an impression of a report. What about if we had something like: a tremble / of the apple blossom / zooming hummingbird. Just a thought.

pjm: This haiku memorializes the moment after the hummingbird departs. The word "trembles" says everything about the poet's reverence and appreciation for that moment and the moment before. And while I agree with Michael and Emiko that the form is unusual, I do think it works as it is. I think ending on the word "trembles" is very evocative.

3056 deadheading azaleas
next year
will be better

pjm: A brave assertion that we can all hope for. I'm not an azalea grower, but the act of deadheading the bushes shows an attentiveness and a caring that has a prayerful quality to it. It's as if the poet is saying that through this act not only will the azaleas do better next year, so will the poet.

E: So full of emotion—"deadheading azaleas" is like planting seeds of hope. I never knew that azaleas needed "deadheading" until my grandfather passed away. He was a great gardener and picked all the past-their-prime flowers before they turned brown. Now I have three azaleas in our garden to look after.

MLH: Life just goes on, gardening continues, deadheading the azaleas would likely occur for an avid gardener regardless of other external circumstances. After this task is completed perhaps next year will lend itself to an all-round better experience and an even greater profusion of blooms.

3057 empty nest
the mourning dove's call
never meant more

MHL: With the first line, empty nest sets a very *sabi* (lonely or sad) tone, added to the mourning dove's melancholy call, that for whatever the circumstance never meant more. Makes for an extra dose of *sabi*. Children going away to school, off to the service, or possibly leaving under far more difficult circumstances are skillfully suggested in this little gem.

pjm: The mournful sound of a dove's call echoes the spirit of the day for the poet. Sometimes it seems like nature is in tune with our own inner feelings; there is comfort when bird and human can unite, even if it is in grief.

E: Whose nest is this? The author's? Or the birds'? I sense a story behind this haiku; the first morning after one loses one's partner, the usual dove's mourning call sounds different and more meaningful. A contrast of what was usual and what is new to the author. Or is this about a fledging season?

3086 April Fool's Day
comparing our signatures
granddaughter and I

E: This haiku captures my attention because my granddaughters are starting to scribble *hiragana* (Japanese alphabet) to send me postcards. My handwriting is messy, and theirs are more creative, but somehow, they look alike! One of the byproducts of the pandemic is to set our minds to write more letters to our beloveds. "April Fool's Day" was just in the middle of the pandemic in Japan.

MHL: The connection between April Fool's Day and a grandma and granddaughter comparing signatures is sort of baffling. The connection could mean that as grandma is getting older, her handwriting becomes more like her granddaughter's. Possibly there's a family joke or history that gives the poem more depth. Frankly it's a bit too vague of a juxtaposition to resonate with me.

pjm: A delightful scene. I, too, am puzzled though by the pairing with April Fool's Day.

3094 groundhog day
he sees the shadow
of his former self

MHL: Groundhog Day derives from a Pennsylvania Dutch traditional superstition that if a groundhog emerges from its burrow on Feb. 2 and sees its shadow due to clear weather, it will retreat back into its den resulting in six more weeks of winter. So, was this shadow of a former self larger

or smaller, fearful or fearless, reticent or forward? The appeal of the poem is the use of *yugen* (the mystery and depth) of the unspoken.

E: What actually is “his former self”? If you believe in reincarnation, perhaps a dove, a butterfly, or a human being? He could be a president, a doctor, a firefighter, or even a she. In any event, the winter will go on for a while still.

pjm: So, let’s see—if the groundhog sees his shadow on Feb. 2, there will be six more weeks of winter, or so the custom says. At the same time the poet sees in this shadow something that’s a reminder of a “former self.” This observation is a play on another expression: “he’s a shadow of his former self,” meaning the poet has become old and frail. But this haiku turns that expression on its head as the poet is apparently seeing a shadow that looks like a younger, more hale and hearty self. And so, there is a mourning here, I think, for that long-ago self, a reflective mourning that fits the mood of a winter that seems to have no end.

3107 spring deepens
 the weary cashier
 adjusts her face mask

E: I think this captures the current situation well. “Deepens” suggests that it has been going on for a while. “The weary cashier” gives a clear picture of how she feels, and “adjusts her face mask” reveals how she fights against the coronavirus to protect the lives of her customers and herself. My deepest bow to the people who work at supermarkets, pharmacies, and hospitals.

pjm: A poem fitting for the times. The tedious and risky task of checking people out of the grocery store is made more burdensome by the requirement to wear a mask.

MHL: A pathos-packed poem depicting a day in the life of COVID-19. Spring has turned to summer and a frontline worker has been worn down as have

most of us; she adjusts her face mask and bravely, or not, sojourns on.

3112 helmets
 and training wheels
 spring breeze

E: Do you remember when you rode a bicycle for the first time without the help of training wheels? The breeze pressed our forehead as we sped and how proud we were of ourselves! Here in this haiku, the moment is yet to come, but it will shortly. “Spring breeze” makes us visualize and feel the warm spring day when we are ready to stretch our bodies and mind to ride in the spring breeze. It says “helmets,” so perhaps there are more than two children laughing and riding? Lovely!

MHL: The consummate combination of *karumi* (lightness), the beauty of ordinary things, and *hosomi* (slenderness of mind and expression). The perfect contrast in this eight-syllable poem that describes without so much as a suggestion as to how the reader should think or feel. Delightful.

pjm: This haiku with little ones on their new bicycles feels so light and airy—just like a spring breeze.

3134 dogwood flowers
 the wind rifling through
 my book of days

E: The texture of dogwood petals and the fresh blank pages of “my book of days” resonate beautifully. The author is writing their book of days in the open air; as the poet pauses for a word to come, the wind begins to play with the pages. Due to the COVID-19, unfortunately, there isn’t much to record for the day so time is spent on reading what’s been written months ago. A “book of days” keeps one’s mind on the right track.

pjm: A “book of days” I imagine to have quotes from famous authors or proverbs or, perhaps, lines

from Shakespeare's sonnets. The feeling is one of nostalgia, which matches nicely with the lovely dogwood flowers.

MHL: Dogwoods for some reason seem to remind me of cherry blossoms flowering in the spring and quickly passing away. The term "my book of days" alludes to one's life and the wind as time itself thumping through its pages.

3137 white butterfly
flits by like my changing thoughts
life seems fleeting now

pjm: A haiku with rich interconnections. The movement of the butterfly is compared to the manner in which one's thoughts come and go. There's also the word "changing," which alludes to the butterfly's transformational life cycle. And finally, the brevity of the butterfly's life brings home the fragility of life itself—how easily it can slip away.

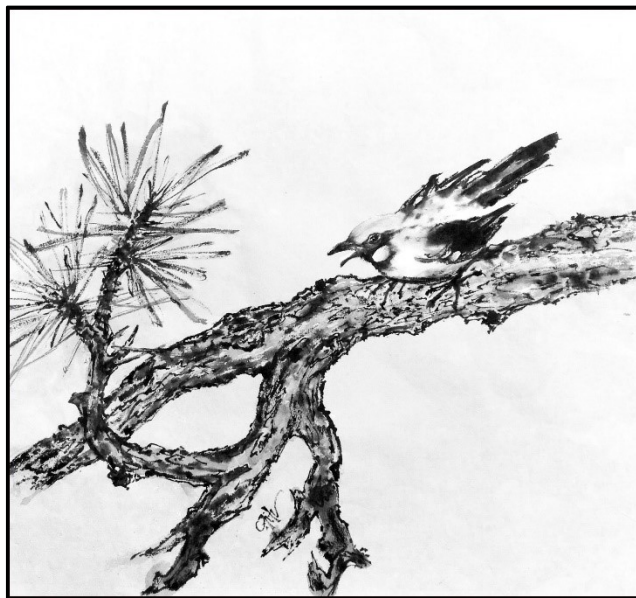
MHL: Mortality seems more and more on our minds with the onslaught of the coronavirus. It's no

secret that the majority of folks who are practitioners in our craft of haiku tend to be, shall we say, rather circumspect. This poem's first line of a white butterfly, which according to Chinese symbology, represents the soul of a departed loved one watching over and protecting you, leads the mind to consider how brief indeed this life can be.

E: Projecting one's thoughts on a white butterfly that flies by is an idea. Our thoughts never stay the same, they change constantly. I wonder where do those ideas, thoughts, and images come from and then go? René Descartes said, "I think, therefore I am." So, when our thoughts are unstable, perhaps our presence, too, becomes unstable. A heavy subject for a haiku?

* * *

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



"Pine Branch with Bird" by Carolyn Fitz.
Technique: Chinese "Lignan Style" painting.

Autumn Challenge Kigo: Harvested Fields

Edward Grossmith

The image of harvested fields often carries with it a feeling of deep satisfaction. The toil of earlier months has finally borne fruit, and the harvest is now safely stored away. Though a stubble field ensues it remains a mute reminder of the pumpkin joys it gave to children. All around the field, a second harvest glows from trees whose golden leaves have yet to fall. No wonder this heralds a pause for reflection and thanksgiving.

It's a time when we can rest from our routine chores and savor the many blessings we enjoy with family and friends. Fortunately, we have a natural tendency to filter out past negative happenings and fears for the future. We don't worry about ploughing the field or the black-and-white season that is to follow.

A stroll through harvested fields is often accompanied by the aroma of wood smoke from a local farm mingling with the rising scent from freshly dampened earth. Our footsteps tilt up edges of fallen leaves, and in backlit sunlight, we create a path of stained-glass windows. The haiku below remind us that during this autumn season, there's a golden harvest for us all to savor.

his motorcycle
miles and miles and miles and miles
of harvested fields

Deborah P Kolodji, *nesting dolls*, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members' Anthology, eds., Amy Ostenso-Kennedy & Phillip Kennedy (San Jose: YTHS, 2018), 77.

the harvested field
migrant worker lifts his eyes
toward the mountain

Priscilla Lignori, *nesting dolls*, 77.

harvested fields . . .
wind gusts ruffle my hair
and thoughts

Natalia Kuznetsova (Russia), "A Sense of Place: MEADOWFIELD—touch," *Troutswirl*, ed., Kathy Munro (The Haiku Foundation Blog: October 17, 2018), <https://tinyurl.com/meadowfield>

Please send one haiku using "harvested fields" to the *Geppo* editor. Be sure that your haiku evokes autumn with this kigo and that you avoid adding another kigo. It will be published in the next issue with your name, along with other members' verses.

Haiku in Lieu of Filoli Gardens Tour

Alison Woolpert

Appearing in the last issue were the winning haiku for the 2020 Filoli Gardens Haiku Contest. Then came the COVID-19 lockdown, and it was suggested that poets who would have appreciated the garden in person take a virtual tour and write haiku. Hopefully, next year YTHS members will be able to visit for a real ginko. Meanwhile, enjoy these lovely haiku.

sequestered
in the garden house
white tulips
~pjm

perfume of daphne
wafts through the mansion's garden—
crunch of pea stones
~Betty Arnold

Filoli Garden
Lady Clare camellia
greet the wedding guests
~Mimi Ahern

on the garden wall
shade of a shade—
Jane Eyre
~Neal Whitman

over the arbor
full bloom white wisteria
garden closed until . . .
~Carolyn Fitz



"Iris" by Carolyn Fitz.

Technique: loose Pilot Parallel Pen sketch / water brush.

YTHS Spring Reading: Haiku at Home — May 9, 2020

Alison Woolpert

Happily, our annual Spring Reading was not cancelled but took place as a Zoom session. A first for YTHS, 28 members attended the online event. A shout-out goes to those who made it all possible. President Mimi Ahern suggested the idea, and Roger Abe, who has tirelessly organized the event for 29 years, co-hosted it along with Patricia Machmiller. Our *Geppo* Associate Editor, Christine Stern (all the way from Wisconsin), served as Captain. She steered Bay Area members through the high surf at the outset when everyone was trying to log on, and then sailed us smoothly through a most lovely afternoon.

A thank-you also goes out to the selected poets, Michèle Boyle Turchi, Mark Levy, Toni Homan, and Joseph Robello, for their willingness to share with us when we could not physically gather in celebration. Their readings were delightful! Here is a haiku from each one that will tide you over until our 2020 anthology (coming in November), wherein you will enjoy more haiku and haibun from them.

night crickets
the sound of the earth
breathing
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

summer guest
the cat put on
her indifferent face
~Mark Levy

the hospice nurse
leans in with compassion
wisteria blooms this morning
~Toni Homan

summer's end
the sea folding
onto shore
~Joseph Robello

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

Alison Woolpert

Patricia J. Machmiller’s much-awaited final “In Search of the Dragonfly” workshop took place over three two-hour online Zoom sessions in late May and early June. Though virtual, what a joy it was to gather with our poet friends and *dojin*.

She asked us to begin the session by reflecting on how our inner critic functions. Session Four was to look ahead to further training of one’s critic to assist in the revision/editing process. We put to good use poet Chuck Brickley’s helpful list of revision considerations, which led to rich discussions as we shared our final haiku.

The three poets below generously agreed to share a haiku that had gone through the editing process.

Thomasjohn Wells Miller shared a COVID-19 lockdown observation.

Initial Haiku

welcoming springtime
with a mask and a bottle
of prison made Purell

Revised Haiku

welcoming springtime
with a mask and a bottle
prison-made Purell

Cynthia Holbrook’s lyrical haiku took a twist to turn “canopy” into a verb.

dirt road canopy
of brilliant yellow oak leaves
her forgotten path

dirt road canopied
with sunlit yellow oak leaves
a forgotten path

Kathy Goldbach offered a light touch with a humorous haiku.

Kool-Aid powder-dipped finger
stack of Archie comics
deep tree shade

Kool-Aid fingers
and a stack of Archie comics
deep tree shade

Patricia Machmiller ended the session with these reminders: Finalize a training plan for your critic. Encourage your critic to be more benevolent. Read haiku—read, read, read.

YTHS Zoom Presentation by Phillip R. Kennedy – “A Literary History of Four (or Three) Season Words”

J. Zimmerman

On Saturday June 13, 2020, 42 poets gathered in a YTHS online Zoom meeting for a special presentation by Phillip R. Kennedy on haiku season words associated with mountains and hills. Phillip’s extensive collection and reading of Japanese-language *saijiki* (almanacs of season words) provided many interesting examples.

Phillip reminded us of the requirements for the traditional Japanese haiku: its single season word, its break, and its 5-7-5 sound pattern. (Phillip mentioned that ten to 14 English syllables correspond most closely to the Japanese length.) He emphasized the merit of trusting your feelings to the season word, because it is the literary object that functions as the emotional heart of the haiku. Then he introduced a path in the development of season words by discussing a visual artist of eleventh-century China: that period’s preeminent landscape painter, Guō Xī, who wrote a painterly treatise to help painters evoke the emotion they wished to imbue in a scene. In particular Guō Xī described the appearance of mountains in the light of each season, treating them in winter as “slumbering,” in spring as “smiling,” in summer as “overflowing,” and in autumn as “wearing finery.”

In Japan, the big leap into using these mountain phrases as season words or *kigo* started about the time of Bashō (1644-1694), one of whose attributed haiku juxtaposed the image of a sleeping cat and a mountain in winter. Formalization of season words began when the earliest *saijiki* were created and published, particularly one in 1850 by the writer and poet Takizawa Bakin. He leveraged phrases from Guō Xī’s treatise to show the emotional resonance of mountains in different seasons. Furthermore, Bakin established a pattern for each *saijiki* entry that is still followed in most modern references: he listed each *kigo* (season word) and its synonyms plus other closely related *kigo*, then the definition of what the *kigo* denoted and what mood it evoked, and he closed with top-class haiku illustrating the *kigo*’s proper use.

Phillip gave modern examples of using *kigo* that related back to Guō Xī recommendations, such as this by Masaoka Shiki (translated by Phillip):

hometown
wherever I look
the hills are smiling

and my favorite, by Hatano Sōha (translated by Phillip), with contrasting images of the daily world and the dressed-up:

milking cows
morning and evening
mountains in their finery

Phillip concluded by highlighting his themes:

- “Season words are literary constructs; they can have very complex histories and are not separable from their cultural or literary associations.”
- “Season words are created by human beings.”
- “Not all authorities agree always on the status of every season word.”
- “Learning one’s way around season words is a form of acculturation. You are never lonely in the company of a *saijiki*.”

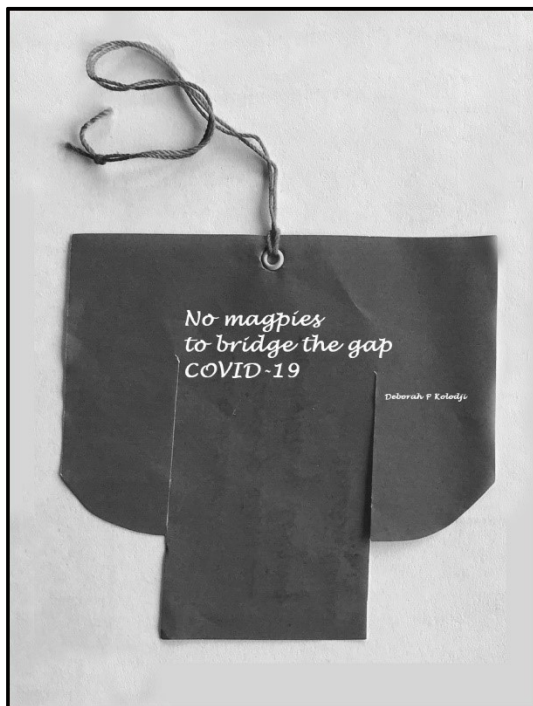
Phillip and *dojin* Patricia J. Machmiller collaborated in answering questions submitted by attendees at the session. Thank you, Phillip, for sharing this enlightening and enjoyable presentation.

YTHS June 7 and 8—Tanabata with Roger Abe and Patricia Machmiller on Zoom

J. Zimmerman (Day One) and Alison Woolpert (Day Two)

On the traditional seventh day of the seventh month, July 7th, YTHS held its annual Tanabata celebration as a Zoom meeting, hosted by Christine Stern. Twenty-four members came online to hear Roger Abe's illustrated and lively retelling of the story of Tanabata. The weaver girl (who made the robes of the gods) married the herdsman in charge of the oxen of heaven. They were so much in love that they both neglected their duties, so the king of the gods separated them. He allowed them to meet only once a year when the weaver girl could cross the River of Stars (the Milky Way) on a flying bridge that magpies made for her. Roger brought the story alive with his storybook cards and his voicing of the characters. Then he guided us in planning to look at the Milky Way in the night sky for the weaver girl, said to be the blue star Vega (in Lyra), the fifth brightest in the sky, and for the herdsman, said to be the yellow star Altair (in Aquila).

Patricia outlined the history of YTHS Tanabata celebrations, held in its early years at Mary Hill's home and then at the home of Anne and Don Homan. She showed the Tanabata collage she created for a 2015 exhibit in the San Jose Japanese-American Museum and some Tanabata haiku, written on *tanzaku* (paper strips) and on kimono-shaped cards. Season words recommended for our solo ginko to create our own Tanabata poems included: river of stars, Milky Way (Amanogawa), star festival, (celestial) weaver girl, (celestial) herdsman, magpie bridge, and Tanabata.



Tanabata haiku on kimono decoration.
By Deborah P Kolodji.

The next day participants convened on Zoom and shared their Tanabata poems. Below are three participants' haiku.

Amanogawa
Oh, dream maker
you heartbreaker
~Roger Abe

Tanabata night—
the wind swings your wishes
and mine
~Wakako M. Rollinger

silver river
as many years deep
as it's been wide
~Michael Henry Lee



“Mountain Landscape with Waterfall” by Carolyn Fitz.
Technique: simplicity sumi-e.

Prepare for the YTHS Haiga Workshop on Zoom Sept. 12, 2020

Carolyn Fitz and Patricia Machmiller will present a Zoom workshop from 11:00–1:00 Pacific on Saturday, September 12. They will review new haiga guidelines for the YTHS website, offer examples of revised haiga, and discuss the value of kigo. There will be opportunities for writing, sharing, and commenting on haiga. Carolyn will demonstrate how she uses the free Phonto app to add text to photography and photos of art.

Carolyn will also show examples of her creative haiga collaboration with Edward Grossmith. Over the years, Ed has produced ambitious haiga slideshows for our annual YTHS conferences that focus on the seasons. You can view them on YouTube by doing a search for “Haiga Ed.” Before this workshop, be sure to take a look at his 2020 haiga production.

Invitations to the Zoom workshop will be emailed to all YTHS members a few days before the event. See you there!

Spotlight on the Use of Kigo: Part 3—Autumn

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

When writing English-language haiku, questions may arise about the use of traditional season words and their placement in traditional Japanese *saijiki* (almanacs of season words). Do these kigo work successfully across geographical regions and climates? Higginson (2008) acknowledges the limitations of the traditional Japanese *saijiki* (e.g., regional differences in latitudes and climates as in the tropics, Northern Hemisphere/Southern Hemisphere). He asserts that the seasonal system of the traditional Japanese *saijiki* “offers a modest way to group similar experiences together, allowing them to enhance one another, and helping poets and readers identify with one another’s experiences across time and space” (107). He also encourages poets to assemble regional *saijiki* appropriate to their environment, an example being YTHS’s publication *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki*. Additionally, poets need not agree with the seasonal placement of each kigo or use such kigo. Higginson (2008) argues that the placement of most season words seems “obvious” (e.g., “colored leaves” in autumn, “mosquito” in summer) and that those kigo that seem misplaced can generally be understood if one looks at the tradition and intention of their use (e.g., “frog,” a spring kigo because that is when their singing begins; “moon,” without an adjective is an autumn kigo, meaning the full moon because then the “essential nature of the moon is best displayed.”) (108). Numerous words and phrases referring to the moon are also autumn kigo (e.g., crescent moon, gibbous moon, no moon, moonlight). Kigo do not only refer to a season but also carry literary and cultural associations.

This quote from Higginson (2009) has helped me to understand the placement of season words: “a season word does not merely name an object, for a Japanese reader of haiku. Rather, the reader envisions that object at its fullest glory, and the vision itself is sufficient to trigger an aesthetic experience” (93).

Phillip R. Kennedy’s YTHS Zoom presentation in June 2020 “A Literary History of Four (or Three) Season Words” goes into more depth about kigo. I encourage you to read the summary of his talk on page 23 of this issue of *Geppo*.

When Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi established the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in San Jose in 1975, the first lesson they taught was about kigo. In a speech that Kiyoko gave at the 1993 YTHS Retreat at Asilomar, she describes kigo as “the window of a haiku The kigo gives you an inside look at the haiku’s world and its life.” (“Kigo and Form” under the Kigo section of the YTHS website.)

Example autumn 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: autumn equinox, chilly night, first rain (SF Bay Area kigo), long night, scent of autumn

Sky and Elements: dew, mackerel sky, Milky Way, moon (understood to be the full moon)

Landscape: autumn mountains, leaves turning, stubble fields, vineyard

Human Affairs: mushroom gathering, raking leaves, Halloween, Yom Kippur

Animals: dragonfly, grasshopper, monarch butterfly, migrating geese, snipe

Plants: apple, buckwheat, chrysanthemum, lichen, pomegranate, pumpkin

Resources:

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.

Higginson, William J. and Penny Harter. *The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Teach, and Appreciate Haiku (25th ed)*. Tokyo: Kodansha International, 2009.

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



“Woodland Squirrel” by Carolyn Fitz. Technique: Loose, outdoor demo using a found twig dipped in sumi-e ink / water wash / sprinkled in salt.

Book Recommendations—Part 1

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Thank you to everyone who sent in a book recommendation. While the call was for recommendations for novice haiku poets, you'll find these books provide much for all haiku poets. A total of eight books were recommended. Here are four of them. In the next issue the other four recommendations will be presented.

- *Blush of Winter Moon* by Patricia Machmiller (San Jose, CA: Jacaranda Press, 2001).
Recommended by Mimi Ahern

Mimi provides two main reasons for recommending this book. She writes, "First, it is aesthetically pleasing: the cover, the sumi-e, the calligraphy and translations into Japanese by Kiyoko Tokutomi, and the breathing room of space on every page for each haiku. Second, as a teacher working with beginning readers and writers, I was trained to *begin with the known*. Almost everyone, when asked about haiku knows one thing: 5-7-5. And so I say, begin with this foothold and then let writers discover that many of today's haiku have less than 17 syllables. The other adage we used was: *to write poetry—read poetry*. This beautiful first book of Patricia's contains haiku which are mostly 5-7-5 and which contain a kigo (foundational to the tenets of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society)."

- *The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Teach, and Appreciate Haiku* by William J. Higginson and Penny Harter (Tokyo: Kodansha International, 25th Anniversary Edition, 2009).
Recommended by Michael Dylan Welch

Michael writes, "Even after 35 years, it remains the single most reliable, comprehensive, and informed introduction to haiku in Japanese and how to write it well in English, including examples from many poets worldwide that have not lost their freshness and relevance. I especially appreciate Bill's opening paragraph, which reminds us that the purpose of haiku is to share them."

- *Haiku Mind: 108 Poems to Cultivate Awareness & Open Your Heart*, by Patricia Donegan (Boston: Shambhala Publications, 2008).
Recommended by Roger Abe, Dyana Basist, Bob Redmond, and Michèle Boyle Turchi

All four recommenders praise the diverse choice of exemplary haiku and poets, as well as Donegan's commentary on each haiku and notes on each author. Dyana comments on the author's "inviting and intriguing layout," whereas Bob describes Donegan's commentary as "incisive and meditative." Both Dyana and Michèle refer to Donegan's reasons for writing the book: "to share the idea of 'haiku mind'—a simple yet profound way of seeing our everyday world and living our lives with the awareness of the moment expressed in haiku—and to therefore hopefully inspire others to live with more clarity, compassion, and peace" (XI). With

such a goal, it's not surprising that Bob notes that "the book invites repeat readings" and that Dyana says she "goes back to *Haiku Mind* for inspiration."

- Haiku Society of America annual Members' Anthology. All members of HSA receive a free copy. Past issues may be purchased at www.hsa-haiku.org.
Recommended by Neal Whitman

Neal suggests that individuals read the current edition and "look for patterns in those haiku that most 'worked' for you." In this way, you can use inductive reasoning to "work out the rules for yourself, rather than the deductive approach offered by a book that presents rules and then offers examples."

Interested in Being a Featured Artist in *Geppo*?

The May 2020 issue of *Geppo* highlighted our first "featured artist," Joan Iversen Goswell, and this August issue features Carolyn Fitz. 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.

- Submit four to six pieces of your artwork.
- All types of artwork, including photos, will be considered.
- Please submit each piece of artwork in a separate attachment as a high-quality JPEG or PNG file, and provide a caption for each piece.
- Consider work that has good contrast and can be black and white.
- 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.

The next deadline is October 15, 2020.

2020 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Retreat
45th Anniversary Celebration
on Zoom
November 6–9 (Friday–Monday)

Due to coronavirus precautions, for the first time since 1984 we will not be holding our annual retreat at Asilomar. The good news is that it will be held on Zoom. Fortunately for us, Emiko Miyashita will be our featured speaker from Tokyo, and we will be holding four days of activities. There will be presentations, workshops, a kukai, and many opportunities to share haiku.

If you are interested in participating in the retreat please fill out the registration form below and send it by **September 1**, along with a \$100 check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society.

Or by PayPal, send \$103 to: yukiteikei@msn.com.
In “add a note” type: Haiku Retreat 2020 and your name.

You may email your registration information to Roger Abe.
Please indicate that you paid your fee online using PayPal.

Haiku Retreat Registration

Name:

Address:

Email address:

Phone number:

We will share an email roster after the retreat. Please let us know if you don’t want to be on it.

For more information, you can contact Roger.

We are limited to 100 participants, so be sure to register early to secure your place.

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 payable 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 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

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 which uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to **ten votes for haiku** in the current issue you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive one vote; submit the number of the haiku as your vote. The poems with the highest number of votes are reprinted with the authors' names in the next issue. Do not vote for yourself. Do not vote more than once for any poem.
- *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–Early 2021

Thank you and welcome to everyone who has enthusiastically embraced our socially distanced events by joining YTHS online via Zoom. Due to COVID-19 precautions, we have missed meeting in person, but the upside is that members far and wide have logged on, including those from Washington, Wisconsin, and Florida. We hope to see even more geographically restricted members in the future. Contact YTHS Zoom Manager, Christine Stern, if you need technical assistance with Zoom. We want everyone to be able to participate.

Aug. 30 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	YTHS All-Member Annual Meeting on Zoom. Please join the Zoom session at 10:45 so the meeting can begin at 11:00. A Zoom invitation will be emailed to all members several days ahead of the meeting.
Sept. 1	Deadline for registration and payment for YTHS Haiku Retreat on Zoom. Limited to 100 participants. For information contact Roger Abe. Deadline for ordering extra copies of the 2019 YTHS Members' Anthology. Contact Linda Papanicolaou.
Sept. 12 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Haiga Gathering on Zoom with Patricia Machmiller and Carolyn Fitz. (See <i>Geppo</i> announcement for more information.) Invitations will be emailed several days ahead of the meeting.
Oct. 3 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Afternoon "Moon Viewing" Meeting on Zoom, presented by Linda Papanicolaou. The full moon will be on October 1. Please write haiku before the meeting to share on Zoom. Invitations will be emailed several days ahead of the meeting.
Oct. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
Nov. 6–9	Annual YTHS Haiku Retreat. This year on Zoom. Schedule and information will be shared with those who have registered. (Deadline for registration is Sept. 1.)
Dec. 12 5:00–9:00	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert to be determined.
January 1	Deadline for annual payment of YTHS dues.
January 15	Deadline <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com