

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 3555 | Blue fish swim
on the wall—your spear
glistens in the light | 3563 | wolf moon
an empty ink bottle
and shredded white trash |
| 3556 | A snow leopard glides
through tunnels of wind
on a moonlit night | 3564 | drilling away
our small talk
winter mosquito |
| 3557 | New Year's Eve is cold
Silver bells ring in the wind
snow-light fills your eyes | 3565 | tiny bruises
from my bumbles
winter violets |
| 3558 | A grasshopper leaps
over blades of sticky grass
unexpected frost | 3566 | wind rocks
an empty wren house
start of winter |
| 3559 | winter solstice
the way light swirls with
wine in the glass | 3567 | good friends
until they both ran for office . . .
San Andreas Fault |
| 3560 | wind driven rain
arpeggios twirl across
every puddle | 3568 | Amish farm . . .
one of the turkeys
shunned by the flock |
| 3561 | Christmas Eve service
set in the context of
a red satin dress | 3569 | curling up in her bed
counterclockwise . . .
Australian sheep dog |
| 3562 | tai chi
opening the gate
to the rec center | 3570 | pandemic . . .
even the raccoons wear masks
and wash their hands |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 3571 | before the long night
wings spread to the sun—
winter butterfly | 3582 | short day
the food bank line
longer this year |
| 3572 | cold rain—
in the humane trap
a skunk | 3583 | history recalled
from the rings of the fallen
fireplace memories |
| 3573 | late November—
the candidates' signs
still out there | 3584 | paw prints meander
over newly fallen snow
winter impressions |
| 3574 | winter galaxy—
a single light burning
on the farmhouse porch | 3585 | ice storm—
branches bowing
over an empty road |
| 3575 | yellow butterfly
the ugly turn pretty
and vice versa | 3586 | visa approved—
the sky today
so clear |
| 3576 | poinsettias
the homeless woman's
slightly too red rouge | 3587 | country road—
a line of cars
behind the harvester |
| 3577 | letting the yin
overshadow the yang
wolf moon | 3588 | my spring calendar
starts to fill back up—
Zoom meetings |
| 3578 | Day of the Dead
showing off mom's picture
before her stroke | 3589 | on grandfather's barn
north wind turns the weathervane
vintage iron creaks |
| 3579 | he taught his grandson
how to blow bubbles—
burst of joy | 3590 | toddler discovers
potted plants on windowsills
my winter garden |
| 3580 | bowline knots
can untie at the wrong time—
winter sea | 3591 | photograph album
of forgotten memories
waning winter moon |
| 3581 | snowflake pendant
crafted in 14 karat
white gold | 3592 | cultured pearl necklace
granddaughter's inheritance
winter narcissus |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 3593 | life's rest awaits me
home lies faded pathway's end
the owl's glacier nest | 3604 | last day of the year
in a deep dark wood
the trilling of frogs |
| 3594 | sparrow on a branch
listens for fresh songs of love
silent cold abides | 3605 | the creaking
of shrinking ice
old pond |
| 3595 | winter winds drop seed
Mother Earth takes child to womb
Nature's warmth gives care | 3606 | cold night rain
downtown streets
wear neon robes |
| 3596 | woodland branches bare
winter's cold brings knocks and creaks
while chilled bones make song | 3607 | departed friends
winter guests
of solitude |
| 3597 | a child's mitten
covered with snowflakes
pinned to a gate post | 3608 | three winter crows
on the snowfield
! ! ! |
| 3598 | winter snowstorm
on this woodland road
the crunch of footsteps | 3609 | tea ceremony
learning to embrace
the bitter |
| 3599 | severe storm warning
a moment's silence before
the first raindrops | 3610 | three-quarter moon
falling short
of promise |
| 3600 | winter nearing
children beneath the oak
collecting conkers | 3611 | December dusk
my mother tells all
the stories I don't know |
| 3601 | first flute
the catch in his breath
raspier | 3612 | driving in the car
I wear my mask
to get ready to comply |
| 3602 | so little done
and three months of summer gone . . .
ah, this hammock | 3613 | no fight over the heater
when snugglin'
under the blankee |
| 3603 | something big
rustles the huckleberries—
a grizzled ghost | 3614 | look at the blind spots
to change lanes—
left to right to left |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 3615 | Halloween ghosts
running in the dark . . .
candy on the driveway | 3626 | watching for whales
everything
in its own time |
| 3616 | winter sun
my inner cat becomes
a fuzzy ball | 3627 | winter sea
each wave trails
wisps of spray |
| 3617 | long overdue
at last the rain Gods
say yes | 3628 | slant of winter sunshine
symphony of spiderwebs
play a morning melody |
| 3618 | frayed bookmark
I open to the
next chapter | 3629 | sunlight of winter—
a fat squirrel steals
from the bird feeder |
| 3619 | rice paper and pen
the white page
becomes a poem | 3630 | sun in and out of clouds
rays of hope
on a winter day |
| 3620 | silent retreat
ocean waves ripple
in my mind | 3631 | clear midwinter day—
a jet stream
cuts the sky in two |
| 3621 | fallen maple leaves
morning light tangled
in the bramble | 3632 | hawks soar
before the winter storm
clockwise and counterclockwise |
| 3622 | Star of Bethlehem
the timelessness
of the universe | 3633 | ginger tea
in a celadon teapot—
cold rain |
| 3623 | off the scale
a cold moon leads me
to the leftovers | 3634 | awakened by
the usual aches and pains
dawn chorus |
| 3624 | winter garden—
the monarch
makes its rounds | 3635 | the winter
constellations . . .
bedtime reading |
| 3625 | looking up . . .
my nightly assignation
with Orion | 3636 | snug
in a cashmere
shawl |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 3637 | trailing his sisters
into deeper puddles
first rain boots | 3648 | still no sound
from the merry-go-round
old year turns to new |
| 3638 | in the dream
everyone standing too close
New Year sadness | 3649 | Groundhog Day
the wine bar propane heaters'
hissings hissings |
| 3639 | owls caroling
deep into dawn
Christmas | 3650 | spring melancholy
our walking pace too leisurely
on the shortest path |
| 3640 | stroking his back
their breath lengthens
winter galaxy | 3651 | seed planting
as far as the eye can see
corporate furrows |
| 3641 | salt lick
the blue concave
of sky | 3652 | winter bonfire
dismantling
newsprint thoughts |
| 3642 | first flute
woodpecker holes stuffed
with acorns | 3653 | paper-thin flames
a whispered
lullaby |
| 3643 | the eye-shine
of a great horned owl . . .
long night moon | 3654 | snowball of light
thrown against the window
full frost moon |
| 3644 | candy floss
hair ice transforms
a rotten branch | 3655 | lone mountain road
nothing but crows
gas light on |
| 3645 | october sunset
the colors of the rainbow
all turning toward pink | 3656 | fallen leaves
neatly displayed on a bench—
a fairy town |
| 3646 | the distant lighting
makes the mountain visible
twice in an instant | 3657 | black runway
appears after a snowplow
gone through |
| 3647 | stepping through the door
red leaves, bonfire somewhere—
first october night | 3658 | a bow
to the hospital lights—
close of the year |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 3659 | withered lotus
in the pond—blue mountains
in the distance | 3670 | tongues of snow
poke down the banked slope
late road opening |
| 3660 | city park winter
a homeless man shifts his seat
into the sunshine | 3671 | lifted from
cross-stitched make-believe
this year's winter tale |
| 3661 | white on white
in the garden this morning
winter narcissus | 3672 | storm power outage
the candle flames dance
shadows into dreams |
| 3662 | the season's first snow
on the lawn an impression
of a child's angel | 3673 | president incites
Capitol Hill horror—
the muddy snow melt |
| 3663 | still in the forest—
only the soft soughing sounds
of his webbed snowshoes | 3674 | on the doorstep
a box of chopped firewood
not a clue who |
| 3664 | not a word
passes between us
thin ice | 3675 | snow-laden bamboo
bends heavily yet springs back—
we too next four years |
| 3665 | basketball drill
his dropped pill takes
a wild bounce | 3676 | bursting pomegranate
something
needs to be said |
| 3666 | winter dream
I tiptoe
around the edges | 3677 | every path
lit with fireflies
our last dusk in Japan |
| 3667 | his signature
now a scrawl
late winter | 3678 | day after the riots
a hummingbird
at the feeder |
| 3668 | once upon a time
left hands holding right hands
mittens forgotten | 3679 | first week new year
already the need
to polish our prism |
| 3669 | confused about
daily chores
these short days | 3680 | pond stillness
the pure gold
of surface dust |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 3681 | vitamin D-3
pushes the virus away—
see you in April | 3692 | all this chaos
still
the moon |
| 3682 | old snowdrift . . .
it still survives in the shadow
of the old skyscraper | 3693 | one solid kigo
seventeen strong syllables
pull of the full moon |
| 3683 | dissolution
of the social contract—
the heaps of snowmelt | 3694 | the moon
waxing or waning
election results |
| 3684 | scattering leaves
a mouse scratches
in the attic | 3695 | no light
of its own
the moon |
| 3685 | glossy eggplant
masked by dusty leaves
autumn smoke | 3696 | winter solstice
she can finally stop
counting the days |
| 3686 | winter clarity
seeing through trees
to the other side | 3697 | whack of Mom's spoon
on the edge of the pan
persimmon jam |
| 3687 | afternoon break
spatter of raindrops
on piled leaves | 3698 | Christmas Eve
a sugar cookie moon
lights the way |
| 3688 | winter hail
plummets the skylight—
all that jazz | 3699 | popping the balloon
with a prick of her needle
2020 ends |
| 3689 | brambles clearing . . .
my commune with
feral animals | 3700 | rolling up the landscape
snowman performance art |
| 3690 | her piping skills
brand our taste buds—
duchess-style yams | 3701 | bears in outer space—
spotting a mother and cubs
in Yosemite |
| 3691 | lemon curd dollops
in puff pastry cradles—
mother lode | 3702 | museum showcase
kids learning about bears'
open-mouthed protest |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 3703 | winter violets
purple hearts
on the soldier's casket | 3714 | a hike to the beach
clutching clam rake and bucket
red tide warning sign |
| 3704 | first snow
melted peppermint
on her tongue | 3715 | raven's advantage
dove feathers drift to mown field
my child heart sobs |
| 3705 | bulb planting
deferred this year
frozen ground | 3716 | thanksgiving flowers
colors glow on table
no guests to view them |
| 3706 | tangerine bursts
in Diego Rivera
a child pirouettes | 3717 | quantities of crows
constituting a murder
on evening branches |
| 3707 | mallards feed
on Canoas Creek
no reservations | 3718 | a winter drizzle
three coyotes howling
then watching sun set |
| 3708 | leafing through
500 essential things—
hot buttered popcorn | 3719 | frigid solstice day
prediction of more sunshine
in next to no time |
| 3709 | California newt—
the cattle pond fenced
to save the mud | 3720 | first winter rain
each remaining leaf shimmers
orchard of crystals |
| 3710 | outdoor dining—
with a towel the waiter flicks
crumbs to cold sparrows | 3721 | moth holes in her gift
foretell the friendship withdrawn
winter butterfly |
| 3711 | each snowflake
unlike any other—
eight granddaughters | 3722 | quiet winter drizzle
on each leafless branch
a lively fly-in |
| 3712 | first bulbs green tongue tips
whisper next season's secrets
chilly garden walk | 3723 | glass patio table
in the pink light of dawn
a mini ice rink |
| 3713 | spotted yellow leaves
turning cartwheels in the wind
empty campground | 3724 | winter warmth
side by side an old couple
by the passing stream |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 3725 | last year's diary
a river birch sheds
its old bark | 3736 | Snowstorm approaches
Ancient Pueblo shards lay still
Coyote runs past |
| 3726 | winter isolation
all my thoughts outside
the window | 3737 | Deep carved arroyos
The story of prior rain
On the rim, bare tree |
| 3727 | New Year's Greetings
the card returned
unclaimed | 3738 | In the closet skis
Outside deep white beckons
Content by a fire |
| 3728 | <i>who's in?</i>
hands chapped with cold
bus stop rochambeau | 3739 | Dark sky, winter blue
The red mesa looks purple
I put down my brush |
| 3729 | the top ten
top ten lists—
winter months | 3740 | pyracantha berries
skittish cedar waxwings
eat and run |
| 3730 | frost filaments dissolve
the voice over
wood stove crackle | 3741 | her stuffed bear
watches from the window
garden wedding |
| 3731 | winter awakens
night eyes ask
<i>what are you?</i> | 3742 | robin's song
the first morning
without him |
| 3732 | winter storm—
sea hare peeks out
the aftermath | 3743 | a cat's tongue
across the tip of my nose
winter morning |
| 3733 | persimmon leaves—
the hand picked the fruits
is no longer here | 3744 | short day
a scruffy crow
caws and caws and caws |
| 3734 | spring buds—
heartbeats began
for Inauguration Day | 3745 | winter solstice
a string of colored lights
around the cactus |
| 3735 | Christmas rose—
pruning the dead flowers
in stillness | 3746 | Brief autumn downpour
hiking by the reservoir—
whiff of petrichor. |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 3747 | Christmas morning sky—
like the rest of this year, it's
apocalyptic. | 3759 | trapped in the trap
a feral cat
snaps |
| 3748 | Positive is a
negative, while negative
is a positive. | 3760 | early foggy morning
a raccoon bypassed
the cat food |
| 3749 | Trump attempts a coup—
a dark Day of Infamy
on Epiphany. | 3761 | used book
inside, a pressed carnation
an untold story |
| 3750 | taking a sip of
tea with a pen in her mouth
winter quarantine | 3762 | near year-end
the "to-do" list grows
coffee break |
| 3751 | bright winter sunrise
thrice a walk around the block
pretend commuter | 3763 | sunset
behind the lone pine
December calendar |
| 3752 | shivers over head
fake news on car radio
winter butterfly | 3764 | new year
that moment
the sun rises |
| 3753 | oh where have you been
drum circles under his eyes
king tide at midnight | 3765 | echoing
my loneliness
cold moon |
| 3754 | freezing
I get under Grandma's quilt
winter butterfly | 3766 | sleigh ride
what it might be like
if it snowed |
| 3755 | I see winter's butterfly
seek the sun
resurrection | 3767 | Christmas poinsettia
saying
"goodbye" |
| 3756 | winter butterfly
rests
while I shiver | 3768 | five o'clock
feet up
and wine |
| 3757 | I race
to catch the sun's rays
winter butterfly | 3769 | tv programs
the same
once more the same |
| 3758 | winter sound
flying to a new
stone home | 3770 | January sun
warming us
ever so slightly |

Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

A native Californian, Christine Lamb Stern now lives in Bayfield, Wisconsin, on the south shore of Lake Superior. In pre-pandemic times, Chris and her husband travelled a lot and are counting the days until everyone is vaccinated, and they will be good to go again. With their dog, Stone, they sailed through the Great Lakes during seven summers and made it to Newfoundland. See their story at www.jealousmistress.net.

YTHS members know Chris as our Zoom manager and associate editor of *Geppo*. She makes sure dashes are long ones and commas are in the right places. She longs for a sweatshirt adorned with the words "*Chicago Manual of Style*." Chris is a retired advertising copywriter who, along with her husband, is very involved in literacy and dyslexia advocacy. They are founding members of the Higher Education Literacy Partnership of MN (HELP) and sponsors of the Chair in Reading Success at the University of Minnesota.

Chris has loved haiku since she became enamored with many things Japanese, including origami, sushi, *furoshiki* (cloth gift-wrapping), *washi* (paper), and swapping outdoor shoes for house slippers. She is also a fabric-collage maker and is fascinated by insects.

Chris is never without a camera on her walks or travels, shooting photos exclusively on her iPhone. She has taken courses from the iPhone Photo Academy online and is a frequent user and perpetual student of Photoshop. Her sailing website features many photos, as well as blogs about life on the water.

Welcome to New YTHS Members for 2021

William John Burlingame, Springboro, PA; Cherry Campbell, Las Mesa, CA; Robert Epstein, El Cerrito, CA; Julie Holding, Palo Alto, CA; Kelsey Lang, Austin, TX; Dorothy Avery Matthews, Poulsbo, WA; Dorothy S. Messerschmitt, Walnut Creek, CA; Ann Marie Rizzuto, Swanzey, NH; Wendy Rule, Richmond, CA; Kathleen Tice, Kent, WA; Debbie Strange, Winnipeg, Canada; Scott S. Turner, Silver Spring, MD; and Meg Billings Yamamoto, Federal Way, WA.



"Malachite Butterfly," *Siproeta stelenes*, Costa Rica.
Photo by Christine Stern.

Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter Butterfly, Winter's Butterfly

winter butterfly
a bookmark settles
in the field guide
~Michael Henry Lee

a surprise guest
for outside dining
winter butterfly
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

cool garage . . .
a winter butterfly
in a cardboard box
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

winter butterfly
leaves its shadow
under a white moon
~Jane Stuart

winter butterfly—
we meet today
for the last time
~Ruth Holzer

winter butterfly
spreading out my wings
tremblingly
~Jackie Chou

winter butterfly—
our small-town boulevard
freshly salted
~Michael Dylan Welch

winter butterflies
color scatter omens read
flyways' wonder swells
~William J. Burlingame

alighting
on the evergreen
winter butterfly
~Patricia Prime

the brief soft touch
of a snowflake
winter butterfly
~Ed Grossmith

no one knows
what the old key opens—
winter butterfly
~Linda Papanicolaou

winter butterfly—
no flitting about now
sheltering in place
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

warmed by the sun
us winter butterflies
charge up to migrate south
~Janis Albright Lukstein

winter butterfly
memories of warmer days
flutter through my mind
~Michael Sheffield

winter monarch roost
amidst the eucalyptus
wingtip to wingtip
~Bona M. Santos

winter butterfly
winks
through withered pines
~Mark Levy

Sheltering In Place—
a winter butterfly
flutters by
~Helen Ogden

at the park . . .
on this cold day
chasing a winter butterfly
~Kathleen Tice

winter butterfly a young girl skips up the hill
~Dyana Basist

is this the place
where you were born
winter butterfly?
~Hiroyuki Murakami

winter butterfly—
a homeless woman's thin wrap
held with outstretched arms
~Dana Grover

hoping to fall
onto an elephant's back
winter butterfly
~Clysta Seney

winter butterfly—
grateful to be
back home
~Carolyn Fitz

winter butterfly
we plan our wedding
anyway
~Kath Abela Wilson

pandemic flight
the winter butterfly
still unawares
~Zinovy Vayman

winter butterfly
a rediscovered letter
from a first love
~Kathy Goldbach

Covid restraints
the desire to break free . . .
winter butterfly
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

virus vaccine
gives rise to hope
winter's butterfly
~Christine Lamb Stern

sudden sun
on the unbroken snow
winter butterfly
~Lorraine Padden

folded wings
of a winter butterfly—
cypress bark
~Marilyn Gehant

Winter butterfly
sheltered in the leaf litter
no raking today
~Dorothy Matthews

winter butterfly
her open wings quiescent
social distancing
~Lois Heyman Scott

his absence, a hole
in the fabric of her life
winter butterfly
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

she practices
her Chinese dance
winter butterfly
~Gregory Longenecker

earthquake tremor
awakening
winter butterfly
~Stephanie Baker

no quarantine required—winter butterfly
~Wakako Miya Rollinger

Winter butterfly
November's chrysalis bursts
In our capitol
~Lauren Banner

a long sinuous
line for the vaccine
winter butterfly
~Bruce H. Feingold

Flitting about, not
finding many nectar plants—
winter butterfly.
~David Sherertz

unexpected flames
devour eucalyptus tree
winter butterflies
~Thomasjohn Wells Miller

winter butterfly
wherever you may be
be social
~Patricia Wakimoto

winter's butterfly
I draw many
in my sketchbook
~Sharon Lynne Yee

lucky winter butterfly
sucking nectar
in the rose garden
~Majo Leavick

light ripples
through the eucalyptus
wintering monarchs
~Deborah P Kolodji

winter butterfly
the geraniums
in welcome
~Barbara Campitelli



"Verreaux's Eagle-Owl," *Bubo lacteus*, Tanzania.
Photo by Christine Stern.

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

Neal Whitman	3341-2,	3342-5,	3343-1,	3344-0
Michael Henry Lee	3345-7,	3346-9,	3347-1,	3348-3
Deborah P Kolodji	3349-3,	3350-6,	3351-2,	3352-1
Michael Sheffield	3353-3,	3354-5,	3355-4,	3356-3
Jackie Chou	3357-1,	3358-1,	3359-6,	3360-1
Ruth Holzer	3361-1,	3362-2,	3363-5,	3364-0
Clysta Seney	3365-1,	3366-0,	3367-10,	3368-2
Ed Grossmith	3369-0,	3370-1,	3371-9,	3372-1
Marilyn Ashbaugh	3373-0,	3374-8,	3375-2,	3376-2
Marilyn Gehant	3377-2,	3378-2,	3379-2,	3380-5
Jean Mahoney	3381-3			
Alison Woolpert	3382-2,	3383-1,	3384-3,	3385-2
Lorraine A. Padden	3386-0,	3387-2,	3388-3,	3389-2
Mark Levy	3390-1,	3391-2,	3392-2,	3393-0
Bona M. Santos	3394-2,	3395-5,	3396-4,	3397-7
Judith Morrison Schallberger	3398-0,	3399-2,	3400-1,	3401-3
Patricia Prime	3402-1,	3403-1,	3404-1,	3405-6
Hiroyuki Murakami	3406-2,	3407-3,	3408-3,	3409-2
Helen Ogden	3410-4,	3411-1,	3412-4,	3413-1
Dyana Basist	3414-4,	3415-2,	3416-2,	3417-1
Michael Dylan Welch	3418-0,	3419-1,	3420-1,	3421-2
Joyce Baker	3422-0,	3423-0,	3424-1	
Beverly Acuff Momoi	3425-4,	3426-1,	3427-3,	3428-1
Alexis George	3429-8,	3430-1,	3431-0,	3432-1
Toni Homan	3433-1,	3434-2,	3435-0	
Carolyn Fitz	3436-12,	3437-3,	3438-0,	3439-1
Bob Redmond	3440-2,	3441-4,	3442-0,	3443-0
J. Zimmerman	3444-3,	3445-5,	3446-0,	3447-2
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	3448-8,	3449-1,	3450-2,	3451-0
Mimi Ahern	3452-0,	3453-4,	3454-3,	3455-9
Elaine Whitman	3456-1,	3457-0,	3458-2,	3459-2
Dana Grover	3460-3,	3461-3,	3462-1,	3463-3
Linda Burman-Hall	3464-0,	3465-3,	3466-3	
Christine Lamb Stern	3467-1,	3468-3,	3469-0,	3470-4
Roger Abe	3471-3,	3472-2,	3473-1	
Kath Abela Wilson	3474-1,	3475-3,	3476-0,	3477-0
Christine Horner	3478-3,	3479-4,	3480-2,	3481-4
Zinovy Vayman	3482-2,	3483-1,	3484-1,	3485-0
Barbara Moore	3486-3,	3487-5,	3488-2,	3489-2
Gregory Longenecker	3490-3,	3491-5,	3492-4,	3493-0
Sharon Lynne Yee	3494-0,	3495-0,	3496-0,	3497-3
Michèle Boyle Turchi	3498-1,	3499-0,	3500-0	
Pushpa MacFarlane	3501-0,	3502-0,	3503-0,	3504-0
Cynthia Holbrook	3505-2,	3506-0,	3507-1	
Wakako Miya Rollinger	3508-1,	3509-5,	3510-1,	3511-1
Stephanie Baker	3512-1,	3513-0,	3514-2,	3515-1
Lois Heyman Scott	3516-0,	3517-0,	3518-0,	3519-0
Kathy Goldbach	3520-3,	3521-6,	3522-0,	3523-0
Barbara Snow	3524-1,	3525-1,	3526-1,	3527-1
Chuck Brickley	3528-1,	3529-3,	3530-2,	3531-3
John J. Han	3532-6,	3533-4,	3534-1,	3535-1
Marcia Behar	3536-0,	3537-0,	3538-1,	3539-5
Phillip Kennedy	3540-2,	3541-1,	3542-2	
David Sherertz	3543-0,	3544-0,	3545-0,	3546-1
Patricia Garvey	3547-2,	3548-0,	3549-2,	3550-1
Elinor Pihl Huggett	3551-0,	3552-1,	3553-1,	3554-2

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

- | | |
|--|---|
| 3436 no rain in sight
I water the lichen
on Buddha's belly
~Carolyn Fitz (12) | 3345 dusk
the shadow within
the shadow's cast
~Michael Henry Lee (7) |
| 3367 leaning into
the swell of the saddle
her first Rose Parade
~Clysta Seney (10) | 3397 autumn chill
the disquiet after
a night's dream
~Bona M. Santos (7) |
| 3346 indigo bunting . . .
for best use of blue in
a live performance
~Michael Henry Lee (9) | 3350 the recipe
we never found
apple season
~Deborah P Kolodji (6) |
| 3371 autumn ballet
colors of maples
dance in the stream
~Ed Grossmith (9) | 3359 hooked on you
after just one taste
wild mushrooms
~Jackie Chou (6) |
| 3455 open shutter . . .
slat by slat
the rising moon
~Mimi Ahern (9) | 3405 autumn dusk
old men on the pier
playing dominoes
~Patricia Prime (6) |
| 3374 election year
more yellow jackets
at the cider mill
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (8) | 3521 riding the breeze
on a zinnia blossom
monarch butterfly
~Kathy Goldbach (6) |
| 3429 looking glass pond
cumulus speared
on heron's beak
~Alexis George (8) | 3532 full moon
its reflection shaken
by a carp
~ John J. Han (6) |
| 3448 marriage counseling
widens the separation
autumn equinox
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson (8) | |

Dojin's Corner
Aug–Oct 2020

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita,
and Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Happy New Year! We hope you are doing well even as we are still dealing with COVID-19. But there are vaccines now, and we can hope that change is on the horizon. We are happy to welcome Johnnie Johnson Hafernik as our guest columnist. You all know her as the current editor of *Geppo*. She is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Haiku Poets of Northern California, the Haiku Society of America, and the Tanka Society of America. She is professor emeritus of applied linguistics at the University of San Francisco.

We've chosen to comment on these haiku:

JJH: 3341, 3350*, 3355, 3357, 3367, 3374, 3377, 3399, 3403, 3405*, 3408, 3410, 3420, 3421, 3421, 3430, 3445, 3446, 3455, 3465, 3474, 3491, 3492*, 3509, 3514, 3519, 3534, 3536, 3539, 3542*

E: 3342*, 3350, 3357, 3358, 3373, 3378*, 3396, 3419, 3421, 3427*, 3430, 3450, 3451, 3465*, 3470, 3482, 3506, 3554

pjm: 3342, 3364, 3365*, 3367, 3370, 3375, 3378, 3380, 3382, 3384*, 3385, 3395, 3405, 3407, 3412, 3418, 3419, 3420, 3426, 3429, 3436, 3441*, 3446, 3449, 3450*, 3455, 3457, 3458, 3460, 3483, 3486, 3487, 3489, 3491, 3498, 3505, 3509, 3524, 3526, 3528, 3532, 3533, 3539, 3540, 3541, 3550, 3551

3342 pumpkin vines
need room to spread—
when will schools open?

E: My granddaughter will start her elementary school this April; however, the rise in the number of COVID-19 patients is steep, and we are worried that she may not start her schooling as planned. I think “pumpkin vines” and “school children” are a

good match. Both are vigorous and need space to grow! Perhaps we could have something like “pumpkin vines / spreading around” instead of stating that they need room? Or is the author trying to hint at the importance of classrooms in school?

JJH: The juxtaposition of “pumpkin vines,” an autumn kigo, and “schools open” caught my attention and at first puzzled me. The 3–4–5 line structure builds up to the question in the third line, an unexpected question. Thinking back to my father’s garden, I recall how vine squash, like pumpkins, need lots of room. Children also “need room to spread”—to play, explore, and be kids. Yet now, with the closure of schools because of the pandemic, many children have to learn from home and their activities are restricted. Virtual learning impacts both children and parents. Perhaps parents also “need room to spread.”

pjm: Pumpkin vines grow fast—almost overnight they are sprawling out in every direction. So, too, children. They grow so quickly—seemingly overnight. And in this time of COVID-19, their confinement to home is a great impediment to their growth. This comparison to the pumpkin vines aptly expresses the anxiety of a parent in these unusual circumstances.

3350 the recipe
we never found
apple season

JJH: Family recipes provide more than a list of ingredients and instructions. They contain tradition, history, and memories—memories that tap into our senses of smell, sight, and touch, as well as taste. The poet’s use of “we” suggests that this recipe is a family one that carries memories for those who searched for it. The loved one, owner of the recipe, has died. The use of the autumn kigo “apple season” suggests that the lost recipe contains apples (e.g., apple butter, apple chutney, apple pie). Maybe the searchers picked apples for the dish and then helped make it. There is nostalgia

with a touch of happiness in this haiku—memories that will linger into the future.

E: I simply think that apples are so delicious raw that there is no need to cook them with sugar at all! Perhaps the author is remembering the apple pie made by their grandmothers or great-great aunts, a family tradition passed down while chatting as they were cooking together in the old kitchen. If we change the third line to artichoke season or blueberry season, will it make a nice haiku, too? I think “apples” holds a special place in homemade cookery and thus works the best.

pjm: I know the distress and sadness of losing a valued recipe. As a young cook, I always found preparation of a stuffed turkey for Thanksgiving to be a daunting project. So I avoided it by roasting game hens or baking a country ham. My family only had the joy of a stuffed turkey when my mother-in-law visited. Her turkey with all the stuffing always turned out perfectly. I always kept asking her for her recipe, but she always demurred. Not that she was unwilling to share it, but she’d never written it down—and it was hard to quantify a process which she had internalized and which was guided not by measuring cups, but by taste and feel. In any case, after I had asked once again and she had demurred, I decided it just wasn’t going to happen. And then one day after she had returned home, I received a note from her. She had written out in longhand her method of making a stuffed roast turkey. It was not in the conventional form of a recipe with the list of ingredients and their quantities at the top followed by the steps of preparation. It was more like a narrative, or maybe an orchestration, starting with thawing the turkey days ahead. The turkey and the ingredients for the stuffing were like instruments in the performance—the fresh mushrooms, for example, if you used them, she said, would make the stuffing soggy unless you compensated by reducing the amount of mushroom soup you added. It was a pleasure just to read her description of how to bring it all together—the turkey, the stuffing, the gravy—in one grand finale. For years I followed her

directions to the letter always resulting in a perfect bird. And then one year I looked for the “recipe,” and it was gone. It hurts my heart to this day to tell this; how it was lost, I don’t know. This I do know—it was one of the most precious things ever given to me. I still feel its loss. Regarding this haiku: I would like the last line to be more specific—*grand-mère’s* apple galette or mom’s apple crumble or. . .

3365 spirit stick sounds
shiver the cottonwood leaves—
approach of autumn

pjm: I imagine the sound of this spirit stick to be a rattle of some kind or maybe the “s-s-s-s” like that of a rain stick with small grains flowing from one end to another. The low sound is like a shiver, like the sound of wind in the cottonwood as autumn approaches—very evocative.

E: Cheering with the spirit stick, its sound as strong as to make the cottonwood leaves to shiver, and perhaps to turn yellow, will bring victory to the team. Autumn is also known as a time to enjoy sports.

JJH: Various Native American tribes make spirit sticks, often out of cottonwood. The spirit sticks, as well as cottonwood trees themselves, are considered sacred by many Southwest Native American tribes, including Hopi and Zuni tribes. Sound is the dominant sense in this poem. Four sibilant sounds in a row—“spirit stick sounds / shiver” make the haiku come alive. I hear the cottonwood leaves moving as well as the sounds from the spirit sticks. Summer is ending; autumn will arrive soon. This haiku speaks of reverence and spirituality in nature, as well as in peoples.

3378 lichen
covers the boulder
she tugs on her *serape*

E: The parallel structure of the movements, both slow and steady, is captured here to reveal an old woman in the chilly weather, happily wrapped in

her serape. The time it takes for the lichen to cover the boulder sets the speed of the motion, so, naturally I felt the woman must also be putting on her serape slowly, tucking it to fit around her shoulders. The woman, too, could have been stout and hard-working when young.

pjm: Lichen is the decorative serape of the boulder. It comes in many colors—gold, orange, gray-green—serape colors. It's a late autumn kigo—a time to wrap yourself in one. By the way, "serape" has been adopted by the English language, and so it's not necessary to italicize it.

JJH: This haiku reminds me of hikes I've taken where lichen on boulders is a common sight. So many colors: the vibrant colors of the serape and the colorful coatings of lichen on the boulder. Texture and touch are also present in both the lichen and serape. Yet, two words make me think this woman is not on a pleasant afternoon hike: "serape" and "tugs." Indeed, she may be on a long, dangerous journey from Central America or Mexico to the United States in search of a better life.

3384 mackerel sky
the mourners' mass gathers
at shoreline

pjm: As someone who has spent a great deal of time at the seashore, I was very moved by this image. Countless times I've seen the clouds form a "mackerel sky." It seems to happen very quickly with the puff ball clouds bursting across the sky from west to east until they fill the entire dome. This dramatic gesture of nature coinciding with the ritual of a burial mass is very resonant. I would recommend that the last line be slightly modified to "at the shoreline."

JJH: I'm fond of the autumn kigo "mackerel sky"—a sky that looks like fish scales. Here the sky is rippling, and the water at the shoreline is rippling. William Higginson in *Haiku World* notes that a mackerel sky "usually indicates a coming weather system" (181). The haiku suggests other

changes have taken place—someone has died. The second line puzzled me at first. I think the second line's meaning would be clearer if it read "the mass of mourners gathers" or perhaps another word, such as "crowd," could be substituted for "mass."

pjm: Johnnie, I took the word "mass" to mean the Catholic ritual even though it's not capitalized.

E: Like a school of mackerels, mourners gather at the shoreline, for what? I am not sure why they are gathering and what they are mourning, but it could be for the huge loss of sea life due to plastic particles we've produced for decades. Recently I heard that most cooking salt contains those particles, so we are eating them unknowingly!

3405 autumn dusk
old men on the pier
playing dominoes

JJH: Reading this haiku, I smile. I know these men. I have seen them in small towns and large cities in the US and in other countries. Such men may play different games (e.g., backgammon, chess, or mahjong) and/or may be in different places (e.g., under shade trees in a park, in front of a store on main street); nonetheless, they are all similar. They come to play, dominoes in this case, not only for love of the game but also for companionship. With the kigo "autumn dusk," the first line gives the time of day and time of year—a time when darkness comes quickly and earlier each day, a time when the weather is turning colder and winter is drawing nearer. These men are using the last hours of daylight to finish their game before they head home and realize that their days playing dominoes on the pier are numbered. The familiarity and simplicity of this image give me a feeling of connection to them and by extension to all humanity.

E: It's autumn but it is still comfortable to stay on the pier to play a game until it gets dark. Some people often compare autumn with one's later life (why never winter?), but I don't think the author is using both "autumn dusk" and "old" together in

this haiku for that reason. I simply feel the breeze from the sea and the serious but happy faces of the old men sitting around the square table. When it becomes too dark, they will go home to sit at their dinner tables. Life is good!

pjm: I agree with Emiko: the pleasure of an autumn day's end matches the pleasure of being in the company of friends enjoying a simple game of dominoes. And underlying that pleasure is the knowledge that time is fleeting and it will not last forever—the moment, the old men, the dusk. . . .

3427 full moon
the taste of raw spices
in the takeout

E: The combination of the full moon and the exotic raw spices made me think of Asian dishes. The author is having dinner somewhere watching the full moon, tasting the freshly ground spices and herbs. It is said that the coronavirus causes loss of taste and smell. The author is thankful that they can still taste the spices. The moonlight from the full moon also purifies one's negative thoughts and keeps one's skin and hair healthy, so they say in Ayurveda.

pjm: I feel like I'm on a street lined with little eateries. My friends and I have decided on takeout because the moon is full, and we want to indulge in its beauty. The raw spices of our meal only heighten the sensory experience.

JJH: What a wonderful way to spend a mid-autumn night—viewing the full moon and eating takeout that is full of spicy flavor and aromas. I can taste the pungent “raw spices,” smell them, and even imagine the food's texture—maybe the pop as I bite down on a cardamom seed. Nobody had to cook. The night is for enjoyment. I hope they have a good view of the moon, whether they are sitting outside or inside.

3441 abandoned playground—
remember me,
maple tree?

pjm: Oh, who didn't have a special climbing tree in their childhood? Mine was a huge cottonwood growing in the yard next door. In the summertime I was always the first one up at our house and my favorite place to play while waiting for breakfast was in that cottonwood where I imagined I was Wonder Woman flying in my invisible airplane looking down over the world as it passed beneath me. What a joy it would be to stand at the foot of that tree and ask “remember me?”

JJH: There is a quietness and sadness in this haiku. I love the simple question to the maple tree. Many playgrounds are now closed because of the pandemic. Playgrounds should be noisy, happy places full of children, not empty and abandoned. We all look forward to the day when children can return. I hope that the maple tree remembers each child.

E: What connects the “playground,” “me,” and the “maple tree” is the memory of time spent there. Is this playground no longer in use? Or is it abandoned because of the pandemic and people are hesitating to visit and play? The question in the haiku may not be answered, but we clearly see the interaction of the tree and the author; the poem makes me think of my childhood.

3450 airplane disappears
into sardine cloud layer
I go on waving

pjm: I admire the simple, straight-forward way this haiku expresses the deeply felt sorrow at a parting—“I go on waving.” My heart is in my throat.

E: I quite like the image of an airplane disappearing into the sardine cloud layer, but I am not sure if the third line is too sentimental or not. It reads like the author is left alone on an island in the middle of nowhere and is desperate to be rescued. The layer of sardine clouds appears from five to fifteen kilometers above the ground, while an airplane (jet) flies at about ten kilometers above. Perhaps this

airplane is a propeller plane, which flies at three to five kilometers above the ground, touching the lower layer of the sardine clouds. And in this case, the pilot may notice the waving author from the cockpit.

JJH: Here again, we have a haiku with sardine or mackerel clouds, an autumn kigo. This haiku creates a wistful feeling. There are different stories that might accompany this haiku. It makes me think of the John Denver song “Leaving on a Jet Plane,” made famous by Peter, Paul & Mary. Is that what’s happening here—the poet is watching a lover fly away and fears they won’t return? That’s one possibility.

3465 Drifting weightlessly
past the swaying black bamboo—
warm snowy ashes.

E: There are many haiku depicting the wildfire in this issue, some capture it from a distance, some by writing about the smoky air. This one is very close to the fire, for the drifting ashes are still warm, and they are floating over the burnt bamboo. Ashes are the final stage of what used to be on the site. The author is not stating fear, anger, or sorrow against the drifting ashes; therefore it makes us think of the outcome of the fire even more.

JJH: This haiku presents an ominous yet beautiful image. This scene may be set somewhere with active volcanoes and bamboo forests, perhaps on one of the many Indonesian islands. A volcano is erupting and a breeze is dispersing the white ashes into a bamboo forest. Or is this a haiku about California wildfires? The haiku has a 5-7-5 pattern, with no extra words. I like reading this haiku aloud for its rhythm as well as for the beautiful, descriptive phrases, especially the first and third lines—“drifting weightlessly” and “warm snowy ashes.”

pjm: I had the feeling from the “warm . . . ashes” that this is about a wildfire and its aftermath, although Johnnie’s suggestion that it’s about a

volcano is another possibility. The contrast between the devastation one imagines from the wildfire and the peaceful scene of drifting ashes that look like pretend snowflakes is unnerving. This contrast is effective and powerful. However, I found the word “snowy” to be a distraction—it brought in an element and a season that added confusion. Perhaps a rewrite of the last line would work: “flakes of warm ashes.” And the addition of “flakes” adds to the sound by echoing the long *a* in “weightless” and “swaying.” The haiku already has good assonance in the last two lines with the short *a* in “past,” “black,” “bamboo,” and “ashes”; adding the long *a* would tie all three lines together.

3492 falling leaves
an old friend becomes
someone I know

JJH: Friends—there are so many kinds. Some of them we think we know well, perhaps because, as in this haiku, they are long-time friends. Then something happens. This new information can be good or bad, can make us closer or drive us apart. I’m not sure in this haiku what the case is. I’d like to think that the poet and friend have grown closer and that their relationship has deepened. The late autumn kigo, “falling leaves,” gives this haiku a somber tone; winter will soon be here. This haiku reminds me of the beauty of friendship and the joy of deepening relationships.

pjm: Is this the state of mind of a person who is becoming forgetful, whose transition into dementia, where some days are clearer than others, is in progress? As Kiyoko Tokutomi grew older and Alzheimer’s began to take hold I noticed this progression. It wasn’t always linear—there might be days when she would have some improved clarity but they didn’t last, and always the trend was steadily downward until one day she asked me, “Who are you? I know you’re Pat,” she said, “but who *are* you?” I said, “I’m a friend.” She said, “Oh, I thought you were a relative.” Anyway, it’s the unevenness of this process, even as it trends downward, that makes me ask if there might be an

even better kigo here than “falling leaves” since when a leaf falls, it never returns, not even momentarily. One possibility might be meteor shower.

E: An old friend is losing their memory; at first, the old friend did not recognize the author, but as they chat, gradually, the faded memories are returning. Falling leaves are like pieces of memories filling between the two. Why do we lose our memories? Like the trees, can’t we just shed our memories and still live happily? We are so complicated, aren’t we? But, therefore, interesting and adorable!

pjm: Emiko’s explanation that each memory is like a leaf makes “falling leaves” more attractive to me.

3542 long night
three bottles of ink
on my desk

JJH: I’m drawn to the simplicity and mystery of this haiku. The first line sets the scene and is the heart of the haiku. “Long night” is an autumn kigo. Higginson in *Haiku World* notes that the kigo, “long night,” reflects that nights are getting cooler and longer, shadows come earlier, and summer is turning to autumn (179). Lines two and three add a concrete image. I keep rereading this poem, silently and then out loud. Each time I ask myself different questions, create different stories. The first time I read it, I visualized someone like Edgar Allen Poe working by candlelight throughout much of the “long night,” his desk neat with the three bottles of ink lined up and papers stacked high. This haiku reminds me of the importance of the reader’s involvement in haiku. Harold G. Henderson in *An Introduction to Haiku* notes that owing to haiku’s shortness, “Only the outlines or important parts are drawn, and the rest the reader must fill in for himself” (3).

E: Wow! I have three bottles of ink on my desk, Montblanc, Parker, and Graf von Faber-Castell. Nowadays, it is hard to find bottles of ink, and it took me a while to find the Graf von Faber-Castell

ink in Tokyo. And how expensive it has become! It is strange, but I feel like I am obliged to use proper ink for each of my fountain pens. A stationery keeper told me that I could use any ink in those fountain pens if I wish though. Long night is a very good time to write letters with a fountain pen.

pjm: I can’t believe it! When I read this haiku, I thought who in this day and age has three bottles of ink on their desk: a writer with a very big project which is going to be done in longhand? An artist with a painting project which requires three different colors of ink? An analyst trying to tease out the pattern in a complex collection of handwritten, disparate notes? No, it’s Emiko, who writes letters with three different fountain pens depending on her mood!!!! What joy fountain pens are!

* * *

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

Emiko Miyashita,
Patricia Machmiller or
ythsgeppo@gmail.com



“Zebra Backsides,” Tanzania.
Photo by Christine Stern.

Spring Challenge Kigo: Kite, Toy Kite / *tako, ikanobori*

Hiroyuki Murakami

a paper kite
 exactly where it was
 in yesterday's sky
 ~Buson (1716–1784), trans. Makoto Ueda

Thanks to the opportunity of writing this article, I saw the reasons why “kite” belongs to spring. First, kite festivals are often held in spring in Japan. See <https://tinyurl.com/festival-kites>. (Refer to “The history of kite-flying,” the second paragraph of Hamamatsu Festival in the link.) Second, successive poets identified the rustic flavor of spring by the deep nostalgia in Buson’s poem above.

servant kite
 do you see the whole Edo
 from there?
 ~Shiki Masaoka (1867–1902), trans. Hiroyuki Murakami

This haiku was written right after Shiki joined a newspaper company in Tokyo (Edo) at age 25. Shiki, who had discovered the beauty of Buson’s work, wrote many haiku using “kite.”

beneath the kite
 I long for *kasuri*
 handwoven by mom
 ~Hakyō Ishida (1913–1969), trans. Hiroyuki Murakami

Hakyō, a modern haiku giant, believed in haiku that is written based on the author’s circumstances and subjective viewpoint.

children’s voices
 rising . . . rising
 with the kite
 ~Jocelyne Villeneuve, *The Haiku Seasons: Poetry of the Natural World*,
 William J. Higginson (Berkeley, California: Stone Bridge Press, 2008), 134.

hitching a ride
 on the tail of my kite
 thistledown
 ~Marianna Monaco, *Above the Clouds*, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members’ Anthology,
 ed., Patrick Gallagher (San Jose: YTHS, 2013), 8.

“Kite” may be a word to symbolize an aspect of youth, innocence, and sometimes recklessness.

Please send one haiku using the Spring Challenge Kigo to the *Geppo* editor. It will be published in the next issue with your name, along with other members’ kite verses.



Remembering Akito Arima

September 13, 1930–December 7, 2020

departing year—
 three sentences are enough
 for my autobiography
 ~Akito Arima
 trans. Fay Aoyagi (*Haidan*, 2013)

From Johnnie Johnson Hafernik:

Dr. Akito Arima, born in Osaka, Japan, was a leading modern Japanese haiku poet and a supporter of haiku around the world. At the age of 20, Dr. Arima joined the haiku group of Seison Yamaguchi (1892–1988), a haiku master and engineer. Dr. Arima had more than thirteen books of haiku published and wrote many “overseas haiku” (William Higginson’s term). In 1990, he founded the well-respected haiku society *Ten’I* (“Providence”).

Not only was Dr. Arima a highly regarded haiku poet, but also he was a world-renowned nuclear physicist, a world traveler, an academic, and a politician. Among his many prizes and awards is the 2010 Order of Culture, the highest honor conferred by the Emperor of Japan.

Michael Sheffield remembers the 2012 Haiku Pacific Rim Conference/YTHS Retreat, held at Asilomar, where he met Dr. Arima, the keynote speaker. Michael writes, “I was very moved when Dr. Arima entered the dining hall, and all the participants rose in respect. He sat next to me at one of the meals. He was such a humble person. One would never guess he was so distinguished in science and haiku.”

In speaking of the popularity and importance of haiku, Dr. Arima writes in 2012, “Haiku is a poetry of nature and seasons which embody us all. Writing and sharing haiku can be a powerful way to promote mutual understanding of differences between human beings . . . and bring peace to this beautiful world.”

Gary Snyder, in praising Dr. Arima’s bilingual book of haiku, *Einstein’s Century* (2000), translations by Emiko Miyashita and Lee Gurga, writes, “Dr. Akito Arima combines a certain traditional elegance and the seasoned perspective of a world-traveled professor and scientist. He maintains the depth and lightness of true haiku, yet fluently covers places and spaces and as a family person at that. . . . His poems subtly pose a powerful model for us all, with their delicate, confident cosmopolitanism.”

Here are several of Dr. Arima's haiku taken from *Einstein's Century* and *Bending Reeds: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members' Anthology 2012* (poems translated by Fay Aoyagi and Patricia J. Machmiller).

winter's end
the envelope's interior
is sky blue

through the keyhole
the sea fog quietly
flows in

morning coolness
voices of prayers
voices of goats

the Dog Star:
Einstein's century
comes to an end

From Fay Aoyagi:

In *Journey to the West*, Sun Wu-K'ung, the Monkey King, tried to escape from Buddha's hand but failed. Buddha succeeded in taming the Monkey King, who became a faithful servant of the monk Xuanzang. Dr. Arima made me fly freely. He watched where I would go with his warm eyes. He encouraged me to find my own voice and style. The only regret I have is not being able to fulfill his wish to have *Ten'I Dojin* gathering in San Francisco. He always told us he would live to be 120. If I had only known I would lose him so suddenly and unexpectedly . . .



"Rose-Farm Package," Ecuador. Photo by Christine Stern.

YTHS 45th Anniversary and Zoom Retreat—November 6–9, 2020

Alison Woolpert

It was hard to imagine how the annual YTHS retreat, usually held in person at the wooded Asilomar Conference Grounds on the Pacific Ocean, could possibly be replicated on Zoom. It was a big year—our 45th anniversary—and many exciting events had been anticipated, all to be sidelined by the pandemic.

But “gratitude” is what the fifty participants of this year’s retreat felt during the four days we gathered together on Zoom to learn and share haiku. Attendees came from as far as Wisconsin, Michigan, Florida, Texas, Washington, Oregon, and throughout California. There was a tension in the air with the conference following on the heels of our nation’s unsettling presidential election and coronavirus on the rise, but for those very reasons, the name “retreat” was perfect.

Gratitude for the foresight and many hours spent in planning by the retreat committee, led by our dedicated chair, Carol Steele, along with Zoom master, Christine Stern, registrar Roger Abe, and co-hosts Mimi Ahern and *dojin* Patricia Machmiller.

Day One—Friday: Anthology, Celebration, Tokutomi Contest Results, Emiko Miyashita

- Opening day began with a photo of a beautiful *ikebana* floral arrangement by Carol Steele. Carol, Patricia Machmiller, and President Carolyn Fitz welcomed the group and expressed gratitude for our founders, Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi. Patrick Gallagher presented the commemorative history video he had produced in 2015 for our 40th anniversary. Participants then met in small breakout groups to meet and greet each other.
- Past-President Mimi Ahern reflected on the focus for 2020—Education. The work this year had been two-fold: publishing Patricia Machmiller’s new book, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly, Writing the Haiku Way*, and producing short teaching videos from her workshops, available for viewing on our website. Mimi shared one of the videos, “Accented Forms.” Each YTHS member received a gift of Patricia’s book. Deep bow.
- Charles Trumbull, editor of the 2020 Members’ anthology, *All This Talk*, spoke about his editing process. Production editor, Linda Papanicolaou, shared haiga and historical photos. Essayists Patricia Machmiller and Clysta Seney explained YTHS’s ongoing connection to Japan, our outreach efforts, and the history of 16 years of Asilomar retreats first started by Jerry Ball, a beloved *dojin* who recently passed.
- Celebration! Mimi Ahern recognized the vast contributions of *dojin* Patricia Machmiller with photos showing Patricia in all her many roles. It is next to impossible to describe all that Patricia does for our society and with the utmost grace. She is our beacon, and for that we are grateful. We then sang “Happy Birthday” to YTHS over a photo of a fancy anniversary cake.
- Kath Abela Wilson, chair of the 2020 Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest, and Emiko Miyashita, esteemed contest judge, announced the winners and discussed their poems. Rick Wilson provided accompaniment on a warbling flute, modeled after 100-year-old Native American instruments. First- and Second-Place Winners are YTHS’s own Gregory Longenecker and Clysta Seney, respectively. Full contest results are posted on our new website: www.YTHS.org.

- Our special guest and keynote speaker, Emiko Miyashita, Zoomed to us from the future, as she was 17 hours ahead in her Tokyo time zone. In our late afternoon, we met her dressed in her beautiful kimono and sipping morning tea. Emiko truly is an ambassador for YTHS, serving our society in many ways, including her regular contributions to “Dojin’s Corner” in *Geppo*. Emiko’s talk was insightful and lively, focusing on her personal haiku journey, begun in 1993. She is a 16-year member, and now *dojin*, in the *Teni-i* Haiku Society, founded by Dr. Akito Arima (see memorial in this *Geppo*), and she is also a *dojin* in *Shin* Haiku Society, led by Dr. Akira Omine. Emiko shared cultural aspects of her haiku journey, noting how each haiku society and their differences had helped her haiku evolve. She emphasized the importance of kigo, noting that it is the heart of haiku and gives it authenticity. She reminded attendees that we are seasonal beings and live in the seasons. She ended her talk with a reading of her lovely haiku. Here are four of them.

at the end

I wash my teapot

New Year’s Eve

The Heron’s Nest

the missing fragments

of my blue porcelain—

winter constellations

Hermitage

railroad crossing

red poppies

run to seed

GINZA POETRY SOCIETY ONLINE KUKAI, GPSOK

by the green

plastic clothes-peg

a fallen cicada

GINZA POETRY SOCIETY ONLINE KUKAI, GPSOK

Day Two—Saturday: Read-Around, *Ginko*, and Emiko Miyashita’s Workshop

- Participants shared a haiku that had been published in the anthology, either their own submission or one by someone else.
- Elaine and Neal Whitman gave a fabulous introduction to *ginko*, an inspirational walk for composing haiku. Thanks to her beautiful photographs, Elaine led us through the Asilomar Conference Grounds, over the boardwalk, and down to the Pacific Ocean, where former retreat attendees have enjoyed many *ginko*. Neal began his entertaining talk as Haiku-nak the Magnificent, a take-off on an old Johnny Carson character. An envelope at his temple led Neal to an explanation of *kokoro*, a concept that unites the notions of mind and heart in a single moment. He then sent participants on their *ginko* urging us to have a *kokoro* open mind and heart and, in his words, to “Sit still. There you are, taking in each moment, its visual field, the sounds and smells, the taste and touch. Still sit.” Here are a few members’ haiku from their own *ginko*.



A turbaned Neal Whitman, channeling TV’s late Johnny Carson, divines the answer to “The prompt for your *ginko* . . .” Photo by Elaine Whitman.

YTHS 45th Anniversary and Zoom Retreat (*continued*)

mom ambles along
the calves frolic behind her
Pleiades rising
~Roger Abe

dust trails
along a begonia leaf
first rain
~Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

bare alder branches
the short time between
leaf and bud
~Patrick Gallagher

swoops of bushtits
never come
without their gang
~Joyce Baker

yellow leaves
the dog reads her pee-mail
and responds
~Christine Horner

autumn grove
a notch in the pine stump
points homeward
~Phillip Kennedy

- Emiko Miyashita returned to lead a workshop, where she called herself a “workshop sheep dog.” She reiterated the importance of kigo, it being “the essence of the haiku” and that “the kigo is matching the haiku perfectly.” “A kigo is alive,” she said, and then quoted a Bashō haiku:

how many, many things
they call to mind
these cherry blossoms

She recommended that we write haiku with simple and true words and that we find our own style. Also, she questioned haiku that focus on “I,” suggesting rather a focus on a seasonal observation. Participants were able to workshop a haiku within the group and benefit from her invaluable comments.

Day Three—Sunday: *Kukai* with Emiko Miyashita

- The Zoom platform called for a very different approach to conducting a *kukai*, a traditional Japanese haiku contest. Retreat attendees were asked to submit two contest entries in advance; 92 poems were emailed to the Zoom manager. These were then compiled and numbered without the authors’ names and sent back to the participants for voting. They were asked to choose up to ten of their favorites and to vote online ahead of the meeting. Emiko Miyashita joined us once again and began by sharing some history of the *kukai*. In 19th century Japan, the haiku master controlled a *kukai*, and later, it was master poet Shiki who changed the hierarchy by giving votes to the haiku poets themselves. For our *kukai*, Emiko, with the help of Patricia Machmiller, read all of the haiku submitted. The online website Survey Monkey tallied our votes and provided us with the data. Emiko and Patricia discussed the winning poems, authors were revealed, and others had a chance to comment on the ones they had voted for. Afterwards, participants received a complete report showing the haiku and votes earned. In this way, every haiku given at least one vote was “born,” a congratulatory custom in Japan. The top winners were:

November dawn . . .
the soft sound
of a turning page
~Michael Sheffield

autumn dusk
telling the story
without you
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

second bloom
the roses and I
let go of summer
~Helen Ogden

rain turns to sleet . . .
 the night watchman reheats
 day-old coffee
 ~Michael Henry Lee

withering lotus . . .
 a raindrop rolls
 into another
 ~Emiko Miyashita

summer heat
 she finds the deep end
 of the watering hole
 ~Bona Santos

late autumn
 a deeper shade
 of lonely
 ~Marilyn Ashbaugh

perusing
 the houses of others
 hermit crab
 ~Gregory Longenecker

Day Four—Monday: Phillip R. Kennedy

- We are indebted to YTHS member Phillip R. Kennedy for deepening our understanding of the use of kigo in composing haiku. His talk, “Haiku Days and Nights: How Traditional Concepts Shape our Season Words,” provided a rich conclusion to our four-day retreat. Read more about his presentation elsewhere in this issue (page 30).
- Time was scheduled for a second *ginko* and then a last round of sharing. At the close, participants expressed their appreciation to all who made the retreat come to life. The poets found it hard to push the Zoom button for “Leave” (the meeting), yet we all left full of gratitude.

autumn gathering
 Asilomar wind in the dunes
 my mind
 ~Deborah P Kolodji



Emiko Miyashita, screenshots from Zoom Retreat

“Haiku Days and Nights” presented by Phillip R. Kennedy at the YTHS 2020 Annual Retreat

J. Zimmerman

Monday, November 9, the last day of the YTHS 2020 Zoom retreat, began with a PowerPoint presentation by Phillip R. Kennedy titled “Haiku Days and Nights: How Traditional Concepts Shape Our Season Words.” Phillip said that the brevity of a haiku makes it need “something so powerful that it can turn itself into poetry.” This ingredient, he asserted, is the kigo or seasonal phrase, which he sees as “the emotional heart of a haiku.” He recommended that each poet entrust “emotions and feelings to the season word” without which “a verse runs the risk of falling flat, sounding like prose, or becoming a slogan or cliché.” Season words, he declared, are complex literary objects, arising primarily from real-world phenomena and from traditions of literature and culture.

For each season, he introduced a seasonal phrase that contained either day or night. For winter his phrase was: “short day.” For spring: “long (or lengthening) day.” For summer: “short night.” For autumn: “long (or lengthening) night.”

Phillip tied the particular associations of each phrase to the joys and sorrows of not only each season but also to the emotive aspects of nighttime or daytime in the context of a season. In particular:

In spring we rejoice in the lengthening hours of warm daylight and say ‘long day.’ In summer we grieve that the cool night ends so quickly and say ‘short night.’ In autumn we rejoice in the lengthening hours of cool nighttime and say ‘long night.’ In winter we grieve that the hours of warm daylight are so short and say ‘short day.’

[Adapted from Shougakukan in *Nihon no Saijiki*.]

Phillip presented haiku that he had translated from the Japanese to illustrate his points. The poems included:

long day
the road keeps extending
behind me
~Muragoe Kaseki

waking up
and talking during the long night
father and mother
~Shôha

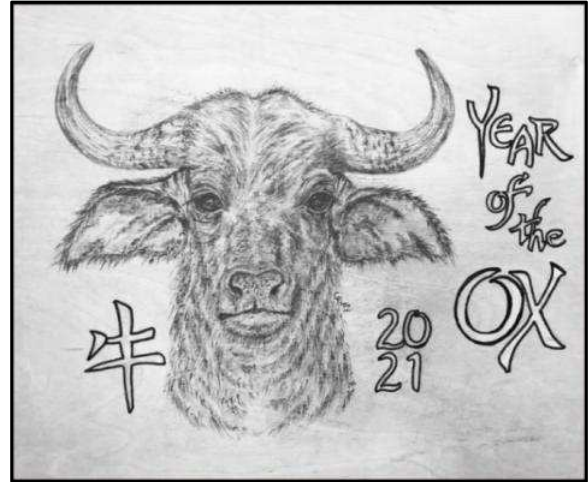
short night
near the pillow
a silver folding screen
~Buson

just like
a brusque male
a short day
~Watanabe Kyôko

Kaseki’s haiku suggests the sense of extra accomplishment offered by the longer days of springtime. Buson not only acknowledges the importance of a short night away from the sun’s heat, but also suggests that his pillow activities on a gentle summer night might need screening. Shôha gives a sense of family

together, the parents waking from their rest to talk over the days and months that are passing through their hands. Kyôko's poem encapsulates the rush of a short wintery day.

Phillip suggested learning season words in pairs and in clusters, like these. Then one can more easily study how those words repeat and differ in each season, and thereby strengthen one's haiku practice.



"Year of the Ox" by Carolyn Fitz. Technique: ArtGraf Watercolor Graphite on wood / ink calligraphy.

YTHS Zoom Holiday Gathering—December 12, 2020

Alison Woolpert

Our annual holiday party, on Zoom this year, was full of holiday warmth, cheer, and even a bit of magic.

It began with a holiday greeting from President Carolyn Fitz, then moved inside the home of Alison Woolpert in Santa Cruz, California, by way of a photo of her decorated manzanita branch. She took us outside and down the block to the Pacific Ocean to view the "Bubble Guy," a world-famous local performer. Alison's photos showed us his amazing soap bubbles floating out over the ocean, including an enormous one covering the cold moon. We were then transported to Christine Stern's in Bayfield, Wisconsin, to view snow's magic: the yearly disappearing act of "Wooden Man," a marvelous carved figure that lives in her front yard.

The magic of our members' haiga greeting cards followed, starting with Hiroyuki Murakami's gift. Hiroyuki attended the party from Tokyo where the time was 4:00 a.m. How very special it was to have him join in!

haiku poems
delivered to our devices—
Santa Claus
~Hiroyuki Murakami, Tokyo, Japan

Thirty-six members had sent their creative haiga greetings to Zoom master Christine Stern, who collated them into a slideshow. Even more holiday haiku were read from other members in attendance—so many delightful gifts.

Afterwards, poets were sent to random breakout groups of four to chat—always a fun surprise to share with whoever shows up on your screen. We returned to the big group for goodbyes and final waves before signing off for 2020.

Call for 2021 YTHS Anthology Submissions

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society invites all members to contribute to the Society's annual anthology, which will be edited by Elaine and Neal Whitman and produced by Patrick Gallagher.

By **April 15** please send FIVE haiku (either unpublished or published in *Geppo*) to co-editors Elaine and Neal Whitman . They will select two of your haiku. If you do not have email, please send postal mail (same deadline) to Neal Whitman.

Please use the subject line: **(Your Name) Anthology**. In the body of your email (no attachments, please) provide below your five haiku your name as you wish it to appear in the anthology, plus your city and state (outside US, your city and country).

But, wait! There's more Please send 100 words or less for a special feature, "WASN'T THAT A MIGHTY STORM!" This is not required, but Elaine and Neal would love each of you to be included. Here is their prompt to compose this short prose:

2020! "Wasn't that a mighty storm!" This was the title of a folksong memorializing the 1900 Galveston flood that took 6,000 to 12,000 lives (no one is sure how many). We may never know the accurate total of lives lost to COVID-19 in the US and around the world, but we can fathom the loss still felt by those of us who have survived. For your co-editors, haiku was a dose of medicine that helped us keep our heads above water. So, it feels like the right thing to do to ask our YTHS members to share how haiku helped *them* make it through this pandemic mighty storm. And, of course, as we ride the currents of 2021, it may feel as though we are still treading water. A-ha . . . another folksong comes to mind, "Michael, Row the Boat Ashore"! Let's hope that on the "Good Ship Haiku" we all arrive in safe harbor.



"Silver-Throated Tanager," *Tangara icterocephala*, Costa Rica.
Photo by Christine Stern.

Save the Date!

YTHS Spring Reading on Zoom!

Saturday, May 8, 2021, 11:00–1:00
PST

Featured Poets will be Joan Iversen Goswell, Michael Henry Lee, Michele Root-Bernstein, and Charles Trumbull.

The 2021 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

Sponsored by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

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

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

Contest Rules

- In-hand deadline is May 31, 2021.
- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern. Contest standard is *The American Heritage Dictionary, 5th Edition* (available online).
- Haiku must use only one kigo which must be from the contest list. Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

2021 Contest Kigo List

- New Year: Rose Parade
- Spring: butterfly, *uguisu*/bush warbler, wisteria
- Summer: hydrangea, firefly/lightning bug, heron
- Autumn: pumpkin, woodpecker, Perseids
- Winter: poinsettia, snowball, swan

Email Entries Preferred

To: Kath Abela Wilson

Subject Line: **2021 Tokutomi Contest, Your Name**

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

Fee: \$8.00 per three haiku. Go to PayPal online. At “Send money to” type in YukiTeikei@msn.com. At “Add a note” type “Contest,” your name, and the number of haiku.

Paper Entries

To: Kath Abela Wilson

Fee: \$8.00 per page of three haiku. Include check made out to *Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*. Place three poems per 8½” x 11” page and send one copy of each page with your name and address. Overseas entrants use International Postal Money Order in US currency only.

Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere.
- Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned, and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone except the YTHS president and contest chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its newsletter, website, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the November 2021 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat. Soon afterward they will appear on the YTHS website: www.YTHS.org.
- For a paper copy of the contest results send a self-addressed stamped envelope marked “Contest Winners.” Those abroad, please enclose a self-addressed envelope plus enough postage in international reply coupons for airmail return.

Learn More about the Haiga Teamwork Group

Haiga is an art form that combines artwork with poetry; most often, the poetry is haiku. Ed Grossmith is encouraging interested YTHS members to join our Haiga Teamwork Group, formed to explore the creation of haiga and promote collaboration among poets and artists. A YTHS meeting “Traditional Haiga, Team Haiga, and Members’ Sharing” is planned for September 11, 2021.

To learn more about the Haiga Teamwork Group and about creating haiga collaboratively, contact Ed. For more information about haiga, in general, and guidelines for how YTHS members can submit haiga for the website, go to YTHS.org and follow the links to “Poets,” “Haiga Poets’ Pages,” and “Guidelines.”

YTHS Teaching Videos Now Available Online

Dojin Patricia Machmiller has developed six “Video Chats” from haiku-writing workshops she has led based on material in her new book, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly, Writing the Haiku Way*. These five- to ten-minute videos, in which she features workshop participants and talks about the elements and structure of English-language haiku, cover these topics: “The Writing Process,” “Kigo,” “Image/Juxtaposition,” “Syllabic Forms,” “Accented Forms,” and “Sound.” Mimi Ahern directed the videos, produced by Chris Sherertz. Go to YTHS.org, and follow the links to “Education” and “Video Chats.”

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.

- 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. Please limit haiga submissions to 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. Memberships expire in December, and dues for 2021 were 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

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- Christine Stern, Second
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- Patricia J. Machmiller,
Treasurer
- Alison Woolpert,
Recording Secretary

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.

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. Refrain from voting for your own haiku, and vote only 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 – 2021

Little did we know last 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.

Feb. 13 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“The Weather-Beaten Jizō: Shikoku Pilgrimage Haiku by Shūji Niwano.” (Includes photos, maps, and poems translated by Michael Dylan Welch and Emiko Miyashita.) Presentation by Michael Dylan Welch.
March 13 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“The Haiku Calendar: Seasons, Months, Sekki and Kō.” Presentation by Phillip R. 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.” Featured Poets will be Joan Iversen Goswell, Michael Henry Lee, Michele Root-Bernstein, and Charles Trumbull. Organized by Roger Abe.
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.
Early November Exact date TBD	Annual YTHS 4-day retreat. Carol Steele, retreat chair. Depending on circumstances, the retreat will be held at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, or on Zoom.
Nov. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
Dec. 11 TBD	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert.