

# GEPPPO 月報

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

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

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|------|---|------|---|
| 3771 | Super Bowl<br>the highlight film filled with<br>queso and chips | 3779 | capitol steps<br>a riot<br>of cherry blossoms   |
| 3772 | Valentine's Day<br>i help myself to another<br>chocolate        | 3780 | maybe<br>i am a robot<br>fiddlehead ferns   |
| 3773 | second vaccine<br>busy making plans for<br>the year after next  | 3781 | windswept<br>returning cranes<br>change course  |
| 3774 | approaching seventy<br>a decreasing radius<br>at every turn     | 3782 | polar vortex<br>on the creek the geese curl<br>into themselves                        |
| 3775 | thin mist<br>two neighbors settle<br>an old score               | 3783 | open woodland paths<br>springtime's cheerful tones of love<br>budding leaves perceive |
| 3776 | wild birds return—<br>things are finally<br>looking up          | 3784 | plenilune's bright nights<br>come sooner and last longer<br>why must birds rise so?   |
| 3777 | sweeping out ashes—<br>how many nights<br>we huddled            | 3785 | an early wood thrush<br>on a fresh leafing branch sings<br>notes of hopeful love      |
| 3778 | the donation bin<br>returns to the library—<br>spring cleaning  | 3786 | pursuing spring love<br>a bluebird claims a tree hole<br>will it pay my rent?         |

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| 3787 | Five-day-old foal runs<br>awkwardly but bright with glee<br>My first haiku try       | 3798 | cellophane dragon<br>kite stumbles in the wind<br>tails tangled             |
| 3788 | Rain sings, earth hums, and<br>a hill of daffodil bloom<br>Laughter in the air       | 3799 | Devices open . . .<br>trying to book a vaccine,<br>system crashed, refresh. |
| 3789 | The goose stands alone<br>among its chatty paired friends<br>Hearing the silence     | 3800 | Humidity hair,<br>resembles the big bird's nest<br>in the apple tree        |
| 3790 | After the rain, new peas<br>breaking boldly through the ground<br>Whistle of a train | 3801 | Dystopian world:<br>Face masks, restricted travel<br>no spring migration.   |
| 3791 | insects awaken—<br>stretching my legs<br>not dead yet                                | 3802 | Birds of prey circle,<br>gliding low over water,<br>the fish elude them.    |
| 3792 | homemade kite<br>tugging upward<br>with a wobble                                     | 3803 | pruning brambles<br>he repeats his dislike<br>of gender equity              |
| 3793 | emerging<br>at the edge of the meadow—<br>first butterfly                            | 3804 | root cellar<br>the carrotty sound full<br>of orange breath                  |
| 3794 | the flagstone walk<br>rinsed clean of footprints—<br>spring shower                   | 3805 | unexpected gleam<br>the glimmer of his back sweat<br>under the day moon     |
| 3795 | weathered cherry tree<br>wind-blown, sun-shone, rain'd upon<br>blossoms              | 3806 | winter rain<br>rearranging<br>the breakaway bridge                          |
| 3796 | capsized thoughts churning<br>in heart and mind<br>tangled kelp shore                | 3807 | cold night rain<br>downtown paths<br>adorned in neon                        |
| 3797 | daffodils<br>trumpet<br>spring's return  | 3808 | viewing art<br>I critique myself<br>deep spring                             |
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| 3809 | open sign<br>on the florist's door<br>budding tulips                     | 3820 | king tide—<br>the heaving ocean<br>so full of itself!                          |
| 3810 | few folk<br>at church today<br>spring blossoms                           | 3821 | nipped in the bud<br>once again<br>the deer ate spring                         |
| 3811 | overcast sky—<br>the plum tree's blossom<br>wet to my touch              | 3822 | worm moon—<br>my ungloved hands<br>deep in damp earth                          |
| 3812 | quarantine . . .<br>awoken<br>by birdsong                                | 3823 | candelabra lit<br>in the Latin Mass church<br>spring equinox                   |
| 3813 | northward drive—<br>at some point the lane reflectors<br>became recessed | 3824 | an outstretched hand<br>accepts the used sheet—<br>Easter at the homeless camp |
| 3814 | flaming aspen—<br>the waterfall's spray<br>taking the ashes              | 3825 | sunburst lichens<br>deposit more gold flakes—<br>trellis tollway               |
| 3815 | first blossom<br>the plum tree becomes<br>a poem                         | 3826 | owning<br>every treetop<br>American Crow                                       |
| 3816 | don't be shy Miss Morning<br>I see you peeking<br>above the hills        | 3827 | silver charm bracelet<br>remembering the dogwood<br>long gone from our yard    |
| 3817 | book in hand<br>the reading closes<br>with a soft thud                   | 3828 | as if right on cue<br>a chorus of buds<br>bursts into color                    |
| 3818 | spring afternoon<br>a chilling breeze lifts me<br>from the bench         | 3829 | springtime—<br>the living is greening<br>and much easier                       |
| 3819 | on a distant hillside<br>the purple haze<br>of blooming lupine           | 3830 | his daughter's haiku<br>cherry blossoms drift<br>close to the tree             |
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| 3831 | new buds<br>on last year's orchid<br>pandemic recovery                 | 3842 | making a kite<br>this year we draw<br>a rainbow                   |
| 3832 | grey heron<br>lands in the rookery<br>crowd sourcing                   | 3843 | rusty watering can<br>how vibrant the life<br>of mud              |
| 3833 | grape hyacinth<br>in the rocky crevice—<br>a child crouches            | 3844 | snowdrops<br>the future is almost<br>upon us                      |
| 3834 | flycatcher's<br>incessant chirping<br>the kettle whistles              | 3845 | baby skunks<br>the unmown strip<br>of grass                       |
| 3835 | brushstrokes on paper<br>creating a hazy moon<br>over pencil lines     | 3846 | loonsong<br>I am not alone<br>in the mist                         |
| 3836 | along the fence line<br>sliver of lingering snow<br>unanswered letters | 3847 | seems like<br>an old boatman aboard<br>floral raft                |
| 3837 | urgent work project<br>interrupted by wind chimes<br>slow exhalation   | 3848 | light the way<br>for my friend departing<br>sugar moon            |
| 3838 | grocery shopping<br>pots of red geraniums<br>filling up my cart        | 3849 | dharma kite<br>hung on a central pillar<br>still flies            |
| 3839 | spring meadow<br>the goat's long leap<br>through tulips                | 3850 | nursery school<br>protected by a small hill—<br>wild violets      |
| 3840 | spring allergies<br>the sneeze keeps people<br>six feet away           | 3851 | lingering day<br>a policeman at the stoplight<br>checks his texts |
| 3841 | spring wind<br>two robins on<br>an undulating branch                   | 3852 | figure eights<br>the silkworm on day three<br>disappears          |
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| 3853 | dawn chorus<br>bird calls on the iPhone<br>sow discord      | 3864 | watching picnickers<br>from the car<br>spring memories               |
| 3854 | Isa Lake<br>hail at the continental divide<br>east and west | 3865 | jacaranda blossoms<br>on my windshield<br>purple rain                |
| 3855 | morning walk<br>a sudden shower<br>of cherry blossoms       | 3866 | the morning sun<br>highlights the dust bunnies<br>Easter parade      |
| 3856 | humid day<br>a red robin hogs<br>the birdbath               | 3867 | wild mustard hillside<br>with vibrant airborne aura<br>my euphoria   |
| 3857 | walking encyclopedia<br>all I need is a simple<br>yes or no | 3868 | wild wisteria<br>covers the rural estate . . .<br>drive-by fragrance |
| 3858 | vertigo<br>here and there and back<br>of pundit diatribe    | 3869 | eucalyptus grove<br>halfway road marker<br>to seaside joy            |
| 3859 | water hyacinths<br>a deeper blue<br>since you've been gone  | 3870 | sea glass shards<br>the sparkle in gathering<br>near and far away    |
| 3860 | lavender<br>from another lifetime<br>her scent              | 3871 | a long winter . . .<br>nose to nose<br>with a trumpet flower         |
| 3861 | pandemic birthday<br>last year's orchid<br>reblooms         | 3872 | wind wandering<br>across her torso<br>tranquility                    |
| 3862 | last resort<br>this wish for water<br>on the moon           | 3873 | spring twilight<br>leaving the gate ajar<br>for coyotes              |
| 3863 | I place<br>the final puzzle piece<br>skylark                | 3874 | making out<br>with her girlfriends<br>dandelion bracelets            |
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| 3875 | crunchy carpet<br>and dust on the furniture . . .<br>Mom's hospital stay             | 3886 | added lift<br>under the old bird's wings—<br>spring breeze                  |
| 3876 | completely stumped . . .<br>the tree I never noticed<br>before                       | 3887 | first warmth of spring—<br>at the heart of the garden<br>pulsing water      |
| 3877 | deep snow . . .<br>the housebound cat and I<br>take up bird watching                 | 3888 | shell gathering—<br>in the lapping of the waves<br>my once-lost thoughts    |
| 3878 | horse trough . . .<br>the dappled Percheron<br>scatters the stars                    | 3889 | oxygen tube—<br>the unremitting limits<br>of quarantine                     |
| 3879 | Daylight Savings Time . . .<br>a cluster of young sparrows<br>on new-leafed branches | 3890 | the ribbon twirlers<br>he makes for neighbor kids—<br>shade of the old oak  |
| 3880 | the neighborhood pug<br>goes out for a snuffle . . .<br>Spring equinox               | 3891 | atop our pup's grave—<br>hanging pink blossoms<br>of bleeding hearts        |
| 3881 | first restaurant lunch—<br>a coal-roasted artichoke<br>sizzles on my plate           | 3892 | years of absence<br>he shows up to be grandpa—<br>late spring mixed bouquet |
| 3882 | old spider web<br>stretched across the treadmill . . .<br>best intentions            | 3893 | covered in blossoms—<br>the crowded lot<br>of Costco                        |
| 3883 | culling<br>the most loved words<br>forget-me-nots                                    | 3894 | april fool—<br>i faceplant the season's<br>first spiderweb                  |
| 3884 | cold snap<br>deep under the covers<br>big cat little cat                             | 3895 | cherry blossoms<br>the japanese garden fills<br>with face masks             |
| 3885 | that awkward dance<br>at dusk<br>two sandhill cranes                                 | 3896 | breeze<br>a cherry blossom highlights<br>her dark hair                      |
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| 3897 | exuberance<br>the ceanothus<br>in bloom                                      | 3908 | searching for chocolate lilies<br>with my GPS<br>Easter morning                         |
| 3898 | after the storm<br>among cherry petals<br>chickadees peck at seeds           | 3910 | spring displays—<br>vultures warming up<br>with their wings extended                    |
| 3899 | morning walk<br>a crow sits in a dogwood tree—<br>ready for a change         | 3911 | only moss and bamboos<br>remember my parents<br>family vacation spot                    |
| 3900 | spring evening—<br>croaking frogs<br>muffle the train whistle                | 3912 | along the longest road ever<br>a lecture on politics<br>the winter storm goes on and on |
| 3901 | pruning ferns—<br>a frog jumps in<br>the sound of sheers                     | 3913 | her majestic Elm tree<br>bows in honor<br>Eleanor gone 5 years today                    |
| 3902 | Oh, a butterfly!<br>Where are you from and where to?<br>Come back butterfly! | 3914 | a spring breeze<br>announces their birth<br>nasturtiums at dawn                         |
| 3903 | blown dandelions<br>spread<br>of a virus                                     | 3915 | a plover speeds up<br>as his shadow chases him<br>leaving wrinkles in the sand          |
| 3904 | vernal pool<br>the temporary nature<br>of his affairs                        | 3916 | length of the flame<br>on the shortest candle<br>St. Patrick's Day                      |
| 3905 | songbirds<br>around the feeder<br>morning light                              | 3917 | rainbows first appear . . .<br>he logs on one more time<br>to Match.com                 |
| 3906 | butterfly wings<br>the whisper<br>of bamboo                                  | 3918 | spring morning walk<br>the fit inside two long strides<br>her six little steps          |
| 3907 | a letter to bird watchers<br>left by a sapsucker<br>braille alphabet . . .   | 3919 | open window<br>the soliloquy<br>of a songbird   |
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| 3920 | I carry<br>this heavy load<br>year of the ox                                | 3931 | bird of paradise<br>swaying in the spring garden<br>singing bossa nova |
| 3921 | here's<br>how it is<br>I talk to Siri                                       | 3932 | a breeze<br>a shower of petals<br>jacaranda everywhere                 |
| 3922 | the difference<br>between hide and seek<br>spring equinox                   | 3933 | pussy willows<br>make-up brushes<br>for narcissus                      |
| 3923 | first day of spring<br>I want to<br>knock your socks off                    | 3934 | I dare to follow the guy<br>and the cherry blossoms<br>north           |
| 3924 | first snowfall<br>mountains are salt and pepper<br>so am I                  | 3935 | pond dusk<br>the bullfrogs bellow<br>one after another                 |
| 3925 | not a sound<br>snow flakes are swirling<br>on his birthday                  | 3936 | wedding rehearsal<br>they measure out the tables<br>six feet apart     |
| 3926 | weeping cherries<br>falling without wind<br>gone is my friend               | 3937 | Half Dome<br>I sit on the edge<br>of infinity                          |
| 3927 | Galilee hilltop<br>the scent of the soaked seaweed<br>brought from Hokkaido | 3938 | endless summer<br>a surfer walks across<br>the wave's crest            |
| 3928 | he still runs upstairs<br>two steps at a time—<br>the dust swirls           | 3939 | each piano note<br>clear memories of youth<br>morning meadow lark      |
| 3929 | European beech:<br>the gray bark growth distorts<br>the old graffiti        | 3940 | May Day gift<br>in the forest she gathers<br>lily of the valley        |
| 3930 | 94th winter<br>Hatsko tries to recycle<br>her empty nest's deed             | 3941 | April days<br>scraps of paper covered with poems<br>rain on new leaves |
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| 3942 | in her pocket<br>she finds a hidden gift<br>Mothers' Day poem                                     | 3953 | first iris<br>the way I cough<br>just like my mother                     |
| 3943 | old grass blades<br>balance icy dew drops<br>. . . spring thaw                                    | 3954 | April wind<br>blowing blossoms<br>to fill my cracks                      |
| 3944 | home from the grocery store<br>with a flat of avatars<br>. . . remembering childhood strawberries | 3955 | Welcome gentle rain—<br>benediction to moist-eyed<br>Inaugural Week.     |
| 3945 | waiting for sunrise<br>her dark tears dry—<br>raven holds the broken branch                       | 3956 | House-shuttering wind<br>induces trepidation<br>but no real damage.      |
| 3946 | hurrying through<br>the flooding crosswalk<br>. . . her crocs disappear                           | 3957 | A charm of chatty<br>lesser goldfinches, gayly<br>swapping bird stories. |
| 3947 | jacket sleeves<br>dipped in ketchup<br>outdoor dining   | 3958 | By sight and by scent<br>solitary sakura<br>shimmers, seduces.           |
| 3948 | frog pond's edge<br>from brown-spotted green two eyes<br>materialize                              | 3959 | close<br>to my tears<br>laughter   |
| 3949 | a coronet<br>on a commoner<br>white-crowned sparrow   | 3960 | last night's dream<br>walking into dead ends<br>wake up lil Suzy         |
| 3950 | birds in a bare tree<br>a shadow play<br>on the white ground                                      | 3961 | lonely pine tree<br>perhaps your needles<br>are too sharp                |
| 3951 | river of wisteria<br>carrying me<br>blossoms . . .  | 3962 | conversations<br>above the clouds<br>nebulous                            |
| 3952 | first iris<br>this time I pluck you<br>from my phone  | 3963 | constantly tweeting<br>a ragged line of pigeons<br>vaccination day       |
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| 3964 | passover<br>similar hats and beards<br>two moons tonight                                 | 3974 | I race up Mt. Fuji<br>with my umbrella<br>cherry blossom shower            |
| 3965 | autumn delivers<br>past tense for her grandmother<br>taping the windchimes               | 3975 | a policeman<br>hugs the senior protester<br>ignoring social distancing     |
| 3966 | a pile of driftwood<br>feeling lackadaisical<br>after the vax                            | 3976 | up up high<br>my kite dances in the wind<br>rainbow                        |
| 3967 | surviving night winds—<br>dark branches of cherry plum trees<br>white petals still cling | 3977 | toy panda kite<br>floats by the sun<br>first graders cheer                 |
| 3968 | pale cherry blossoms<br>quite recently descended<br>romantic thoughts                    | 3978 | twenty-three years of spring<br>name tags of the deceased<br>class reunion |
| 3969 | cold pelts of spring rain<br>we ventured out regardless<br>dog always eager              | 3979 | homeless cats<br>feasting on hamburgers—<br>McDonald's dumpster            |
| 3970 | in this covid spring<br>those on sidewalks move slowly<br>broken loneliness              | 3980 | a homeless man<br>shares hamburgers with the cats<br>first day of spring   |
| 3971 | balmy breeze<br>a forester<br>singing to himself   |      |  |
| 3972 | hazy moon<br>she gently taps<br>the piano keys   |      |  |
| 3973 | spring melancholy<br>the tissue-thin pages<br>of a ponderous tome                        |      |  |

### Welcome to New YTHS Members:

Jill Carroll, Hong Kong; Paul Hotchkin, El Paso, TX; Janet Hughes, Wilmington, DE; and Lynn Klepfer, New Hartford, NY, and Patricia McGuire, Switzerland.

## Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Phillip Kennedy lives in Monterey, California, with his wife, Amy (who is also a member of YTHS), and two hyper-intelligent cats, Urara and Cookie. Phillip is Métis and was raised in northern Canada in a family that encouraged artistic expression. His father was an amateur photographer and loved to draw and sketch, his mother weaves, his sister is an accomplished knitter and pattern designer, and his niece is a talented painter.

Phillip writes haiku in both Japanese and English; in addition to YTHS he is also a member of the Ten'I Haiku Society in Tokyo. He has been studying Japanese, formally and informally, since 2000.

Phillip uses digital interchangeable-lens cameras for his photographic work. He captures images as raw-format files and processes them in Adobe Lightroom, Photoshop, or DXO Photo Lab; he also uses SilverEfex Pro, AnalogEfex Pro, and ColorEfex Pro for further processing.

Previsualization is extremely important for Phillip's photographic style. When he decides to capture an image he thinks about how he wants the final photo to look and what sort of additional processing will be needed.

Phillip is strongly influenced by the 19th- and 20th-century Pictorialist photographers, by the striking colors and compositions of Ukiyo-e, and by modern Métis and indigenous painters and photographers.



"Rainy Forest." Photo by Phillip R. Kennedy.

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

toy kite  
tin soldiers laid to rest  
in the attic  
~Michael Henry Lee

a kite tail  
and sister's braids  
weave in the wind  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

the admiral kite  
gives salute to passing sails  
on the sky bright pond  
~William J. Burlingame

windy hill—  
the child with the homemade kite  
dreams of stratosphere  
~Linda Papanicolaou

Line breaks and the kite  
flies off—has it been freed or  
has it lost its way?  
~Julie Holding

kite festival—  
red and gold koi  
plunge into the blue  
~Ruth Holzer

dragon kite soaring  
on plum blossom wind  
currents of laughter  
~Alexis George

A blue lit background,  
audience gazing skywards,  
whoosh . . . the kite appears.  
~Jill Carroll

blue skies stir  
with colored kites  
iPads closing  
~Edward Grossmith

chess in the park . . .  
the dragon kite  
dips and dives  
~Michael Dylan Welch

kite breeze  
my spirit tugging  
to be free  
~Michael Sheffield

closed playgrounds—  
a child's kite  
tangled in the tree  
~Helen Ogden

kites at Shoreline Park  
line dance above the bay—  
wanderlust wells  
~Clysta Seney

lying on a shelf  
gathering dust for decades  
kites I never flew  
~Lorraine A. Padden

an octopus kite  
sound of windbreakers  
flapping  
~Marilyn Gehant

limited life  
letting the kite fly  
at its farthest  
~John J. Han

kite tails  
we watch you  
slip away  
~Debbie Strange

a kite  
parted from dad's hands  
rising  
~Hiroyuki Murakami

within minutes . . .  
that first paper kite caught  
in telephone wires  
~Alison Woolpert

chance encounter  
high flying kite breaks  
a V formation  
~Bona M. Santos

pandemic escape  
our self-portrait kites  
above it all  
~Kath Abela Wilson

sea hawk kites  
circle above beach house roofs  
seabirds scatter  
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

dragon wind  
the child asks why  
kites fight  
~Dyana Basist

morning sun  
rising on the beach  
a red dragon kite  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

paper kite failing—  
a breath of wind rattles it  
back to life  
~Christine Horner

toy kite  
space ship  
to heaven  
~Mark Levy

the tree tangled kite—  
a colorful decor  
in pack rat's nest  
~Carolyn Fitz

the boy  
and the wind-whipped sky—  
a red kite soars  
~Kathleen Tice

animated sky  
a centipede kite  
by Tyrus Wong  
~Deborah P Kolodji

kite festival—  
my heart beats faster  
with the crowd soaring high  
~Wakako Miya Rollinger

!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!~ thirty stripes  
of the florescent green kite~~~~~  
~~~radiate~~~~ across the beach  
~Janis Albright Lukstein

merry-go-round  
the loose string of triangle flags  
kiting in Jaffa  
~Zinovy Vayman

kite in one hand  
cigar in the other  
what would my mother say  
~Cherry Campbell

construction noise  
on the ground, overhead  
a bright new kite  
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

AAUGH!  
a tree eats the kite  
charlie-brown day  
~Christine Lamb Stern

a single shape  
in the clear blue sky  
. . . my new black kite  
~Dorothy Matthews

snap and flutter  
of a paper kite  
the first time she writes her name  
~Stephanie Baker

Pair of two-string kites  
perform aerial ballet—  
tethered precision.  
~David Sherertz

toy kite  
didn't get a chance  
broken seams  
~Genie Nakano

trading the kite string  
for half a bento lunch box  
full of sand dollars  
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

denied kite 'til grown  
his home street's overhead wires  
an electric risk  
~Lois Heyman Scott

centipede kite  
undulates over the sand  
his empty wheelchair  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

the kite soaring  
high in the sky  
loose in the thin air  
~Majo Leavick

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~Dana Grover



"Privacy." Photo by Phillip R. Kennedy.

### Members' Votes for Haiku Published in February 2021 *Geppo*

|                              |          |         |         |         |
|------------------------------|----------|---------|---------|---------|
| Jane Stuart                  | 3555–0,  | 3556–0, | 3557–0, | 3558–2  |
| Michael Henry Lee            | 3559–8,  | 3560–5, | 3561–1, | 3562–0  |
| Marilyn Ashbaugh             | 3563–2,  | 3564–6, | 3565–6, | 3566–4  |
| Elinor Pihl Huggett          | 3567–3,  | 3568–3, | 3569–4, | 3570–6  |
| Ruth Holzer                  | 3571–1,  | 3572–0, | 3573–2, | 3574–11 |
| Jackie Chou                  | 3575–0,  | 3576–5, | 3577–2, | 3578–1  |
| Neal Whitman                 | 3579–4,  | 3580–0, | 3581–1, | 3582–6  |
| Chris Lofgren                | 3583–0,  | 3584–4  |         |         |
| Michael Dylan Welch          | 3585–5,  | 3586–2, | 3587–8, | 3588–3  |
| Barbara Mosbacher Anderson   | 3589–1,  | 3590–2, | 3591–2, | 3592–0  |
| William J. Burlingame        | 3593–0,  | 3594–1, | 3595–0, | 3596–0  |
| Patricia Prime               | 3597–4,  | 3598–1, | 3599–3, | 3600–1  |
| J. Zimmerman                 | 3601–6,  | 3602–2, | 3603–1, | 3604–2  |
| Ed Grossmith                 | 3605–6,  | 3606–3, | 3607–0, | 3608–4  |
| Beverly Acuff Momoi          | 3609–8,  | 3610–3, | 3611–9  |         |
| Janis Albright Lukstein      | 3612–0,  | 3613–0, | 3614–1, | 3615–0  |
| Michael Sheffield            | 3616–1,  | 3617–3, | 3618–2, | 3619–7  |
| Bona M. Santos               | 3620–4,  | 3621–7, | 3622–0, | 3623–3  |
| Helen Ogden                  | 3624–5,  | 3625–2, | 3626–7, | 3627–0  |
| Jean Mahoney                 | 3628–2   |         |         |         |
| Kathleen Tice                | 3629–0,  | 3630–1, | 3631–4, | 3632–1  |
| Elaine Whitman               | 3633–2,  | 3634–2, | 3635–3, | 3636–1  |
| Dyana Basist                 | 3637–7,  | 3638–1, | 3639–4, | 3640–1  |
| Debbie Strange               | 3641–2,  | 3642–2, | 3643–3, | 3644–1  |
| Scott S. Turner              | 3645–1,  | 3646–2, | 3647–1  |         |
| Alison Woolpert              | 3648–5,  | 3649–2, | 3650–1, | 3651–1  |
| Alexis George                | 3652–1,  | 3653–3, | 3654–2, | 3655–0  |
| Hiroyuki Murakami            | 3656–0,  | 3657–0, | 3658–2, | 3659–1  |
| Dana Grover                  | 3660–3,  | 3661–1, | 3662–1, | 3663–5  |
| Barbara Moore                | 3664–15, | 3665–3, | 3666–4, | 3667–11 |
| Clysta Seney                 | 3668–1,  | 3669–2, | 3670–0, | 3671–1  |
| Carolyn Fitz                 | 3672–0,  | 3673–0, | 3674–1, | 3675–1  |
| Kath Abela Wilson            | 3676–11, | 3677–0, | 3678–2, | 3679–1  |
| Zinovy Vayman                | 3680–3,  | 3681–0, | 3682–0, | 3683–0  |
| Kathy Goldbach               | 3684–2,  | 3685–1, | 3686–7, | 3687–1  |
| Judith Morrison Schallberger | 3688–2,  | 3689–0, | 3690–0, | 3691–1  |
| Christine Lamb Stern         | 3692–9,  | 3693–0, | 3694–0, | 3695–2  |
| Mimi Ahern                   | 3696–0,  | 3697–3, | 3698–1, | 3699–3  |
| Lorraine Padden              | 3700–0,  | 3701–0, | 3702–0, | 3703–1  |
| Marilyn Gehant               | 3704–4,  | 3705–0, | 3706–1, | 3707–1  |
| Christine Horner             | 3708–0,  | 3709–0, | 3710–6, | 3711–2  |
| Dorothy Matthews             | 3712–0,  | 3713–2, | 3714–0, | 3715–0  |
| Lois Heyman Scott            | 3716–0,  | 3717–0, | 3718–0, | 3719–0  |

|                       |         |         |         |        |
|-----------------------|---------|---------|---------|--------|
| Michèle Boyle Turchi  | 3720–1, | 3721–0, | 3722–0, | 3723–1 |
| Gregory Longenecker   | 3724–3, | 3725–7, | 3726–7, | 3727–3 |
| Stephanie Baker       | 3728–1, | 3729–1, | 3730–0, | 3731–0 |
| Wakako Miya Rollinger | 3732–0, | 3733–0, | 3734–0, | 3735–1 |
| Lauren Banner         | 3736–1, | 3737–0, | 3738–0, | 3739–0 |
| Bruce H. Feingold     | 3740–3, | 3741–5, | 3742–8  |        |
| Phillip Kennedy       | 3743–4, | 3744–1, | 3745–2  |        |
| David Sherertz        | 3746–1, | 3747–0, | 3748–2, | 3749–1 |
| thomasjohnwellsmiller | 3750–0, | 3751–1, | 3752–0, | 3753–0 |
| Sharon Lynne Yee      | 3754–0, | 3755–0, | 3756–0, | 3757–1 |
| Majo Leavick          | 3758–0, | 3759–1, | 3760–0  |        |
| Cynthia Holbrook      | 3761–3, | 3762–1  |         |        |
| Deborah P Kolodji     | 3763–0, | 3764–1  | 3765–4, | 3766–1 |
| Barbara Campitelli    | 3767–1, | 3768–0, | 3769–0, | 3770–5 |

**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.



“Just After the Rain.” Photo by Phillip R. Kennedy.



**February 2021 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers**  
(received 7 or more votes)

- |      |                                                                                              |      |                                                                                       |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 3664 | not a word<br>passes between us<br>thin ice<br>~Barbara Moore (15)                           | 3742 | robin's song<br>the first morning<br>without him<br>~Bruce H. Feingold (8)            |
| 3574 | winter galaxy—<br>a single light burning<br>on the farmhouse porch<br>~Ruth Holzer (11)      | 3619 | rice paper and pen<br>the white page<br>becomes a poem<br>~Michael Sheffield (7)      |
| 3667 | his signature<br>now a scrawl<br>late winter<br>~Barbara Moore (11)                          | 3621 | fallen maple leaves<br>morning light tangled<br>in the bramble<br>~Bona M. Santos (7) |
| 3676 | bursting pomegranate<br>something<br>needs to be said<br>~Kath Abela Wilson (11)             | 3626 | watching for whales<br>everything<br>in its own time<br>~Helen Ogden (7)              |
| 3611 | December dusk<br>my mother tells all<br>the stories I don't know<br>~Beverly Acuff Momoi (9) | 3637 | trailing his sisters<br>into deeper puddles<br>first rain boots<br>~Dyana Basist (7)  |
| 3692 | all this chaos<br>still<br>the moon<br>~Christine Lamb Stern (9)                             | 3686 | winter clarity<br>seeing through trees<br>to the other side<br>~Kathy Goldbach (7)    |
| 3559 | winter solstice<br>the way light swirls with<br>wine in the glass<br>~Michael Henry Lee (8)  | 3725 | last year's diary<br>a river birch sheds<br>its old bark<br>~Gregory Longenecker (7)  |
| 3587 | country road—<br>a line of cars<br>behind the harvester<br>~Michael Dylan Welch (8)          | 3726 | winter isolation<br>all my thoughts outside<br>the window<br>~Gregory Longenecker (7) |
| 3609 | tea ceremony<br>learning to embrace<br>the bitter<br>~Beverly Acuff Momoi (8)                |      |                                                                                       |

**Dojin's Corner**

Nov 2020–Jan 2021

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and  
H. Philip Hsieh

Spring is sprung and there are vaccines now! Can you feel the change in the air? We are happy to welcome Philip Hsieh as our guest columnist. He is a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and author of *When Calligraphy Encounters Modern Poetry*, a beautiful collection of his calligraphy, haiga, and poetry in two languages.

Haiku we've chosen to comment on are marked with an asterisk:

HPH: 3559\*, 3560, 3563, 3597, 3602, 3605, 3608\*, 3615, 3616, 3618, 3630, 3633, 3637\*, 3648, 3663, 3678, 3685, 3688, 3692, 3699, 3710, 3742\*

E: 3559, 3571\*, 3588, 3585\*, 3589, 3597\*, 3602, 3624, 3627, 3650, 3661, 3679, 3711, 3723, 3743, 3745, 3751\*

pjm: 3566, 3576, 3586, 3602, 3605, 3626, 3627, 3631, 3633, 3637, 3639\*, 3640, 3641, 3642, 3646, 3648, 3661, 3662, 3663, 3664, 3666, 3667, 3670, 3676, 3677\*, 3678, 3682, 3687, 3692, 3695, 3696, 3697\*, 3698, 3703, 3707, 3708, 3710, 3711, 3713\*, 3720, 3725, 3726, 3727, 3728, 3729, 3731, 3742, 3743, 3744, 3746, 3747, 3757, 3759, 3760, 3761, 3765, 3767, 3770

3559 winter solstice  
the way light swirls with  
wine in the glass

HPH: Fire and light are traditional symbols of celebration on the darkest day of the year. So, a glass of wine suits the occasion. The wine's color is more appreciated against a light background, and while the wine is swirled the light responds.

E: The "w" sounds repeatedly appear and make the air swirl as I read the poem. I am not sure if the light is from the setting sun or a candle lit at dusk, but I know how it makes the poet relax and celebrate this precious moment on the shortest day of the year. What if the first line were "summer solstice"? Would it

create the same swirling atmosphere? This time "s" sounds would stand out and so may give a different feeling.

pjm: The image here suggests a magical moment; a ritual is being performed at this auspicious time of the solstice. On this day when the light is the shortest it is conjured up in the wine glass both as a way to temporarily revive it and also as a sign of its promised return.

3571 before the long night  
wings spread to the sun—  
winter butterfly

E: Butterflies, usually as far as I know, fold their wings to sleep. So, the butterfly is absorbing the last light and the warmth from the setting sun before night falls. "Long night (夜長, *yonaga*)" is an autumn kigo in Japan, when the days are getting shorter. Since we have "winter butterfly," perhaps we need not mention that the night is long? After all who is feeling that it is long? The author, and not the butterfly, I assume.

HPH: Before winter's long night, a butterfly enjoys the last sunlight of the day. I wonder if it maximizes adsorbing the remaining warmth by spreading its wings and helps its dormant way of life during the cold season.

pjm: The feeling here is of the pleasure that the sun's warmth can give, especially in winter. I agree with Emiko's suggestions of dropping the word "long."

3585 ice storm—  
branches bowing  
over an empty road

E: I never have experienced an ice storm, but I imagine that crystals of ice are falling all over the place clattering against the icy roads and the icy roofs. Tree branches are heavy with icicles—and perhaps the electric cables, too. The haiku is literally empty of a human figure, but it is full of sounds and anxiety.

HPH: During an ice storm, the road is deserted. The branches of a tree bow due to the weight of the ice. Bowing when no one is around makes winter blues

even bluer. I lived in upstate New York for almost six years and can easily picture this.

pjm: The paradox of an ice storm is how beautiful yet destructive it can be. The ice coats the trees so that they sparkle in the sunlight. But the ice is heavy causing many of the branches to sag, even to break. The most memorable description of the phenomenon is by Robert Frost in his poem, “Birches”:

. . . you must have seen them  
 Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
 After a rain. They click upon themselves  
 As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored  
 As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
 Soon the sun’s warmth makes them shed crystal  
 shells  
 Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—  
 Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
 You’d think the inner dome of heaven had  
 fallen.  
 They are dragged to the withered bracken by the  
 load,  
 And they seem not to break; though once they  
 are bowed  
 So low for long, they never right themselves . . . .

This haiku is an excellent example of the power of the kigo. Here just the phrase “ice storm” brings into the reader’s mind Frost’s description of birch trees covered in ice thereby enlarging and enhancing the world created by these three lines.

3597 a child’s mitten  
 covered with snowflakes  
 pinned to a gate post

E: Once or twice a winter, I encounter such moments of lost-and-found objects, mostly of a child’s mitten, glove, or sock! Very wintery haiku. It reminds me of my mittens strung with braided yarn in my kindergarten years. Thanks to my mother’s red yarn, I didn’t lose my mitten!

pjm: A lost mitten has been found and put out for the owner or the owner’s mom to recover it. It’s been unclaimed at least long enough for it to have snowed a bit so that the colorful wool pattern contrasts with

the light snowfall—a lovely nostalgic image of growing up in snow country.

HSH: There is an intriguing story untold here. How long had the mitten been there? Who pinned it to the gate post? A passerby or the owner of the house nearby? Did the mitten belong to a child who lived far away? Why didn’t the child come back and get it?

3608 three winter crows  
 on the snowfield  
 ! ! !

HPH: I am personally open to new forms of poetry including shape poetry (or concrete poems) such as this. The choice of three exclamation marks against the white background of paper is a wonderful match to the image of three crows standing in the middle of snowfield.

E: My comment on this haiku goes: ? ? ? I found that “!” is a negation in C language. So the third line might be “No, no, no.” Am I correct?

pjm: I imagine, like Philip, the last line to be a graphic representation of three crows in snow—very clever! !  
 !

3637 trailing his sisters  
 into deeper puddles  
 first rain boots

HPH: This haiku depicts complex feelings a young boy experiences in a concise and yet vivid manner. He wants to catch up with his older sisters on one hand and hesitates about getting his first brand-new rain boots dirty in the deeper puddles on the other. It’s very well done.

pjm: Uh-oh—this little guy is headed for trouble! I remember my younger sister following me on a similar adventure. We had a wonderful time wading in rain-filled ditches until we got home, and our mother discovered my sister’s boots were full of muddy water. Because she was smaller, the water had overflowed the tops of her shorter boots, and her shoes and socks were almost ruined. Our mother was very unhappy, and I felt very guilty for getting my sister in so much trouble.

E: So cute—a baby brother following his sisters into deeper puddles in his first rain boots. The rain has fallen substantially to leave deep puddles here and there. I wonder why children are so attracted to rain puddles. My granddaughters are no exceptions; they love to step into one, then to another, then to splash the water towards me!

3639 owls caroling  
 deep into dawn  
 Christmas

pjm: It's lovely to think of the call and response of owls to be "caroling," especially on Christmas morning. I imagine them to be saying, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

E: So the owls are hooting all night long, singing Christmas carols in their own ways! It is nice to imagine that Santa Claus is riding his sleigh high above the redwood forest while the owls are hooting peacefully and in contentment on this holy night.

HPH: The use of the word "caroling" is excellent for its double meanings. This haiku, to me, symbolizes minimalism.

3677 every path  
 lit with fireflies  
 our last dusk in Japan

pjm: This evocative image becomes even more entrancing if one knows that in Japanese lore fireflies represent the souls of those who have gone before. So as these travelers stroll through the garden to savor the last moments of their stay, the souls of the ancestors have come to send them off and wish them safe journey.

HPH: The first two lines connect with the last line really well. The haiku incites a beautiful, soft, and memorable image of Japan.

E: The air is moist and warm in the dark; the stream nearby is making a joyful sound; blueish, greenish lights flash high and low. Fireflies remind me of Masajo Suzuki's haiku (2000): "unable to die / I comb the mass of hair in my hand . . . / fireflies;" "a woman alone— / she wakes up and peeks into / the firefly

cage;" "firefly in a cage— / clandestine letters / come no more;" "shall we die together? / he whispers in my ear . . . / fireflies at dusk;" "firefly finds his love / they settle into grass / together;" "firefly light— / unless it is blue / passion won't spill out;" "fireflies— / the man I trust my life with / we gaze together." Fireflies are so much associated with love and affection. A lucky couple!

3697 whack of Mom's spoon  
 on the edge of the pan  
 persimmon jam

pjm: I imagine the spoon to be wooden and the wielder of it has just finished stirring a batch of jam that is ready to be poured into jars. The whack says how satisfied she is to have completed this; it's a way of saying "it's done, and it is done well."

E: I didn't know that persimmons are good for jam, wow! I learned from a Google search that you can make persimmon jam with star anise, cinnamon, lemon, and lots of sugar. The mother vigorously taps her spoon on the edge of the pot to let the family know the jam is ready. Thus the haiku was born. I shall try the recipe when the season arrives. From "whack" my thoughts fly to a Zen Buddhist ceremony where the priest rings *myōbachi* (cymbals). I like the ceremonial touch of this haiku celebrating the persimmon season.

HPH: I was immediately intrigued by such interesting details in the first two lines that I wanted to know what the third line looked like. Mom whacked the edge of the pan with a spoon probably to express her satisfaction on how the persimmon jam came out. A very lively little drama.

3713 spotted yellow leaves  
 turning cartwheels in the wind  
 empty campground

pjm: Usually a cartwheel is an expression of joy, but in this instance as the leaves blow across the empty campground the feeling is a loneliness—even desolation, and the cartwheeling motion of the leaves seems to magnify the emptiness.

HPH: The first two lines give a strong contrast to the last line: a moving image versus a tranquil setting. The

cartwheeling leaves deepen the loneliness of an empty campground. I wondered though how the word “spotted” adds to the significance of the entire poem.

E: The emptiness spreads out from the ground to the sky. When a season ends, the campground changes its landscape completely. The spotted yellow leaves are sliding over the ground acrobatically, circling in cartwheels. I have just spotted the cherry petals turning cartwheels on the streets a week ago, but I have never tried to do it myself. I should have tried!

3742 robin’s song  
the first morning  
without him

HPH: Robins’ songs are generally construed to be a cheering reminder of spring. This is what I pictured: The morning following the death of her husband, a woman feels the loss even more when she hears a robin sing.

pjm: A mixture of feelings—the joy of the robin’s song makes the loss of “him” even more poignant. And, of course, hidden in the word “morning” is the homonym for “mourning.”

E: A soothing voice from outside. Was his name Robin?

3751 bright winter sunrise  
thrice a walk around the block  
pretend commuter

E: During the winter weeks, it was so nice to walk in the morning sunshine watching some people in white masks passing by in a rush. The COVID-19 virus made us stay within the walking distance of our homes, but actually the streets were crowded with people walking their dogs. I don’t keep a dog. I needed to show I was walking for a purpose; otherwise, we were supposed to stay at home. Pretending to be a commuter is a great idea.

pjm: I appreciate the use of the formal 5-7-5 form; it fits well with the subject matter in which the speaker is trying to get in a morning walk under COVID-imposed restrictions. The word “thrice,” however,

may be taking formalities a bit too far; it’s not a word used much in conversational English.

HPH: The author either worked from home during the pandemic or just became retired. One way to transition the daily routine is to take a short walk around the block as if commuting were still part of it. Such is life.

References:

Hsieh, Philip H. *When Calligraphy Encounters Modern Poetry*. Taipei, Taiwan: Neng-Shih Hung, 2019.

Frost, Robert. *The Poetry of Robert Frost, “Birches.”* Edited by Edward Connery Lathem. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1969.

Suzuki, Masajo. *Love Haiku: Masajo Suzuki’s Lifetime of Love*. Translated by Lee Gurga and Emiko Miyashita. Decatur, IL: Brooks Books, 2000.

\* \* \*

We invite your responses. Send letters to the *Geppo* editor .



“Winter Moon.” Photo by Phillip R. Kennedy.

## Summer Challenge Kigo: *natsugusa ya*, Summer Grass, Summer Grasses

Clysta Seney

Grass is the most commonly known member of the plant kingdom. Yet I did not find many haiku using summer grass as a kigo. I started with William J. Higginson's *The Haiku Handbook* in which he translated what he calls "one of Bashō's best known haiku" from *Narrow Roads of the Interior*.

summer grass . . .  
those mighty warriors'  
dream-tracks

~Bashō (1644–1694), translated by William Higginson and Penny Harter, *The Haiku Handbook* (Tokyo: Kodansha International, 1985), 22.

Later in his book, Higginson demonstrates Yamaguchi Seishi's technique of leaving images open to the reader's interpretation.

in summer grass  
a steam engine's wheels  
come and stop

~Seishi (1901–1994), translated by William Higginson and Penny Harter, *The Haiku Handbook*, 120.

A final haiku is by Canadian poet Garry Eaton, who passed last November. He pens a powerful haibun about an indigenous woodcarver who was shot and killed by a police officer in Seattle in 2011. Here is the haiku excerpted from his haibun called "Safe Streets," taken from *A Hundred Gourds*, a quarterly online journal.

summer grass  
a buffalo calf appears  
from the wood

~Garry Eaton, *A Hundred Gourds*, 1:1, December 2011, 91.



"Purple Needlegrass."  
Photo by Clysta Seney.

I also offer a prompt, a fragment from Jane Hirshfield's poem "Falcon."

Incapable of ungenerosity: grass  
cut, it simply keeps growing

~Jane Hirshfield, *Ledger: Poems* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2020), 43.

Most American poets are familiar with Walt Whitman's book *Leaves of Grass*. In his poem "Song of Myself" he muses, "I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass." Sounds very much like what haiku poets call a *ginkō* (a haiku walk). Being a fourth generation Northern Californian, I was raised to seek and follow the play of wind over grass in our foothills and valleys—another kind of *ginkō*. I look forward to reading your way of seeing summer grass.

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

## Remembering Toni Steele (1920–2020)

Deborah P Kolodji with Janis Albright Lukstein and Sharon Lynne Yee



Toni at age 99. Photo by Deborah P Kolodji.

Toni Steele was born in South Dakota, the daughter of a Greek immigrant. As a teenager, her family moved to Southern California where she fell in love with surfing. She held a degree in psychology and had various careers as an aircraft company executive, college administrator, and counselor.

Toni loved art, music, reading, and writing. She began writing haiku when she joined the Southern California Haiku Study Group. Later, she became a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. She said the haiku programs helped her express her love of the environment. A true love of writing and nature inspired her. Two of her haiku below express this love.

winter desert  
cold black sky  
but oh the stars!

invisible wings  
a flash of ruby  
hummingbird

## Tokutomi Contest Preview, January 9, 2021

Alison Woolpert

“All about the Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest” was the focus of the first YTHS meeting of 2021, on Zoom. It is the oldest USA-based international haiku competition honoring traditional Japanese haiku. Rules require a 5-7-5 syllable format and one kigo from a prescribed list.

Patricia Machmiller shared the contest’s long history that began in 1978. In the early years, Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi would translate the haiku submissions into Japanese to send to Shugyo Takaha, the Tokutomis’ teacher in Japan, for judging. The Yukuharu Grand Prize winner from the first year:

The names of the dead  
sinking deeper and deeper  
into the red leaves  
~Eric Amann, Toronto, Canada

Alison Woolpert shared contest pointers, referring to J. Zimmerman’s article “When the Moon Can Stand Alone: Single Kigo and the Tokutomi Contest.” The article, along with winners’ haiku from previous years and the contest rules and kigo list for 2021, can be found on the website: [yths.org](http://yths.org).

As Kath Abela Wilson, 2021 contest chair, shared the kigo list, Rick Wilson played lovely musical introductions for each season, showcasing a variety of his world flutes.



“Cattails.” Photo by Phillip R. Kennedy.

Kath Abela originated a new kigo for New Year: “Rose Parade.” Due to the pandemic, this year’s parade was cancelled. However, Yvette Nicole Kolodji shared an enchanting video of miniature floats she created from paper and plant matter, including New Zealand flax, hibiscus leaves, tea-dried flowers, lavender, and lily leaves and stocks.

Members were able to get contest clarification, especially insight into specific kigo. One example: “pumpkin” is separate from “pumpkin pie” and not interchangeable with “jack o’lantern.” You have until May 31 to enter. See page 28 of this *Geppo* for details.



## “Shikoku Pilgrimage” with Michael Dylan Welch, February 13, 2021

Alison Woolpert

YTHS members traveled by Zoom to Shikoku Island, Japan, with our esteemed haiku guide Michael Dylan Welch. His wonderful presentation, “The Weather-Beaten Jizō: Shikoku Pilgrimage Haiku by Shūji Niwano,” included photos, maps, and poems translated by Welch and Emiko Miyashita. Phillip Kennedy joined the presentation to read the Japanese.

This 750-mile pilgrimage is made to 88 temples around Shikoku in honor of Kōbō Daishi, a ninth-century ascetic who founded the Shingon sect of Buddhism. Pilgrims are said to walk each step in his spirit, and it can take up to two months to visit every temple.

In 2005 Robert C. Sibley, a Canadian reporter, made the pilgrimage and met fellow travelers Shūji Niwano, a retired communications salesman, and his son Jun. In 2013 Sibley published *The Way of the 88 Temples: Journeys on the Shikoku Pilgrimage*, documenting his experience. The book includes a selection of Shūji Niwano’s haiku, out of 33 that Welch and Miyashita first translated for Sibley’s keynote address at the 2009 Haiku North America conference in Ottawa.

pilgrim’s staff—  
I fill my mind  
with emptiness

a bush warbler  
tells me that the rain  
has stopped

climbing earnestly  
to the mountain ridge  
spring wind

no more smiles  
on the weather-beaten Jizō . . .  
village in leaf

Michael concluded his presentation with additional photos of a Shikoku pilgrimage he attended in 2019 at the Seattle Koyasan Buddhist Temple. Michael’s essay, with all translations, is available at <http://tinyurl.com/temple-pilgrimage>.

## “The Haiku Calendar” presented by Phillip R. Kennedy, March 13, 2021

J. Zimmerman

YTHS devoted its March Zoom meeting to an eagerly awaited presentation by Phillip R. Kennedy titled “The Haiku Calendar: Seasons, Solar Terms, and Pentads.” Phillip enthralled 45 members and guests with his thorough examination of traditional Japanese seasons. Although the four seasons are recognized throughout the temperate zone, different cultures start and end their seasons on different days. In particular, while the USA officially begins each season on an equinox (spring and autumn) or a solstice (summer and winter), in the traditional Japanese reckoning, each equinox and solstice is the midpoint of a season. For example, in the traditional Japanese understanding of the seasons, the spring equinox is in the middle of spring; spring begins around February 4th, over six weeks earlier. As a result, the beginning of a Japanese season is at a time of year when aspects of the previous season are still strongly noticeable. The new season is being expected, but is experienced only subtly as in this poem by Hoshino Tsubaki (translation by Phillip R. Kennedy):

spring begins  
the Moon Rabbit’s ears  
standing straight up

This haiku is a lively depiction of the way we are alert for the hint of spring while winter characteristics are still very apparent. Phillip described how Japan adopted the Classical Chinese method of dividing the year into 24 equal periods equal to 15° of the 360° solar ecliptic. Each division is a “solar term” (or *sekki* in Japanese), which describes the feeling or spirit of the season. Each name reflects some seasonal phenomenon, such as “spring begins.” These words or phrases are usually recognized as *kigo* and are contained in *saijiki* (almanacs of season words).

The Japanese further adopted the Classical Chinese practice of dividing each of the 24 solar terms into three parts. These are called “*kō*” in Japanese and “pentads” in English because each covers a period of five days or 5° of the solar ecliptic. The phrases that correspond to the pentads are also seasonal. Sometimes the Japanese keep the same descriptive phrase for a pentad as the Chinese, such as “The spring wind melts ice” for the first pentad in early spring. However, for almost two-thirds of the pentads, the Japanese phrase is altered from the Chinese version, in order to better match with the seasonal experience in Japan. For example, the Japanese pentad at the summer solstice is “Heart-of-the-earth withers,” whereas the Chinese is “Deer drop their antlers.” While Japanese poets do use ideas from the pentads in their haiku, it is less common for these long descriptive phrases to become *kigo* and be included in *saijiki*.

At the end, participants asked multiple questions, offered enthusiastic gratitude and praise to Phillip for his talk, and expressed great interest in using the handout he prepared for the talk that shows all the traditional solar terms and pentad phrases. As Phillip said, they can help you to “have a more creative haiku path by feeling such slight changes of the haiku seasons.”

## Congratulations to Christine Horner and Elinor Pihl Huggett for achieving The Touchstone Award for Individual Poems 2020 Short List!

Each year, the Haiku Foundation awards The Touchstone Awards for Individual Poems. Over 1,300 poems published in 2020 were nominated by poets, readers, and editors from around the world. The first round by the panel of six judges resulted in the Long List, 56 poems, and a second round of voting led to the Short List, 29 poems. The third and final round recognizes five haiku with the highest honor of Awarded Haiku.

Christine’s and Elinor’s shortlisted poems were both published in the August 2020 issue of *Geppo*.

washing our hands—  
each soap bubble holds  
all the colors

~Christine Horner (*Geppo* XLV:3—August 2020)

moving van . . .  
everything but the growth marks  
on the closet door

~Elinor Pihl Huggett (*Geppo* XLV:3—August 2020)

For the full results of The Touchstone Awards for Individual Poems 2020 visit The Haiku Foundation’s website—<https://tinyurl.com/touchstone2020>.

### Correction

Apologies to Deborah P Kolodji for the error in her haiku at the end of the article on the Zoom Retreat in the February 2021 issue (29). Her haiku should read:

autumn gathering  
Asilomar wind in the dunes  
in my mind



“Heron at Rest.” Photo by Phillip R. Kennedy.

## 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, 5<sup>th</sup> 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](http://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.

## YTHS Haiku Retreat on Zoom with Featured Speaker Robert Hass November 5–8, 2021 (Friday–Monday)

We will be holding our annual haiku retreat on Zoom again this year. We have a wonderful program planned. We are delighted that Robert Hass, former US Poet Laureate and eminent translator of Japanese haiku masters Bashō, Buson, and Issa will be our featured speaker. Four days of activities will include a *kukai* with Emiko Miyashita, *ginkō*, workshops, an art project, and many opportunities to share haiku.

To participate in the retreat, please fill out the registration form below, and send it to this address by September 1, 2021.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
PO Box 412  
Monterey, CA 93942  
Attn: Retreat Registrar

The cost of the retreat is \$100. There are two ways to pay:

1. Mail a \$100 check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and send with your registration form to the YTHS address above.
2. Use PayPal to send \$102 to: yukiteikei@msn.com. In the “add a note” type: YTHS Retreat, 2021 and your name. When you send your completed registration form, be sure to indicate that you paid your fee using PayPal.

\*\*\*\*\*

YTHS Retreat Registration (November 5–8, 2021)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Email address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone number: \_\_\_\_\_

Paid by \_\_\_\_\_ check          \_\_\_\_\_ PayPal

We plan to create a roster with retreat participants’ names and email addresses to be shared only with other attendees. May we include your name and email in the roster?

\_\_\_ Yes, please include my name & email      \_\_\_ No, do not include my name & email

For more information, please contact Bona Santos, our registrar.

The retreat is limited to 50 participants, so please register early. We hope to see you there.



“A Lily in Larkin House.” Photo by Phillip R. Kennedy.

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

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

- Submit four to six pieces of your artwork. We will convert to black-and-white, if needed, so choose work with good contrast.
- All types of artwork will be considered. 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

## Geppo Editorial Staff

Editor . . . . . Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Associate Editor . . . . . Christine Stern

Layout Editor . . . . . Karina M. Young

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This Issue's Contributors . . . . . H. Philip Hsieh, Phillip R. Kennedy, Deborah P Kolodji, Patricia Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, Clysta Seney, Alison Woolpert, J. Zimmerman

## YTHS Officers

- Carolyn Fitz, President
- Linda Papanicolaou, First Vice President
- Christine Stern, Second Vice President
- 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](mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com)

Or snail mail to:

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

For *Geppo* submissions, please write in the subject line:

**Geppo Submissions: your name**

Submit your haiku single-spaced in the body of the email and record your votes horizontally. Please no attachments. Please send only one email per submission period.

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

No one knows how 2021 will unfold, so we will continue to plan for Zoom in the months ahead. Our faraway members report that they appreciate being able to join us online. Be sure to note that our annual retreat, usually held at Asilomar, in California, will once again be on Zoom. Invitations and reminders will be emailed before the meetings. Stay safe, everyone.

|                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| May 8<br>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.                                                                            |
| May 31                               | Deadline for Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest. See details in this issue of <i>Geppo</i> .                                                                                                                                     |
| June 12<br>Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific   | “Modern Haiga: A Survey of Artists and Approaches.” Presentation by Linda Papanicolaou.                                                                                                                                                        |
| July 10<br>Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific   | Tanabata Celebration and Haiku Sharing. Host TBD.                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| July 15                              | Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>                                                                                                                             |
| August 14<br>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. 1                              | Registration Deadline for Zoom Retreat Nov. 5–8 with Robert Hass. See page 29 for details.                                                                                                                                                     |
| Sept. 11<br>Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific  | “ReReReWrite: On Haiku Revision.” Workshop with Chuck Brickley, author of <i>earthshine</i> .                                                                                                                                                  |
| Oct. 15                              | Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>                                                                                                                             |
| Oct. 23<br>Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific   | Full Moon Viewing and Members’ Haiku Sharing. Hosted by Patrick Gallagher.                                                                                                                                                                     |
| Nov. 5–8<br>Zoom (Times TBD)         | Annual YTHS 4-day Retreat on Zoom. Robert Hass, former US Poet Laureate and eminent translator of Japanese haiku masters Bashō, Buson, and Issa, will be the featured speaker. Carol Steele, retreat chair and Bona Santos, retreat registrar. |
| Nov. 15                              | Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>                                                                                                                             |
| Dec. 11<br>TBD                       | Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert.                                                                                                                                                                                                |