

# 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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|------|--|------|---|
| 3981 | singing with the band<br>a name that never appears<br>in any credits | 3989 | cactus rose<br>impeccably open<br>only for today              |
| 3982 | hospice<br>a former beauty queen<br>spruces up for the end           | 3990 | percussion on high<br>woodpecker<br>on the palm tree          |
| 3983 | vinyl fencing<br>power washing any<br>vestige of patina              | 3991 | twilight<br>out the gate down the street<br>jasmine wafting   |
| 3984 | emergency vet<br>the waiting room filled<br>with empty arms          | 3992 | rising emotions<br>manipulate me<br>on marionette strings     |
| 3985 | eavesdropping<br>on my neighbors<br>oriole chatter                   | 3993 | now open—<br>the florist shop<br>selling tulips               |
| 3986 | a kitchen counter<br>cleared of crumbs<br>first ant                  | 3994 | early summer—<br>too soon for me to give up<br>wearing a mask |
| 3987 | barefoot babies . . .<br>goslings stretch<br>their wings             | 3995 | end of summer—<br>my flip-flops<br>have flopped               |
| 3988 | poppies<br>a bumper crop<br>of ducklings                             | 3996 | slow day—<br>I just might<br>wash my car                      |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 3997 | settling in<br>for an evening read . . .<br>river of stars       | 4008 | together<br>on a rose leaf—<br>cicadas in love                          |
| 3998 | pine forest<br>where wind can't reach<br>the silence             | 4009 | July afternoon<br>the workman nods off<br>over his coffee               |
| 3999 | fully vaccinated<br>again the taste of cheesecake<br>at the café | 4010 | scented posy<br>granddaughter's gift<br>of buttercups                   |
| 4000 | love affair<br>the page welcomes the touch<br>of the pen         | 4011 | early summer<br>unleashing the dog<br>at the river's edge               |
| 4001 | great blue heron<br>stands on the yellow line<br>no passing      | 4012 | bronze sea elephant<br>children pose for a photo<br>in morning sunshine |
| 4002 | the octopus hides<br>from visitors<br>puppeteer                  | 4013 | still pond—<br>a wet mouse shivering<br>on a lily pad                   |
| 4003 | sea foam<br>whirls on the sand<br>taste of salted caramel        | 4014 | finches at the feeder<br>beginning my day<br>on an up note              |
| 4004 | ocean<br>joins the sky<br>welders at work                        | 4015 | summer garden<br>on my doorstep<br>a floral delivery                    |
| 4005 | holding<br>the first great-grandchild—<br>summer grasses         | 4016 | deep in its folds<br>the rose embracing<br>the worker bee               |
| 4006 | Flower Moon—<br>on its voyage west<br>to eclipse                 | 4017 | seeing everything<br>filtered through a camera<br>summer vacation       |
| 4007 | 3 a.m.<br>the cicadas<br>awake too                               | 4018 | paper parasols<br>in every possible shade<br>for the wedding guests     |
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| 4019 | his prized possessions<br>shoebox of Father's Day cards<br>and her photograph | 4030 | night of shooting stars<br>still in love with<br>marimbas                             |
| 4020 | girls on playground swings<br>surpassing one another<br>summer butterflies    | 4031 | Christmas Eve wind<br>in the Mall parking lot<br>shoppers chase receipts              |
| 4021 | Dandelions<br>Puffy summer globes<br>Blown away as wishes                     | 4032 | leaky backyard pond—<br>a workman falls into<br>the sound of swearing                 |
| 4022 | ocean fog<br>the persistent calls<br>of gulls                                 | 4033 | new golfer<br>pokes into the thicket—<br>chatter of squirrels                         |
| 4023 | gathering firewood<br>an armful<br>of mosquito bites                          | 4034 | from summer mountains<br>wide-winged birds soar far to near<br>children play kickball |
| 4024 | shall I go<br>shall I stay<br>stripes of an awning                            | 4035 | to far summer hills<br>cattle slowly find their way<br>grandmother sips tea           |
| 4025 | slack tide<br>a sanderling beachcomber<br>in the wrack zone                   | 4036 | my fly swatter swats<br>and swats to give me relief<br>flies provide a breeze         |
| 4026 | wind sideswipes<br>the Dunnigan Hills<br>summer grass rondo                   | 4037 | at garden's corner<br>a small rose stands proud and fair<br>the dog has found shade   |
| 4027 | the circus troupe<br>departs at first light<br>trampled summer grass          | 4038 | first warm day<br>the poppies and I<br>look to the sun                                |
| 4028 | summer table set<br>flowers and candlelight<br>vaccinated friends             | 4039 | spring rain<br>the <i>pop pop</i><br>of mustard seeds                                 |
| 4029 | afternoon nap<br>carpenter bees<br>work on the poppies                        | 4040 | in the chorus<br>a celebration of tones—<br>spring peepers                            |
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| 4041 | just moseying along<br>from sun to shade<br>alligator lizard                           | 4052 | Lawn sprinklers<br>bridging the river of sidewalk<br>riding my bike through the arc |
| 4042 | midday heat—<br>around a river bend<br>feet first                                      | 4053 | 2:30 p.m.<br>distant train sounds<br>interrupt suburbia                             |
| 4043 | allowed to gather . . .<br>again sharing platters<br>full of summer                    | 4054 | still morning<br>calla lilies<br>slowly unfold                                      |
| 4044 | scented breeze<br>someone’s Jack Russell greets us<br>as if it knew us                 | 4055 | sweltering summer<br>ocean spray glistens<br>on my skin                             |
| 4045 | U-Pick<br>a full basket of blueberries<br>within a minute                              | 4056 | wrong turn<br>a pair of mallards wander<br>into my backyard                         |
| 4046 | high-tide sunset<br>clouds<br>make popcorn   | 4057 | holiday crowd<br>even IHOP<br>is hopping  |
| 4047 | cattail marsh<br>heron’s shadow swallowing<br>minnows                                  | 4058 | Lovers Point—<br>laundry items fly off<br>the pickup bed                            |
| 4048 | wishes blown<br>on summer breeze<br>dragonflies dance                                  | 4059 | solstice by the sea<br>in a language of its own . . .<br>priceless                  |
| 4049 | pink honey sunset<br>making hydrangea blush<br>cricket serenade                        | 4060 | the scent of willow<br>in horno-baked loaves . . .<br>Taos Pueblo                   |
| 4050 | Crickets chirping<br>at summer’s peak<br>a little sad                                  | 4061 | the horno oven<br>aglow with willow coals . . .<br>Taos Pueblo                      |
| 4051 | A warm summer’s night<br>crack of the bat, roar of the crowd<br>through an open window | 4062 | a light breeze moves them<br>yet they stay in the same spot—<br>the golden cattails |
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| 4063 | disrupting the flow—<br>a cherry stuck in the spout<br>of watering can             | 4074 | Can't let go<br>the river Lethe<br>calls me home                               |
| 4064 | a straw in my hand<br>the end of a goose feather<br>picked up from the ground      | 4075 | Drops of summer rain<br>wake the sleeping owl<br>thunder shakes his tree       |
| 4065 | Sunday ritual<br>deadheading petunias<br>along with my thoughts                    | 4076 | The moon cries<br>a star is born<br>our planet gives birth                     |
| 4066 | Son says: hailed again<br>Excited or regretting<br>his move, I wonder              | 4077 | Falling rain<br>tears your wiper<br>from the car-crash window                  |
| 4067 | Awakened by sun<br>Water lilies wave at koi<br>Let's dance with color              | 4078 | settling<br>at the bottom of the well<br>summer moon                           |
| 4068 | White blossoms beaming<br>The pole beans broadcast loudly<br>"All aboard, Summer!" | 4079 | deep tree shade<br>the mountain lion walks off<br>with one shoe                |
| 4069 | Our goodbye in June<br>High noon air visibly still<br>Midnight silence.            | 4080 | a white filly<br>nuzzles her palm<br>summer breeze                             |
| 4070 | clouds<br>on the water of a bowl<br>goldfish goes                                  | 4081 | Fourth of July<br>the Vietnam Vet shoves in<br>his earplugs                    |
| 4071 | summer grass<br>lets an insect net<br>run about                                    | 4082 | Petals fall quickly—<br>scree slopes adorned with colored<br>alpine confetti.  |
| 4072 | heat wave—<br>voice on air turns<br>inside out                                     | 4083 | Upper Deadfall Lake:<br>Great Dragonfly Emergence—<br>nymph casings graveyard. |
| 4073 | distant thunder—<br>a sudden farewell<br>without seeing                            | 4084 | On my second try<br>I sabrage a Prosecco—<br>happens so quickly.               |
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| 4085 | Twining brodiaea<br>with nothing on which to climb<br>chest-high, volubile. | 4096 | this short season<br>of sweetness<br>strawberry moon                   |
| 4086 | farm team<br>blue jeans steal colour<br>from the sky                        | 4097 | untangleable<br>ways we weave together<br>wisteria                     |
| 4087 | you outgrow<br>your self again . . .<br>cow parsley                         | 4098 | her plumed hat bobs<br>with Sunday-morning rapture<br>bird of paradise |
| 4088 | meadowsweet<br>the deer leave me<br>one bloom                               | 4099 | the cure<br>for any other worries<br>mosquito in my bed                |
| 4089 | summer as far<br>as the eye can see . . .<br>new horizons                   | 4100 | gray hair<br>brings a few privileges<br>senior discount                |
| 4090 | family reunion<br>unfamiliar but similar faces<br>tropical storm warning    | 4101 | alzheimer's stealing his mem   |
| 4091 | summer storm<br>the above ground pool<br>still stands                       | 4102 | fireworks<br>I meant to tell her that,<br>too                          |
| 4092 | farm cat<br>feasts on chicken blend<br>approaching storm                    | 4103 | Father's Day<br>barbecue clique<br>bourbon and cigars                  |
| 4093 | before the tropical storm<br>cicadas sing<br>in elm trees                   | 4104 | bread for me?<br>the quiet "chup"<br>of a green-toed coot              |
| 4094 | mask kissing<br>my butterfly lands<br>on his paisley                        | 4105 | Scent of fond memory<br>In the middle of my walk<br>Gardenia           |
| 4095 | rusty hinges<br>on our closed doors<br>creaking open                        | 4106 | Passing of Elsa<br>Mist is rising here and there<br>In the mountain    |
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| 4107 | Goldfinch in the sky<br>“My yellow is brighter than you”<br>Says to the sunflowers | 4118 | <i>Strega</i> on the rocks . . .<br>I conjure a good-luck spell<br>with each sip |
| 4108 | two-lane highway—<br>the farm stand bins<br>bursting with summer                   | 4119 | the neighborhood kids<br>called it the “Kleenex tree”—<br>Japanese Maple         |
| 4109 | faded beach chair<br>a thousand hours<br>doing nothing                             | 4120 | ice cream truck<br>delivers water<br>to homeless                                 |
| 4110 | constellations<br>fixed in sand<br>the space between sea stars                     | 4121 | elderly neighbors<br>walk new puppies<br>through fallen leaves                   |
| 4111 | rattle of wind chimes . . .<br>a breath of sea air<br>begins its journey           | 4122 | vaux’s swifts<br>enter via fireplace<br>cling to drapes                          |
| 4112 | <i>Odori</i> practice<br>grandmother knew all the songs<br>endless summer          | 4123 | county fairground<br>lying under the blanket<br>of fireworks with her            |
| 4113 | rubbing my belly<br>a laughing buddha<br>comes to life                             | 4124 | a patch of red<br>on the woodpecker<br>reopening                                 |
| 4114 | I like my<br>Japanese-American eyes<br>it took a long time                         | 4125 | crab shell<br>still glistening<br>still dead                                     |
| 4115 | my age-old friend<br>her scent<br>patchouli  | 4126 | holiday mall . . .<br>plexiglass between Santa<br>and the elves                  |
| 4116 | pelicans row<br>above the crashing waves . . .<br>eye-opener                       | 4127 | early Spring . . .<br>snizzle on top<br>of the snirt                             |
| 4117 | embedded<br>in a wisp of cloud<br>rainbow fragments                                | 4128 | the only one<br>in the store without a mask . . .<br>mannequin                   |
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| 4129 | ripping the last page<br>off the covid calendar . . .<br>year of the rat          | 4140 | sunflowers<br>next to the bird feeder<br>a whole flock                 |
| 4130 | the roses<br>having second thoughts<br>autumn                                     | 4141 | shrieks<br>of children's laughter—<br>piñata                           |
| 4131 | Jesus' coat<br>of many colors<br>bible camp                                       | 4142 | mother's day promise<br>from my daughter<br>a hug                      |
| 4132 | vineyard<br>the chardonnay<br>of a summer moon                                    | 4143 | the children visit<br>after a year<br>fireworks                        |
| 4133 | empty nest<br>the blue note<br>of a mourning dove                                 | 4144 | a marmalade cat<br>meanders through my backyard<br>summer surveillance |
| 4134 | high crime area<br>the incumbent mayor<br>digs the bioswales                      | 4145 | summer lament<br>my gardener<br>blind to the weeds                     |
| 4135 | KFC displays<br>the Kentucky grilled chicken—<br>Fast of Tammuz                   | 4146 | balmy breeze<br>how are you she asks<br>after already asking           |
| 4136 | summer's apogee:<br>the river's dark water flows<br>over the clouds               | 4147 | all that remains<br>of the purple iris<br>beige tissue paper           |
| 4137 | for the time being<br>my long dead friend's lilting word<br>CANOE . . . K-A-N-O-E | 4148 | higher than the fence<br>between us . . . my neighbor's<br>pink rose   |
| 4138 | blossom to blossom<br>the busy-ness<br>of bees                                    | 4149 | sweet pea seed<br>the hard soil<br>broken                              |
| 4139 | midweek getaway<br>the ever changing ocean<br>still the same                      | 4150 | worsening drought<br>the plenty of falling plums<br>a refuge           |
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| 4151 | Independence Day<br>neighbor kids declare<br><i>the bombs are free</i>     | 4162 | in the afternoon sun<br>two lizards and a tiny one<br>family vacation          |
| 4152 | winning a contest<br>I never entered<br>butterfly wind                     | 4163 | under a flower<br>wings wide, a swallowtail clings<br>Art Deco pattern         |
| 4153 | July bursts into stone fruit and bruises                                   | 4164 | monarch butterfly<br>where the sun meets the water<br>mother's iridescent vase |
| 4154 | summer sea spray . . .<br>an escort of pelicans<br>within arms reach       | 4165 | in the church garden<br>the organ melody soars<br>summer butterflies           |
| 4155 | breath of air—<br>new-laid asphalt perfumes<br>the jogger's sweat          | 4166 | new home<br>the wandering eyes<br>of a puppy                                   |
| 4156 | heron fishing—<br>each standing leg is half<br>reflection                  | 4167 | empty nest<br>the cat teaches me<br>how to be alone                            |
| 4157 | swimming lesson—<br>the old monastery's<br>engulfing silence               | 4168 | power outage<br>facing each other<br>over the candle flame                     |
| 4158 | sound of falling rain—<br>I curl up in a sofa<br>by the French window      | 4169 | coming of spring<br>a gosling tests<br>the waters                              |
| 4159 | a raindrop glistening<br>at the tip of a palm leaf<br>—shelter-in-place    | 4170 | summer opera<br>a moonlit mockingbird<br>accompanies our dreams                |
| 4160 | one hundred degrees—<br>a new Queen's Tears plant under<br>a pink umbrella | 4171 | snipping green beans<br>into equal pieces<br>summer schedule                   |
| 4161 | Face-Time reunion—<br>Iona's little palm<br>touching iPad screen           | 4172 | playing baseball<br>by choosing up sides<br>adult-free entertainment           |
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| 4173 | a squirrel somersaults<br>from a swinging bird feeder<br>Summer Olympics  | 4184 | gay pride parade—<br>two puppies on the sidewalk<br>sniff each other                |
| 4174 | all summer grass<br>I play hide<br>and go seek                            | 4185 | the walker left<br>outside her room—<br>empty bed                                   |
| 4175 | summer grasses<br>cover the hillside<br>after the poppies                 | 4186 | gleeful ritual—<br>ravens smashing cherry plums<br>against rough barked boughs      |
| 4176 | the doe and fawn<br>eat their fill<br>summer grass                        | 4187 | near the sandwich shop<br>trio of black bibbed sparrows<br>gleaning sidewalk crumbs |
| 4177 | summer grass<br>on my hike<br>I listen for birds                          | 4188 | a matter of trust<br>stepping down and letting go<br>shock of cold water            |
| 4178 | our urban fox<br>suns himself on the shed roof<br>king of our castle      | 4189 | free range chicken eggs<br>a well in the flour pile<br>dumplings are afoot!         |
| 4179 | summer solstice<br>the cutlery drawer<br>still swollen                    | 4190 | roasted yucca<br>still standing<br>scorched canyon                                  |
| 4180 | crops<br>drinking the river<br>dry  | 4191 | California quails<br>scavenge what's left<br>burnt meadow                           |
| 4181 | sweat droplets<br>with every turn of the pedal<br>a wave of cricket calls | 4192 | remains of woodland—<br>Oak titmouse still<br>talking to a dead oak                 |
| 4182 | doctor visit—<br>the leaves today<br>are turning                          | 4193 | screams of an owl<br>echoing from the woods<br>smoky sunset                         |
| 4183 | the clatter of china<br>mingles<br>with the thunder                       | 4194 | finally flossing<br>summer dental appointment<br>in one hour                        |
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| 4195 iced green Thai tea<br>with tapioca pearls—<br>waiter knows by heart          | 4203 wildfire<br>leaves nothing<br>but ashes                             |
| 4196 from kernel to clump<br>grandson masters the chopsticks<br>summer vacation    | 4204 a tumbleweed<br>rolls aimlessly<br>like a disturbed man             |
| 4197 blanket<br>of dappled shade<br>hammock siesta                                 | 4205 Summer night<br>the chorus of the crickets<br>is music to some ears |
| 4198 a dashboard Jesus<br>blesses my brother's way home<br>white roadside lilacs   | 4206 heat wave<br>I check for weeds<br>in the rock garden                |
| 4199 pruned to essentials<br>a rose bush bares its branches<br>letting go, to grow | 4207 without my green lawn<br>summertime blues                           |
| 4200 hot day<br>a quadricycle<br>squeaks by  | 4208 Sho time<br>I warm up to baseball<br>and a can of cold beer         |
| 4201 a metal bench<br>anchored to the granite<br>drought clouds passing            | 4209 the hottest tickets<br>for the coolest events<br>Fahrenheit watch   |
| 4202 hydrangeas<br>let's use the cobalt blue<br>parfait glasses                    |  |

**Welcome to New YTHS Members:**

Sam Blair, Warrenton, OR; Randy Brooks, Taylorville, IL; Patricia Donegan, Chicago, IL; Barrie Levine, Wenham, MA; Priscilla Lignori, Montgomery, NY; and Richard L. Matta, San Diego, CA.

## Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Patricia J. Machmiller is an internationally known haiku poet and translator. She began writing haiku in 1975 with Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, founders of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS). Along with Emiko Miyashita, she writes a regular column of haiku commentary, “*Dojin’s Corner*,” for *Geppo*. She has two books of haiku, *Blush of Winter Moon* and *Utopia: She Hurries On*. Her haiku have been honored twice with the Haiku Foundation’s Touchstone Award for Individual Poems.

With Fay Aoyagi, Patricia translated the haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi, *Kiyoko’s Sky*, and with Tei Matsushita Scott she translated *Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi*. She has four books of haiga, including *Mountain Trail: Following the Master*. The three others, *The Sweet Reverence of Little Birds*, *Wild Heart of One Bird Singing*, and *Yard Birds: The Impertinence of Ordinary* were done in collaboration with bird artist Floy Zittin and calligrapher Martha Dahlen. Her latest book, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly: Writing the Haiku Way* (YTHS, 2020), encapsulates what she has learned about writing haiku. Patricia has served on the board of the Haiku Society of America and also on a panel of judges for the Haiku Foundation’s Touchstone Book Awards. She is currently a member of the board of the American Haiku Archives.

When Patricia retired as a manager from the aerospace industry after 33 years, she turned to art. She was fortunate to study Chinese brush painting with the master Pei-Jen Hau and printmaking with San Francisco artist Alan May. She has created haiga that combine haiku with etchings, monotypes, and brush paintings. Patricia lives in San Jose, CA.



“Jam Pot.” Monoprint by Patricia J. Machmiller.

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

summer grasses  
concealing all the snakes  
among us

~Michael Henry Lee

summer grasses  
the zigzag path  
of this pandemic

~Marilyn Ashbaugh

quietly breathing  
the summer grass  
as it stains my slacks

~Cherry Campbell

summer grass  
becomes a golden haze . . .  
the heat

~Michael Sheffield

summer grass  
covers the prairie  
crosswinds

~Marilyn Gehant

summer grasses—  
the wide swath  
that mother left

~Ruth Holzer

the first wave  
cicadas high-pitched calls  
in summer grasses

~Patricia Prime

rippgut brome  
the summer grass whose name  
i didn't need to know

~Helen Ogden

Summer grass  
Kissed by diamonds  
Morning mist

~Jean Mahoney

our blankets  
on the summer grass  
Othello

~Deborah P Kolodji

bent by the weight  
of what comes next  
summer grass

~Clysta Seney

ants on safari  
weave their way through summer grass  
instant rain forest

~William J. Burlingame

summer grasses  
a dirt trail leads us  
to the hilltop

~Alison Woolpert

ethereal hour  
shadows play  
in the summer grass

~Bona M. Santos

summer grasses . . .  
sadness lingers at my  
parents' gravesite

~Judith Morrison Schallberger

Tall summer grasses  
many childhood memories  
gathered from the field

~Priscilla Lignori

curry smells  
in summer grass  
a café car  
-Hiroyuki Murakami

Summer grass  
buried under  
early snow  
-Jane Stuart

In California  
most summer grasses are from  
Europe—fire hazards.  
-David Sherertz

the resilience  
of summer grasses . . .  
prairie hail  
-Debbie Strange

mountain glen  
horses graze  
on summer grasses  
-Kathleen Tice

summer grasses  
on the longest he plays  
a childhood tune  
-Kath Abela Wilson

summer grass  
pokes up in the garden  
self-governing  
-Christine Lamb Stern

summer grasses  
the cow's yellow ear tag sways  
as she chews her cud  
-Roger Abe

grandma's backyard—  
reach of the sprinkler  
on hot summer grass  
-Barrie Levine

no need  
to climb a mountain  
splendor in the grass.  
-Genie Nakano

old fence line . . .  
hidden in summer grass  
a rabbit's nest  
-Elinor Pihl Huggett

a gingham  
tablecloth set for two  
summer grass  
-Gregory Longenecker

quickly come summer  
the demolished house's crater  
gets a coat of grass  
-Zinovy Vayman

flattened  
where the doe and fawn slept—  
summer grasses  
-Dana Grover

summer grasses—  
in the arroyo  
a buffalo jam  
-Patricia J. Machmiller

a row of summer grass along the country road  
too longgggggg  
-Janis Albright Lukstein

roar of the freeway  
in the summer grass  
sleeping deer imprint silence  
-Stephanie Baker

lush summer grasses  
turned early to tinder—  
we pack a few things  
-Christine Horner

late afternoon sun  
on mountain-lion curved hills  
tawny summer grass  
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

hide and seek  
fireflies  
in the summer grass  
~Lorraine A. Padden

gazing at the stars  
summer grass  
~John J. Han

summer grasses  
scorched by the sun  
California gold  
~Kathy Goldbach

Bible study walk  
I tickle my soul  
on summer grass  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

59th birthday—  
summer grasses  
swaying in the arroyo  
~Michael Dylan Welch

sweet dry smell  
horses on morning hills  
summer grass  
~Lois Heyman Scott

sun-soaked meadow  
damselflies hovering  
over summer grass  
~Wakako Miya Rollinger

running barefoot  
sprinkler soaked summer grass  
the kid in us  
~Carolyn Fitz

in long swings with the scythe  
the Swiss farmer cuts the summer grass  
~e luke

summer grass  
arched and it's meant  
for livestock  
~Majo Leavick

second-hand smoke  
drifts in from the next lane  
summer grass  
~Patricia Wakimoto



“In the Rain Shower.”  
Monoprint by Patricia J. Machmiller.

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

Michael Henry Lee	3771-0,	3772-3,	3773-0,	3774-5
Neal Whitman	3775-2,	3776-3,	3777-3,	3778-5
Marilyn Ashbaugh	3779-14,	3780-4,	3781-7,	3782-7
William J. Burlingame	3783-0,	3784-1	3785-0,	3786-1
Julie Holding	3787-2,	3788-0,	3789-2,	3790-1
Ruth Holzer	3791-2,	3792-6,	3793-7,	3794-3
Alexis George	3795-2,	3796-1,	3797-3,	3798-0
Jill Carroll	3799-0,	3800-0,	3801-0,	3802-1
J. Zimmerman	3803-4,	3804-2,	3805-2,	3806-1
Edward Grossmith	3807-4,	3808-1,	3809-3,	3810-1
Michael Dylan Welch	3811-1,	3812-4,	3813-0,	3814-5
Michael Sheffield	3815-17,	3816-1,	3817-2,	3818-6
Helen Ogden	3819-2,	3820-7,	3821-9,	3822-4
Clysta Seney	3823-1,	3824-2,	3825-0,	3826-9
Lorraine A. Padden	3827-2,	3828-3,	3829-0,	3830-3
Marilyn Gehant	3831-3,	3832-4,	3833-1,	3834-0
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	3835-2,	3836-4,	3837-2,	3838-5
John J. Han	3839-4,	3840-2,	3841-3,	3842-1
Debbie Strange	3843-5,	3844-0,	3845-2,	3846-5
Hiroyuki Murakami	3847-0,	3848-6,	3849-0,	3850-2
Alison Woolpert	3851-3,	3852-3,	3853-0,	3854-1
Bona M. Santos	3855-6,	3856-3,	3857-7,	3858-0
Kath Abela Wilson	3859-10,	3860-7,	3861-0,	3862-4
Barbara Moore	3863-3,	3864-2,	3865-6,	3866-3
Judith Morrison Schallberger	3867-0,	3868-0,	3869-2,	3870-1
Dyana Basist	3871-2,	3872-1,	3873-6,	3874-1
Elinor Pihl Huggett	3875-0,	3876-4,	3877-9,	3878-6
Elaine Whitman	3879-0,	3880-3,	3881-4,	3882-2
Beverly Acuff Momoi	3883-2,	3884-4,	3885-2	
Christine Horner	3886-3,	3887-1,	3888-5,	3889-0
Carolyn Fitz	3890-1,	3891-1,	3892-6,	3893-0
Dana Grover	3894-2,	3895-6,	3896-0,	3897-2
Kathleen Tice	3898-1,	3899-0,	3900-3,	3901-1
Lynn Klepfer	3902-0			
Deborah P Kolodji	3903-4,	3904-7,	3905-2,	3906-8
Wakako Miya Rollinger	3907-0,	3908-0,	3910-0,	3911-1
Toni Homan	3912-1,	3913-1,	3914-2,	3915-0
Mimi Ahern	3916-0,	3917-0,	3918-2,	3919-9
Christine Lamb Stern	3920-2,	3921-2,	3922-13,	3923-1
Reiko Seymour	3924-1,	3925-0,	3926-0	
Zinovy Vayman	3927-0,	3928-0,	3929-2,	3930-0



Cherry Campbell	3931–2,	3932–0,	3933–1,	3934–1
Bruce H. Feingold	3935–1,	3936–2,	3937–5,	3938–1
Michèle Boyle Turchi	3939–1,	3940–1,	3941–0,	3942–4
Dorothy Matthews	3943–2,	3944–1,	3945–1,	3946–2
Kathy Goldbach	3947–4,	3948–1,	3949–6,	3950–1
Stephanie Baker	3951–0,	3952–0,	3953–4,	3954–0
David Sherertz	3955–0,	3956–0,	3957–2,	3958–1
Genie Nakano	3959–4,	3960–0,	3961–6,	3962–2
thomasjohnwellsmiller	3963–1,	3964–0,	3965–0,	3966–2
Lois Heyman Scott	3967–0,	3968–0,	3969–1,	3970–1
Phillip Kennedy	3971–5,	3972–4,	3973–2	
Sharon Lynne Yee	3974–1,	3975–0,	3976–0,	3977–0
Majo Leavick	3978–0,	3979–1,	3980–5	

**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.



“Sounding Cataract.” Brush painting by Patricia J. Machmiller.

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

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>3815 first blossom<br/>the plum tree becomes<br/>a poem<br/>~Michael Sheffield (17)</p>                      | <p>3906 butterfly wings<br/>the whisper<br/>of bamboo<br/>~Deborah P Kolodji (8)</p>                   |
| <p>3779 capitol steps<br/>a riot<br/>of cherry blossoms<br/>~Marilyn Ashbaugh (14)</p>                          | <p>3781 windswept<br/>returning cranes<br/>change course<br/>~Marilyn Ashbaugh (7)</p>                 |
| <p>3922 the difference<br/>between hide and seek<br/>spring equinox<br/>~Christine Lamb Stern (13)</p>          | <p>3782 polar vortex<br/>on the creek the geese curl<br/>into themselves<br/>~Marilyn Ashbaugh (7)</p> |
| <p>3859 water hyacinths<br/>a deeper blue<br/>since you've been gone<br/>~Kath Abela Wilson (10)</p>            | <p>3793 emerging<br/>at the edge of the meadow—<br/>first butterfly<br/>~Ruth Holzer (7)</p>           |
| <p>3821 nipped in the bud<br/>once again<br/>the deer ate spring<br/>~Helen Ogden (9)</p>                       | <p>3820 king tide—<br/>the heaving ocean<br/>so full of itself!<br/>~Helen Ogden (7)</p>               |
| <p>3826 owning<br/>every treetop<br/>American Crow<br/>~Clysta Seney (9)</p>                                    | <p>3857 walking encyclopedia<br/>all I need is a simple<br/>yes or no<br/>~Bona M. Santos (7)</p>      |
| <p>3877 deep snow . . .<br/>the housebound cat and I<br/>take up bird watching<br/>~Elinor Pihl Huggett (9)</p> | <p>3860 lavender<br/>from another lifetime<br/>her scent<br/>~Kath Abela Wilson (7)</p>                |
| <p>3919 open window<br/>the soliloquy<br/>of a songbird<br/>~Mimi Ahern (9)</p>                                 | <p>3904 vernal pool<br/>the temporary nature<br/>of his affairs<br/>~Deborah P Kolodji (7)</p>         |

*Dojin's Corner*  
Feb–Apr. 2021

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and  
Michele Root-Bernstein

Summer is here! It feels so good to be outdoors without a mask. Being vaccinated felt so liberating. We were suddenly able to get out and about with some assurance that we were protected. We hope you have had that same experience. And that you and yours are safe and well. We are happy to welcome Michele Root-Bernstein as our guest editor. Her short collection of haiku, *Wind Rose*, won the Snapshot Press eChapbook Award for 2020. She is a member of the Haiku Society of America and Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. She is the facilitator for the Evergreen Haiku Study Group in the Midwest. She served as associate editor of *Frogpond* for four years.

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

mrb: 3777, 3780, 3809, 3815\*, 3820, 3827, 3838\*, 3846, 3859, 3863, 3873\*, 3904, 3922\*, 3937, 3961

E: 3779, 3794, 3811\*, 3842, 3845, 3857, 3861, 3865, 3866\*, 3871, 3876, 3878, 3880, 3881, 3896, 3916, 3924\*, 3947, 3963, 3973\*

pjm: 3775, 3782, 3789, 3790, 3792, 3793, 3794, 3803, 3807, 3808, 3814, 3822, 3826, 3836\*, 3845, 3846, 3848, 3849, 3850\*, 3851, 3854, 3855, 3859, 3860, 3868, 3872, 3873, 3877, 3878, 3883, 3885, 3888, 3889, 3890, 3893, 3895, 3898, 3903, 3904, 3905, 3906, 3919, 3920, 3922, 3928, 3929, 3931, 3934, 3935, 3937, 3938\*, 3942, 3946, 3947, 3938, 3949, 3950\*, 3973, 3980

3811 overcast sky—  
the plum tree's blossom  
wet to my touch

E: I am looking up at the overcast sky, then stretching out my hand to touch one of the plum blossoms. The blossom feels wet although the rain hasn't started yet. I like softly touching these blossoms, especially of plum and cherry. I adore their cool, moist touch, the fragile yet resilient texture. Here the author finds the

blossom wet, assuring us of the spring atmosphere, which is quite humid in Japan. Or it can be simply a remnant of raindrops. I like the simplicity of this haiku and the way it makes us feel a tickle on our palm.

mrb: Few haiku explore the sense of touch—and fewer still as nicely as this one. The blossom is within our grasp; we can know it in our hands. Some of that tactility transfers to the juxtaposed image, to what cannot be known in quite the same way yet imagined so. Part of me wants to press the dove gray sky between my fingers, too, and squeeze out its essence.

pjm: The plum blossom is one of the first signs that spring is coming. After a long winter the poet's eagerness to feel spring is expressed in the impulsive gesture of reaching for and touching that first blossom and finding in its dewy wetness the fresh promise of spring.

3815 first blossom  
the plum tree becomes  
a poem

mrb: This haiku is such a lovely reminder that the word “poem” comes from Greek *poiēma*, meaning to make, do, create. How nicely the poet “makes” a connection between the plum's spring renewal and other beings who make of the world and themselves something more than before.

pjm: Another haiku expressing how, after winter, the soul is lifted at the first glimpse of a plum blossom, this harbinger of spring.

E: Here the author is saying that the entire tree becomes a poem thanks to its first blossom. I'm sure the first plum blossom has a kind of power upon haiku poets to make them want to write about it. This is a discovery.

3836 along the fence line  
sliver of lingering snow  
unanswered letters

pjm: This is a haiku about resisting expectations—about refusing to conform. The poet, maybe at the desk, looks out the window at the lingering snow

and feels how stubbornly it is hanging on resisting the expectation that it should have melted by now. The poet recognizes that those letters lying on the desk evoke the same stubborn resistance. Yes, the letters will be answered just as the snow will melt—but not today.

mrB: The boundary lines that people draw between themselves are many. In this haiku, subtle and sensitive imagery lets us know that cold feelings have not yet thawed on one side of the fence. As haiku poet Francine Banwarth once observed of frozen rivers, “silence is also an answer.” I might suggest adding an article to line two— “a sliver . . .”—to heal the slight, distracting break from line one.

E: Is the author not answering the letters piled on the desk? Or not getting any responses to the sent letters? The edge of melting snow, after a while, is likely to melt and mix with dirt to turn into a caffè latte color. There is still a sliver, a thin line of snow, along the fence line. So I guess it is still very cold. The haiku invites me to imagine a line or a boundary between the author and the recipient/sender of the letter, and the relationship may have dropped to a frosty temperature now.

3838 grocery shopping  
pots of red geraniums  
filling up my cart

mrB: How easy it is to get waylaid at one-stop-shopping stores! Food sustains the body, but for sustenance of the spirit other goods may be necessary. In both instances the senses are key: here the vibrant color and pungent scent of these geraniums make them a nourishment to savor.

E: The arrival of the gardening season! I found out that red geranium flowers were used to announce visitors coming; according to legends, the red geranium flowers would turn and point to visitors when they got near one’s home. The author may be expecting some guests or wishing someone dear to come visit them soon.

pjm: Ah—geraniums with their bright cheerfulness—food for the soul!

3850 nursery school  
protected by a small hill—  
wild violets

pjm: This haiku heightens our awareness of the vulnerability of small things—preschool children, wild violets—even small hills.

E: Is the nursery school located at the foot of the small hill, or is it on the top? The wild violets are popping out from the ground all over the hill. Cheerful voices of small children are riding in the spring breeze. It must be a sunny day!

mrB: Wildflower or weed? In this haiku, there’s no second-guessing how we feel about violets or the heart-shaped leaves that spread themselves in the margins of the poem. The juxtaposition with nursery school opens up the symbolic meaning of these little blue perennials in a unique way. Sheltered from the wind and the cold, the littlest ones among us find a place to thrive.

3866 the morning sun  
highlights the dust bunnies  
Easter parade

E: The dust bunnies! My first encounter with the word describing my long-time friends found here and there in my house!! The dust bunnies are lined up as if forming a team to join the Easter parade. It’s time to vacuum the house clean!

pjm: A little tongue-in-cheek fun with dust bunnies on parade decked out in their morning sun finery. Very whimsical treatment of casual housekeeping!

mrB: Cue the morning hours, maybe, the television turned on, and an unobstructed view beneath the coffee table. Enter this humorous pairing of the traditional Easter parade, involving fashionable clothing and fantastic bonnets, with an associative image of the rabbit, a folkloric symbol of Easter. And why shouldn’t the incredible fecundity of dust bunnies also serve as an emblem of seasonal rebirth and renewal?

3873 spring twilight  
leaving the gate ajar  
for coyotes

mrb: So often we think of evening twilight, that period between sunset and dusk, as the measured approach to an ending. In the deftly handled imagery of this haiku, however, twilight—spring twilight, no less—becomes a beginning, an opening to encounter. As I contemplate the half-light, the gate ajar, and the prospect of coyotes suddenly, silently slipping into the yard, I feel a strong, if fleeting desire for communion with these wild beings.

pjm: Spring twilight is a magical time. It sets the tone for this invitation by the poet to the coyote known to be a trickster in folk and Indian lore. So much could happen on this fairy-tale night . . .

E: Are the coyotes going out or coming inside the gate? Is this gate for a “Coyotes” section in a zoo? A very mysterious haiku to me. Spring twilight hints that humans are hungry at this time of the day. How about the coyotes?

3922 the difference  
between hide and seek  
spring equinox

mrb: I suppose there is a difference that mattered when I was nine or eleven, and thrilled with this outdoor game, but the years since have taught me that to hide and to seek may be more nearly the same desire. Somehow the spring equinox seems a fitting counterimage of momentary balance between the hiding and seeking, though which waxes and which wanes as spring advances into summer may remain for each of us a personal mystery. I bow to the poet for stimulating these thoughts without recourse to anything more than children’s play and a seasonal moment in time.

E: Isn’t “hide and seek” a name for a children’s game? Is there any difference between hide and seek? How does this resonate to the spring equinox? The hiding kids and the seeker take turns so that they are equally involved in the act of hiding and seeking, making no difference in arguing who has to work harder, just like the day and night are halved equally? Or is this poem

referring to the sunny side of the globe and the shady side?

pjm: It’s interesting to think about the difference between hiding and seeking. Hiding seems to come from fear whereas seeking requires one put fear aside and venture out not knowing what will be found or when. By using the kigo “spring equinox” is the poet saying these two qualities, fearfulness and fearlessness, are equal in some way? Or perhaps the message is that they need to be in balance—be cautious, but not too cautious—if one is to move forward in life.

3924 first snowfall  
mountains are salt and pepper  
so am I

E: This haiku speaks to me because I do have gray hair, which is salt and pepper in color, a mixture of white and black. It would be lovely to have snow-white hair, but this is what my mother, who became 96 on June 23, 2021, and I have achieved so far. The haiku has a delightful tone, at least for me who cherishes the arrival of the first snow, and who is content with her shade of hair.

mrb: What is it about mountains that so readily evokes their personhood? We call them by name; we walk with them; we see the world fresh from their vantage point. No wonder the poet identifies with the first signs of winter on the mountain top!

pjm: Interesting comparison of mountains in winter to growing old. But even young mountains can take on the “salt and pepper” look. Humans? Not so much.

3938 endless summer  
a surfer walks across  
the wave’s crest

pjm: The image of that surfer, suspended for a moment, on the crest of the wave—we hold our breath and the moment becomes eternity—an endless summer.

mrb: The lovely repetition of sounds in this haiku has us believing in words and in waves that support the weight we place on them. The surfer’s skill (like the

poet's) is a grace linking together the delicate dance of matter and time.

E: I have never been a surfer myself and never lived close to the coast so this haiku is like seeing a movie. I once had visited Nazare in Portugal without knowing that it was a mecca of surfing. It must be spectacular to see a surfer so small against the wall of a blue-green wave. The bright waves crashing against the coastline surely make us feel that summer is eternal.

3950 birds in a bare tree  
a shadow play  
on the white ground

pjm: I don't think I've ever seen a haiku that does what this one does—create two totally distinct, yet totally different images. The two images depend on whether the sun, which is not mentioned in the haiku, is out or not. And because this is a winter haiku, it is plausible either way. If the sun is out, we are looking at the shadows of birds on a snow-covered field. If it's an overcast day, then the sky is white and the birds are seen in silhouette against its opaque brightness. So very clever.

E: The joy of a sunny winter day! The haiku captures the birds by their shadows, an interesting observation. The quick movements and the chirping are also here in this haiku without mentioning them.

mrB: The imagery in this haiku quite effectively evokes a stark winter scene—how like the silhouette of birds and tree are to the shadow play of puppets! Everything in black and white. Yet, by the very comparison, a bleak time of year is instantly transformed into a fantastic setting for the very oldest of stories. Perhaps, if we listen, the birds will tell us tales of an ancient journey through darkness, toward the light.

3973 spring melancholy  
the tissue-thin pages  
of a ponderous tome

E: This haiku reminds me of an assignment given to me in my school days, which was to read a 400-page English-language paperback every week during the semester. I really learned how to guess meanings of

unfamiliar words and how to read between the lines! In those days we didn't have computers nor electronic dictionaries, and we were busy! A contrast between "tissue-thin paper" and "ponderous tome," something so casual and so grand, makes me sympathize with the author who is determined to read through the volume.

mrB: What an unusual, intriguing image! I have just such a ponderous tome on my bookshelf—an old dictionary purchased at a library sale. The pages have been thumbed by countless hands, ripped, repaired, and ripped again, all in the search of definition, expression, understanding. Spring melancholy, which is to say discomfort with the way things are, seems an apt condition for such inquiry. Yet how delicately the poet's choice of words suggests that, no matter how heavy the book/depression, spring renewal may lie in its tissue, as if under the influence of a returning sun, knowledge of world and self might send forth flowering shoots.

pjm: This haiku brings image, touch, and sound to bear in creating a memorable experience. First the image. We all own a huge, heavy book with those delicate, tissue-thin pages. Second, in addition to its look, we also know its feel, its ponderous heaviness, and we take it down from the shelf, hold it in our hands, lay it in our lap. And finally, the wonderful orchestration of the music of this haiku starting with the "o" in melancholy and ponderous. Tying these two words together through sound brings home the weight of melancholia on the soul and is like the weight of the book in my lap. On the other hand, the short "i" in "spring," "tissue," and "thin" gives lightness to the poem just like the papery thin pages of the book. There's the alliteration of "pages" and "ponderous," and even the little words in the last line—"of," "a," and the "-ous" of "ponderous"—add a sonorous quality. Masterfully done.

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

[emikomiyashita@gmail.com](mailto:emikomiyashita@gmail.com)  
[patriciajmachmiller@msn.com](mailto:patriciajmachmiller@msn.com)

**Autumn Challenge Kigo: Persimmon, *kaki***

Michael Henry Lee

Many persimmon varieties are basically inedible by humans unless they are completely ripe. The most rewarding approach is to wait for it. That's why the persimmon has traditionally represented the perfect example of exercising patience.

The persimmon, as a late autumn kigo, exemplifies waiting resolutely for what's ahead in both seasonal and life cycles. Everything is winding down, but with some of the best things yet to come.

William Higginson notes in *Haiku World* that persimmon or *kaki* may well be the most frequently mentioned fruit in *haikai* and is particularly associated with Masaoka Shiki (214). Persimmons were Shiki's favorite food and a subject of several poems, his most famous arguably being:

<i>kaki kueba</i>	as I eat a persimmon
<i>kane ga naru nari</i>	the temple bell starts ringing
<i>Horyuji</i>	at Horyuji Temple
-Masaoka Shiki (1867–1902)	

Susumu Takiguchi. "A Study of Shiki: Part 2, Using Same Themes," *World Haiku Review*, The World Haiku Club (August 2013), <https://tinyurl.com/studyshiki>

<i>kaki o mogu</i>	I pluck persimmons
<i>ittō ittō</i>	like dousing lamps
<i>kesu gotoku</i>	one by one
-Yoshiko Yoshino (1915–)	

William J. Higginson. *Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac*. (New York, NY: Kodansha International, 1996), 215.

<i>kaki kueba</i>	Eating a persimmon
<i>kaki no suki naru</i>	I remember the one
<i>hito omou</i>	who loved this taste
-Mitsu Suzuki (1914–2016)	

*Temple Dusk*, trans. Kazuaki Tanahashi and Gregory A. Wood (Berkeley, CA: Parallax Press, 1992), 34.

wild persimmons . . .  
a woman at the roadside  
wiggles her last tooth  
-Peggy Willis Lyles (1939–2010)

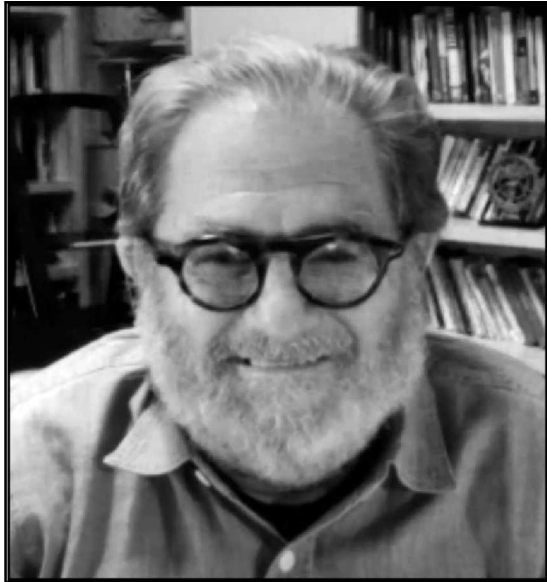
Higginson, *Haiku World*, 215.

<i>sanzen no</i>	having examined
<i>haiku wo kemishi</i>	three thousand haiku poems—
<i>kaki futatsu</i>	two persimmons
-Masaoka Shiki	

Takiguchi, *A Study of Shiki*, <https://tinyurl.com/studyshiki>

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

## Remembering Mark Levy (1947–2021)



Mark Levy on Zoom as a featured poet for the YTHS Spring Reading, May 2020.

From Johnnie Johnson Hafernik:

Mark Levy hailed from New York City and early on showed an interest in art, evidenced by his skipping high school classes to visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Also, as a teenager, he fell in love with jazz and later with the Beat poets. In college, he sported a soul patch and goatee like his jazz heroes.

Mark taught art history for over 40 years and was Professor Emeritus of Art History at California State University, East Bay, where he taught modern European art, contemporary art, and Asian art and published extensively in these areas. In addition, for over four decades, Mark practiced meditation, often leading small group classes.

After retirement, he began writing short-form poetry and joined the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and the Haiku Poets of Northern California. Mark immediately became a part of the YTHS haiku community, one who always had a smile, an eagerness to learn, and a willingness to try something new. He stepped in as if he had always been a part of YTHS. We were introduced to his cat Kali as he spoke of her often and featured her in his haiku.

Mark's haiku and haibun appeared in numerous journals. Below are several of his haiku and a haibun from YTHS publications.

tuned  
to an odd frequency  
the cat chases her tail

cold morning  
last lemon  
from the garden

dog day afternoon  
ephemeral joys  
how long is now

### Quarantine Practice

Exhale. Inside becomes outside. Inhale. Outside becomes inside. Outside and inside become one. The way out is the way in.

heavy rain  
washed out clean  
what remains



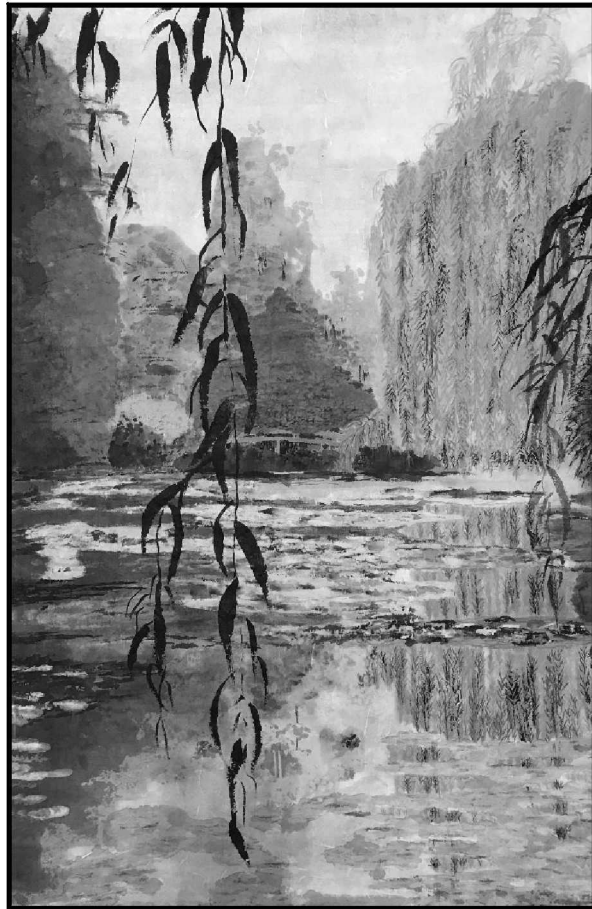
From Joan Zimmerman:

I liked him so much. I remember meeting him first at a haibun workshop that I taught for YTHS, and Mark wrote a haibun that enthralled me and that I requested him to send for the haibun section of that year's YT anthology.

It was always great to see him at HPNC and YT events, and we always chatted. As a featured reader at the 2020 Spring Haiku at Home, he included a haiku about Tai Chi. Afterward I emailed thanks to him and asked him what form he practiced. This was his reply:

“I try to practice Wu style Tai Chi every day. It is a somewhat unusual but invigorating form that is also good for back and joint pain. It has ended my reliance on arthritis meds . . . . When covid abates or vaccines are made available, and you are in the vicinity of Oakland, I would be glad to give you a demonstration of Wu style, either long or short form, and we could have some rare Chinese tea!”

I am very sad that I did not get to visit him and take tea and see his Tai Chi demonstration.



“Autumn Garden.”  
Brush painting by Patricia J. Machmiller.

**“What Comes First? The Chicken or the Egg? The Order of Perception,”  
Presented by Deborah P Kolodji, April 10, 2021**

J. Zimmerman

Thirty-nine YTHS members attended the April Zoom meeting for Deborah P Kolodji’s presentation in which she explored how a response evoked by a haiku can change if we alter the sequence in which its images appear. Inspired by Lee Gurga’s discussion of this topic in his book *Haiku: A Poet’s Guide* (37–38), and his advocacy that a poet should present images in the order experienced (rather than reverse them), she opened with two examples from Gurga.

Then she showed several haiku of her own, comparing what was published with an alternate version. In each pair, the published haiku was often more active and less cerebral than the other. Participants discussed how the order of perception can affect the reader and that not every reader is expected to react identically. Kolodji suggested that some haiku might benefit from adjusting the sequence in which the reader will perceive its images.

For example,

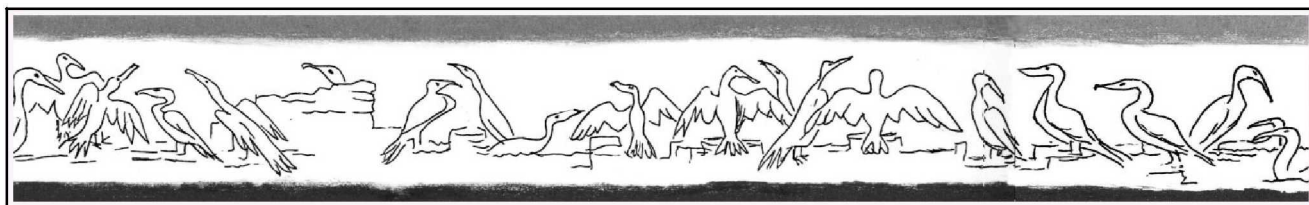
*Unpublished Version:*

two frogs—  
did a kiss from a princess  
backfire?

*Published Version:*

a kiss  
from a princess backfires  
two frogs

For the second half of the meeting, seven pairs of haiku were shown in turn. The difference between them was that either a one-line image in the first line was moved to the end, or the single-image last line was moved to the start. Participants were given a minute to vote for their preference using an online Zoom poll (thanks to our Zoom Pit Boss, Christine Stern). After each quiz closed, there were heartfelt comments and lively remarks both by voice and by chat. The revealed votes were often close to 50-50; no version got more than 75% of the votes. Kolodji suggested that a useful technique to revise an unsatisfactory haiku would be to reverse the order of images. Participants left enthusiastic to explore this further.



“Cormorants.” Etching by Patricia J. Machmiller.

## Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Spring Reading, May 8, 2021

Roger Abe

Over 50 haiku friends met on Zoom to hear poets Charles Trumbull, Joan Iversen Goswell, Michael Henry Lee, and Michele Root-Bernstein. This annual reading, begun in 1992, regularly features California haiku poets and, at times, special guests from further distances. With this year's event being the second one impacted by the pandemic and presented on Zoom, the featured poets represented diverse areas outside California: New Mexico, Pennsylvania, Florida, and Michigan. It was a treat to gather, albeit virtually, with friends from afar and share smiles and haiku. YTHS President Carolyn Fitz presided, and YTHS Zoom host, Christine Stern, kept things running smoothly. Event coordinator, Roger Abe, introduced the poets. A ring from a Tibetan bowl after each reader provided a moment to reflect on each performance.

Charles Trumbull began the reading with a powerful prose and poetry piece delving into the birth and history of the atomic bomb.

time is running out  
the tick, tick, ticking  
of the Geiger counter

Joan Iversen Goswell mixed haiku with interesting images and showed us some of her unique artistic book creations.

the last light  
fades away  
starless sky

Michael Henry Lee provided a variety of haiku as well as a perspective from Saint Augustine. A lot of his haiku hit the mark of our feelings during COVID-19.

socially distant  
the Man in the Moon  
maintains his position

Michele Root-Bernstein also read a beautiful mix of haiku and haibun reflecting current events.

Oh say can you see  
taking a knee  
to the neck

An open reading followed with contributions from the audience, a question and answer period, and announcements of upcoming events.

## “Modern Haiga: A Survey of Artists and Approaches,” Presented by Linda Papanicolaou, June 5, 2021

Clysta Seney

The YT June Zoom meeting featured Linda Papanicolaou discussing haiga, an art form of text-image interaction, its history, and current haiga techniques. Traditional haiga, as practiced by Bashō, Buson, and others, meant a sumi-e drawing with calligraphy often in a light or humorous style. Of specific interest at the meeting was modern haiga, with a focus on the efforts of poets over time to integrate new technologies in creating haiga (e.g., art haiga, photo haiga, collage haiga, haiga with digitally composed images). Linda presented a dry run of a video she’s developing that introduces a handful of haiga to illustrate different techniques of modern haiga by artists such as Ion Codrescu, Lavana Kray, and Ron C. Moss. A lively discussion ensued.

Chris Stern facilitated the Zoom discussion as Linda shared her haiga expertise. Linda encouraged members to submit up to five haiga to our website master, David Sherertz, for consideration for inclusion on the “Poets’ Haiga Pages” under “Poets” at yths.org.

Patricia Machmiller honored YTHS member Mark Levy who recently passed away.

### Correction

Apologies to Dana Grover for the error in his haiku for the Spring Challenge Kigo: Kite; Toy Kite in the May issue (page 14). His haiku should read:

K  
I T  
E  
+  
+  
+  
+  
+  
+

### On Our Website

Be sure to check out Patricia Machmiller’s short video lessons based on her haiku-writing workshops that led to her book *Zigzag of the Dragonfly: Writing the Haiku Way* (available on our website at the YTHS Store). These four- to ten-minute videos highlight “The Writing Process,” “Kigo,” “Image and Juxtaposition,” “Syllabic Forms,” “Accented Forms,” and “Sound.” Directed by Mimi Ahern, produced by Chris Sherertz. Go to yths.org and select Education/Video Chats.

## Tanabata ̄ Star Festival, July 10, 2021

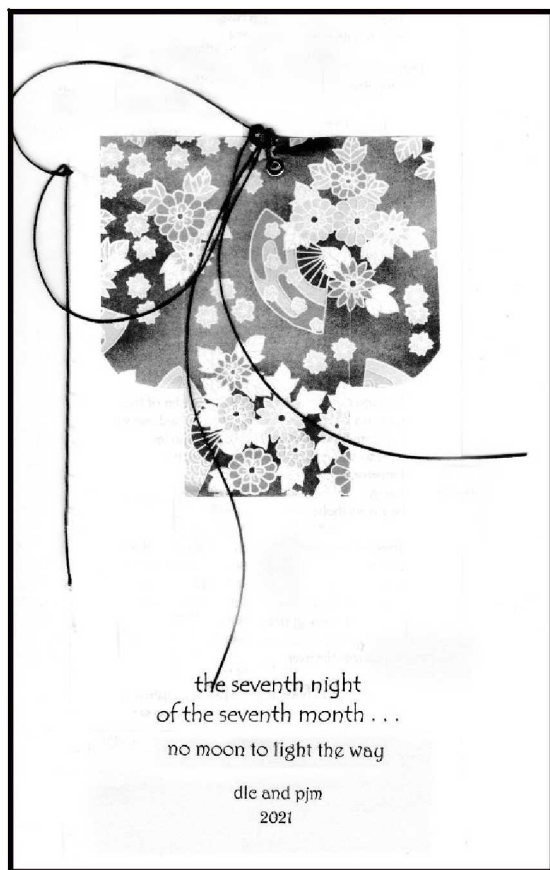
Alison Woolpert

Tanabata, an ancient Chinese legend, was transmitted to Japan during the feudal period. Roger Abe shared its story with his sonorous reading of a children’s book, while we were audience to the book’s lovely illustrations.

It’s a legend of star-crossed lovers, Altair (the Cowherd Star) and Vega (the Weaver Star), who are only allowed to meet one night a year—the seventh night of the seventh lunar month. A flock of magpies forms a bridge across the Milky Way, allowing Princess Orihime, the weaver, to cross to meet the herdsman, Hikoboshi.

Zoom Master Christine Stern shared a compilation of Tanabata haiga and haiku that members had sent in.

Patricia Machmiller shared Yuki Teikei history by adding a third line to create a haiga with this image of a Tanabata booklet cover produced in 2005 by donnalynn chase, a dear member for many years. The kimono design is from our YTHS founder, Kiyoko Tokutomi. It is still used today as a pattern for cutting *tanzaku* paper on which to write haiku and hang from bamboo culms.



Carolyn Fitz’s haiga was an evocative night photo of the forest she so happily lives under.

through the silhouette  
of bamboo and redwoods  
Vega and Altair

Lastly, Carol Steele’s deeply heartfelt haiku touched us all—weaving together the legend with our lives.

with Covid we know  
how long a year apart is . . .  
Oh, Tanabata!

**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.

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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.

## 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](mailto:yukiteikei@msn.com) and write the following in the note box: “YTHS Dues” plus the information above. (Please include \$1 additional fee for this service.)

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

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
PO Box 412  
Monterey, CA 93942

## *Geppo* Editorial Staff

Editor	Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
Associate Editor	Christine Stern
Layout Editor	Karina M. Young
Tallyman	David Sherertz
Proofreader	J. Zimmerman

This Issue’s Contributors Roger Abe, Michael Henry Lee, Patricia Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, Michele Root-Bernstein, Clysta Seney, Alison Woolpert, and 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 *ō* 2021–Early 2022

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.

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. 1	Registration Deadline for Zoom Retreat Nov. 5–8 with Robert Hass. See page 30 for details.
Sept. 11 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 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Full Moon Viewing and Members’ Haiku Sharing. Hosted by Patrick Gallagher.
Nov. 5–8 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 TBD	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert.
Jan. 1	Deadline for annual payment of YTHS dues.
Jan. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>