

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 4210 | defensible space—
an acorn woodpecker
drills holes in the house | 4218 | back to school
starlings practice
their cursive |
| 4211 | brown hills—
a white tailed kite
flutters in place | 4219 | prayer wheel
an oak leaf
spins the wind |
| 4212 | first rain—
a house wren
darts between drops | 4220 | filigreed ice
on the birdbath
a frost moon |
| 4213 | the bobbing topknots
of a covey of quail—
four-way stop sign | 4221 | a fly on the page
the sweet taste
of a good poem |
| 4214 | wilting roses—
time to help support
our flower shop | 4222 | a low bay cloud
fills with finale
1812 overture |
| 4215 | honey-brown eyes
keeping watch over two fawns—
hunting season | 4223 | autumn winds . . .
asking for less
and sticking to leaves |
| 4216 | windy day
joggers huffing and puffing—
I'm safe indoors | 4224 | cradling arms
the gentle descent
of a gum tree leaf |
| 4217 | laugh lines
are no laughing matter
mirror, mirror . . . | 4225 | the backlash
of cloud seeding
afghan haboob |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 4226 | hanging
almost within reach—
the ripe persimmons | 4237 | height of storm season
a category for every
which way the wind blows |
| 4227 | Rosh Hashanah—
apples and honey
in hope again | 4238 | this New Year, too,
we dip apples in honey—
unbowed |
| 4228 | somehow
I will find the way—
mountains of autumn | 4239 | pale moon
against a pale sky . . .
crow-calls |
| 4229 | summer's end—
thirteen miniature flags
in the neighbor's yard | 4240 | two rose petals
linger on the boardwalk
second honeymoon |
| 4230 | Early autumn
lightning bugs'
faded flicker | 4241 | flutter of juncos
in and out of the bush
<i>Tag! You're it!</i> |
| 4231 | The scream of brakes
train station blues
end of the line | 4242 | fallen maple leaves
gathering in a courtyard
restlessly waiting |
| 4232 | A retro moment
frost on the pumpkin
witch's broom | 4243 | abandoned farmhouse
tangle of morning glories
climbing the windmill |
| 4233 | Cold foam on sand
broken sea shells
forsaken driftwood | 4244 | in a copper pot
cranberries faintly popping
one by one by one |
| 4234 | blue moon
gratitude for a
nearly cloudless sky | 4245 | after the harvest
raccoons casting thin shadows
pick through the remains |
| 4235 | preseason
the master of mixology
comes out of retirement | 4246 | the tiny detours
recorded in my palm lines
. . . star thistles |
| 4236 | autumnal equinox
equal parts
whiskey and water | 4247 | the muse
wakes me in the wee hours . . .
whistling frogs |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 4248 | the cashmere robe
a rare find at TJ Maxx—
winter camellia | 4259 | footsteps in the frost—
the mail today
came early |
| 4249 | San Felipe road . . .
the covey of quail cross with
a distinctive gait | 4260 | in the office of the teacher
dead of AIDS
a stack of poetry books |
| 4250 | COVID walk . . .
dominating the woodland
first coloured leaves | 4261 | a haiku plaque
dotted with raindrops . . .
drifting leaves |
| 4251 | grass cutting . . .
the lawnmower makes
a perfect circle | 4262 | giggles
from her cannabis grove
full harvest moon |
| 4252 | Halloween Eve
a nosegay of grasses
decorates the door | 4263 | acorn forest
plummeting from the redwood
a widow maker |
| 4253 | stuffing the Guy
children donate their
worn out socks | 4264 | wobbly café table
three schoolboys wolfing down
a week's worth of doughnuts |
| 4254 | we nod good morning
from a distance
snowy egrets | 4265 | Indian summer
fading raincloud
all the colors of fire |
| 4255 | late spring
frogs
in my voice | 4266 | on my cuffs
the scent of rosemary
ever-present |
| 4256 | pandemic year
Twitter can't decide
which day is saddest | 4267 | the weathered windmill
welcomes her escorts
autumn wind |
| 4257 | slish-slish-slish
policing the streets
lone alligator | 4268 | a noisy mixed flock
above half-full bird feeders
migration banter |
| 4258 | teacher strike . . .
the supermoon sinking
between the goal posts | 4269 | foghorn wail
in the Catholic coffee shop
quiet talk |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 4270 | no secrets
we all know where the peanut is
squirrel, crow and I | 4281 | autumn unfolding
new flannel shirt
from L.L.Bean |
| 4271 | cliff walk
children sprint ahead
chasing spindrift | 4282 | early fall chill
but I won't turn on the heat—
channeling dad |
| 4272 | December
goat milk soap ribboned-up
in fancy washcloths | 4283 | café bar in Rome
Sophia's glance
from the photo wall |
| 4273 | raccoons lope
across the deck at dawn
Day of the Dead | 4284 | heavy rain . . .
a cloud
loses itself |
| 4274 | grandpa's lap
a blackberry sticker
in the toddler's arch | 4285 | neither here nor there
a red-tailed hawk dives
into the headwind |
| 4275 | sidestepping him
at the farmer's market
second year drought | 4286 | First Trust Bank
surveillance cameras
everywhere |
| 4276 | thunder
a vole disappears
in the duff | 4287 | old swamp
a gator slithers into
the silence of water |
| 4277 | wild geese
arrow to target
smoky horizon | 4288 | recess . . .
angels
in the snow |
| 4278 | golden sparklers
explode night sky
Perseides | 4289 | chickadee perches
at birdhouse entrance
red dahlia bounces back |
| 4279 | molten flames
consuming, devouring
late summer earth | 4290 | black cat
sits on roof
of birdhouse |
| 4280 | coffee filter moon
drip, drip, drips on trees
crisp autumn night | 4291 | dusk at dinnertime
camellia's second bloom
hummingbird up late |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 4292 | sudden sound
of tiny green tree frog
childhood revisited | 4303 | aging . . .
again I repair
the leaky boat |
| 4293 | departing autumn
the old couple shops for a new
and last address | 4304 | Autumn evening
shadows long and low
I close the gate |
| 4294 | acorns
the dog's nemesis goes on
a planting spree | 4305 | equinox
everything lit
everything fading |
| 4295 | banged-up pickup truck
the gardener a sturdy
workhorse | 4306 | October light
the saguaro
gains a foot |
| 4296 | a pallor blooms
in coral reefs worldwide
white chrysanthemums | 4307 | lingering heat
despite the sudden cold front
in her bedroom eyes |
| 4297 | shades of greenish black
in choppy waters
approaching autumn storm | 4308 | so full
of itself
harvest moon |
| 4298 | his Siberian fir
grown from a sapling
crisp air | 4309 | swallowing clouds
the open mouths
of hungry koi |
| 4299 | a ring of holes
on the chestnut tree
sapsucker | 4310 | not letting go
the rosebush
in second bloom |
| 4300 | skyline
fading in the autumn haze
the back of his head | 4311 | folding back
into myself
Delta variant |
| 4301 | sudden burst
the bluster of
a summer sail | 4312 | once they touch the lake
their bodies turn to silver
the autumn raindrops |
| 4302 | fading photos . . .
letting the past
be the past | 4313 | a bright orange glow
settles on the neighborhood—
maple foliage |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 4314 | cry of the heron—
we canoe to shore under
a grey rainy sky | 4325 | flies remind us
that we forgot to stop
at the dumpster |
| 4315 | they reach for heaven
all wrapped around each other—
the morning glories | 4326 | that's all she wrote folks
christmas is still on the ship
artificial dreams |
| 4316 | picnic weather
Bewick's wren grazes
the fence pickets | 4327 | two halves
of a raspberry popsicle
the sisters |
| 4317 | Labor Day
in COVID times
flies swarm the sweet corn | 4328 | last night's raindrops
sparkling on the redwoods
autumn returns |
| 4318 | autumn blaze
as I round the corner
sunburst blinds me | 4329 | walking in the dark
with her gammy . . . she names it
pumpkin moon |
| 4319 | waiting to waken
after open heart surgery
All Hallows Eve | 4330 | Autumn in the hut
of the Fallen Persimmon
I write where he wrote |
| 4320 | when the hard candy
in your mouth has all dissolved
autumn loneliness | 4331 | harvest moon—
how many years haven't I met
a friend of mine |
| 4321 | after brushing the cat
who's fuzzy now?
stubble fields | 4332 | in the dusk
persimmons on the trees
lit |
| 4322 | to gently hold
your chill, spiny light
chestnut moon | 4333 | a witch builds
a fire in the wood
Halloween barbecue |
| 4323 | laughing—
screen door opening
the wind | 4334 | while sleeping
an old dog running
through winter grove |
| 4324 | on a frozen pond
of wax
black lives matter | 4335 | August morning:
the very first millennium
of my non-being |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 4336 | feeding small ants
with swatted mosquitoes—
one's with my blood | 4347 | his kisses
through this long pandemic
ripe persimmons |
| 4337 | Coriolis wind
fanning the wildfires too—
flashes of temper | 4348 | between dark leaves
at first white clouds
then magnolias |
| 4338 | muddy pond:
the turtle's sliding into
its dive-sound | 4349 | the squirrel's fingers
like me she rolls her walnut
for the best bite |
| 4339 | warm memories
of days and nights long—
autumn's library | 4350 | under the leaf
wing kissed by its lover
lantana moth |
| 4340 | plenilune's light
plays in seasoned fields
and wanders forest paths | 4351 | cooler days forecast—
Japanese maple tree ready
to change dress code |
| 4341 | it came a multicolored
ghost
and blew away the same | 4352 | new epoxy floors
in remodeled garage
—a virtual showroom? |
| 4342 | days and nights go by
the lingering summer heat
proves a fickle guest | 4353 | a gust of wind—
the fallen leaves continue
their unknown journey |
| 4343 | upstream
the salmon graveyard
buffet for bears | 4354 | late autumn
Mt. Diablo capped in first snow
—time to organize closet |
| 4344 | I look for her
around the corners
of memory | 4355 | autumn stillness
over the water
a loon's tremolo |
| 4345 | Native neighbors
disavow Columbus
falling leaves moon | 4356 | staging a comeback
the scrawny tree
sheds its leaves |
| 4346 | unexpectedly
I win an award
I miss my mother | 4357 | the old man
sits in the autumn sun
his book a prop |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 4358 | he remembers it
another way
autumn wind | 4369 | early morning
the birds don't sing as much
end of summer |
| 4359 | baseball
watching the game
on the radio | 4370 | Your rice field painting
on the wall beckons homeward
A pale autumn moon |
| 4360 | evening
on top of the sycamore
a raucous of crows | 4371 | Memory wonders
like leaves in the wind
Where did I park? |
| 4361 | fixed income
he fills the bird feeder
half full | 4372 | Dragonflies dart by
aimlessly searching
Long evening |
| 4362 | autumn
the exuberance
of aspen | 4373 | October winds
her grey hairs swing
with lace lichen |
| 4363 | grandpa's hen house
on the path through the pines . . .
komorebi | 4374 | autumn deepens
tender pines in sunbeam
on a nursing log |
| 4364 | cool September day
the pumpkin fields
a blaze of yellow | 4375 | a roundabout bench
voice of my sisters
among quaking leaves |
| 4365 | falling leaves
disguise us
the fox and i | 4376 | new phase of moon
a streak of my past
falling |
| 4366 | through the trees
a sliver of the moon
hot September night | 4377 | Quiet forest
An acorn falls
Sound of dry leaves |
| 4367 | a pink hydrangea
turns green before dying
end of summer | 4378 | Shimmering lake
October sun
I shimmer, too |
| 4368 | cool and overcast
some flowers lose their sparkle
end of summer | 4379 | persimmons
hang from a tree
ripe for my salad |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 4380 | their last date
eating dried persimmons
alone | 4391 | Daylight changes
bringing thoughts of
life changes |
| 4381 | pomegranates
through the seasons
365 seeds | 4392 | Whiff of something burnt
all the way back east
from California? |
| 4382 | missing her beloved
she tastes her last
dried persimmon | 4393 | Squeak, squeak, squeak
kid on a swing,
rock-a-bye baby |
| 4383 | Angel Uriel
holds a book and flaming sword—
my saint of poems | 4394 | holding dad's hand
we walk ever so quietly
on fallen leaves |
| 4384 | if one drilled a hole
thru the most magic place on earth
what's on other side? | 4395 | each garnet seed
in the pomegranate
a promise to be kept |
| 4385 | they disregard me
having a seat in the room
viewing the world news | 4396 | mountain river sings . . .
a tiny tree touched
by first frost |
| 4386 | those who conquer peaks
breathe scarcer air than we do
heading up into clouds | 4397 | grey mountains
and the sky heavy
with a scent of snow |
| 4387 | removing plants
from pots until dusk
first frost warning | 4398 | snow-covered field
my dog wants to keep
playing fetch |
| 4388 | it rained all night
under heavy blankets
I sleep | 4399 | the world in turmoil
two dueling crows
stretch up tall |
| 4389 | autumn sun—
the bright colors
of sumac | 4400 | ice fishing
drilling a hole into
the pandemic |
| 4390 | autumn frost—
thinking of daisies
in the garden | 4401 | year two of the pandemic
coloring my kite
green |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 4402 | autumn
bright-eyes leaves
of the ginkgo | 4413 | whisper in the wind
before the phone rings
news of her death |
| 4403 | sunrise
passing geese give voice
to the season | 4414 | freight train the rags of a vagabond moon |
| 4404 | autumn
the way a sycamore slips
into soft gold | 4415 | wilted garden
dust sparkles on the wings
of sparrows |
| 4405 | day of the dead
time and again the boatman
crosses the river | 4416 | rows of maize
we put our affairs
in order |
| 4406 | Near the end of a
ten-mile loop around Tilden—
one ripe blackberry. | 4417 | spilled ink my thoughts in limbo |
| 4407 | Madera Canyon—
cardinal's sight and song evoke
childhood memories. | 4418 | holiday fireworks
all I see
is your empty chair |
| 4408 | Green Arizona:
monsoon rains so plentiful
desert disappears. | 4419 | chipped coffee mug
remains of the night
she left on her own terms |
| 4409 | Almost forgotten
sound awakens me—raindrops
patter on the roof. | 4420 | a greener grass
on this side of the fence—
retirement years |
| 4410 | guard duty
he patiently watches
whatever a dog sees | 4421 | waning moon
a few more years and
I will disappear too |
| 4411 | my fingers struggle
to even your braids
plaid school uniform | 4422 | rose arbor
fallen petals swept away
by the widower |
| 4412 | not yet Halloween . . .
he puts on
his monster face | 4423 | autumn's deep reds a new flicker in my heart |
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Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

H. Philip Hsieh is a retired chemical engineer who devotes his time now to writing in both Chinese and English, translation, and Chinese calligraphy. Through Jerry Ball's introduction, he became interested in haiku and joined Yuki Teikei Haiku Society around 2012.

He has published five books, including *Poets About Poetry—Interviews with Contemporary American Poets*; *When Calligraphy Encounters Modern Poetry* (bilingual in English and Chinese); and *Aesthetics of Impermanence*, a poetry collection in Chinese. An accomplished Chinese calligrapher, Philip is extensively experimenting with the interplay between poetry and calligraphy. He deeply believes in the principle that content dictates form, and he always aims to use the most relevant character styles, ink tone, and layout to match the poetic feeling of the poem. He consults a wide variety of calligraphy copybooks to establish a versatile toolbox, which also includes Western painting principles and advertisements, and, as a serious artist, he tries hard not to repeat himself.

Phil is an editor at-large of *Happiness Republic*, a widely distributed monthly magazine in Chinese and is a member of the editorial committee for *New World Poetry Bimonthly* in the US.



"Grandson in Swimming Lessons," by H. Philip Hsieh.

Autumn Challenge Kigo: Persimmon, kaki

crows come to roost
in a leafless persimmon—
deepening dusk

~Linda Papanicolaou

a forest
full of flames
persimmon moon

~Marilyn Ashbaugh

in this last bite
of persimmon still life
a drop for the brush tip

~Richard L. Matta

eating a persimmon
without having to read
any haiku at all

~Ruth Holzer

soft as sunrise
the persimmon
part of yesterday

~Jane Stuart

persimmon tart
overstating
the obvious

~Michael Henry Lee

persimmon dawn . . .
we speak to the kiln god
while bricking the door

~Judith Morrison Schallberger

bright pink fruit
wild persimmons ripen
on the windowsill

~Patricia Prime

solstice light
after the last leaves
persimmons

~Beverly Acuff Momoi

creaking wicker . . .
persimmons on the railing
of the wraparound porch

~Michael Dylan Welch

How many warm days
and cold nights it took me to
find this persimmon!

~Shelli Jankowski-Smith

his quiet song
a fuyu persimmon
squares the circle

~ J. Zimmerman

nature's almanac
persimmon seeds predict
the weather

~Debbie Strange

counting crows
in the ripe persimmon tree
two are black squirrels

~Clysta Seney

persimmon time
our country lane walk
comes to a halt

~Alison Woolpert

all I have
to remember him
persimmon leaf

~Dyana Basist

baby's first steps . . .
persimmons ripen
on the sill

~Elinor Pihl Huggett

paper-mache persimmon
decorates holiday table
rain covers full moon

~Joyce Baker

in a bowl
persimmons—
Waiting for Godot

~Christine Horner

ripe persimmon
the setting sun
in my palm

~Michael Sheffield

gender fluid
my neighbor offers persimmons
from their tree

~Lorraine A. Padden

breaking dawn
the sun ripens
into persimmon

~Helen Ogden

Spiced with bitterness—
the letter read and bite of
unripe persimmon

~Priscilla Lignori

persimmons ripening
cedar waxwings
on their way

~Kathy Goldbach

dehydrating
sliced persimmons
star knowledge

~Roger Abe

dissecting the seeds
under the persimmon tree
knife, fork or a spoon?

~thomasjohnwellsmiller

dried persimmons
hung at station house—
a train coming

~Hiroyuki Murakami

anticipation
the crunch
of a persimmon bite

~Bona M. Santos

California:
its Persian persimmons
so American

~Zinovy Vayman

colorful leaves fall
throughout the morning chill
persimmon pudding

~William Burlingame

afraid
of the unknown
persimmons

~Christine Lamb Stern

pandemic lovers
with inner stars of hope
two persimmons

~Kath Abela Wilson

autumn deepens—
boughs of persimmon trees
take a bow

~H. Philip Hsieh

picked from a branch
on this side of the fence
persimmon

~Dana Grover

morning chores
a squirrel hides a persimmon
in a planter

~Marcia Behar

first tree climbing—
a bright persimmon upon
my hand

~Wakako Miya Rollinger

ripe persimmon
drips sweet juice
through my fingers

~Sharon Lynne Yee

yellow, orange and red
persimmon leaves and God's pears
with sweet winter flesh

~Lois Heyman Scott

bountiful harvest—
making grandma's
persimmon bread

~Kathleen Tice

searching persimmon
the portal shows
sexy orange bikinis

~John J. Han

the sunset glow
of a persimmon
dad's letters to mom

~Gregory Longenecker

Fifty year-old tree
still produces persimmons
by the bushelful.

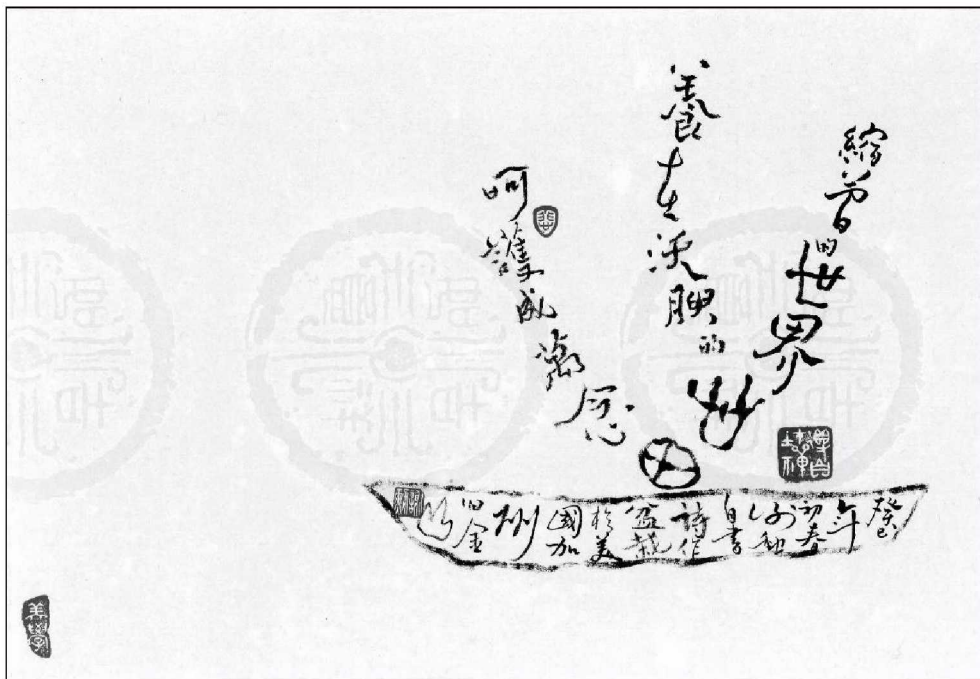
~David Sherertz

the moistness
of her persimmon cookies . . .
missing in-person meetings

~Deborah P Kolodji

a gift of persimmons always welcome

~kris moon kondo



“Bonsai,” by H. Philip Hsieh.

Members' Votes for Haiku Published in August 2021 Geppo

Michael Henry Lee	3981-0,	3982-5,	3983-0,	3984-5
Marilyn Ashbaugh	3985-7,	3986-4,	3987-3,	3988-0
Cherry Campbell	3989-1,	3990-0,	3991-3,	3992-1
Neal Whitman	3993-0,	3994-1,	3995-1,	3996-1
Michael Sheffield	3997-5,	3998-12,	3999-1,	4000-2
Marilyn Gehant	4001-0,	4002-0,	4003-4,	4004-1
Ruth Holzer	4005-2,	4006-2,	4007-6,	4008-1
Patricia Prime	4009-1,	4010-1,	4011-7,	4012-1
Helen Ogden	4013-0,	4014-6,	4015-3,	4016-5
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	4017-3,	4018-1,	4019-4,	4020-7
Jean Mahoney	4021-0			
Deborah P Kolodji	4022-13,	4023-11,	4024-4,	4025-4
Clysta Seney	4026-0,	4027-8,	4028-1,	4029-1
J. Zimmerman	4030-2,	4031-1,	4032-0,	4033-0
William J. Burlingame	4034-0,	4035-1,	4036-0,	4037-1
Beverly Acuff Momoi	4038-4,	4039-0,	4040-0,	4041-2
Alison Woolpert	4042-2,	4043-4,	4044-1,	4045-0
Alexis George	4046-1,	4047-3,	4048-1,	4049-1
Lynn Klepfer	4050-0,	4051-0,	4052-1,	4053-0
Bona M. Santos	4054-7,	4055-1,	4056-2,	4057-0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	4058-1,	4059-0,	4060-1,	4061-1
Priscilla Lignori	4062-3,	4063-1,	4064-0,	4065-3
Julie Holding	4066-0,	4067-0,	4068-0,	4069-0
Hiroyuki Murakami	4070-0,	4071-0,	4072-0,	4073-3
Jane Stuart	4074-1,	4075-0,	4076-0,	4077-0
Dyana Basist	4078-14,	4079-6,	4080-3,	4081-8
David Sherertz	4082-0,	4083-0,	4084-0,	4085-0
Debbie Strange	4086-2,	4087-3,	4088-8,	4089-0
Kathleen Tice	4090-0,	4091-0,	4092-0,	4093-0
Kath Abela Wilson	4094-2,	4095-0,	4096-5,	4097-5
Christine Lamb Stern	4098-2,	4099-3,	4100-0,	4101-2
Roger Abe	4102-4,	4103-0,	4104-0	
Reiko Seymour	4105-2,	4106-1,	4107-0	
Barrie Levine	4108-6,	4109-6,	4110-2	4111-6
Genie Nakano	4112-2,	4113-2,	4114-3,	4115-0
Elaine Whitman	4116-0,	4117-4,	4118-0,	4119-0
Joyce Baker	4120-0,	4121-1,	4122-0	
Bruce H. Feingold	4123-3,	4124-0,	4125-0	
Elinor Pihl Huggett	4126-1,	4127-1,	4128-3,	4129-4
Gregory Longenecker	4130-8,	4131-0,	4132-6,	4133-6
Zinovy Vayman	4134-0,	4135-0,	4136-1,	4137-0

Dana Grover	4138–4,	4139–3,	4140–0,	4141–0
Barbara Moore	4142–1,	4143–3,	4144–4,	4145–2
Mimi Ahern	4146–3,	4147–1,	4148–5,	4149–5
Stephanie Baker	4150–0,	4151–0,	4152–8,	4153–1
Christine Horner	4154–2,	4155–0,	4156–2,	4157–1
H. Philip Hsieh	4158–0,	4159–3,	4160–0,	4161–0
Michèle Boyle Turchi	4162–0,	4163–0,	4164–2,	4165–3
John J. Han	4166–3,	4167–14,	4168–2,	4169–0
Kathy Goldbach	4170–3,	4171–0,	4172–0,	4173–1
Sharon Lynne Yee	4174–1,	4175–1,	4176–0,	4177–0
Bisshie	4178–1,	4179–6,	4180–5,	4181–0
Michael Dylan Welch	4182–1,	4183–3,	4184–1,	4185–2
Lois Heyman Scott	4186–1,	4187–2,	4188–1,	4189–0
Wakako Miya Rollinger	4190–2,	4191–0,	4192–4,	4193–3
Carolyn Fitz	4194–2,	4195–2,	4196–2,	4197–3
Cynthia Holbrook	4198–2,	4199–0		
Phillip R. Kennedy	4200–3,	4201–2,	4202–2	
Majo Leavick	4203–1,	4204–0,	4205–0	
Patricia Wakimoto	4206–1,	4207–0,	4208–1,	4209–0

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.

Welcome to New YTHS Members:

Loree Griffin Burns, West Boylston, MA;
 Chad Henry, Aurora, CO;
 Shelli Jankowski-Smith, Swampscott, MA; and
 Kris Moon Kondo, Kiyokawa, Kanagawa, Japan.

“Presbyopia,” by H. Philip Hsieh.



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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4078 settling
at the bottom of the well
summer moon
~Dyana Basist (14)</p> | <p>4088 meadowsweet
the deer leave me
one bloom
~Debbie Strange (8)</p> |
| <p>4167 empty nest
the cat teaches me
how to be alone
~John J. Han (14)</p> | <p>4130 the roses
having second thoughts
autumn
~Gregory Longenecker (8)</p> |
| <p>4022 ocean fog
the persistent calls
of gulls
~Deborah P Kolodji (13)</p> | <p>4152 winning a contest
I never entered
butterfly wind
~Stephanie Baker (8)</p> |
| <p>3998 pine forest
where wind can't reach
the silence
~Michael Sheffield (12)</p> | <p>3985 eavesdropping
on my neighbors
oriole chatter
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (7)</p> |
| <p>4023 gathering firewood
an armful
of mosquito bites
~Deborah P Kolodji (11)</p> | <p>4011 early summer
unleashing the dog
at the river's edge
~Patricia Prime (7)</p> |
| <p>4027 the circus troupe
departs at first light
trampled summer grass
~Clysta Seney (8)</p> | <p>4020 girls on playground swings
surpassing one another
summer butterflies
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson (7)</p> |
| <p>4081 Fourth of July
the Vietnam Vet shoves in
his earplugs
~Dyana Basist (8)</p> | <p>4054 still morning
calla lilies
slowly unfold
~Bona M. Santos (7)</p> |

Dojin's Corner

May–July, 2021

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and
Beverly Acuff Momoi

While we weren't looking, autumn arrived in North America. There are pumpkins and goblins and falling leaves everywhere. In the southern hemisphere, spring is in full swing. And we're all wondering what the virus is going to do next. We are happy to welcome back Beverly Acuff Momoi as our guest editor. She is a member of the Haiku Society of America, where she served as second vice president for two years, the Haiku Poets of Northern California, and Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. She is currently a member of The Haiku Foundation's panel of judges for the Touchstone Distinguished Books Award. Her ebook of haibun, *Lifting the Towhee's Song*, can be viewed at <https://tinyurl.com/momoi-towhee>.

Here are the haiku that we each considered favorites; the haiku we've chosen to comment on are marked with an asterisk:

bam: 3991, 3998, 4007*, 4056, 4065, 4088*, 4102*, 4138, 4145, 4152*, 4154, 4159, 4167, 4171, 4186, 4193, 4198, 4202

E: 3997, 4023, 4025, 4035*, 4039, 4046, 4055, 4062, 4065, 4072, 4081, 4086, 4109, 4110, 4113, 4155, 4171*, 4183*, 4200, 4201*, 4206
Attention All Members
The purpose of your

pjm: 3995, 3996, 3997, 3998*, 4001, 4004, 4005, 4006, 4007, 4008, 4009, 4019, 4020, 4024, 4027, 4042, 4052*, 4054, 4055, 4056, 4060, 4061, 4062, 4065*, 4078, 4080, 4081, 4087, 4088, 4090, 4106, 4117, 4118, 4120, 4121, 4126, 4128, 4133, 4136, 4141, 4144, 4146, 4148, 4149, 4152, 4154, 4158, 4165, 4167, 4170, 4183, 4185, 4187, 4191, 4192, 4196, 4197, 4198, 4200, 4204*

3998 pine forest
where wind can't reach
the silence

pjm: There's wonder here—wonder in a forest so deep and so thick, the wind cannot penetrate, and

it is here the poet finds stillness. And peace. Can you smell the pines?

bam: Many creatures live within a forest, so I don't think of it as a place of silence. But this haiku tells us otherwise and takes us deep within the forest—so deep that even the wind, with its rustling movement, cannot penetrate the silence. It suggests that the forest is a place of retreat and refuge, perhaps from the urban noise that is too often part of our daily lives.

E: The haiku reminds me that the sounds we hear in a forest are mainly caused by the wind, sometimes by the insects, animals, and birds which make the forest their home, and occasionally by rain drops. It must be a very thick pine forest. And the silence must be deep. Seasonality? If you ask, I would like to see it in autumn.

4007 3 a.m.
the cicadas
awake too

bam: Anyone who experiences insomnia knows that 3 a.m. is the loudest quiet hour. Every sound is magnified. Without mentioning the noise, the poet reminds us that cicadas are most strident at that hour. I respond to the empathy and identification of the poet with the cicadas. If you're up, why not sing?

E: I wonder how many of them are staying up late! Those who haven't found their mates yet are singing deep into the night. When I was a child, even on a pitch-dark night, I didn't hear the cicadas. (I must have been sound asleep!) I assume that the bright night in urban areas is causing them to stay up all night. In a way, they are coping with the new environment we have created, and now we are suffering from their loud voices.

pjm: Funny how at 3 a.m. when you're the only one up and all is so eerily quiet, any noise at all takes on an outsized significance. Now cicada singing is prominent at any time, but at 3 a.m., it must seem even more intense. I think the poet is suggesting that the loneliness of the three o'clock hour is

lessened by having the cicadas as company, and so their singing, however loud, is given a pass.

4035 to far summer hills
cattle slowly find their way
grandmother sips tea

E: A combination of slow-paced cattle moving toward the distant hills and the grandmother gently savoring each sip of her tea gives a perfect summer afternoon atmosphere. The author does not say if grandmother is on a porch or inside the house, nor what kind of tea she's having today. The only thing we know is that the author is with the grandmother, which is wonderful. It is always so nice to have a grandchild visit and enjoy a cup of tea together.

pjm: The pastoral vision and peaceful cadence of this haiku has the feeling of a warm summer afternoon. That same tranquility can be seen in the grandmother's calm gaze as she sips her tea and looks out her window to the pasture and hills beyond. These two clear images create a mini-vignette of summer; we can feel the warmth of this haiku in the sun, in the tea, in grandma's eyes.

bam: This haiku creates a lovely scene of quiet reflection while the grandmother sips her tea. I can see those cattle, meandering along, heading toward those far hills. I especially like the word choice in that second line: they are finding their way.

4052 Lawn sprinklers
bridging the river of sidewalk
riding my bike through the arc

pjm: What a summer delight—riding through sprinklers. Everybody should get to do this at least once! I think if the haiku were trimmed a bit, it would heighten its impact. Perhaps drop “river of” in the second line and change “riding” to “I ride” in the last line (this avoids having two participles). Forgive me for meddling, Poet—I did enjoy the ride!

bam: When I was growing up, summer meant our neighborhood would be filled with rotating sprinklers, with everyone trying for a lush lawn

(many years ago and in a different part of the country, where there were no worries of drought). With no way to dodge the spray, we would hit the pedals hard and sprint through rainbows of water! When I read this haiku, I remember the quick rush of adrenalin and the coolness.

E: Very summer haiku! The green of the lawn, the sparkling of the water, the wind from the speeding bike. So nice that we can ride in the arc instead of going through it!

4065 Sunday ritual
deadheading petunias
along with my thoughts

pjm: This is sort of an Emily Dickenson way of going to church. The gardener turns their attention to the garden and in the act of caring for the petunias finds a form of meditation. The idea of “deadheading” one's thoughts is a unique way of expressing the process of clearing the mind.

E: A good idea! I go to my hairdresser to trim the tips of my hair, believing that I am getting rid of all the bad things in my body and in my life that have accumulated in the tips of my hair for the past month or two. The author can do this every weekend, so they must be so refreshed on Monday mornings!

bam: We deadhead flowers both to clear out blooms past their prime and to encourage growth in the emerging buds. What a great idea to deadhead one's thoughts at the same time, in order to flourish—and every Sunday!

4088 meadowsweet
the deer leave me
one bloom

bam: The second line, with its multiple readings, is the heart of this haiku. Deer leave one bloom, deer leave me. Deer will eat anything, but they leave one—not some, not a few—one bloom. That solitary bloom reinforces the idea of leaving, of being left. I also admire the sonic qualities of this haiku: the long “e” sounds in “sweet,” “deer,” and

“me,” as well as the “m’s” in the first and last lines. Also, I can’t read that first line—“meadowsweet”—without thinking “bittersweet.”

pjm: Oh, spirea or meadowsweet is such a beautiful bush with its long sprays of white flowers. It’s hard to imagine the deer ate them all but one! It must be like vanilla ice cream to them—so the name, meadowsweet, appropriately captures its delectability.

E: Just one bloom left on the meadowsweet? Since deer have four legs while we have only two, it probably took all of those anti-inflammatory herbal flowers to relieve the deer’s joint pain and gout. One bloom will be enough to make a nice cup of meadowsweet tea. Enjoy!

4102 fireworks
I meant to tell her that,
too

bam: It is very unusual to see punctuation in the briefest poems, so that always gets my attention. The comma in the second line is significant. It prompts us to pause an extra beat, underscoring the “too” that follows. There is a nice colloquial tone in the second and third lines that could be read in several ways. But because the kigo is “fireworks,” it carries an emotional charge. It suggests a backstory.

E: I assume this poem has a cultural background, something to do with the Independence Day evening. I am afraid I am not getting the point of it. There are more than three people involved in the scene. A woman, the person who has already told her something, and the author who meant to tell her that too. The tone is set by “fireworks”; what could it be?

pjm: The season word, “fireworks,” is operating both as an indicator of summer and summer’s heat and also as a metaphor for whatever explosion that tidbit of gossip apparently caused. The fact that we are in the dark about what exactly was said makes the fireworks that much more vivid in our imagination.

4152 winning a contest
I never entered
butterfly wind

bam: How do you win a contest you didn’t enter? Two possible readings occur to me. One is to read the last line as a flurry of butterflies. That is the unexpected win. You can’t conjure them up. They just appear. There is a nice pivot in that second line: I never entered a contest; I never entered a butterfly wind. But the last line also reminds me of the term, “butterfly effect” — how a small change in one situation can have bigger and unanticipated implications. It’s a mystery. I also like the sound play of “winning” and “wind” and how they bookend the poem.

pjm: How easy is that—winning without entering? Feels as springy and ephemeral as, say, a “butterfly wind.” The phrase also hints at a larger concept in chaos theory of the “butterfly effect”—that scientific phenomenon whereby the flap of a butterfly’s wing in one place can cause a hurricane somewhere else. Which is just as mysterious as the notion that one can win a contest one never entered.

E: What kind of wind is the butterfly wind? Is it the wind that takes the migrating butterflies on their journey? A puzzled winner of the contest is caught in the jet stream to be taken right into the mainstream of the haiku community. If so, congratulations!

4171 snipping green beans
into equal pieces
summer schedule

E: The haiku immediately captured my attention because I do it, too. The author’s “summer schedules” are arranged in the same way that the green beans are snipped into “equal pieces,” well-planned and organized very beautifully. The fresh green beans in equal pieces are so vivid and promising. The author is going to cook a delicious dish for dinner, I’m sure.

bam: Look at all the “s” sounds in this haiku! Sibilants slow us down—try reading it aloud—and what a wonderful idea of snipping summer into equal pieces, to savor each piece. Very nice.

pjm: I imagine a parent planning their child’s summer vacation: a week at camp, a week of mission work, a week in swim class, a week at the soccer tournament, a week rafting with the family in the Grand Canyon, etc., and summer is over. Just as simple as cutting green beans equally. Right? Right

4183 the clatter of china
mingles
with the thunder

E: I know this! When a thunderstorm comes nearer and nearer, the thunder makes our windowpanes rattle. Here in this haiku, it is the clatter of the chinaware piled and placed neatly in the author’s cupboard. The immense energy released in the air is evidenced by this little clattering sound of the china. “Mingles” is the right expression for how the two sounds interact.

bam: The sounds in this haiku create a sense of foreboding. We don’t know what has caused the clatter of china—perhaps being startled by sudden thunder? I sense more of a story here.

pjm: I can both hear and feel this haiku. The thunder’s roll and the dishes’ clatter. The storm has come up quickly and before all the windows can be closed a strong wind shakes the house and, perhaps, it gives the dishes in an open cupboard a rattle. All a little unsettling.

4201 a metal bench
anchored to the granite
drought clouds passing

E: I see a shiny surface of granite laid beside a path in a park, which is holding a metal bench for two or three people to sit and relax. The haiku consists of metal, granite, and the water vapor located on the ground and up in the sky. The poem is constructed

out of inorganic substances. And yet, “drought” is successfully adding a strong feeling to this haiku. The metal bench, and the granite, too, must be hot from the scorching sun. The drought clouds are just passing without a sign of rain.

pjm: Interesting words here—“anchored” and “drought”; the one is associated with vast amounts of water and the other with no water. The metal bench and the granite seem particularly dry even though they are “anchored” together. I find the phrase “drought clouds” to be a bit strange although I am not sure there is a better way to express this idea of clouds with no rain.

bam: What are we to make of the juxtaposition of an anchored metal bench and passing clouds? And not just any clouds. There is no rain in these clouds. Metal benches retain heat, which reinforces the idea of drought. While the clouds may be passing, the drought is not.

4204 a tumbleweed
rolls aimlessly
like a disturbed man

pjm: A troubling image comparing the tumbleweed’s untethered wanderings to the aimless wanderings of a disturbed person. The reader is overwhelmed with feelings of pity, sadness, and helplessness. This is an effective use of the tumbleweed as an autumn kigo. This haiku offers the opportunity to discuss the use of “like” as a poetic device in haiku. I’m sure many of you have read that its use is to be shunned in haiku and that the Japanese never use simile or metaphor. This is not true. In his book, *The Enjoyment of Haiku*, Shugyo Takaha, president of Kari, the Japanese haiku organization in Tokyo, discusses the use of “like” in haiku. (“The Joy of Discovery,” *Haiku Journal*, Vol 2, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, pp 11-12).

However, simile is never used in direct comparison to the kigo as is done here. I hope the poet will allow me the latitude to illustrate the point by offering two rewrites—one without “like” and one with:

tumble weed—
the aimless wandering
of a disturbed man

or

tumbleweed—
like an ancient prophet
the wandering man

bam: Similes are rare in haiku, but here we have an explicit comparison. How are we to read “disturbed”? Does it mean slightly bothered? unsettled? or unhinged? It carries all of those meanings for me, but some work better with the initial image than others. For example, comparing a tumbleweed and a mentally ill person is troubling.

E: A tumbleweed is something I don’t see around my area. It gives me a view of a vast sky and the

horizon so dry and sunny stretching ahead. The author sees that the tumbleweed is aimless like a disturbed man. This plant emigrated from Russia in 18th century and is referred to as a Russian thistle; however, is a very clever plant. It detaches itself from the ground when it dies and dries, and it starts rolling to sprinkle its seeds as it goes—very efficient and not like a disturbed man at all (from the plant’s perspective)!

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

emikomiyashita@gmail.com
patriciajmachmiller@msn.com

Congratulations to Phillip R. Kennedy—a New Dojin in Ten’i Haiku Group, Japan

Phillip R. Kennedy, a member of YTHS, as well as *Ten’i* (Providence) haiku group in Tokyo, Japan, has accepted an invitation to become a *dojin*, a leading member, of *Ten’i* haiku group. *Ten’i* was founded in 1990 by Dr. Akito Arima, who led the group until his death in 2020. Phillip writes haiku in both Japanese and English and is a frequent presenter at YTHS events. He has been studying Japanese, formally and informally, since 2000. We heartily congratulate Phillip for receiving this distinguished recognition and honor.

Haiku of Remembrance

In memory of Mark Levy
twilight melancholy . . .
news of his passing
the friend I never knew

~Michael Sheffield

Members may send a haiku to the Geppo editor if they wish to submit a haiku in memory of a recently passed YTHS member. These haiku will be published as space allows. Email haiku of remembrance to ythsggeppo@gmail.com

Winter Challenge Kigo: Snow, yuki

joan iversen goswell

Nothing describes winter better than snow. There are many ways to present snow—heavy snow, wet snow, drifting snow, and so forth, but I decided to use the single word “SNOW” as my challenge kigo. I have always felt that haiku should be “real life,” in that the reader should be able to identify with the haiku and immerse themselves in it. I chose the following haiku because I feel they do just that.

This haiku by Masaoka Shiki is full of energy. The whirling snow. The horses. Maybe, it’s because I have ridden horses for most of my life that I can feel the wildness of it. I am one of those knights galloping through the snow.

Eleven knights
Ride through the whirling snow
Without turning their heads
~Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902)

R. H. Blyth. *Haiku*, Volume 4, Autumn-Winter. (Tokyo: Hokuseido, 1969), 254.

In his short life Shiki single-handedly brought haiku into the modern age. He was influenced by the realism in Western literature. He turned haiku into a legitimate literary genre and argued that haiku should be judged in the same manner as any other form of literature.

all I can think of
is that I am lying
in a house in the snow
~Masaoka Shiki

Janine Beichman. *Masaoka Shiki: His Life and Works*. (Boston, MA: First Chen & Tsui Company, 2002), 66.

Below are two later poets whose haiku have been influenced by “Western realism.”

ceasefire—
the deafening silence
of snow
~Eva Limbach

“Haiku Dialogue—snow on the roof,” January 16, 2019. The Haiku Foundation.
<https://tinyurl.com/evalimbach>

Snow in my shoe
Abandoned
Sparrow’s nest
~Jack Kerouac (1922-1969)

Jack Kerouac. *Book of Haikus*, ed. Regina Weinreich. (New York, NY: Penguin Books, 2003), 170.

This haiku is only three words, but it is full of freshness and optimism. It makes me happy.

snow
all’s
new
~Raymond Roseliep

Raymond Roseliep. *The Haiku Anthology*, ed. Cor van den Heuvel. (New York, NY: W. Norton, 2000), 165.

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



Remembering Peggy Heinrich (1929–2021)

From Nicole Heinrich

Born and raised in New York City, Peggy described herself as a lifelong writer. As a young girl, she wrote limericks and plays for her family. After receiving her BA in English from Hunter College, Peggy worked for a publicity agency in the Empire State Building. She and her husband, Martin, had two daughters, Ellen Nicole and Jean. Peggy was an attentive, open-minded mother who shared her love of learning. Living between Gramercy Park and the East Village in the 60s opened doors to many writers, artists, and social thinkers.

Peggy and her family moved to Connecticut in 1968, where she joined a group of lively poets who became lifelong collaborators and friends. After Martin passed away in 1976, Peggy turned to her writing as a way to

process her grief. Four years later she met Gil Gjersvik, a graphic artist and painter. They lived together enjoying their creative endeavors until his death in 2001.

Peggy wrote and published articles in the *Smithsonian*, *Americana*, and *The New York Times*. She was an editor of *Connecticut River Review*. She wrote a children's book, a libretto, and co-authored a nonfiction book, *The Soul of Fire: How Charcoal Changed the World*. Her poetry appeared in scores of journals and has been anthologized widely. She published two collections of her longer poems, *Sharing the Woods* and *A Minefield of Etcetera*.

Peggy began writing haiku and tanka in the 1980s and was a member of Grand Central Station Tanka Café, Ichi Tanka Gang, and Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Her haiku were featured in *A Patch of Grass*, and her book, *Peeling an Orange*, with photographs by her son-in-law John Bolivar, was nominated for a Pushcart Prize. They collaborated again on *Forward Moving Shadows: A Tanka Memoir*. Margaret Chula, past president, Tanka Society of America wrote, "Whimsical, humorous, poignant, and wise, the poems in *Forward Moving Shadows* span the full range of tanka expression. I admire the honesty and courage of Peggy Heinrich's poems."

In 2009 and 2010, she won the top prize for the Yamadera Basho Memorial Museum English Haiku contest in Japan.

after many months
spreading his ashes
the lilacs he planted

behind me
in the wet sand
my vanishing footprints

Peggy moved to the West Coast in 2007 to be near her family and leave the icy winters behind. She immediately felt at home in Santa Cruz, CA, and became active in the local poetry world. Most of all Peggy loved being with her daughters, son-in-law, grandson, and friends.

She was a world traveler, loved theater, opera, and improv. She tried her hand at book making, ceramics, folk dancing, crossword puzzles, spoon bending, *qi gong*, and dowsing. She was a competitive tennis player, a prolific knitter, an avid reader, and fluent in French. She earned her SCUBA license in her 50s, a black belt in karate in her 60s, and became a practitioner of Reiki and Reconnection Healing in her 70s.

Peggy was intelligent and insightful, with a wry, playful sense of humor. She wasn't afraid of being herself and appreciated authenticity in others. Peggy would light up a room with her smile and was deeply loved by many. Her poetry reflected her emotional bravery exploring love, loss, and the changing seasons. She passed away peacefully at the age of 92 on September 8, 2021, in Santa Cruz, CA.

From J. Zimmerman

With Peggy Heinrich's passing, YTHS lost a special, long-term member and friend. We are grateful for her generosity with her haiku and tanka poetic talents, and we will miss her joyful soul at our meetings and parties. She contributed immensely to the exposure of haiku and to the support of YTHS, particularly by teaching and reading haiku at events in Santa Cruz and at a fundraiser for victims of the 2011 Japanese tsunami.

I am also grateful to Peggy for helping me learn about tanka. She was the keystone of our "Tanka Gang" with Patrick Gallagher, especially with her greater experiences on differences between haiku and tanka. The tanka workshops that I taught as fundraisers for YTHS only came about because I had learned so much from Peggy.

flute melody
 the grandkids making it up
 as they go along
 ~Peggy Heinrich (*All This Talk*, 2020 YTHS Members' Anthology)

To Nicole and Jean, daughters of Peggy Heinrich
 From Patricia Machmiller

Last Visit

I finally got to see your mom today. I found her in the beautiful courtyard garden where she lives. She even recognized me—which took me by surprise since it's been over a year. We had a lovely visit; she was, as always, full of sweetness and light. I gave her a haiku book that I had edited and within minutes, she pointed out a typo that I had missed!!! Her memory might be a little dim, but she can still read and discern and appreciate. While I was there, one of the staff came out and started a music player and turned on a machine hidden in the shrubbery.

bubbles floating through
 the enchanted garden—
 her look of rapture

Minutes of the Annual Membership Business Meeting—August 14, 2021

Alison Woolpert

- President Carolyn Fitz called the annual business meeting to order on Zoom with 31 members in attendance. She began with introductions of Board Members followed by YTHS chairpersons and contributors. All gave concise updates on work in progress. Elections were not held, as all Board positions continue for 2021-22.
- First Vice President, Linda Papanicolaou, mentioned that she updates YTHS’s Facebook presence on the web. Its main purpose is to redirect traffic to the yths.org website.
- Second Vice President, Christine Stern, wears a number of hats for our organization. One task is to support the First VP; she also serves as associate editor of *Geppo* and as our Zoom Host. She has been given a number of titles beyond that of Host: Master, Facilitator, the Wrangler, and Pit Boss.
- Recording Secretary, Alison Woolpert, takes meeting notes and is responsible for newsletter write-ups, or finding other members to take on the task when she cannot.
- Treasurer, Patricia Machmiller, reported that our finances are in good order. By the end of this year, we will have the same amount in the bank as we had at the end of last year. Patricia, who has been a member for more than 46 years, is far more than our treasurer. President Fitz called her the “hub of the organization” and “the glue that holds us together.” There was a request that Patricia share a bit of history about how she became a *dojin*. Some years ago, she received *dojin* status from Shugyo Takaha, master of Kari Haiku. She says that a *dojin* is not just a teacher, but also a contributor to the organization and responsible for carrying it forward. Patricia is heading a committee to find a new path for others who are interested in receiving *dojin* status. The process will be different from when our founders were alive. In those days, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi would translate 50 haiku from an interested member, and the haiku would be submitted to a Japanese master. Patricia hopes that her committee can work on this task in the coming year.
- 2021 Anthology Co-editors, Elaine and Neal Whitman, reported that they are proceeding on a good timetable. Their team includes Patrick Gallagher in charge of layout, as well as the mailing team of Dana Grover, Barbara Moore, and Mimi Ahern. Elaine mentioned that it has been exciting to work on this project during these difficult times and especially to work with Neal, her husband. Neal reported that close to a hundred members submitted haiku, and a good number of members submitted responses to the prompt that the editors had offered.
- Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest Coordinator, Kathabela Wilson, has agreed to serve again for 2022. She reported that the contest continues to grow; there were 412 haiku entered this year.

She gives “enormous thanks to Patricia Machmiller who is so generous with her time and support about kigo issues.” For the 2022 contest, Kathabela will consult with Phillip Kennedy for kigo choices, and Jackie Chou has offered to help with contest work. The 2021 winners will be announced at the November Retreat, and a brochure with all the winning poems, judges’ comments, and haiku that received honorable mentions will be on our YTHS website, yths.org.

- *Geppo* Editor, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, thanked her dedicated team: Associate Editor Christine Stern, Layout Editor Karina M. Young, Tallyman David Sherertz, and Proofreader J. Zimmerman. She also gave a shout-out to Jeannie Rueter, Membership Recorder, who updates mailing addresses (snail and email). Jeannie sends this information on to the team. Johnnie reported that a little more than half

of the members receive a print copy; the others receive a PDF or both PDF and print copy. She shared graphs that demonstrated how *Geppo* contributions have increased. In March 2021, 66 people submitted something for the *Geppo*, with 60 members submitting numbered haiku. In February 2019, 143 haiku were submitted, but in August 2021, 229 haiku were submitted. Redacted issues of *Geppo*, those from 2016-2020, are available on the website, and Johnnie mentioned that there is an opportunity for an interested volunteer to scan and redact issues from earlier years of Yuki Teikei history. The team loves to hear from members, and she shared a few of the appreciative comments. Johnnie closed with, “*Geppo* is very healthy, and many members participate. A heartfelt thanks from us, the *Geppo* team; the team is awesome!”

- Webminder, David Sherertz, has added Patricia Machmiller’s videos from her workshops and from her book, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly*. He encouraged members to submit haiga. Please read website submission guidelines for both haiku and haiga. There has been a bit of an issue (yet to be resolved), because some members in trying to go to the website through the server “Bing” have ended up at a wrong site. Some have been redirected back to our old website, which no longer is in use. David is continuing to unravel this mystery. The one and only correct website is: yths.org
- Membership Chair, Marcia Behar, was not available, but Recorder, Jeannie Rueter, gave an update. Jeannie keeps the roster current, sends updates to the *Geppo* Editor, manages the YTHS PO Box in Monterey, sends the membership and book checks to our treasurer, and prints address labels for mailings. Currently, we have 127 members in 25 states and six countries.
- Greeter, Dyana Basist, welcomes new members by sending them an introductory packet. Kathy Goldbach will assist by contacting winners of the Tokutomi Contest who are not already members to see if they are interested in membership. This service has a lovely personal touch.
- Asilomar Chair, Carol Steele, covered the plans for our upcoming November Retreat on Zoom. Robert Hass is the guest presenter; Emiko Miyashita will lead the *kukai*; Greg Longenecker will lead a virtual ginko tour of the Huntington Gardens in Pasadena; Linda Papanicolaou will present a digital art haiga workshop; and Phillip Kennedy will give a talk on kigo. Bona Santos is our retreat registrar.
- Michèle Turchi has graciously taken over book sales from our long-time bookkeeper, Patricia Machmiller. You can order many books online, including *Zigzag of the Dragonfly*, as well as available anthologies from past years.
- Library volunteer, Clysta Seney, was not present; however, she keeps our archives up to date. The archives are located upstairs in the Markham House in History Park San Jose.
- Spring Reading Coordinator, Roger Abe, reported that we are “still up in the air” as to whether our 2022 event will be held live or virtual. Due to the delay in finalizing that decision, readers have not yet been selected.

President Carolyn Fitz reported that the 2022 Calendar of Activities is shaping up very nicely, and it will include a mix of Zoom and in-person meetings. When finalized, the new calendar will appear in *Geppo*, as well as on our website. There are only a couple of meetings where speakers are yet TBD.

Throughout the meeting, President Carolyn gave thanks to individuals for their service, but as the meeting drew to a close, attendees gave accolades to her for her strong leadership at the helm of YTHS. The meeting concluded with a short round of haiku.

“ReReReWrite: On Haiku Revision,” presented by Chuck Brickley, September 11, 2021

J. Zimmerman

Chuck Brickley, author of *earthshine*, gave a Zoom presentation with a workshop entitled “ReReReWrite: On Haiku Revision,” attended by 38 YTHS members. Chuck began by observing that sometimes he would look at one of his published haiku and feel that he could improve it, especially by making it more true to the original inspiration. In that vein, he revised many of his published haiku for inclusion in *earthshine*. We were enthralled to hear the specifics of how he revised six of those published haiku, with the detailed changes and the reasons for his choices.

The essence of his approach was to find the best way to communicate his original experience. Many changes centered on recovering the truth and individuality of the primary incident. Chuck focused on each haiku’s core and worked to increase empathy with the heart of his poems. His tools included: the freedom to use a dictionary and thesaurus to find words that were more apt; cutting out words that diluted the essence of a poem; adding specificity to enrich; adjusting line breaks and line sequence to increase drama; and amplifying the prosody, especially in the rhythm and the sound. Chuck outlined his “freefall” technique, a visually associative approach of putting a poem in the center of a large sheet of paper and then writing around it anything that came up—song or movie titles, word clusters, images, etc. He sometimes gave a “secret title” (i.e., not to be published) to a haiku he had trouble with, to coalesce his material and his feelings.

For the second half of the meeting, participants were invited to submit haiku for workshopping. This led to insightful discussion by some attendees, as well as by Chuck, using many of the tools that he had demonstrated.



“Autumn in Mt. Chokai, Japan,” by H. Philip Hsieh.

A Change in the Geppo Team

At the end of this year, Karina Young will be stepping down as layout editor for *Geppo*, and Jeannie Rueter will be stepping into the position solo in 2022. Karina and Jeannie have worked together to bring you this terrific issue.

It is with deep gratitude that we thank Karina for three years of outstanding work as layout editor of *Geppo*. We, the *Geppo* Team, will miss her. She is a joy to work with. With her artistic creativity, competence, and professional production skills, Karina has made our team “look good” and *Geppo* look beautiful—always with cheerfulness, calmness, and grace.

We enthusiastically welcome Jeannie Rueter as the new layout editor. Jeannie brings experience and expertise in the publishing world along with a diverse set of talents. We look forward to having her on the team.

With much appreciation to Karina and to Jeannie for all they do for YTHS,

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

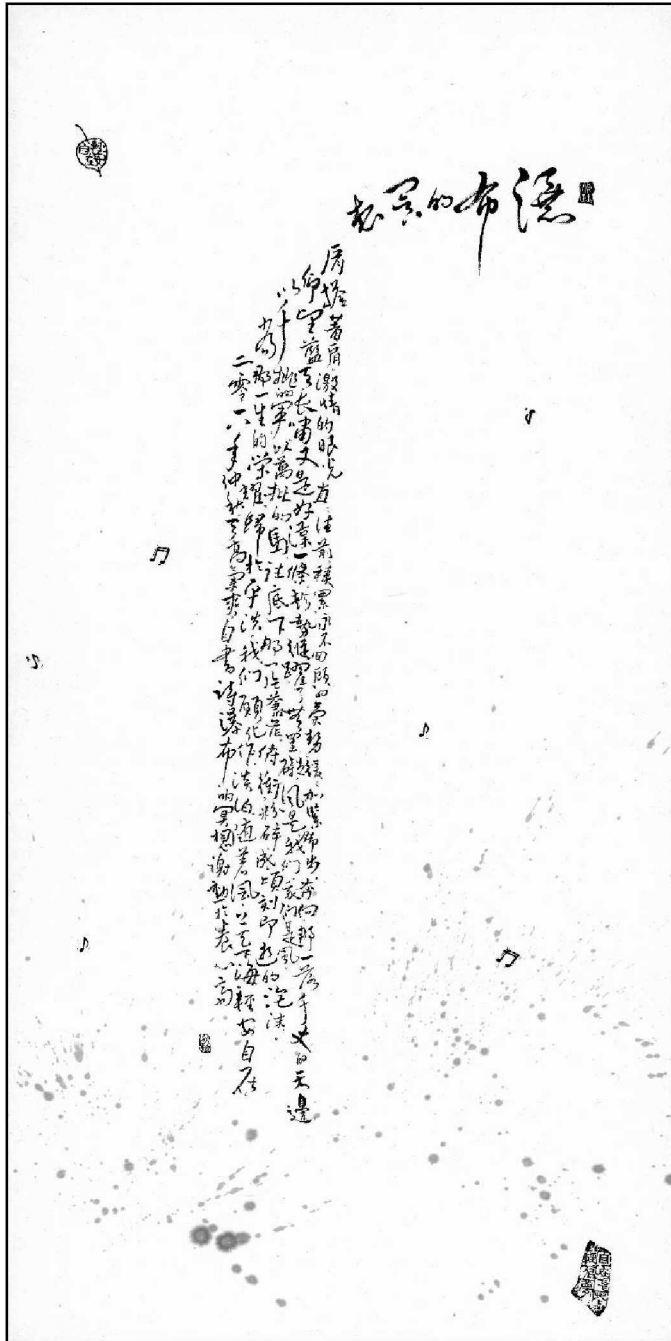
Thanks to Clysta Seney and Dana Grover

Clysta Seney is stepping down as the YTHS Library volunteer after a decade of service as a Markham House docent, first at the Naomi Clark Library and then adding work at the YTHS Library. We are grateful to Clysta for her dedication and commitment to organizing, cataloguing, and enhancing the library’s holdings. Over 800 books, journals, and newsletters are in the collection, as well as an in-depth history of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society itself. During her watch, Clysta also edited *Old Pond: The Art of Haiku* (2016), a series of essays on the craft of haiku written by various authors and edited by Christopher Herold. The series of essays was first published in the January 1995–February 1998 issues of *Geppo*, then a bi-monthly journal.

Hawk on airport fence
watches metal bars rise, land,
like they know what’s next
~Dana Grover

YTHS knows what’s next for Dana Grover. YTHS welcomes him to watch over its library upstairs in the Markham House in History Park San Jose. Dana lives in downtown San Jose and this haiku was featured in Poetry Center San Jose’s *Caesura 2020: Om & Ohm*. Dana is also a photographer and an expert real estate appraiser. Dana, as archivist, will keep the library contents current and provide access to YTHS members.

Much appreciation to Clysta and Dana!



“Contemplation of a Waterfall,” by H. Philip Hsieh.

On Our Website

Be sure to check out the results from the 2021 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest on the website. The results of this annual contest are announced at the YTHS Retreat in November each year and then placed on the YTHS website under “Contest.” Read the prize-winning haiku, view, and download the illustrated brochure of all the recognized haiku and the judges’ comments. Congratulations to all the winners and those chosen for Honorable Mention! Go to yths.org and select Contest, then select 2021 Tokutomi Haiku Contest.

Time to Renew Your YTHS Membership for 2022!

The end of 2021 is fast approaching. YTHS membership is for the calendar year, so now is the time to renew your membership. Renew by January 1, 2022. Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any back issues. See the details about renewing on page 31 of this issue and online at yths.org.

Be sure to 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 indicate which version they would like will receive the print version.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

The quarterly *Geppo* journal and annual YTHS Anthology are only available to members with paid memberships. Your current membership expires in December, and **dues for 2022 are due January 1!** Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any 2022 back issues.

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

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

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
PO Box 412
Monterey, CA 93942

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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

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; record your votes horizontally; and include your name inside the email as you wish it to appear in *Geppo*. 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. Having trouble deciding which ten haiku to vote for is *not* a problem; rather it’s an opportunity for all of us to learn and read high-quality haiku. 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. Vote only once for a given haiku. Votes for your own work will not be counted.
- *Geppo* is published quarterly. Deadlines for submissions are **Jan 15, Apr. 15, July 15, and Oct. 15.** (Members only.)

YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY CALENDAR—2021-2022

Far-off YTHS members have embraced a small benefit of the past year and a half—the ability to attend meetings on Zoom! Our membership and participation have grown, as more haiku enthusiasts have joined us online. So the upcoming calendar reflects a hybrid approach. We will still have some presentations and workshops on Zoom, and as pandemic precautions are lifted, some readings and celebrations will take place in person. Stay tuned for updates and Zoom invitations. Be safe, everyone.

Dec. 11, 2021 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert. Holiday haiga and sharing of new and some YT historical haiga for a special treat!
Jan. 1, 2022	Deadline for annual payment of YTHS dues.
Jan. 8 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	The Tokutomi Memorial Contest Unveiling: 2022 Kigo words. Presentation by Kathabela Wilson, contest chair, and Phillip Kennedy.
Jan. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
Feb. 12 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	Valentine theme haiga/haiku workshop with Patricia Machmiller.
March 12 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	Zoom presentation by Michael Dylan Welch—”Harold Henderson’s Grammar Haiku.”
April 9 TBD	Haiku workshop. TBD.
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
May 14 TBD	Annual “YTHS Spring Reading,” featuring four haiku poets. Organized by Roger Abe. TBD (at Kelly Park, San Jose, or on Zoom).
May 31	Deadline for YTHS Tokutomi Contest submissions.
June 11 TBD	Ginko gathering with Betty Arnold. At Hakone Gardens, Saratoga, CA or on Zoom.
July 9 TBD	Tanabata Celebration in person at Carolyn Fitz’s redwood/bamboo garden or on Zoom.
July 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
August 13 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	YTHS All-Member Annual Business Meeting and Planning for 2023 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. 10 TBD	Haiga or haiku workshop. TBD.
Oct. 8 TBD	Full Moon Viewing and Members’ Haiku Sharing. TBD.
Oct. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
November Exact date TBD	Annual YTHS 4-day Retreat. Depending on circumstances, the retreat will be held at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, or on Zoom. Carole Steele, retreat chair, and Bona Santos, retreat registrar.
Dec. 10, 2022 TBD	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert in Santa Cruz or on Zoom.