

# GEPPPO 月報

*the haiku work-study journal of the*

## *Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

Volume XLVII:1 Nov–Jan 2022

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

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|------|---|------|--|
| 4424 | black ice<br>the path between<br>this and that                          | 4432 | sandhill's song<br>one crane<br>carries the sun                                |
| 4425 | new glasses<br>not corrected<br>for winter breath                       | 4433 | eclipsed<br>by her sister . . .<br>shy moon                                    |
| 4426 | the porpoise<br>we never knew he had<br>dog in snow drifts              | 4434 | home<br>for the holidays—<br>a squabble of gulls                               |
| 4427 | embracing this<br>willing prisoner<br>winter retreat                    | 4435 | buck in the bulrush<br>how his antlers chalice<br>the se~ing sun               |
| 4428 | day so still<br>wind chimes await<br>the whisper of a breeze            | 4436 | alpine resort—<br>expensive flames<br>in the fire pit                          |
| 4429 | end of daylight saving time<br>so now<br>we live in the dark?           | 4437 | hot mulled cider<br>cloves dancing<br>on her tongue                            |
| 4430 | summer over<br>weather cools<br>but not our hearts                      | 4438 | winter chill—<br>he walks into divorce court<br>with his girlfriend            |
| 4431 | weather cooling<br>in spite of the chill<br>geraniums shout their glory | 4439 | treading on snowshoes<br>my clumsy steps fan outward<br>will the bear find me? |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 4440 | pine candles<br>the cathedral conceived<br>not by human hands                        | 4451 | falling snow brightens<br>nature's gifts and children's play<br>fireside memories |
| 4441 | tawny field mice<br>making hay while<br>the moon shines                              | 4452 | cooler days<br>a favorite cap<br>tucked in my coat                                |
| 4442 | e-Christmas card<br>one stubborn PDF that refuses<br>to open                         | 4453 | dark well<br>the tiny frog<br>within me   |
| 4443 | inches from cover...<br>the silent approach<br>of a Great Horned Owl                 | 4454 | December morning<br>curled in bed wishing<br>I were a bear                        |
| 4444 | dandelions<br>beyond a shadow of doubt<br>a good omen                                | 4455 | Solstice wind<br>the last leaf and I<br>let go                                    |
| 4445 | each day longer<br>that spring in my step<br>is literal                              | 4456 | botanical gardens<br>taking my lunch break<br>with Bashō                          |
| 4446 | a rosemary sprig<br>gives chicken soup a kick—<br>slurp-worthy                       | 4457 | river moon<br>passing shots<br>of sake  |
| 4447 | plum wine<br>dad again tells the story<br>his papa told him                          | 4458 | old friends<br>she snuggles into<br>a well-worn sweater                           |
| 4448 | snow<br>flurries<br>quiet woods  | 4459 | morning after<br>the stillness<br>from a rainbow                                  |
| 4449 | snow plays peekaboo<br>whiteouts and single flakes<br>outside my window              | 4460 | Purple winter wind<br>bites the shadows<br>running fast behind                    |
| 4450 | a fresh morning snow<br>covers deer tracks in the field<br>church bells' soft echoes | 4461 | Following your skates<br>across the pond<br>I am a giant eight                    |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 4462 | Frozen frogs<br>waiting in the water<br>for winter's cold light                   | 4473 | New Year cleanout<br>the years it takes<br>to relinquish love         |
| 4463 | Lost! Outside of time<br>Santa's electric sleigh<br>rounding last corners         | 4474 | we say goodbye<br>as if we mean it<br>bone moon                       |
| 4464 | thrift store volunteer<br>sorting through the donations<br>three mateless mittens | 4475 | dawn hangover<br>in a sputtering campfire<br>the spit of snow         |
| 4465 | another morning<br>drinking reheated coffee<br>winter seclusion                   | 4476 | dad in hospice—<br>lichen on the twig<br>fallen to the trail          |
| 4466 | tree decorating<br>grandfather lifts the grandson<br>to add the angel             | 4477 | converging planets<br>hidden by clouds . . .<br>starlings             |
| 4467 | early plum blossom<br>wizened hands slowly drying<br>one porcelain cup            | 4478 | a slab of cheddar<br>drying on the windowsill—<br>lengthening shadows |
| 4468 | winter rain—<br>cutting the thick pages<br>of a new book                          | 4479 | fish smell—<br>the weathered face<br>of the man at the pier           |
| 4469 | chilly evening—<br>seeping into my bones<br>a blue fatigue                        | 4480 | morning light<br>a glaze of frost<br>on the poinsettia                |
| 4470 | frozen grasses—<br>I forgot<br>why I came here                                    | 4481 | new year<br>this day dawning<br>like any other                        |
| 4471 | impending snowstorm—<br>in the test results<br>abnormalities                      | 4482 | winter morning<br>just a sliver of moon<br>perched in the pine        |
| 4472 | pottery fragments<br>all that's left of an empire<br>billowing pink clouds        | 4483 | fading light<br>the withered yard<br>alive with birds                 |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 4484 | spring garden tour—<br>the watering can<br>becomes a rain gauge   | 4495 | cold starry night<br>obliterates everything else<br>with a twinkle |
| 4485 | back to the wind<br>a kite flier reels in<br>his ten-foot shark   | 4496 | he wakes me<br>to ask if I'm awake<br>winter solstice              |
| 4486 | sleeping baby<br>grandmother takes her laptop<br>into her lap     | 4497 | the caregiver<br>cancels<br>winter blues                           |
| 4487 | umbrella<br>dripping in the foyer<br>the scent of wet dog         | 4498 | winter day<br>she takes the train<br>to the end and back           |
| 4488 | the violence<br>in purple snapdragons<br>January sixth            | 4499 | he wakes<br>somewhere else<br>winter chill                         |
| 4489 | a trill bursts<br>from her wishbone-guarded heart—<br>winter wren | 4500 | a brace of birds<br>flown from the sanctuary<br>after the snow     |
| 4490 | voices grow colder<br>locked out of dialogue—<br>frazil ice       | 4501 | headlights<br>approaching the platform<br>out of snowstorm         |
| 4491 | at the market<br>an unexpected trip<br>bruised winter melon       | 4502 | after fully withered<br>winter mountains glow<br>from within       |
| 4492 | the wobbly tree<br>supporting the weight<br>of the ornaments      | 4503 | gold threads<br>beam through dead trees . . .<br>rising sun        |
| 4493 | cider garden<br>seeing each other<br>through amber glasses        | 4504 | uncertainties<br>the old year still here<br>in this new year       |
| 4494 | drive-through<br>at the donut shop<br>my windshield frosted       | 4505 | hard winter rain<br>its backyard pond seeps<br>into the garage     |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 4506 | New Year's Day<br>not one of last night's dreams<br>sees the light     | 4517 | flowering jade<br>in the darkness of day<br>li~le white stars                 |
| 4507 | snowmelt<br>Plum Creek's meandering<br>deep gurgles                    | 4518 | thin fingers<br>cold and bare<br>the birch                                    |
| 4508 | Ox-Year sunset<br>with a minus tide . . .<br>my dear friend dies       | 4519 | depth of December<br>she's held<br>in his wingback chair                      |
| 4509 | old year new year<br>COVID variants thrive<br>despite science          | 4520 | twisted limbs<br>of the red pine—<br>shade beckons                            |
| 4510 | contraband fireworks<br>showcase the coastline . . .<br>New Year's Eve | 4521 | Sambuca<br>in our morning coffee ...<br><i>la dolce vita</i>                  |
| 4511 | my Aunt Violet<br>the quiet warrior ... passes<br>halcyon day          | 4522 | midnight shivers—<br>the unexpected gift<br>of one more blanket               |
| 4512 | new neighbor<br>the toddler shows off<br>his wolf howls                | 4523 | I revise<br>Gramma's borscht recipe—<br>chillier evenings                     |
| 4513 | crack of dawn<br>grandma stokes the stove<br>with corncobs             | 4524 | hands cupped<br>around hot cocoa<br>jingle bells                              |
| 4514 | the animal trail<br>narrows and disappears<br>sleeping mountain        | 4525 | a light refrain<br>of "Yesterday"<br>winter night                             |
| 4515 | paddle boarding<br>a gentle nudge<br>of a whale's fin                  | 4526 | holiday train . . .<br>multicolored peppers<br>filled with carrots and celery |
| 4516 | kitchen window frame<br>the tangerine<br>of winter dawn                | 4527 | in the glade<br>of heavenly bamboo<br>endless quiet                           |
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| 4528 | full wolf moon<br>violet clouds prowl<br>snow-capped mountains    | 4539 | late winter<br>slats of sunlight<br>through the blinds         |
| 4529 | early morning dew<br>spiderwebs stamped<br>between the lines      | 4540 | warmer days<br>a necklace of snow along<br>the barbed wire     |
| 4530 | leaf-stripped alder<br>a conversation<br>among hawks              | 4541 | a squirrel's stash<br>we cram our lives full<br>of emptiness   |
| 4531 | fence-post crows<br>beckoning<br>deep winter night                | 4542 | still waiting<br>for the results . . .<br>snow moon            |
| 4532 | cold morning<br>woodsmoke and diesel<br>linger                    | 4543 | laden branches<br>chickadees displace<br>a thousand stars      |
| 4533 | the last leaves<br>tremble with<br>chickadees                     | 4544 | Morning mist<br>My memories fade<br>Into the distant mountains |
| 4534 | brisk weather<br>the boy opens the door<br>himself                | 4545 | Alligator<br>Out for the sun<br>Weary of winter seclusion      |
| 4535 | leafless tree<br>more bees than I can count<br>visit catkins      | 4546 | picking out<br>LEGO pieces<br>finding red leaves               |
| 4536 | cold moon<br>caught in the dogwood's<br>naked branches            | 4547 | power chords with<br>pentatonic riffs and licks<br>autumn wind |
| 4537 | another chilly morning<br>the cat yawns<br>and sharpens his claws | 4548 | warm back<br>cold front<br>winter sun                          |
| 4538 | COVID—<br>the long “oh”<br>longer                                 | 4549 | early dark<br>smell of hot rice from the<br>cla~ering steamer  |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 4550 | the pond at night<br>I hug a turtle<br>and put him back               | 4561 | April quarantine<br>my broken glasses become<br>just a pince-nez        |
| 4551 | to something green<br>I toast the sprig of mint<br>in my water glass  | 4562 | hide and seek—<br>wine tasting class<br>with a face mask                |
| 4552 | rainbow quilt<br>how I wrap my brother<br>in my dream                 | 4563 | pray ceremony—<br>watching Weather Channel<br>twice a day               |
| 4553 | mom’s winter birthday<br>five years later today<br>she'd be 100       | 4564 | social distancing—<br>dining area extended to<br>street parking         |
| 4554 | warm bag of tacos<br>the children bundled snug<br>for a sleigh ride   | 4565 | downsizing—<br>every book goes through<br>the memory checkpoint         |
| 4555 | icing cookies—<br>snowmen with cat whiskers<br>and Seuss-striped hats | 4566 | lightning!<br>then darkness—<br>the clap to come                        |
| 4556 | puffy winter coats<br>pinto beans soaking<br>for the chili            | 4567 | so much wri~en<br>these pandemic years—<br>so much erased               |
| 4557 | ca~le at the trough<br>their sweet breath steaming<br>in winter air   | 4568 | departing year—<br>all along the rain gu~er’s edge<br>droplets wait     |
| 4558 | orange wedge<br>on the edge of the glass<br>the anise star            | 4569 | once more with feeling—<br>the player piano plays<br>For Auld Lang Syne |
| 4559 | bread cu~ing machine<br>the oven's pent-up scent<br>released          | 4570 | can you hear<br>clouds moving<br>—rain                                  |
| 4560 | terra incognita<br>under the familiar sky—<br>summer in January       | 4571 | melting<br>down my armor<br>meditation                                  |
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| 4572 | I told them<br>he is 112 years old<br>my dog                                 | 4583 | botched surgery<br>left a divot in his foot—<br>bitter, bitter cold                   |
| 4573 | Believe in<br>what you are doing<br>forget yourself                          | 4584 | winter break<br>the crash of recycling bottles<br>a family reunion                    |
| 4574 | deep winter chill<br>the propane phone line<br>off the hook                  | 4585 | winter maneuvers<br>a Huey passes low overhead<br>Vietnam lives on                    |
| 4575 | late winter birthday—<br>more candles to blow<br>more whiskers to pluck      | 4586 | ash leaves<br>flutter down quietly<br>our conversation                                |
| 4576 | all aboard<br>with Rick Steves—<br>in wood stove comfort                     | 4587 | worrying about<br>the unvaccinated sister<br>the phone rings                          |
| 4577 | memorial bench—<br>a reminder to cook<br>mom's split pea soup                | 4588 | a champagne bubble<br>meets another and rises—<br>old year turns to new               |
| 4578 | twenty twenty-two<br>holding my breath<br>for a new year                     | 4589 | rolling winter waves—<br>jagged rocks and cinder blocks<br>all along the strand       |
| 4579 | DNA test<br>changes everything<br>first light                                | 4590 | first azure sky—<br>the wide wings of a great bird<br>wheeling and soaring            |
| 4580 | snowballs for ammo<br>playground warriors run wild<br>a whistle shrieks      | 4591 | two birds on a branch<br>one hidden by leaves, one not<br>social distancing           |
| 4581 | garden full of snow<br>buying a grow light<br>to kick-start summer           | 4592 | soft pinkness of dawn<br>the color of her young cheeks<br>hope for the New Year       |
| 4582 | the bobcat and I<br>stop and stare at each other . . .<br>slowly he moves on | 4593 | New Year's morning sun<br>the rooftop frost crystals melt<br>if only COVID would too! |
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| 4594 | array of pigeons<br>silhouetted on street lamp<br>against winter clouds             | 4605 | Coldest morning yet:<br>hoarfrost on the driveway grass<br>air slow to warm up. |
| 4595 | suiseki stones<br>little rocks help me welcome<br>first mountain sunrise            | 4606 | a flight of sparrows<br>sparkle in the tips<br>of the coyote bush               |
| 4596 | tea garden's moon bridge<br>so steep for me as child—<br>again as elder             | 4607 | a gentle breeze<br>tells the story of rustling leaves<br>sycamore               |
| 4597 | forgot the images<br>from the last dream of the year<br>have to try again           | 4608 | rockslide<br>go-go-go<br>winter won't wait                                      |
| 4598 | no more walnuts<br>in the unzipped bag<br>this warm air                             | 4609 | the tsunami tide<br>approaches the beach<br>winter deepens                      |
| 4599 | after lunch alone<br>I slip on the new tie-clip<br>to adorn my suit                 | 4610 | Beneath the snowdrift<br>cozy in secret burrows<br>rock ptarmigans dream        |
| 4600 | trip to the store<br>with winter storm warning<br>mellow jazz                       | 4611 | a storm is coming<br>lightning, wind and lots of rain—<br>my bamboo dreaming    |
| 4601 | persimmon tree gone<br>across from my great-aunt's house<br>remnants of the past    | 4612 | falling snow<br>everything a blur<br>but the cardinal                           |
| 4602 | Ruby-crowned kinglet<br>attacks its own reflection<br>at bedroom window.            | 4613 | a snapshot in time<br>me in my snowsuit<br>on the Sears Santa's lap             |
| 4603 | After storms, morning<br>sun bejewels the raindrops<br>left on the tea trees.       | 4614 | home from kindergarten<br>with our own snow gear<br>winter's miracles           |
| 4604 | Brisk Nimitz Way hike<br>on Christmas Eve; brief rain squalls,<br>a kiting kestrel. | 4615 | my Siamese<br>once snow white and now in mink<br>still the same cat             |
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| 4616 | the missing wool sock<br>returns from its adventures<br>my Odysseus       | 4627 | we speak in whispers<br>not daring to disturb<br>the silent snow           |
| 4617 | dim recollection<br>the slowly gathering wind<br>sca~ers autumn leaves    | 4628 | winter silence<br>our footsteps in the snow<br>the only sounds             |
| 4618 | blue blooms<br>of Mexican sage<br>the sky gray again                      | 4629 | year's end<br>checking the expiration date<br>on the COVID tests           |
| 4619 | restaurant menu<br>a random stranger's<br>political views                 | 4630 | holiday moon<br>the wait for the owl<br>to return                          |
| 4620 | dream catcher<br>my credit card bill<br>from Sedona                       | 4631 | New Year's Eve. . .<br>wondering what my best friend<br>is feeling tonight |
| 4621 | morning radio<br>a bag of steel-cut oats<br>from Montana                  | 4632 | quarantine a rat's shadow on the kitchen floor                             |
| 4622 | tiny snowball<br>melts in toddler's pocket<br>diaper change               | 4633 | first snow shovels flank the front door                                    |
| 4623 | the doe<br>nibbles tree bark<br>first snow                                | 4634 | snowy day. . .<br>warming my hands<br>on a steamed bun                     |
| 4624 | snowflakes swirl<br>softly through the air<br>sunset                      | 4635 | withered mums . . .<br>sketching them<br>one last time                     |
| 4625 | one-year-old<br>points with glee at monarch<br>splashes hands in birdbath | 4636 | the aroma<br>of oden invites me<br>into the combini                        |
| 4626 | house cat<br>queen of sleep<br>changes position                           | 4637 | snow silence<br>window view<br>day melts away                              |
|      |   | 4638 | Homeless kids<br>sleeping in cars<br>pajama project<br>stacked up now      |
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| 4639 reclining snowman<br>the lengthening sleep<br>of a retiree           | 4646 neglected piano<br>the high C . . .<br>snow falls softly |
| 4640 winter sunlight<br>one squirrel comes out<br>then another            | 4647 winter rain—<br>or my heart<br>you hear?                 |
| 4641 winter solitude<br>no one to scratch<br>my back                      | 4648 winter seas winter ease                                  |
| 4642 wrinkled face every line a story                                     | 4649 leaving him<br>a love note<br>six persimmons             |
| 4643 winter rainbow new hope for tulips under snow                        |   |
| 4644 clear winter day—<br>a jet stream<br>cuts the sky in two             | 4650 the<br>rest<br>beneath<br>us<br>snow<br>bones            |
| 4645 hawks soar<br>before the snowstorm<br>clockwise and counterclockwise |   |

**Welcome to New YTHS Members:**

Lynn Halley Allgood, Pasadena, CA; Sari Grandstaff, Saugerties, NY;  
Charles Harmon, Whittier, CA; Mark Hollingsworth, Seaside, CA;  
Lenard D. Moore, Raleigh, NC; Naia, Temecula, CA;  
Victoria Taketa, San Jose, CA; and Sophia Wambach, El Granada, CA.

## Meet This Issue’s Featured Artist

Dorothy Messerschmitt, known as Dody, is a self-taught artist who continually hones her skills with in-person and online workshops. A professor emerita at the University of San Francisco, School of Education, she came to the world of art and haiku late in life. After retirement, she set a goal of becoming an artist. Her colleague and good friend, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, introduced her to the world of haiku when she shared some of her poems. Dody’s simple question, “Can we somehow combine your haiku and my art?” opened the door to the world of haiga and led to her membership in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Their collaborative haiga has been presented at YTHS and HNA workshops and published in *Haigaonline*, *Prune Juice*, and *ca~ails*. Three of their haiga have been recognized in the annual Jane Reichhold Haiga Competition in the traditional category: second place (2019) and “highly commended” (2017 & 2018).

Dody and Johnnie continue to collaborate and make use of the principles of “rererewrite” and by extension, “rererepaint,” thus creating two or three versions of a haiga. Using available and experimental tools, Dody paints in watercolor, often with an atmospheric style. For example, the addition of salt to a watercolor painting is an old technique that results in visible sparkle in the work. Plastic cling film (Saran Wrap) creates beautiful rock striations, and splattering paint with an old toothbrush adds dots of excitement.

Dody has had three solo watercolor shows at the University of California Berkeley Faculty Club and has shown her work in numerous workshops.



“Queen Anne’s Lace,”  
watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.

## Winter Challenge Kigo Snow, *yuki*

snowball fight  
a hat on a stick  
surrenders

~Richard L. Malta

snow  
all over the place  
caroling

~Marilyn Ashbaugh

avalanche . . .  
the sound of snow  
loosening

~Barrie Levine

first snow  
as much the silence  
as anything

~Michael Henry Lee

snow  
clear moonlit night  
sleigh ride

~William J. Burlingame

cloud-covered mountain  
maybe a dusting  
of snow

~Michael Sheffield

soft blanket  
the last snowfall  
at first light

~Bona M. Santos

Snow-filled shadows fall  
on a row of hermit crabs  
trekking through the sand

~Jane Stuart

after the snowfall  
across the quiet city  
brightness of sunrise

~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

the hermit's hut  
half-buried  
in snow

~Ruth Holzer

snow in the forecast—  
our booster shots  
rescheduled again

~Michael Dylan Welch

snow camping  
your popsicle toes  
touching mine

~Helen Ogden

deep snowdrift  
a trail of pawprints  
up the shoveled path

~Linda Papanicolaou

snowcapped tumbleweed  
deserted in the desert  
her ocean of pain

~Charles Harmon

the speaker pauses  
in the Villa meeting room  
first snow, Kerhonkson

~Sari Grandstaff

bucket  
awaits a bottle of champagne  
in deep snow

~Hiroyuki Murakami

snow  
cars stuck along the roadside  
wait for a plow  
~Alison Woolpert

the Sierras  
in heavy snow. ..  
conserving the melt  
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

entire neighborhoods  
snow-covered-ash  
old year turns to new  
~Dyana Basist

First snow  
falls soft and silent,  
refreshing  
~Lynn Klepfer

ruddy faces  
girding for battle  
deep snow  
~Marilyn Gehant

kick-pole-glide  
susurrus  
of skis on snow  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

falling snow  
mother swaddles  
her baby doll  
~Debbie Strange

Aynsley bone china  
I scoop a cup  
of snow  
~Kath Abela Wilson

Saturday's snow  
its last hard lumps dissolve  
in today's drizzle  
~Barbara Snow

frying onions  
the sound of  
snow falling  
~Patricia J. Machmiller

snowy night  
she is already not she  
and he is not he  
~Zinovy Vayman

snow—  
remembering just parts of  
whole things  
~Christine Horner

snowbound  
with her new boyfriend—  
she reveals too much  
~Carolyn Fitz

snow shuts us in  
can't blame it  
on the pandemic  
~Christine Lamb Stern

a flurry  
snow drifts up  
stoop steps  
~Mark Hollingsworth

the stone  
set in deep snow  
unmoving, moving  
~David Keim

a forest of masts  
within the soundless harbor—  
snow on Mount Toro  
~Phillip Kennedy

tromp, stomp and romp  
kids, dogs in coast range snow  
climatic bonus  
~Lois Heyman Scott

Ski weekend whiteout  
cabin vanishes in snow—  
roof vent becomes door . . .  
~David Sherertz

first snow. . .  
light enough for the bamboo  
to stand upright  
~kris moon kondo

with a wave of mittened hand  
my milk money  
lost to the snow  
~Patricia Wakimoto

snowy evening long ago  
singing tura lura li  
an Irish lullaby  
~Kathleen Tice

reindeer. . .  
falling flakes  
in the snow globe  
~Deborah P Kolodji

perfection of memory unbroken snow  
~Lorraine Padden

covered in snow  
the once noisy city  
completely silent  
~Marcia Behar

swirling snow the egg case of a praying mantis  
~John J. Han

soaring birds scatter  
over snowy mountains  
church bells ring  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

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### Announcing New YTHS *Dojin*

It is our great pleasure to announce the appointment of these eminent writers as Yuki Teikei *Dojin* in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society:

Phillip R. Kennedy  
Emiko Miyashita  
Hiroyuki Murakami

We are grateful to have these scholars and practitioners of English-language haiku in our midst and for their significant contributions to the Society.

Carolyn Fitz, President, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society  
Patricia J. Machmiller, Chair, *Dojin*'s Committee, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society



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

Linda Papanicolaou	4210—1,	4211—2,	4212—6,	4213—4
Neal Whitman	4214—0,	4215—3,	4216—0,	4217—3
Marilyn Ashbaugh	4218—9,	4219—13,	4220—4,	4221—4
Richard L. Malta	4222—1,	4223—1,	4224—2,	4225—0
Ruth Holzer	4226—9,	4227—2,	4228—6,	4229—1
Jane Stuart	4230—0,	4231—0,	4232—0,	4233—2
Michael Henry Lee	4234—1,	4235—3,	4236—7,	4237—1
Elaine Whitman	4238—2,	4239—3,	4240—8,	4241—0
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	4242—2,	4243—5,	4244—4,	4245—0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	4246—4,	4247—3	4248—0,	4249—2
Patricia Prime	4250—0,	4251—4,	4252—1,	4253—0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	4254—9,	4255—6,	4256—1,	4257—0
Michael Dylan Welch	4258—4,	4259—6,	4260—4,	4261—0
J. Zimmerman	4262—1,	4263—0,	4264—2,	4265—4
Clysta Seney	4266—0,	4267—2,	4268—0	
Alison Woolpert	4269—0,	4270—3,	4271—1,	4272—1
Dyana Basist	4273—2,	4274—2,	4275—2,	4276—7
Alexis George	4277—0,	4278—2	4279—0,	4280—0
Barrie Levine	4281—5,	4282—2,	4283—1,	4284—10
Elinor Pihl Huggelt	4285—2,	4286—4,	4287—3,	4288—9
Joyce Baker	4289—1,	4290—1,	4291—1,	4292—2
Christine Horner	4293—6,	4294—2,	4295—0,	4296—1
Marilyn Gehant	4297—1,	4298—3,	4299—0,	4300—0
Michael Sheffield	4301—4,	4302—7,	4303—6,	4304—1
Lorraine A. Padden	4305—12,	4306—4,	4307—1	
Helen Ogden	4308—11,	4309—8,	4310—2,	4311—3
Priscilla Lignori	4312—0,	4313—0,	4314—0,	4315—6
Kathy Goldbach	4316—1,	4317—0,	4318—1,	4319—2
Roger Abe	4320—3,	4321—0,	4322—2	
thomasjohnwellsmiller	4323—1,	4324—0,	4325—0,	4326—1
Mimi Ahern	4327—3,	4328—2,	4329—2,	4330—2
Hiroyuki Murakami	4331—0,	4332—2,	4333—0,	4334—2
Zinovy Vayman	4335—0,	4336—0,	4337—0,	4338—2
William Burlingame	4339—0,	4340—1,	4341—0,	4342—0
Christine Lamb Stern	4343—1,	4344—5,	4345—1,	4346—2
Kath Abela Wilson	4347—2,	4348—2,	4349—1,	4350—1
H. Philip Hsieh	4351—0,	4352—0,	4353—2,	4354—0
Barbara Moore	4355—16,	4356—2,	4357—6,	4358—16
Dana Grover	4359—4,	4360—1,	4361—2,	4362—9
Bisshie	4363—2,	4364—1,	4365—1	
Marcia Behar	4366—1,	4367—1,	4368—0,	4369—2
Julie Holding	4370—1,	4371—1,	4372—0	
Wakako Miya Rollinger	4373—1,	4374—1,	4375—3,	4376—0



Reiko Seymour	4377—1,	4378—0		
Sharon Lynne Yee	4379—0,	4380—0,	4381—0,	4382—0
Lois Heyman Scott	4383—1,	4384—0,	4385—0,	4386—0
Kathleen Tice	4387—1,	4388—1,	4389—2,	4390—1
Lynn Klepfer	4391—0,	4392—0,	4393—1	
kris moon kondo	4394—3,	4395—3,	4396—1,	4397—5
John J. Han	4398—0,	4399—2,	4400—6,	4401—1
Gregory Longenecker	4402—1,	4403—4,	4404—7,	4405—8
David Sherertz	4406—2,	4407—0,	4408—0,	4409—1
Deborah P Kolodji	4410—2,	4411—1,	4412—3,	4413—2
Debbie Strange	4414—6,	4415—3,	4416—3	
Bona M. Santos	4417—3,	4418—1,	4419—0,	4420—0
Bruce H. Feingold	4421—4,	4422—2,	4423—4	

**Attention All Voting Members:**

The purpose of voting is to express appreciation for the work of others. Please refrain from voting for yourself; votes for your own haiku will not be counted.



“Botanical Zebra,” watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.

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

- |      |  |      |  |
|------|--|------|--|
| 4355 | autumn stillness<br>over the water<br>a loon's tremolo<br>~Barbara Moore (16)      | 4288 | recess ...<br>angels<br>in the snow<br>~Elinor Pihl Hugge~ (9)                                 |
| 4358 | he remembers it<br>another way<br>autumn wind<br>~Barbara Moore (16)               | 4362 | autumn<br>the exuberance<br>of aspen<br>~Dana Grover (9)                                       |
| 4219 | prayer wheel<br>an oak leaf<br>spins the wind<br>~Marilyn Ashbaugh (13)            | 4240 | two rose petals<br>linger on the boardwalk<br>second honeymoon<br>~Elaine Whitman (8)          |
| 4305 | equinox<br>everything lit<br>everything fading<br>~Lorraine A. Padden (12)         | 4309 | swallowing clouds<br>the open mouths<br>of hungry koi<br>~Helen Ogden (8)                      |
| 4308 | so full<br>of itself<br>harvest moon<br>~Helen Ogden (11)                          | 4405 | day of the dead<br>time and again the boatman<br>crosses the river<br>~Gregory Longenecker (8) |
| 4284 | heavy rain . . .<br>a cloud<br>loses itself<br>~Barrie Levine (10)                 | 4236 | autumnal equinox<br>equal parts<br>whiskey and water<br>~Michael Henry Lee (7)                 |
| 4218 | back to school<br>starlings practice<br>their cursive<br>~Marilyn Ashbaugh (9)     | 4276 | thunder<br>a vole disappears<br>in the duff<br>~Dyana Basist (7)                               |
| 4226 | hanging<br>almost within reach—<br>the ripe persimmons<br>~Ruth Holzer (9)         | 4302 | fading photos . . .<br>le~ing the past<br>be the past<br>~Michael Sheffield (7)                |
| 4254 | we nod good morning<br>from a distance<br>snowy egrets<br>~Beverly Acuff Momoi (9) | 4404 | autumn<br>the way a sycamore slips<br>into soft gold<br>~Gregory Longenecker (7)               |

## *Dojin's Corner* Aug-Oct, 2021

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and  
Randy Brooks

Happy Year of the Tiger! We hope you are doing well and that Omicron, if it touched you at all, touched lightly. We hope, hope, hope that this is the year the virus recedes and life can begin to become normal again.

We are happy to welcome Randy Brooks as our guest editor. He is a member of the Haiku Society of America, where he serves as the webmaster. He has recently become a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, and we are delighted to have him. He teaches haiku at Millikin University in Illinois and has written many books on haiku. He and his wife, Shirley, edit *Mayfly*, a haiku journal, and they publish haiku books under the imprint Brooks Books.

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

RB: 4228, 4240\*, 4241, 4244\*, 4254, 4257, 4271, 4272, 4273, 4316, 4303, 4305, 4327, 4349, 4353, 4361\*, 4391, 4411\*, 4416, 4422

E: 4211, 4220, 4226, 4229, 4236, 4240, 4246, 4253, 4257, 4263, 4264, 4269, 4271\*, 4272\*, 4287, 4306\*, 4327, 4328, 4332, 4349\*, 4359, 4373, 4375, 4394, 4405

pjm: 4254, 4257\*, 4259, 4303, 4304, 4309, 4314, 4315\*, 4327, 4353\*, 4372, 4398, 4416, 4421, 4422\*

4240 two rose petals  
linger on the boardwalk  
second honeymoon

RB: Everything comes in twos in this haiku: two rose petals, second honeymoon ... a couple who have returned for a second time to the beach. This

haiku comes as a postscript to the main events of the day. I imagine it is late in the evening. The only trace of the sunset romance is two rose petals left behind on the boardwalk, not yet swept up by the morning cleaning crew. It is both beautiful and a bit bi~ersweet. The couple doesn't want the romance to end. Let's stay out a li~le longer.

E: The two intimate souls, the two rose petals, on their second honeymoon. Life is ephemeral like those rose petals soon to be dried and withered, but at the moment they are so vivid and fragrant—two gems lingering on the boardwalk. "Second honeymoon" suggests that the couple has been together for some time; they are old enough to savor the burnished beauty in life.

pjm: A tribute to a long and loving marriage. The couple might be those "rose petals" lingering on the boardwalk as they enjoy the chance to relive their first honeymoon.

4244 in a copper pot  
cranberries faintly popping  
one by one by one

RB: This haiku is bursting with fragrance and the warmth of a stove. The copper pot has been in the family for a long time and is perfect for cooking the cranberries. However, the key sensation in this haiku is the quiet kitchen where we can hear the cranberries popping out of their skins, each in their own time. For me, cooking cranberries would be part of preparing for a holiday gathering, so I see this as a quiet meditation before the raucous family arrives.

pjm: Nice—the sound of the soft popping of cranberries is in this poem: the *puh, puh, puh, puh* in "copper" and "pot" and twice in "popping."

E: In a well-equipped kitchen in a copper pot the red cranberries are simmering. As they come to a boil, they start popping one by one. "One by one by one" with an extra "by one," gives a clear image of the endless popping of the cranberries.

4257 slish-slish-slish  
policing the streets  
lone alligator

pjm: Another poem using sound as the device to give an auditory context to the image—with *s* and *sh* we hear the ominous movement of the alligator, the long *e* sound in “policing” and “streets” heightens the feeling of danger, and the short *i* sounds in the first and last lines pull the whole haiku together.

RB: Great “ishy” sounds in this haiku! Very wet. I can just hear and see the alligator tail sweeping back and forth with each step. Nobody else seems to be out and about, but the alligator is keeping watch.

E: An alligator policing the streets! How large is it? It announces its presence by this “slish-slish-slish” sound as its tail sweeps the streets. It must be scary to have a large alligator in one’s neighborhood streets, but somehow the haiku makes me smile because the creature is “policing the streets” voluntarily to contribute to the beautification of the town. It’s for sure no one will be dropping a candy wrapper near the “slish-slish-slish” sound!

4271 cliff walk  
children sprint ahead  
chasing spindrift

E: This haiku brought me joy and a tension to picture the children running ahead chasing spindrift so close to the edge and so close to the water. I used to be the one who ran ahead of my parents when we went for a hike. Now, I am the one who stays way behind. The passing of time brought me weaker legs. The haiku’s tone is on the joyful side; the repetition of *ch* and *sp* sounds are so rhythmic.

RB: I like the fearless energy of these children who speed ahead after the spindrift. I see the cliff

as an edge of a great sand dune, so this haiku is not about danger but enthusiasm in the chase of something ephemeral. Bits of sea foam are caught up in the breeze and carried up into the dune. Great fun!

pjm: On the surface this poem is whimsical and airy—the spindrift the children are chasing is ethereal. And yet, there is danger here: the cliff, the waves tossing sea spray so high it exceeds the cliff top, the children so exuberant, so unaware ... a deceptively simple haiku with a deep undertow ...

4272 December  
goat milk soap ribboned-up  
in fancy washcloths

E: The haiku reminds me of an open-air market in Boston held next to the Public Library where I bought a goat milk soap for the first time in my life. A lady at the stall assured me that the soap bubbles would be very tender and that the soap was best for washing one’s face. It is December and the soap is ribboned-up in fancy washcloths. A perfect gift for a valued friend.

pjm: Interesting how this haiku makes December work for both the northern and southern hemispheres. For these ribboned-up soaps are meant to be gifts, and December is a time for gift-giving worldwide: Hanukkah, Christmas, New Year’s ... was goat-milk soap one of the treasures you received?

RB: I see a special Christmas gift of handmade goat milk soap. I assume that this gift would be made by a goat farmer’s family without the usual manufactured additives and preservatives. So it’s a natural, special soap wrapped up in washcloths to avoid the typical gift wrap that would end up in the landfill. This haiku is environmentally friendly and conveys an ethos of healthy living.

4306 October light  
the saguaro  
gains a foot

E: The author notices it has grown a foot taller in the October light; in reality or in shadow? The shadows cast by the sun are the shortest at summer solstice, then gradually they get longer and longer, and the longest shadows are seen at the winter solstice. So, in October light, the shadow of the saguaro must be longer than what it used to be in June. I googled and found that SAGUARO is a brand name of training shoes. Suddenly, the saguaro gains a foot on this side and another on the other side; after taking a big breath it dashes away in the October light!

RB: I grew up in Western Kansas and my grandfather had a cañal ranch, so I had plenty of encounters with prickly pear cactus and a few other bushy varieties. While we didn't have the stately saguaro cactus in the pasture, we did have a large chaparral cactus near the farmyard. This bushy cactus had a habit of being blown around and relocating itself after a windstorm. This haiku reminds me of how that cactus would literally gain new feet as it re-rooted in each new location.

pjm: For this haiku (as opposed to the goat-milk haiku) October is exclusively autumn in the northern hemisphere because the saguaro only grows in the Sonoran Desert in Arizona and northern Mexico. So the October light mentioned in the haiku can only be autumn light. I have to admit I was a bit bewildered by the last line since saguaro grow very slowly. To add a foot of growth would have taken many Octobers. But Emiko's explanation of the saguaro's shadow growing makes perfect sense.

4315 they reach for heaven  
all wrapped around each other—  
the morning glories

pjm: The glory of autumn is manifested in these vines. Twisted together they are stronger and are thus able to climb skyward one supporting another. Their compact and mutual embrace is reinforced by the symmetry of the five-seven-five form.

E: How the vines of the morning glory twine and how a tornado whirls are in the same way, is it correct? The words "heaven" and "glories" make this haiku sound magnificent.

RB: This is such a sweet haiku. I love how "they" have been together their whole lives and how they are intertwined with each other in everything they do. And what is it they are doing? Reaching for heaven. . . the sky ... the sun . . . the above all else. Ah, waking each morning to blossom again, together. This is a love poem.

4349 the squirrel's fingers  
like me she rolls her walnut  
for the best bite

E: This haiku makes me smile, and the observation of squirrel fingers is very precise. Their fingers, unlike those of cats or dogs, are quite long and very dexterous. The inclusion of "like me" makes the haiku very intimate and joyful.

pjm: I don't know if I ever would have referred to a squirrel as having fingers, but when I read this haiku, I had no doubt that she does. The image is clear and immediate. If someone has told you that you can't use "like" in a haiku, here's an example of how it can be done successfully. You want to avoid using it to compare the kigo to something else.

RB: How fun to see ourselves in the squirrel's fingers! This haiku reminds me of when Shirley and I lived in an apartment on the top floor of campus housing for married students. There



were squirrel nests just outside our windows, so we got a bird's eye view of the tree-top life of squirrels. We marveled at the squirrel's aeronautical daring, but when it came to cuddling or eating a walnut, we can relate.

4353 a gust of wind—  
the fallen leaves continue  
their unknown journey

pjm: Where do leaves end up? Many lie spread at the base of the tree they have fallen from. But they've also been seen blowing down the street or across a parking lot, caught in a fence, or wedged under a merry-go-round. After they've left the tree, they are subject to the unpredictable air currents. The precarious nature of their existence makes me think of refugees whose stable lives have been uprooted by war or aggression of some kind and are now buffeted by many circumstances beyond their control.

RB: The leaves have fallen and gathered where they will until a gust of wind picks them up and sets them off on a new journey. Where will they end up? Who knows? They have nothing to hold on to but give themselves up to the unknown.

E: It is my habit to sweep in front of our rented house in the morning. One day when I went out to fetch the morning paper, I saw so many leaves lying in front of our house. However, after a while, when I went out to sweep, all the leaves were gone! We tend to think that our home is at the center of the universe, but for the leaves it is only a passing point. Bon voyage!

4361 fixed income  
he fills the bird feeder  
half full

RB: This haiku celebrates a retired man who knows the limits of his resources, but also knows how to share. His own refrigerator may only be

half-full, and yet he is committed to caring for his feathered friends as well. He is frugal enough to live within his means but knows the joy of giving what he can, month after month, to the birds.

E: We don't know how much he earns, but from "half full," I assume that the amount is about half of what he wishes to get. COVID has impacted workers and many people have lost their jobs or are paid less. I don't think this haiku is depicting such a case; in any event, it is beautiful to see the spirit of sharing in times of hardship.

pjm: Even as his spending power is reduced by inflation, he continues to share his wealth, reduced as it is, with his avian neighbors. To this person sharing is what life is about. No matter how little you have, you share it.

4411 my fingers struggle  
to even your braids  
plaid school uniform

RB: I enjoy the intimate perspective of this haiku and imagine a grandmother or grandfather getting a young child ready for kindergarten or primary school. As the word suggests, the plaid "uniform" provides a uniformity of dress for all of the children in the school which is intended to help them all fit in but also means that personal characteristics, such as hairstyle or disposition, will be ways to provide individuality and identity. The young student will stand out by such distinctions, so the elderly person is trying to get the braids just right. The struggle is both in the hands (perhaps with a touch of arthritis) but more importantly because the caregiver knows how important these braids may be to the little girl as she tries to belong and be accepted at school.

pjm: Being a person who has lost dexterity in my hands, I think this person whose fingers are struggling with braids must be a grandparent.

Grandma or Grandpa may be babysitting for a day or two and is out of practice with braiding hair. The struggle with the braids is a small reminder that parenting takes practice.

E: A scene on a hectic morning getting ready to send out a child to school. When a child is still eating at the table, and the mother tries to braid, it is difficult to do it perfectly with the constantly moving head!

4422 rose arbor  
fallen petals swept away  
by the widower

pjm: Grief is such a personal experience. For each individual the way it is assuaged is unique. For this man sweeping up the fallen rose petals in the arbor is a way of paying homage to the memory of the wife now gone. Perhaps, she tended these roses. Or perhaps he did, and she admired them. Or perhaps the two of them worked on the arbor and the roses together ... . The sweeping is a gesture of how he cares for the garden and for her memory.

E: A romantic rose arbor which is kept clean by the widower. The place is filled with sweet memories. The widower never leaves the fallen petals to wither on the spot because the place has to be kept timeless forever.

RB: Rose arbor. In the first line I picture the arbor full of blossoms. Fragrant. Reds. But soon enough the blossoms have faded and petals fallen. There are still some roses hanging on, but mostly fallen petals. The widower cares for the roses. Cleans up after them. Sweeps away the fallen petals. This is a haiku of remembrance and resilience. The widower carries on and keeps the rose arbor, his roses, in his heart.

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



“Striped Tulip,” watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.

## Spring Challenge Kigo: Spring Breeze (or Spring Wind), *harukaze*

John J. Han

Spring is the season of renewal and hope. In Japan, spring includes the days when insects wake up from hibernation (*keichitsu* 起ちつ) and rainwater, which is crucial for farming, begins to flow (*amamizu* 雨みづ). Accordingly, spring kigo tend to be pleasant and positive. “Spring breeze” (*harukaze* 春風) is one of those seasonal words. *Kaze* can be translated as both “wind” and “breeze,” but the latter sounds better because spring winds tend to be mild and gentle. Many Japanese haiku use *harukaze* as their kigo. Here’s an example.

O for flowers  
That burst into laughter  
In the spring wind.

~Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694)

Takafumi Saito and William R. Nelson, trans. *1020 Haiku in Translation: the Heart of Bashō, Buson and Issa*. (North Charleston, SC: Book Surge, 2016), 19.

In the Japanese version, “spring wind,” which can also be translated as “spring breeze,” appears in line one (*harukaze ni* 春風に). This poem expresses the exuberance of the season in which flowers erupt in laughter at the touch of the breeze. Here’s another well-known *harukaze* poem.

spring breeze—  
the river bank so long and  
my home so far

~Yosa Buson (1716-1784)

Gabi Greve, trans. *Yosa Buson: Harukaze, World Haiku Database: Haiku Topics, Theory and Keywords*. (<https://tinyurl.com/buson-harukaze>)

The speaker is on the way to their home in the springtime countryside. They hasten toward their village, but the embankment seems so long. Perhaps they miss the sights and sounds of the place where they were born and grew up. And here’s a *harukaze* haiku to which baseball lovers can relate:

spring breeze—  
the green field  
tempts me to play catch

~Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902)

Shiki Memorial Museum English Volunteers, trans. *If Someone Asks: Masaoka Shiki's Life and Haiku*. (Matsuyama City, Japan: Shiki Memorial Museum, 2001), 14.

Baseball was introduced to Japan in 1872, and Shiki wrote this poem—the first baseball haiku in the world—in 1890.

Haiku is known as the poetry of nouns, but the first and third poems illustrate that verbs have a place in haiku.

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



## YTHS Zoom Retreat— November 5-8, 2021

Alison Woolpert

A special thanks to Retreat Chair Carol Steele and her committee for the well-planned and sold-out 4-day event that was brought to us by Zoom Master Christine Stern, with the assistance of Mimi Ahern and Patricia Machmiller.

### Day One—Friday: Haiku Share, Robert Hass Talk, Tokutomi Contest, 2021 Anthology

- Opening remarks by *Dojin* Patricia J. Machmiller and President Carolyn Fitz. Participants shared an introductory haiku and Machmiller shared her memorial haiku in honor of our founders, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi. We are ever grateful for their gift of this society.

wind chimes in a calm—  
his pensive listening to  
the sound of no sound  
(*Blush of Winter Moon, 2001*)

Kiyoko's Memorial Day  
the simplicity of her  
white porcelain vase  
(*Utopia: She Hurries On, 2017*)

- Break-out rooms followed where participants chatted informally in groups of five. Delightful to welcome new faces, as well as to greet those of dear friends far and near.
- Guest Speaker and Distinguished Poet Robert Hass gave an introductory talk that shared his writing life, affinity for haiku, and reference to his book, *The Essential Haiku: Versions of Bashō, Buson, & Issa (1994)*. Hass's deep knowledge of the subject and literary history is impressive. (See feature article on page 29 of this *Geppo*.)
- Kath Abela Wilson, chair of the 2021 Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest, along with esteemed contest judge, Emiko Miyashita, announced the winners: 1<sup>st</sup> Place—Marilyn Ashbaugh, 2<sup>nd</sup> Place—Lynn Halley Algood, and 3<sup>rd</sup> Place—Susan Polizzotto. Rick Wilson played accompaniment on several beautiful flutes. The lovely *Winner's Brochure* can be found on our website: <https://yths.org>.
- 2021 Anthology Editors, Elaine and Neal Whitman, presented *Susurrus*; design by Patrick Gallagher. Each member read a haiku, with special mention made of the novel section: *Wasn't That a Mighty Storm!* which features members' 100-or-fewer-word responses to how haiku helped keep one's head above water during the pandemic.

### Day Two—Saturday: Ginko: Huntington Botanical Gardens, Robert Hass Workshop

- Greg Longenecker led an exquisite pictorial ginko through the gardens. His expansive talk included the history of the development of the many gardens. A number of participants mentioned that they felt like they had really been there with him. Throughout the conference, members shared haiku inspired by Greg's tour.
- Robert Hass held a three-hour-plus workshop that kindly allowed for all 43 participants' haiku to be shared along with appreciative commentary.

**Day Three—Sunday: Haiga Workshop & Share, *Kukai***

- Linda Papanicolaou’s excellent pre-conference hand-out, “*Artists Make Do*” *Digital Haiga*, gave participants a heads-up for what to consider in creating haiga with digital devices during the retreat. Linda encouraged everyone to try something new, which was evident in the varied haiga created, along with the sharing of how it was made.
- *Kukai* Master Emiko Miyashita, with the help of Patricia J. Machmiller, led this popular event. Miyashita is a *dojin* in the *Ten’i* Haiku Society of Japan, as well as in the *Shin* Haiku Society of Japan. She is a major contributor to *Geppo*’s “*Dojin’s Corner*.” Participants submitted two anonymous haiku and voted for their ten favorite haiku. Top winners were Marilyn Ashbaugh, Patricia J. Machmiller, and Johnnie Johnson Hafernik. Out of 90 haiku submitted, 80 haiku received at least one vote and were therefore considered “born,” a congratulatory custom in Japan. Deep bow to Emiko!

a soft shuffle  
of the solitaire deck  
autumn loneliness  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

a prowler  
trying all the doors  
autumn wind  
~Patricia J. Machmiller

heavy fog  
the sea slips into  
nothingness  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

**Day Four—Monday: Phillip Kennedy Talk, Keith Ekiss and Robert Hass, Haiku Share**

- Phillip R. Kennedy—*Seasonal Fundamentals: Exploring the Seasons and Season Words*. Kennedy is a YTHS member, as well as a *dojin* in the *Ten’i* Haiku Society of Japan. (See feature article on pages 27-28 in this *Geppo*.)
- Keith Ekiss—*The Poetry of Takarai Kikaku*, a student of Bashō. In a conversation with Robert Haas, Ekiss, a poet and lecturer in the Stanford University Creative Writing Program, discussed his work on Kikaku’s poetry. (See feature article on page 30 in this *Geppo*.)
- A final round of participants’ haiku was followed by Mimi Ahern asking participants to choose just one word to describe the conference: *radiating, abundance, illuminating, enlightening, relief, interaction, community, absorbing, nourishing (twice), hydrangea, transcendent, connected, festival, wisteria, friendship, enriching, invigorating, learning, fulfilling, genuine, love, renewal, links, sincere, inspirational, insight, bull kelp, happiness, fellowship, poem, revelatory, alive, generosity, and finally, “exhilarating.”*

A big shout-out to Christine Stern who, from her home in the wilds of Wisconsin, spent hours upon hours post-conference downloading and uploading selected recordings to make them available to attendees. Thank you!

## “Seasonal Fundamentals: Exploring the Seasons and Season Words,” presented by Phillip R. Kennedy at the 2021 YTHS Zoom Retreat

J. Zimmerman

YTHS was fortunate to have Phillip R. Kennedy give a fascinating presentation, “Seasonal Fundamentals: Exploring the Seasons and Season Words,” an exploration of the role that the seasons have in connection with the season words (*kigo*). Sensitive to his audience’s range of experiences within the haiku tradition, Phillip oriented us with a history of season words. He discussed the core meaning of each season, the evolution of season words over time, and the significant true meaning (*hon’i*) of a season word. He concluded with comments on what this means for writing haiku.

Historically, the season word’s oldest ancestor appears to be the set topics of 6<sup>th</sup> - and 7<sup>th</sup> -century poetry of the Chinese public court poetry. By the 9<sup>th</sup> century in Japan, set topics had become essential for poetry parties and competitions; the concept of true poetic meaning was advancing. Japanese classical linked verse (*renga*) developed in the 15<sup>th</sup> through 19<sup>th</sup> centuries. Each first verse (*hokku*) had to anchor the poem in space and time by containing a word associated with a seasonal topic. At the end of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, the season word had become the emotional center of a *hokku*, which eventually led to the stand-alone poem we know as haiku.

Phillip emphasized that haiku is the “poetry of the seasons” and that it “celebrates and commemorates the changing seasons and our connections with the changing seasons.” Each season has a true poetic meaning whose highlights include:

- Spring is the “long-awaited” season of “life and liveliness” when “all things revive and become active again,” when “buds start to swell and tree roots spread.” It is associated with blue-green.
- Summer is the season of extreme heat (e.g., “summer rages”) and of ways that creatures seek relief from that heat. It is associated with vermilion.
- Autumn is anticipated as the season when “all beings feel relief from summer’s extreme heat.” It is both the harvest season and “a season of rest and tranquility.” It is associated with white.
- Winter, like summer, is a season “whose approach no one looks forward to and whose passing no one regrets.” Beings “seclude themselves or hibernate from extreme cold and bitter wind.” It is associated with black, a color of the mysterious, occult, deep, and profound.
- New Year, the special fifth season, is a time of auspiciousness, rich with hopes for the coming year. It carries “connotations of celebrating the start of spring” because its original position in the older Japanese calendar was in early February, just before their spring began.

If each season can be considered a “parent,” then “every season word within its season is a child of that parent.” It is essential to understand the true poetic meaning (the *hon’i*) of a season word in order to use it powerfully and correctly in a haiku. For example, the *hototogisu* (the Japanese lesser cuckoo) appears in many Japanese haiku. While a bird guide can give identification facts, the true

poetic meaning goes beyond those facts, telling us not only that the bird is considered the herald of summer, but also that it is known for its song rather than its appearance. Another example is the morning glory (*asagao*). While it blooms from late summer through early autumn, it is assigned to early autumn (according to Hasegawa Kai) “because of the way morning glories open quietly/secretly ... in the coolness of early morning.” Therefore, it is more suited to the core meanings of autumn than to the core meanings of summer.

After sharing his translations of Japanese poems that each included the name of a season, Phillip concluded with a reminder of the evolution of haiku into a form that requires a single season word. A haiku’s success or failure, he emphasized, depends “on how well or poorly its writer conveys the proper sense of seasonality. If you can use a season word properly, with an eye on the larger meaning(s) of the season, seasonality will come through your haiku.”

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### Save the Date!

## 2022 Haiku Retreat on Zoom with Featured Speaker Lenard D. Moore

October 7—10, 2022 (Friday–Monday)

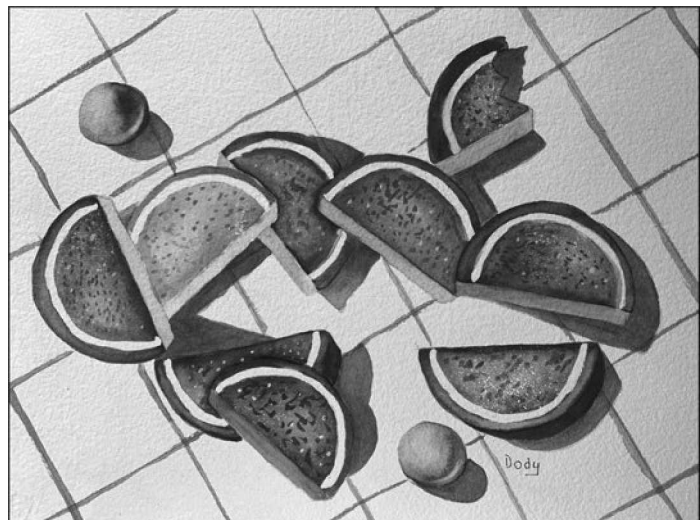
Registration May 1—September 1, 2022 (Space is limited to 50, so register early.)

Cost is \$100. A limited number of scholarships may be available.

Look for more information in the May *Geppo* and online at <https://yths.org>.

The YTHS annual haiku retreat will be on Zoom again this year. We have a wonderful program planned. We are delighted that Lenard D. Moore, an internationally acclaimed poet and anthologist will be our featured speaker. His literary works have been published in more than 16 countries and translated into more than 12 languages. A US Army veteran, Moore is the author of *Long Rain*, *The Geography of Jazz*, and *Open Eye: Haiku*, among other books. He is the editor of *All the Songs We Sing*, *One Window’s Light: A Collection of Haiku*, and other collections. He was awarded the Haiku Museum of Tokyo Award three times, and in 2020-2021 was the Honorary Curator of the American Haiku Archives at the California State Library. Emiko Miyashita will conduct the *kukai* again for us this year. We hope to see you at the retreat!

“Sweet Tooth,” watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.



## Featured Speaker Robert Hass at 2021 YTHS Retreat on Zoom

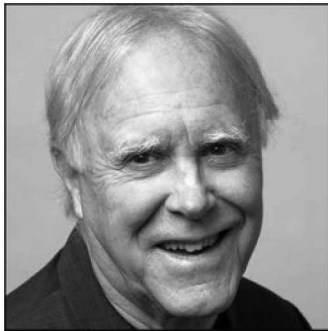
Christine Stern

Imagine having your own haiku patiently reviewed by a former US Poet Laureate-Pulitzer-Prize winning-MacArthur Genius. That sentence deserves an exclamation point! It was an amazing experience for haiku writers at the 2021 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat.

YTHS was incredibly honored to welcome Robert Hass as featured speaker and workshop leader at our annual retreat last November. Thanks to the reach of Zoom, 50 attendees from across the country and Japan were able to participate in this extraordinary, very personal event.

Robert Hass has served as United States Poet Laureate and as a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. He has published many books of poetry, including *Time and Materials*, winner of both the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award, and *What Light Can Do: Essays on Art, Imagination, and the Natural World*, winner of the PEN/Diamonstein-Spielvogel Award for the Art of the Essay. Awarded the MacArthur “Genius” Fellowship, the National Book Critics Circle Award (twice), and the Yale Younger Poets Prize, Hass is co-founder of River of Words, an environmental education program for children, and a professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley.

Hass opened the retreat with an hour of remarks about his early introduction to haiku (from little Peter Pauper books) and his long writing life. He became immersed in the four-volume set *Haiku* by R.H. Blyth (“If you don’t have it, run out and get it!”) and set about studying haiku intently and trying to write his own. He even enrolled in a night-school class in conversational Japanese to get a “feel for the armature of these little poems.” He spent years writing his own interpretations of classic haiku that he shared only with friends. In 1995, his publisher convinced him to create a collection, *The Essential Haiku: Versions of Bashō, Buson, & Issa*. Hass talked about how he is “enchanted” by these three poets—Bashō, the religious seeker, Buson, the artist, and Issa, the humanist. He easily recalled poems by many more-contemporary influences, including Alan Ginsberg, Emily Dickenson, and William Shakespeare.



Hass challenged his audience to create a fragmentary, two-page inventory of images that remind them of their “place” that could lead to haiku or tanka. He stressed the importance of making considered aesthetic choices about syllables, lines, rhyme, and punctuation. He elaborated on the development of *renga*. And he ended by sharing charming and quirky haiku written by two 10-year-olds—his grandson and a friend.

In a special workshop that lasted more than three hours, Hass demonstrated stamina, humor, generosity, vast haiku knowledge, and a commitment to commenting on every haiku that had been submitted by 43 attendees beforehand and shown onscreen. In addition, he encouraged viewers to offer their own impressions. On another day, Hass joined Keith Ekiss for a conversation about the poetry of Takarai Kikaku. (See page 30 of this *Geppo* for that report.) Having Robert Hass in our midst was a rare and enlightening adventure. Exclamation point!



## YTHS 2021 Retreat—a Zoom Conversation with Keith Ekiss and Robert Hass on the Poetry of Takarai Kikaku, a Student of Bashō.

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

On the final day of the retreat, Keith Ekiss, a poet, author, translator, and lecturer in the Stanford University Creative Writing Program, presented his work on the poetry of Takarai Kikaku. In a conversation with Robert Hass, he discussed the history and influence of this lesser-known *haikai* poet (c.1661-1701), a student of Bashō. Ekiss, a non-Japanese speaker, became acquainted with Kikaku through a book published in the 1930s that featured several of Bashō's followers. Ekiss was fascinated by Kikaku but observed that the English translations of his poems felt "Victorian." He was motivated to modernize Kikaku's poems and bring them into contemporary English for a wider audience.

Ekiss reported that Kikaku became Bashō's foremost disciple with *haikai*, "more sophisticated and urbane than that of his teacher," and that "Buson much admired him." Ekiss described how he created his versions of Kikaku's poems by "triangulating"—starting with translations by others; consulting a Japanese-English dictionary; and bringing to the poems his own interpretations of what he perceived the author had in mind. "Some of what I was doing," he said, "was translating English into English."

Ekiss attributed to Bashō a statement: "My style favors solitude and is delicate; Kikaku's favors flashiness and is delicate. The delicacy marks him as belonging to my school." (See Donald Keene's *World Within Walls*, p.125.) Hass asked what "delicate" meant here, and Ekiss speculated that it meant "ephemeral." Ekiss said he presented his versions in three lines, rather than a single line, in order to slow down the poem. Questioned about his insertion of punctuation, he said he used punctuation in his versions to avoid ambiguities he felt were present in former translations. His versions tend to avoid strong juxtapositions, which Ekiss said were efforts to "avoid creating metaphors or similes."

Here is one example of an Ekiss version of a Kikaku hokku.

*Waga yakko* : my own | servant  
*rakka ni hirune* : falling of blossoms | over | midday nap  
*yurushi heri* : permission | perhaps implies duration

Cherry blossoms  
 falling over the servant boy  
 I let sleep.

Ekiss and Hass gave Zoom viewers much to consider regarding the process of translation and interpretation, an intriguing and challenging task.

## Winter Zoom Holiday Party—December 11, 2021

Alison Woolpert

Our holiday party has been an annual event since the early 1980s when David Wright was president. Friends gather to share haiku and haiga greetings. This year, our second party held on Zoom, nearly 50 members attended. It was 11:00 a.m. in California, 2:00 p.m. on the East Coast, and 4:00 a.m. in Japan—a day ahead. No champagne toast to the end of the year and the beginning of the new, but indeed, there was quite a bit of magic in everyone's holiday greetings.

A special viewing of 12 New Year's cards, a collaboration over the years by June Hopper Hymas and Patricia J. Machmiller started the program. They had sent their cards to haiku friends they had met in Japan while attending an international haiku conference in 1997, along with other YTHS members. Either a photograph of June's or an artwork of Patricia's adorned the front, and inside—their lovely *tan-renga*. Here are cards from 2005 and 2018:



sigh of rice paper  
as she refolds the letter—  
fleeting, the short day                      pjm

the aria's final note—  
perfect, like a winter rose                  jhh

all is quiet  
in the garden except for  
the persimmon                                  pjm

a book of sonnets  
lies open on a bench ...                    jhh



Members then shared their haiku and haiga from a slideshow that Zoom Master Christine Stern had assembled. Greetings included dogs and cats, monarch wings, beeswax and Chinese bees, arroz caldo, stollen, ancient bonsai, flute notes, first snow, Mt. Fuji, Rudolf's red nose shining through a COVID mask, and many, many more.

## The Tokutomi Memorial Contest Unveiling—January 8, 2022

Alison Woolpert

The Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest honors our founders' teachings. All the pertinent information to enter this year's contest can be found on page 35 of this *Geppo*, as well as on our website: <https://yths.org/2022-tokutomi-haiku-contest/>

Nearly 50 participants attended the Zoom presentation by Kathabela Wilson, contest chair, and *Dojin* Phillip R. Kennedy. Kathabela enthusiastically unveiled this year's kigo and Phillip followed with commentary deepening our cultural and historical understanding. A few examples: the spring kigo *swing* is a seasonal topic dating back to classical Chinese poetry, as well as to its use in hokku in the Edo period. *Swing* also has many modern associations. The question arose: Must *swing* be used only as a noun for purposes of the contest? *Dojin* Patricia J. Machmiller said not necessarily. For the autumn kigo, *squirrel hides nuts*, Phillip mentioned a resonance between animal behaviors and human behaviors. And for *red leaves*, he stated that it is one of the most classical kigo of all of the season words. He remarked that the winter kigo *old diary* offers a great deal of retrospection; it represents our fondness for objects that we use over time.

Rick Wilson accompanied the program by playing three world flutes: *narh*, an ancient shepherds' reed flute still used in parts of Pakistan and India; the *shakuhachi*, a traditional Japanese bamboo flute; and an Arabic *ney*, a reed flute used all over the Arabic world.

Submit your contest haiku by May 31<sup>st</sup>.

**Save the Date!**

**YTHS Spring Reading on Zoom!**

Saturday, May 14, 2022, 11:00-1:00 PST

Featured Poets will be Marilyn Gehant, Mark Hollingsworth, Helen Ogden, and Bona M. Santos.



“Oregon Remembered,”  
watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.



## Introducing the YTHS Selection Process for New *Dojin*

January 10, 2022

Dear Yuki Teikei Haiku Members,

As many of you know, a committee has been working on establishing a process for YTHS by which we can recognize and honor our hard-working and studious members who have achieved a certain level of competence in understanding and writing traditional haiku. The committee has completed their work and their recommended process has been approved by the YTHS Board.

The process for creating *dojin* for YTHS is published on pages 36-38 of this issue of *Geppo*. It will also be available on our website. It is a self-nominating process. It calls for a *dojin* committee to be appointed by the president to evaluate the nominees. She will announce appointments to that committee in the near future, and that committee will announce a deadline for accepting nominees for this year.

We would like to thank the members of the committee who developed the selection process—Phillip Kennedy, Patricia Machmiller, Linda Papanicolaou, Carol Steele, and Christine Stern. We are sure that this process will serve to strengthen the society and, as is written in our bylaws, its goal to “encourage the creation and appreciation of traditional yuki teikei haiku and its evolution in the English language.”

Most sincerely,

Patricia J. Machmiller  
Chair, *Dojin's* Committee  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Carolyn Fitz  
President  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society



“Starry Night,” watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.

## Guidelines for Submission to the 2022 YTHS Members' Anthology

Elaine and Neal Whitman, co-editors of the YTHS Members' Anthology 2022, are eagerly looking forward to receiving your haiku. Soon they will be sending all members an email with more details about submissions.

By **April 15**, please send up to five of your haiku (either unpublished or published in *Geppo*) to Elaine and Neal in one of two ways:

(1) Email Entries (Preferred)

To: Elaine Whitman at—[2022ythsanthology@gmail.com](mailto:2022ythsanthology@gmail.com)

Subject: (Your Name) Anthology

Please single space your haiku in the body of the email. No attachments please. Elaine and Neal will select two of your haiku for publication. Also provide below your haiku your name as you wish it to appear in the anthology, plus your city and state (outside the US, your city and country).

### But wait, there's more!

SPECIAL FEATURE:  
"RESPOND AND LET YOUR HEART SOAR"

Haiku poets have a long tradition of writing responsive haiku. In this year's anthology, you will have an opportunity to write one haiku in response to one of the three winning haiku from last year's Tokutomi Contest.

For details, see the guidelines on the Yuki Teikei website—<https://yths.org/yths-anthology-guidelines/>



"Dogwood," watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.

## The 2022 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

### Sponsored by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Enter the oldest USA-based international haiku contest honoring traditional Japanese haiku!  
Prizes: \$100, \$50, \$25 to the top three haiku.

#### Contest Rules

- In-hand deadline is May 31, 2022.
- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern. Contest standard is *The American Heritage Dictionary*, 5<sup>th</sup> Edition.
- Haiku must use only one kigo that must be from the contest list. Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

#### 2022 Contest Kigo List

- New Year: first visitor
- Spring: mint, swing, hummingbird
- Summer: gardenia, fan, lotus
- Autumn: squirrel hides nuts, morning glory, red leaves
- Winter: blanket, winter seclusion, old diary

#### Email Entries Preferred

**To:** Kath Abela Wilson—

Subject Line: **Your Name, Contest**

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

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

#### Paper Entries

**Mail:** Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Tokutomi Contest, PO Box 412, Monterey, CA 93942.

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

#### Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere.
- Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned, and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its journal, website, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the 2022 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat in October. Soon afterward they will appear on the YTHS website: <https://yths.org>
- For a paper copy of the contest results send a self-addressed stamped envelope marked “Contest Winners.” Those abroad please enclose a self-addressed envelope plus enough postage in international reply coupons for airmail return.

## On Becoming a *Dojin* in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society: Criteria, Rewards, and Responsibilities

### *Purpose:*

As part of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society's commitment to the advancement of English-language haiku grounded in the traditional, we are instituting a process whereby one can become a Yuki Teikei *Dojin*, and subsequently a Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dojin*. The purpose of the process is three-fold:

- 1) to recognize those who, through their writing, have shown they have mastered the principles of haiku and have integrated those traditional principles in their writing,
- 2) to provide those interested in learning haiku starting with traditional principles a roster of qualified masters, and
- 3) to strengthen the Society so that the work started by Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi will continue.

The designation of *dojin* in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is a public recognition of achievement in writing haiku in English. Such designation means that an individual has shown a full understanding of the practices and principles of the haiku form and is well on his or her way to becoming a master of the genre.

### *Organization:*

In order to administer the process, the Society will create a YTHS *Dojin* Commi~ee. Members of this commi~ee will be appointed by the President. It will consist of up to three Yuki Teikei or Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dojin* and one member of the YTHS Board. The board member will be non-voting.

### A. *Yuki Teikei Dojin*

#### *Criteria:*

A Yuki Teikei *Dojin* is a member in good standing having been a member for at least five years of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and one who has completed the three-step Yuki Teikei *Dojin* process or has been designated as a *dojin* in another respected haiku society.

#### The Three-Step Yuki Teikei *Dojin* Process

First, a candidate for Yuki Teikei *Dojin* will have established a record of achievement by having accomplished at a minimum two, preferably three, of the following:

- 1) had six haiku chosen by "*Dojin's* Corner,"
- 2) had three haiku chosen in "*Dojin's* Corner" and had six haiku chosen as first, second, or third by the general membership of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society when voting in the *kukai* conducted in *Geppo*,
- 3) had haiku selected as a winner or honorable mention at least three times in the Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi contest,

- 4) placed in the top five of the Haiku Retreat *kukai* at least twice,
- 5) read one's haiku at the Spring Reading and at least one other venue,
- 6) had a book of haiku published,
- 7) achieved recognition in the larger haiku community,
- 8) conducted workshops or lectures on haiku.

Second, a candidate for Yuki Teikei *Dojin*, upon successful completion of the above process, will submit 50 haiku to the YTHS *Dojin* Commi~ee to demonstrate the candidate's mastery of the principles of haiku-writing in English. If the *Dojin* Commi~ee approves the candidate's work, the candidate will become a Yuki Teikei *Dojin*-nominee.

Third, the Yuki Teikei *Dojin*-nominee will submit to the Board of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society a declaration of the services the nominee has performed and is willing to perform to support the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. These services should offer a substantial commitment over a period of years. The hope is that the commitment to haiku and the society is a lifelong one. Typical commitments might be editing the annual Members' Anthology, serving as an officer of the organization, guest-writing "Dojin's Corner," planning the annual Asilomar Retreat, editing *Geppo*, etc.

Upon completion of the above, the Board of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will convey the honor of Yuki Teikei *Dojin* on the nominee.

*Responsibilities:*

A Yuki Teikei *Dojin* in the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will be expected to:

- 1) submit haiku to the Challenge Kigo column in *Geppo*,
- 2) mentor new members,
- 3) serve on a commi~ee appointed to screen candidates applying for *dojin* status,
- 4) participate in writing the "Dojin's Corner" of *Geppo*,
- 5) be a resource to the Society that the Board can depend upon to assist in planning and executing events,
- 6) provide advice and counsel to the Board.

B. *Kiyoko Tokutomi Dojin*

*Criteria:*

After five years a Yuki Teikei *Dojin* who has established a record of service to YTHS and regular participation in YTHS activities may become a Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dojin* by submit~ing 50 haiku wri~en while a Yuki Teikei *Dojin* to the YTHS *Dojin* Commi~ee. Upon approval of the *Dojin* Commi~ee, the Board of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will bestow on the Yuki Teikei *Dojin* the honor of Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dojin*.

*Responsibilities:*

In addition to the responsibilities listed for a Yuki Teikei *dojin*, a Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dojin* will be expected to establish a record of outreach. Examples might be creating and participating in an organized mentoring program, teaching through workshops and lectures, and publishing articles on haiku craft or history.

(Signed)

Patricia J. Machmiller  
Chair, *Dojin's* Committee  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Carolyn Fitz  
President  
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

~~



“Dancing Blossoms,” watercolor by Dody Messerschmitt.



**MEMBERSHIP DUES**

Memberships are for a calendar year and expire on December 31. Renewals are due January 1. The quarterly *Geppo* journal and annual YTHS Anthology are only available to members with paid memberships. Individuals who renew or join 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 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

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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](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; record your votes horizontally; and include your name as you wish it to appear inside the email. 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 which uses the current issue’s Challenge Kigo. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to **ten votes for haiku** in the current issue you especially appreciate. Having to limit votes to ten is an opportunity for us to learn and deepen our haiku practice. 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.
- Haiku printed in *Geppo* are considered published.
- *Geppo* is published quarterly. Deadlines for submissions are **Jan 15, Apr. 15, July 15, and Oct. 15.** (Members only.)

## YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY CALENDAR—2022

Far-off YTHS members have embraced a small benefit of the ongoing pandemic—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.

Feb. 12 Zoom 11:00-1:00 Pacific	Valentine Theme Haiga/Haiku Workshop with Patricia Machmiller.
March 12 Zoom 11:00-1:00 Pacific	“Harold Henderson’s Grammar Haiku.” Presentation by Michael Dylan Welch.
April 9 Zoom 11:00-1:00 Pacific	Linked Verse “ <i>Tan-Renga</i> ” with member participation. Organized by Linda Papanicolaou.
April 15	Deadline for YTHS Members’ Anthology 2022 submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:2022ythsanthology@gmail.com">2022ythsanthology@gmail.com</a>
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
May 14 Zoom 11:00-1:00 Pacific	Annual “YTHS Spring Reading.” Featured poets will be Marilyn Gehant, Mark Hollingsworth, Helen Ogden, and Bona M. Santos. Organized by Roger Abe.
May 31	Deadline for 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). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
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 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	“Kigo Talk: Colored Leaves/ <i>Momiji</i> .” Presentation by Phillip R. Kennedy.
Oct. 7- 10 Zoom (Times TBD)	Annual YTHS 4-day Retreat on Zoom. Lenard D. Moore, internationally acclaimed poet and anthologist will be the featured speaker. Emiko Miyashita will conduct a <i>kukai</i> . Carol Steele, retreat chair, and Bona M. Santos, retreat registrar. Registration is open May–September 1. Spaces are limited. Cost is \$100.
Oct. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
November 12 TBD	“Transitions: Autumn to Winter: A Round-Table Discussion.” Facilitated by Patricia Machmiller.
Dec. 10 TBD	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert in Santa Cruz or on Zoom.