

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 4651 | river fog
one group of geese
sleeps it off | 4659 | Nuclear warning—
working at gunpoint
We weep for tomorrow |
| 4652 | spring rain
no matter where I step
birdsong | 4660 | No dance tonight—
the moon is broken
life is sleeping |
| 4653 | the precise folds
of the veteran's flag
crane origami | 4661 | A child's pull toy
left behind
the porch swing sighs |
| 4654 | housing shortage
among the apple blossoms
a honey bee swarm | 4662 | Blue moon
black sera
our lost point of view |
| 4655 | climate change
the cold war approaches
a rolling boil | 4663 | each day longer—
from her top floor window
cherries within reach |
| 4656 | her beer his whiskey
their anniversary
at home by the fire | 4664 | floral music—
listen to the fragrance
of the lilac garden |
| 4657 | daylight savings
the busker offers
an extended play | 4665 | Vivaldi
marking spring to summer
gaspacho |
| 4658 | counting back
from a billion
longest night | 4666 | when a wren
comes to my garden
<i>Farmers' Almanac</i> |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 4667 | mid-March snowfall
trying to cover
its muddy tracks | 4678 | swooping
on silent wings
swallows arrive |
| 4668 | lobster rolls and sea glass
on Cape Cod
spring break pilgrimage | 4679 | Ash Wednesday
mom promises not to
go to Vegas |
| 4669 | spring training ball game
the snowbirds
get the best seats | 4680 | New Year's confetti
glittering in the gutter
someone's wedding ring |
| 4670 | on bended knee
in the school library
spring promposal | 4681 | Veteran's Eve
the vaguely drunk feeling
of sleep deprivation |
| 4671 | catapulting
from deep nectar
the honey bee | 4682 | zipping past
the New Mexico frontier
tumbleweed |
| 4672 | spring high tide
how soft the sand
with a full bladder | 4683 | soft grass
tickles my bare feet
spring breeze |
| 4673 | rain chain . . .
the tinkling
of gardenias | 4684 | I can hear
the flowers laugh
spring breeze |
| 4674 | the wet kisses
in my pocket
Easter heat wave | 4685 | Wake up
you sleepy world
spring breeze |
| 4675 | peach blossoms—
still trying to believe
in paradise | 4686 | nothing new
my lips are sealed
war |
| 4676 | returning
by the moon and stars—
wild geese | 4687 | changing tunes
from tree to tree—
call of the swallows |
| 4677 | insects awaken
to find
their world the same | 4688 | jacarandas in bloom
watching the flowers
on the pavement wilt |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 4689 | autumn sunset
the serene embrace
of solitude | 4700 | sunset
an old barn upgraded
to crimson |
| 4690 | melted Kisses
all that remains
of the night | 4701 | creeping sepia
his war memories
run together |
| 4691 | imperceptible
this turning of the tide . . .
shore leave | 4702 | the whispers
while playing doctor . . .
<i>sakura no hana</i> |
| 4692 | step
by ponderous step
great blue heron | 4703 | on occasion
the greener grass . . .
volunteer poppies |
| 4693 | final
day of vacation
outgoing tide | 4704 | scores of notes
soar from the cellist's bow—
war-ravaged Ukraine |
| 4694 | my grandparents
also were refugees . . .
drifting soap bubbles | 4705 | beloveds
rest in mass graves—
the new green deal |
| 4695 | spring morning
the bursting colors
of blooming hedges | 4706 | seashell gathering—
in the obituary
her accomplishments |
| 4696 | tranquil night
the chug of a train
lulls me to sleep | 4707 | finding the right words
to make an apology
vernal equinox |
| 4697 | fitting into a box
the playfulness
in the kitten's eyes | 4708 | waterfowl return
funeral for the recluse
no one remembers |
| 4698 | cherry blossoms
I upgrade my like
to a heart | 4709 | spring melancholy
stepping across the threshold
of my childhood home |
| 4699 | running hot and cold
hormones
in the March wind | 4710 | forsythia
one star
after another |

- 4711 a bit of laughter
with the tall tale
pot of shamrocks
- 4712 wood-rotting fungi
on a fallen log
Ash Wednesday
- 4713 a visitor
every afternoon
black phoebe
- 4714 pollen dusting
the hot-tub cover—
a pile of pulled weeds
- 4715 wet infield—
two stray cats
find each other
- 4716 Granville Street—
polka dots
on the hooker's umbrella
- 4717 shunting train—
the one car in front of me
without graffiti
- 4718 waterfront
next to the airport . . .
ducks in battle array
- 4719 this spring
a Warrior Pose I hold
stronger
- 4720 headwater pond . . .
floral raft
ready and waiting
- 4721 longing
for Saigyō and Bashō
cherry blossoms
- 4722 Easter piñata
what's left ... a one-eared, legless
bunny carcass
- 4723 *meeehh, meeehh*
we get their looks
but no bleats back
- 4724 drought
the cafe bill includes
a glass of water
- 4725 the yellow jacket
seems fine with the white wine . . .
so it goes
- 4726 buried under leaves
as I'm under paperwork—
a sprouting crocus
- 4727 crescent moon in spring
cradles itself the way a
tired child wants to be
- 4728 on a rainy day
we bond a little bit more
sunflower seedlings
- 4729 outside at midnight
the widow walking her dog—
a gentle spring rain
- 4730 a tiny house
in the neighbor's yard
circling monarchs
- 4731 long day
his to-do list
lengthens
- 4732 SpaceX launch
the muddy path
to frog song

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|------|---|------|--|
| 4733 | tax day
we build a fairy house
in the tall grass | 4744 | tulip afternoon
the curves
in our conversation |
| 4734 | remembering
last summer's fire
a hillside of mustard | 4745 | with a stencil she pencils
one perfect circle
worm moon |
| 4735 | smooth soil
the seedlings still
snoozing | 4746 | chartreuse catkins
dangle from valley oaks
chickadee play toys |
| 4736 | bare feet
on rain-softened soil—
holding his hand | 4747 | yellow-rumped warblers
bee-bop among purple sage
backyard be-in |
| 4737 | gristle—
earthworms glisten
in spring soil | 4748 | a plainsong shower
bursts from an Eastcheap tavern
spring-cleaning morning |
| 4738 | tinkle of sheep bells
on the road to high pasture
traffic stopped both ways | 4749 | mother enjoys sitting
on the porch drinking mint tea
backyard birds enjoy |
| 4739 | evening calm—
the street lights come on
last kite hauled down | 4750 | returning birds
joyful songs fill the day
I long for your voice |
| 4740 | pocket billiards—
a dad shows his daughter
how to hold the cue | 4751 | a quickening spread
of azalea yellow blooms—
nature's love has come |
| 4741 | summer solstice—
the slow descent of dust motes
through a louvered blind | 4752 | spring mountain—
swaying heather bright flowers
young lovers hiking |
| 4742 | first sign of spring . . .
a full line of washing
drying in sunshine | 4753 | clouds
whipped to stiff peaks
altitude |
| 4743 | we lay a towel
beside his marker
spring picnic | 4754 | lilac blossoms
painting spring breeze
with her memory |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 4755 | hummingbird
blowing kisses
on spring breeze | 4766 | morning haze
the public drinking fountain
where jugs are filled |
| 4756 | 5-o'clock shadow
cornfield stubble
razed with frost | 4767 | spring wheat
the farmer salvages
an abandoned tank |
| 4757 | twittering bird
she calls
on her way to anywhere | 4768 | burning fields
the price of oil
subsidized by blood |
| 4758 | alone in my car
a drizzle of spring rain
slides down the window | 4769 | some twigs still bare
the squirrel shakes
a moth-eaten tail |
| 4759 | spring melancholy
tapping my toes
to an oboe concerto | 4770 | first butterfly,
did you yawn
upon awakening? |
| 4760 | mother's day
the woes
of my child | 4771 | ants in a line
to my toothbrush tube
spring astir |
| 4761 | spring agenda
small pink shoes at work stamp out
last night's rain puddles | 4772 | silent dawn
a bobcat invades
our space |
| 4762 | killdeer's nest
in the dried mud of tire tracks—
eggs too | 4773 | emergency brownies
for one
Valentine's Day |
| 4763 | butterfly—
as if she had nothing
else to do | 4774 | short days
the couple next door debate
walking the dog |
| 4764 | willow fluff—
newly hatched downies paddle
willy-nilly | 4775 | trying to stay warm
in the wind all the geese
on one leg |
| 4765 | spinning
in the tire swing
almond blossoms | 4776 | dogwood
in my childhood
blossoming |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 4777 | an early Spring rain
brings an ant to my mirror
looking for something | 4788 | down
in its own feathers
napping mallard |
| 4778 | Spring—Rodin’s kiss!
iron clad lovers
captured forever | 4789 | campground spigot . . .
a cricket pours
from the spout |
| 4779 | the Spring moon
in a cloudy sky
a shy one | 4790 | fragrance of pink
in a crystal vase
peonies |
| 4780 | Hakone gardens
our eyes are wedded
to cherry blossoms | 4791 | first kiss . . .
the floor disappears
beneath their feet |
| 4781 | scent of honeysuckle—
croaking frogs
muffle the train whistle | 4792 | senior softball game . . .
rounding third base
and heading for home |
| 4782 | buttercups
mark the path—
the crunch of gravel | 4793 | crescent moon
are we better off
the less we know |
| 4783 | after the storm—
driving over fallen
acacia blossoms | 4794 | yesterday’s ache
is still here
lingering snow |
| 4784 | yellow day lilies
stand sentinel—
edge of a pond | 4795 | they head for safety
toward the far-off border
meteor showers |
| 4785 | Blue Danube
our waltz with dad
before I was born | 4796 | hoping
for another chance
kairos time |
| 4786 | mother’s last box
the envelope
with my name | 4797 | three pigeons follow
stop-and-go traffic
—farmers market |
| 4787 | old diary
in the thrift shop bin
my handwriting | 4798 | a record drought—
pitchers of kitchen wastewater
given to flowers |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 4799 | between short breaths—
thirty-four consecutive
mouthfuls of soba | 4810 | among stone lanterns
blue spruce and bamboo stand
while Buddha sleeps |
| 4800 | Bashō's Memorial Hall
his elegant penmanship
in the moss of history | 4811 | in the mirror
the surgeon's skill reflected
spring dream |
| 4801 | hidden in the pine
sheltered from the squall
bluebirds | 4812 | one step at a time
through a spacious day
deeper into Dao |
| 4802 | costal hills
the old timer listens around the globe
on his ham radio | 4813 | plum blossoms . . .
that afternoon
in deepest friendship |
| 4803 | a dove puffs up
his breast feathers
cherry buds | 4814 | vernal breath
the green mother
whispers her name |
| 4804 | catching a wave . . .
a leaf
rides the rainfall down the roof | 4815 | evening angelus
the dark chanting
of crickets |
| 4805 | soap bubbles catch
on a new leaf
briefly | 4816 | winter dream
my grown child
revamped |
| 4806 | planting a rose
in that space
in his life | 4817 | equinox
tulips half-buried
in snow |
| 4807 | perpetual spring
recycled water
in the waterfall | 4818 | spring fever
checking emails
from my travel agency |
| 4808 | through the shoji, still visible
the bonsai's delicate shape
spring dusk | 4819 | gentle spring rain
still falling
in my dream |
| 4809 | from branch to pane
three times the bluebird taps
spring messenger | 4820 | zoom break-out room—
our conversation turns
to hula-hoops |

- 4821 no hide-seek sneak-ups
this kid's spring party—
crunch of gravel
- 4822 flutter and flitting
in the dry birdbath—
chickadee
- 4823 Easter garden party—
bring basket and broly
just in case
- 4824 snowdrops
the old logger tilts one up
with his pinkie
- 4825 cherry tree
the swing of my flashlight
from raccoon to raccoon
- 4826 sweltering night
a helicopter wup-wups
through the house
- 4827 a hair
from when I had hair
Blyth's *Senryu*
- 4828 dark rain sprinkles
one white blossom
camellia
- 4829 broken cookbook
bound with string
Mother's notes
- 4830 sharp cries
in the night
puppy breath
- 4831 indoor koi
packed in ice chest
moving day
- 4832 ambulance logo
TRANSFORMATIVE HEALTHCARE
. . . deaths peak in spring
- 4833 mansion lawn
two attack turkeys
“neigh” in unison
- 4834 it hasn't begun yet
but they're already here—
Siberian squill
- 4835 warmish afternoon
on the mansion patio
the blue flame heater
- 4836 brisk air
yet robins twitter
“it's spring”
- 4837 longer days, warmer days
were it not for spring
where would we be?
- 4838 robins and daffodils,
green grass and warmth
God's reminders
- 4839 above the redwoods
four blackbirds harry a hawk
dad's discharge papers
- 4840 a kiss, a smile
I take his arm
his love and steady support
- 4841 Covid craziness,
Omicron omnipresence—
time to hibernate.
- 4842 Abbott's Lagoon is
larger and deeper due to
Tongan tsunami.

- 4843 On a calm March night
fragrance of many blossoms
faintly perfumes air.
- 4844 The song sparrow's tune
emerges very sweetly—
the morning brightens.
- 4845 driving the old road
to my childhood country home—
the mountain smiles
- 4846 sonogram picture
are you a boy or a girl—
Little Valentine
- 4847 he's a sharpshooter,
she offers sunflower seeds—
elders fight Putin
- 4848 orange infinity
the desert after
spring rain
- 4849 Half Dome
deer in the meadow
at dusk
- 4850 tech conference
the reboot of last year's
daffodils
- 4851 seeds collected
from butternut squash
tax day
- 4852 lengthening day—
a Pisan tower
on the espresso cup
- 4853 spring cleaning—
where's the lid
for the cookie jar?
- 4854 spilling ink
the color of crow feathers—
spring darkness
- 4855 spring gratitude
I bow to
bowing wild peonies
- 4856 frog chorus
no to war
is universal language
- 4857 every holler
moves a mountain
Konpira pilgrimage
- 4858 sea breeze
wave after wave
of peace rallies
- 4859 two sets of kittens
dumped in the alley
Holy Week
- 4860 twos-day palindrome
an ordinary day
where all went well
- 4861 Hawaiian lei
he forgets his old age
and cracks a smile
- 4862 dine LA specials
I indulge in a few
and become a foodie
- 4863 Thinker statue
mime's inspiration
spring break
- 4864 daylight savings
the sun comes out
early in spring

- 4865 birds still hang around
the chopped tree
persimmon
- 4866 everything is renewed
everything is beautiful
spring is wonderful
- 4867 lace curtains
on vanished winter street—
hazy memoir
- 4868 no robins drunk
from rotted pyracantha?
climate change?
- 4869 stars and molecules
realign and reassert
inherent hope
- 4870 awake ‘til she’s home
in the name of parenting
but she’s thirty-one
- 4871 first day of spring
the smell
of decaying compost
- 4872 fresh poison oak
borders the trail
again, war
- 4873 the curve
of a child’s wrist
first rose
- 4874 taking out
the garbage cans
smell of jasmine
- 4875 spring wind
spreads poppy seeds
over the hills
- 4876 spring winds
blow my kite skyward
an eagle soars above
- 4877 spring wind
pushes heavy clouds
Mt. Fuji
- 4878 spring wind
cools the desert sand
tumbleweed
- 4879 here

there

hummingbird
- 4880 resilience
she plants flowers in front
of her bombed-out house
- 4881 equinox—
things being equal
i prefer spring
- 4882 re-landscaping
i hand water the new
drought-tolerant plants
- 4883 white hydrangeas
the piqué
of her wedding dress
- 4884 spring sunrise
glint of an earring
I lost in winter
- 4885 standing up
to spring wind
young tulip
- 4886 forsythia glowing fireflies of early spring

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|------|---|------|---|
| 4887 | twilight how purple the dormant butterfly bush | 4893 | habitat restoration
with each baby buckwheat
another 'blessed be' |
| 4888 | slow thaw
the curling stones
of mallard ducks | 4894 | suddenly : daffodils |
| 4889 | paper sunflowers
in the maternity ward...
still too soon to say | 4895 | flight to the border
a trillium bloom
offers two petals |
| 4890 | seasons turn
the way we measure
life expectancy | 4896 | nothing to write with spring winds |
| 4891 | first spring gust
billowing spinnakers
brighten the bay | 4897 | first vaccination
a child's screech
and street tacos |
| 4892 | spring breeze
beyond billowing curtains
stars come and go | 4898 | first iris
the skunk's stripes
arrive first, too |



"bespangled," photo by Debbie Strange.

Spring Challenge Kigo: Spring Breeze (or Spring Wind),
harukaze 風

spring breeze
a scarecrow's robe
joins the dance
~Mark Hollingsworth

spring breeze
one ripple
at a time
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

spring wind
an unidentified butterfly
buffeted about
~Michael Henry Lee

Motown moments:
a soft spring breeze blows time
through the open window
~Jane Stuart

spring breeze
an errant loose-leaf paper
in the schoolyard
~Sari Grandstaff

spring breeze
beneath the *lost and found*
my Daisy
~Richard L. Matta

spring breeze—
skipping down the hill
with my grandchildren
~Ruth Holzer

spring breeze
my muscle memory
kicks in
~J. Zimmerman

Mom
pushes me out the womb
spring breeze
~Genie Nakano

spring breeze
the brush of fringes
tickles my legs
~Jackie Chou

spring breeze. . .
the murmuring
of garden bells
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

suddenly playful
old dog sniffing the spring breeze
tugs against its leash
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

sign on a path
do not pick the flowers
spring breeze
~Marilyn Gehant

spring breeze—
my visiting uncle
twirls his moustache
~Michael Dylan Welch

being stopped
by the name of our dog . . .
spring breeze
~Hiroyuki Murakami

spring breeze
the moonlighter frisbee's
higher lift
~Alison Woolpert

as the church bells ring
I'm nudged towards the garden
by a soft spring breeze
~Priscilla Lignori

up and over
the locked gate
spring wind
~Dyana Basist

bright spring breeze—
joggers at the crosswalk
two-stepping in place
~Linda Papanicolaou

sand on the barchan
tightens back into shape
steady spring wind
~Clysta Seney

spring breeze—
the grass is so soft and
your eyes so green
~William J. Burlingame

spring breeze—
ripples stir the vast sea
of grasses
~Christine Horner

spring breeze—
bald, except
a wisp of baby hair
~Roger Abe

spring breeze
new leaves flutter
for their first time
~Barbara Snow

a gust of Spring breeze
upon leaving the health club
oops—zip up the fly!
~David Keim

Arizona—
Mother calling up a spring breeze
“sue blow, sue blow“
~Kathleen Tice

tickling
the nape of my neck
spring breeze
~Katha Abela Wilson

waiting
for the first spring breeze. ..
wind chimes
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

spring breeze
barely moves the mainsail
time for the motor
~Christine Lamb Stern

Spring breeze—
I wish my new Polo shirt
could have been softer
~H. Philip Hsieh

uplifting
everyone and everything
spring breeze
~Mark Teaford

overhead bamboo sway
stone lanterns light their shadows
gentle spring wind
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

from nowhere
to nowhere
spring breeze
~Michael Sheffield

spring breeze
the gentle shake of
dandelion seeds
~John J. Han

spring breeze—
 my neighbor's rescue dog has lost
 that frightened look
 ~Patricia J. Machmiller

warm spring breeze—
 the screen doors
 brought out from storage
 ~Carolyn Fitz

after the hot war
 after the cold war
 spring breeze
 ~Zinovy Vayman

harukaze
 roars down Chomolungma
 still forty below
 ~Charles Harmon

Spring breeze stirs the fog,
 reveals wildflower carpets
 to the horizon.
 ~David Sherertz

spring breeze
 my hope flutters
 with the butterflies
 ~Deborah P Kolodji

spring breeze
 a mighty granite boulder
 begins to glitter
 ~Phillip R. Kennedy

spring breeze
 bush poppies bow
 from high above
 ~Wakako Miya Rollinger

spring breeze
 a kite soars high
 nowhere to go
 ~Majo Leavick

a woman paints
 the blue, blue sky
 the spring breeze
 ~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

spring breeze
 the crisp diamond
 of Opening Day
 ~Kathy Goldbach

baby squirrels wake
 to the song of leaves
 Spring winds
 ~Sharon Lynne Yee

spring breeze
 just enough to nudge
 the wind chimes
 ~Dana Grover

sudden upturn
 of umbrella spokes . . .
 spring wind
 ~Barrie Levine

spring breeze
 a porcupette's quills
 begin to stiffen
 ~Debbie Strange

spring breeze. . .
 a soft whisper
 from tree to tree
 ~Helen Ogden

this time
 I'll catch it
 spring wind
 ~Stephanie Baker

spring breeze
 sends me indoors
 for a sweater
 just in case
 ~Patricia Wakimoto

spring breeze tousles the tuft of a snowy egret
~Cheryl Pfeil von der Heyde

Spring breeze the rose hips blushing
~Lorraine A Padden

spring breeze tickles my nose achoo!
~Bona M. Santos

in the spring breeze—sleeping loves breathe softly
~ Lois Heyman Scott



Is Your *Geppo* Haiku “Published”?

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor

When I am asked whether haiku printed in *Geppo* are considered published, my reply is “Yes.” With the YTHS Board’s approval, a statement to this effect is included in the *Geppo* Submission Guidelines.

Many publications and contests only accept work that is original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere (e.g., *Modern Haiku*, *Presence*, *Mariposa*, *Frogpond*, and contests sponsored by HSA). In addition, each determines how to define “published.” For example, publications often regard work that has appeared on web-based journals, personal websites, blogs, and social media, to have been published.

Therefore, it follows that an equally or even more appropriate question to ask is “Does the wider haiku community consider haiku printed in *Geppo* published?” The answer is a resounding “Yes.” Here are three recent examples. Every year, The Haiku Foundation asks journal editors, including me, to nominate haiku from the current year’s issues for the Touchstone Award for Individual Poems. Last year two haiku published in *Geppo* were on the short list, and this year we have one. Two haiku published in *Geppo* are included in *string theory: The Red Moon Press Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2021*, edited by Jim Kacian & The Red Moon Press editorial staff. Another anthology of haiku from 2021, *Haiku 2022*, edited by Lee Gurga and Scott Metz, contains a haiku published in *Geppo*.

As editor, I am pleased and proud that haiku printed in *Geppo* are regularly considered for anthologies and contests and that they receive awards. Occasionally I hear that YT members might rather “save” their haiku for a journal judged by editors rather than by peers. Statistics tell a different story. In just three years, *Geppo* submissions have nearly doubled—from 138 in May, 2019, to 248 in this issue. In addition, the number of Challenge Kigo haiku submitted grew from 27 to 57. As a result, the number of pages in *Geppo* has expanded from 28 to as many as 40, as needed. Membership in Yuki Teikei has grown, as well. Even those who don’t submit haiku send votes for their favorites. This enthusiastic participation of our members continues to keep *Geppo* in the spotlight. Thank you for being published here!

Members' Votes for Haiku Published in February 2022 *Geppo*

Richard L. Matta	4424—9,	4425—1,	4426—0,	4427—0
Barbara Campitelli	4428—4,	4429—1,	4430—0,	4431—2
Marilyn Ashbaugh	4432—10,	4433—5,	4434—8	4435—5
Barrie Levine	4436—2,	4437—3,	4438—8,	4439—0
Michael Henry Lee	4440—0,	4441—2,	4442—2,	4443—0
Neal Whitman	4444—0,	4445—1,	4446—1,	4447—8
William J. Burlingame	4448—2,	4449—0,	4450—1,	4451—0
Michael Sheffield	4452—5,	4453—13,	4454—1,	4455—5
Bona M. Santos	4456—5,	4457—2,	4458—5,	4459—1
Jane Stuart	4460—0,	4461—0,	4462—1,	4463—0
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	4464—4,	4465—4,	4466—4,	4467—5
Ruth Holzer	4468—5,	4469—2,	4470—8,	4471—7
J. Zimmerman	4472—3,	4473—4,	4474—7,	4475—2
Michael Dylan Welch	4476—2,	4477—2,	4478—3,	4479—2
Helen Ogden	4480—4,	4481—5,	4482—9,	4483—5
Linda Papanicolaou	4484—2,	4485—7,	4486—1,	4487—3
Clysta Seney	4488—2,	4489—1,	4490—0,	4491—1
Sari Grandstaff	4492—2,	4493—2	4494—3,	4495—2
Barbara Moore	4496—8,	4497—2,	4498—6,	4499—3
Hiroyuki Murakami	4500—0,	4501—0,	4502—0,	4503—0
Alison Woolpert	4504—8,	4505—0,	4506—3,	4507—1
Judith Morrison Schallberger	4508—0,	4509—0,	4510—1,	4511—0
Dyana Basist	4512—3,	4513—5,	4514—4,	4515—9
Mimi Ahern	4516—4,	4517—6,	4518—1,	4519—8
Elaine Whitman	4520—0,	4521—2,	4522—1,	4523—2
Marilyn Gehant	4524—1,	4525—1,	4526—1,	4527—6
Alexis George	4528—5,	4529—0,	4530—4,	4531—1
Emily Fogle	4532—2,	4533—5,	4534—0,	4535—0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	4536—5,	4537—0,	4538—3,	4539—3
Debbie Strange	4540—4,	4541—1,	4542—6,	4543—1
Reiko Seymour	4544—1,	4545—0		
Kathy Goldbach	4546—0,	4547—0,	4548—5,	4549—2
Kath Abela Wilson	4550—0,	4551—1,	4552—4,	4553—1
Barbara Snow	4554—1,	4555—3,	4556—5,	4557—8
Zinovy Vayman	4558—0,	4559—0,	4560—0,	4561—1
H. Philip Hsieh	4562—3,	4563—0,	4564—0,	4565—4
Christine Horner	4566—0,	4567—9,	4568—1,	4569—1
Genie Nakano	4570—2,	4571—5,	4572—3,	4573—0
Carolyn Fitz	4574—1,	4575—0,	4576—0,	4577—2
Christine Lamb Stern	4578—0,	4579—3,	4580—1,	4581—0
Carol Steele	4582—1,	4583—0		
David Keim	4584—0,	4585—0,	4586—2,	4587—1

Phillip R. Kennedy	4588—5,	4589—3,	4590—1	
Michèle Boyle Turchi	4591—1,	4592—1,	4593—0	
Lois Heyman Scott	4594—0,	4595—1,	4596—7,	4597—0
Lenard Moore	4598—0,	4599—0,	4600—1,	4601—1
David Sherertz	4602—1,	4603—0,	4604—0,	4605—0
Roger Abe	4606—3,	4607—0,	4608—0	
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy	4609—1			
Linda Burman-Hall	4610—1,	4611—0		
Patricia Wakimoto	4612—28,	4613—1,	4614—0,	4615—0
Cynthia Holbrook	4616—7,	4617—2		
Deborah P Kolodji	4618—2,	4619—3,	4620—5,	4621—1
Sharon Lynne Yee	4622—0,	4623—5,	4624—2,	4625—0
Marcia Behar	4626—1,	4627—3,	4628—3	
Bruce H. Feingold	4629—1,	4630—1,	4631—0,	4632—3
kris moon kondo	4633—1,	4634—6,	4635—7,	4636—0
Joyce Baker	4637—3,	4638—0		
John J. Han	4639—4,	4640—4,	4641—5,	4642—5
Kathleen Tice	4643—0,	4644—3,	4645—0,	4646—2
Stephanie Baker	4647—0,	4648—1,	4649—10,	4650—3

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.



“swans,” photo by Debbie Strange.

February 2022 Haiku Voted Best by Geppo Readers
(received 8 or more votes)

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4612 falling snow
everything a blur
but the cardinal
~Patricia Wakimoto (28) | 4434 home
for the holidays—
a squabble of gulls
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (8) |
| 4453 dark well
the tiny frog
within me
~Michael Sheffield (13) | 4438 winter chill—
he walks into divorce court
with his girlfriend
~Barrie Levine (8) |
| 4432 sandhill’s song
one crane
carries the sun
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (10) | 4447 plum wine
dad again tells the story
his papa told him
~Neal Whitman (8) |
| 4649 leaving him
a love note
six persimmons
~Stephanie Baker (10) | 4470 frozen grasses—
I forgot
why I came here
~Ruth Holzer (8) |
| 4424 black ice
the path between
this and that
~Richard L. Matta (9) | 4496 he wakes me
to ask if I’m awake
winter solstice
~Barbara Moore (8) |
| 4482 winter morning
just a sliver of moon
perched in the pine
~Helen Ogden (9) | 4504 uncertainties
the old year still here
in this new year
~Alison Woolpert (8) |
| 4515 paddle boarding
a gentle nudge
of a whale’s fin
~Dyana Basist (9) | 4519 depth of December
she’s held
in his wingback chair
~Mimi Ahern (8) |
| 4567 so much written
these pandemic years—
so much erased
~Christine Horner (9) | 4557 cattle at the trough
their sweet breath steaming
in winter air
~Barbara Snow (8) |

Dojin Corner
Nov, 2021–Jan, 2022

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and
Carolyn Fitz

Already a third of the year has passed. Spring is almost over! And summer will be here soon.

We are happy to welcome Carolyn Fitz as our guest editor. As you all know, she is serving as the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society president, and we are thriving under her kind and generous leadership. In addition to being a haiku poet, she is an accomplished artist and calligrapher. You may have seen her work in *Geppo* XLV:3. She has taught many classes on travel sketching and the art of sumi-e painting at Cabrillo College in Aptos, CA, as well as many summers at Yosemite National Park.

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

CF: 4425, 4427, 4432, 4434, 4437, 4448, 4452* 4467, 4471, 4481, 4496*, 4497, 4498, 4503, 4510, 4513, 4524, 4526, 4530, 4532, 4552, 4556, 4579*, 4587, 4612, 4633, 4644, 4649*

E: 4452, 4454, 4458*, 4466, 4467, 4471, 4484, 4485, 4487*, 4501, 4516*, 4538, 4548, 4549, 4552, 4561*, 4567, 4581, 4588, 4596, 4606, 4618, 4627, 4629, 4632, 4639, 4641

pjm: 4432, 4433, 4434, 4438, 4452, 4453, 4454, 4455, 4464*, 4465, 4475, 4479, 4484, 4485, 4487, 4489, 4490, 4495, 4498, 4504, 4513, 4514, 4515, 4517, 4518, 4519, 4527, 4532, 4537, 4539, 4542, 4544*, 4547, 4549, 4557, 4586, 4612, 4616*, 4623, 4629, 4634, 4635, 4636, 4645*, 4649, 4650

4452 cooler days
a favorite cap
tucked in my coat

CF: Haven't we all reached into the pocket of a garment we haven't worn for a while to delightfully find a forgotten, much-needed or beloved item for the season? A serendipitous gift of finding a favorite old friend ... yes!

E: The days are getting cooler and the sunrays weaker. I see the author tucks a cap in the coat, which means to place it in a pocket? In cooler seasons, there is no need to wear a cap to be protected from ultraviolet rays; however, a lot of people find it important to keep wearing their caps all year round—those caps with their favorite baseball team logo or something cool embroidered on them. I think caps are almost like a lucky charm, which brings good luck. I remember my friend saying she would feel naked if she wasn't wearing her makeup. I assume it feels the same way for a cap-lover, whose cap has become a part of their personality.

pjm: The weather is changing. Uncertain about how cold it's going to be, the poet tucks a cap in their pocket as they head out for a walk just in case. It's an action we are all familiar with—it's an unremarkable moment that we treasure for its ordinariness.

4458 old friends
she snuggles into
a well-worn sweater

E: This haiku reminds me of an evening at a beach. When we arrived on the cliff overlooking the sea it was already getting dark and chilly, so an old well-worn sweater was pulled out from the car trunk for me to wear, a large sweater

with long sleeves. As I went through the tunnel of the sweater to let my head and hands stick out, I noticed that the air inside the tunnel was filled with nostalgic cologne—a mixture of all the adventures the owner of the sweater had gone through after the last wash! And how soothing it was to be wrapped in the well-worn sweater in the chill! Far away down on the beach was a bonfire waiting for the surfers to come out from the dark sea.

CF: Ahhh, yes, we do consider our cozy seasonal apparel as “old friends,” sweetly reconnecting with them as the season requires. Though possibly we consider the meet-up with “old friends” like we consider the comfort and familiarity of wearing a “well-worn sweater” again? Sweetness both ways!

pjm: I think we all own a sweater like this. In fact, I have a memory of such a sweater. I wore it practically every day after I broke my neck and had to live in a halo for four months. I wore the sweater out, and though I tried, I have been unable to replace it. There apparently is no sweater like that one in all the world.

4464 thrift store volunteer
 sorting through the donations
 three mateless mittens

pjm: How lonely these three mateless mittens make me feel. I keep thinking if among them, there is a left and right, there’s the possibility of creating an unusual pair! Still there will always be one mitten without a partner. So, the loneliness is never resolved.

CF: I enjoy haiku that make me wonder. I wonder why the donor gave up on finding the mitten mates, though possibly they’d vanished long before, and they finally gave up hope. I wonder too, why the donor thought someone

might have use for a solo mitten; it’s possible maybe in a clean sweep of a drawer, they were mindlessly tossed into the donation box. Did the volunteer find humor and wonder over this as well? Delightful!

E: I quite like the deed expressed in this haiku. And hope the volunteer will find the three missing mittens from the heap of donations. This haiku echoes with the Odysseus haiku (#4616). When one of a pair is missing, we cannot wear it alone. I lost one of my MIKIMOTO pearl earrings when I was walking in NYC, and after ordering the matching pearl earring, I lost one again in Chicago! So, I still have one pearl earring, but this time I decided not to order the matching one, because it is very expensive; I took it as a lesson that pearl earrings are not for travels or adventures. Here in this haiku, when the lucky volunteer finds the matching mittens, six little hands will be kept warm! Good luck!

4487 umbrella
 dripping in the foyer
 the scent of wet dog

E: The scent of wet dog! The phrase captures my nostril in full alert, a happy alert! How many years have gone by now since I had a dog in my life? When I gave it a bath, the entire bathroom was filled with a dog smell. It was not actually a “scent” that I felt back then, but as I recall the moment inspired by this haiku, it was a kind of smell that made me feel more intimate with the dog. In the haiku the author and the dog have been taking a walk in the rain, the author with the umbrella, and the dog without one. What is dripping in the foyer can be the raindrops from both the umbrella and the wet dog emitting the scent as it dries in the warm air in the foyer. Now, the seasonality is a question. I would like to assume a temperature difference so that the

dog scent rises as it comes inside the foyer—winter, maybe? What do you think?

pjm: The image is of an empty foyer. But we know what happened minutes before: someone has returned from walking the dog in the rain. The empty foyer tells the tale—the wet umbrella, the scent of dog—you are there!

CF: Stepping into the hallway from the winter rains is such a welcome relief! The author cleverly leaves us with “what’s left behind“ . . . the drips and smells . . . distinctive of coming in from out there in the wet weather. But now, I imagine person and pup somewhere in the home, hopefully getting dry and warm. Sweet!

4496 he wakes me
to ask if I’m awake
winter solstice

CF: I just had to chuckle when I first read this lovely haiku . . . the humorous irony turns to concern though, as if something is bothersome . . . maybe the need to talk about it on this darkest and longest night of the year.

E: It is the shortest day in the year; the couple is in bed. I imagine that it is already past eight in the morning, and it is still dark. Often, it is the husband who gets hungrier than the wife, and he wants a good cup of coffee followed by bacon and egg, a buttered toast with strawberry jam, and perhaps some yogurt with freshly diced apple and walnuts sprinkled with cinnamon powder. This is what I pictured from this haiku. And the scent of Patricia’s coffee which she brewed to start a day in her beach house returns to me.

pjm: I do remember those days before COVID, when Emiko was free to travel, and she would

come to the Haiku Retreat at Asilomar. She would arrive a day or two early and stay with me to recover a bit from jet lag. It was a lovely time. I hope we can do it again soon. Regarding the haiku: on the day of the longest night, a day when one only wants to hibernate, the speaker is roused from a deep sleep, probably with the help of some shaking and the question “are you awake?” And, of course, by now the answer is an exasperated “yes.”

4516 kitchen window frame
the tangerine
of winter dawn

E: I picture that white paint on the window frame has turned into tangerine/bright orange. The dawn in winter, blest with the rising sun, is very beautiful. I simply liked this haiku because of the word “tangerine.”

CF: Such a splash of tangerine color (on a window shelf?) in the grey winter dawn. Are we, as observers, looking in the window from outside or looking out from within? Or perhaps we are looking out to see an alpine glow infusing the dawn’s atmosphere with orange? A welcome good morning!

pjm: I saw this! I was out for a walk near sundown. It was around Christmas time. A house with its front door wide open (it was the time of COVID) was waiting for guests to arrive. I could see straight through the house to the kitchen window. It was filled with a glowing tangerine light so beautiful it made your heart leap. I can only imagine what it must be like to wake up and walk into your kitchen all alone and find the window filled with this light. I’m sure it was a stunning moment. A small suggestion: I think the haiku would work even better without the word “frame.”

4544 Morning mist
My memories fade
Into the distant mountains

pjm: Usually a reference to memories weakens a haiku. Haiku thrive on real things—like mountains. In this case the mountains and the mist give the haiku a palpable reality. And the *m* sounds throughout give it a quiet, reflective music.

E: Morning mist, fading memories, distant mountains, this haiku has nothing that is warm, homey, or vivid in color. However, the scene is tranquil and is beautiful in a way we often see in *sumi-e* paintings. I find it interesting that the memories are not evaporating or lost; they are fading into the mountains, to be a part of the mountains. I cannot stop thinking that the thoughts and dreams of so many who have passed away have shaped the surface of this earth.

CF: This lovely image transports me into a Chinese painting of a misty landscape with the mountains emerging, then fading as the cloudy mist constantly moves. Possibly “memories fade” is a way of intentionally letting memories go, or possibly they are declining on their own, for whatever reason.

4561 April quarantine
my broken glasses become
just a pince-nez

E: I am in a similar situation, but my nose is too flat to hold a pince-nez. My broken glasses still have bows, but they just stay on my face only when I wear them aslant. They look funny on Zoom, but I don’t have plans to go to town to get a pair of new glasses, so I keep wearing them, adjusting the focus by moving the lenses up and down. “April quarantine” sets the mood; I sincerely feel sorry for the author with the

broken glasses, because I know too well how important glasses are to read, to type, to peel apples, or to dice carrots.

pjm: Oh, the inconvenience of being quarantined. While in quarantine, reading is an essential pastime. How dreadful to break your glasses under these circumstances. But this poet is not going to be deterred. A pince-nez is the answer. I do wonder about the significance of April. Might, for example, “winter quarantine” offer a broader and deeper interpretation of the haiku?

CF: I had to Google “pince-nez,” as I had never heard the term before: “eyeglasses clipped to the nose by a spring.” Think: Teddy Roosevelt. I imagine the author, being unable to get out to replace their broken glasses, hung them on their nose the best they could ... making do.

4579 DNA test
changes everything
first light

CF: So much can be revealed from a DNA test. The phrase “changes everything” is a powerful image of a wide range of possibilities while “first light” hopefully implies the knowledge will be a positive force. I admire the brevity of this haiku packed with so much personal hope, yet not ours to know.

pjm: Something in the DNA test has caused a major shift in the poet’s life. We know it’s something positive, because “first light” refers to New Year’s Day, which always comes with a feeling of optimism, of new beginnings, of hope.

E: I am not sure what kind of story I should picture from this haiku; however, it ends with “first light” so it must be one with a happy ending. COVID-19 also has DNA, and we are informed of variants like Delta and Omicron.

And we are learning how quickly DNA can change or evolve. In this haiku, I assume the author's life is changed due to the results of a DNA test. I don't think that something proved genetically is the only factor in making our decisions in life; however, it may be like a candle in the dark to light one's path.

4616 the missing wool sock
returns from its adventures
my Odysseus

pjm: Yes! It's a good thing we saved the sock that was left anticipating the lost sock would turn up eventually. The discovery of the lost sock gives the poet a chance to reflect on where it's been and what it's been up to since it went missing. To think it had adventures as grand and terrifying as Odysseus brings a chuckle. Thank you, Poet!

E: Welcome back! "My Odysseus" indicates how long it had been missing and how much the author had wanted it back. The word "Odysseus" adds all the adventures and years that Odysseus had before he returned to Penelope. I like and enjoy this extravagantly exaggerated haiku.

CF: I meet Odysseus through the *Merriman-Webster Dictionary*: a king of Ithaca and Greek leader in the Trojan War wanders 10 years before reaching home. Ahhh ... that makes sense now, as I'm sure we've all wondered where the heck do sock mates disappear to!

4645 hawks soar
before the snowstorm
clockwise and counterclockwise

pjm: Like a warning, a foretelling of the chaos to come, the hawks are circling "clockwise and counterclockwise." We can feel the sense of

foreboding here—the ominous portent we are on the verge of. One note: since hawk is a winter kigo, the word "snow" might not be needed, but I do like the long *o* sound as it has echoes of the long *o* in "soar" and "before." Another nice sound element is the *aw* in hawk which is repeated twice in clock.

CF: Sometimes as I read a member's haiku in *Geppo*, I might pencil in a bit of a change ... a way of personal thought-study. Not necessarily better, just a fun exercise of exploring variations. May I respectfully offer a version that just flies well with me:

before the snowstorm—
hawks soar clockwise
counterclockwise

The ability of soaring birds to effortlessly employ air currents to their advantage—clockwise and counterclockwise around an area of low pressure—quite phenomenal! An educational and enjoyable haiku offering!

E: I am not familiar with the nature of hawks, but I assume they can circle in either way, in clockwise or counterclockwise directions, depending on the winds or their feelings. How many of them are circling? They may look like they are drawing an arabesque pattern against the graying background. Dynamic!

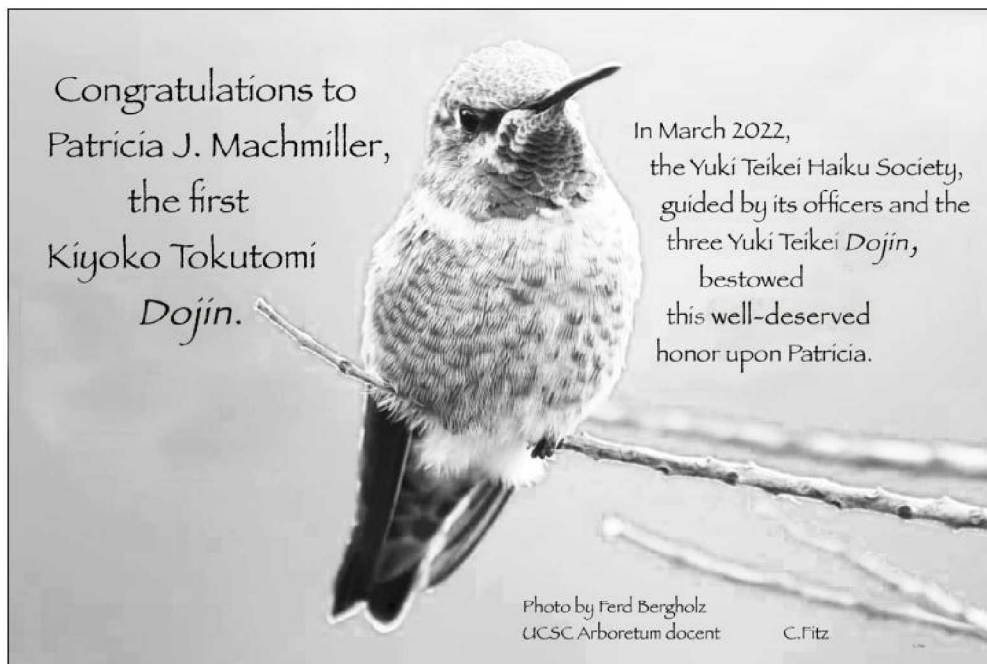
4649 leaving him
a love note
six persimmons

CF: Is the "love note" simply represented by "six persimmons," a beloved fruit of the recipient, or are they a colorful adjunct to an actual paper "love note"? Possibly sitting nearby, by chance, possibly placed to enhance the mood. Lovely image either way!

E: Is there any special meaning for the six persimmons? I think six is a generous number for him to have for a snack. And then, suddenly it flashed like a light bulb! The author is leaving him for six days, almost a week! Each day he can munch on one persimmon to remember the author's love, a clever way to be connected both in spiritual and physical ways! Safe trip! And safe house-sitting!

pjm: A surprise in every line. The first line "leaving him" leads us to believe this could be a poem about divorce. The second line turns it into a love poem. And the third line, the gift of love, is not one persimmon, but six! We are filled with the same heartfelt exuberance.

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



About Patricia J. Machmiller—the First Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dojin*

Patricia is an internationally known haiku poet, author, conference presenter, and translator. She began writing haiku in 1975 with Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, founders of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, and she continues to transmit the Tokutomis' haiku sensibility to the YTHS and broader haiku community. Mimi Ahern's "Dedication" to Patricia of the 2016 YTHS members' anthology, *Cherry Blossom Light*, beautifully summarized Patricia's contributions to YTHS members and to the wide world of haiku poets:

The world knows her as a scholar, author, translator, artist, dojin, and award-winning poet. We know her as a warm, welcoming hostess who lights up any room; a constant leader both on and off stage; an active participant in all Yuki Teikei Haiku Society activities; a tender, skilled mentor; and a friend to all, newcomers and old-timers alike.

Congratulations, Patricia on receiving this well-deserved recognition! We are grateful to you for your service, for your generosity in sharing your wisdom, talents, and experience, and for your inspiration to us all!

Summer Challenge Kigo:**Heron, *aosagi* / Great Blue Heron, *aoyagi* / Egret, *shirasagi***

Betty Arnold

Great blue herons are tall, stately, wading birds often spotted in coastal marshes and shallow freshwater ponds. Their behavior is mesmerizing, as they can stand perfectly still for long periods of time, and then, suddenly dart out their long S-shaped neck and sharp bill to stab their prey, fish and other aquatic animals. Although the great blue heron is one of the most captivating members of this group, with a wingspan up to six feet, there are 63 other species, including the night heron, the great egret, cattle egret, and bitterns.

Matsuo Bashō, the most famous Japanese writer of all time, wrote the following haiku in 1694, just months before his death.

lightning flash
flying toward the darkness
heron's voice

~Matsuo Bashō

BASHO: The Complete Haiku, trans. Jane Reichhold. (Tokyo, Japan: Kodansha International, 2008), 224.

Yosa Buson, the second of the four great haiku masters, was a painter as well. His haiku have a notable sensual quality, as if seen through the eyes of an artist.

evening breeze . . .
water laps at the legs
of a blue heron

~Yosa Buson

William J. Higginson with Penny Harter. *The Haiku Handbook: How to Write, Share, And Teach Haiku*. (Tokyo, Japan: Kodansha International, 1985), 12.

The World Kigo Database is a great digital source of information about kigo and haiku from around the world. Although the format is a little tricky to learn at first, the amount of information available is staggering and makes your effort worthwhile. Here are two haiku under “heron” from the website—<https://tinyurl.com/worldkigodata>

still morning
a cattle egret
spears a grasshopper

~Johannes Manjrekar

croaking pond
among the reeds
a heron's deadly silence

~Billie Dee

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

Valentine Theme Haiku/Haiga Workshop Presented by Patricia J. Machmiller for YTHS February 12, 2022

J. Zimmerman

Dojin Patricia J. Machmiller led a Zoom workshop for 38 members on February 12, “Writing the Occasional Poem: Haiku for that Special Person on Valentine’s Day.” After acknowledging the history of the indigenous peoples of the central California coast where she lives, Patricia introduced her theme of having attendees write a haiku for “that special person” and perhaps illustrate the poem to create a haiga. She encouraged us to think of Valentine’s Day as an instance of the category of the “occasional” poem, one that has a specific audience, as opposed to a public poem’s general audience. Its contents might be private (and therefore obscure to a general reader) to reflect the relationship of the poet to the recipient.

Patricia gave some examples from her own work to illustrate. One example was her haiku (*Mariposa 32*, 2015):

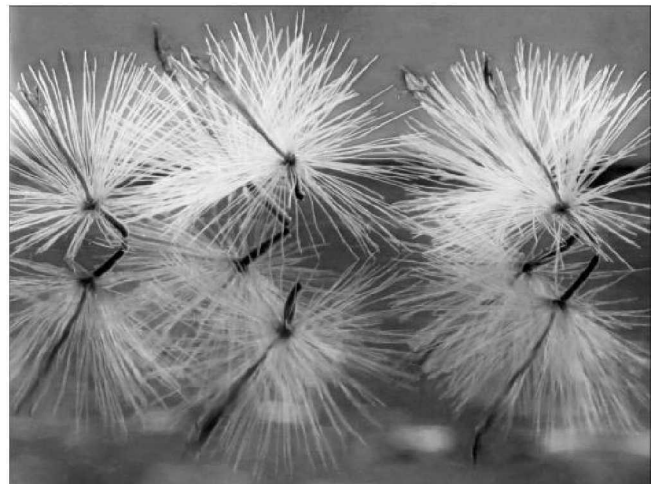
tulip magnolia
the shape of laughter
the shape of tears

For comparison, she gave this more private variation:

tulip magnolia—
of laughter and tears
we’ve had our share

Patricia identified these kigo as particularly apt for a February 14th celebration: *valentines*, *Valentine’s Day*, *oysters*, *frost-nipped artichoke*, *tulip magnolia*, *plum blossom*, *chocolate hearts*, *candy hearts*, and *snowdrops*. Before we began a one-hour break for writing and perhaps creating art, our Zoom Commander Chris Stern and our computer-art expert Linda Papanicolaou explained how participants could display their images on Zoom.

Everyone worked diligently and returned as scheduled to share. The pictures were a delight, including many photos and quite a few hand-drawn images. The personal stories were particularly touching; we enjoyed getting to know each other a little more fully. Linda then compiled the haiku and haiga in a final file which can be accessed online for a limited time—<https://tinyurl.com/valentinehaiga>.



“proue~e,” photo by Debbie Strange.

**“Harold Henderson’s Grammar Haiku” presented by Michael Dylan Welch—
March 12, 2022**

Alison Woolpert

Michael Dylan Welch treated 45 YTHS attendees to a Zoom overview of Harold G. Henderson’s life and his contributions to the development of English-language haiku. Considered by many as the father of American haiku, Henderson, along with R.H. Blyth, served as liaison between General Douglas MacArthur and Japan’s imperial household. He taught the history of Japanese art at Columbia University. He is recognized as a professor, author, translator, and anthologist of Japanese poetry. In 1968, with Leroy Kanterman, he cofounded the Haiku Society of America.

Henderson’s relevant publications for haiku poets include *An Introduction to Haiku: An Anthology of Poems and Poets from Bashō to Shiki* (New York: Doubleday, 1958) and *Haiku in English* (New York: Japan Society, 1965; Rutland, Vermont: Charles E. Tuttle Publishers, 1967). In this talk, Michael focused on a lesser-known publication by Henderson, *Handbook of Japanese Grammar* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Riverside Press, 1943).

Michael stated, “Of interest to haiku poets is the fact that Henderson’s book on grammar contains numerous mentions of haiku and occasionally tanka.” And, later he added that “the inclusion of haiku or other poetry expands the haiku student’s sources of early English-language translation of this Japanese poetic import.” Michael’s presentation covered all the haiku and occasional tanka from Henderson’s grammar book, with glosses and commentary.

He also shared examples of how Japanese cutting words, *kireji* (such as *kana*, *keri*, and *ya*), are like spoken punctuation and said that they give haiku emotional shading. A cutting word can show a writer’s wonder or desire or help to soften or harden a tone of expression. The placement of cutting words may change a haiku’s meaning, and different translators might translate them differently. Attendees briefly discussed the “cut” in English-language haiku, often indicated by an em dash or ellipsis.

Michael expressed hope that an expanded version of his presentation will soon appear in a journal. We look forward to reading it in its entirety.

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.

Firefly Invitations: Bashō Learns from *Haikai*

J. Zimmerman

Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694) is the best-known Japanese poet in the West. I offer this short article on *haikai* as the first in a set about important influences on Bashō. Understanding these influences and how they affected Bashō's development as a poet may inform and broaden our haiku practices.

The *renga*, “linked verse” or “linked elegance” (Reichhold 2008, 417), became popular in the 12th century among members of the Japanese royal court. Experienced Japanese poets laid down many rules to limit the topics and vocabulary of *renga* to what was considered tasteful and poetic in the 12th century. However, by the 15th century, poets like Iio Sogi (1421-1502) “rebelled against the conventions of the court *renga*” (Giroux, 1974, 3). They used topics and words that were not in the rules. Scandalously they sometimes even used vulgar words! This new style of linked verse was called *haikai nō renga*, or simply *haikai* (“humor or joke or unusual,” Reichhold, 412). *Haikai* predominated by the 17th century, Bashō's time. Doubtless it would be what he learned first.

Shirane (1998, 2) attributes *haikai*'s rapid growth to the “interaction between the new popular, largely urban, commoner- and samurai-based cultures ... [and] the residual classical traditions which *haikai* . . . parodied, transformed, and translated into contemporary language.” (Such a combination of the new with the old was experienced as a deliberate surprise that invoked laughter.) Jonsson (2006, 23) states, “the spirit of *haikai* is formed by a desire to constantly look for new perspectives, and not take anything for granted.”

The following example by Bashō, his 1688 poem with the headnote of “Lodging for the night at Akashi,” shows the *haikai* mixture of contemporary and classical:

octopus traps— / fleeting dreams beneath / a summer moon
(Shirane, 9)

A similar but alternate translation is:

an octopus jar / the short-lived dreams / of the summer moon
(Reichhold, 112)

The octopus trap or jar is a vernacular word from the life of a modern-at-that-time commoner. By contrast, the summer moon is “an elegant, classical phrase” (Shirane, 9) with implications of brevity and ephemerality. His juxtaposition of the mundane and the traditional would have given his audience a surprise, a frisson of *haikai* delight. But Bashō had even more in mind. His headnote located him at Akashi, for which Shirane gives historical context: the Akashi shore was the site of a 12th-century massacre of troops of the warrior Heike clan. The trapped octopus can be seen (in Western terms) as a metaphor for the bottled-in and destroyed Heike military. That layer enriches the poem, creating a brilliant combination of being “humorous and tragic at the same time” (Shirane, 10).

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For us in the 21st century, to explore this *haikai* sensibility in our own haiku we could use a phrase that does not usually appear in a haiku, preferably something concrete such as nuclear fission. Furthermore, we could locate the poem in an event of cultural significance, such as an honorary degree ceremony. Then we might take it a step further, as did Bashō, by including a kigo with emotional resonance, allowing a palimpsest of a richer interpretation to glimmer: dig deep into your favorite *saijiki* for inspiration. This example from a recent “Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers“ shows the use of a cultural event (the Rose Parade) that also serves as a kigo:

leaning into / the swell of the saddle / her first Rose Parade
~Clysta Seney

References:

- Giroux, Joan. *The Haiku Form*. Rutland, Vermont: Charles E. Tuttle Company, Inc., 1974.
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 Reichhold, Jane. *BASHO: The Complete Haiku*. Tokyo, Japan: Kodansha International Ltd., 2008.
 Seney, Clysta. “November 2020 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers,“ *Geppo*, XLVI:1 Ed. Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, 2021.
 Shirane, Haruo. *Traces of Dreams: Landscape, Cultural Memory, and the Poetry of Bashō*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1998.

Welcome to New YTHS Members:

Emily Fogel, Atascadero, CA;
 Julie Holding, Sunnyvale, CA;
 Mark Teaford, Napa, CA; and
 Mary Tigner-Rasanen, Charlevoix, MI.



“fallen,” photo by Debbie Strange.

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*, 5th 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 8 1/2” 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.

**2022 Application Period for
YTHS Yuki Teikei *Dojin*
Now Open**

The committee to review applications for Yuki Teikei *Dojin* has been formed and will be accepting applications through August 15, 2022. Please review the requirements for *dojin* at <http://yths.org>. Look for *Dojin* under the Education tab.

Your application should include three parts:

Part I: Record of Achievement in Haiku. Please include the number of years you have been a member of Yuki Teikei.

Part II: 50 haiku.

Part III: Declaration of Services to YTHS.

Please send your application by email to:

Phillip Kennedy
Patricia J. Machmiller
Emiko Miyashita
Hiroyuki Murakami
Christine Stern

Send your application with Parts I, II, and III in one MS Word or PDF file as an attachment to your email. Be sure your name is on all the pages of the file.

In the body of the email please include your contact information—name, email, snail mail address, and phone number.

(signed)

Carolyn Fitz	Patricia J. Machmiller
President	<i>Dojin</i> Committee Chair
Yuki Teikei Haiku Society	Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

**YTHS Haiku Retreat on Zoom with Featured Speaker Lenard D. Moore
Friday, October 7–Monday, October 10, 2022**

We will be holding our annual haiku retreat 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’s poetry books include *Long Rain*, *The Geography of Jazz*, and *Open Eye: Haiku* and edited books include *All the Songs We Sing* and *One Window’s Light: A Collection of Haiku*. *Dojin* Emiko Miyashita will conduct the *kukai* again this year.

If you are interested in participating in the retreat, complete the registration form below and mail it to the YTHS address. Registration is open from May 1–September 1. A limited number of partial scholarships may be available. The retreat is limited to 50 participants, so please register early. We hope to see you there!

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
PO Box 412
Monterey, CA 93942

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

1. Mail a \$100 check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, along with your registration form, to the YTHS address above.
2. Use PayPal to send \$102 to: yukiteikei@msn.com
In the “add a note” type: YTHS Retreat 2022 and your name. You may send your completed registration form to the address above or email to Bona M. Santos, registrar, at the address below. Be sure to indicate that you paid your fee using PayPal.

YTHS Retreat Registration (October 7-10, 2022)

Name:

Address:

Email address:

Phone number:

Paid by _____check _____PayPal

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

___Yes, please include my name & email ___No, do not include my name & email

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

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

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

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
 PO Box 412
 Monterey, CA 93942

***Geppo* Editorial Staff**

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Associate Editor	Christine Stern
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 Johnnie Johnson Hafernik,
 Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita,
 Debbie Strange, Alison Woolpert,
 and J. Zimmerman.

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- 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 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 that uses the current issue’s Challenge Kigo. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to **10 votes for haiku** in the current issue you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive one vote; submit the number of the haiku as your vote. The poems with the highest number of votes are reprinted with the authors’ names in the next issue. 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 past two years—the ability to attend meetings on Zoom! Our membership and participation have grown, as more haiku enthusiasts have joined us online. We will continue to 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.

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 YTHS Tokutomi Contest submissions. Details at yths.org
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, Scott’s Valley, CA, 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.
August 15	Deadline for applications for Yuki Teikei <i>Dojin</i> . Please review what to submit on page 33 of this issue, and see details at yths.org . Look for <i>Dojin</i> under the “Education” tab.
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 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 1–September 1. Spaces are limited. Cost is \$100.
Oct. 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
Nov. 12 TBD	“Transitions: Autumn to Winter: A Round-Table Discussion.” Facilitated by Patricia J. Machmiller.
Dec. 10 TBD	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert in Santa Cruz, CA, or on Zoom.