

GEPPPO 月報

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

Volume XLVII:3 May–July 2022

Published in Aug 2022

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

- | | | | |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4899 | day camp—
name tags and lunch bags
pour out of a bus | 4907 | almost without weight
dimpling in the water—
a flash of mayflies |
| 4900 | bare-backed sundresses—
little girls pretend to be
rodeo horses | 4908 | lulled into a nap—
drowsy music of bees'
humming chorus |
| 4901 | father's toolshed—
the scent of his 3-IN-ONE
on my fingernails | 4909 | past July—
the glory of roses
departed |
| 4902 | a bathtub ring
around the reservoir—
river of stars | 4910 | basking in the sun—
for each lizard
“a stone of my own” |
| 4903 | resting
in the swing of things
playground Buddha | 4911 | warm kisses
in the strawberry field . . .
her ribboned hair |
| 4904 | picking greens
on all fours
the deer and me | 4912 | swim practice
a boy outraces
his reflection |
| 4905 | canning peaches . . .
summer
slips away | 4913 | restless hours . . .
kicking moonlight
off of the covers |
| 4906 | what was once mine
becomes yours
dandelion | 4914 | an iced tea
left in the sun
softened lemons |

- | | | | |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4915 | a sudden shower
grants me leave to stop mowing
and enjoy my kids | 4926 | father's day
a dash of coffee with
dad's cream and sugar |
| 4916 | summer dew—
reveals the work
of a master weaver | 4927 | arising from earth
to flutter and wither
this cicada life |
| 4917 | a long walk alone
a distant rainbow—
memories of Brigadoon | 4928 | summer grasses
the narrow path
that Mother left |
| 4918 | the clear still water
of the pond behind the house
—a two-way mirror | 4929 | sipping
from the hummingbird feeder
murder hornets |
| 4919 | to do list
Grandma's diary
Christmas Eve | 4930 | how the sun
beats without pity
toppled headstones |
| 4920 | standing stone
six thousand Orkney
winter nights | 4931 | wartime
wheat was reaped, stored—
no place to go |
| 4921 | spring romance
cormorants shoulder
to shoulder | 4932 | mother's words
make a little child walk again—
sudden heat wave |
| 4922 | sea blizzard
the oil terminal
still pumping | 4933 | green-leafed wind
ceases—a small house
appears |
| 4923 | final arrangements
paperwhites adorn
the cut crystal vase | 4934 | the stern . . .
a woman with a parasol
watching the wake |
| 4924 | downsizing . . .
moving into
a smaller me | 4935 | trying to hear
the purr of a leafhopper
summer heatwave |
| 4925 | for whom
the bell tolls . . .
tinnitus | 4936 | summer mixer
the thrust fault
wags its tail |

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4937 | half my orange
set out for the oriole
shared summer solstice | 4948 | his friendship
at path's end
half a rainbow |
| 4938 | on Glacier Bay
a chunk of blue sky
deep time recycles | 4949 | prolonged drought
the taste
of water |
| 4939 | persistent south wind
topples a faded billboard
selling cigarettes | 4950 | honking geese
overhead
morning migraine |
| 4940 | your sudden silence—
whitecaps on a summer lake
approaching the shore | 4951 | little monarch
did you rest all night
in the garden? |
| 4941 | white marble walkways
through ancient city ruins
anthills in the cracks | 4952 | summer swelter
a puppy sprawled
on the porcelain tile |
| 4942 | children gathering
fireflies in a mason jar
released at bedtime | 4953 | blind date
pressing the chilled tankard
to his cheek |
| 4943 | an oscillating sprinkler
a robin hops in
and out | 4954 | young sparrows
lift off one by one by
one. . . Uvalde |
| 4944 | red bandana
a humming bird
blasts by | 4955 | fender-bender—
the aerial's shadow
stills on the dashboard |
| 4945 | robin bobs along
the hiking trail
and sings to me | 4956 | first day of work—
the smell of oil
in the telephone pole |
| 4946 | neighbor's cat
perches
on the bird house roof | 4957 | a lull in granddad's wake—
patterned termite holes
in sun-dried porch wood |
| 4947 | fire season
layers of ash
the colors beneath | 4958 | gurgle of snowmelt—
the park's new name
Native American |

- | | | | |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4959 | hand watering
a trickle escapes
the clay pot | 4970 | mooning
the moon:
a moonflower |
| 4960 | nightlight
the boy's bedroom door a jar
of fireflies | 4971 | summer kitch
all steamed up
canning beans |
| 4961 | her gallery
of priceless art
refrigerator | 4972 | Mother's Day
the cat gifts me
a mouse |
| 4962 | herb garden—
humming a simon
and garfunkel tune | 4973 | scratchy forecast . . .
the weatherman
under the weather |
| 4963 | a row of paper cups
with sprouting seedlings
first-grade classroom | 4974 | box canyon . . .
the cry of an eagle soars
in the updraft |
| 4964 | midsummer hearings
the question mark butterfly
riveted | 4975 | early morning
each joint learns how to bend . . .
again |
| 4965 | a swallowtail
dodging the raindrops
witness revelations | 4976 | white-crowned sparrows call
across the sandy dunes
Asilomar! |
| 4966 | beach combing
high coastal real estate prices
seashells not accepted | 4977 | full moon—
a chilly pathway forged
across the sea |
| 4967 | sending me back
the lingering scent
of sweet alyssum | 4978 | a bit of mist
lifts from the distant pines . . .
and one hawk |
| 4968 | wandering thoughts
more wavyleaf thistle
gone to seed | 4979 | the skim and swoop
of a swallow
sun on water |
| 4969 | evening star
the jagged trajectory
of a bat in flight | 4980 | the taste
of garlic lingers
summer dusk |

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4981 | purple
milk thistle
the hawk's cry | 4992 | Listening to leaves
falling to the frosty ground
I am an old woman |
| 4982 | August evening
watering my feet
and the tomatoes | 4993 | A lost dog
brings a rake
to my porch |
| 4983 | for a second
clouds
just so | 4994 | Your memory is lost
mine is stuck inside
a witch's crepe hat |
| 4984 | taking the next step
in their career
blackbirds take flight | 4995 | neighbor's fence
leaning hydrangeas
test its boundaries |
| 4985 | after-lunch stroll
heron
still there | 4996 | psithurism
the swish of my skirt
in the summer breeze |
| 4986 | everyone now notices
clocks
one minute off | 4997 | chocolate coating
on bitter strawberries
news of war |
| 4987 | forest stroll . . .
aware of the trees
the trees aware of me | 4998 | summer sun
an orange street cat
burning bright |
| 4988 | summer night
the slide of sleep
into dream | 4999 | my older cousin
rediscovered
finding shore agates |
| 4989 | gardenia blossom
the pure white scent
of morning | 5000 | afternoon heat—
watermelon seeds
swallow me whole |
| 4990 | sleeping seeds
beneath a leafy quilt . . .
the silence of waiting | 5001 | under my feet
definition of the fact
drought-hard ground |
| 4991 | Autumn river—
darkness covers
its black heart | 5002 | finding my blind spots
on the barn's dirt floor
white splashes of bird scat |

- | | | | |
|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5003 | squawking jays
outsquawk everything—
longest day | 5014 | glassy waters—
just below the surface
barracuda |
| 5004 | spread-winged damselfly
caught in her wings
a net of veins | 5015 | boxcar graffiti
a woolly bear winds
through the grass |
| 5005 | lemonade
too much sugar
bends the light | 5016 | hibiscus
the sun behind
your ear |
| 5006 | marching band—
the caterpillar hurries
to the sidewalk’s end | 5017 | a mandala
of petals and stones . . .
who went here before |
| 5007 | daydreams
whatever the weir
catches | 5018 | nimbostratus
a scold of blue jays
remakes the sky |
| 5008 | summer’s here
but not inspired yet
no poem to submit | 5019 | gratitude
my sunflower prayer . . .
endorphins bloom |
| 5009 | mother slows down
so her child can keep up
summer sun | 5020 | the doe
in recline as I pass by—
trust bonds |
| 5010 | tiny dung beetle
has a huge job on the farm—
getting rid of it | 5021 | dreamers
of freedom . . .
Tanabata lovers |
| 5011 | she left us
before her birthday
missing her again | 5022 | power miners
melee vs stalwart . . .
meteor showers |
| 5012 | day lilies
after a hard winter
they still come up | 5023 | beyond the breezeway
crows
riffing a new air |
| 5013 | breathing the fragrance
of my hands, my fingernails
caked with soil | 5024 | midsummer meltdown
our three-year-old neighbor tests
the power of no |

- | | | | |
|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5025 | windsurfing
Daruma dolls down seven times
up eight | 5036 | long day's end
another star begins
the night |
| 5026 | divvying up the apple—
two slices for her, two
for the squirrels | 5037 | St. Francis
a sparrow anoints itself
in the fountain |
| 5027 | intruder pigeon
pecking on the chicks' heads
Mother's Day | 5038 | Japanese garden
the leisurely brushstrokes
of koi |
| 5028 | white nestling
spreads its wings and resists
the intruder pigeon | 5039 | long day
I watch a shadow
of koi |
| 5029 | fledglings haven't left yet
but in their old nest mother
sits on new eggs | 5040 | the incessant
song of the early bird
wishing for a snooze button |
| 5030 | spring sunbeam:
the pigeon parents are cold
to their visiting daughter | 5041 | summer stroll
the air vibrating
behind his boom box |
| 5031 | fourth of july
the balloon
escapes its tether | 5042 | splitting the last piece
of blackberry pie
protests on both sides |
| 5032 | heat wave
oven mitts
for my steering wheel | 5043 | grandma and I
remembering
the porch swing |
| 5033 | on our deck
a dusting of rain
summer | 5044 | long day
the length
of mother's sigh |
| 5034 | the bees
buzz our jasmine
kazoo concerto | 5045 | summer stillness
a bluebird lands on the back
of her rusted chair |
| 5035 | On the roadside
Hydrangeas wet
Drizzling rain | 5046 | backyard music . . .
the lilt of little voices
in the sandbox |

- | | | | |
|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5047 | clear creek water
flowing over small stones
summer lullaby | 5058 | heat advisory
a Bewick's wren buzzes
from the olive tree |
| 5048 | serve-yourself cheesecake
at the potluck barbeque
retriever puppy | 5059 | the quiet
after a switched-off fan
first night of crickets |
| 5049 | a red-tailed hawk
circles the farmyard
grocery shopping | 5060 | hot day
feline tooth marks
on the calligraphy paper |
| 5050 | experiment:
a juvenile crow
with a cigarette butt | 5061 | drought
gardeners struggling
with a boulder |
| 5051 | casting seeds
into the future—
gardening | 5062 | everyone I meet
says their dog is a good boy
myriad green leaves |
| 5052 | etched in my memory
luminous foothills
at dawn | 5063 | blue heron
wades with high tiptoes
ever alert |
| 5053 | scaling the precipice
troopers follow
wild mountain goats | 5064 | a lone heron
stands in endless solitude
sudden swallow of a fish |
| 5054 | mountain hike
an eagle's call
breaks the silence | 5065 | sunset
heron stays near
fills open mouth of her chick |
| 5055 | rays of light
larch trees
greet the morning | 5066 | nightfall
the heron settles down
notes in my diary |
| 5056 | smell of bay leaves
water in the reservoir
down to a quarter | 5067 | lightning stops—
she puts milk and cheese in my fridge
for macaroni |
| 5057 | testimony
at the insurrection hearings
July 4th recess | 5068 | I put up
just-bought diet tea—
the rumbling sky |

- 5069 stormy evening—
quietness of this house
room to room
- 5070 spring breeze
tangled
in windchimes
- 5071 thunder
tumbling over itself
spring rain
- 5072 Buck moon
too heavy
for the sky
- 5073 whitecaps
rushing
to the shore
- 5074 the nurse hums
taking my blood pressure
summertime
- 5075 North Dakota
in this flat place
cloud peaks
- 5076 chair exercises
a squirrel
on a park bench
- 5077 neighborhood
earthquake fault
gossip
- 5078 A brief heatwave, then
'Gray May' sweeps into the Bay—
swapping shorts for sweats.
- 5079 Hot-rock penstemon:
its niche is just like its name—
sunny cracks and crags.
- 5080 California blues
dance delicate pas de deux,
entwined in the air.
- 5081 Infectious freshness
of Sierra wildflowers—
Oh to be a bee.
- 5082 another fire
beside the tenement tents
Tenderloin Spring
- 5083 listen with third ear
closely observe with third eye—
vernal equinox
- 5084 fear of the heavy trees
how much they move in Spring wind
could smash window glass
- 5085 old Dick/Jane primers
schoolhouse of little word
in white bread suburb
- 5086 ocean's edge
mother warns me about
barracuda
- 5087 a butterfly
fluttering aimlessly
the heat
- 5088 a day . . .
with nothing to do ...
drifting clouds . . .
- 5089 sweltering down
the first song
a catbird's whine
- 5090 campfire sing-a-long
the teenagers hang out
up in the trees

- | | | | |
|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5091 | inside a mosquito-net hat outside whining | 5104 | palm leaf ceiling fan
watching it spin
in my teaspoon |
| 5092 | across the bay
Monterey afloat
on a fog line | 5105 | yellow caterpillar
I feel it happen
in my life too |
| 5093 | black and white
the pampas grass leaps up
from the fire scar | 5106 | sunset riding along a peeling wave |
| 5094 | urban crow
lying in wait
for the next food dump | 5107 | scent of thyme
a day of reframing
in the garden |
| 5095 | spring rainbows in their bowties | 5108 | coyote dusk
trading up
hiking sticks |
| 5096 | living monument survivors of war | 5109 | the landscape scene
changed by a single
raindrop |
| 5097 | echo chamber
hearing his voice
in her words | 5110 | beaches reopen
rainbow-colored
sun halo |
| 5098 | zigzagging
towards the flower bed
gopher mounds | 5111 | evening calm
the carefree gaze
of a fawn |
| 5099 | sunlit pond the sway of a newt's tail | 5112 | summer solstice my phone's wallpaper snow |
| 5100 | my fingers
blackened with charcoal
July 4th | 5113 | summer grass
the growth
of brown patches |
| 5101 | midnight dusk
the call of a loon echoes
across the sound | 5114 | so close ...
reaching for the stars
soap plant |
| 5102 | moon landing the watery wing of a gull | 5115 | nesting season ...
a solitary
snowy plover |
| 5103 | passion vine
how things get
complicated | | |

- | | | | |
|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 5116 | enjoying a cold beer
remembering warm ones | 5123 | the large sunflower
bends its head the way mother
would do as she prayed |
| 5117 | elderberry flowers
innocent
sweet things | 5124 | talking politics
the mosquitoes cruise around
the picnic table |
| 5118 | summer's sting
an eyeful of sunscreen | 5125 | lightning cracks open
a piece of the darkened sky—
we run for shelter |
| 5119 | summer ritual
popping the tops
of soda cans | 5126 | cherry red sky
more news about
forest fire |
| 5120 | last-minute picnic
still the ants greet us
one by one by one | 5127 | first swim lesson
a gentle gaze of
mama seal |
| 5121 | standing the test of time
Shakespeare in the Park
for another summer | 5128 | rescuing frogs
from the hot pavement
summer beach bus |
| 5122 | back to weeding
after stopping to converse
with the neighbor's cat | 5129 | vertigo in the morning
my husband brews coffee
for the first time |

Welcome to New YTHS Members:

Kathryn Anderson, Belmont, CA; Elizabeth Andrews, San Francisco, CA;
Larry Grondahl, Redwood City, CA; Magail Lopez, San Juan, PR;
Doug Profitt, Middletown, OH; and Lynda Zwinger, Tucson, AZ.

Meet This Issue’s Featured Artist

Wakako Miya Rollinger is a film and new media columnist living in Topanga, CA. She is a member of the Critics Choice Association and holds an MA in Cinema Studies from New York University.

Born in Okinawa, Japan, before Okinawa’s reversion from the US in 1972, her background is uniquely mixed with her father from Okinawa and her mother from Shikoku, one of the main islands of Japan. She has been engaged in many art forms throughout her life, and she uses iPhone photography as a tool to shape her haiku.

Writing haiku was mandatory in elementary school in Japan, but composing haiku in English is a whole new ball game. When she joined the Southern California Haiku Study Group in Pasadena, CA, Wakako met splendid mentors, such as Deborah P Kolodji and Greg Longenecker. One of her first haiku published in the SCHSG Anthology was inspired by her mixed marriage with her Polish-American husband:

father and son
smooth things over
white borscht soup

A volunteer state park naturalist and a board member of Topanga Canyon Docents, Wakako regularly hikes in the Santa Monica Mountains, enjoying wildlife and nature. Taking photos, especially of nature, provides inspiration for her haiku. Her haiku have been published in print and online, and she won the Itoen Haiku contest in 2014.

In 2018, a disastrous wildfire, the Woolsey Fire, impressed upon her the importance of advocating for “nature as the heart of everything.” Documenting the recovery after wildfires in California State Parks made Wakako pay attention to details and authenticity and understand nature’s cycle of death and rebirth. Capturing colors and light creates hope in this climate-challenged time and helps her to be a seeker of science, facts, and solutions. Her macro iPhone photos are up-close and personal studies of nature and include a “tiny people” series. Her husband, often seen in landscapes, is her muse.

Wakako appreciates her heart-centered haiku communities and is looking forward to joyful haiku-writing journeys with like-minded people.



“A Patient Hunter,” photo by
Wakako Miya Rollinger.

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

Her concentration
 knobby-kneed in the shallows
 watching the herons
 ~Shelli Jankowski-Smith

yellow slippers
 pad across an algal mat
 egret hunting ground
 ~Clysta Seney

spring break
 one egret joins
 the pub crawl
 ~Marilyn Ashbaugh

on the pond surface
 ever-widening ripples
 where the heron stood
 ~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

patiently wading
 a great blue heron
 waiting patiently
 ~Neal Whitman

patiently waiting
 a night heron finds a frog
 under the moonlight
 ~William J. Burlingame

great heron
 the blue-tinged statue's
 sudden strike
 ~J. Zimmerman

snowy egret
 on one foot
 stirs the pond
 ~Joyce Baker

open and empty
 a heron steps
 onto the moon
 ~Michael Henry Lee

night heron
 absence
 slips inside presence
 ~Lisa Espenmiller

out of the mist
 the snowy egret steps
 with golden feet
 ~Ruth Holzer

drought
 a heron ankle deep
 in mud
 ~Dyana Basist

temple bridge
 a gray heron draws
 a crowd
 ~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

estuary stillness—
 a glint of sun
 in the egret's beak
 ~Michael Dylan Welch

egrets
 in the streams connecting
 mountains and a lake
 ~Hiroyuki Murakami

only herons
 neither gulls nor egrets
 no regrets
 ~Dana Grover

settling the baby
back down—
the quawk of a night heron
-Sari Grandstaff

low tide
the heron's legs
long to longer
-Helen Ogden

one legged egret. ..
the stillness of koi hiding
under the bridge
-Elinor Pihl Huggett

the heron
adjusts its wings
not even a ripple
-Mark Teaford

little green heron
hunched on a log
languid afternoon
-Michael Sheffield

Riding on the back
of a confused white cow
the cattle egret
-Jane Stuart

the sharpened largesse
of their stalk—
heron's haunt
-Stephanie Baker

heron rising—
his blue shadow
hastens dusk
-Christine Horner

early Great Blue
soaring over suburbia
curious tourist
-Cherry Campbell

nuptial plumage
the great white egret
and i
-Debbie Strange

the visitation
of a great blue heron. ..
koi pond ripples
-Judith Morrison-Schallberger

summer
in shadow and shimmer
great egret
-Beverly Acuff Momoi

wide river
the huge shadow becomes
a slender heron
-Zinovy Vayman

lake reflection
the glancing blow of an egret
lodges in my brain
-Gregory Longenecker

soaring high
above the tule fog
great blue heron
-Charles Harmon

a solitary
great blue heron
my kayak slips by
-Marilyn Gehant

great blue heron—
his deliberate choice
of each word
-Mimi Ahern

down Maricopa Street
checking for geckos on palms—
a Great Blue Heron
-Barbara Snow

Ballard fish ladder
a blue heron
swoops down
~Kathleen Tice

solo white posts
on the bay's shifting waters
snowy egrets
~Kathy Goldbach

water's edge
everything in motion
but the heron
~Phillip R. Kennedy

the great blue heron—
she knew I'd come
to say good-by
~Patricia J. Machmiller

great blue heron
returns to her nest at last
bright full moon
~Sharon Lynne Yee

change of shift
night herons circle
the egrets' roost
~Mark Hollingsworth

hometown marsh
my friend takes a selfie
with great blue heron
~Lenard Moore

windswept hair
a great blue heron
grooming
~Deborah P Kolodji

A great blue heron
silent, statuesque—lightning
quick strike, and a meal.
~David Sherertz

great blue heron nest
sways in top of evergreen—
perused by eagles
~Lois Heyman Scott

first light
sharing the same language
the heron and I
~Bona M. Santos

roh-roh-roh
the great blue heron
meets his mate
~Kath Abela Wilson

beneath bursting
Flying Fish fireworks
the bayside heron
~Richard L. Matta

handsome killer
biding his time
a blue heron
~John J. Han

cattle pond . . .
dreaming in the tan water
little blue heron
~Roger Abe

heron, you wade and wait
patiently—
a flash of fish
~Patricia Wakimoto

a silent witness—
how carefully the heron
guards the village pond
Priscilla Lignori

drifting with
sudden loss of a friend
where a heron soars
~Wakako Miya Rollinger

a light breeze
ruffles the reeds—
motionless
blue heron
~Linda Papanicolaou

it ... sneaks ... up ... on ... fish ...
s-l-o-w-l-y—s-l-o-w-l-y—m-o-r-e—s-l-o-w-l-y
the ... great ... blue ... HERON!
~Christine Lamb Stern

stand of the tide a heron's up periscope
~Lorraine A Padden

the gray blue heron
stabs at the silver fish
in the morning mist
~Janis Lukstein



“Balancing Act,” photo by Wakako Miya Rollinger.



“The Mountain Ridge Before Dark,”
photo by Wakako Miya Rollinger.

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

Marilyn Ashbaugh	4651—7,	4652—8,	4653—9,	4654—3
Michael Henry Lee	4655—2,	4656—2,	4657—8,	4658—5
Jane Stuart	4659—0,	4660—1,	4661—1,	4662—0
Neal Whitman	4663—1,	4664—3,	4665—2,	4666—4
Sari Grandstaff	4667—1,	4668—1,	4669—2,	4670—4
Richard L. Malta	4671—1,	4672—2,	4673—1,	4674—1
Ruth Holzer	4675—6,	4676—9,	4677—0,	4678—4
J. Zimmerman	4679—8,	4680—4,	4681—0,	4682—2
Genie Nakano	4683—2,	4684—2,	4685—0,	4686—0
Bona M. Santos	4687—4,	4688—0,	4689—5,	4690—2
Elaine Whitman	4691—3,	4692—2,	4693—3,	4694—4
Jackie Chou	4695—1,	4696—4,	4697—1,	4698—7
Lorraine A Padden	4699—0,	4700—3,	4701—2	
Judith Morrison Schallberger	4702—0,	4703—0,	4704—4,	4705—1
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	4706—6,	4707—5,	4708—1,	4709—4
Marilyn Gehant	4710—11,	4711—0,	4712—3,	4713—2
Michael Dylan Welch	4714—0,	4715—0,	4716—0,	4717—0
Hiroyuki Murakami	4718—0,	4719—3	4720—0,	4721—2
Alison Woolpert	4722—2,	4723—1,	4724—5,	4725—2
Priscilla Lignori	4726—1,	4727—2,	4728—0,	4729—5
Dyana Basist	4730—2,	4731—3,	4732—1,	4733—4
Emily Fogle	4734—3,	4735—2,	4736—1,	4737—0
Linda Papanicolaou	4738—4,	4739—1,	4740—1,	4741—8
Mimi Ahern	4742—2,	4743—7,	4744—13,	4745—2
Clysta Seney	4746—0,	4747—0,	4748—0	
William J. Burlingame	4749—0,	4750—0,	4751—1,	4752—1
Alexis George	4753—4,	4754—6,	4755—0,	4756—6
Barbara Moore	4757—0,	4758—3,	4759—2,	4760—4
Christine Horner	4761—0,	4762—0,	4763—11,	4764—1
Roger Abe	4765—8,	4766—2,	4767—0,	4768—0
Barbara Snow	4769—1,	4770—1,	4771—1,	4772—1
Beverly Acuff Momoi	4773—1,	4774—2,	4775—2,	4776—1
David Keim	4777—2,	4778—0,	4779—0,	4780—1
Kathleen Tice	4781—2,	4782—2,	4783—0,	4784—0
Katha Abela Wilson	4785—6,	4786—5,	4787—0,	4788—2
Elinor Pihl Huggelt	4789—8,	4790—1,	4791—3,	4792—1
Christine Lamb Stern	4793—3,	4794—8,	4795—2,	4796—0
H. Philip Hsieh	4797—0,	4798—4,	4799—0,	4800—0
Bruce H. Feingold	4801—1,	4802—1,	4803—2	
Mark Teaford	4804—2,	4805—0,	4806—4,	4807—4
Michèle Boyle Turchi	4808—3,	4809—0,	4810—2,	4811—0
Michael Sheffield	4812—1,	4813—5,	4814—0,	4815—4

John J. Han	4816—1,	4817—4,	4818—1,	4819—2
Carolyn Fitz	4820—1,	4821 ,	4822 ,	4823
Chuck Brickley	4824—3,	4825 1,	4826—2,	4827—3
Joyce Baker	4828 ,	4829—3,	483 ,	4831
Znovy Vayman	4832 ,	4833 ,	4834—1,	4835
Lynn Klepfer	483 ,	4837—1,	4838—1	
Cynthia Holbrook	4839—1			
Cherry Campbell	4840—0			
David Sherertz	4841—0,	4842 ,	4843 ,	484
Carol Steele	4845—2,	4846—3,	4847—1	
Deborah P Kolodji	4848—1,	4849—1,	4850—3,	4851
Phillip R. Kennedy	4852 ,	4853—1,	4854—3	
Wakako Miya Rollinger	4855—2,	485 ,	4857 ,	4858—3
Patricia Wakimoto	4859—3,	486 ,	4861—3,	4862
Majo Leavick	4863 ,	486 ,	4865—1,	4866—1
Lois Heyman Scott	4867 ,	4868 ,	4869 ,	487
Kathy Goldbach	4871—1,	4872—3,	4873—2,	4874—2
Sharon Lynne Yee	4875 ,	487 ,	4877—2,	4878
Dana Grover	4879—15,	4880—3,	4881—6,	4882
Barrie Levine	4883—2,	4884—6,	4885—7,	4886—1
Debbie Strange	4887 ,	4888—6,	4889—1,	489
Helen Ogden	4891—1,	4892—6,	4893 ,	4894—5
Stephanie Baker	4895—1,	4896—1,	4897 ,	4898—1

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.

Correction

Apologies to Debbie Strange, featured artist for the May 2022 issue, for an incomplete web link to her solo exhibition, *The Poetry of Light*. It may be viewed at:

<https://tinyurl.com/dmstrangephotos>

May 2022 Haiku Voted Best by Geppo Readers
(received 7 or more votes)

- | | | | |
|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 4879 | here

there

hummingbird
~ Dana Grover (15) | 4657 | daylight savings
the busker offers
an extended play
~ Michael Henry Lee (8) |
| 4744 | tulip afternoon
the curves
in our conversation
~ Mimi Ahern (13) | 4679 | Ash Wednesday
mom promises not to
go to Vegas
~ J. Zimmerman (8) |
| 4710 | forsythia
one star
after another
~ Marilyn Gehant (11) | 4741 | summer solstice—
the slow descent of dust motes
through a louvered blind
~ Linda Papanicolaou (8) |
| 4763 | butterfly—
as if she had nothing
else to do
~ Christine Horner (11) | 4765 | spinning
in the tire swing
almond blossoms
~ Roger Abe (8) |
| 4653 | the precise folds
of the veteran's flag
crane origami
~ Marilyn Ashbaugh (9) | 4789 | campground spigot . . .
a cricket pours
from the spout
~ Elinor Pihl Huggett (8) |
| 4676 | returning
by the moon and stars—
wild geese
~ Ruth Holzer (9) | 4794 | yesterday's ache
is still here
lingering snow
~ Christine Lamb Stern (8) |
| 4652 | spring rain
no matter where I step
birdsong
~ Marilyn Ashbaugh (8) | 4651 | river fog
one group of geese
sleeps it off
~ Marilyn Ashbaugh (7) |

4698 cherry blossoms
I upgrade my like
to a heart
~ Jackie Chou (7)

4885 standing up
to spring wind
young tulip
~ Barrie Levine (7)

4743 we lay a towel
beside his marker
spring picnic
~ Mimi Ahern (7)



“Silhoue~es,” photo by Wakako Miya Rollinger.

Correction

The *romaji* used for “heron” and “great blue heron” for the “Summer Challenge Kigo” in the May 2022 issue (page 27) were incorrect. The *romaji* should be as follows: Heron, *sagi* (all species, including egrets) and Grey/Great Blue Heron, *aosagi*. (*Aosagi* applies specifically to the grey heron found in Japan; the great blue heron is similar.)

Dojin's Corner

Feb-April 2022

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Phillip Kennedy

Summertime! Last night I saw the most beautiful summer moon just as it was rising above the California hills. I hope you got to see it—it was huge and luminous with a soft gold color. It seemed so hopeful after a day of difficult images: Ukraine, reruns of a mob storming the Capitol, and two mass murders. I was grateful for the moon's serene presence.

We are happy to welcome Phillip Kennedy as our guest editor. Phillip is a *dojin* in Ten'i in Japan and in YTHS. He is a longtime student of Japanese and Chinese; he writes haiku both in English and Japanese. In recent years, he has gifted Yuki Teikei with lectures that he has prepared on kigo, including the history of their development in Japan and China. It's a privilege to have him join us for this issue of *Geppo*.

We always invite our readers to send comments to this column. We received this note from Stephanie Baker, author of poem 4679, which we discussed in the last issue of *Geppo*. Thank you for this, Stephanie!

Dear Dojin's Corner, As a follow-up to your commentary in the last issue, readers might be interested to know that "leaving him / a love note / six persimmons" was inspired by a fellow YTHS poet who directed me to an image by Muqi Fachang, a painter of the Song Dynasty. His ink painting on silk titled 'Six Persimmons' can be seen here at the China Online Museum—

<https://tinyurl.com/sixpersimmons>

And now here are the haiku submitted to the last issue that we each considered favorites; the

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

PK: 4657, 4674, 4675*, 4694, 4697*, 4706, 4711*, 4733, 4763, 4774, 4818, 4825, 4859*, 4874, 4883, 4898

E: 4656, 4663, 4674, 4687, 4696, 4698, 4700, 4726, 4736, 4741*, 4742, 4747*, 4770*, 4797, 4852, 4872*, 4891

pjm: 4673*, 4675, 4678, 4680, 4682, 4700, 4706, 4709, 4713, 4729, 4734, 4737, 4738, 4741, 4743, 4747, 4758, 4763, 4764, 4765, 4766, 4775*, 4779, 4787, 4790, 4792, 4794, 4797, 4800, 4803, 4808, 4809, 4812, 4815, 4818, 4819, 4820, 4822*, 4824*, 4825, 4829, 4834, 4842, 4845, 4846, 4849, 4854, 4856, 4857, 4858, 4860, 4861, 4865, 4871, 4873, 4874, 4877, 4881, 4891, 4892

4673 rain chain . . .
the tinkling
of gardenias

pjm: Rain chains come in many varieties; I imagine this to be one that manages the rain in such a way that the water flow tinkles as it runs down the chain. It pleases me that the sound of the rain chain is transferred to the gardenias and that their scent fills the poem without it being mentioned. Also, the ellipsis at the end of the first line is a visual suggestion of the chain. So many senses are triggered by this haiku—masterfully done.

PK: This is a very evocative haiku; I appreciate how the poet uses sound to recreate the scene depicted here. The long “a” sounds in “rain chain” help me experience the sound of the rain as it drips from one part of the rain chain to another—I can hear heavier drops striking metal. “Tinkling” changes the melody and introduces a different rain sound from the

gardenias. Last, setting a word as sonorous as “gardenias” in the final phrase really completes the haiku.

E: Gardenia blooms during the plum rain season in Japan; therefore, it goes well with the rain to me. “The tinkling of gardenias” is a bit of a mystery to me because the soft and thick white petals are unlikely to produce the tinkling sounds. However, my dictionary says the word is also used as “to urinate” among small children. Now, the rainwater that descends the rain chain and the rainwater that slips from petals and leaves of gardenia are both making a joyful rainy scene!

4675 peach blossoms—
still trying to believe
in paradise

PK: When I read this haiku I immediately thought of the Chinese story of the Peach Blossom Spring: a fisherman from the 5th century CE discovers a village hidden in a forest of peach trees. The ancestors of the villagers had fled the chaos of the Qin Dynasty several hundred years earlier and had created a peaceful utopia among the peach trees. The fisherman promises to not reveal their secret, but he returns to the real world and tells others about the Peach Blossom Spring. When he tries to find the village again, it is lost forever. This is an excellent haiku; it does an amazing job of connecting the poet’s own experience of peach blossoms, the poet’s inner world, and the literary world of fantasy and legend.

E: Shangri-La (the Earthly Paradise) is said to exist beyond the peach grove that was depicted in Tao Yuan Ming’s *Taohua yuan ji* some 1600 years ago. However, the common understanding of the location of Shangri-La is right here, right in our hearts. So there is no need to try to believe in it, just feel it! The author

seems to be uneasy in front of the beautiful pink blossoms. Take it easy!

pjm: Peach blossoms are so beautiful and delicate; it is as difficult to believe they exist as it is to believe in paradise.

4697 fitting into a box
the playfulness
in the kitten’s eyes

PK: As a season word, “kitten” needs to evoke the boundless life force of a creature that has just come into this world—that’s why it’s a spring season word. The “playfulness in the kitten’s eyes” very strongly suggests the kitten’s unstoppable energy and desire to explore the world. What a joyful haiku!

pjm: What fits into the box? Is it the kitten, the kitten’s eyes, the playfulness, or maybe, all three. What a delightful idea—that one can capture playfulness and put it in a box!

E: I am not sure if it is important to state “the playfulness” here because we all know it is the nature of a kitten. And the deed of fitting into a box is just about that, so perhaps we can substitute something more in the second line other than the judgment of the poet? “Fitting into a box / from above the paws / the kitten’s eyes.”

4711 a bit of laughter
with the tall tale
pot of shamrocks

PK: I like the juxtaposition of “laughter,” “tall tale,” and “shamrocks” quite a bit. This is a very spring-like scene. What interests me here is the use of “shamrock” as a season word. In and of itself, “shamrock” is not listed as a season word, as far as I can tell. It is a type of clover, though, and “clover” is a spring season word. One could

also see “shamrock” as a season word synonym for “St. Patrick’s Day.” How we understand the season word does (very subtly) change our perception of the haiku. This is an excellent haiku and it poses an interesting challenge for future English-language *saijiki* editors!

pjm: Maybe we’re in an Irish pub, perhaps, or passing an Irish cottage where this tall tale is being spun; there’s a small group gathered ‘round to hear the story, and we are able to overhear the “bit of laughter” from the next table over or through an open door. In any case, the feeling here is of camaraderie and community—we’re all in it together like shamrocks in a pot.

E: A scene in a bar, perhaps in an Irish pub? Isn’t it true that jokes and tall tales are the best remedy for a broken heart? And the dosage is best taken when we have it with a bit of alcohol. I guess the season word here is the beer/stout mixed with whiskey, therefore summer.

4741 summer solstice—
the slow descent of dust motes
through a louvered blind

E: On the longest day, we are likely to have some extra time to just watch the dust motes descending through a louvered blind in the strong sunlight. “Slow” is setting the mood. The architecture is also interesting in this haiku. Perhaps this is the loft, where the louvered blind is shut but has enough slit for the sun to come in. The author is surrounded with family history. My imagination flies to *The Summer Book* by Tove Jansson.

pjm: I think the key word in this haiku is “blind.” On the longest day of the year the author is contemplating the moment. All that can be seen: “dust motes / through a louvered blind.” Light on the solstice is making the unseen (dust motes) visible. At the same time the

blinds, while letting in a bit of solstice light, are also shutting out the rest of the world and much of the light. We are in an interior world darkened by the blinds; we are alone with our thoughts drifting like dust motes.

PK: The time scales in this haiku are really striking. On the one hand, we have planetary time—the journey of the Earth around the Sun as captured by the poet on the longest day of the year. On the other, we have the micro-scale movement of tiny dust motes as they gently settle to the ground, moving through the light of the longest day of the year.

4747 yellow-rumped warblers
bee-bop among purple sage
backyard be-in

E: The combination of colors, yellow and purple, in this haiku reminds me of the psychedelic patterns quite familiar in hippy culture. And the sounds of “bee-bop,” “backyard,” and “be-in” make me shake the tips of my shoulders to the rhythm of the oldies from the 60s. A casual scene captured by very interesting words.

PK: This is a finely described haiku. The reader can clearly perceive the energetic motions of the birds among the purple sage, flitting and stopping in a very be-bop way. The repeated “bee” sound in “bee-bop” and “be-in” is also quite effective. My one question is whether the spelling of “bebop” as “bee-bop” is intentional. It does bring in echoes of the separate season word “bee.” I wonder if “be-bop” might be clearer here.

pjm: Those who weren’t around in the 60s might not know the origins of the word “be-in.” It was first used to advertise a protest in San Francisco over a California law banning the use of psychedelic drugs (LSD). “Be-in” was a riff on the lunch counter “sit-ins” of the civil rights protests. The San Francisco event was titled

“Human Be-in,” also making a play on the phrase “human being.” This event, to everybody’s surprise, attracted over 20,000 people.

“Bee-bop” is a misspelling, possibly on purpose, as Phillip has suggested, of “bebop,” a style of jazz from the 1940s. The noun, “bebop,” has been turned into a verb here describing the little bee-like dance the birds are making among the flowers. All in all a delightful haiku with many rich allusions.

4770 first butterfly,
did you yawn
upon awakening?

E: I simply adore this question. I believe that this is not a monologue but a dialogue. Trying here to listen to the answer, I am making my ears like those of Dumbo.

pjm: The poet is pondering what it must be like to come out of a cocoon into a new world after a long sleep. What might be the first reaction of a butterfly? The question is asked with a gentle, sympathetic feeling for this small creature.

PK: A butterfly’s first yawn—what a felicitous way to bring out the gentleness of this season word! I especially like the focus on beginnings in this haiku. This butterfly not only marks the beginning of the first season of the year, it also has its first awakening as a butterfly.

4775 trying to stay warm
in the wind all the geese
on one leg

pjm: A clearly depicted vivid image of nature’s amazing choreography. It’s a scene keenly observed; with the geese, we feel ourselves brace against the cold wind.

PK: There are two things about this haiku that I think are really effective. First, the poet hits the right balance of humor and empathy for the geese by interpreting the geese’s behavior as a way of staying warm in the cold air—this is very *haikai*! Next, the flow of phrases in this verse is striking. Printed as it is, there are pauses at the end of each line. When I read the poem aloud, though, my voice wants to break this into two phrases: “trying to stay warm in the wind / all the geese on one leg.” The tension between these two ways of reading the poem accentuates the speed of the geese in the air and how the geese are exerting themselves to stay warm.

E: I think it is the author who is trying to stay warm and not the geese. The geese are standing on one leg in the wind, which means they are balancing their bodies on the ground. I think it is warmer and more stable for the birds to float on the water when the wind is chilly. Perhaps the author is being encouraged by watching the patience of the birds.

4822 flutter and flitting
in the dry birdbath—
chickadee

pjm: Exuberance—this little bird’s enthusiastic fluttering and flitting, an image drawn so clearly, brings a smile of appreciation and joy to the reader. This is a good example of writing that conveys an emotion by showing, not telling.

E: The word “dry” explains a lot. Maybe the flutter and flitting is the chickadee’s rainmaking dance.

PK: This is another haiku that really exemplifies the *haikai* spirit. We have close, empathetic observation of a chickadee in a dry birdbath. This verse makes you wonder what the chickadee is thinking. Is it fantasizing being in a

full bird bath? Is it just making the best of things? I appreciate the lightness of this verse.

4824 snowdrops
the old logger tilts one up
with his pinkie

pjm: Here’s another example of how to convey emotion through image. This time it’s the description of a human responding to nature. With one small gesture, we see the fragility of the snowdrop and the tenderness of the logger. That pinkie speaks volumes.

PK: The contrasts of scale, strength, and fragility really bring this verse to life. Not only do we have the immediate, straightforward juxtaposition of the fragile snowdrops and the old logger—a person skilled at felling trees much larger and stronger than a snowdrop—we also have the logger himself modulating his strength and size by “tilting” a single flower up with his smallest finger. Exceptional!

E: According to Christian legend, on Eve’s first winter day on earth after being chased from Eden, an angel appeared to her as she grieved over a field of snow where all the grass and flowers had disappeared. To comfort her the angel turned the falling snow into snowdrops. Thus the language of the snowdrop flower is “comfort” and “hope.” A lovely haiku.

4859 two sets of kittens
dumped in the alley
Holy Week

PK: There is deep compassion for the kittens in this verse, together with a strong sense of social criticism. We do have two season words here, though, and I find it difficult to know which is the primary season word. It’s very difficult to modulate two season words in the same haiku. It takes great care to show the reader which one is the main season word, and which season

word plays a supporting role. Because “Holy Week” occupies a line by itself it feels like it is the primary season word. Moving it to the start of the verse would show this clearly. The poet might also consider not directly naming the kittens in the verse but drawing the reader’s attention to their sight or sound. Last, I would consider being more specific than just “Holy Week”—a haiku is a snapshot of a single moment, and naming a specific day in Holy Week would give a stronger focus to this haiku. I think there are many possibilities here.

pjm: I agree with Phillip’s analysis, and he has made some very cogent suggestions trying to resolve the double kigo conundrum. My thought is that the haiku really wants the kittens to be the focus and bringing in Maundy Thursday or Good Friday or Holy Saturday—all will loom over the kittens. I would encourage writing a new first or third line.

E: The poor kittens were dumped during the period of April 10th to 16th, 2022. I wonder if the author was writing about more than this incident. It seems even more tragic because of it having been done during Holy Week. In Europe, the war in Ukraine continued through and after the Holy Week. Is there an expectation that during a time of holy observances blessings will come? Instead, acts of cruelty (such as the war) continue unabated.

4872 fresh poison oak
borders the trail
again, war

E: The first plant I learned when trekking in Oregon after the Haiku North America 1997 was poison oak. And then I learned how frequently it grew on the border of the woods and the trail. Our ears, exhausted with the news of COVID-19, are now provided with disasters of war in Ukraine daily. “Again” to me sounds in two ways: “again another war” and “again

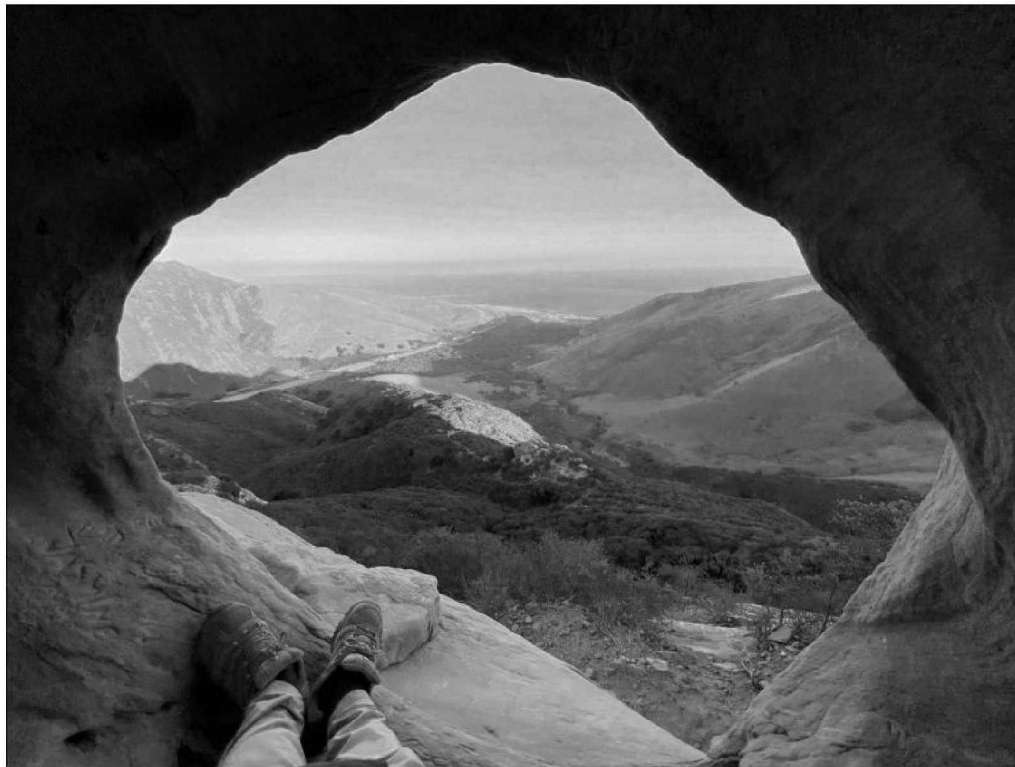
another misery.” The contrast of “fresh” and “again” is working here, too, to explicate what is happening in the natural world and in the human world.

PK: The juxtaposition of the poison oak, a natural phenomenon which recurs every year, and the recurrence of another human conflict, is effective. It’s difficult to talk about abstract notions in haiku, but I think the words “fresh” and “again” together make this haiku work.

pjm: The feeling here is dread. But however much we dread the consequences of poison oak, it is nothing compared to our dread and the very real consequences of war. I appreciate the attempt to express our natural aversion to war, but I wonder if the match-up here is a bit too unequal.

~~

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



“Wind Cave to the Sea,” photo by Wakako Miya Rollinger.

Autumn Challenge Kigo: Sixteenth-Day Moon, *Izayoi*,

Roger Abe

One of the most powerful kigo is Harvest Moon. It occurs on the 15th day of the eighth lunar month. A significant moon and time of the year. But, what about the next moon, the next day? The Harvest Moon is so significant that there are names/meanings for many of the moons/days both leading up to and after it.

The moon/day that follows immediately after the Harvest Moon, on the 16th day of the eighth lunar month is called *Izayoi*, which means the hesitating or wavering moon since it appears a little bit later than the Harvest Moon. It is just past the peak and carries a lamenting feel. This season reference also has a long history. For this kigo, you can use *Izayoi*, Sixteenth-Day Moon, or Sixteenth Night. See *The 500 Essential Japanese Season Words* on The Haiku Foundation website—<https://tinyurl.com/THF500words>

Thanks to *Dojin* Fay Aoyagi and *Dojin* Phillip Kennedy for their kind help in researching this topic!

+7\?~* °13'I a)JJ13' *izayoi wa wazukani yami no hajime kana*
 sixteenth-day moon
 beginning of the darkness
 a little bit . . .
 ~Bashō (1644-1694)

Bashō may have been thinking of a worried farmer bringing in his crops in the waning moonlight.

+7\? ' U (9L a)JT -O*+ *izayoi ya chiisaku narishi koto no tussle*
 sixteenth-day moon—
 plectrum for playing the koto harp
 becomes small
 ~Nanako Washitani (1923-2018)

Three fingernail-like plectrums are used on the right hand by the koto player. Perhaps the feeling of the moon has affected the musician in some way.

+7\? 'II 13'(ZJKi + *izayoi ya ashi ni kakurete mizu kayou*
 sixteenth-day moon—
 water travels
 behind reeds
 ~Akiko Matsuzaki

The water moves behind the reeds like the moon moving into darkness, very mysterious!

All haiku from *Haiku Dai-Saijiki (Comprehensive Haiku Saijiki)*. Tokyo: Kadokawa Shoten, 2006.

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

Tan Renga Zoom with Linda Papanicolaou—April 9, 2022

Alison Woolpert

Tan renga is a two-verse form of Japanese linked poetry (short-long-short, long-long) that appeared well before other forms of longer linked poetry. The earliest tan renga example found was published in the 8th century CE in *Man'yōshū*, the oldest extant collection of poetry in Japan.

In this tan renga workshop, leader Linda Papanicolaou quickly put everyone at ease—no set topics, few rules, and poets could choose to collaborate or to write alone. Twenty-eight poets participated, and from the enthusiastic response it seems that a number of poets will continue to write tan renga.

Linda and her collaborator, sprite, shared this tan renga example that was published in *Mariposa* 45.

a nameless weed / with a nondescript flower / and yet ... a bee	~LP
hardly on the map / the village of my birth	~sprite

For the workshop, Linda had set up two online links. Poets could participate in a *maekuzuke* (haiku poet Jane Reichhold had described the term as a poem-capping game played during the Edo period in Japanese taverns). YTHS poets could write a two-line cap to a three-line hokku by Buson and/or Shiki.

lighting one candle / with another candle; / an evening of spring	~Buson (tr. Yuzuru Miura)
her grandmother's eyes / in her own face	~Kathy Goldbach
a spring day / a long line of footprints / on the sandy beach	~Shiki (tr. Harold Henderson)
following where others walked / I find my way	~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

The other link allowed poets to “Partner Tan Renga” or to “Solo Tan Renga.”

simply hearsay / the soft sound / of summer rain	~Helen Ogden
the street mime / puts up an umbrella	~Michael Dylan Welch
no rain in sight / I water the lichen / on Buddha's belly	
the crunch of gravel / on the garden path	~Carolyn Fitz

It was a very rich meeting, and the poets were grateful for such a fun opportunity.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Spring Reading 2022—May 14, 2022

Alison Woolpert

Roger Abe hosted the 30th YTHS Spring Reading, which was shared on Zoom. President Carolyn Fitz welcomed more than 50 members and guests to listen to our four featured poets, Bona M. Santos, Helen Ogden, Marilyn Gehant, and Mark Hollingsworth.

Bona M. Santos presented a photographic haiga slideshow that included both haiku and senryu, a few of those she has coined “mad senryu.”

requiem at sea	pandemic
the scent of burning incense	some days
follows her ashes	I am “The Scream”

Helen Ogden says, “Haiku has given me a happy place to be during the pandemic.” Many of her haiku are inspired by her volunteer work with the State Parks in the Monterey Bay area.

you say	where salt
nothing can come between us	meets fresh
super flower blood moon	night heron

Marilyn Gehant has many interests; two are sumi-e ink painting and ikebana, and the full scent of the Japanese arts resides in her haiku.

a blast of hot air	outside our window
along the adobe wall	two flowering cherry trees
orange hibiscus	double happiness

Mark Hollingsworth’s presentation took the form of a haibun written especially for the event—full of his thoughts about haiku, its elements and essence, and his relationship to life and openness to its mysteries.

eddy	a poke
a twirl into stillness	to probe the glow
all the way down	campfire coals

In his presentation Mark shared, “What you can do is invite others to attend to this world together with you,” and certainly everyone present was glad the four poets shared theirs with us.

YTHS Tanabata Celebration—July 9, 2022

Eleanor Carolan

YTHS president, Carolyn Fitz, welcomed eight guests to her redwood and bamboo garden in Scott's Valley, CA, to celebrate Tanabata, the heavenly reunion of two star-crossed lovers, as a Japanese legend has it. Given the first chance to meet in person since the pandemic began, Carolyn served peach cobbler and tea to this lucky group: Roger Abe, Dyana Basist, Eleanor Carolan, Carolyn Fitz, Julie Holding, Linda Papanicolaou, Carol Steele, and Joan Zimmerman. Several individuals who were unable to attend sent haiku to be hung on the bamboo branches (Joyce Baker, Michael Sheffield, and Judith Schallberger).

We were entertained by Roger Abe's delightfully interactive story of Tanabata. Joan Zimmerman used a "princess voice" to read the weaver's part. Dyana Basist responded as the herdsman. The heavenly ruler had separated them when their happiness led them to neglect their duties.

another long year
waiting to see you again
Oh, Tanabata!
~Carol Steele

We now see them as two stars reunited every summer.

wish granted
seventh day of the seventh month
the laughter heard
~Eleanor Carolan

The Milky Way needs a magpie bridge over its river of stars for the weaver to cross.

sweet sorrow with
warm winds and dancing clouds
lone magpie feather remains
~Julie Holding

We laughed and enjoyed the sunny day in the garden, writing haiku and tanka.

filtered sunlight
in a glade of redwoods
this must be
what the young world looked like
before we came to it
~Linda Papanicolaou

Firefly Invitations: Bashō Learns from Teimon

J. Zimmerman

In the previous *Geppo* (Zimmerman 2022, 30-31), I described *haikai no renga*, the first poetic influence on the young Japanese poet Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694). That style of linked verse was popular for its combination of casual and formal vocabulary and for its exuberant and sometimes vulgar humor.

The second guidance that Bashō received was Teimon, the school of Matsunaga Teitoku (1571-1653) of Kyoto. The Teimon style “aimed at elegant, humorous allusions to classical court literature, wordplay, and wit” (Reichhold 2008, 22). It made “an attempt to impose rules on *haikai* . . . with technically complex poetry and a great interest in intricate punning” (Jonsson 2006, 32).

Bashō became employed (1652-1666) by the Tōdō samurai family in the town of Ueno. His work for them included being a companion to the family heir, Tōdō Toshitada. Ueno was only 30 miles from Kyoto, and the two boys learned the Kyoto-centered Teimon style. Their teacher was Kitamura Kigin (1624-1705), a well-regarded student of Teitoku. Teimon handbooks preserved and expanded the “highly encoded seasonal landscape” of classical poetic associations; in particular, Kigin's text *Mountain Well* was “considered the archetype for subsequent seasonal handbooks (*saijiki*)” (Shirane 1998, 188).

Teitoku emphasized that poets needed in-depth knowledge of Japan's cultural history. However, he did allow nontraditional modern words provided they were polite. He called them *haigon* or “comic words” (Keene 1976, 32). The Teimon style limited and codified the acceptable *haigon*. For Teitoku, “the presence of a *haigon* became the touchstone of whether or not a verse was truly *haikai*” (Keene, 32).

To affirm the sincerity of their commitment to the *haikai* way, Bashō and Toshitada adopted poetry names: Bashō adopted the name Sōbō, the Chinese pronunciation of the Japanese name Munefusa (Keene, 73). Bashō (as Sōbō) was first published in 1664 in an anthology of Teimon verse. One of his poems was:

the old woman / a cherry tree blooming in old age / is something to remember
(Reichhold, 24)

This is an alternative translation:

Old-lady cherry blossoms / Have they flowered? A final / Keepsake for old age
(Keene, 73)

Keene (74) commented that Bashō made his poem Teimon-worthy by borrowing phrases from a Nō play. Keene also noted an implicit (though in this case “pedantic”) pun: the old-lady cherry was so-called because it bloomed when the tree was “leafless” (*ha-nashi* in Japanese, though this phrase did not appear in the haiku). The pun was that the phrase was alternatively interpreted as “toothless,” something old people could become.

Soon after his friend Toshitada died, Bashō left the service of the Tōdō family but continued to develop his haiku skills in Ueno and sometimes Kyoto. In 1672, he published a book called *The Shell Game* (Reichhold, 23) or *Covering Shells* with “thirty pairs of humorous verses by local poets, matched and judged by Bashō” (Keene, 75) and printed with his comments.

Keene (36-37) gave this recognition of Teitoku’s legacy: “Teitoku’s greatest contribution to Japanese literature, then, was to elevate *haikai* to the position of a recognized poetic form ... without his formal guidance *haikai* poetry might have remained forever on the level of the limerick.”

Meanwhile, from the recent *Geppo* (XLVII:2, 25), this haiku exemplifies the Teimon *haikai* spirit: it delves into our cultural heritage, and it is witty:

the missing wool sock / returns from its adventures / my Odysseus
~Cynthia Holbrook

This is a delightful juxtaposition of the everyday sock with the wily Odysseus, battler of gods, goddesses, and humans, and outrageous traveler of ancient history and legend. As poet Deborah Keenan (2013, 24) has asked: “in what ways, with what images or narratives, am I willing for world history to enter my poems?” I look forward to seeing other haiku in *Geppo* that explore such an aspect of the Teimon spirit.

References:

- Holbrook, Cynthia. Haiku 4616 selected for comment in “*Dojin's Corner*,” Ed. Johnnie Johnson Hafernik. *Geppo*, XLVII:2. Monterey, CA: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2022.
- Jonsson, Herbert. *Haikai Poetics: Buson, Kitō, and the Interpretation of Renku Poetry*. Stockholm, Sweden: Universitetservice, 2006.
- Keenan, Deborah. *From Tiger to Prayer*. Minneapolis, Minnesota: Broadcraft Press, 2013.
- Keene, Donald. *World Within Walls: Japanese Literature of the Pre-Modern Era*. New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1976. (See Chapter 2, “Haikai Poetry: Matsunaga Teitoku and the Creation of Haikai Poetry.”)
- Reichhold, Jane. *Bashō: The Complete Haiku*. Tokyo, Japan: Kodansha International Ltd., 2008.
- Shirane, Haruo. *Traces of Dreams: Landscape, Cultural Memory, and the Poetry of Bashō*, Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1998.
- Zimmerman, Joan. “Firefly Invitations: Bashō Learns from *Haikai*.” Ed. Johnnie Johnson Hafernik. *Geppo*, XLVII:2. Monterey, CA: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2022.

A Comparison of Kigo Use in English-language Haiku and Japanese Haiku

Dojin Hiroyuki Murakami

Many Yuki Teikei Haiku Society (YTHS) members compose haiku with kigo. Why? Because it is more fun to read. If haiku have kigo, it provides space for readers to imagine, and the haiku gains an elegance that cannot be seen in short prose.

Being curious about the use of kigo in English-language haiku as compared to Japanese haiku, I reviewed the published haiku in the last eight issues (August 2020 – May 2022) of *Geppo*, the YTHS quarterly journal, and the Haiku International Association’s quarterly *HI*, a journal where I serve as translator.* First, I compared the percentage of haiku that had kigo in each journal. For *Geppo*, 75% (1,314) of the total number of haiku (1,743) contained kigo, whereas for the HI journal 90% (956) of the total number of haiku (1,060) used kigo. Next, I compared the most frequent kigo in both journals. The table below shows the top 10 kigo used in each journal.

Table: Comparison of the 10 Most Frequently Used Kigo in *Geppo* and *HI*

Rank	<i>Geppo</i>	<i>HI</i>	Rank	<i>Geppo</i>	<i>HI</i>
1	moon	moon	6	summer	plum blossoms
2	spring	autumn	7	fallen leaves	mask
3	snow	spring	8	cherry blossoms	winter moon
4	autumn	cherry blossoms	9	persimmon	snow
5	winter	autumn leaves	10	kite	sunflower

The autumn kigo “moon,” a symbol of human existence since ancient times, was the most frequently used kigo in both journals. The overall results agree with the haiku history of admiring the snow, the moon, and blossoms (/setsugetsuka.). At the same time, there are uses of new kigo, especially in *Geppo*. For example, two kigo “fire moon rises” and “a record drought” show the recent impact of climate change and confirm the expanding role of kigo to convey the feelings of fear and prayer.

A second interesting feature of kigo use, especially in *Geppo*, is the creation of new kigo, expressing the author’s feelings by adding a noun to one of the four seasons, such as “spring fever,” “summer nails (i.e. ‘fingernail’),” “autumn lullaby,” and “winter blues.” This finding suggests that *Geppo* poets have a higher degree of freedom in using kigo as compared to *HI* poets who seldom create similar kigo; rather they mainly rely on established Japanese kigo.

A third type of newly created kigo is seen in the May 2022 issue of *Geppo*— haiku dealing with the current situation in Ukraine. My impression from these examples is that the role of kigo continues to expand.

I hope this report will help us understand current kigo use and deepen our individual haiku practice.

**HI*, a quarterly journal like *Geppo*, places unpublished haiku from Japan (about 130 poets) and from overseas (about 15 poets). For more details go to the HI website: <https://tinyurl.com/HaikuIntl>

**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**

Editor	Johnnie Johnson Hafernik
Associate Editor	Christine Stern
Layout Editor	Jeannie Rueter
Tallyman	David Sherertz
Proofreader	J. Zimmerman

This Issue’s Contributors

Roger Abe, Eleanor Carolan,
Phillip Kennedy, Patricia Machmiller,
Emiko Miyashita, Hiroyuki Murakami,
Wakako Miya Rollinger, Alison Woolpert,
and J. Zimmerman.

YTHS Officers

- Carolyn Fitz, President
- Linda Papanicolaou, First Vice President
- Christine Stern, Second Vice President
- Patricia J. Machmiller, Treasurer
- Alison Woolpert, Recording Secretary

***Geppo* Submission Guidelines**

- Please send haiku, votes, articles, questions, or comments by email to:

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor
ythsgeppo@gmail.com

- 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 that 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 this pandemic—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 precautions are lifted, some readings and celebrations will take place in person. Stay tuned for updates and Zoom invitations. Be safe, everyone.

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> . 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 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“Tease Out What’s Already There: Playful Rewriting Workshop.” Presentation by Mark Hollingsworth.
Dec. 10 TBD	Annual Holiday Party hosted by Alison Woolpert in Santa Cruz, CA, or on Zoom.

“Family Granary of Acorn Woodpeckers,”
photo by Wakako Miya Rollinger.

