

GEPPPO 月報

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

Volume XLVII:4 Aug–Oct 2022

Published in Nov 2022

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 5130 | at work until late—
grateful for the moon's presence
between autumn clouds | 5138 | a ghostly white heron
on each hummock of reed—
delta fog |
| 5131 | night of the full moon
warming up star-shaped pasta
in the microwave | 5139 | aging stars
out of synch
with the universe |
| 5132 | migrating grackles
a flash of all the goodbyes
of the last six months | 5140 | forsythia
the way some words just
roll off the tongue |
| 5133 | cat kneads the pillow
as we listen to the news—
rainstorm in autumn | 5141 | OCD
making her list
checking it thrice |
| 5134 | The layering pall
of leaves is down, and lively
colors bleed to brown. | 5142 | food court
judge not lest
thee be judged |
| 5135 | first firing—
a student cups her pinch pot
still warm from the kiln | 5143 | after the drought
a muted autumn
overflowing beer foam |
| 5136 | brand new homeowner
brand new step ladder
first string of lights | 5144 | wet leaves huddled
around the headstone
another anniversary |
| 5137 | winter rain—
the Goodwill donation bin
overflowing | 5145 | Oktoberfest
seeing the world
through amber-colored glasses |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 5146 | some much-needed rain
even the crabgrass
turns a little greener | 5157 | autumn chill
geese and marching bands
practice formations |
| 5147 | gravity's pull
Newton's apples scattered
in the neighbor's yard | 5158 | flooded field
not so much deer
as clouds |
| 5148 | leaves turning red
a former lover's calls
go to voicemail | 5159 | Moon mother
gathers leaves
drifting to the ground |
| 5149 | autumn leaves
the thud of my heart
falling for you | 5160 | In the silence
yesterday's song—
rain mixed with snow |
| 5150 | harvest moon
my pumpkin-mush thoughts
turned into pie | 5161 | Campground closed—
snowdrops cover
stacked firewood |
| 5151 | tattered diary
a year of living
on the rubbish heap | 5162 | The first crocus
peeking up
through melted snow |
| 5152 | September light
the shift from blue
to gold | 5163 | broken rimrock
the history behind
this rusty spur |
| 5153 | August evening
after the heat
the first cricket | 5164 | a rainbow strung
across our backyard . . .
birdhouse gourds |
| 5154 | how many years . . .
Bashō's dream still wanders
over the withered fields | 5165 | dried thatch
the green button you lost
last spring |
| 5155 | war news
the wistful flight
of a mourning dove | 5166 | webs mend
the statue's hands . . .
morning prayers |
| 5156 | summer's end
a sandcastle
swept away | 5167 | first fall day—
going somewhere
that's not the doctor's |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 5168 | Labor Day—
the neighbor's backyard party
becomes a brawl | 5179 | at the patio door
one termite
one too many |
| 5169 | all day rain—
the rich smell
of toadstools rising | 5180 | Happy Hollow
the red panda
hides from view |
| 5170 | Double Ninth Festival—
an old man
dancing, dancing | 5181 | the black hearse
passes on my left
autumn chill |
| 5171 | departing autumn—
underneath the overpass
homeless men gather | 5182 | four generations
in the tintype photo
falling leaves |
| 5172 | another glance back
at the receding harbor
river of heaven | 5183 | en plein air
an easel in the middle
of a pumpkin patch |
| 5173 | the downstairs neighbor
practicing the saxophone
autumn loneliness | 5184 | internet search
for those on the far west coast
—leaf peeping |
| 5174 | polished incense bowl—
along highways and rivers
poplar leaves turning | 5185 | November 1 st
the live phone agent signs off
Merry Christmas |
| 5175 | above the clouds
the undulating wave
of mountain tops | 5186 | close of the year
armchair traveling to where
we once have been |
| 5176 | <i>momiji</i> railway tunnel
red and yellow leaves
glow in the dark | 5187 | in your chilly sky
my heart is a harvest moon
dreaming you awake |
| 5177 | farm stand
honking geese
hawk grandma's jam | 5188 | pressure cooked roast beef
mushroom gravy aplenty
her fall favorite |
| 5178 | morning flight
smaller seats
or is it just me | 5189 | it was what it was
it is what it is
autumn's sweet release |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 5190 | autumn cremation—
even the birds are silent
in the ancient oak | 5201 | beneath the bridge—
spider lilies
are redder |
| 5191 | early autumn—
her sweet soul rests
under forest stars | 5202 | welcome
by scarecrow sisters
a country café |
| 5192 | autumn breeze
a long breath
for the poplar | 5203 | under my foot
an acorn—another
on my head |
| 5193 | churning leaves
our last words
beneath a waterfall | 5204 | holiday weekend
dogs and their humans
unleashed |
| 5194 | leaf blowing
the neighbor suggests
a fencing lesson | 5205 | Respect for the Aged Day
she considers
my fall risk |
| 5195 | white-tipped bristles
a wet autumn landscape
turns colder | 5206 | garage clear-out
listening to the silverfish
scuttle |
| 5196 | rounding
the corner
rudbeckias | 5207 | footed hoofed or clawed . . .
the loft in duff flattens out
autumn wandering |
| 5197 | early morning rain
the moment soft | 5208 | red-winged
western box elder bug
autumn in the air |
| 5198 | zen garden rock
making an offering
the neighbor's dog | 5209 | facing sunset
feathers blend into treetops
autumn splendor |
| 5199 | stripping wind
her leafless self | 5210 | heart-shaped redbud leaves
yellowing at the edges
creek trail in autumn |
| 5200 | the tower lit
in blue and yellow—
the moon rises | 5211 | a view of the mountains
over distant hills . . .
descending autumn |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 5212 | partly cloudy . . .
the tennis match
goes back and forth | 5223 | the tide covers
then uncovers the sand—
beach glass |
| 5213 | what's not there . . .
a maple leaf falls
by my bay window | 5224 | heavy fog
hovers above the treetops . . .
night owls |
| 5214 | a wide spot
on the mountain trail
sunflower seeds | 5225 | reading
by moonlight
page-turner |
| 5215 | autumn woods cover
the hopes of nature's bounty
joy—breakfast pancakes | 5226 | foggy morning
confusing fall warblers
in the mist nets |
| 5216 | forest roof ablaze
the sun shivers on the pond—
warm tea memories | 5227 | Yom Kippur service:
on the way home we become
breatharians |
| 5217 | sixteenth night—
campfire's dancing light plays games
wandering shadows | 5228 | winter daybreak
the bamboo toothbrush bristle
from tongue to finger |
| 5218 | harvest moon—
children enjoy special treats
bedtime comes too soon | 5229 | no sadness, no Zoloft . . .
the scent of fabric softener
in the autumn air |
| 5219 | Indian summer . . .
finding an arrowhead
in the red clay | 5230 | end of war
on the empty casings
trembling shadows |
| 5220 | clinging to the screen door
a leaf
frog | 5231 | school begins
teenagers dilly-dally
in the parking lot |
| 5221 | hovering above
the fishing boats
a mackerel sky | 5232 | morning mist
whitecaps to seagulls
to whitecaps |
| 5222 | Brough Castle
where once battles were waged
sheep graze | 5233 | shakuhachi
the maple's brightest leaves
drifting away |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 5234 | first autumn rain her gait lengthens | 5245 | jurisprudence—
a loose cannon
on the bench |
| 5235 | October garden
a robin scratches at the dust
for earthworms | 5246 | late summer
sweet corn sweet
words in my ear |
| 5236 | cooler nights
each day the dogwood leaves
more scarlet | 5247 | orange flames
licking foliage
pumpkin patch |
| 5237 | leggy shrub
all the pruning might
not save it | 5248 | autumn showers
raining down
acorns |
| 5238 | softening
a forced smile
fog rolls down the hill | 5249 | punch-drunk sunflower
seeds scattered
like teeth |
| 5239 | the sound of soil
absorbing water . . .
morning stillness | 5250 | my shadow
ahead on the path
I walk more quickly |
| 5240 | longing
for the scent of dew
August heat | 5251 | blackberries
we all have our own
small scars |
| 5241 | unruly sea
a line of cormorants
skims the waves | 5252 | short-eared owls
flying low at dusk
my desktop shadow |
| 5242 | pickup truck
a tethered dog's ears
flapping | 5253 | booster burritos
we turn the pandemic
into a piñata |
| 5243 | indian summer
we turn the ceiling fan
up a notch | 5254 | a new October
through the old bedside window—
channeling Shiki |
| 5244 | country road
a covey of quail
crossing <u> </u> : | 5255 | trout stream—
my father's only son is
his only daughter |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 5256 | weeping again—
the childhood scar
in my eyebrow | 5267 | Canada geese
cross the boulevard . . .
the policeman helps |
| 5257 | Bashō's day
learning to turn the pages
more slowly | 5268 | deciphering
the stench of skunk
solo ginko |
| 5258 | after his leaf talk
instead of plain brown each tree's
shining mosaic | 5269 | a bracing wind
lifts the bagpiper's kilt
beach nuptials |
| 5259 | suddenly clear
in the autumn air
her subtext | 5270 | the fall tomato
slicing away the black mold
ah yes, surgeries |
| 5260 | bubble fishing
the whale breath
of gossip | 5271 | a fall rain deluge
passing the newly dug grave
filling with water |
| 5261 | reflected
in the face of the church clock
the setting moon | 5272 | out of the mist
prancing down the flat beach—
a poodle! |
| 5262 | autumn afternoon
a dust cloud chases harvesters
around the field | 5273 | autumn art
stirring the ink in slow circles—
teacher memories |
| 5263 | where do they go
to rest each night?
white butterflies | 5274 | lakeside campfire
flames shine
across the water |
| 5264 | tiptoeing past
the playground
a woolly bear | 5275 | laughter echoes
through the woods
campfire S'mores |
| 5265 | someone else's shopping list
in the grocery cart
sounds good to me | 5276 | bike ride
breaking to see
a brilliant sunset |
| 5266 | the greenbelt hermit
hangs a hand-scrawled sign...
harvest moon | 5277 | single row of houses
backed by marshland
call of a heron |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 5278 | trees aflame in October
before the ember of November
Nature's grand finale | 5289 | foraging
a squirrel eavesdrops
birds' chatter |
| 5279 | a dawdler
shrugs off his backpack
first day of school | 5290 | winding stream
the contours of
a fiddle sound |
| 5280 | wavy hairs
shoot from his eyebrows
frost on the pumpkin | 5291 | drizzle
the mist of
childhood memories |
| 5281 | in our mailbox
the first election flyer
autumn deluge | 5292 | last tomatoes
tossed in a salad
of lettuce sprouts |
| 5282 | brittle leaves
skitter in the street
summer's end | 5293 | warm evening
two laughing women walk by
the open window |
| 5283 | perking up
at the grandson's visit
hospice oxygen | 5294 | Ashland autumn
sharing Shakespeare
with my granddaughters |
| 5284 | harvest season . . .
the chalky sheen of grapes
in the picker's pail | 5295 | early morning fog
long line outside
the blood draw lab |
| 5285 | blue merino shawl
twilight resting softly
on her shoulders | 5296 | open window . . .
sounds and smells ride the coolness
into dreams |
| 5286 | cable knit cardigan
the bulky shape
of grandma's warmth | 5297 | scanning the ground
in parallel rows
searching for the missing link |
| 5287 | sorting tulip bulbs . . .
sunlight warms
the planting holes | 5298 | buried treasure . . .
a handful of worms
in each pocket |
| 5288 | riding a bike
in my native village
autumn dream | 5299 | with each wave
more and more
giggles |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 5300 | ant farm
the withered field
gets busy | 5311 | sharing
and then pulling back
deer cry |
| 5301 | scar in the earth
my father's whistle
interrupts a dream | 5312 | autumn sea
the research boat's
slow turn |
| 5302 | omicron
the rasp's sharp teeth
at my throat | 5313 | trees becoming runes
people becoming phantoms
late October fog |
| 5303 | sleeping under the foliage
I find endless
falls | 5314 | all souls'
a leaf touches
its shadow |
| 5304 | sun-heated lake
murmuring chatters
break the stillness | 5315 | midnight
the spirit gutters out
of a pumpkin |
| 5305 | autumn leaves
visiting my dear friend
in the hospital | 5316 | I start to call Mom
about the changing leaves
phantom limb |
| 5306 | sixteenth-day moon
he gave it
his best shot | 5317 | fall birthday
I reach the age
Dad never passed |
| 5307 | school begins
with all the rules
her first haiku | 5318 | sadness blurs colors,
breaks shapes, scrambles images
through my tear slicked eyes |
| 5308 | October dawn
she adjusts again
to darkness | 5319 | wraithlike elder
foraging dropped cherry plums
to put in her shawl |
| 5309 | streetlights . . .
a black cat with eyes
of yellow | 5320 | brown leaves seem quiet . . .
then migrating monarchs
warm into flutters |
| 5310 | long night
wandering through the house
with another stack of books | 5321 | someone name the tree
so it can be summoned
to shade summer day |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 5322 | the place where
my father's shoes were—autumn's
first new moon | 5333 | sixteenth-day moon
the lopsided pancake
hidden in the stack |
| 5323 | mackerel sky
a heron's reflection on
rippling water | 5334 | sixteenth-day moon
the cat with sauce on his chin
takes the Fifth |
| 5324 | what relief
maple leaves flutter
without me | 5335 | orb-weaver spider
your web lit with sunshine—
I pull in closer |
| 5325 | worried for her
the sound of wild geese honking
as they fly | 5336 | hayride sighting
wishing to switch my car
for the horse |
| 5326 | first hard frost
over the field
a lone pheasant | 5337 | a renewed appreciation
for all things pumpkin
craft fair bake sale |
| 5327 | leaves color
the tea house
inside and out | 5338 | cracking nuts
best left to
the squirrels |
| 5328 | an owl's call
from the rafters
aged barnwood | 5339 | young surfers
on contour of waves
end of summer |
| 5329 | an old man waters
the pots of gold mums . . .
clear sky | 5340 | deep serene
of caldera floor
prairie dog song |
| 5330 | hunter's moon
we leave the steak restaurant
on her sixtieth year | 5341 | scooping chestnut rice
with mother's rice paddle
harvest party |
| 5331 | Oh, Baby Boy
Moon of Remembering
Old Names | 5342 | a cup of tea next
to his tombstone
maple leaf shower |
| 5332 | on Halloween
he reveals his eldritch power
Ruh Roh! | 5343 | September surprise
near PCT—bulbs in bloom—
grass of Parnassus |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 5344 | maternal instinct—
monarch mother blankets her
offspring with her wings | 5350 | an inside look
at a life being lived
her old diary |
| 5345 | autumn foliage:
here it's almost entirely
from poison oak leaves | 5351 | apple peels
by the slow cooker
unfilled prescription |
| 5346 | autumn solitude
thick fog descends to rooftops
mist mingles in trees | 5352 | our latest fight
the fire-triggered release
of pine cones |
| 5347 | waiting for tomatoes
still green on the vine
waiting for tomatoes | 5353 | weather vane
the shuffle
of leaves |
| 5348 | high-school formal—
wedged between them
gardenia corsage | 5354 | decaying leaves
in the garden pond
tired conversations |
| 5349 | yours is the face
I want to kiss every day
thanksgiving | | |

Time to Renew your YTHS Membership for 2023!

The end of 2022 is fast approaching. YTHS membership is for the calendar year, so now is the time to renew your membership. Renew by January 1, 2023. Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any back issues. See the details about renewing on page 39 of this issue and online at yths.org.

Be sure to indicate which version of *Geppo* you wish to receive: (1) PDF only, (2) print only, or (3) both PDF and print. Members who do not indicate their preferred version will receive a print copy.

Meet This Issue’s Featured Artist

A haiku ... is a hand beckoning, a door half-opened, a mirror wiped clean.

~R. H. Blyth, *Haiku, Volume 1: Eastern Culture*

After retirement, Marilyn Ashbaugh devoted her time to nature photography and organic gardening. She also enrolled in a haiku class taught by Elinor Pihl Hugge~. Marilyn wrote 17-syllable haiku but did not become passionate about haiku until she was introduced to the larger haiku community via haiku journals. A silver lining of the pandemic was the many Zoom opportunities to learn and share haiku with national and international haiku communities. With the support of several haiku groups, her writing haiku became a daily spiritual practice that deepened her love for the natural world.

Among other awards, one of Marilyn’s haiku, first appearing in *Geppo*, was shortlisted for the 2021 Touchstone Award for Individual Poems. She won Third Place in the 2016 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Haiku Contest and First Place in 2021. Marilyn received an Honorable Mention in the 8th Akita International Haiku Contest (2019) and tied for Winning Haiku in that contest the following year, 2020.

Marilyn says that nature photography complements her haiku practice. She finds the accessibility, accuracy, and editing ease of mobile photography best suited to her outdoor lifestyle, and she is a member of several mobile photography groups. Marilyn’s theme for her photos in *Geppo* is “Flower Portraits: An Intimate Garden View.”

Marilyn is a retired University of Notre Dame administrator. She holds a JD and MPA from Indiana University. She resides in Edwardsburg, Michigan and winters in Gulf Stream, Florida.



“a long winter’s night,”
photo by Marilyn Ashbaugh.

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

sixteenth-day moon
 trail to the wooden cabin
 is more inviting
 -Priscilla Lignori

always ahead
 on the long drive home
 sixteenth-night moon
 -Linda Papanicolaou

The sixteenth-day moon
 time to store my brightest robe
 back in the closet
 -Shelli Jankowski-Smith

sixteenth-day moon
 in the process of counting
 my lucky stars
 -Michael Henry Lee

sixteenth-day moon
 the brown grass like pinpricks
 under my bare feet
 -Sari Grandstaff

sixteenth-day moon
 the empty playground lit up
 with memories
 -Jackie Chou

sixteenth night
 light through the window
 a titch darker
 -Michael Sheffield

Sixteenth-day moon
 the fading darkness
 disappears
 -Jane Stuart

perched on a ferris wheel wavering moon
 -Marilyn Ashbaugh

the hesitation
 before you say goodbye . . .
 sixteenth night
 -Debbie Strange

sixteenth night—
 waiting for the moonrise
 a slight chill
 -Ruth Holzer

reconsidering
 a move to memory care
 cloudy sixteenth night
 -Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

sixteenth night
 she takes up
 ballroom dancing
 -Bona M. Santos

morning after
 party decorations
 sixteenth-day moon
 -Marilyn Gehant

sixteenth-day moon
 the lengthy scroll through a chain
 of email prayers
 -Alison Woolpert

sixteenth night
 a falling oak leaf
 opens more sky
 -Richard L. Matta

Noh stage
 once was here on the grass—
 sixteenth-day moon
 -Hiroyuki Murakami

moon on day 16
 what to make
 of these imperfect apples
 -Beverly Acuff Momoi

grating the last
of the zest from the rind
sixteenth night
~Clysta Seney

wildfire smoke—
the sixteenth-day moon
behind the mountain
~Michael Dylan Welch

sixteenth night—
woodland shadows wander
a deer steps to the edge
~William J. Burlingame

sixteenth-day moon
sometimes yes and sometimes not
among the cattails
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

thankless ex
the still perfect orb
of the sixteen-night moon
~Zinovy Vayman

the soft thud
of an overripe apple
sixteenth-day moon
~Dyana Basist

shining on
above the graves
after the harvest moon
~Charles Harmon

sixteenth-day moon—
just a little bit smaller
than yesterday's
~Dana Grover

sixteenth night
the pause between breaths
while I hold her hand
~Kath Abela Wilson

sixteenth-day moon
small things in shadow
wait for dawn
~Christine Horner

re-revising
the application
sixteenth-day moon
~J. Zimmerman

16th-day moon
with the button sewn on,
clipping the last threads
~Barbara Snow

sixteenth-day moon
the thrashing crew arrives
late and spent
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

Izayoi
the dark is getting darker
~David Keim

the Space Needle
sixteenth-day-moon
red on the water
~Kathleen Tice

at first
the imperceptible loss
Izayoi
~Barrie Levine

sixteenth-day moon
one more friend leaves
this world
~John J. Han

sixteenth-day moon
too cool
to eat outside
~Kathy Goldbach

on this wobbly bridge
I find my balance
16th-day moon
-Stephanie Baker

way up high
rounder, brighter and cooler
16th-day moon
-Amy King

if you don't know
me by now
Izayoi
-Mimi Ahern

once upon a time
there was an old man who cut bamboo
sixteenth-day moon
-Phillip R. Kennedy

sixteenth-day moon
the faded memory
of a leaf
-Gregory Longenecker

sixteenth-day moon
cycles round and round each night
at harvest time
-Janis Albright Lukstein

deep into the night—
farmers rest for a while with
the hesitant moon
-Elizabeth Andrews

sixteenth-day moon
the child's first
oo's
-Patricia J. Machmiller

sixteenth-day moon
red shine dimmed in forest night
-Lois Heyman Scott

sixteenth night
field aglow
with apple-drop
-Paula Sears

my favorite aunt
last of her generation
sixteenth-day moon
-Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

the cat stares
at his empty food bowl
sixteenth-day moon
-Roger Abe

izayoi
settling my stomach
after Halloween
-Patricia Wakimoto

izayoi ya
savoring last half
of ice cream
-Wakako Miya Rollinger

sad *izayoi*—
yesterday, full of brightness,
now, shrinking away
-David Sherertz

surviving disaster
they carry on—
sixteenth night
-Christine Lamb Stern

trying to decide
on the trial treatment
sixteenth-day moon
-Deborah P Kolodji

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

Linda Papanicolaou	4899—6,	4900—2,	4901—0,	4902—4
Marilyn Ashbaugh	4903—5,	4904—4,	4905—10,	4906—4
Neal Whitman	4907—5,	4908—0,	4909—0,	4910—0
Barrie Levine	4911—3,	4912—7,	4913—11,	4914—0
William J. Burlingame	4915—2,	4916—4,	4917—0,	4918—1
J. Zimmerman	4919—0,	4920—4,	4921—2,	4922—3
Michael Henry Lee	4923—2,	4924—14,	4925—5,	4926—1
Ruth Holzer	4927—0,	4928—10,	4929—1	4930—0
Hiroyuki Murakami	4931—0,	4932—0,	4933—0,	4934—2
Clysta Seney	4935—1,	4936—0,	4937—4,	4938—1
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	4939—3,	4940—7,	4941—1,	4942—3
Joyce Baker	4943—5,	4944—2,	4945—0,	4946—2
Lisa Espenmiller	4947—1,	4948—5,	4949—5,	4950—2
Dyana Basist	4951—0,	4952—7,	4953—1,	4954—1
Michael Dylan Welch	4955—2,	4956—1,	4957—0,	4958—2
Dana Grover	4959—3,	4960—2,	4961—4,	4962—3
Sari Grandstaff	4963—3,	4964—1,	4965—2,	4966—0
Helen Ogden	4967—7,	4968—4	4969—1,	4970—2
Elinor Pihl Hugge~	4971—0,	4972—6,	4973—5,	4974—5
Elaine Whitman	4975—1,	4976—1,	4977—3,	4978—3
Emily Fogle	4979—5,	4980—4,	4981—1,	4982—10
Mark Teaford	4983—9,	4984—1,	4985—1,	4986—1
Michael Sheffield	4987—1,	4988—4,	4989—10,	4990—1
Jane Stuart	4991—0,	4992—1,	4993—2,	4994—1
Jackie Chou	4995—1,	4996—2,	4997—1,	4998—3
Cynthia Holbrook	4999—0			
Stephanie Baker	5000—2,	5001—0,	5002—0,	5003—1
Christine Horner	5004—0,	5005—1,	5006—3,	5007—6
Lynn Klepfer	5008—0			
Christine Lamb Stern	5009—2,	5010—0,	5011—0,	5012—0
Cherry Campbell	5013—0,	5014—0		
Debbie Strange	5015—2,	5016—11,	5017—1,	5018—5
Judith Morrison-Schallberger	5019—0,	5020—1,	5021—2,	5022—0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	5023—1,	5024—9,	5025—1,	5026—0
Zinovy Vayman	5027—0,	5028—1,	5029—0,	5030—0
Barbara Moore	5031—4,	5032—5,	5033—0,	5034—1
Reiko Seymour	5035—0			
Gregory Longenecker	5036—4,	5037—6,	5038—15,	5039—1
Marilyn Gehant	5040—0,	5041—2,	5042—1,	5043—2
Mimi Ahern	5044—7,	5045—5,	5046—5,	5047—2
Barbara Snow	5048—0,	5049—2,	5050—3,	5051—1
Kathleen Tice	5052—0,	5053—0,	5054—2,	5055—1

Kathy Goldbach	5056—2,	5057—0,	5058—2,	5059—4
Phillip Kennedy	5060—1,	5061—1,	5062—2	
Sharon Lynne Yee	5063—0,	5064—0,	5065—0,	5066—0
Lenard Moore	5067—0,	5068—0,	5069—1	
Alexis George	5070—13,	5071—7,	5072—7,	5073—0
Deborah P Kolodji	5074—3,	5075—3,	5076—0,	5077—0
David Sherertz	5078—0,	5079—0,	5080—0,	5081—2
Lois Heyman Scott	5082—1,	5083—0,	5084—0,	5085—0
Joan I. Goswell	5086—1,	5087—3,	5088—7,	5089—0
Alison Woolpert	5090—0,	5091—0,	5092—1,	5093—2
Bona M. Santos	5094—0,	5095—0,	5096—0,	5097—2
Bruce H. Feingold	5098—2,	5099—3,	5100—3,	5101—0
Kath Abela Wilson	5102—4,	5103—13,	5104—5,	5105—1
Richard L. Malta	5106—3,	5107—0,	5108—1,	5109—1
John J. Han	5110—0,	5111—5,	5112—1,	5113—2
Roger Abe	5114—0,	5115—3,	5116—0,	5117—0
Patricia Wakimoto	5118—1,	5119—2,	5120—1,	5121—0
Priscilla Lignori	5122—2,	5123—3,	5124—5,	5125—2
Wakako Miya Rollinger	5126—0,	5127—1,	5128—0,	5129—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.

Be a *Geppo* Featured Artist!

Each issue of *Geppo* highlights the artwork of a YTHS member as the “featured artist.” The *Geppo* Team is seeking all types of artwork and photography. If you are interested in learning more about how to apply to be a featured artist, email the *Geppo* editor at ythsgeppo@gmail.com.

Remembering Susan Marie Diridoni (1950 – 2022)

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

the fluttering
edge of a Sufi's robe
I listen within

Above the Clouds: YTHS Members' Anthology (2013)

A native of the San Francisco Bay Area, Susan, a psychotherapist, resided in Kensington, CA. As a teenager, she was interested in poetry and Zen and read widely: R. H. Blyth's haiku books, as well as poets such as Rainer Maria Rilke and William Carlos Williams. Much later she began making regular visits to a Trappist Abbey outside Portland, OR—visits that brought her to writing haiku. In 2010 in “Blogging Along the Tobacco Road,” Susan wrote, “For me, haiku is the distillation of multi-faceted moments—moments that are exterior, interior, and dynamic.” (<https://tinyurl.com/tobaccoroadpoet>)



A long-time member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and Haiku Poets of Northern California, Susan was passionate about haiku. Her haiku appeared in journals such as *bottlerockets*, *Frogpond*, *Mariposa*, *Modern Haiku*, *moonset*, and *Roadrunner*. Her haiku were innovative, and she became particularly adept at writing one-line haiku. In a *Modern Haiku* article (Volume 43:1, 2012), she wrote about her “accidental slip into *gendai* [modern] haiku.” In a 2015 *Rattle* podcast, Robert Gilbert included one of Susan's haiku in his reading and listed her among the female *gendai* poets he admires.

Especially noteworthy is her inclusion in two anthologies: *Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years* (2013), edited by Jim Kacian, Phillip Rowland, and Allan Burns, and *A New Resonance 8: Emerging Voices in*

English-Language Haiku (2013), edited by Jim Kacian and Dee Evetts.

step back into the fragrance our histories mingling
Issa's Untidy Hut 19 (2011) / *Haiku in English*

vows jump their past-perfect membranes Eastertide
Roadrunner X:3 (2010) / *Haiku in English*

walking the ocean's breath block by block
Modern Haiku 43:2 (2012) / *A New Resonance 8*

come fall with me languor's slant
Frogpond 35:2 (2012) / *A New Resonance 8*

When I was a novice haiku poet, Susan was one of the first people I met at a Haiku Poets of Northern California meeting. Her energy for life and enthusiasm for haiku were infectious. At her invitation, I joined a small group of poets who met to share and workshop their haiku. I recall her vigorously encouraging me to join YTHS and outlining the many benefits of being a member. She particularly praised *Geppo* and its *kukai* in each issue. Over the years, we lost touch, but I continued to look for and appreciate her poetry. We will miss her.

warblers arriving
amid the dirge edging near
this pending spring

Bending Reeds: YTHS Members Anthology (2012)

~~

“cherry on top,”
photo by Marilyn Ashbaugh.



“a few wrinkles,”
photo by Marilyn Ashbaugh.

August 2022 Haiku Voted Best by Geppo Readers
(received 9 or more votes))

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5038 Japanese garden
the leisurely brushstrokes
of koi
~Gregory Longenecker (15)</p> | <p>4928 summer grasses
the narrow path
that Mother left
~Ruth Holzer (10)</p> |
| <p>4924 downsizing . . .
moving into
a smaller me
~Michael Henry Lee (14)</p> | <p>4982 August evening
watering my feet
and the tomatoes
~Emily Fogle (10)</p> |
| <p>5070 spring breeze
tangled
in windchimes
~Alexis George (13)</p> | <p>4989 gardenia blossom
the pure white scent
of morning
~Michael Sheffield (10)</p> |
| <p>5103 passion vine
how things get
complicated
~Kath Abela Wilson (13)</p> | <p>4983 for a second
clouds
just so
~Mark Teaford (9)</p> |
| <p>4913 restless hours . . .
kicking moonlight
off of the covers
~Barrie Levine (11)</p> | <p>5024 midsummer meltdown
our three-year-old neighbor tests
the power of no
~Beverly Acuff Momoi (9)</p> |
| <p>5016 hibiscus
the sun behind
your ear
~Debbie Strange (11)</p> | |
| <p>4905 canning peaches . . .
summer
slips away
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (10)</p> | |



“stained glass,”
photo by Marilyn Ashbaugh.

Dōjin's Corner
 May-July, 2022

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and
 Mimi Ahern

It's autumn here in California as I write this, and it will be almost winter when you read it unless you're in the southern hemisphere, of course, where summer will be on the verge. It's interesting to think about the moon, for instance—how the same moon that is a winter moon to me is a summer moon to someone else.

We are happy to welcome Mimi Ahern as our guest editor for this issue. Mimi is a newly appointed *dōjin* in YTHS. She is a retired teacher and creator of a very inventive phonics teaching aid. It's a privilege to have her join us for the review of the last issue's haiku.

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

MA: 4899*, 4900, 4905, 4911, 4934, 4944, 4949, 4952*, 4962, 4963, 4967*, 4976, 4980, 4989, 4995, 4999, 5011, 5012, 5024*, 5025, 5032, 5033, 5034, 5037, 5038, 5041, 5058, 5069, 5081, 5087, 5103, 5104, 5119, 5124, 5127

E: 4905*, 4907, 4910, 4912, 4924, 4924, 4928, 4939, 4947, 4962, 4961*, 4963, 4968, 4971, 4976, 4985, 4992, 4994, 4997, 4998, 5000, 5005, 5013, 5032, 5045, 5046, 5056*, 5063, 5093*, 5108, 5119, 5123

pjm: 4899, 4900, 4901, 4902, 4905, 4924, 4929, 4940, 4941*, 4943, 4944, 4946, 4948, 4949, 4954, 4962, 4963*, 4967, 4968, 4969, 4982, 4988, 4989, 4998, 5007, 5024, 5030, 5037, 5038, 5044, 5045, 5047, 5054, 5058, 5061, 5062, 5069, 5070*, 5072, 5074, 5075, 5-76, 5082, 5088, 5090, 5100, 5105, 5111, 5124*

4899 day camp
 name tags and lunch bags
 pour out of a bus

MA: Joy! Ah, the joy that is palpable in this simple, well-crafted haiku. The synecdoche of “name tags and lunch bags” (for children), with its wonderful rhyming (which is often avoided in haiku), adds to the exuberant feeling of this poem. And they “pour” out. What a great verb to describe the visual scene and convey the excitement of new experiences in summer. I think this is a haiku our dearly departed *dōjin* Jerry Ball would have delighted in referring to as using “objective correlative.” What emotional response do you have?

E: We picture the children getting off the bus after their wonderful day. The children were new to each other in the morning but now have all become friends. “Pour out of a bus” tells how furiously the children run into the outstretched arms of their parents. Very haiku-like haiku, in the sense that the author lets us see the children by just “name tags and lunch bags.”

pjm: Interesting—there's something to be appreciated in this haiku—the specificity. The poet could have written:

day camp—
 the children
 pour out of the bus

But instead, the poet wrote “name tags and lunch bags,” and we the readers can see this scene so much more vividly. Great image, well-written.

4905 canning peaches . . .
 summer
 slips away

E: Peach is an autumn kigo in Japanese *saijiki* that defines autumn's start on August 7th, whereas it is not included in YTHS's kigo list which says autumn months are September, October, and November. The sentiment of summer slipping away is combined with a very practical image of canning peaches. Or is it the act of canning peaches that is evoking the feelings of summer's end? The scent of sweet peaches and their peachy color are sealed into a jar. And the round, metallic lids are reflecting the last lights of summer.

pjm: Here we encounter one of the cultural differences between Japan and the West. Many kigo that occur in August are considered autumn kigo in Japan because of the lunar calendar while to the western mind seem to elicit summer. The peach is one of those.

And the poet seems to be of a western mind. For me, too, one of the highlights of the year comes at the end of summer when mounds of peaches can be found in the supermarkets. And a kitchen with counters crowded with peaches and canning jars is a lasting tribute to the abundance of the season and the desire to preserve it.

MA: Seasons change. Time "slips away." How does it slip? Slowly? Quickly? Pleasurably? Painfully? Unnoticed? With only five words, this haiku evoked four of the five physical senses (smell, taste, touch, sight) and moved me to feel annoyance, impatience, regret, sadness, happiness, resignation, determination, faithfulness ... as I thought about my own personal experiences with canning (once and never again!) in contrast to those of my friends (joyful). With the skilled choice of the word "slips," we are left to create our own emotional response depending upon our experience with peaches and canning. Thank you, poet, for this wide-open haiku that resonated so strongly with me.

4941 white marble walkways
through ancient city ruins
anthills in the cracks

pjm: So, you think you are descended from some great and grand society? Those little ol' ants are a constant reminder—they were here first and will be here long after we are gone.

MA: This haiku is stunning in its use of contrast, both abstract and concrete. The visual painted with simple words is strong with the almost black of ants teeming against the almost white of the marble, cracked. Time is held in this haiku: past and present. The word choice and arrangement (with the alliteration of three "w's" in the first line and "s's" on the last nouns of each line) support the imagery. And the emotion(s) evoked, well, that is wide-open depending upon one's experience with ruins, ants, and beliefs! Perfection, in the classic sense of a YTHS 5-7-5 kigo-winning haiku!

E: The haiku brings me dry air, the scorching sun, and the heat in the white marble walkways felt through the sole of sandals. We step carefully trying to avoid the anthills; as we go around the ruins we also inspect the current inhabitants' doughnut-shaped architecture.

4952 summer swelter
a puppy sprawled
on the porcelain tile

MA: Most haiku I choose evoke in me both strong physical sensations and emotions. In this haiku, I can see and feel the heat (and man, do I hate the heat). The first line with its alliteration and use of "swelter" to convey the hottest kind of heat sets up the second line in which I can vividly see the heat by the use of the word "sprawled." "S . . . p . . . r . . . aw . . . llllllllll . . . ed" takes a long time to pronounce with its three initial consonants, a diphthong, and two ending consonants. What a perfect word to reinforce

“HOT,” a word that sounds like what it means. And then the relief: the puppy has found the coolest, smoothest surface to spread its little body and cool down. Lessons to be learned from a dog!

E: The haiku reminds me of a night in Ho Chi Minh. A dog was lying flat on the colorfully patterned floor tiles, his hind legs stretched backward, in the doorway of a shop. I sometimes do the same, not on porcelain tile, but on the well-polished wooden floor of our rented house. Absorbing the coolness with one’s entire body is a joy, often leading one to doze off.

pjm: It’s one of those days when everybody—humans, hippos, puppies, you name it—is focused on getting cool, and one of the best ways, if you don’t have a pool, is doing the porcelain-tile sprawl: appendages outspread, you get your little tummy right down on that cool kitchen tile and you chill!

4961 her gallery
of priceless art
refrigerator

E: What I picture from this haiku is her refrigerator full of her homemade tastes. Obviously, the author is admiring “her” works and evaluates that her art is priceless. As one opens the refrigerator, like opening the door to a well air-conditioned gallery, the artworks are neatly placed on the shelves or in the storage compartments in the refrigerator. I would love to have such a refrigerator in my kitchen, too! A refrigerator is a summer kigo in Japan because it started out as a box containing a lump of ice on its top shelf to cool food during summer.

pjm: For me—reading this haiku for the first time, I found the last line to be an unexpected surprise—the art gallery was on the outside of the refrigerator. But then, I had a second unexpected surprise when I read Emiko’s

interpretation: the art gallery is on the inside of the refrigerator! A very novel idea. And not only that—I learned that “refrigerator” is a summer kigo in Japan. I think that “ice box” would be the phrase in English that would call up feelings of summer. So I’m thinking that for this haiku to have a seasonal feeling in English the author would have to introduce some kind of seasonal art, such as,

her priceless gallery
of black cats and witches
refrigerator

Of course, if you did that you would miss the opportunity for Emiko’s imaginative reading, which I love! What do you think?

MA: Straightforward impression: the child’s art (or adults!) on the gallery refrigerator is “priceless” (to use a great word from an old Mastercard commercial). To quote Picasso: “Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up.”

My soap box: We are all born creative with the ability to express our thoughts and feelings artistically, but somewhere along the way a critic (external or internal, usually at school) extinguishes the creative flame. How lovely it is to have a cheerleader, who values one’s art and supports the creative process in whatever form it may take. Our *Dōjin* Patricia Machmiller does that for beginners and old veterans alike.

pjm: Mimi, Yuki Teikei has a wonderful community of cheerleaders, with you and Emiko leading the way!

4963 a row of paper cups
with sprouting seedlings
first-grade classroom

pjm: A vivid image of a first-grade classroom with the line of paper cups on the windowsill

and the young students gathered around in wonder as the first tiny leaves become visible. And, of course, one can't help but think of this image without thinking of those youngsters so full of awe, as seedlings themselves, learning and growing.

MA: So many concrete images could have been chosen to convey the essence of a first-grade classroom, but the poet has chosen for me the most meaningful: sprouting seeds. What a lovely visual. And what a lovely metaphor for the children, especially for their “sprouting brains” as neurons connect in the complex processes of beginning reading and arithmetic (which usually happens in first grade). Magical!

E: What seedlings are they? In Japan, in elementary schools, children grow morning glories. My granddaughter who became a first grader this spring was not told what color the flower might become. So she was very excited when she saw fourteen blue flowers blooming all at once in summer. From the haiku, I feel the warm sunshine filtered through the window pane reaching the row of paper cups and beaming smiles on the first-graders' faces!

4967 sending me back
 the lingering scent
 of sweet alyssum

MA: The first line grabbed me: “sending me back” ... who ... where ... to the grocery store for something forgotten? Thinking this was something concrete, I loved the surprise of discovering it was memory that was sending me back. And then the third line took me way back in time to our childhood playhouse where a row of sweet alyssum bloomed for my four siblings and me. Ah, scent, the most evocative of all the senses for triggering memory. Even if one is not familiar with this specific plant, this skillfully

written haiku makes it accessible to everyone. Terrific!

E: What or who is sending the honey-like scent of sweet alyssum back to the author? I need just one more piece of information to decode this riddle!

pjm: Scents are well-known to call up long-forgotten memories. It's interesting to think about how our minds work—a scent is detected, and suddenly we are transported to another place and time. This is why it's important to remember to write about the here and now—what we can see, feel, hear, smell, and taste. These are the pathways into the larger experience of living.

5024 midsummer meltdown
 our three-year-old neighbor tests
 the power of no

MA: Heat radiates from the first line with the poet's masterful use of alliteration in a two-word kigo. And it propels the reader forward. What is melting? The second line gives us a clue but again leaves us hanging with the word “tests.” Tests what? And then, the magnificent last line: “the power of no.” I picture a child out of sorts because of the heat (as I usually am) and refusing just about everything. With a 5-7-5 form the poet has nailed heat, discomfort, frustration, anger, independence, resistance ... you name it!

pjm: Meltdown. Well—yes, the whole neighborhood is sweltering. And on this sweltering day the whole neighborhood is apprised of one three-year-old's unhappiness with everything—especially the heat. Time to turn on the sprinklers!

E: I am glad that the nuclear power plant in Ukraine was safe this summer despite all the

problems. Having a three-year-old is a difficult time for a family, because the child goes through their first period of resistance. Is the author saying that it is so problematic and resembles a meltdown? I think it is a needed process to grow further. Good luck to the three-year-old with their testing!

5056 smell of bay leaves
water in the reservoir
down to a quarter

E: I came to a halt when I started to comment on this haiku; have I known the smell of bay leaves except for the dried ones in my kitchen? I assume the bay leaves in the poem are fresh and growing near the reservoir. The poem conveys the author's uneasiness. Water is essential to life, and yet, we depend on the amount of rain that falls in the region. A kind of helplessness is here; however, the author can smell the bay leaves, so that we can assume there is still some humidity in the air.

pjm: The scent of bay leaves is in the dry air. We know it's been dry for a long time; the reservoir has dropped 75%. This haiku brings together two senses—smell and sight. We are standing at the edge of the reservoir looking down at the waterline far below; in the air is the scent of bay leaves. We can experience, just as the poet did, the dismay at the sight. This is an example of clear objective writing that puts the reader in the place and leaves us to experience it without telling us how to feel. That is left to us.

MA: Lingered with this haiku a long time, I was drawn to the lyrical sound of "water in the reservoir" (with its repeating R-controlled vowels). Jerked abruptly to the reality of our severe California drought by the third line (with more repeating R-controlled vowels in "quarter)," I returned to the first line. Is the smell of the bay leaves (so familiar to cooks in their dried form) more pungent because the

plants are dying? The sight and smell in this haiku evoke worry and fear in me, such strong emotions felt through the power of a haiku!

5070 spring breeze
tangled
in windchimes

pjm: What pleased me about this haiku is how my expectations were overturned; the poet has inverted what did the tangling and what got tangled. The usual assumption when we see a tangled windchime is that the wind did it. But in this poet's world the windchime tangled the wind! Since windchime is a summer kigo, I suggest the poet find a different adjective for "breeze."

E: Spring wind, which is invisible, is clearly shown as something visible in this haiku. I am seeing a Japanese-style windchime-wind bell with a *tanzaku* (oblong paper) hanging from the bell to catch the wind. Lovely!

MA: The openness of this haiku (*ma*) allows each reader to complete it. The sound of windchimes is usually harmonious, pleasant. But what of tangled wind chimes? Is there dissonance? Tangled. What gets tangled? People? This spring-breeze kigo evokes for me young love with all the sweetness and the sorrow and the complicated emotions, especially if it is a strong breeze!

5094 black and white
the pampas grass leaps up
from the fire scar

E: What remains after a fire is black charcoal and soot. The scene must look like a black-and-white picture. But we don't know what is meant by "black and white" till we come to the third line. Discovering pampas grass shoots in yellowish green must be like hearing God's voice, "Let there be light!"

MA: Resilience! The resilience of nature to renew itself leaps out in this haiku. T.S. Elliot (*Selected Essays*, p. 145) wrote, "The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion, such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked." Hope of humanity and its resilience, too, are the thoughts and feelings this haiku conveys to me through its beautiful concrete description of pampas grass after a fire.

pjm: Who'd have thought you could render hope in stark black and white? Here's an image that says you can.

5124 talking politics
 the mosquitoes cruise around
 the picnic table

pjm: A bit of commentary on the state of our politics today. Just as stinging as those pesky mosquitoes, I'm sure, is the back and forth of the political exchange imagined in this haiku. In any gathering, whether with friends or family or both, political discussions are hard to avoid, just like those dastardly summertime pests, the mosquitoes.

MA: Sound! Through sounds remembered and phonemes (sounds) in the words used, this haiku evokes in me a feeling of supreme annoyance! Is there any insect more annoying than a mosquito?! The juxtaposition of mosquitoes and politics could not be more perfect. The sound of the two words "talking politics"—with its "k's" and "t's" spitting out of the mouth—sets up the haiku for the second line with the verb "cruise." It concretely describes what the mosquitoes are doing and mirrors what the "talk" is doing, too. The sounds of "k" and "t" are again repeated in mosquitoes and picnic. In today's charged political landscape, what a timely alliterative haiku!

E: The summertime background music is the hum of the mosquito family; perhaps we can say that it is a universal melody today when the globe is warming up so rapidly. "Cruise around" sounds like the mosquitoes are enjoying their flight in the warm air, watching, and waiting for their victims to eat the food on the picnic table. "Talking politics" is truly important to slow down global warming; things have gone beyond the hands of the individual now.

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

Welcome to New YTHS Members:

Paula Sears, Exeter, NH and
 Richard Subber, Natick, MA.

Winter Challenge Kigo: Narcissus, *suisen*, (winter-blooming narcissus, including paper-white narcissus)

Marilyn Gehant

Although we mark the darker, colder, interior aspects of winter, in a later part of the season, Japanese haiku poets herald the bloom of narcissus from late December through February. There are annual narcissus festivals in Fukui Prefecture and places like the Echizen Coast, where visitors flock to see fields of white. *Narcissus* is the Latin genus that includes a group of flowering bulbs, among them a miniature variety, *narcissus papyraceus* “paper-whites,” and the daffodil. The winter-blooming narcissus is white and fragrant, while the daffodil is most often yellow and spring-blooming. In the West, those searching for a reprieve from the post-holiday winter doldrums may visit nurseries to purchase narcissus bulbs, then force their flowers to bloom in water. This indoor bloom is fitting, as *suisen* means “water hermit.”

Thank you to *Dōjin* Phillip Kennedy for his generous help in providing the kanji and suggesting the Bonchō haiku and its translation.

In this Bashō poem, the pale translucence of the flower and the screen found in Japanese homes bow to one another. We sense the diffused softness and subtlety, yet a brightening in the room and hearts.

suisen ya shiroki shoji no tomo utsuri

narcissus and
whiteness of a paper screen
reflect each other

~Matsuo Bashō

Jane Reichhold, trans., *BASHO: The Complete Haiku* (Tokyo, Japan: Kodansha International, Ltd, 2008), 183.

Bonchō, a city dweller, offers a shift in tone, a tension between endings and beginnings. The narcissus could be lightly coated from the wind, a broom, or a year-end struggle.

suisen ni tamaru swiwasu no hokori ham

accumulating on the narcissus
the dust
of the last month of the year

~Nozawa Bonchō

Dōjin Phillip Kennedy, translator

Beverly Acuff Momoi, a YTHS member, reminds us of the narcissus's perceived vanity:

winter narcissus
in the window
bending to catch her reflection
~Beverly Acuff Momoi
Modern Haiku, Volume 42:3, 2010.

Chen-ou Liu comments in *NeverEnding Story*, English-Chinese Bilingual Haiku and Tanka Blog (<https://tinyurl.com/MomoiNarcissus>), that Beverly's haiku is "a beautifully crafted 'ichibutsu shitate' (one scene/image/theme/object)."

Please send one haiku using the Winter Challenge Haiku to the *Geppo* editor. It will be published in the next issue with your name, along with other members' "narcissus" poems.



"brief visit," photo by Marilyn Ashbaugh.

Minutes of the Annual Membership Business Meeting—August 13, 2022

Mimi Ahern

The annual YTHS business meeting began with Christine Stern, Zoom manager, welcoming new members. Those present included (new members indicated with an *): Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Bona M. Santos, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, David Sherertz, Dyana Basist, Elizabeth Andrews *, Jeannie Rueter, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Judith Schallberger, Kath Abela Wilson, Kathy Goldbach, Linda Papanicolaou, Lynn Halley Allgood*, Marilyn Gehant, Mark Hollingsworth*, Michael Henry Lee, Michael Sheffield, Michèle Turchi, Mimi Ahern, Neal Whitman, Patricia Machmiller, Patrick Gallagher, Paula Sears*, Richard Subber*, Roger Abe, Sandy Ball, Sari Grandstaff*, and William Burlingame.

To honor the indigenous people who first lived in California where Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is based, *Dōjin* Patricia Machmiller introduced Michèle Turchi, who shared her recent research. *The Yurok Tribe, located in northern California along the Klamath River, is spearheading the Northern California Condor Restoration Program to bring condors back over their lands. It's estimated that none have flown there since 1892, and bringing them back signifies progress toward restoration of the Yurok culture and traditions. So far this year four condors trained to live in the wild have been released, and another four will be released in the fall. See YurokTribe.org for more information and a live feed of the birds' release.*

Thanking Michèle for her comments and for housing all the YTHS books, President Carolyn Fitz began the business meeting, acknowledging that Zoom has made it possible for us to gather in a way that allows more members to participate, including those from other states. At this meeting, there were seven present from beyond California—Florida, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, Washington, and Wisconsin. Carolyn explained the three parts of the meeting: reports by chairpersons and contributors, election of new officers, and planning the 2023 calendar, to be led by the new president.

Reports:

Recording Secretary Alison Woolpert takes notes at meetings and is responsible for submitting meeting reports to *Geppo*; however, she could not be present today. Alison wanted to acknowledge and thank the members who have helped her this year with reports: Mimi Ahern, Eleanor Carolan, and J. Zimmerman.

Treasurer Patricia Machmiller reported that finances are in good order with cash on hand of \$25,672.26. Membership dues pay for *Geppo*, the yearly anthology, and its mailing. Retreat fees pay for the guest speaker's honorarium. This year Patricia helped organize the digitizing of all *Geppo*, including the redaction of personal information, beginning with the first issue in 1978. With the completion of this project, the whole history of YTHS will be available online.

Tokutomi Contest Chair Kath Abela Wilson, thanking Patricia Machmiller and Phillip Kennedy for their assistance, shared the following statistics: 75 poets submitted 376 haiku, of which one-third were eliminated due to incorrect kigo or syllable usage. Kath Abela offered to send an informational email to all those who submitted, referring them to J. Zimmerman's article on kigo: "When the Moon Can Stand Alone" (yths.org). This was met with approval of those present. Christine Stern noted that the definitive

reference used to check word syllable count is *The American Heritage Dictionary*, available online. Asked if the contest breaks even, Kath Abela said the fees cover the prizes and their mailing. She added that there are two judges who are reading the haiku together in the quiet woods of Japan this month!

Geppo Editor Johnnie Johnson Hafernik thanked her *Geppo* team of Associate Editor Christine Stern, Layout Editor Jeannie Rueter, Proofreader J. Zimmerman, and Tallyman David Sherertz for a stellar publication and added how much she enjoys the interaction with people who send haiku to *Geppo*. She shared the following August 2021-2022 statistics from submissions to *Geppo*. The averages are: 230 haiku were published in the *kukai*; of the 66 members who submitted to *Geppo*, 98% submitted haiku for the *kukai*, 74% submitted a Challenge Kigo, and 83% voted.

Johnnie thanked everyone who contributes to *Geppo*—those who submit haiku, as well as article writers and featured artists. Thanking those who email expressions of appreciation, she noted one referring to *Geppo* as a “wonderful and beautiful gift.” She concluded by saying, “We, the *Geppo* Team, are heartened and appreciative of the support, encouragement, and feedback from members. Thank you for making *Geppo* a success!”

Webminder David Sherertz reported that the YTHS website is functioning “reasonably well,” and he asked members to let him know if things are not working as expected. He added that the redesigned website is three years old and not “flashy” (which he likes), but he welcomes ideas for improvements. Carolyn Fitz added a tribute to Patrick Gallagher who created the first YTHS website.

Greeter Dyana Basist reported that since the last business meeting there have been 23 new members. Each new member receives a package of YTHS “happiness” with a letter written by Dyana, along with a PDF of the current *Geppo* sent by the editor. She also mails a package to potential members who are brought to her attention. Greeter Kathy Goldbach invites nonmembers submitting to the Tokutomi Contest to join YTHS.

Carolyn Fitz thanked Retreat Chair Carol Steele for her years of creative retreat planning. Carol reported that Lenard D. Moore will be our guest speaker. Other presentations will include a *kukai* hosted by Emiko Miyashita; a *ginkō* by Patrick Gallagher; a haiga and photo art workshop with Linda Papanicolaou; and a presentation by Phillip Kennedy, “Shorter Kigo in Japanese Haiku Practice.” Bona M. Santos reported that she works with Patricia Machmiller and Jeannie Rueter to register those who sign up for the retreat.

Membership Recorder Jeannie Rueter keeps the current roster, which is sent to the president and *Geppo* editor. She monitors the PO Box in Monterey, where she picks up checks and mail for YTHS. She reported that there are currently 134 members, with 15 new members added in 2022. Carolyn Fitz thanked Jeannie for printing the labels for mailing the anthology and for being layout editor of *Geppo*.

Vice President Linda Papanicolaou reported that the anthology is now at the printer with 160 copies ordered and projected to be ready for mailing by the end of August. Carolyn thanked Linda for “rising to the occasion” and completing the anthology production for Patrick Gallagher. She also thanked Elaine and Neal Whitman for editing the anthology again this year.

Spring Reading Coordinator Roger Abe will continue to organize the yearly event and reported that we need to decide if the 2023 reading will be in person or on Zoom.

Carolyn Fitz concluded the first part of the meeting with the words, “It has been an honor and privilege to be your president of YTHS, which is near and dear to my heart. I am happy to hand over the presidency at this time.”

Election of Officers:

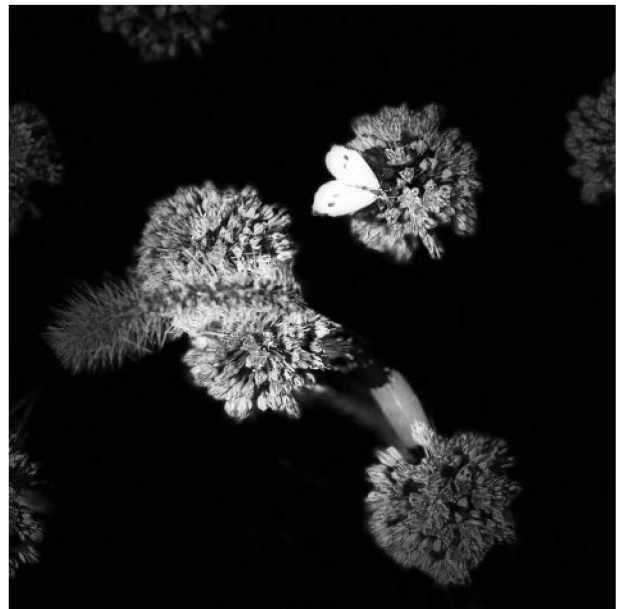
Patricia Machmiller presented, for the approval of the membership, the nomination committee’s candidates for the two open offices: Linda Papanicolaou for president and Marilyn Gehant for first vice president. Carolyn asked if there were any nominations from the floor. There were none. Christine Stern conducted an online poll for each office. Both candidates received unanimous votes by the 26 people voting online. With the words, “I look forward to her leadership,” Carolyn Fitz turned the meeting over to Linda Papanicolaou, who in turn thanked Carolyn for her gracious, inspirational presidency, adding that she has been wonderful to work with.

Calendar of Activities:

President Linda Papanicolaou began by announcing the need for a new retreat chairperson and mentioned, as well, other positions yet to be confirmed. The 2023 Calendar will include a mix of Zoom and in-person meetings and will appear in *Geppo*, as well as at the yths.org website.

Newly elected First Vice President Marilyn Gehant concluded the meeting by saying she was happy to “back up the band.” As a transplant from the Midwest, she has enjoyed the warmth and hospitality of YTHS, and she is pleased to serve the society.

“cabbage white on allium,”
photo by Marilyn Ashbaugh.



“*Momiji* and Related Season Words” Presented on Zoom by Phillip R. Kennedy—September 9, 2022

J. Zimmerman

Dōjin Phillip R. Kennedy, who has studied Japanese since 2000, enlightened 39 YTHS members with his Zoom presentation, “*Momiji* and Related Season Words.” *Momiji* (“crimson leaves” or “colored leaves”) is a core seasonal concept of Japanese aesthetics and culture, even as much as the moon or cherry blossoms. Phillip spoke of season words as “the strongest tools for haiku,” inviting us to think of them as pigments that we can use in our poems to explore how they mix and react with different words and ideas.

Momiji is the word most used in Japanese haiku to symbolize the important and classical beauty of autumn leaves changing color, particularly toward red. A second word, *kōyō* (wri~en with different kanji and appearing less frequently), is mostly used for leaves that are changing color toward yellow as autumn proceeds.

Phillip called autumn, when the life-giving powers of the sun diminish, the season of beauty yet also melancholy. He stated three key poetic meanings of autumn: (1) relief from summer’s extreme heat (experienced especially in early autumn); (2) invigorating coolness and freshness with clean and clear air (chiefly mid-autumn); and (3) the melancholy of approaching winter (typically late autumn). These seasonal attributes make particular sense when we remember that the Japanese autumn has the autumn equinox at its mid-point. Therefore, it begins in early August and ends in early November. At the start of the Japanese autumn, changes in leaf color are subtle, gradually strengthening as autumn develops.

Momiji, for dramatically crimson leaves, appears in the haiku of October, quite late in autumn. The word can be used with the name of any appropriate tree, but most frequently for the Japanese maple. Poets use *kōyō* for leaves of the ginkgo, poplar, and others that turn yellow. Another late-autumn season word is “blazing” or “shiny-colored leaves” (*teri-ha*), capturing the glossy shine of colored leaves in sun on a clear autumn day.

Throughout, Phillip enriched our understanding by quoting and discussing recent and historical Japanese examples. He presented each hokku in three ways: in the original Japanese kanji and syllabics, in romaji showing pronunciation, and in his own translations. This hokku is by Buson with Phillip’s romaji and translation:

yama kurete momiji no aka o ubaikeri
the hills grow dusk / and steal away / the colored leaves’ crimson

Phillip commented that dusk (“the waning power of the sun”) was making the beauty of the leaves disappear.

By contrast, when color begins to develop in early October, the phrase “first crimson leaves” (*hatsu-momiji*) is used. The phrase “mottled crimson leaves” (*usu-momiji*) also appears in early October, when it captures the state of leaves mosaicked with different colors. An example by Bashō with Phillip’s romaji and translation, is:

irozuku ya tōfu ni ochite usu-momiji
it changes color / the tofu receiving / mottled crimson leaves

For the fuller color of late October, Phillip introduced several other delightful season words. One is “colored-leaf hunting” (*momiji-gari*). This does not mean collecting leaves but refers to the action of traveling to see and appreciate colored leaves on the trees. The feeling inspired is celebratory.

Later, when autumn is about to turn to winter, one sees colored leaves on the trees while colored leaves are also falling. For this the Japanese use the phrase “colored leaves and falling leaves” (*momiji katsuchiru*). Similarly for yellow leaves extremely late in autumn, they use “falling and fallen yellow leaves” (*kōraku*).

Finally we reach early winter, which is late November for the Japanese. One seasonal phrase that emphasizes the vibrant beauty and brightness is “falling colored leaves” (*momiji-chiru*). Another early-winter phrase shifts to a more austere sense of beauty amid barrenness, expressed by “winter-colored leaves” (*fuyu momiji*), the leaves that hang on their tree late, even if they are damaged by rain or frost.

Phillip concluded that the concept of colored autumn leaves is a huge topic, one of the most classical and aesthetic in the *haikai* world, and it has many related season words in addition to those he could fit into his presentation. He highlighted the essential need for us to consider how every season word fits into the season itself, in order to grasp a season word’s full meaning. Encouraging us to keep seasonal relationships in mind when we create haiku, he inspired us to have our work show that we are conscious of each relationship, whether we are following the traditional sense of a relationship or writing against it.

Attendees were Alison Woolpert, Amy King, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy (Zoom co-host), Betty Arnold, Beverly Acuff Momoi, Bona M. Santos, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, Clysta Seney, Doug Profit, Dyana Basist, Elizabeth Andrews, Greg Longenecker, Helen Ogden, J. Zimmerman, Jackie Chou, Jeannie Rueter, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Judith Schallberger, Kath Abela Wilson, Larry Grondahl, Linda Papanicolaou, Lois Scott, Lynn Halley Allgood, Marilyn Ashbaugh, Marilyn Gehant, Michael Henry Lee, Michael Sheffield, Mimi Ahern (Zoom host), Patricia J. Machmiller, Paula Sears, Reiko Seymour, Ruth Holzer, Sari Grandstaff, Sharon Yee, Sigrid Saradunn, Wakako Rollinger, and William Burlingame.

Seven New Yuki Teikei *Dōjin* Introduced Oct 7, 2022 at the YTHS Haiku Retreat on Zoom

Patricia J. Machmiller and Christine Stern

For the first time in many years, Yuki Teikei has established a process for recognizing YTHS members who have become accomplished haiku writers and who have shown their willingness to serve our haiku community as mentors, officers, editors, speakers, and volunteers. Serving on the *Dōjin* Selection Commi~ee were *Dōjin* Phillip Kennedy, Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia Machmiller, *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita, *Dōjin* Hiroyuki Murakami, and Board Representative Christine Stern. The selection process was rigorous. Each applicant had to demonstrate a long-term commitment of service to YTHS and a record of high haiku achievement that included wide recognition and awards. In addition, the applicant was required to submit 50 haiku for consideration by the commi~ee.

Murakami wrote, “The *dōjin* selection procedure brought me a pleasant surprise; I discovered many beautiful haiku from all the candidates. It made me feel like I was in a great modern haiku library!”

The following members were recommended for this great honor:

Roger Abe

is recognized for his exceptional bond with nature and his use of haiku to encourage people of all ages to connect with the natural world through the Santa Clara Open Space Authority and Bay Area Older Adults. He shares his enthusiasm for Tanabata by bringing the folktale to life at the annual YTHS celebration. He has been a YTHS member, mentor, and workshop leader for 28 years. In 1984 Roger initiated the Tea House Reading, now known as the Spring Reading, and he has continued to direct it each year.

perched on the top shelf / the old baseball mi~ catches / autumn sunset

incessant chirp-chirp / walking up to the cricket / it stops and i stop

Mimi Ahern

is an award-winning haiku poet who mentors a new member whose haiku have received top votes in *Geppo* and have been recognized elsewhere. She has an unfailing ability to a~ract talented people to do the work that needs to be done for YTHS. Her skills at organizing, communicating, and mediating, and her strong, quiet leadership made her an outstanding president, contest chair, and anthology editor.

depth of December / she’s held / in his wingback chair

spa~ered and faded / his index card recipe / of navy bean soup

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

wrote on her *dōjin* application that she grew up around individuals who had a sense of place and ones who valued simple, ordinary things, what Kierkegaard might call “the accidental and insignificant things

in life”—bumble bees around the wisteria, a smile from a friend, the smell of imminent rain, picking dewberries along the railroad tracks. This sensitivity to the “accidental and insignificant” beautifully informs her haiku and haiga. She is the tirelessly committed editor of *Geppo*, who has generated substantive content, expanded its reach, and encouraged greater participation from members.

short night / the whistle of a train / fills the small town

(trans. Hiroyuki Murakami)

almost dusk / at the ends of tall grass / sleeping wasps

Linda Papanicolaou

is the current president of YTHS and has served for a number of terms as vice president. She is a teacher by instinct and training. An artist and haiga expert, she has introduced haiku writers to digital art and technology through her online workshops. With a deep respect for kigo, she has been a first-place Tokutomi contest winner and has received nine honorable mentions. One vision for the future of YTHS is to help expand awareness of kigo and all the kigo resources available to haiku poets.

greening of street trees / a lab tech at the bus stop / still wearing her scrubs

an eighth grader’s voice / changes during announcements— / these lengthening days

Neal Whitman

is haiku editor of *Pulse: Voices from the Heart of Medicine*. He and his wife, Elaine, have served as YTHS anthology editors for the past two years. He mentors a young student in haiku writing. Known for his humor and an interest in current events, his work is nationally and internationally recognized. He has placed in the Tokutomi haiku contest, and over the years he has also received seven honorable mentions, two just this year.

the rib cage / of a beached row boat— / nesting sandpipers

pumpkin vines / need room to spread— / when will schools open

Alison Woolpert

has been an active member of YTHS for 22 years. She has served as contest coordinator, vice-president, then president, and is now serving as recording secretary. She is the First-Place Winner of the 2022 Haiku Society of America Haiku Awards and the First Place Winner of the YTHS 2022 Tokutomi Contest. She has fostered community outreach by organizing haiku booths and contests for Santa Cruz public schools and the Wakamatsu Farm Festival (celebrating the first Japanese colony in America) and helping to arrange a haiku exchange between haiku poets in Santa Cruz and its sister-city, Shingu, Japan.

barefoot / a bride wrings seawater / out of her train

HSA winner:

harvest festival / jars of fig jam / full of galaxies

J. Zimmerman

is an award-winning poet, book reviewer, contest judge, and scholar. Her articles have been widely published in journals in North America and Europe. Her haiku have been translated into Japanese, Chinese, and German. She created the “Buson One Hundred Haiku Challenge” and a “Challenge to Try Fixed-Form Haiku.” Her research on gender of haiku poets has been published in journals. She is currently writing a series on important literary influences on Bashō’s writing.

silkworms / cocooned / in their small voices

spring morning / doing something new / with pink scarves

Phillip Kennedy said, and the commi~ee enthusiastically agreed, that these seven members of YTHS are all pillars of the Society. Their haiku styles are both diverse and at the same time firmly placed in the Tokutomis’ haiku tradition. As *dōjin*, they will add greatly to the Society’s productivity and growth.

***A Must Watch — Hidden Histories of San Jose—Yuki Teikei
Haiku Society: from Japantown to the World***

Learn more about YTHS and be inspired by watching a recently released video about Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi and the early days of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. This professionally produced video is part of the “Hidden Histories of San Jose” project and can be viewed on YouTube at <https://tinyurl.com/HiddenHistoryYTHS>



“ant on the milkweed,”
photo by Marilyn Ashbaugh.

Firefly Invitations: Bashō Learns from Danrin

J. Zimmerman

In this third article in a series about significant literary influences on the evolving poetic style of Bashō, I focus on the informality of Danrin.

Until 1672, Bashō continued to live in the vicinity of Kyoto and to develop skills with linked verse, particularly in the style of Teimon (Zimmerman, 2022). Bashō then moved to Edo (now Tokyo) and began the third step in his poetic development: to explore the feisty Danrin approach. The name Danrin was originally a Buddhist term for “an academy of doctrinal experts” (Keene, 572). The founders of the Danrin style of spontaneity and wit chose that name for themselves, and I suspect not entirely with self-mockery in mind.

The Danrin founder and leader was Nishiyama Sōin (1605-1682). Initially Sōin studied classical *renga* in Kyoto. While still young he moved to the trading city Osaka, discarding much of the Teimon formality, aesthetics, and respect for ancient poetry. Sōin practiced and taught *haikai no renga* particularly to merchants and other non-academics. His Danrin school encouraged a wide range of modern topics taken from lived experience. The school expanded the use of allowed words and even included vulgarities, similar to the pre-Teimon *haikai no renga* vocabulary.

In Edo, by 1672, Bashō’s poetry began:

to display the characteristics of the Danrin school ... [enjoying] greater freedom in subject matter, imagery, tone, and poetic composition. Courtly topics were subject to parody and classical allusions were given ‘haikai twists.’ Verbal wit continued to be used, but more to advance the ... unorthodox perspective than to display classical erudition (Barnhill, 11).

With his change of focus from Teimon to Danrin, Bashō started to use the poetry name Tōsei, meaning “Green Peach” (Reichhold, 35). In 1675, Bashō was invited to meet Sōin, who was visiting Edo from Osaka to meet Danrin poets. Bashō was requested to collaborate on a 100-link *renga* with the Danrin poets, who accepted eight of his links. At a 1676 *renga* party Bashō gave this hokku, which called Tokyo unclean in body and spirit:

viewing a mountain moon / rarely is it seen so clear / in dirty old Tokyo
(Reichhold, 39)

In addition to differences in topics and vocabulary, distinctions between Teimon and Danrin flourished in the linkages in *haikai no renga* sequences. For Teimon poets, a link was often connected through a classical precedent. Jonsson (194) categorized the Teimon-style links as “word links” or “linking by words.” A linkage could also be an association of allowed non-classical words or of homophonic words in links that were puns (Shirane, 85).

Meanwhile, Danrin favored linking on narrative or content. In this style, an “added verse [was] joined to the previous verse by cause and effect, narrative development, scenic extension, temporal progression,

or any other logical connection based on ‘content’” (Shirane, 87). Jonsson (196) categorized the Danrin-style as links “usually not associated with feelings and expression but with mind and logic ... a link to the meaning of a verse as a totality, and not a link to single isolated words.”

Another shocking-to-traditionalists aspect of Danrin was that it allowed extra syllables if the sense benefited (Addiss, 68). For example, in this 1678 poem, Bashō’s Japanese sound pattern is not 5-7-5 but 8-7-5 in the romaji transliteration of his poem where he jokes in a Danrin way that he is not a victim of improperly prepared (i.e., deadly) globefish:

ara nani tomo na ya / kinō wa sugite / fukutojiru
 well—nothing’s happened / and yesterday’s come and gone! / blowfish soup
 (Barnhill, 23)

This similar translation makes an apt use of “passed away”:

well nothing happened / yesterday has passed away / with globefish soup
 (Reichhold, 43)

The differences between Teimon and Danrin caused:

a period of polemical criticism unrivaled in Japanese literary history. Most of the works of so-called criticism consisted in nothing more than a defense of the writer’s own school, generally on moral rather than literary grounds The long and unedifying exchange of blasts and counterblasts was to end only when the Danrin school finally triumphed in the 1680s (Keene, 48).

Although the Danrin school is rarely mentioned in English-language journals, the Danrin spirit glances out of many a senryu. From a recent *Geppo* (XLVII:2), this 5-7-5 haiku (more accurately, a senryu with a kigo) perhaps shows a modern Danrin humor:

a gust of Spring breeze / upon leaving the health club / oops—zip up the fly!
 (David Keim, 15)

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MEMBERSHIP DUES

YTHS membership is for the calendar year. The quarterly *Geppo* haiku work-study journal and annual YTHS anthology are only available to members with paid memberships. Your current membership expires in December, and **dues for 2023 are due January 1!** Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any 2023 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.

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

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- Linda Papanicolaou, President
- Marilyn Gehant, 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 want it printed. Please no attachments. Please send only one email per submission period.

You may submit

- Up to **four haiku** appropriate to the season. They will be printed without your name and identified by a number for appreciation and study.
- **One Challenge Kigo** Haiku that uses the current issue’s Challenge Kigo. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to **ten votes for haiku** in the current issue 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 - 2023

As pandemic precautions are lifted, we hope to have more YTHS gatherings in person. But we will still hold some meetings on Zoom to include our members who are far afield. This year and next we will have both types of meetings—a hybrid approach. Stay tuned for updates and Zoom invitations. Be safe, everyone.

November 12 Zoom 11:00—1:00 Pacific	Presentation and workshop with Mark Hollingsworth, “Tease Out What’s Already There: Playful Rewriting Workshop.”
December 10 Zoom 11:00—1:00 Pacific	Annual Holiday Party—Participants will send haiku/haiga to Christine Stern by Dec. 4 Patrick Gallagher will present a slideshow with photos of past in-person events. We’ll have a virtual potluck with everyone sharing holiday recipes, and be sure to have a beverage on hand for a remote toast.
January 1	YTHS membership dues for 2023 are due. Membership details are on page 39, and more information is online at yths.org , under the tab: “Join.”
January 14 Zoom 11:00—1:00 Pacific	“The Tokutomi Memorial Contest Unveiling: 2023 Kigo Words, Pointers, and Tips.” Presentation by Kath Abela Wilson and Patricia Machmiller.
January 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
February 11 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	“Transitions: Winter to Spring: A Round-Table Discussion.” Facilitated by Patricia Machmiller.
March 11 TBD	<i>More to come!</i>
April 8 TBD	<i>More to come!</i>
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
May 5 TBD	YTHS Spring Reading. Organized by Roger Abe.
May 31	Submission deadline for the 2023 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest.
June 10	Haibun Workshop. <i>Details to come!</i>
July 8 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	Tanabata—Participants will send haiku and haiga to Christine Stern in advance for a slideshow. Roger will also perform his dramatized presentation of the Tanabata story.
July 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
August 12 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	YTHS All-Member Annual Meeting and Planning for 2024 on Zoom. Please join the Zoom session 15 minutes early, so the meeting can begin on time. Hosted by YTHS President Linda Papanicolaou.
September 1	Deadline for registration and payment for YTHS Haiku Retreat.
October 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com