

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXVII:4

July—August 2012

Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation – Carol Steele, Editor

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|------|--|------|--|
| 9150 | round and round the baby
sparrow spins in the filter. . .
the whirl pool of life | 9161 | Canada Day cake—
they give me a piece
with part of a word |
| 9151 | humming to sleep
with singing crickets
summer heat | 9162 | dandelion!
with a good shake
the bugs fall off |
| 9152 | flat on my back
taking my Perseid shower
before dawn | 9163 | the yellow moon
polishing a floor
in the breezeway |
| 9153 | so hot
slow walk
in cadence | 9164 | a warm night . . .
from the hill-top,
other hills |
| 9154 | the rookery
abandoned by the herons
an omen? | 9165 | summer thunder –
the child covers his ears
with his baseball cap |
| 9155 | in the attic
reading my old comic books
summer doldrums | 9166 | summer shade
the sound of the river
tumbling stones |
| 9156 | in a garden
cloaked in silver moonlight
—deep peace | 9167 | afternoon sun –
reading the haiku boulders
a group of poets |
| 9157 | the only sound
his graveside flag
snapping in the wind | 9168 | summer heat
an unexpected blaze
of peonies |
| 9158 | early morning drizzle
having the beach
to myself | 9169 | cats' ears and dandelion clocks
wind-borne
heat of summer |
| 9159 | summer rain—
the rattle
of jade leaves | 9170 | red green blue white
celebrating the night
aurora borealis |
| 9160 | box turtles
basking on flat rocks—
eternity | 9171 | viewing telescope
a soap bubble wobbles
across Mount Fuji |

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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 9172 | wind-blown snow
in the pink Mount Fuji dawn
earthquake aftershock | 9186 | 98 Fahrenheit...
this Universe shall happen
to other people |
| 9173 | winter grasses
on the slopes of Mount Fuji
a priest dreams | 9187 | brief summer squall
an oversize lily pad
conforms to the waves |
| 9174 | giggles of children...
squishing the creek bottom
between their toes | 9188 | comes rain
the green lichen on the stone wall
becomes a path of water |
| 9175 | a tree falls...
the whole forest
shudders | 9189 | last week his scat
now remnants of seckel pears
scattered by resident raccoon |
| 9176 | lazy afternoon...
nothing but the stirring
of leaves and my thoughts | 9190 | beech black gingko grey
light leaches from sky
slowly slowly |
| 9177 | my lover man
never smokes after the fire
year of the dragon | 9191 | the last frisbee
sails across
cobalt sky |
| 9178 | beads of sweat
dripping down an iced tea glass
how i long for you | 9192 | creek trail riders meet
woman with a plastic sack
summer paddy fields |
| 9179 | i leave
a glass of wine
for the fruit flies | 9193 | finger gently squeezed
by a seahorse tail...
sea of clouds |
| 9180 | dog day heat
making faces at the baby
window washers | 9194 | swimmers swim green sea
turtle to a black sand beach
nesting TAG flurry |
| 9181 | rejoicing
after the music lesson
ice cream cones | 9195 | Eerie scimitars
of sunlight along the wall
as eclipse passes. |
| 9182 | rock music
through the open window
first cricket song | 9196 | Kinetic motion -
wild waving wisteria
in a gentle breeze. |
| 9183 | tip-toeing through the
minefield of my sister's mind-
summer thistles | 9197 | Exchanging name tags
winner and paraplegic -
Olympic spirit. |
| 9184 | who's been tending this
chapel by the summer sea—
beauty or grief? | 9198 | foggy morning
a t'ai chi class moves as one
balanced in the sand |
| 9185 | one woodpecker drums
her mating call—sinking deeper
into solitude | 9199 | the sun peeks
through low cumulus clouds
the taste of salt air |
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- | | | | |
|------|---|------|---|
| 9200 | pen in hand
struggling to find the meter
Summer Olympics | 9214 | throughout the night
a cricket shares its tempo . . .
pillow talk |
| 9201 | sprinklers on
hue of colors
summer morning | 9215 | when a scented breeze
glides over my skin . . .
holiness |
| 9202 | in a paddle of melted ice
a lone little brown bird:
triple digits | 9216 | fall conference
the <i>spin</i> at all the tables
with <i>lazy Susans</i> |
| 9203 | his stained coffee mug
sits on top of TV set
cool summer morning | 9217 | hidden moon—
above nameless bunch grasses
some kind of tree |
| 9204 | fireworks
even my dog watches
in awe | 9218 | October 2nd
the stock boy's new display
of nutcrackers |
| 9205 | summer rain
tired grass
stiff again | 9219 | snug in the saucer
wound around the flower pot
gopher snake dozing |
| 9206 | gentle slope
leading to mystery...
summer gorge | 9220 | flagstones
going into the garden
proof of the snail |
| 9207 | coopers hawk
high up in the dead tree
watches me watching him | 9221 | end of summer
the whole ripe plum in my palm
holding a seed |
| 9208 | hot moonless night
nothing stirring except
my fevered heart | 9222 | migrating monarch
having come far to see me
your one jagged wing |
| 9209 | on the patio
a full moon and the
smell of skunk | 9223 | the old oak stands straight
held tight by rusty wires
polio now obsolete |
| 9210 | one pelican aloft
at the sailboater's park
—midsummer breeze | 9224 | green mountains
sitting Buddha coated
in green |
| 9211 | history park—
backlit by afternoon sun—
dancing midges | 9225 | scent of wet dog
in the kneehole of my desk
childhood summers |
| 9212 | obscuring
the cold war radar tower
—summer mist | 9226 | fawn stretching for leaves
the great V-for-victory
his velvet ears |
| 9213 | from a few sips
of coconut water . . .
short night vespers | 9227 | as father scolds
the brush tangles in her hair
sheet lightening |
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Challenge Kigo Haiku - Inchworm

"focused"
the bird spies the worm
in the arch of its loop
~ Janis Lukstein

on my belly...
inching along watching
an inch worm
~Ann Bendixen

thin inchworm
measuring out
these latter years
~Ruth Holzer

Dangling by a thread
inchworm gyrating about
measuring mid-air.
~David Sheretz

little by little
the inchworm loops along
an upheld stick
~ Patricia Prime

inchworm
inch by inch it moves
to its destination
~Majo Leavick

inchworm
soon to be
a lady of the night
~Genie Nakano

inchworm
free lesson on the letter
omega
~John J. Han

a stiff breeze
two inchworms meet
on a twitching leafstem
~Richard St. Clair

near to my nose
those tiny green grippers
at the inchworm's end
~June Hymas

inchworm
on a journey
to be measured
~Barbara Campitelli

proofreading
page after page . . .
inchworm duty
~Judith Schallberger

"Culture springs
from my genetic sequences."
writings of the inchworm
~Zinovy Vayman

the semi grinding
up over the mountain pass—
Inchworm
~Patricia Machmiller

entranced child
Danny Kaye sings
inchworm
~ Christine Michaels

inchworm
measuring his twig
by his own length
~Christine Homer

Challenge Kigo – Goldenrod (*awadachiso*) by Ebba Story

The brilliant yellow blossoms of goldenrod are a common sign of autumn's arrival. *Solidago* species are native to eastern North America and to Eurasia. The *Western Garden Book* states that goldenrod “enlivens the garden with large, branching clusters of small bright yellow flowers. Blossoms are carried on leafy stems that rise from tough, woody, spreading rootstocks. Leaves are narrow, generally linear to lance shaped.” It recommends that these tough plants be used in informal borders or can be naturalized in west coast meadows. Unfortunately, goldenrod is mistakenly blamed for autumn allergies but this false accusation is due to its blooming at the same time as the true culprits. In San Francisco's florist shops, I've seen goldenrod beautifully combined with other autumn blossoms and reddening leaves. It seems humorously odd to see the tall, wild weeds from my childhood so formally displayed. How far some of us have come!

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the golden-rod—
 Some of us call it Autumn
And others call it God. *

I memorized all of “Each in His Own Tongue” years ago and have often recited it to myself on solitary walks, even through the nighttime streets of the City. Reciting poetry out loud simultaneously activates both sides of the brain. I recited poems to myself for many years before I learned of this mental benefit. Poems fill my mind and heart with beauty and gratitude. The memory of breezy golden clouds of goldenrod nodding over the fencerows has me still smiling just now. I feel the stirring of autumn's changes.

escaped canary—
hearing his song somewhere
in the goldenrod

Patricia Neubauer**

ginger's sweet bite
in the trail mix
 goldenrod

Ebba Story

* From “Each in His Own Tongue” by William Herbert Carruth (1859-1924)

** Haiku World: An International Poetry Almanac. William J. Higginson. Kodansha. 1996.

**July—August 2012
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPP0 Readers**

another season
without my father's laughter—
a whippoorwill's call
~Judith Schallberger

early spring
a raven's wing
slices through spring
~Michael Sheffield

summer heat—
a rooster enjoys
a long dust bath
~June Hymas

state fair—
the liquid-eyed llama
spits in my face
~Ruth Holzer

cicada shells-
another tear over
some silly thing
~Michael Henry Lee

cutting words
then the familiar
makeup roses
~Beverly Momoi

ebb tide-
at the end of the day
what was meant to be
~Michael Henry Lee

**Members' Votes for
July—August Haiku**

Neal Whitman—9078-2, 9079-5, 9080-1
Michael McClintock—9081-5, 9082-3, 9083-5
Joan Zimmerman—9084-2, 9085-3, 9086-2
Michael Henry Lee—9087-1, 9088-7, 9089-6
Elinor Huggett—9090-4, 9091-5, 9092-3
Patricia Prime—9093-4, 9094-3, 9095-3
Ruth Holzer—9096-5, 9097-2, 9098-7
Joan H.Ward—9099-0, 9100-3, 9101-2
Genie Nakano—9102-2, 9103-4, 9104-1
Beverly Momoi—9105-6, 9106-0, 9107-2
David Sheretz—9108-1, 9109-1, 9110-1
Ann Bendixen—9111-3, 9112-0, 9113-3
Kevin Goldstein-Jackson—9114-1, 9115-1,
9116-1
Michael Sheffield—9117-3, 9118-1, 9119-8
Toni Homan—9120-2
John J. Han—9127-1, 9128-1
Alison Woolpert—9129-2, 9130-1, 9131-1
Judith Schallberger—9132-11, 9133-1, 9134-3
Richard St. Clair—9135-5, 9136-2, 9137-1
Majo Leavick—9138-0, 9139-0, 9140-4
Elaine Whitman—9141-2, 9142-1, 9143-3
June Hymas—9144-5, 9145-7, 9146-2
Teruo Yamagata—9147-1, 9148-0, 9149-3

Note—An error in the last GEPP0, duplication of 9124, 9125, and 9126 occurred. The poems are included in this issue. Also last month two poets were not identified. The poets and numbers are below.

Genie Nakano—9015-4, 9016-3, 9017-5
Ann Bendixen—9042-5, 9043-0, 9044-1

YTHS Tanka Writing and Revision Workshop (November 3rd, 2012)

Led by Joan Zimmerman and Patricia J Machmiller

YTHS is delighted to offer its second tanka workshop, the Tanka Revision Workshop, which will enhance your skills and insights into how to write and revise tanka. It will help you study your own tanka for emotional content, form, organization, vocabulary, sound, and grammar.

The registration for the workshop is full. If you are interested in being on a waiting list for the workshop (\$60 fee) or purchasing the *Tanka 101 Workbook* (\$30 including \$5 for p&p) please contact Patricia in person or at

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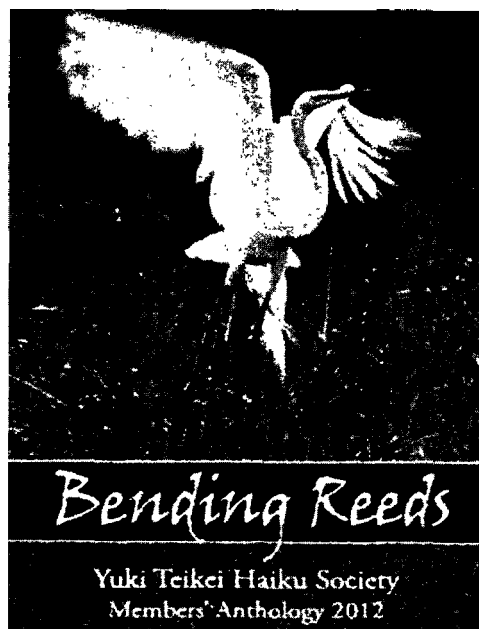
Available:

Bending Reeds

2012 YTHS Members' Anthology
edited by Patricia J. Machmiller
Price: \$14

In addition to haiku by 54 different haiku writers including Roger Abe, Deborah P. Kolodji, June Hopper Hymas, Patrick Gallagher, Wendy Wright, and Joan Zimmerman, this issue features the translations from Japanese of 52 haiku by Kai Hasegawa and 62 by Akito Arima.

Send orders to Judith Schallberger, Include your name and address and \$14.00 for each book plus postage (\$4.00 for one, \$5.50 for 2, \$7.50 for 3 or more).





Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

MOON VIEWING PARTY

with a special reading by tanka poet
Mariko Kitakubo

When: Saturday, October 27, 2012
6:00 PM

Where: Jean Hale's home

Telephone:

What: Potluck Dinner and Haiku Party

Bring a dish to share, but please, no peanuts or peanut content

Directions: Take *Rt. #85 South* to Blossom Hill Road. Turn *Left* and follow Blossom Hill Road for some distance. (You will cross Snell Ave. and further on Hellyer Road) On Farnsworth Rd. turn *Right* (The first stoplight that you come to) Farnsworth ends at a dead end light and you will turn *Left* onto San Felipe Road. Follow this until you see the sign for the "The Villages". Take the left lane to go through the Gate. Tell the gate keeper that you are going to a Haiku Party at Jean Hale's house. Once inside the Gate, go straight ahead to the first stop sign. Turn *Left*. Go to the next stop sign. Turn *Right*. Go into the parking lot on the left where there is an arrow pointing in. Jean's house is up the path on the right.

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Caught in the Breeze: Fifth Haiku Pacific Rim Conference 2012 **Asilomar State Seashore and Conference Center, September 5-9**

After a year of preparation, the Fifth Haiku Pacific Rim Conference 2012 convened on 5 September with a picnic at Point Lobos Nature Reserve. The Conference continued at Asilomar State Beach and Conference Center which provided conference facilities and lodging as well as the experience of the natural world of the Pacific coast. Scheduled events included the keynote address and inspirational contributions by Dr. Akito Arima, papers and presentations by many participants on haiku and allied forms, a ginko, a kukai, art workshops, and renku. Dr. Arima, leader of the Ten'i Haiku Group and Haiku International Association of Tokyo, was presented with an award for his contributions to the internationalization of haiku.

The founder of the Haiku Pacific Rim Conference, Jerry Ball, was on hand to greet the conferees, provide leadership in events, and initiate planning for future meetings in the series.

The Conference concluded on 9 September with a number of the conferees taking a scenic stroll in Carmel and a bus trip back to San Francisco. The enthusiastic appreciation expressed by many of the conferees during the last day convinced the organizers that the Conference had been a success.

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and the Haiku Poets of Northern California planned and conducted the Conference. These organizations and the Haiku Society of America, the Poetry Center of San Jose, the Ten'i Haiku Group, the Consulate of Japan San Francisco and many individuals, provided donations and special support. A full report is in preparation and will be provided in the next GEPPPO and online at haikupacificrim2012.com.

Fifth Haiku Pacific Rim Conference Renku

The art of renku writing was celebrated by a study session and an evening writing party. The four renku writing teams were led by Billy Dee, Patrick Gallagher, Linda Papanicolau, and Alan Pizzarelli. One of the renku is provided below. Others will be published in subsequent GEPPOs.

through cypress-branch curtains

Renku Master and Feudal Lord:

Patrick Gallagher.

Scribe and manager of little bits of paper:

Joan Zimmerman

Poets:

Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

Cherry Campbell

Genie Nakano

Hana Fujimoto,

H. Philip (Phil) Hsieh

Janis Lukstein

Johnnie Hafernik

Marcia Behar,

Phillip Kennedy

Zinovy Vayman

on the longest day
the reindeer feed all night

[Hana]

we didn't know
our brains contain
such daydreams

[Zinovy]

the results just in
poethookups.com goes live

[Marcia]

no roses
only what matters
the rock on her finger

[Johnnie]

autumn sunset —
yellow light spills through
cypress-branch curtains

[Amy]

she married three times
maybe there's a chance for me

[Patrick]

moon cakes offered
warm-hearted conversation

[Phil H]

aha, ho hum,
they dance through life
with gentle melancholy

[Genie]

the pewter bowl
filled to the brim
with Halloween candy

[Phillip K]

swimmers swoop in sync
seeking gold in green water

[Cherry]

a flute accompanies
the singing birds

[Janis L]

the wolf moon
knows all our secrets
no hiding anywhere

[Marcia]

abalone shell
glittering at the top
of the sandcastle

[Joan]

the temperature plummets
the stock market soars

[Johnnie]

so much pain
from stiletto heels
she pops a pill

[Marcia]

in their eyes
a flash of light or a wish
gives each a tremble

[Cherry]

Romney's inauguration
the grimace won't leave my face

[Cherry]

radiation monitor
the alarm goes off

[Patrick]

school project
origami cherry blossoms
in a thousand hands

[Genie]

September moon
lights the high road
to my home town

[Phil H]

pollen laces the edges
of the woodland puddle

[Zinovy]

circus convoy rattling
toward the Kansas state fair

[Phillip K]

the bells
on Chaucer's horse
brightly jingling

[Phillip K]

invisible
until the wind blows
a million monarchs

[Cherry]

I find the beer in Prague
cheaper than the water

[Johnnie]

the goddess grants me
another chance

[Patrick]

the TSA
gleefully confiscates
her stay-young cream

[Marcia]

deeper and deeper
into the matryoshka doll
the linden scent

[Zinovy]

midnight supermarket
awash with GMOs

[Joan]

life is good between
the spoon and the poem

[Phil H]

elbowing my way
through today's flash mob
harsh sun in my eyes

[Cherry]

discovered a blossom
that grows eternally
in my heart

[Marcia]

my summer pajamas wet
another naked night

[Marcia]

the kanji for spring written
with a giant horsehair brush

[Phillip K]

manic-depressive
she writes a haiku
every day

[Genie]

Finished at 12:15 a.m.

I wasn't shy
and neither were you

[Genie]

Dojins' Corner

May-June, 2012

Jerry Ball and Patricia Machmiller

Choices for the issue:

pjm: 0978*, 9082, 0983*, 9086, 9087, 9090, 9093, 9098, 9102, 9106, 9125, 9126, 9131, 9132, 9133, 9134, 9136, 9140, 9141, 9143, 9144*, 9145, 9146, 9148, 9149

jb: 9078, 81*, 83, 85, 88, 89, 90, 91*, 97, 99, 01, 02, 04, 19*, 28, 35, 43, 44

*selected for comment

9078 anemone flowers
opened by the wind
no longer longing

pjm: The feeling of relief, of consummation is so beautifully rendered here capturing a sensual almost erotic pleasure. The writing is graceful and has an ease about it that supports the sense of release. And there's the added pleasure when one discovers that another name for the anemone is windflower.

jb: I like the use of "anemone flowers". It's a non-common expression with a singular impact. Add to this that the flowers are "opened by the wind", and you have a nice scene.

I also note that this is a visual haiku. Any action has already taken place and readers are presented with the result—that their opening is something "longed for." The longing is over now as a kind of "gift" of the wind.

9081 this short night
all of our June stars
on the way to China

jb: This haiku is a personal statement, expressing the result of viewing the sky as a traveler. The traveler seems to have a familiarity with the "June stars." In times past this might have been a view of the constellations. All this is appropriate to navigation on a journey. For millennia one of the central metaphors of literature is "life is a journey," certainly an accumulation of June stars.

pjm: Interesting. Jerry sees the movement here as the speaker on a journey. I see the speaker motionless on a moving earth. I find this haiku bringing together wonder and transience. The wonder of the universe and the transience of life are squeezed together marvelously in three short lines. "Short night," a summer kigo, expresses the feeling of transience and has an element of wonder in it.—how quickly things pass. The last two lines are a unique expression of the wonder of watching stars disappear "on their way to China" due to the almost imperceptible rotation of the earth.

9083 bright Venus
the turtle's eyes
rinsed clean

jb: I like the sound of this haiku but I am lost as to a deeper meaning. Clearly there is an appropriate narrative here but it's beyond me. I await Patricia's comment.

pjm: This haiku caught my attention because of its unusual image. Jerry, I notice it caught your attention too. The combination of the turtle and Venus was intriguing, but, like you, I found its meaning was not immediately comprehensible. After a number of readings, I concluded this is a sea turtle (maybe stating that this is a sea turtle would help the reader) which, having laid her eggs—a labor of love—on the beach, is returning to the sea with "bright Venus," named for the goddess of love, on the horizon. Reading this poem gives me a feeling of the cosmic, and I was pleased to find that the turtle, in addition to being a summer kigo, has a rich symbolic significance in Asia. In Japan it was widely regarded as representing a tripartite cosmos: the domed upper shell being the heavens; the bottom shell, the earth or underworld; and the turtle's body, humankind. So under "bright Venus" the eyes of the cosmos are "rinsed clean." A startling perception, don't you think?

9091 breadcrumbs ...
all the ducks on the pond
deepen their paddle

jb: Here we have, an apparent cause and effect. The breadcrumbs appear (we're not told how) and the ducks react. But the "cause and effect" being stated, itself, is a cause with an effect. Don't we always go after the breadcrumbs? Well, not always I concede, but certainly often. So this haiku is a mirror of human behavior. The important idea then, is what are the breadcrumbs for us humans.

pjm: As you read this poem, you can feel the surge of energy as the ducks converge on the breadcrumbs. I like the ellipses after "breadcrumbs"—reminds me of . . . breadcrumbs!

9119 early spring
a raven's wing
slices through morning

jb: This haiku makes use of metaphor. The raven's wing "slices" through morning. Of course it might literally slice through "morning air" or some such physical thing . . . morning mist, morning rain . . . , but the more important thing is the slicing itself. The fact that it slices through "morning" seems to suggest the passage of time and the division of time into units. And what would be capable of doing such slicing? Well, a raven's wing, of course, and we, the readers, have a chance to witness.

pjm: Here is a very clear image; its meaning, however, eludes me. It is not necessary that there be meaning, per se. I could be satisfied with the sound of the words or the feeling conveyed if either of these was arresting enough in themselves. But the most compelling thing is the image of a raven's wing slicing the morning. I am ready to accept this metaphor, but I am left with a niggling question: what about this slicing wing makes me know it is early spring? How would its flight be different in summer? Or late fall? I'm guessing the writer knows what makes this flight unique to spring and that there is some small clue that has been left out.

9144 summer afternoon
I pluck an aromatic leaf
from her old garden

pjm: This poem wraps the reader in warmth—the warmth of a summer afternoon, the warmth of a garden, the warmth of a memory. The comfort of the image is immediate and palpable; you feel as though you are there in the garden smelling that particular leaf and remembering with fondness that former beloved gardener. The poem is written in a form close to the traditional five-seven-five form—very effective for a poem speaking of the tradition of a garden passed from one generation to the next.

jb: Here we have a literal haiku. Plucking an aromatic leaf is an empirical act. We can witness it. But since it is from "her" old garden (someone special) the leaf stands as symbol of another time, another place, and important.

Patricia and Jerry invite your response.
Please e-mail us at

or send your letters to Carol Steele in care of
*GEPP*O.

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New Chapbook Available

YTHS member Beverly Acuff Momoi's haibun collection, *Lifting the Towhee's Song*, has just been published by John Barlow's Snapshot Press and can be read online at: <http://www.snapshotpress.co.uk/ebooks.htm>

This chapbook was awarded a 2011 "Snapshot Press eChapbook Award" for haibun written after the earthquake and tsunami in Japan in March 2011. YTHS was the first to publish one of those haibun, "March 26, 2011," in our *Wild Violets 2011 Anthology*.

All of the award-winning eChapbooks are free on the Snapshot website. Also included on that website are opportunities to submit haiku eChapbooks to Snapshot Press, which last year published YTHS member Christopher Herold's *In the Margins of the Sea*.

2012 Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest Results

The winners of the 2012 Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi Contest were announced at the Fifth Haiku Pacific Rim Conference at Asilomar in Pacific Grove, California. Sakuo Nakamura of Tokyo, Japan painted a haiga for the first place winning haiku.

First prize of \$100:

frost-covered window
I add a rubber ducky
to the bubble bath

Roberta Beary

Second prize of \$50:

under the table
my knee touches my grandson's
the lengthening days

Gregory Longenecker

Third prize of \$25:

restless autumn sea
remnants of Fukushima
arrive at our shores

Margaret Chula

The following poems were awarded second honorable mention:

rising harvest moon
a tractor's headlights heading
down a distant road

Joan Iverson Goswell

spattered and faded
his index card recipe
of navy bean soup

Mimi Ahern

year of the dragon
my future mother-in-law
slips me her room key

Tracy Davidson

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

Linda Papanicolaou

with lengthening days
the sound of the dog's toenails
on a hardwood floor

Jerry Ball

Judging

The following poems were awarded first honorable mention:

your share of our life
fits neatly into boxes...
sky swallows return

Roberta Beary

making bean soup for
my old mother and humming
the songs she once hummed

Joan Iverson Goswell

reaching summer's end
a newspaper boat sets sail
for the horizon

Poppy Herrin

The judge of this year's contest was Emiko Miyashita, a long time friend of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Emiko san met Dr. Akito Arima and joined a Japanese haiku group in 1993. Since 1997, she has been writing haiku in both Japanese and in English. She has ten books of translations including *Santoka*, *Haiku*, and *Hyakunin Isshu: 100 Poets: Passions of the Imperial Court*, from PIE Books in Japan; translations of Dr. Arima's haiku, *Einstein's Century*, from Brooks Books in U.S.A. From January 2008 until March 2010, she judged and wrote an English-language haiku column with Michael Dylan Welch every first Sunday in the *Asahi Weekly* paper. Currently she is serving as a managing director for the English-Speaking Union of Japan, giving haiku workshop as one of their programs.

**Zigzag of the Dragonfly:
Reflections on Walking and Writing
Installment #7**

Patricia J. Machmiller

By now you must have assembled quite a few small poems. When you read through them, you may feel varying degrees of satisfaction—some may feel complete to you; others, not quite. At this point I'd like you to think about two aspects of your writing experience: the first is the original sensory perception that was the seed of each poem and the second is the words on the page. How do they match up?

To perform this examination, I'd like you to take each poem and conjure up the exact moment that was the sensory stimulation for the poem. Then read the words you have formed into a poem. Does reading the words on the page recreate the feeling that you initially felt? If they do, then you have succeeded. If they don't, don't despair—it only means the poem needs more work and, perhaps, time to germinate. It means that the sensory perception you had has not yet found its way into language.

Let's think about that process—going from an incoming sensation to words on a page describing it. How does it work? Perhaps on your walk something caught your eye—maybe the way the late afternoon sun had turned the neighbor's clapboard house a pale sepia and you thought of your grandmother and for a moment you expected her to appear on the porch, but then she didn't and you were startled that you felt so empty and all because the color of the light on your neighbor's house looked more tawny than usual. So you came back from your walk and tried to get that feeling into three lines—the color of the light, the clapboard house, your grandmother—maybe it was her hands, you remember, or her hair, or . . . she was on the porch—but then she wasn't.

my grandmother—
was it she on that stranger's porch
lingering daylight

Often as you're walking something sensory will hit you, but you're not clear about what it is—so you try to capture this vague feeling in words. This is the challenging part. Your brain has received an important incoming message. It has come in through your senses, not the thinking, conscious part of the brain. The sensation floods your brain with a feeling—happiness, pleasure, sadness, revulsion, loss—and you are left trying to find the words that will recreate this feeling through the image, or sound, or smell that you had detected. As the sensation washes through your brain, it fires off sparks that produce ideas, images, judgments, words—lots of words, an explosion of words all at once. Far more words than you can write down. In fact, you are able to write or speak only one word at a time so you have to make instant decisions about which word to write and let all the others go. By the time you have written four or five words the fireworks start to fade and the vast trove of words evaporates into the ether somewhere. As a writer, an important thing to know is that to be effective you need to get as close as you possibly can to that part of the brain that is spontaneously releasing images and words in response to a feeling. Value your subconscious, trust it. Become a student of yourself: notice how you think, what situation or condition (like walking) opens you up, what does it take for you to be critic free.

I'd like to spend a little time thinking about the selection process—that moment when your brain is offering a myriad of words for every word you write down. Because it is happening so fast, you have to choose one word out of hundreds. How do you know you chose the right word, the best word? The fact is, you don't. This is why I encourage you to keep all the words you did capture. Don't throw any of them away. They offer a way to go back to

the moment of the word explosion. How? By the sound. Sound is one path into the subconscious. As is walking. As an exercise I'd like you to go back to one of your poems that you feel is still not complete. Choose a word that doesn't convey the feeling you were trying to evoke. Make a list of words that rhyme with it and see if something better, more electric, doesn't appear in that list. Try this on several words. See what happens. Remember the brain is a pattern-maker, and it threw out hundreds of words all at once. Many of them probably rhymed with the first (and probably most common) word you chose.

After you have worked your way through all your poems in this manner seeking more highly charged (either in meaning or in sound or both) words, I would like you to identify all the poems you feel are complete. Type them all up on a piece of paper and place them in an envelope. Put a date on the envelope for four months from now, and place it in your desk drawer. This is the incubation period. When you open the envelope, it will be time to bring in the critic.

In the meantime, please keep walking to open yourself up to experiences of the body and to gather material for more poems!

* Four months is, of course, a guideline. Each individual is different. The purpose of this waiting period is to help you forget the poem so that when you next reread it, you will be reading fresh. When I started writing I needed to let my writing rest for at least six months. Now I am usually able to come back to it in a month or so. As you learn more about yourself and your writing, you can customize this timeframe to fit your specific penchants and abilities.



Annual YTHS Membership Dues

YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with six issues of GEPPPO (only members can submit), notification of events, and the annual membership anthology.

Domestic & Canada dues \$32; Seniors \$26 – International \$40; Seniors \$31. Mail check or money order to membership secretary:

Contact Anne with membership questions at

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GEPPPO Submission Guidelines due date for next issue is October 10.

Email (preferred) your contact information, poems & votes to
mail your poems & votes with contact info to:
GEPPPO Editor, Carol Steele,

You can submit:

- Up to three haiku appropriate to the season; poems must be in three lines. They will be printed without your name and identified with a number for appreciation and study.
- One Challenge Kigo Haiku which uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to ten votes for haiku in the current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive a point (vote); submit the number of the haiku as the vote. The poems with the top number of votes are reprinted with the author's name in the next issue.
- Send email with GEPPPO in the subject line.
- Send haiku in Ariel, font size 11, black ink.

- Your membership fee for 2012 is past due.
- Thank you for your 2012 renewal or new membership.
- Complimentary issue from YTHS.

Membership information is at youngeaves.org & in this issue.

2012 YTHS Calendar

Oct. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.

Oct. 27 Moon Viewing Party. 6:00 pm at Jean Hale's San Jose home.*

Nov. 5 YTHS Board Planning Meeting.

Nov. 10 Meeting at Markham House 1:00 - 4 pm.

Dec. 8 Holiday Party. 6 – 11 pm at Alison Woolpert's Santa Cruz home.

Dec. 10 GEPPPO due date for submissions.

** More information included in this GEPPPO.*