

G E P P O

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

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

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|------|--|------|---|
| 9692 | high tide
captured in the light
of a summer moon | 9703 | May Day . . .
the things I took for granted
like bare upper arms |
| 9693 | spring wardrobe
wildflowers clothed
in butterfly wings | 9704 | rattan furniture—
ten years of sprucing up
precious memories |
| 9694 | new grass
wet
with spring | 9705 | home remodel begins
with the passing of loved ones—
spring melancholy |
| 9695 | hint of a moustache
on a baby face
skateboard tricks | 9706 | Laguana Point . . .
my pensive search for signs
of migrating whales |
| 9696 | blood oranges
at the height of the season
pacific sunset | 9707 | snow storm
gentle swirls of white
almond blossoms |
| 9697 | the world
melting into light
ocean breeze | 9708 | fog-muffled morning
he lifts his head to listen—
elk still in velvet |
| 9698 | dew on my finger
dripped from blossoms of
weeping cherry tree | 9709 | a wind-bent tree
or a creek bed winding—
what they can tell us |
| 9699 | a Brecht play over
heroine stands outside door
wild spring evening | 9710 | Easter Sunday
church bells ringing
from the cathedral |
| 9700 | awakening wasps
puffs of green willow
in the warming air | 9711 | the drifting scent
of a bay tree
in flower |
| 9701 | thinning hair...
recalling the roar
of the rushing stream | 9712 | from the veranda
in a night of stars
the blood moon |
| 9702 | crunch of gravel
the elder hiker
finds his way | 9713 | walking through chamisa
tan cuffs
turn golden |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 9714 | sunset
snow melt slows
stops | 9729 | fallen blooms
from the pink trumpet tree
your silence |
| 9715 | family photo
at the edge of the group
an unsmiling boy | 9730 | bright blooms
of Tidy-Tips
our forced smiles |
| 9716 | Spring
everything
sneezes out | 9731 | preening sparrow:
its head vibrates
into the blur |
| 9717 | vegetables
rarely
blue | 9732 | between bed sheets
the mosquito and I and
this desperate buzz |
| 9718 | wildflowers
in her urban garden
yes, she is | 9733 | heat wave—
catching some more sleep
in the snow angel pose |
| 9719 | the clock
stops ticking
spring darkness | 9734 | maple sap rises
behind the dead bark
the maple sap rises |
| 9720 | a blue jay
tosses sticks at us
Beltane | 9735 | mocking bird
found his mate!
what peace . . . |
| 9721 | picking holes
in the wicker basket
slow day | 9736 | pinkish-red hot flames
jump the stepping stones
volunteer sweetpeas |
| 9722 | thick mist rising
from the still lake's surface
my sleep-bound mind | 9737 | new-used car
a red rocket
oil smell |
| 9723 | after the downpour,
should I relax . . . or prepare
for another big storm | 9738 | synchronize to max-
imize for daily
need of light |
| 9724 | My Funny Valentine . . .
as crow couples gargle love songs
to one another | 9739 | rain shushes
cloudburst
ROARS |
| 9725 | potato vine
holding up
the rust | 9740 | wet shoes
outside the classroom
seedlings |
| 9726 | morning
a squirrel mutters
in the crux of a tree | 9741 | deserted barn
wrapped in vine creepers
owl sanctuary |
| 9727 | turning back
the cloud is gone
more drought | 9742 | origami progress
folding this way and that
a crane appears |
| 9728 | soft chatter of birds
I feel the intimacy
of the wind's reply | 9743 | the big dipper
mirrored on the still pond
knockoff image |
-

- 9744 wet ginko leaves...
I pick one up
and place it on my face
- 9745 my grand-daughter's prom
this child, a woman now
whiff of gardenia
- 9746 50 year high school reunion
so many stories
walking in our deep wrinkles
- 9747 cold sleet—
upriver a boat light
stays the night
- 9748 vultures, I suppose,
put it in the bitterbrush—
the burro's straw hat
- 9749 cold spring—
a trout's glint borne away
in the alder shade
- 9750 meadow of poppies
yellow-gold silken petals
romp in tranquil breeze
- 9751 rhythmic harmonies
seventeen-year ritual
cicadas mating
- 9752 cradled in God's hands
road tragedy averted
green hills comfort me
- 9753 avalanche beeper—
every responder calculating
survival
- 9754 skirting the mountain
green
ribbons of rice
- 9755 moss, grass, daphne
every shade of green
Easter eggs
- 9756 merganser ducklings
learning to jump from the stream
my easy childhood
- 9757 autumn equinox
a rest day though my muscles
don't seem to recover
- 9758 first breakage the ease
of my ex-boyfriend's gift slip-
ping though my fingers
- 9759 Mother's Day—
for the childless woman
one white rose
- 9760 an orange
on the Seder plate
by itself
- 9761 outside
the Hokusai exhibit—
cherry blossoms
- 9762 Spring river bottom
golden flecks of mica cast
grace notes on fish scales
- 9763 clouds in Spring training—
putt-putt engines chug along
snails slide into home
- 9764 spent cattail candles—
Spring winds disperse soft clusters
for hummingbird nests
- 9765 spring storm
more than just the rain
falling
- 9766 tomb sweeping day
a red sun
behind wires
- 9767 cicada
missing the skin
I grew up in
- 9768 Cape Perpetua—
tsunami debris warning sign
three springs later
- 9769 spring beach
thirty dogs on neutral sand
off-leash
- 9770 bird trill
the canaries soon to return
to the cupboard
- 9771 Solar alignment
setting sun transects the house—
vernal equinox.
- 9772 Rodeo's Wolf Ridge
awash in spring wildflowers
juicy poison oak.
- 9773 Happy high-pitched squeals
memories of Easters past
children finding eggs.

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- | | | | |
|------|--|------|--|
| 9774 | Solar alignment
setting sun transects the house
vernal equinox. | 9788 | hummingbirds
one after another
sweet pea blossoms |
| 9775 | Rodeo's Wolf Ridge
awash in spring wildflowers
juicy poison oak. | 9789 | mail today
offers information
on cremation |
| 9776 | Happy high-pitched squeals
memories of Easters past
children finding eggs. | 9790 | discarded doll
on the dewy ground
arrival of spring |
| 9677 | white wisteria
draped on the bamboo trellis—
how I leaned on him | 9791 | A world of nature
in one splendid tree
greening leaves |
| 9678 | the Gulf of Poets—
rafts of sailors-by-the-sea
color the harbor | 9792 | Palm Sunday
a willow weeps
uncontrollably |
| 9679 | where I remember
seeing them last year . . . a patch
of forget-me-nots | 9793 | Good Friday
drowning all conscience in
a pint of stout |
| 9780 | ice drops from the lake
ferry's back in business
springtime arriving | 9794 | Easter Sunday
every lily on
best behavior |
| 9781 | tiny crocus push
through matted leaves, crusty snow—
claiming their ground | 9795 | spindle back chairs
from another century
late winter rains |
| 9782 | Wellies were made for
muddy roads, mammoth puddles—
my link to childhood | 9796 | a pink jacket
with a child inside whirls
in spring rain |
| 9783 | spring sky resort
reading morning newspaper
all day long | 9697 | light rain...
the spring puddle
circles |
| 9784 | getting sleepy
on my backyard lawn chair
a long day | 9798 | VW Bug
yellow, with its top down—
this first warm day |
| 9785 | tendering his own plant
each kindergarten child
has a hyacinth | 9799 | red climbing roses all over him |
| 9786 | new use for futon
to collect stallion's semen
blooming blue bells | | |
| 9787 | fissured earth—
Buckeye and bantam rooster
face off!! | | |
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Challenge Kigo – “Wisteria”

wisteria blossoms
a blue canopy
for the grey headstones
~James Lautermilch

wisteria
everywhere in bloom
except my yard
~Johnnie Hafernik

its glory spent
lingering seed pods
on the old wisteria
~Michael Sheffield

wisteria vines
overtake estate ruins . . .
its fragrance precedes
~Judith Schallberger

wisteria pods
explode in a midnight freeze
the dog's ears go back
~Christine Horner

cottage doorway
the wisteria vine's
purple flowers
~Patricia Prime

must find a new home
scouting well-to-do residences
wisteria blooms taunting
~David Bachelor

Wisteria . . .
now you
really know me
~Genie Nakano

going steady
in junior high
wisteria blossoms
~Gregory Longenecker

how much
is too much?
wisteria
~Deborah P. Kolodji

my eloquent friend
stabbed and killed—
wisteria
~Zinovy Vayman

heavy snows induce
astonishing wisteria
in the cemetery
~Peg McAulay Byrd

in the morning air
my neighbors' wisteria
welcomes spring
~Janis Lukstein

vine-laden arbor
cascading wisteria
in full fragrant bloom
~Deborah LeFalle

with the patience
of wisteria he waits
hoping for a "yes"
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

wild wisteria
high-school boys delayed
by its perfumed wall
~Joan Zimmerman

evening breeze—
the scent of wisteria
tossed this way and that
~Ruth Holzer

rain
wisteria flowers
fragrantly weeping
~Kyle Sullivan

Large creamy clusters
of faintly fragrant flowers—
white wisteria.
~David Sherertz

study in white—
standing beneath an arbor
of wisteria
~Betty Arnold

garden catalog
holds me at wisteria
picturing purple
~Christine Stern

trellis
bends tear after tear . . .
wisteria
~Ann Bendixen

Wisteria blooms
falling back in love
beneath the blue moon
~Michael Henry Lee

**January—February 2014
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPP0 Readers**

I wake to the smell
of someone else's sorrow
wildfire
~Gregory Longenecker

cotton sweater
nothing prepared me for
the final phase
~Michael Sheffield

getting acquainted
with each other
wildflowers
~Peg McAulay Byrd

frozen ground
resists the shovel—
he won't talk
~Christine Stern

spilled ink
all those possibilities
no longer possible
~Michael Sheffield

first day of the year,
I look back, not forward—
my father's yarhrzeit*
~Christine Stern

cold night, one blanket
on top of another
on top of another
~Barbara Campitelli

spring cleaning
the cat pulls out
my bookmark
~Philip Kennedy

waiting for spring
just outside the fence
a rush of poppies
~Christine Horner

waterfall glitter
the taste
of the pause
~Zinovy Vayman

Christmas afternoon
the house returns
to itself
~Michael Henry Lee

he nods his hat
to another stranger
winter loneliness
~Mimi Ahern

* anniversary of a death

Members' Votes for Jan—Feb 2014 Haiku

Peg McAulay Byrd 9606-9, 9607-3, 9608-0
 Joan Zimmerman 9609-1, 9610-4, 9611-4
 Barbara Campitelli 9612-8, 9613-2, 9614-5
 Michael Henry Lee 9615-2, 9616-5, 9617-7
 Elinor Pihl Huggett 9618-4, 9619-5, 9620-2
 Gregory Longenecker 9621-5, 9622-10,
 9623-4
 Patricia Prime 9624-0, 9625-2, 9626-3
 Ruth Holzer 9627-4, 9628-4, 9629-4
 Beverly Acuff Momoi 9630-1, 9631-3,
 9632-5
 Hiroyuki Murakami 9633-1, 9634-1
 Kevin Goldstein Jackson 9635-0, 9636-3
 Michael Sheffield 9637-4, 9638-9, 9639-6
 Christine Stern 9640-6, 9641-0, 9642-6
 Bruce Feingold 9643-4, 9644-0, 9645-4
 Elaine Whitman 9646-3, 9647-4, 9648-5
 David Bachelor 9649-1, 9650-2, 9651-1
 Phillip Kennedy 9652-6, 9653-4, 9654-2
 David Sherertz 9655-2, 9656-1, 9657-2
 Deborah LeFalle 9658-2, 9659-1, 9660-1
 Peg Crutchfield 9661-5, 9662-0, 9663-0
 Michael McClintock 9664-5
 Majo Leavick 9665-1, 9666-0, 9667-0
 Clysta Seney 9668-0, 9669-1, 9670-0
 Christine Horner 9671-4, 9672-8, 9673-4
 Kyle Sullivan 9674-3, 9675-0, 9676-2
 Judith Schallberger 9677-4
 Zinovy Vayman 9678-6, 9679-0
 Mimi Ahern 9680-1, 9681-6, 9682-0
 Ann Bendixen 9683-0, 9684-2, 9685-0
 Teruo Yamagata 9686-1, 9687-1, 9688-1
 Alison Woolpert 9690-0, 9691-2



Annual YTHS Membership Dues

YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with six issues of the GEPP0, notification of events, and the annual membership anthology. Only members can submit to the GEPP0 and anthology.

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

**GEPP0 Submission due date for
the next issue is July 7.**

New Submission guidelines:

**Email questions or comments with
contact info to:**

**Email articles, poems and votes with
contact info to: YTGEPP0@Outlook.com
with GEPP0 article or GEPP0 submission
in the subject line. Send it as an
attachment in a word document in Arial,
font size 11, ink black. OR mail your
poems & votes with contact info to:
GEPP0 Editor. Carol Steele.**

You can submit:

- Up to three haiku appropriate to the season. 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.

**Challenge Kigo –
“Summer clothing”
by June Hopper Hymas**

Natsugoromo.

There comes a time when we cast off our winter duds and put on lighter clothing. Naturally, in Japan, where they admire structure, there is a generally approved day for doing this, which is now usually celebrated on the first day of June.

This “summer clothing” haiku has always been one of my favorite poems by one of our founders, Kiyoko Tokutomi: Here it is, as I remember it.

in summer clothing
children have such beautiful
arms and legs

Kiyoko Tokutomi

In addition to the lovely concept, notice the extra oomph given to the word beautiful by the line break before arms and legs, which it modifies. Say it out loud!

I am going to recommend a book to you, Collected Haiku of Yosa Buson, translated by W.S. Merwin and Takako Lento, Copper Canyon Press, 2013. Buson is one of the tiny handfuls of our great haiku masters. And W.S. Merwin is one of our truly great poets in English; here he is working with an experienced translator, someone with a deep knowledge of the Japanese language. In addition, the book is handsomely produced, with one of Buson’s paintings on the front cover. Unlike most other books, this one is arranged in seasonal order, with haiku that use the same kigo grouped together. This makes it an ideal resource for thinking about kigo. There are many images of Buson’s paintings online and a good article on him in Wikipedia. Give him an evening of your time; he left a fine body of work.

Here are some haiku from the book:

Breezes stir
the hair on my scrawny shins
it's time for summer clothes

Time for summer clothes
it won't cost me much
to look all right

A man in summer clothes
crossing a field
a white speck far away

Two priests in training
have changed into summer clothes
and gone shopping for little carrying cases

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Meetings

February 8, 2014 by June Hopper Hymas

Fay Aoyagi took the train from San Francisco to give a splendid presentation about her own haiku practice: **Using My Japanese-ness in Haiku**. She brought us a well-prepared six-page handout of the 15 haiku she planned to discuss, with plenty of room for us to take notes. This was an inspirational talk on so many levels. Here are some highlights, with two of her published haiku from the presentation. Fay, who works as a simultaneous translator, was raised in Japan and came to the United States as a young woman. This background makes her very qualified to understand both of these cultures and languages. She began by telling us about her **Three Advantages**:

Japanese saijiki: books that list and give countless examples of kigo, or season words—including illustrative haiku—as they have been used and refined in Japan for many, many years. Those of us who write in English have only meager sources for season words. She gave us examples of unique Japanese kigo, such as *black south wind* (a midsummer kigo that indicates a rainy season; *white south wind* is a late summer kigo, indicating a clear sky.) In Japan, the times these kinds of weather occur, and their evocative special names are well understood.

black south wind
a pirate ship
coming for me (published in **Acorn**)

Kanji characters: the symbols with which Japanese is written. These characters developed over centuries from pictographic beginnings. The forms themselves have meaning, and several meanings may have attached themselves to a single character, or combining other characters may make new characters. This extra information-baggage, which is carried (for one example) by the characters that people choose to write the names of their children, may be used to enrich the haiku.

Culture and history: references to folklore, festivals, Japanese scenery and traditional matters are widely understood. For instance, death anniversaries of famous people are used as kigo. One of Aoyagi's haiku refers to the memorial day (February 8th) for broken sewing needles! Because of her strong wish to understand and participate in American culture after she moved here, she early felt a desire to suppress some of her Japanese-ness. Naturally it came up anyway, as in one of her signature haiku:

Nagasaki Anniversary
I push
the mute button

She explains that this is not only about silencing a broadcast, but is resonant with her attempts to facilitate her assimilation by repressing her “Japanese-ness.”

Each of us now has a strong suggestion to look at our own experiences to see what advantages and life experiences we can discover and use to strengthen our writing. The work we make will be woven of our own particular invisible threads of sensation and sensibility. This presentation was very much appreciated by all who attended.

March 8, 2014

A Haiga workshop was led by Linda Papanicolaou at Terman Middle School in Palo Alto. In her words: *Twelve of us met in my classroom for an afternoon of art and haiga making. Activities chosen by various participants included paste papers, collage, artist books and cigar box shrines. When we paused towards the end to share, several people displayed projects in progress and spoke about ideas they were taking away to try out at home.*

Articles submitted by Mimi Ahern

Zigzag of the Dragonfly:**Installment #15****Reflections on Sound**

Patricia J. Machmiller

We are coming to the end of what I can tell you about writing and the writing process. You've been walking and observing the world. You've been gathering words on the page (making the clay) and creating words into structures (forming the clay). We talked about some of the tools of the poet—the image, the kigo, and the possible forms—and how each of these can enhance your writing.

As we close, I want to cycle back to some of the earlier discussions about how to select the words for your poem and share with you some thoughts about this important process. A poem does not just convey meaning; it conveys a feeling and the critical aspect of a poem is its sound. So in choosing words for our poem, we should be choosing words that, in addition to meaning, consider the sound and even the shape of the word or the shape of the letters of the word!

As I said before, sound is one pathway to the subconscious. In Installments #6, 7, and 8 I offered some techniques for using sound as a way into your poem. To develop these ideas further I'd like to offer some examples of the different ways you can bring sound into your haiku.

The first device is simple repetition.

a red truck stops
at a red stop sign—
end of summer

Mimi Ahern
GEPP0 Jan-Feb 2014

Reading this poem I feel a sense of alarm—time is fleeting and even though the poem cries “stop” twice, we know it will not and summer, too, will come to an end. Some might say that the “stop” in the first line and the “red” in the second could be eliminated, but I think the repetition of “red” and of “stop” heightens the sense of alarm.

anemone flowers
opened by the wind
no longer longing

Neal Whitman
GEPP0 July-August 2012

The feeling of relief, “no longer longing,” of consummation is so beautifully rendered here capturing a sensual almost erotic pleasure. The use of “long” with two different meanings seems to amplify the sense of longing in the poem.

Another device is assonance, the repeated use of the same vowel sound.

snug in the saucer
wound around the flower pot
gopher snake dozing

Christine Horner
GEPP0 July-August 2012

There is something very satisfying about the way this image fits snugly into the traditional haiku form in the same way the snake fits into the saucer. And the vowels in the haiku tie it together even further: “wound,” “around,” and “flower” in the second line; “gopher” and “dozing” in the third line; and especially, **saucer** and **pot** ending the first and second lines.

nobody knows
about the abandoned mine
remaining snow

Teruo Yamagata
GEPP0 March-April 2012

Here is another poem that presents an image that it supported by sound. The feeling is of loss created by an image of an abandoned mine and piles of remaining snow. The sound of the poem underlines the sense of loss opening with *oh, oh, . . . , oh* (“nobody knows”) in the first line and ending the last line with the final *oh* of snow.

A third device is alliteration, the repeated use of the same consonant. Michele Root-Bernstein uses both assonance and alliteration to great effect in the poem below:

heat lightning
a hidden cardinal calls
in the twilit quiet

Michele Root-Bernstein
GEPP0 July-August 2009

Mysterious—that's the feeling I get when reading this haiku—the mysterious, magical quality of twilight; the silent flashes of heat lightning in the distance only adds to the mysterious quiet. In this twilight even the usually bright cardinal is hidden. Except for his sound. And this is what moves this haiku to another level: the sound. One of the cardinal's calls is a quiet *tsip, tsip, tsip*. This call seems to fit the mood of the poem and is subtly imbedded in the haiku in the last syllable of "lightning" and "twilit" and in the first syllable of "hidden." The orchestration of sound within the poem is its hidden beauty: the *k* sound in "cardinal," "call," and "quiet". The long *i* sound in "lightning," "twilit," and "quiet"; and the repetition of the long *i* followed by the short *i* in the first and last lines.

And finally rhyme as in this poem by Richard St. Clair:

melting frost
the jack-o-lantern
has lost its teeth
Richard St. Clair
GEPPPO Nov-Dec 2011

Richard uses internal rhyme to tie together the first and last lines of his poem rhyming "frost" and "lost." We can really feel the sense of loss when the word "lost" is rhymed with "frost."

In addition to sound devices to enhance the meaning in our poems, we can use the shape of the letters and the punctuation to add to the poem. For example, consider Elinor Pihl Huggett's poem:

breadcrumbs...
all the ducks on the pond
deepen their paddle
Elinor Pihl Huggett
GEPPPO July-August 2012

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!

winter wild geese
cry when I come with food
cry when I leave
Jeanne Cook
GEPPPO March-April 2009

Jeanne Cook probably wasn't thinking of the classical V-shape that wild geese form while flying and yet it was in her subconscious. Look at how many *w*'s, *y*'s, and *v*'s are in this poem.

As an exercise for this coming month, I would ask you to go back and examine your poems for the sound in them. Look at the letters of the words you have chosen. If you find some of them are lacking in music, spend some time looking for ways to introduce sonic elements into them. Try generating rhymes. Use the word generation technique discussed in Installment 8. This is an important step in your growth as a poet—training your ear—and your eye.



This relief print is by Joan I. Grosswell.

Dojin's Corner

January-February 2014

Jerry Ball, Patricia J. Machmiller,
and Emiko Miyashita

First of all, Jerry and Patricia want to welcome Emiko Miyashita to the Dojin's Corner. We are so happy that she has agreed to join us in writing our column of haiku commentary. For those of you who don't know Emiko, she is a dojin in Ten'i, the haiku group in Tokyo led by Dr. Akito Arima. Emiko is proficient in reading and writing both Japanese and English; she has published a book of her own haiku in Japanese, *たちまち (Tachimachi)* as well as being the co-translator of *Santoka*, a book of the poet's haiku published in English. We expect Emiko will have a fresh and lively take on *GEPPPO* haiku. We think our readers will find her views on the haiku presented here to be thought-provoking and insightful. Welcome, Emiko, to our little pond!

Second, a comment and question from our last column. Joan Zimmerman wrote us regarding her poem:

9545 cemetery edge
a dawn redwood budding out
at the Chinese gate

"Thank you so much for including my poem in the 'Dojin's Corner' in the recent *GEPPPO*. I appreciate Jerry's insights and also Patricia's concern that the poem needed a larger coherence and meaning.

"I wonder if the following information helps? And if it does, whether the haiku would have been better as a haibun? I'd appreciate your advice.

"The location of the poem is the Evergreen Cemetery in Santa Cruz (one of the oldest cemeteries in California), where the local Museum of Art and History is working through volunteers to acknowledge the burials of Chinese pioneers. Not only are volunteers cleaning and refurbishing grave sites, but they are building a large and decorative 'Chinese gate' in this cemetery, in belated respect for the culture of the Chinese pioneers in this area.

"In the 19th century, the Chinese were only allowed to be placed in graves at the cemetery's remote edge in order to keep them far from the Europeans. The dawn redwood (a deciduous redwood and a cousin of our native redwood, as I

imagine you know) was thought to be extinct by Westerners until in 1948 they heard about its existence in central China. A dawn redwood is planted near this cemetery. Its 'budding out' in the poem symbolizes both the survival of a tree thought to be extinct and the survival of the Chinese culture that many European Californians had attempted to eradicate.

"I don't know if that helps or hinders the haiku itself, but that's the poem's genesis.

"All the best— and much gratitude for the 'Dojin's Corner,' my favorite part of *GEPPPO*."

Patricia replied: "Ahhh, Joan—I knew there was something going on that I wasn't getting . . . I said that the poem was about transitions (the clues being: edge, dawn, gate, and buds). However, it's really about survival/ resurrection/ rebirth (buds and dawn give the right signals for this idea, but gate and edge lead the reader astray). I am not sure if you can make this work as a single haiku without making it a haibun, but I would encourage you to try. Maybe it's a haiku sequence! Does this help? Let me know what your thoughts are."

Joan: "Yes, thanks for your help on the signals and the 'astray' areas especially!

"I'll mull over your idea for a haiku sequence also. Thanks a bunch!"

And finally, dojin selections from Jan-Feb 2014 issue:

jb: 9606, 07, 11, 16, 17, 23, 27, 29*, 32, 48, 52, 71, 78, 81, 87

em: 9618, 9640, 9652*, 9654, and 9676*

pjm: 9606, 08, 11, 13, 14*, 17, 18, 32, 42, 48, 49, 64, 74, 75, 76, 78, 81, 87, 88, 89

9614 New Year's Eve
at the library
a few of us

pjm: On a night when everybody—well, almost everybody—celebrates there are a few—not just one, a few—souls who pursue a quieter, more contemplative approach to the idea of a "new year." And though it feels lonely, it also feels true—truer—somehow, to the idea than champagne popping and confetti-throwing.

jb: New Year's Eve is a time for new beginnings. What more thoughtful place than the library to begin such a project. Yes, a "few of us" and, as Emiko says, "late into the night perhaps," yes, there are a few of us. That, in itself, is worth notice.

em: Late into the night, perhaps; or maybe it was until the closing time of the place. "A few of us" sounds like a group of people who know each other well in spirit.

Usually, I spend the New Year's Eve working hard to clean the house before welcoming the gods of the New Year, and also cooking the New Year's dishes, a very hectic domestic day for me. Family-oriented life and self-oriented life—I adore both ways of living. To spend the last few hours of the year at the library where the silent voices are echoing, very nice!

9617 Christmas afternoon
the house returns
to itself

pjm: After the flurry of preparations—stocking-stuffing, present wrapping, tree decorating, cooking, cleaning, after the presents have been unwrapped and the food has been eaten and the relatives have gone, suddenly all is normal and "the house returns/to itself." You can almost hear its quiet sigh. A little sadness. A little relief.

jb: I'm sympathetic with Patricia's contrast between the time of celebration and the "normal time." "Suddenly, all is normal." The author has indeed captured this contrast. The haiku has depth without sentimentality.

em: I wondered if the first line could be replaced by any other events, festivals. I found that "afternoon" insists that it should be Christmas, suggesting all the excitement happened in the morning—gathering, opening gifts, and hugging!

The afternoon on December 25th is there in this haiku, indeed.

9629 lingering snow—
the bamboo
straightens itself

jb: This haiku states a fact that has power as suggested in T.S. Eliot's "objective correlative." State the right fact and the reader will provide the

emotion. As the snow melts, the bamboo slowly begins to dominate the situation, and "straightens itself."

em: Accumulation of snow is an accumulation of weight; when the balance is broken, the bamboo "straightens itself." "Lingering snow" that falls in spring is much damper due to the higher temperature compared to the middle of winter; the ku captures the nature of damp snow well, a feature of spring itself.

pjm: On the cusp of spring, the heavy weight of the snow is gradually lessening, and as the burden grows lighter the resilient bamboo becomes straight once more. This image gives us a feeling of relief and a quiet happiness that comes with the sense that the long ordeal of winter is, at long last, nearing an end.

9652 spring cleaning
the cat pulls out
my bookmark

em: The cat is helping the author clean the house by pulling out the bookmark. In Japan, we have an expression, *neko no te mo karitai* (I wish to borrow even a cat's hands!), when we are extremely busy. The ku makes me smile.

pjm: Oops! Can't you just picture the book having been laid aside with the tassel of the bookmark hanging down. What cat could resist such a tempting plaything! So while the owner works the cat plays! This haiku with its small vignette touches on several larger aspects of life—how work and play are part of life whether you are human or animal and how pets bring delight even in moments of drudgery, a feeling that echoes the feeling of spring itself.

jb: One of the problems of life is being in a situation that is self-defeating. Spring cleaning seems to have a dominating effect on many people, and having a cat can be beneficial. But when the two are combined the results can be self-defeating. One of the virtues of haiku is that this can be said without sentimentality, by stating the right fact. In this haiku, it's a fact that the "cat pulls out the bookmark."

9675 blur of a young boy
darting from the women's bath
sea of summer clouds

pjm: This haiku conveys that relaxed and sensual feeling associate with summer—the women’s light voices, the companionship of the bath, the clouds of steam, the bare skin, the scent of soap—are all there for me in this simple image including the blur of a little boy running.

jb: It is indeed a blur. Nice idea! How many things appear first as a blur only to become clear in time. Well, clearly . . . , in time, a young boy leaving the women’s bath.

em: A steaming boy is jumping into the sea of summer clouds, wow! The ku reminded me that “naked” is a summer kigo in Japan, too. Here women and the boy are enjoying being naked at the bath; the power of summer clouds emphasizes the joy of being alive, being naked at a proper place!

9676 an early spring thaw
my first GEPPPO newsletter
arrives in the mail

em: : The first line as well as the combined second and the third lines are depicting the same feeling; a joy! The early spring thaw is the first drop of melting snow reflecting the sun, which I witnessed in the Central Park in NYC this February, Congratulations for getting your first GEPPPO newsletter! Keep writing, keep going!

pjm: What a way to break out of winter! With new haiku to read and savor and the prospect of becoming one of an international community of writers. This sense of anticipation is wrapped up in the traditional five-seven-five form.

jb: This becomes more important when one thinks of what the GEPPPO is . . . a kind of anthology of haiku for a brief period of time. That arouses in me the need to think of just what this means. I look at the Greek: anthology = *anthos* + *logos*. “*Anthos*” means flower, and “*logos*” means gathering of the word. With a little help this translates into “bouquet.” That’s what I wait for.

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

send your letters to
Carol Steele in care of GEPPPO.



Lotus by Patricia J. Machmiller

Anthology Invitation 2014 (In-hand deadline JULY 31, 2014)

Please submit your anthology poems to June Hymas by email at jhymas@earthlink.net (best) and put YT ANTHOLOGY in the subject line, or; send by US Post Office mail to:

June Hymas; YT Editor 2014

There is no fee; this is a benefit of your membership in Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. The anthology will be unveiled at the YT Retreat at Asilomar in early November. Members not attending will get one copy after the Retreat. Additional copies will be available until supplies are exhausted.

Please submit 10-20 of your best **UNPUBLISHED** haiku. An exception is made for haiku that have appeared in GEPPO, which may certainly be submitted. We will consider one-line or other haiku in addition to 5-7-5. Also submit haibun (short haiku prose studded with haiku, like raisins in a cake) of no more than 125 words. If we have room, we may also consider unpublished 5-line tanka.

If you would like to submit prose relevant to haiku practice, please send me a query first.



Editor's Note:

In the January– February 2014 issue Members' Votes for Patricia Prime's haiku 9591, 9592 and 9593 were incorrectly listed as Patricia Machmiller's.

In the last GEPPO Joan Zimmerman's haiku had a word missing in the last line. It should have been:

classical music
the barrista brooms the last
fallen ginko leaves

instead of

classical music
the barrista brooms the last
ginko leaves

Also, in the last issue several haiku that were submitted were missing. They have been included in this issue. I apologize and appreciate your letting me know if there are mistakes with your haiku.



Artwork by Joan I. Grosswell

2014 YTHS Calendar

- July 7 GEPPPO submissions due.
- July 12 Tanabata Celebration at the home of Anne and Don Homan above Livermore. Newcomers and guests are welcome. Please bring a peanut free item for a pot luck dinner.
- August No meeting.
- Sept 6 Cantor Arts Center at Stanford University. Exhibits include "Mapping Edo: The Social & Political
1-4pm Geography of Early Modern Japan" and "Within and Without: Transformation in Chinese Landscape". We will tour the museum and then meet in the café for a snack and haiku sharing.
- Sept 7 GEPPPO submissions due.
- Oct 11 Moon Viewing Party at Linda Papanicolaou's home at Newcomers
6pm and guests are welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish to share for a pot luck dinner.
- Oct 26 GEPPPO submissions due.
- Nov 6 Haiku Retreat at Asilomar State Beach Conference Center in Pacific Grove, CA. The theme this year is
to 9 "All About Birds". We will have talks with an expert birder/teacher about the birds at Asilomar and scout with her looking for them. Our featured guests will be Watercolor Artist Floy Zittin, Calligrapher Martha Dahlen and Poet Patricia Machmiller, collaborators of *Sweet Reverence of Little Birds*. We will learn to make simple sketches of seasonal birds, learn about bird songs and how to incorporate them into haiku and have time for reflection and ginkos. Hope to see you there!
- Dec 13 Holiday Party at Alison Woolpert's at Each year we make handmade
6-10pm haiga cards to share with each other. 30 cards should be enough to go around. Guests and newcomers are welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish to share for a potluck dinner. Hope you can come!

