

G E P P O

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

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Published in August 2014

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| 9800 spreading
a sunny disposition
much needed rain | 9811 summer stroll
the dog holds the leash
tightrope taut |
| 9801 rooted
in our long marriage
a deep well | 9812 in the Zendo
a chorus of belly breaths
practice summer |
| 9802 sympathy cards
grace what was / is her old desk
fallen rose petals | 9813 mid-day heat
two bikes propped outside
the ice cream shop |
| 9803 OPEN flag
waves over the beach snack shop
the gulls look stuffed | 9814 seeing you
from the open window
jolt of freesia |
| 9804 twitter
yellow-rumped warblers
hiding in pines | 9815 on the floor
snippets of white hair—
the heat |
| 9805 three for a buck
Watsonville artichokes
free prawns tomorrow | 9816 dust bath
seems like a good idea—
house sparrow |
| 9806 solitary moon
left again to
my own devices | 9817 summer drizzle—
the invalid's
restless fingers |
| 9807 mayfly . . .
never knowing one day
from the next | 9818 sun straight up
a little leaguer waits
for the pitch |
| 9808 first light
a titmouse solo
opens the show | 9819 urban lake
trout flies pinned
on his hat band |
| 9809 under her stetson
long-stemmed Texas grass
gone to seed | 9820 summer afternoon
nothing to do but flutter
with the butterflies |
| 9810 pipe dream
cat in the catchment watching
ducklings paddle by | 9821 thinning hair . . .
stones along the path
return to dust |
-

-
- | | |
|---|---|
| 9822 way of tea
the not path leading
nowhere | 9837 this birthday
thoughtful, thoughtful people
how to thank them all |
| 9823 cracked chrysalis
crumpled wings unfold into
a butterfly | 9838 Bach
with cello and bassoon
then a rag |
| 9824 raccoons chew through trash
bin labeled "animal-proof"—
varmints win again | 9839 ribbon of light
beneath the storm clouds
the feel of satin |
| 9825 mosquitos, sunburn,
grandpa's laugh and catching fish—
summer vacation | 9840 so many . . .
on hill after hill
motionless windmills |
| 9826 no longer welcome
at my daughter's home
I miss her peonies | 9841 heat shimmers
pennies at rest on the
fountain bottom |
| 9827 yesterday's
tickle my fancy
Memory Lane | 9842 scented breeze
the girl's pink tutu as bright
as the koi |
| 9828 dust devil
dances in the desert
spinner class | 9843 4 th of July
beach jeep full of waving babes
waving flags |
| 9829 mirage
on a long, straight road
speeding ticket | 9844 a path of fresh green
leads to another path of
a picture she draws |
| 9830 memories crammed
into tight places
Antique Barn | 9845 at the end of deck
a woman under sunshade
watching its long wake |
| 9831 arms reaching out
to catch the wind
Windmills | 9846 the chug-a-rum
of bullfrogs in the swamp
chorus line |
| 9832 all stripes of hikers
on Martin Luther King Day
waterfall rainbow | 9847 summer garden
fully-ripened tomatoes
bursting from their skins |
| 9833 back-country mudslides
a young cop beckoning us
past the crumbled cliff | 9848 hot flashes—
far less embarrassing
in summertime |
| 9834 descending the stairs
I grip my crutches tighter--
a blustery wind | 9849 following
the painter's gaze
heron |
| 9835 summer camp
that persistent mosquito
in my ear | 9850 summer's end
a credenza pitches
down the stairs |
| 9836 open window
signal of a new day
the mourning dove's song | 9851 bashing out
my self-evaluation
midsummer |
-

- 9852 porch light
I pluck a parasite
from a June bug
- 9853 Bashō's ghost
on a line of verse
a gnat
- 9854 tomb sweeping day
on a leaf
the fly lifts its feet
- 9855 the god's away
she takes the call
about her first born
- 9856 with the devil
watching
blood moon
- 9857 still fragile
out of the chrysalis
out of rehab
- 9858 even just one plant
of tomatoes . . . too much
responsibility
- 9859 never ready
for summer . . .
melted butter
- 9860 summer fog lifting—
in the distance, the shape
of their new mountain home
- 9861 my father's grave
I cut all the baby breath grass
but its strong roots
- 9862 her window seat . . .
flying above Greenland . . .
above her full breasts
- 9863 summer dress!
so young
her pimples become no problem
- 9864 family dynamics
the blood red of a white peach . . .
what I didn't know
- 9865 bird-song at dawn
from my near-sleepless state--
brown cane roses
- 9866 the hesitation
measured in our gazes--
summer squall
- 9867 early summer
the bride in a limousine
craving for watermelon
- 9868 peak of summer:
parched field--
the cry of cicadas
- 9869 flock of sparrows
feasting on bread crumbs
two chickens join in
- 9870 desk and chair
only for teacher
school without walls
- 9871 for the shortest way
follow the smell of jasmine
to my old friend's house
- 9872 droning lecture series
without any intermission
swarm of mosquitos
- 9873 My new swim trunks
inflate as I jump in the pool:
a pocket for my key . . .
- 9874 No more grocery!
Beans, beets beyond any price
grow in my nine rows.
- 9875 still lady bug swing
after red paint is all gone
spring melancholy
- 9876 American Gothic wife
pokes pitchfork in his rear end-
April Fool's Day
- 9877 for ants
and, mistakenly, people
Tanglefoot
- 9878 another scorcher . . .
the painted on smile
of the parade clown
- 9879 summer bliss . . .
a slice of melon
smiles back at me

9880 lazy summer day...
a small ripple gently rocks
a sleeping mallard

9882 hey, pond frogs!
why does your courtship
have to be so noisy?

9881 drift of daffodils . . .
dreaming big dreams
on a small pillow

Teahouse Ikebana by Carol Steele
Photograph by Alison Woolpert



**Challenge Kigo-
“Summer clothing”**

summer clothing
counting the ribs in a
woman’s umbrella
~Michael Henry Lee

au jus naturel
the evening breeze tickles
our summer clothes’ style
~Janis Lukstein

summer clothing
showing off her vacation
at the beach
~Christine Horner

seeing robins again
it’s almost time
for summer clothes
~Barbara Campitelli

out of the office
into cool
summer clothing
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

summer clothes
a sprinkler pipe bursts
in the office
~Phillip Kennedy

summer clothes
holding a light scent
of last summer
~Ruth Holzer

her summer clothes
the crucified Jesus and I
in her front cleavage
~Zinovy Vayman

a gentle breeze blowing
through my summer clothing
the lightness of being
~Michael Sheffield

summer clothing
hangs in the fresh air . . .
closet memories
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

exposing harsh truths
long kept under cover—
summer clothes
~Christine Stern

my best summer clothes
white and immaculate
worn out by itself
~Majo Leavick

dreaming . . .
in summer clothing
on a red-headed crane’s back
~Ann Bendixen

his summer clothing
fluttering in the breeze . . .
monarch
~Elinor Huggett

**March—April 2014
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPP0 Readers**

cicada
missing the skin
I grew up in
~Kyle Sullivan

white wisteria
draped on the bamboo trellis—
how I leaned on him
~Betty Arnold

cold sleet—
upriver a boat light
stays the night
~Michael McClintock

spring storm
more than just the rain
falling
~Kyle Sullivan

wet shoes
outside the classroom
seedlings
~Janis Lukstein

origami process
folding this way and that
a crane appears
~Peg McAulay Byrd

May Day . . .
the things I took for granted
like bare upper arms
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

picking holes
in the wicker basket
slow day
~Phillip Kennedy

potato vine
holding up
the rust
~Gregory Longenecker

Mother's Day—
for the childless woman
one white rose
~Ruth Holzer

Good Friday
drowning all conscience in
a pint of stout
~Michael Henry Lee

pink jacket
with a child inside whirls
in spring rain
~June Hopper Hymas

Members' Votes for March—April 2014 Haiku

James Lautermilch 9692-4, 9693-4, 9694-2
 Johnnie Haffernik 9695-2, 9696-4, 9697-1
 Hiro Murakami 9698-2, 9699-0
 Michael Sheffield 9700-2, 9701-2, 9702-1
 Judith Schallberger 9703-5, 9704-2, 9705-0
 9706-1
 Christine Horner 9707-1, 9708-4, 9709-1
 Patricia Prime 9710-0, 9711-1, 9712-1
 David Bachelor 9713-1, 9714-0, 9715-4
 Genie Nakano 9716-3, 9717-2, 9718-0
 Phillip Kennedy 9719-3, 9720-3, 9721-5
 Amy Ostenso 9722-3, 9723-1, 9724-2
 Gregory Longenecker 9725-5, 9726-4,
 9727-0
 Deborah P. Kolodji 9728-5, 9729-6, 9730-1
 Jinovy Vayman 9731-0, 9732-1, 9733-2
 9734-0
 Janis Lukstein 9735-5, 9736-4, 9737-1
 E. Luke 9738-1, 9739-2, 9740-6
 Peg McAulay Byrd 9741-2, 9742-6, 9743-0
 Toni Homan 9744-4, 9745-1, 9746-1
 Michael McClintock 9747-7, 9748-1, 9749-3
 Deborah LeFalle 9750-0, 9751-0, 9752-0
 Beverly Acuff Momoi 9753-0, 9754-1,
 9755-3
 Joan Zimmerman 9756-3, 9757-0, 9758-0
 Ruth Holzer 9759-5, 9760-2, 9761-2
 Clysta Seney 9762-1, 9763-1, 9764-0
 Kyle Sullivan 9765-7, 9766-2, 9767-12
 Alison Woolpert 9768-0, 9769-1, 9770-0
 David Sherertz 9771-1, 9772-2, 9773-0
 Betty Arnold 9777-8, 9778-2, 9779-5
 Christine Stern 9780-0, 9781-0, 9782-0
 Teruo Yamagata 9783-2, 9784-0, 9785-0
 Ann Bendixen 9786-0, 9787-0, 9788-1
 Jean Hale 9789-1, 9790-1, 9791-0
 Michael Henry Lee 9792-3, 9793-5, 9794-3
 June Hopper Hymas 9795-4, 9796-5
 Mimi Ahern 9797-3, 9798-1, 9799-1

Annual YTHS Membership Dues

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

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

GEPPPO Submission due date for the next issue is September 7.

New Submission guidelines:

Email questions or comments with contact info to: |

Email articles, poems and votes with contact info to: YTGEPPPO@Outlook.com with GEPPPO article or GEPPPO 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:

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.

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Meetings

On the afternoon of April 12, 2014, the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society met at the **Tilden Botanic Garden** in Berkeley. YT members David Sherertz, Joan Zimmerman, Carol Steele, Christine Horner, Ann Bendixen, June Hymas, Michael Sheffield, and Linda Papanicolaou were there, along with David's wife Roz Hardy, and guest artist Ceiny Carney.

David Sherertz, a docent at the Garden, led the group on a tour of the Garden following a potluck lunch. The Garden was founded on January 1, 1940, and is situated in the heart of the north Berkeley Hills. It is devoted to the collection, growth, display, distribution, and preservation of the native plants of California. Our state is a vast region of many floral areas, such as seacoast bluffs and coastal mountains, interior valleys, arid foothills, alpine zones, and two kinds of desert. The Garden has sections devoted to each of these geographical areas, and contains close to 2,000 different native species collected from every part of the state. Notable among the many specimens in the Garden are representatives of nearly all the state's conifers and oaks, and probably the most complete collection of California manzanitas to be found anywhere. There are also extensive examples of California native bunchgrasses, bulbs, and aquatic plants.

Following the tour, all of us did our own ginko walk through parts of the Garden to which we felt drawn. Then we gathered together to write and share haiku from our Garden experience. Our friend Ceiny did the beautiful sketch, shown below, of the group as we shared the delicious potluck lunch. There were many plants in bloom, and much to stimulate our senses.

- David Sherertz

*Garden afternoon
wildflowers inspire poets –
native paradise.*



Garden Luncheon

Ceinwen Carney

Haiku in the Teahouse is an annual event dating back to 1992. This year the festivities took place on Saturday, May 10, in the Japanese Friendship Garden at Kelley Park in San Jose, CA. Poetry lovers gathered beside the fishpond in the recently renovated teahouse, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with an ikebana arrangement by Yuki Teikei member, Carol Steele.

To begin the day senior members of Yuki Teikei lead a mini-workshop on haiku writing for both beginning and experienced writers. Time was allowed for writers to wander in the garden and write, and then the group gathered together again to share newly created haiku.

The morning workshop was followed by a yummy lunch, provided by members of Yuki Teikei, and a fascinating presentation on koi (ornamental carp) by Don Chamberlain of the Santa Clara Valley Koi and Water Garden Club. As a special treat, Kelley Park rangers took folks behind-the-scenes to visit and feed the Friendship Garden's young koi.

The main event of the day began after lunch with readings by this year's four featured poets: Don Baird from Los Angeles, Bruce H. Feingold from Berkeley, Peggy Heinrich from Santa Cruz, and Linda Papanicolaou from Stanford. While each poet demonstrated his or her own unique perspective and artistry, I was struck by how the works of all four poets shared a deep appreciation for and sense of compassion toward the human condition. Humor was also much in evidence during the readings, and there were even guest appearances by the works of Basho!

The day wrapped up with time for open mic haiku reading. Everyone had a wonderful time, and we would like to extend our sincere thanks to the sponsors of this year's marvelous event: the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Poetry Center San Jose, and the City of San Jose Department of Parks, Recreation, and Neighborhood Service, Park Ranger Interpretive Services.

submitted by Amy Ostenso-Kennedy

Four YTHS members came to **Hakone Gardens** in Saratoga, CA, for the June meeting. A recipient of the Save America's Treasures Award by the National Trust for Historic Preservation, Hakone Gardens is recognized as one of the oldest Japanese-style residential gardens in the Western Hemisphere. Mimosa was at the height of its flowering and particularly striking. Although it was a hot day welcome relief was provided by elm shade, the waterfall and the pond. Here is a haiku written by President Alison Woolpert:

deep tree shade
the flaking garden jizo
barely visible.

According to Betty, she, Patrick Gallagher, and Sandy Vromar all wrote some nice haiku, but were "saving" them for pending submission deadlines!

submitted by Mimi Ahern

Zigzag of the Dragonfly:
Installment #16
Training your Critic

Patricia J. Machmiller

If you remember back when we started, in Installment #4, "Making the Clay," I advised you to send your critic away. At that phase of your writing, I encouraged you to get as many words on the page as fast as you could without any inner voice saying, "no," "nope," "not that," or "yuck!"

Then in subsequent installments the critic has been allowed back in to help you choose between this word or that, to help shape the words into form, and to evaluate the sound and rhythm as the poem came together. All these processes depend on a critic that is skilled, well-trained, and open to new information!

This last attribute is the most important because we need to be learning all the time if we are going to grow and improve.

So how do we approach this aspect of writing? I would say the first step is to know your critic. Each person's critic is unique. Only you know your critic and how he or she operates. But you may not have thought about it much. In order to get to know your critic I am going to give you some assignments. Once you have assessed your critic you will be in a better position to help direct your critic's training and better utilize your critic's skills.

Assignment 1: Write a paragraph describing your critic. For example, what does she or he look like? Describe the sound of his or her voice. Does he tend to be overly critical? Or does he shrink from making decisions? Is your critic a perfectionist? Or does she give A's for effort?

Assignment 2: Draw or paint a picture of your critic.

Assignment 3: If you haven't already done so, name your critic.

Assignment 4: Write a letter to your critic

stating what you appreciate about him/her and also state that you intend to set up a mentoring process so that she/he can do a better job of critiquing your work.

Assignment 5: Develop a training plan for your critic. This should include books to read, web sites to visit, seminars to attend, haiku submissions to *GEPP*O, voting on *GEPP*O submissions, and seeking feedback from other writers.

Be honest with your critic. Everything you produce from these assignments is only between you and your critic—no one else needs to know. We all have an uneasy relationship with our critic; we know we need them, but it is never fun to be criticized. Those who say they have no problem with their critic have a push-over for a judge and unfortunately lack an essential assistant in their quest for improved writing. On the other hand, no one needs a critic who is on the job non-stop, 24/7. The key we are seeking is balance. As the scripture says, "To every thing there is a season . . ."

Here are some resources that you might consider when developing your training plan.

Books on haiku culture:

Higginson, William J. *Haiku World*. Kodansha International (New York:1996).
 Shirane, Haruo. *Traces of Dreams*. Stanford University Press (Stanford, CA: 1998).

Books of haiku:

Donegan, Patricia. *Haiku Mind*. Shambala Publications (Boston: 2008).
 van den Heuvel, Cor. *The Haiku Anthology*. Simon & Schuster (New York: 1986).

Books of haiku in translation:

Arima, Akito. *Einstein's Century*. Emiko Miyashita and Lee Gurga, trans. Brooks Books (Decatur, IL, 2001).
 Blyth, R. H. *Haiku*. The Hokuseido Press (Tokyo: 1982) Vol 1-4.

Buson. *Haiku Master Buson*. Yuki Sawa and Edith Shiffert. trans. Heian International. (Albany, CA: 1978).

Donegan, Patricia and Yoshie Ishibashi. *Chiyo-ni: Woman Haiku Master*. Tuttle Publishing (Boston, MA: 1998).

Hass, Robert. *The Essential Haiku*. The Ecco Press (Hopewell, NJ: 1994).

Tokutomi, Kiyoko. *Kiyoko's Sky*. Patricia J. Machmiller and Fay Aoyagi, trans. Brooks Books (Decatur, IL: 2002).

Ueda, Makoto. *Modern Japanese Haiku*. University of Tokyo Press (Buffalo, NY: 1976).

Other books on writing haiku:

Gurga, Lee. *Haiku: A Poet's Guide*. Modern Haiku Press (Lincoln, IL: 2003).

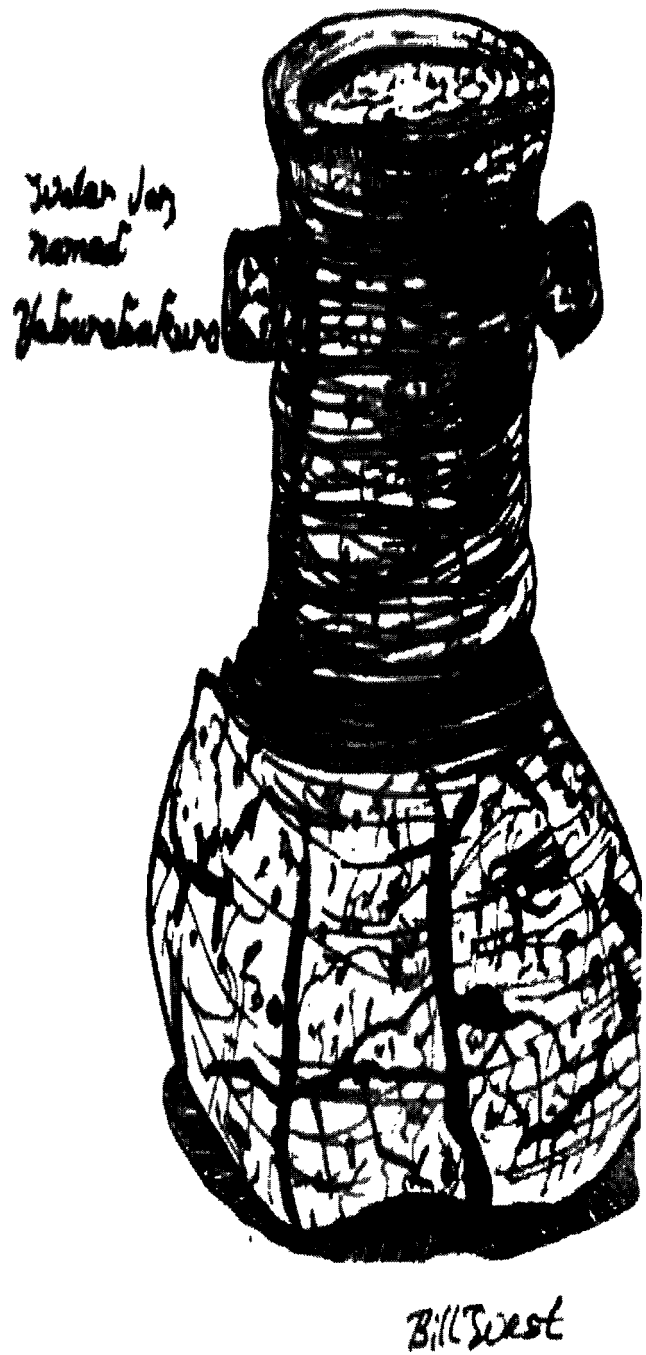
Henderson, Harold G. *An Introduction to Haiku*. Doubleday Anchor Books (Garden City, NY: 1958).

Strand, Clark. *Seeds from a Birch Tree*. Hyperion (New York: 1997).

Blogs:

Hymas, June Hopper. The Memory Thread.
junehymas.blogspot.com

Aoyagi, Fay. Blue Willow Haiku World:
fayaoyagi.wordpress.com



Dojin's Corner

March—April 2014

Jerry Ball, Patricia J. Machmiller,
and Emiko Miyashita

Dear Yuki Teikei Members,

This is to let you know that as of today I shall be resigning as a commentator of "Dojin's Corner" for the *GEPP*O. I have served in this position for a number of years, and it has opened many questions about poetry and life. Recently, however, I have been diagnosed with Parkinson's disease. As a result I'm taking medication that affects my moods and memory, and today I've decided to let someone else serve. Emiko Miyashita has my best wishes.

Haiku and Haikujin have changed my life. I shall never forget that.

Sincerely, Jerry Ball

pjm: Dear Readers,

This is a huge change for us; it is the end of an era. Jerry and I have been writing this column since 1999. Jerry's wisdom and wry wit will certainly be missed. I don't know about his puns, however. Jerry, you have been a great companion on this journey. As the Irish say, "May the road rise to meet you and the wind be ever at your back . . ."

It's an honor to continue this work with Emiko Miyashita. I know all of you are having mixed feelings right now as I do—the sadness that Jerry will no longer be heard from here mixed with gladness at the prospect of hearing from our valued friend from across the Pacific.

And so continuing the tradition, here are the choices of Emiko and Patricia from the last *GEPP*O:

pjm: 9708*, 9709, 9719, 9748, 9749, 9760*, 9761, 9766, 9767*, 9677, 9679, 9783, 9790, 9795, 9796, 9798

E: 9701, 9702, 9703, 9721, 9724, 9725*, 9729, 9732, 9733*, 9740, 9766, 9783*, 9796

9708 fog-muffled morning
he lifts his head to listen—
elk still in velvet

pjm: This haiku is an orchestration. By that I mean the poet has taken the image of an elk in fog and amplified the feeling of mystery and awe of this large animal wrapped in fog by bringing attention to the velvety quality of the elk's horns. The description of this elk uses both alliteration (the repeated use of *f*, *l*, and *v* sounds) and assonance (the repeated sound of short *e*).

All of these sounds are soft sounds carrying along the muffled quality of the fog as it permeates the entire *ku*. And finally, as the *pièce de résistance*, within the word "velvet" which ends the poem, are the elk's horns themselves in the two *v*'s. A fine, fine work.

E: The author must have seen this happen very close to him/her. Perhaps from a window opened to the forest like in my friend's house in Kalamazoo. I saw a group of does and bucks walking pass the window in early morning. A sense of summer is felt from the last line, elk still in velvet. Very nice.

9725 potato vine
holding up
the rust

E: An imagistic poem, making us see the growing green leaves of the potato vine and the reddish brown of the rusty iron fence. The phrase, "holding up / the rust," indicates how vigorous the vine is thriving this year, and at the same time, makes me wonder how long the iron fence has been there. The haiku gives me a feeling of strong sunshine, and the breeze through the potato vine; summer is here again.

pjm: Delightful, complex image. On the surface of the poem is the image: a vigorous potato vine clambering up and over the rusting-away iron trellis. But on a second level the image calls up the unsettling way ageing affects the human body. For those afflicted with osteoporosis, the bones deteriorate first leaving the muscles to do the work of holding

the fragile body together.

9733 heat wave—
catching some more sleep
in the snow angel pose

E: Tossing and turning, a hot and humid night is a nightmare in itself. I assume that the author is in a mosquito-screened room with open windows. After trying so many different poses, the author settles in this one, which brings back the memories of snow season and the chilled-to-the-bone coolness. The haiku made me smile!

pjm: Me too, Emiko. We all know those instances when it is so hot, we can't sleep. We sprawl out on the bed with no sheets, the thinnest of pjs (if any), wishing for a breath of air. To refer to this sprawl as "the snow angel pose" gives the perfect image of cold we are so desperately seeking.

9760 an orange
on the Seder plate
by itself

pjm: On the surface this haiku is a still life, its minimal simplicity aesthetically pleasing. But as part of Seder, the Jewish feast held at the beginning of Passover, a celebration commemorating God's liberation of the Jewish people from slavery in ancient Egypt, we know it must have a deeper, symbolic meaning. The mention of an orange on a Seder plate was intriguing as it is not one of the traditional foods of Seder. Here's the story of the orange as told by Susannah Heschel who started the tradition:

"Passover was high drama in my childhood. Preparations began weeks in advance, with meticulous scrubbing, shopping and organizing. Strong emotions came out in the days before the holiday, when every crumb of *hametz* had to be removed, and we had to tread very carefully. One mistake could bring calamity. When we finally sat down for the Seder, my mother would always claim that only women understood the Exodus, having slaved away in the kitchen for weeks and

then been finally liberated when the holiday began, but too exhausted to enjoy it.

I love the Haggadah, the Hebrew text as well as all the special actions we take at the Seder; eating, drinking, reclining, discussing and debating. In my home, we immerse ourselves in the Haggadah in Hebrew and also in the centuries of commentary on each passage. While we carefully follow all the traditions, we also recognize that over the centuries, Jews have often added new customs to Passover.

At the height of the Jewish feminist movement of the 1980s, inspired by the abundant new customs expressing women's viewpoints and experiences, I started placing an orange on the Seder plate.

At an early point in the Seder, when stomachs were starting to growl, I asked each person to take a segment of the orange, make the blessing over fruit and eat the segment in recognition of gay and lesbian Jews and of widows, orphans, Jews who are adopted and all others who sometimes feel marginalized in the Jewish community."

(from: <http://forward.com/articles/172959/an-orange-on-plate-for-women-and-spit-out-seeds/#ixzz362eMBPKI>)

So in eight small words the poet has brought together the past and present, the exhilaration of liberation after a long oppression, whether historical or present-day, and the hope that comes with it as symbolized with one beautiful orange.

E: Every item for celebrating a feast has its own meaning. As I learned from Patricia, through an orange, an additional food to remember the ones in the marginal Jewish community, the haiku became a prayer.

9767 cicada
missing the skin
I grew up in

pjm: What an unique thought—the awareness of childhood gone represented by the skin that has been sloughed off over the years—that lost skin being moumed just as the

now-gone childhood. We have the feeling that our memory of childhood is as ephemeral and fragile as a cicada's husk.

E: Interesting to overlap the cicada's empty skin with one's own. At first reading, I thought a cut was at the end of the first line; however, as I kept reading many times, I noticed that the second line is working as a pivot. The cicada misses its skin for only a week or two, but how long do we keep missing ours? Cicadas in Tokyo haven't started to sing yet; I am a bit concerned about the recent decline in their number.

9783 spring sky resort
reading morning newspaper
all day long

E: A sense of a lingering day is emphasized here by "reading morning newspaper / all day long." The author is relaxing surrounded by the vast view of a spring sky with nothing else to do. While the eyes trace the lines, the mind drifts into the sky and into the universe. I like the long vowels creating the sense of lingering time in this haiku too.

pjm: Ah, the simple pleasure of reading a newspaper at the "spring sky resort" with no other responsibilities. The exultant feeling of being free from all obligations matches perfectly with the exultant feeling we get from a spring sky. But even as we bask within the pleasures of the "spring sky resort," we are vaguely aware that there is one small seed of unease. And what is that? It's the newspaper! The one being read "all day long." With it comes the outside world with all its news of politics, weather disturbances, of squabbles and dissent. So all is not what it seems on the surface of this "simple" haiku. And this too is reflective of the nature of a spring sky—it is changeable and never static for long.

Emiko and Patricia invite your response. Send your letters to Carol Steele in care of GEPPO

Editor's Note

Artwork in the last GEPPO was incorrectly attributed to Joan I Grosswell. The artist of these lovely images is Joan Iversen Goswell .

There were three haiku repeated in the last issue and all votes for these haiku were given to the first set of haiku numbering 9774, 9775, and 9776.

There was a number typo for haiku 9677, 9678, 9679 and they should have been 9777, 9778 and 9779. They are listed correctly for the votes by members in this issue.

In the Jan/Feb Geppo, p. 7, poem 9599 is numbered 9699. The March/April Geppo, p. 5, Ann Bendixen's challenge kigo should read "year after year" not "tear after tear".

I apologize for these errors.

**Challenge Kigo –
“Autumn Wind”
by June Hopper Hymas**

aki kase, all autumn.

I began thinking about this kigo because of Basho's well-known haiku about the abandoned youngster crying beside the road. This haiku depresses me so much I do not plan to repeat it here. After the balmy delights of the summer, the autumn wind does come as a shock, reminding us, in addition to a need for warmer clothing or storm windows, about many deeper concerns: chill death, how humans and other creatures that need shelter they may not find or food to last until the next year's harvests. Autumn wind is thus associated with sadness in Japan.

I often recommend the wonderful website of David Lanoue which collects, translates, and annotates the haiku of his beloved Issa. Look for it at haikuguy.com and put the words “autumn wind” into the search box. When I did this, I found that Issa had written at least 82 haiku using this valuable yet common season word. I would hardly need to look anywhere else for examples it seems.

Here is one complete with Lanoue's annotation:

aki kaze ya mushiritagarishi akai hana

autumn wind--
red flowers she wanted
to pick

This sad haiku has the prescript, “Sato, girl, 35th day, at the grave.” It was the 35th day after the death of Issa's daughter, Sato. The red flowers that she would have liked to pick are blooming, but she is gone. Evidently Issa has picked some of the flowers to leave at Sato's grave. Dated 1819.

And here are a few more from the same source:

the autumn wind
blows as if it knows
I'm an orphan

two leaves of radish
rejoice!
autumn wind

autumn wind--
singing in the duckweed
how many insects?

the little pine tree
puts on a show...
autumn wind

from the weaned
pony's face...
autumn wind

under which star
is my home?
autumn wind

vain mankind!
even in blossoming Kyoto
autumn wind

I am traveling now and thus away from my books; I am writing this using only Internet resources. A very interesting thing I found is by Christopher Hopkins about a song cycle called *Voices in the Autumn Wind*, which sets autumn haiku by Basho, Buson and Shiki. What a terrific idea! I wish I could hear it! Here us the link to the PDF from Iowa State University which includes the music, the haiku in romaji, translation and word-for-word rendering:

<http://www.music.iastate.edu/hopkins/worksamples/Voices.pdf>

I haven't been able to figure out which of the three poets wrote this haiku from the Iowa State source, but I want use it here anyway. I like the way this translation repeats the word “what,” giving it that line break-jolt I admire.

spider, what
what is your inner voice
the autumn wind

Send in your “autumn wind” verse labeled “Challenge Kigo” so it can be printed with the others in the next issue.



CLYSTA SENDOY

2014 YTHS Calendar

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| August | No meeting. | |
| Sept 6
1-4pm | Cantor Arts Center at Stanford University. Exhibits include "Mapping Edo: The Social & Political 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
6pm | Moon Viewing Party at Linda Papanicolaou's home at
and guests are welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish to share for a pot luck dinner. | Newcomers |
| Oct 26 | GEPPPO submissions due. | |
| Nov 6
to 9 | Haiku Retreat at Asilomar State Beach Conference Center in Pacific Grove, CA. The theme this year is "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 <i>Sweet Reverence of Little Birds</i> . 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
6-10pm | Holiday Party at Alison Woolpert's at
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! | Each year we make handmade |