

G E P P O

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

Volume XXXIX:5 September—October 2014

Published in December 2014

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

- | | |
|---|--|
| 9955 unfurling her fan
of red and rust
autumn wind | 9965 retirement home—
Mr. and Mrs. Santa dummies
on the porch |
| 9956 practice in patience
each year
the persimmons | 9966 new roof
on an old house—
winter rain |
| 9957 the artichokes'
grays and greens
leaf-viewing along the coast | 9967 invisible air
made visible
swirling leaves |
| 9958 south florida wind
the autumn leaves
arrive by mail | 9968 Dad's dormant dogwood
the dates on his gravestone
eroded by time |
| 9959 pumpkin ale
your jack-o-lantern's
wry smile | 9969 a boulder tumbled
down the bare knoll
dust flying |
| 9961 wisteria blooms
clinging to the tips of
a lavender dusk | 9970 November moon
Its light wasted
on empty fields |
| 9961 first day of winter
my autobiography
of the migration | 9971 winter gloom
moonlight searches
for spring |
| 9962 I tour the hill roads
of my long-ago commute
light snow in the air | 9972 winter garden
empty rows
pointing towards spring |
| 9963 cloud of mosquitoes
my chaotic repacking
of moving boxes | 9973 he herds oak leaves
with a gas power-blower . . .
golden birthday blues |
| 9664 chipping at ice—
the new neighbor stops
to introduce himself | 9974 first autumn storm . . .
a lone kayaker shores up
his testosterone |

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- | | | | |
|------|--|-------|--|
| 9975 | fallen ginkgo fruits
their permeating odor . . .
sidestepping her moods | 9988 | early autumn
a bird calls
for its mate |
| 9976 | early morning mist . . .
an egret slowly rises
and stretches his wings | 9989 | melanoma
as if the sun
winks at her |
| 9977 | end of the season . . .
weaving through ageless beach grass
yesterday's footprints | 9990 | autumn moon
an owl settles
on a limb of almond tree |
| 9978 | among orange maples
and bright yellow hickory . . .
poison ivy red | 9991 | the chug-a-rum
of bullfrogs in the swamp
chorus line |
| 9979 | at my age
the long haul is shorter
dried persimmon | 9992 | summer garden
fully-ripened tomatoes
bursting from their skins |
| 9980 | behind me the sun
rising in a sky still full
of October moon | 9993 | hot flashes—
far less embarrassing
in summertime |
| 9981 | key in the lock—
ready for the avalanche
of chihuahuas | 9994 | autumn evening
a couple wearing fox mask
out of shrine gate |
| 9982 | winter wedding—
in the bride's hair
flecks of snow | 9995 | a mail delighted me
informing her Haiku start-up
autumn breeze |
| 9983 | winter sorrow
at my neighbour's funeral
her grandchildren's tears | 9996 | a map of Edo
with the castle always at the top
—harvest moon |
| 9984 | lengthening shadows
the black house cat
befriends a stray | 9997 | autumn wind
the flute maker says the third keyhole
is key |
| 9985 | Obama's attire—
'the audacity of taupe'
Twitter atwitter. | 9998 | stubble field
alongside the road the cow and me
eye to eye |
| 9986 | Wrap-around weather
brings billowing clouds over
Diablo's summit. | 9999 | something lost
something forgotten
falling leaves |
| 9987 | Full moon dims to red
a total lunar eclipse
nearby stars emerge. | 10000 | eagle soars
in memory of my father
larger than life |
-

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- 10001 no more clouds
things are clearer now
night of stars
- 10002 at all points
only high grassland and
skies serene and bright
- 10003 pickers
in the cotton fields
all in pastels
- 10004 choosing a museum
science over art
small town grandma
- 10005 the cyclist
leans into the turn
dragonfly
- 10006 fleeing
the loudness of forced smiles
autumn hills
- 10007 her aunt
becoming her grandmother
ghosts
- 10008 lotuses
on the levee's other side
the one unseen
- 10009 above the river
voices of lovers
songs of frogs
- 10010 wet bicycle brakes
reminded of a child's cry
as the first leaf falls
- 10011 long hot sultry days
and nights—strands of shiny beads
dangling from the trees
- 10012 mysterious buzz
from the sprawling oaks—locusts
hidden in the sound
- 10013 wide muddy crescent
snakes its way to the Gulf—
this Ol' Man River
- 10014 sixty-ninth autumn . . .
for the very first time
I'm planting tulips
- 10015 the us
of you and of me . . .
autumn ocean
- 10016 pink gloaming
of autumn morning—
why she stays
- 10017 our plane
still awaiting take off signal
autumn sunset
- 10018 shopping center
dead closed everywhere
starry night
- 10019 getting sleepy
during class lecture
winter mosquito
- 10020 November Lightening-
a mixture of rain and snow.
Sunlight weaves a web.
- 10021 As the days shorten,
we burrow into own holes
and condense our lives.
-

Challenge Kigo- “Winter Rain”

night music
winter rain and bare branches
marking time
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

winter rain
the cat arches
all his back
~Michael Henry Lee

unfinished dream home
of the divorcing couple
endless winter rain
~Joan Zimmerman

in this too
walking on and on—
winter rain
~Ruth Holzer

in attic
an unused crib
winter rain
~James Lautermilch

for barely pennies
Mother sells heritage land . . .
winter rain deepens
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

a red snow shovel
still asleep on its hook . . .
winter rain
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

winter rain
the koto calls
sad loneliness
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

winter rain
the gloom so welcome
through this migraine
~Christine Horner

as we soak
in the motel's thermal pool
winter rain falls
~Patricia Prime

Dodging heavy drops—
memories of winter rain
in a three-year drought.
~David Sherertz

unpacking my coats
is such a big job
winter rain
~Majo Leavick

end of drought
years of waiting for
winter rain
~Christine Lamb Stern

winter rain
his photo discarded
long ago
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

the cup breaks
right at the handle
winter rain
~Phillip Kennedy

Winter rain—dismal
on a December window
grimmed over with soot.
~Bill West

**Challenge Kigo—
“Mustard Flower”
By June Hopper Hymas**

Challenge Kigo: mustard flower (*na no hana*, spring).

A North American equivalent for the Japanese rape flower.

the traffic clears
on both sides of the road
wild mustard

Deborah Kolodji

is it hard leaving behind
the rape blossoms?
rice field geese

Issa, translation by David Lanoue

this old pasture
I stand in waist-high sheets of
yellow mustard

June Hopper Hymas

mustard flowers
the moon in the east
the sun in the west

Buson

a field of mustard
no whale in sight
the sea darkening

Basho, translation by Robert Hass

one mustard plant
on bare earth by the freeway
and white butterflies!

June Hopper Hymas

In many areas, mustard plants commonly appear in springtime, and by late spring put on a glorious show of bright yellow flowers. I think they make oil from the seeds of the rape plant that is cultivated in Japan. Here in Eastern Idaho, fields of mustard are grown for the seeds used to make that bright yellow hot-dog condiment! But that is not what we are talking about here. Some of the above haiku have an extra kigo—see if you can spot them! And send in your mustard flower, blossoming mustard, mustard in bloom haiku to be printed with your name in the next Geppo!

Asilomar Freestyle Ikebana by Carol Steele
Photograph by Christine Horner.



peony leaves, cymbidium orchid, bird of paradise leaves, asparagus fern, horsetail

**July—August 2014
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPP0 Readers**

restless again
you decide to leave
autumn wind
~Genie Nakano

throwing a pebble
I miss the pond
my mind ripples
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

pouring tea
into the cracked cup
autumn wind
~Michael Sheffield

eating udon—
so much of the enjoyment
the noise
~Christine Horner

50 years gone by
yet we laugh like yesterday
high school reunion
~Christine Lamb Stern

Milky Way
thousands of light years
cross tonight
~Alison Woolpert

black hole—
small change rattling
in coat hem
~Peg McAulay Byrd

old dog
its bark no worse
than its slobber
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

Year of the Rabbit
wrinkle their noses
over carrot sticks
~Joan Zimmerman

a cored apple—
unable to laugh
or cry
~Mimi Ahern

autumn stroll—
the geezers on the beach
are us
~Ruth Holzer

sunset—
in the very next breath
a tree frog
~Christine Horner

bubbles
above the high C
opera in the park
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

in the front window
the silhouette of the dog
souls in autumn rain
~Kyle Sullivan

fog horn ghosts
seep into my dreams—
fall equinox
~Peg McAulay Byrd

Members' Votes for July—August 2014 Haiku

Genie Nakano 9880-9, 9881-0, 9882-2
 Ruth Holzer 9883-5, 9884-2, 9885-0
 Michael Henry Lee 9886-0, 9887-5, 9888-2
 Kevin Goldstein-Jackson 9889-6, 9890-8,
 9891-3
 David Sherertz 9892-0, 9893-0, 9894-2
 Clysta Seney 9895-1, 9896-1, 9897-0
 James Lautermilch 9898-4, 9899-2, 9900-4
 Joan Zimmerman 9901-1, 9902-2, 9903-6
 Elinor Pihl Huggett 9904-1, 9905-0, 9906-1
 Patricia Prime 9907-4, 9908-1, 9909-0
 Michael Sheffield 9910-0, 9911-7, 9912-1
 Christine Horner 9913-3, 9914-5, 9915-7
 Phillip Kennedy 9916-1, 9917-2, 9918-0
 Johnnie Hafernik 9919-0, 9920-2, 9921-5
 Christine Stern Lamb 9922-7, 9923-2, 9924-1
 Hiro Murakami 9925-1, 9926-1
 Judith Schallberger 9927-5, 9928-1, 9929-2
 Kyle Sullivan 9930-1, 9931-4, 9932-5
 Mimi Ahern 9933-1, 9934-6, 9935-2
 Alison Woolpert 9936-3, 9937-1, 9938-7
 Bill West 9939-3
 Teruro Yamagata 9940-0, 9941-0, 9942-3
 June Hopper Hymas 9943-0, 9944-2, 9945-4
 Betty Arnold 9946-4, 9947-3, 9948-3
 Peg McAulay Byrd 9949-5, 9950-3, 9951-7
 Zinovy Vayman 9952-0, 9953-3, 9954-2



Editor's Note: In the last GEPPO Christine Horner's challenge haiku was incorrectly written as:

a stranger
 bears my dear friend's name
 autumn wind

I apologize for the mistake. It should be:

a stranger
 bears my dead friend's name
 autumn wind

Annual YTHS Membership Dues

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

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

**GEPPO Submission due date for
the next issue is January 8.**

**New Submission guidelines:
Email questions or comments with
contact info to:**

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

GEPPO 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.

Recent Yuki Teikei Events

Where is the Moon?

submitted by Roger Abe

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society held its annual Moon Viewing Party on October 11, 2014 at Carol Steele's cozy place in Capitola. Attendance: Patrick Gallagher, Sandy Vrooman, Carolyn Fitz, Joan Zimmerman, Roger Abe, Kae Bendixen, Ann Bendixen, Eleanor Carolan, Peg Shelton, Kristin E., Carol Steele and Yukiko Northon. We enjoyed a delicious potluck dinner in Carol's backyard. As we were clearing dishes, we heard explosions and went out to the street to see the nearby beach fireworks show. We hurried in from the chilly night to share a few rounds of haiku. As we said our goodbyes and left Capitola, the tardy moon came up to brighten our journeys home.

(in absentia)

up the rabbit hole—
beholding the night sky and
myself in the moon

Betty Arnold

midnight snack
a slice of moonlight
on the kitchen floor

Linda Papanicolau

falling across
half of the hot springs pool
hunter moon

Alison Woolpert—traveling, in rainy Portland

(attendees)

wine and coffee
being sold in boxes
next'll be moonshine

Patrick G.

Splashed
Blood red ink
on the sky

Sandy V.

snaking dragons
explode red, green, yellow
where is the moon

Eleanor Carolan

firecrackers crackling
sesame moon crackers snap
October surprise

Kae Bendixen

sidewalk surprise
we stagger our positions
Autumn firecrackers

Carolyn Fitz

checking his iphone
an hour before moonrise
for how it will look

Joan Zimmerman

before the waning
moon's rising, the sky fills with
the sound of fireworks

Carol Steele

moon viewing
in Portland
drip, drip, drip

Roger Abe



ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE IS ALL

Haiga by PJMachmiller and Martha Dahlen

THE CRANE ANCIENT AND SACRED

The crane is an ancient bird. Fossilized remains would indicate these birds have been passing down crane wisdom for at least 25,000 centuries.

footsteps
held in stone
echo of crane song

Since ancient times in China and Japan the crane has been considered a sacred bird holding magic that can grant a wish for fidelity, love, good health and longevity. They are white in color with black necks and rump feathers and a red cap. It is said they live for 1,000 years.

In Japan legend promises that one who creates a string of 1,000 folded orizumu paper cranes will be granted a wish. These senbazuru are popular gifts for special friends, family members, newly weds and babies.

Several temples in Japan have eternal flames for world peace. At these temples, school groups or individuals often donate senbazuru to add to the prayer for peace. The cranes are left exposed to the elements, slowly dissolving and becoming tattered as the wish is released.

the hope of nations
a prayer wings its way
to heaven

There are fifteen species of crane around the world. Some perform incredibly long migrations, though there are also several non-migrating populations. All are very tall birds. They choose their partners based on dancing displays and mate for life. There are two species in North America: the Sandhill Crane and the Whooping Crane.

Sandhill Cranes are abundant, their populations increasing by five percent each year. In some places they number in the tens of thousands. However the Mississippi and Florida subspecies are endangered because of habitat loss. They are considered a game bird.

They are the tallest birds in North America and are usually buff to reddish in color with drooping rump feathers. A bright red spot tops the head.

Three subspecies live year-round in Florida, Mississippi and Cuba. Three much larger subspecies migrate in spring from southern parts of North America and Northern Mexico to destinations in Canada all the way to the arctic. They breed in open wetland habitats surrounded by shrubs or trees. They nest in marshes, bogs, wet meadows, prairies and other moist habitats preferring those with standing water. Their call is described as a loud trumpeting. Of course they really don't live to be 1,000 years old. One crane banded in Wyoming and discovered in New Mexico in 2010 was found to have lived thirty-seven years.

In winter they form immense flocks in places like Bosque del Apache, New Mexico and Anahuac National Wildlife Refuge, Texas. One very large population of cranes winters in the Delta and the Central Valley of California along the Sacramento River. They feed in fields of stubble during the day, returning at twilight to their nightly roosts along the river.

Cosumnes River Preserve, East of Thornton on route 5, is an ideal place to view and hear these birds. The sound of a large flock returning in the dusk might be described as a racket of trumThe peting and flapping made by a great many feathered bodies high on something other than air.

autumn evening
the marsh receives a
cloud of song

Historically the Whooping Crane was not as abundant as the Sandhill Crane. They are found in Florida and in a corridor in the central plains up into Canada and west to Idaho. Sadly by 1941 their numbers were reduced to sixteen. A tremendous effort of captive breeding has stabilized a population in Florida. A self-sustaining population of more than 300

self-sustaining population of more than 300 birds now migrates between Texas and Canada. There are only 400 or more Whooping Cranes left in the wild today. Considered extremely endangered, they have become an icon of success in the conservation movement.

The Whooping Crane shares many characteristics with the Sandhill Crane. Their distinct whooping call gives this bird its name. They are the taller of the two at over five feet and are white in color with black tipped wings and a red head cap. Happily they are still with us, unlike the Ivory Billed Woodpecker and the Passenger pigeon who have vanished from the earth because of human ignorance and greed.

Japanese Red Crowned Cranes by Carolyn Fitz



Carolyn Fitz did this ink painting presentation while she was “out of the way”. She painted from behind the canvas with the ink seeping through to the front as a nature cd played crane sounds.

Let us all be thankful for our feathered, furry and scaly friends, the creepy crawlies and the no-sees who inhabit our very own bodies. And maybe some day, here in North America, the crane will enjoy a holy station and be recognized as a sacred companion among us and grant us our wish for peace.

trumpeting cranes
returning from the fields
returning from the brink

Read at the November Asilomar Retreat while Carolyn Fitz created the brush painting below.

Dojin's Corner

July-August 2014

Emiko Miyashita and Patricia J. Machmiller

Emiko and Patricia have selected their favorite haiku from the July-August 2014 *GEPP0* as listed below. The starred numbers have been chosen for commentary.

E: 9901*, 9903, 9908, 9913*, 9931, 9934, 9935, 9941, 9951*, 9953, and 9954

pjm: 9886, 9887, 9914, 9917, 9918, 9920*, 9928, 9929, 9934*, 9945, 9946, 9948, 9949, 9954*

9901 pickup brass band
blowing through the city park
windy afternoon

E: A windy afternoon may occur in any season, however, this haiku has a late summer feeling for me when the dry, hot air blows. Perhaps it is so because the sound of a brass band has that sort of feeling, the sound created by air blown out of metal tubes. I like that way the band is formed or yet forming, musicians join with their instruments and marching through the city park. What a joy! The second line works for both first and the third line, which makes this haiku more interesting.

pjm: There's a lot to like about this haiku starting with the first word, "pickup." It signals things will be a little off-kilter here and the cheeky tone of the poem delivers. The form is five-seven-five—almost; it's missing a syllable in the first line. That's in keeping with a traditional brass band that's making an impromptu appearance—what it lacks in polish, it makes up for in gusto. For my taste, however, the use of both "blowing" and "windy" with their overtones of farting goes too far changing the tone from cheeky (which I like) to slapstick (which I don't).

9913 she finds a pit
in the pitted olive
cocktail small talk

E: Oh! And what did she do with the pit? Whenever I have to return something to my plate from my mouth, my adrenaline level rises because I want to look nice while I am taking the action. Here the olive pit has to be returned to a cocktail transparent glass! Well, the haiku is capturing a real moment in life and the last line gives enough to let us picture the situation. A very small pleasant panic! Her smooth and cool shoulders shake as she giggles.

pjm: A small, intimate group gathers for cocktails and chitchats about small inconsequential things. This is the backdrop for the small drama of someone finding an olive that was supposed to be pitted but was not. And this small story paints a picture of a tiny imperfect world, a kind of bubble inside a larger world fraught with plagues, invasions, disasters, and beheadings.

One thing I really like about this poem is the sound in the last line. Note the consonant sounds in "cocktail" (k, k, t, l) are reversed in "small talk" (l, t, k). Very pleasant to the ear—like small talk!

9920 almost dusk
at the end of tall grass
sleeping wasps

pjm: Among the many ways one could describe the end of a lazy, summer day, this feels both unique and authentic to me. It's summer, the day is ending, the wasps are sleeping—all's right with the world.

E: I knew bees slept in a beehive, but I don't know much about wasps. These not-so-small insects sleeping at the end of tall grass in the darkening hours must be an interesting view: the dark dots of their silhouettes seen against the navy blue sky. Sleep tight and well!

9934 a cored apple—
unable to laugh
or cry

pjm: The crux of this poem is the word "cored," an adjective by the way. (How many times have you been told to leave out or

delete an adjective?) This is not just an apple; it's a *cored* apple. Which means it is plump and ripe and it has been separated from its seed. Its original purpose, to nourish its seed, has been thwarted for a new purpose: my enjoyment—I don't know whether to "laugh or cry."

E: What is this situation? I once saw at a confectionery how they cored apples for making baked apples. It was as if the apples were made of soft clay the way the baker used his cutter. Now, the second and the third lines seem to have nothing to do with his spectacular apple-coring, but only with the cored apple itself. No seeds are left for reproduction, and probably no heart left for it to laugh or cry. Or perhaps the poet is overlapping his/her situation in life with the cored apple?

9951 black hole—
small change rattling
in coat hem

E: This is exactly what I have experienced with an old coat my daughter gave me. She commutes, and her pass had always been in the right pocket; by the time I got the coat, the right pocket had a hole in its bottom. The coat became mine with some change my daughter had lost in her pocket. They made clinking sound as I hurried to the station. Yes, indeed, it's a black hole!

pjm: "Black hole." With this opening I am mentally ready to be transported to some far off place in the cosmos. But in the end I am looking at a small hole in someone's coat pocket. This is quite a mental shift. I have to confess, I did enjoy the ride.

As a small nit, I think the last line needs an "a" or "the" before "coat."

9954 end of
summer
around her dark blue tattoo
her light blue veins

pjm: This is a unique observation: the delicately colored veins of a woman, a natural

tattoo if you will, under the artfully created tattoo. I think there might be a preference for the delicate tracery of the light blue veins to the dark blue heaviness of the tattoo. And the "end of/summer" reminds us that both will fade with time. Another small nit, I don't think that breaking the phrase "end of summer" accomplishes anything.

E: An interesting contrast of colors, of the tattoo and the veins. The author is making a detailed observation on her arm, or is this her breast? We do not know where the tattoo is, but "end of summer" makes me think of a non-tanned area of the skin where the blue color stands out. Must have been a great summer! I feel the gentle gaze of the author from this haiku.

Emiko and Patricia invite your response. Send your letters to Carol Steele in care of GEPPPO or e-mail us at:

Birds

Joan I. Goswell



Fresh Peaches

Renku 2014
Asilomar Retreat
November 6-9, 2014
Pacific Grove, CA

- | | | | |
|---|------------|--|---------|
| 1. fresh peaches
on black lacquer stands
palace banquet | Phillip | 13. Budweiser fuels
ice fishermen to their hole
bright moon | Ann |
| 2. a moon in the sky
and one in the sea | Chris | 14. sneezing my way
through the vitamin aisle | Phillip |
| 3. I love the sound
of kelp-bladder popping
Asilomar sand | Amy | 15. Uncle Harry tells me
what I should do about
the renegade priest | Chris |
| 4. bright silks and obis
so many compliments | Greg/Chris | 16. my Idaho friend happy
with the election results | Carol |
| 5. a new acquaintance
we talk about the current
heat wave | Greg | 17. under cherry blossoms
the one who's drunk too much
spills the sake | Greg |
| 6. chickadee, chickadee
can't tell one from another | Ann | 18. four dumpsters to help
with spring | Ann |
| 7. flinging her arms round
the adventuresome cat
for fuzzy kisses | Kae | 19. the sweetness
of maple sugar
fresh from the tree | Greg |
| 8. a Las Vegas honeymoon
then she deploys to Kuwait | Carol | 20. the protestors burst through
sturdy clinic doors | Kae |
| 9. the private detective's
blurry photographs of us
stick together | Phillip | 21. Rosicrucians
do they meditate
in the mummy chamber | Judith |
| 10. on my road trip heading home
bouncing bluegrass moves me on | Kae | 22. one country to start war
two countries to make peace | Ann |
| 11. how about those Giants
will we ever be content
with real life again | Patrick | 23. she wore
an itsy bitsy teeny weeny
yellow polka dot bikini | Greg |
| 12. the jasmine rice I make
boils all over the stove | Greg | 24. without protection
her back will be sunburned | Toni |
| | | 25. what is a corsage?
before the homecoming dance
motherly wisdom | Kae |

26. some day I'll tell you about
the cutest hitch-hiker Chris
27. bronze-helmed Hector
pacing the high stone walls
guarding Andromache Phillip
28. adjusting to my husband's
new mustache Amy
29. the man in the moon
looking down on earth
a LEM in his eye Greg
30. hippocampal swelling
where did I hide my acorns? Kae
31. Obama paid up
the new Federal budget
makes room for me Patrick
32. onegai shimasu
the go tournament begins Phillip
33. London Eye's lights
twinkle and arc
through the sky Amy
34. King Tut lives!
Steve Martin on SNL Ann
35. cherry blossoms
carried on the winds
of Mt. Yoshino Chris
36. enjoying a well-earned
springtime nap Phillip

Renku master: Patrick Gallagher

Participants: Ann Bendixen, Kae Bendixen,
Toni Homan, Christine Horner, Phillip
Kennedy, Amy Ostenso-Kennedy, Greg
Longenecker, Judith Schallberger, Carol
Steele.

2015 YTHS Calendar

- Jan 1 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society membership dues for 2015 are due. Information in this issue.
- Jan 8 GEPPPO submissions due.
- Jan 10 Yuki Teikei meeting at Markham House, History Park San Jose, 1650 Senter Street, San Jose, CA. Clysta Seney and Patricia Machmiller will give a tour of the YTHS Archives with haiku writing to follow.
- Feb 14 Yuki Teikei meeting at Markham House, History Park San Jose, 1650 Senter Street, San Jose, CA. Linda Papanicolaou will give a talk about love verses in haiku and renku.
- Mar 4 GEPPPO submissions due.
- Mar 14 Haiga meeting hosted by Linda Papanicolau at Termam Middle School, Room H-8, 1-4pm 655 Arastadero Road, Palo Alto, CA.
- Thu Apr 2- Japanese American Museum, San Jose - Yuki Teiki Haiku Society Gallery Show, 535 N
Sun Apr 26 5th Street, San Jose. Yuki Teiki Haiku Society Reading & Reception on Sunday, April 26.
Noon-4pm Reading starts at 1pm.
- May 6 GEPPPO submissions due.
- May 9 Teahouse Reading in the Japanese Friendship Garden, 1490 Senter Road, San Jose, CA.
10 to 10-noon garden tour and haiku workshop, 1:30-4:30 featured readers followed by an open
4:30pm mike. YTHS 40th Anniversary Celebration Dinner and Program. (place and time TBD)