

# *G E P P O*

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

Volume XL:1 January—February 2015

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

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|------|--|------|--|
| 0117 | morning moon<br>geese return to the<br>frigid lake                                   | 0127 | red cloud sky<br>looking beyond<br>I see within                    |
| 0118 | shoveling<br>out the driveway again<br>winter solstice                               | 0128 | frog song<br>this glut of long-wanted rain<br>spills the gutters   |
| 0119 | snowy night<br>meditation group arrives<br>radiator cymbals                          | 0129 | black bulls<br>their breath warms<br>the young grass               |
| 0120 | first laugh—<br>the baby's surprise<br>at her hiccups                                | 0130 | the founders' daughter<br>blesses the meeting—<br>her voice cracks |
| 0121 | knowing no one<br>at the party<br>winter nights                                      | 0131 | boy and girl<br>build their own sandcastle<br>grebes in flight     |
| 0122 | for the first year<br>in many a different<br>first dream                             | 0132 | raft of auklets<br>signal a good feeding zone<br>plop-plop-plop    |
| 0123 | incense cedar rises<br>to sky singing spring wind's song—<br>move on move on move    | 0133 | on a blue slate sky<br>one gull's calligraphy<br>no period         |
| 0124 | all flight feathers preened<br>bow-shaped lips sip espresso—<br>her spring migration | 0134 | the intense digging<br>of a squirrel<br>I try to remember          |
| 0125 | Sunday morning<br>like a soft sponge the quiet<br>absorbs me                         | 0135 | pink camellia<br>so light it's almost white<br>a shy child         |
| 0126 | those days long gone—<br>watching plum blossoms fall<br>viewing the Autumn moon      | 0136 | my mind on one thing<br>I do another...<br>icy steps               |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 0137 | April Fool<br>my father's favorite<br>always my brother                     | 0150 | dusky petals<br>of the Lenten rose<br>at Passover                              |
| 0138 | Christmas cards written<br>I start to learn Japanese<br><i>go shichi go</i> | 0151 | as far<br>as the mountain trail goes—<br>wild snapdragons                      |
| 0139 | whistle-stop speech<br>for seven breaths of spring<br>I believe him         | 0152 | winter chill<br>one telephone call<br>broken dreams                            |
| 0140 | ice in the birdbath . . .<br>a mourning dove<br>does the splits             | 0153 | late January<br>on the balcony<br>the mourning dove's song                     |
| 0141 | long winter . . .<br>a coyote on the hunt<br>for road kill                  | 0154 | sun filled days<br>spring dreams<br>bursting forth                             |
| 0142 | winter's grip . . .<br>on the window ledge<br>a sparrow with no neck        | 0155 | march winds<br>live oak leaf finds<br>every room                               |
| 0143 | over the snow<br>the fluid lines<br>of a crow's wings                       | 0156 | narrowing light<br>a doe slips away<br>with the dawn                           |
| 0144 | winter sales—<br>the cold northern wind<br>on my shoulders                  | 0157 | blossom viewing—<br>a penny for<br>your thoughts                               |
| 0145 | springtime walk—<br>almost hidden in the reeds<br>squawking ducklings       | 0158 | sudden flower smell<br>such sweetness<br>I can't pluck                         |
| 0146 | Easter Sunday<br>from loudspeakers the Muslim<br>call to prayer             | 0159 | loaded shopping cart<br>behind a mound of strawberries<br>girl with green eyes |
| 0147 | spring melancholy<br>the pot of beef bones on simmer<br>now three days      | 0160 | stable at milking time<br>leafy trees burst<br>out yellow blossoms             |
| 0148 | spring evening<br>a loud buzz enters the café<br>as a cat                   | 0161 | my heart is half full<br>like the bird bath with a fly<br>desperately swimming |
| 0149 | spring mud—<br>I'm not planting any more<br>Perennials                      | 0162 | weeping sky<br>while winter tries to hang on<br>my heart is wrung              |
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- 0163 my weathered hands  
allowing my travels to be seen  
this tired butterfly
- 0164 Spinnakers luffing  
hundreds on the glassy Bay—  
still life with sailboats.
- 0165 In the pouring rain  
a little girl cries “Daddy!”  
getting wet so rare.
- 0166 Seven plum blossoms  
floating in a shallow bowl -  
pale-pink lily pads.
- 0167 diagnosis  
rheumatoid arthritis  
I buy silver flats
- 0168 nine elephants  
frolic in Monterey Bay  
lucid dreaming
- 0169 a tiny cup  
of heated sake  
evening star
- 0170 the garage  
there among the clutter  
plum blossoms
- 0171 hours later  
nothing has changed  
cold feet
- 0172 red kite left  
on the white beach  
broken promises
- 0173 Skeletal pink flowers  
evolving to huckleberries—  
winter becomes spring
- 0174 Bumblebees feed  
on blue ceanothus—  
their hive a secret
- 0175 Abundant crop on  
her backyard lemon tree—  
livens friends’ cuisine
- 0176 Twilight basketball  
Banging on the backboard  
Groaning, yelling, laughter
- 0177 Deep blue in winter  
Ceanothus blooms fade and fall  
Spring begins
- 0178 A turquoise pebble  
Dropped into a quiet pool  
My cell phone rings—“She’s passed.”
- 0179 full moon  
finding myself  
in the deer’s sights
- 0180 south wind  
how it changes  
a cloud
- 0181 the rustling of the leaves  
oh it must be that time  
spring breeze
- 0182 the smiling Buddha  
life is great in paradise  
early spring
- 0183 live, laugh and enjoy  
the freedom of being young  
spring break
- 0184 a truck full  
of broken pianos  
cats in love
- 0185 slow day  
pulling the *Zuo Zhuan*  
off the shelf
- 0186 the singer  
holding the high note  
heat shimmer
- 0187 love’s passing—  
another seashell placed near  
his weathered headstone
- 0188 daytime crescent moon—  
are we really on the verge  
of a 6th extinction
-

0198 under the sun and moon  
time moves democratically  
for everyone

0199 whispers of trees  
beneath a barren sky  
plastic bag rattle

0200 sour note  
the garden taken over  
by hummingbird sage

0201 beavertail cactus  
barely budding  
sharp words

0202 met my ancestors  
on bridge of history books  
hazy spring moon

0203 spring snow  
so softly and quietly  
especially today

0204 Venus  
were you such a bright one  
after spring rain

0205 bare trees  
seen from my window  
still bring the birds

0206 cleaning house  
before a move  
what to throw, what to take

0207 sunshine  
losing the battle  
with the cold

0208 gray sky clearing  
daffodils  
shaking off snow

0209 daffodils brighten  
the gloomy interior  
Mother's funeral

0210 in brilliant sun  
poppies flame  
Grandpa's old stories

0211 winter rice  
grows beside the graves  
solitude of strays

0212 unknown words  
of a train conductor  
wind over young rice

0213 it floats above  
the koi in the cold  
mouse in \*Beimen

\*Beimen is short for Beimen Township, a small, seaside town in Tainan, Taiwan. In the 1950s, many locals were afflicted with Black Foot Disease caused by Arsenic in the groundwater. The town is now primarily for tourism, with reminders for visitors of what occurred there in the past.

Note: Starting with this issue the number 1 has been dropped from the beginning of each of the numbers of the haiku.

## Challenge Kigo Haiku- “Spring Dream”

winter lengthened  
friends come by after skiing  
spring dream  
~Peg McAulay Byrd

spring dream...  
my children  
children again  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

wedding day  
they exchange rings, vows  
and spring dreams  
~Patricia Prime

spring dream  
my son is young again  
but am I  
~Alison Woolpert

spring dream—  
a different country's  
different birds  
~Ruth Holzer

spring dream  
you are with me  
still  
~Barbara Campitelli

spring dream  
my best friend still greets me  
at the door  
~Michael Henry Lee

crossing an ocean  
an old woman returns  
spring dream  
~Stephanie Baker

late frost  
my spring dream  
nipped  
~Michael Sheffield

A vivid spring dream—  
transported back to childhood  
so startlingly real.  
~David Sherertz

spring dream . . .  
the soft hum of bumblebees  
in the wisteria  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Sparse blossoms  
No white canopies this year--  
lost spring dream  
~Lois Scott

spring dream  
the rhythm  
of his breath  
~Desiree McMurry

she lets love  
adjust her glasses  
spring dream  
~Christine Horner

at Forest Camp  
I live in paradise  
spring dream  
~Majo Leavick

the cats and I  
perform *The Brocade Tree*  
spring dream  
~Phillip Kennedy

spring dream-  
holding tight to Daddy  
after the earthquake  
~Betty Arnold

if Hitler  
had drowned as a kid -  
spring dream  
~Susan Burch

out of nowhere  
the gaggle of local Lolitas—  
spring dream  
~Zinoviy Vayman

smell of flowers  
in a long winter's nap  
spring dream  
~E. Luke

faded ribbon  
in my dresser drawer  
spring dream  
~Deborah P Kolodji

spring BIG BANG! bloom dream . .  
COOKED BY HEATWAVES~~~~  
Mother  
~Janis Lukstein

wild cherries  
from the Shinkansen window  
a passing spring dream  
~Joyce Joslin Lorenson

colorful pinwheels  
from origami paper  
spring dream  
~Ann Bendixen

spring's dream  
of becoming summer . . .  
autumn . . . winter . . .  
spring . . .  
~Joan Zimmerman

what if life...  
is just a spring dream  
~Genie Nakano

hearing a waterfall  
then feeling it's whispers on  
my face  
Spring dream  
~Toni Homan

**November—December 2014  
Haiku Voted Best  
By GEPPO Readers**

autumn deepens  
the dog sleeps another hour  
beneath the covers  
~Kyle Sullivan

to be known as  
one who watches waves  
first star wish  
~Neal Whitman

letter box  
the electricity bill  
covered with frost  
~Patricia Prime

fine dining  
on our brocade tablecloth  
daddy long legs  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

juncos everywhere  
her uncle gives each of us  
lottery scratchers  
~Phillip Kennedy

Thanksgiving Day  
fresh snow fills  
the wild turkey tracks  
~Michael Henry Lee

wild rosemary  
a heart too hard  
to be broken  
~Michael Henry Lee

fireworks  
streaking over the fence  
the neighbor cats  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

cold front  
moving in  
my mother-in-law  
~Susan Burch

my dearest friend  
she knew me like a sister—  
chrysanthemum moon  
~Judith Schallberger

Mom's notebook  
the names and birthdays of the dead  
crossed out  
~Zinovy Vayman

full wolf moon—  
tuning my inner ear  
to listen  
~Judith Schallberger

drift ice  
after the root canal  
new pain  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

evening chill but  
Mercy River still hums  
country love songs  
~Joan Zimmerman

otherwise  
the sky is blue  
leaf smoke  
~Desiree McMurry

barred window . . .  
only the winter moonlight  
to keep me company  
~Elinor Huggett

early November  
the ever increasing girth  
of squirrels  
~Elinor Huggett

drops of rain  
falling into an empty cup  
winter morning  
~Majo Leavick

October dawn  
things I have left  
unfinished  
~June Hymas

autumn calm  
a mouse leads the way  
through weeds  
~Kyle Sullivan



## Challenge Kigo: Summer Clothing by June Hopper Hymas

It was the custom immemorial in Japan to switch to summer clothes on the first day of the Fourth lunar month--around the sixth of May. Later the custom was sometimes observed at the beginning of June. Now strict observation might not be so common, and it may not be a social *obligation* that everyone switches on the same day. Still, the clothing of summer time is different--often looser, thinner, and less layered than the clothing of all the other seasons. And breaking out your summer clothing (swimwear, sun hats, tennis whites, shorts and sandals) is deeply pleasing after winter's requirement to protect yourself from the cold.

I thought about suggesting this kigo because Kiyoko's haiku has been so pleasing to me for so many years. It is such a wonderful close observation! It made me remember the straight, slender limbs of my own children as they ran on the beach in Santa Cruz.

*natsufuku no kora utsukushiki teashi motsu*

In summer clothing  
children have such beautiful  
arms and legs                      Kiyoko Tokutomi; translated by Fay Aoyagi & Patricia Macmiller

And then there is the famous one:

*natsu-goromo imada shirami o tori tsukusa zu*

summer clothing  
I've not yet finished  
removing the lice                      Basho; translated by Jane Reichhold

Reichhold notes that some people feel this is a metaphor for Basho's revisions of travel notes and haiku, rather than about actual insect removal. Perhaps they are just squeamish! I am sure Basho met at least a few lice in all his travels!

*yasezune no ke ni bifu ari koromogae*

Breezes stir  
the hair on my scrawny shins  
it's time for summer clothes      Buson; translated by W. S. Merwin and Takako Lento

As before, send in your haiku using this kigo to be printed with your name in the next *GEPPŌ*.

For more haiku and pictures, too, see the daily blog celebrating Yuki Teikei's 40th anniversary at: [seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com](http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com)

### YTHS Recent Events

#### December 2014

It was an evening of haiku friendship, the holiday dinner at the home of Alison Woolpert, our YTHS President, expressed through her words: "...luminaries outside, holiday lights inside, and a living room filled with the lively talk among friends (Patricia & Al Machmiller, Judith & Lou Schallberger, Joan Zimmerman and friends from Japan Miki and Shun Kamata, Eleanor Carolyn, Carol Steele, Carolyn Fitz, Jean Mahoney, Patrick Gallagher, Sandy Vrooman, Roger Abe, Ann Bendixen, Kae Bendixen, Amy Ostenso, Phillip Kennedy, and Alan Leavitt). Candles and Carol's Ikebana centerpiece decorated the dining room table, a table laden with delicious potluck offerings. We feasted, and then shared our haiku/haiga cards." And to sum it all up in Joan Zimmerman's words, "It was filled with joy."

#### January 2015

A pure white camellia greets the members of YTHS (Mimi Ahern, Betty Arnold, Jerry Ball, Carolyn Fitz, Patrick Gallagher, Christine Horner, Patricia Machmiller, Linda Papanicolaou, Judith Scallberger, Clysta Seney, David Sherertz, Carol Steele, and Alison Woolpert) as they approach the steps of the Historic Markham house in Kelly Park, San Jose, California. Waiting inside is Clysta Seney, who, for the past two years, has taken on care of the YTHS archives in a tiny room at the top of the stairs. Two new bookshelves, installed by Alan Leavitt and President Alison Woolpert, provide just the needed space to finish her organizing. In Clysta's humble words: "all the groundwork has been laid by Donna Lynn and Patricia and Alison. I am simply trying to maintain what they have created." (And what a special place has been created!)

In small groups Clysta guides us up the stairs and into the archives: books, magazines, scrapbooks, memorabilia, and *GEPPOs* dating back to the 1975 inception of YTHS by the founders Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi. As the last group descends, a surprise visitor arrives—Yukiko Northon, daughter of the founders. Standing in the doorway after a quick tour upstairs with Patricia Machmiller, Yukiko thanks us. Later, Carolyn Fitz captures the poignant thanks of Yukiko in an email to her: *It was so special that you came to the haiku meeting (even so briefly) during your lunch hour this past Saturday. Your emotional sharing of your feelings of how grateful you are that YTHS is still an ongoing and strong study group and so beloved by its many members...And how important YTHS is in your parent's life ... (their gift to us!). Well, you had us all wiping tears of emotion and gratitude as you left to go back to work ...*

And sharing the beautiful haiku she wrote that day is Judith Schallberger:

*remembering  
the best of a best friend ...  
white camellias*



Jerry Ball with Clysta Seney



Yukiko Northon with Patricia Machmiller

Photos and write-up submitted by Mimi Ahern, formatted by David Sherertz

## Dojin's Corner

Nov-Dec 2014

Emiko Miyashita and Patricia Machmiller

Greetings everyone. Chinese New Year has passed and by the time you read this so will have Easter. So it must be spring!

Here are our choices from the last GEPP0:  
 pjm: 10026\*, 10029, 10048, 10060, 10065,  
 10072, 10078\*, 10081, 10086, 10088, 10094,  
 10096, 10097\*, 10098, 10112, 10113, 10116\*

E: 10026, 10031, 10033, 10042, 10046\*,  
 10050, 10070, 10071, 10072, 10073, 10076,  
 10077, 10078\*, 10090, 10094\*, 10096,  
 10097\*, 10099, 10100, 10112, 10114, 10115

On our first round we both picked two of the same haiku. So to increase the number of haiku to comment on, we gave ourselves permission to each select a fourth haiku.

10026 Thanksgiving Day  
 fresh snow fills  
 the wild turkey tracks

pjm: The first thing that caught my attention in this haiku is the image in the last two lines: "fresh snow" in the "wild turkey tracks." The image's vivid immediacy paints a complete picture with very few words. We can see the soft ground where the turkey walked leaving shallow tracks; we imagine the ground has since frozen preserving them and subsequently a light dusting of snow has filled them in. We know it's a light snow because a blowing wind has swept it all away leaving bare ground except for what got caught in the hollows of the tracks. There is a real feel of winter here. I'm not as enamored with the first line. Thanksgiving is a late autumn kigo and has a strong association with turkey, maybe too strong? I think there may be a better first line to introduce this arresting image.

E: Thanksgiving Day, fresh snow, wild turkey, these three elements of this haiku are too

close, aren't they? However, the way they are connected brings calmness into the haiku. And as we read it, we see no turkeys in sight; it doesn't mean that they are in the oven. What is there, capturing the eyes of the author, is the whiteness of the fresh snow. Imagine a scene the early settlers had seen almost four hundred years ago! Maybe nothing has changed, the fresh snow is always fresh and makes us serene.

10046 otherwise  
 the sky is blue  
 leaf smoke

E: So the sky is not blue but smoky, a leaf smoke. It is dangerous to have so much of smoke, a forest fire? I imagined the author making a bonfire with the raked leaves. When the wind changes its direction, the smoke follows. Suddenly the wind shifts and the smoke gets in her/his eyes, making the world blurry, diluting the blueness of the sky. A clear deep autumn sky!

pjm: This poem made me think how things have changed from when I was a child. It used to be common in the autumn to rake leaves into a pile and then create a large bonfire to burn them. Now in the cities and even in the country, people are conscious of air pollution and very few people burn their leaves. Instead big recycling trucks come and scoop up the leaves and piles of brush that homeowners leave by the curb and haul them off. The practice of burning leaves only occurs in rural areas and even there it is much less common. So one's reaction to this poem might depend on your age. If you are of my generation, it probably evokes a feeling of nostalgia for a simpler time. For a young person, the image recalls a quiet pastoral scene evoking a feeling of harmony and peace.

10078 holding my breath  
 for the old heater  
 to kick on

E: This haiku immediately turns on my lightbulb. This is exactly what I used to do with our old kerosene stove that had an electric igniter. Later, when the stove got really old, I used a lighted match to start the fire. Early morning in the freezing kitchen, still in my pajamas, this was the first thing I needed to do! The chill and my humble prayers for the first good luck of the day, this haiku definitely brings me back to a moment in winter.

pjm: A surefire indication that a season change is upon us is the day we first have to turn on the heater after months of warm weather. And there is that moment when “we hold our breath” hoping it will work again as expected. It’s funny how there are these very distinct moments in our lives that we can clearly identify as being transitions. It is only one moment when we are on the cusp and then it is part of the past—it’s coming and going so rapid we hardly notice. Except here—in this haiku—one is preserved forever.

10094    blinking to focus  
          as the stars seem closer tonight  
          Dad’s last outing

E: I read this haiku as a farewell haiku of the passing of a father, by the author whose eyes are getting watery, due to the word, “last.” “As the stars seem closer tonight,” also gives a sense of closeness to the heaven. If so, I admire the way the author is showing this special “tonight,” in such a way that it reminds us that we are continuing our journey of life and after in the universe.

pjm: I read this haiku in much the same way as Emiko. The emotion of the moment has made everything more palpable, more vivid—even the stars seem to be bigger and more filled with meaning on this particular night.

10097    letter box  
          the electricity bill  
          covered with frost

pjm: What an image of winter! It feels cold, cold, cold. You can imagine the writer all bundled up in mittens and a scarf shuffling out to the mailbox only to find the electric bill, which is going to be enormous because it has been so cold, covered

with FROST! That *is* cold!

E: There is a *kire*, a break, in this haiku at the end of the first line. How much can a letter box tell us? It stands at the road, apart from the house, maybe made of metal? I don’t see the condominium type of letter boxes occupying a wall inside the entrance hall here. Then, what can an electricity bill tell us? It tells us the house is being heated and lighted by electricity; the cooking, watching TV, and even the cooling and freezing are done by it. Now the bill is covered with frost, and is opaque! I like the shortness of this haiku and the touch of frost on my fingers.

10116    the first firefly  
          an old man’s self-mastery  
          in Da Dong’s dim light

E: Early summer in the evening, when there is a yellow-greenish dot appearing and disappearing in the air, we are thrilled to expect more of them to come out and mate on the twenty-sixth of the fifth month in lunar calendar (an old saying). The firefly’s light does not generate heat; therefore its efficiency is miraculous. Now, under the dim light at Da Dong, an old man is using his energy, controlling carefully with his will power. I picture him holding a brush about to stroke the final touch to his calligraphy work.

pjm: I first thought of this old man as being a master of kung fu or tai chi. But I like Emiko’s thought that it is calligraphy. In any case, the discipline of years is on display on this particular evening. And the first firefly is the harbinger of more to come.

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

## 2015 Anthology: Call for Haiku

For Yuki Teikei's 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, we would like to feature members' haiku so please send 15-20 unpublished haiku (except in *GEPP*)

Please put  
2015 YT Anthology Submission in the subject line. Please include the haiku and your name, as you would like it to appear in the body of the email. Also include the city and state where you live. Hardcopy can be sent to:

submissions is May 15, 2015.

## In Memoriam

We were saddened to hear Teruo Yamagata, long-time Yuki Teikei member and consultant to the Tokutomis in the early days of the Society, passed away in Tokyo, Japan, on Feb. 16, 2015. He was born in Tokyo in 1932, and was the President of the Yukuharu Haiku Society of Japan. As an engineer for IHI, Yamagata often traveled to the Bay Area where he meet with Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi, founders of YTHS. He had the privilege of studying English under R. H. Blythe in 1948. He was awarded the Yukuharu SOSHUN Prize in 1977. He was a constant supporter of Yuki Teikei; in 2000 he traveled with his wife, Takako, to the US to attend the banquet celebrating the Society's 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary.

travelling alone  
repeating the Buddha's name  
through the withered field  
Teruo Yamagata (1932-2015)

## Yuki Teikei Celebrates 40 Years!

Jan 19: Roger Abe and Patricia Machmiller dedicated their reading at HPNC to Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi.

April 3-19: History of Yuki Teikei Exhibit at the Japanese American Museum, 535 N. 5<sup>th</sup> Street, San Jose, CA 95112. Th-Sun 12-4PM  
Reception: 4/11 1-3PM \$5

April 12, 2:50-3:40PM: Reading of YTHS haiku and haibun and a haiga viewing. San Jose Poetry Festival, Le Petit Trianon, 72 N. 5<sup>th</sup> St., San Jose, California, 9AM-5PM, \$20.

April 19, 9-10 PM: KUSP Radio Broadcast at 88.9 FM of the Poetry Show featuring Yuki Teikei haiku poets. Available as a podcast at [www.kusp.org](http://www.kusp.org).

May 9, 11:00 AM-5:00 PM : Garden tour and reading by YT's presidents in the Teahouse at the Japanese Friendship Garden, 1300 Senter Road, San Jose, followed by an open reading.

May 9, 5PM-8PM: 40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebratory Dinner and Program at the Teahouse. Reservations required. \$50.

Sept. 26, 10AM-4PM: San Jose Poetry Center Tanka Workshop by Patricia J. Machmiller and Joan Zimmerman, Markham House, History San Jose, 1650 Senter Road, SJ. PCSJ members: \$60, non-members: \$70

Nov. 12-15: Haiku Retreat, Asilomar, Pacific Grove. Featured Poet: David Lanoue.

For additional information and updates:

[www.youngleaves.org](http://www.youngleaves.org)

Also see [SeasonswithYukiTeikei.blogspot.com](http://SeasonswithYukiTeikei.blogspot.com)

## 2015 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Annual Retreat

Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA

November 12-15, 2015 (Thursday- Sunday)

Each year the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society hosts a long weekend haiku poetry retreat at Asilomar Lodge & Conference Center, located along a dramatic section of the Monterey California coastline. The retreat is designed to inspire and nurture the creative spirit of haiku poets near and afar. Guest speakers will offer insight into the process of writing haiku. And the program is designed to allow ample time for attendees to wander and write in a relaxed and informal atmosphere. Opportunities are also available for poets to share their work and participate in renku.

The theme for our 2015 meeting is *"The Art of Haiku: What Issa Has to Teach Us,"* a topic chosen by our very special guest speaker **David Lanoue**. Mr. Lanoue is Professor of English at Xavier University of Louisiana. He is an Issa scholar and has written a number of books, including extensive translations of Issa's poetry along with his own writings. In addition to conducting a workshop on "How to Write like Issa," he will give us a reading of his own work.

Other special presentations at this retreat will include: a traditional Kukai judged by our esteemed guest Emiko Miyashita from Tokyo, Japan; a dress up renku party; an artful performance; announcement of the winners of the 2015 Tokutomi Haiku Contest; and presentation of the 2015 YTHS Anthology.

We're very excited Professor David Lanoue has found time in his busy schedule to join us, and hope to see many of our haiku friends there.

Cost:

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| full conference fee + shared room (3/rm) + 9 meals | \$ 475 |
| full conference fee + shared room (2/rm) + 9 meals | \$ 535 |
| full conference fee + single room + 9 meal         | \$ 800 |
| conference fee only                                | \$110  |

Deposit due by June 15. Balance due by Sept 15. Deadlines are firm.

Please mail this registration form with your check made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society to our retreat registrars:

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Special Needs (physical &/or dietary): \_\_\_\_\_

Vegetarian Meals: Yes No (please circle)

A Retreat Roster will be created with all attendees' name, address and contact information (email address) unless you prefer to not be included. Please check here \_\_\_\_\_ if you prefer to be excluded from the list.

**Good News!**

YTHS Members' Haiku Selected for "Haiku 2015: 100 Notable Ku from 2014"

**Haiku 2015** editors Lee Gurga and Scott Metz selected the 100 English-language haiku and senryu that most interested them from the approximately 10,000 published in print and on-line in the previous year. To avoid terminology arguments, they simply call all the poems "ku".

We know so far of four YTHS members whose work will be included in this new anthology: Mimi Ahern (whose work appeared originally in *GEPP*O as poem number 9934), Susan Diridoni, Beverly Acuff Momoi, and J. Zimmerman. If other members with work to appear in **Haiku 2015** inform the *GEPP*O editor, we can acknowledge you also.

a cored apple –  
unable to laugh  
or cry

Mimi Ahern  
*GEPP*O XXXIX:4 and *GEPP*O XXXIX:5

one dark bird in snow rummaging the invisible

Susan Diridoni  
Lilliput Review #193

summer affair —  
wild mountain yam, eggplant  
and bitter melon

Beverly Acuff Momoi  
*Modern Haiku* 45:1

blue sky  
the cookie's  
advice

J. Zimmerman  
*Modern Haiku* 45:2

Submitted by Joan Zimmerman

**September—October 2014  
Haiku Voted Best  
By Haiku Readers**

chipping at ice—  
the new neighbor stops  
to introduce himself  
~Ruth Holzer

sixty-ninth autumn . . .  
for the very first time  
I'm planting tulips  
~Mimi Ahern

at my age  
the long haul is shorter  
dried persimmon  
~Christine Horner

unfurling her fan  
of red and rust  
autumn wind  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

something lost  
something forgotten  
falling leaves  
~Christine Lamb Stern

the cyclist  
leans into the turn  
Dragonfly  
~Phillip Kennedy

the us  
of you and of me . . .  
autumn ocean  
~Mimi Ahern

practice in patience  
each year  
the persimmons  
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

wisteria blooms  
clinging to the tips of  
a lavender dusk  
~Joan Zimmerman

new roof  
on an old house—  
winter rain  
~Ruth Holzer

invisible air  
made visible  
swirling leaves  
~Neal Whitman

end of the season . . .  
weaving through ageless beach grass  
yesterday's footprints  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

autumn wind  
the flute maker says the third keyhole  
is key  
~Alison Woolpert

pickers  
in the cotton fields  
all in pastels  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernick

Editors note:

This column was accidentally left out of the last issue. It is included here so the poets can have the recognition they deserve for their lovely haiku. My apologies to the poets.

## 2015 YTHS Calendar

- |         |  |
|---------|--|
| May 9   | Teahouse Reading in the Japanese Friendship Garden, 1490 Senter Road, San Jose, CA.  |
| 11-4:30 | 11-noon garden tour and haiku workshop, 1:30-4:30. The past presidents will be the featured readers followed by an open mike. Free and open to the public.                                   |
| 5-8pm   | YTHS 40th Private Anniversary Dinner and Program at the Teahouse, \$50 per person, registration required. Parking for the dinner is best in the big lot on Senter Road.                      |
| May 15  | Anthology submissions due. Information inside this issue.  |
| May 19  | GEPPPO submissions due.  |
| Jun 13  | Picnic and garden tour ginko at Tilden Botanic Garden in Berkley. David Sherertz will be our docent. We will have a picnic lunch and then share our writing. Newcomers and guests welcome.   |
| 11-3pm  |  |
| Jun 15  | Deposit for 2015 Asilomar Retreat due. Information inside this issue.  |
| Jul 11  | Tanabata Celebration at the home of Anne and Don Homan, in the hills above Livermore. Newcomers and guests welcome. Bring a peanut free dish for a potluck dinner. We hope you will join us. |