

G E P P O

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

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

- | | | | |
|------|--|------|---|
| 0371 | around trees
lampposts, antennae, even me
—gossamers | 0383 | summer pledge drive
for San Fran jazz radio
coooool |
| 0372 | mackerel sky
kids stop to watch the sculptor's
mask take shape | 0384 | sanderlings
sprite-like in their lightness
autumn breeze |
| 0373 | falling leaves—
the road's long line
of blue-tagged trees | 0385 | in the park
town's Labor Day picnic
lazy crows |
| 0374 | young ones
incautiously unafraid
—cottontails | 0386 | hummingbirds
dive bomb my garden
today a scorcher |
| 0375 | backroads—
the farmer says, <i>we've pulled the plug
on the peaches</i> | 0387 | first day of school
skipping stones
across the pond |
| 0376 | lightning, thunder . . .
the shaking of a thunder gourd
is my answer | 0388 | drip of water —
darting in the pool
minnows |
| 0377 | a crack opening
in the house foundations
his first snakebite | 0389 | haiku conference
the shape of clouds through
an open window |
| 0378 | anniversary
of the assassination
evening lilac | 0390 | autumn loneliness
a second helping
of baked beans |
| 0379 | late summer thunder
our quarrel about who
gets to die first | 0391 | death star
simple
as that |
| 0380 | winter recluse
surprised when others leave
the party before him | 0392 | mackerel sky
the tuna helper
goes on bogo |
| 0381 | billowing clouds slap of street hands transfer-
ring a packet | 0393 | flickering dusk
as sign in the window
reads TATT O |
| 0382 | hazy moon the blurred path home from the pub | | |

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|------|---|------|--|
| 0394 | quarreling jays
catching but a few
choice phrases | 0408 | trailing leaves
kindergarten children
with rakes and hoes |
| 0395 | a poem drifts
the deep wood
thrush call at dusk | 0409 | neglected chores
I lie in front of the fire
reading poetry |
| 0396 | languid evening
memories of my youth
linger | 0410 | watching the fire
logs shift in the grate
winter evening |
| 0397 | swaying tree tops
their song arising
with the wind | 0411 | returning to summer
in the Southern Hemisphere
a flock of godwits |
| 0398 | third month breeze
my spring dream drifts
ever closer | 0412 | ancient oak . . .
on the roadside
fallen acorns |
| 0399 | seventy seven years
as last
perfect polenta | 0413 | Santoka's Death Day
the white chrysanthemum
blooms once |
| 0400 | departing geese
the longing to know
their language | 0414 | the new neighbor
hangs up his Christmas lights—
fall melancholy |
| 0401 | October wind
in the old orchard
a missing cow | 0415 | golden grove—
the thud
of ginkgo seeds |
| 0402 | gale force winds
apples rot
where they fall | 0416 | October rain—
a good day for ordering
the headstone |
| 0403 | starless sky
the crickets song foretells
a coming storm | 0417 | raking leaves—
afterward you're
that much older |
| 0404 | November night
a sweep of spruce
scraping the pane | 0418 | Halloween—
inside its sack the candy
sits around |
| 0405 | tattered autumn
weaving through dry weeds
a quail covey | 0419 | sunset at Seal Bay . . .
our initials etched in sand
ease into the sea |
| 0406 | barn doors
closed against the cold
warm bodies of cows | 0420 | Autumn melancholy . . .
a bee with no bumble
on a frost tipped bud |
| 0407 | September afternoon
from the Sunshine Coast
an airmail postcard | | |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 0421 | official papers . . .
I bury a grape tendril
and start a new life | 0436 | blood-stained snow
the car hit fox
unearthly cry |
| 0422 | trying to baffle
the bird feeder burglars . . .
old milk jugs | 0437 | drumming rain
its dreary tune
impossible to hum |
| 0423 | the new neighbors
I care not to make friends with . . .
purple loosestrife | 0438 | fallen leaves
the tasty crunch
of footprints |
| 0424 | between the floorboards
a few kernels of corn
for the henhouse mice | 0439 | haunting call
pee-oooo-eee
moonlit kite |
| 0425 | empty chairs
of so many friends
only shadows | 0440 | long march
our boots don't fit—
cold snap |
| 0426 | the house finch
performing
somewhere else | 0441 | ever so slowly
the brook loses its voice
—trout spawn |
| 0427 | summer afternoon
the sound of an airplane
destination imagined | 0442 | first the frogs'
then cicada silence drips
into more silence |
| 0428 | summer ballgame
the athletes dressed
in perspiration | 0443 | pluviophile—
by the time I Google it
the rain stops |
| 0429 | silence of summer
in spite of the music
in my heart | 0444 | sun spots—
freckles on the toddler's face
drifting leaves |
| 0430 | passing autos
the whirr of tires
left on the pavement | 0445 | her <i>banoffee</i> —
tough enough to throw
as a discus |
| 0431 | The dress
Somehow tighter
Long winter | 0446 | the dwell of the press
on woodblock carvings—
Bewick's wren |
| 0432 | Dawn lost
In a
November mist | 0447 | midge whirlwinds cavort
down Mallard Slough at low tide—
doing their day job |
| 0433 | Dad passed today
From Alzheimer's
I lost him twice | 0448 | my little girl sleeps
in her tight primate curl
dreaming of birds |
| 0434 | on the pond
a white feather
surrenders | 0449 | the rhythmic clacking
of rocks on a turning tide—
the new year's backbeat |
| 0435 | late autumn
the stale smell
of summer decay | 0450 | topsoil steeped in air
old forests inhale exhale—
all our footfalls soft |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 0451 | a long tongue of sand
laps up El Niño's warm waves—
the laughter of clams | 0465 | compassion deepens
as a loved one grows mindless—
hunger moon |
| 0452 | passing the story
one to the next
unpredictable paintbrush | 0466 | mastering the barbs
of resistance . . .
two autumns |
| 0453 | long shore drift past the point of return | 0467 | rebound thirst—
the big house coyote
feigns his <i>aim to please</i> |
| 0454 | <i>chur-chur-cheh chur-che</i>
the charm of house wrens taking turns
improvising riffs | 0468 | serenity
lingers unexpectedly . . .
blue hydrangeas |
| 0455 | rain-dimmed day
apples for one
last taste of autumn | 0469 | moonstones
marry the sea's rhythms—
stories in my palm |
| 0456 | in out in
the black cat springs
from the spines of the fan | 0470 | fragments dangle
from organic vines—
the tomato thief |
| 0457 | at the farmer's market
gossip
and fiddlehead ferns | 0471 | breathe and breathe again
trying to fall asleep
cricket chorus |
| 0458 | seals thump and bark
beach aficionados clap
after Alcatraz swim | 0472 | time is a liquid
flowing, ebbing around me
rice harvest |
| 0459 | urban gardens
scarecrows at the ready
with pitchforks | 0473 | see the light in me
when I don't see it myself
moon-viewing |
| 0460 | wing to wing starlings
on high tension wires
different energy | 0474 | once lawn, now weeds
drought grays the former greenscape
an abandoned book |
| 0461 | frugal is what
the horoscope suggests
I now become | 0475 | Baker's Beach—
half nudists, half not
small bonfires |
| 0462 | stretching one's legs
on old Indian pathway
called Broadway | 0476 | this haiku poet
has gone to the pine tree
to learn the pine tree |
| 0463 | dawn paradiddle
uninvited house guest
woodpecker | 0477 | the moving eye of
typhoon on my iPad
in my palm |
| 0464 | Mayfly
I entwine my arm
with Mother's | | |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 0478 | surrounded by
higurashi cicadas
that take turns singing | 0492 | Yucca sentinels—
mute King's Canyon guardians
cliff crevice clingers. |
| 0479 | big wheel goes
from yellow cosmos field
into a blue sky | 0493 | Mother-daughter walk
sensible gray, sizzling pink
talking, hand-in-hand. |
| 0480 | took my friend
to my secret forest
falling acorns | 0494 | The soothing rhythm
of crickets softly chirping—
nighttime lullaby. |
| 0481 | clear mountain lake
stocks another blue sky
under its surface | 0495 | At the Denver Airport
Travelers go elsewhere
Birds fly in the rafters |
| 0482 | again Christmas lights
arise in foggy window
fly into taillights | 0496 | Resentment burns
Hidden fire
Apparent lethargy |
| 0483 | A bowl of porridge
and a lukewarm glass of water
on a grey morning. | 0497 | Fog caught in branches
Grass green within the drip line
Indian Summer |
| 0484 | Fishing with a tea bag
each tug turns the cup murkier—
Cool summer morning. | 0498 | Clear sunny morning
Revelers fill the beach
Play tide |
| 0485 | Peeping through the fanlight
last full moon of summer—
silver grey hairs. | 0499 | Taiko drummer
Holding nothing back
One with the beat |
| 0486 | Raindrops rustle
the hydrangea leaves to life
tea cup warms my hands. | 0500 | Peace Pagoda
Architecture of hope
Needs repair again |
| 0487 | Morning toilette—
shaving away
the sign of age. | 0501 | struggling
to reach the last page
field cricket |
| 0488 | Floating in the pond
bloated bodies of grey slugs—
a lotus beyond. | 0502 | touch-me-nots—
car alarms acknowledge
a passing Harley |
| 0489 | Dawn is bunny time
after owls go back to sleep
before raptors soar. | 0503 | a sudden
all-hands meeting
autumn wind |
| 0490 | Dusk is bunny time
after raptors stop soaring
before owls wake up. | 0504 | famous moon
the cat clatters open
the wooden blinds |
| 0491 | Summer—sheen of rock
Springtime—roaring water wall—
Seasons of a cliff. | 0505 | a spider crosses
the roughly-stuccoed ceiling
photos from Pluto |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 0506 | buoys ringing
while I chant a sutra
starry night | 0520 | telephone pole
the woodpecker drills a place
to lay his bet |
| 0507 | Talmudic debate
on whether it's worth to be born—
first leaves of autumn | 0521 | cocker spaniel's coat
full of cockleburs sticking
to cockleburs |
| 0508 | glossy postcard:
the glistening ink drying
into dullness | 0522 | in the king bed
he throws off the comforter
so his feet can breathe |
| 0509 | Honolulu night
a stunning prostitute
looks past me | 0523 | Rasta man sells us
a lively lobster
too big for our pot |
| 0510 | 90th birthday:
my mother's driving a message
of her worth | 0524 | he fails to answer
another loving letter
the drought continues |
| 0511 | frankincense whiff . . .
the Jerusalem beggar speaks
perfect English | 0525 | midsummer, robin
sits on unhatched eggs
finally gives up |
| 0512 | Chinese hickory ash, ah!
I could die without tasting
this crawling sensation | 0526 | on the Bullet Train
a wall fills my window, then
Mt. Fuji appears |
| 0513 | college town
a shapely shikse
walks with a pillow | 0527 | my friend in chemo
hopefully accepts hair loss
her autumn leaves |
| 0514 | car wreckage
the dried up skeletons
of Syrian Thistle | 0528 | autumn half moon—
rubbing the old mare
on the spot she can't see |
| 0515 | quiet zoo
the snake crawls over
its slender tail | 0529 | moon-viewing
atop my horse
his nose buried in the grass |
| 0516 | lingering heat
the road crew laying asphalt
stalls all traffic | 0530 | dew
glistening on the rocks
temple garden |
| 0517 | wild turkeys—
the ponderous strides of
frock-coated vicars | 0531 | in and out
of the fog . . . of the sun
cyclists to end AIDS |
| 0518 | viscous autumn
the year's honey in the hive
too heavy to lift | 0532 | path to the temple
lined with deities
the heat |
| 0519 | rattling leaves—
close on the old man's heels
a wary pup | 0533 | yoga class
my toe polish
the brightest |
| | | 0534 | dried and bent over
the sunflower drops its head
end of summer |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 0536 | enthusiasm
of wild parrots
quickens my steps | 0550 | Central Coast summer
blue-lipped in t-shirts and shorts
The Tourists |
| 0537 | tourista hot spa
slowly slide in and out
varicose veins | 0551 | strands of grey-green kelp
on the bay's navy surface
Fashion Week |
| 0538 | kidnapped girls released
to can't go home again
namaste | 0552 | buzzing wasps
lurk behind overripe figs
high noon |
| 0539 | old hound dog
barks at the critters
neighbors | 0553 | fog hangs
over the restless ocean
first day of school |
| 0540 | clouds of smoke
encircle the Golden Gate
toll fees | 0554 | deer scat
scattered in my front yard—
fresh azalea buds |
| 0541 | . . . lost . . .
my hotel room #
Fujiyama smiles | 0555 | 1 st day of school
her tan lines
begin to fade... |
| 0542 | California rain dance
from the deserts to the sea
five-year drought | 0556 | blue snowflakes—
no names
on my dance card |
| 0543 | this brilliant moon ring
all colors of the rainbow—
please brighten my way | 0557 | first night
of the camping trip—
skunked |
| 0544 | persimmon tree in
moonlight— even the grasses
are waving goodbye | 0558 | I've got friends
in low places—
limboers |
| 0545 | rain showers—
a wedge of geese pass through
a rainbow | 0559 | family reunion—
Mr. Potato Head hugs his
pump-kin |
| 0546 | summer in the tropics
cicadas sound in progress
the howling dogs | 0560 | the farmer
helps the boy scout get one—
pumpkin patch |
| 0547 | the fireflies on trees
so glad they are there
power outage | 0561 | first day of summer
she's walking with a walker
and a wide brimmed hat |
| 0548 | el nino
life is in a constant trial
a crowded grocery store | 0562 | I wet my pants
with the garden hose
on purpose |
| 0549 | Labor Day—
cold-eyed I declutter
my yarn stash | 0563 | blazing noise
and the fly swatter
I can't find |

		YTHS 2016 Calendar
0564	muggy morning holding back her hair with her ears	Jan 9 11:30 San Francisco Asian Art Museum trip to view the exhibit "Looking East-How Japan inspired Monet, Van Gogh and other Western Artists".
0565	let me be clear about what you just said twilight moonlight	
0566	I'm becoming the one I can live with gibbous moon	Feb 1 GEPPO Submissions due. Remember to use the new email address or mailing address for Betty Arnold.
0567	for several days now wild turkeys bring their young to grace my garden	Feb 13 1-4pm Markham House, San Jose, CA "Someone Called to Me" led by Roger Abe. Members will research and share past members' haiku.
0568	paper confetti falling amongst these stones yellow aspen leaves	Mar 12 11-3pm Tilden Botanic Gardens in Berkeley ginko led by David Sherertz.
0569	across vast fields dry seeds falling on dust promise and faith	Apr 9 Time TBD Filoli Gardens ginko.
0570	all day white clouds gathering to grey listening for rain	May 1 GEPPO Submissions due.
0571	waiting for sunset . . . an aging oysterman offers me a longan	May 13 Time TBD Spring Reading-location TBD
0572	star beside the moon . . . the beggar's bowl filled by his own shadow	Jun 11 11-3pm Haiga Party at Carolyn Fitz's home.
0573	beating rain . . . a dog curls up in a nook of the train station	Jul 9 6pm Tanabata at Anne and Don Homan's-
		Aug 1 GEPPO Submissions due.
		Aug No meeting
		Sep 17 6pm Moon Viewing Party at Carol Steele's home,
		Oct 8 Markham House is reserved.
		Nov 1 GEPPO Submissions due.
		Nov 10- 13 Asilomar Retreat.
		Dec 12 6pm Holiday Party at Patricia and Al Machmiller's home in San Jose.

**Challenge kigo—
migrating birds**

migrating birds
the line of Sooty shearwaters
shorter this year
~Alison Woolpert

flight calls echo
from Mount Fuji
migrating geese
~Joan Zimmerman

migrating birds
when do we know
it's time
~Michael Henry Lee

feet skidding
on the twilight lake
migrating birds
~Michael Sheffield

farm field
migrating birds
change course
~Joyce Lorenson

migrating birds
a darker shade of blue
moves over the lake
~Patricia Prime

some by day
and some by night
migrating birds
~Ruth Holzer

bumper to bumper
on Florida's main highways...
migrating snowbirds
~Elinor Huggett

migrating birds
off to some fantastic
island
~Barbara Campitelli

Migrating birds
I watch
Shivering
~James Lautermilch

red-necked phalarope
amazing bird migration
UK - Peru and back
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

distant honks—
the feather lined edges
of an empty lake
~Angelee Deodhar

every day fewer
choose the predictable path
migrating raptors
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

noon madness
at Starbucks—
migrating birds
~Peg McAulay Byrd

migrating birds
settle in the conifers . . .
country club lodging
~Judith Schallberger

new steel rising
blotting out the skyscrapers
migrating birds
~Lois Scott

Ducks migrate somewhere
in an asymmetric V—
I lost my bearings.
~Francis J. Silva

Some migrating birds
soar for twenty-thousand miles
— it must get lonely.
~David Sherertz

is it time
to change careers?
migrating birds
~Phillip Kennedy

migrating birds:
they change their wobbly W
to the voracious V
~Zinovy Vayman

tai chi in the park—
in the distance migrating birds
give voice
~Christine Horner

low honks
final approach over lit streets
migrating birds
~Stephanie Baker

migrating birds
they divorce and remarry
the last time . . . they say
~Johnnie Johnson
Hafernik

struggle for life
the family of cranes flies South
migrating birds
~E. Luke

a cloud of sand hill cranes
rises to the sun
migrating birds
~Janis Lukstein

leaving yet again
with no promise of return
—migrating birds
~Marcia Behar

the migrating birds
strange to the place
lost in the maze
~Majo Leavick

all in a moment
the wings of migrating birds
rising as one
~Ann Cavanaugh

Dojin's Corner May—June 2015

Patricia Machmiller and Emiko Miyashita

Greetings everyone. We are heading into autumn. Here are our choices from the last issue of *GEPP*:

pjm: 0308*, 0310, 0311, 0312*, 0313, 0316, 0321, 0322, 0323, 0324, 0326, 0337, 0339, 0340, 0341, 0351, 0354, 0355, 0357, 0358, 0363, 0364, 0365*, 0370

E: 0307, 0318*, 0322, 0330, 0339*, 0340, 0343, 0352, 0355, 0356*, 0359, 0362, 0365, 0368, 0370

0308 storm warning
the cicadas fall silent
one by one

pjm: This is a sound image. And hidden in the words like the cicadas hidden in the trees is a complicated mix of sounds that echo throughout the poem. There's

- 1) the *s* sound in storm/cicada/silent
- 2) the *or* sound in storm and warn
- 3) the *ah* sound, twice in cicada, once in fall
- 4) the *w* sound in warning and one (twice)
- 5) the long *i* in silent and by.

Imagine if each of these sounds were a different color thread stitching the poem together. What an aural tapestry they create! And as these hidden cicadas "fall silent/one by one" so too does the sound of the poem quietly close down, and we are left in silence to await the storm.

E: My dictionary says that a "storm warning" is issued when the wind blows over 25 meters per second. Definitely the cicadas have to shut up! However, they are urged to find their mates before they end their one-week adult life after spending many years as larvae underground. I have heard that some cicadas in North America spend 13 to 17 years there. The last line, "one by one," is sad. Or, perhaps, it is a sign of love fulfilled. They made it at last!

0312 a plan
for tomorrow—
fireflies

pjm: We make our plans, and yet, over and over, we learn that life, like fireflies, comes at us willy-

nilly-unexpected, out-of-place, now here, now gone. And that we should appreciate their glowing beauty when it comes for there really is no promise of tomorrow.

E: Fireflies spend their larvae stage in clear water, such as streams and rice paddies in Japan, so that we associate fireflies with such locations where there is clean water. Once I had an opportunity to drive past a cloud of fireflies in the middle of corn fields in the Midwest. They turn from dots to strings just like the warp-drive in Star Wars movie! Now, in this haiku, the author is seated on his/her porch in the evening as the dusk brings fireflies to the garden. After a hot but peaceful day, the author starts to plan for the next day in the evening breeze. A relaxing and lovely haiku.

0318 sound of water
grandparent and child
feel urge to pee

E: This haiku reminds me of my own experience as a little girl in Illinois a long time ago. We used to drive through the early morning light to a creek to enjoy a day of fishing; it was a long way for a five-year old. As soon as we got close to the water sound, what we did is exactly depicted in this haiku. The sound of water here may be the waves washing the shore, waterfalls, or splashing in a swimming pool. I like to imagine the sound coming from the peeing boy statue in Brussels! Neither the gender of the grandparent nor the child is mentioned in the haiku making it possible to picture all sorts of warm stories, and urgent ones, too.

pjm: A reminder that, whatever our sophistication, whatever our age, we are ultimately creatures of nature, our bodies a bundle of urges, which we spend a lifetime learning to control, but which in the end at the "sound of water," we react just as if we were a little child.

0339 summer's end
I read a book
about Greece

E: Thinking of the recent economic circumstances in Greece, the *kigo* in this haiku sounds a bit too close, perhaps. However, I liked this haiku because it showcases how much the name of a place, Greece, does have in itself—its history, its poetry, its philosophy, its mathematics, its people, its culture, its food, its islands, its architecture and art! I don't just see a poet thinking of his/her next

trip to Greece when it gets cooler. "Summer's end" is a time when we look for something deeper after enjoying the full reflection of the strong sunshine on the surface of everything that glitters—a time to change sunglasses for reading glasses.

pjm: Greece—how evocative that one word. It's the place of Socrates and Plato and Thucydides and Homer and Zeus and Aristotle and Euclid and Pythagoras and . . . It's a place of dreams—white islands, blue sea; a place of wars, ancient and modern, and of migration and turmoil; a place of history and passion and hard-scrabble farming; of Zorba, Callas, and Onassis; the first democracy; the first Olympics; a place of bailout and financial crises. All this, and we are only in the 21st century. Maybe it's summer's end, but the story is not over. The poet thinks there is much more to come!

0356 one more birthday
turning over
warm, stinky compost

E: I thought of a healthy elderly poet who is strong enough to work with the compost in his/her garden, but thinking of retiring from raking. Actually, the poet must have thought of retiring from the hard work before, but thanks to his/her health, he/she is still doing this! Warm, indeed it generates heat! And yes, it is stinky, but it gives the plants energy and eventually make them bloom and fruit. Good job, and happy birthday!

pjm: A life, if it is well-lived, accumulates memories that ferment and decay over time. This compost of the past becomes the fertile ground for a future full of rich and organic experiences that the mature man or woman embraces, stinky or not.

0365 summer
soon slips past
the edge of the sea

pjm: I feel the flow of time here. The edge of summer is like the edge of the sea—it's not a fixed moment, in the case of time, or a fixed place, in the case of the sea, and yet however indistinct the transition from sea to land is, say, one knows when one has passed from one side to the other. And looking back there is a feeling of the enormity of the past—it is like the vastness of the sea. This is what I feel reading this poem—vastness, awe, and a tinge of sadness—regret, perhaps.

E: What is slipping past? The summer? From-

where? The edge of the sea? I would like to think in this way that the author is not just telling us the general feature of summer, but something more specific and concrete—the sound of sea washing the beach, perhaps? Towards the end of summer, as the hurricane/typhoon season approaches, the waves get rougher and make different sounds. To my ears a change in sound is hiding in this haiku.

We invite your responses. Send letters to the GEPPPO editor or e-mail us at:

and now the cat comes
in moonlight his shadow
darker than himself



artwork by pj machmiller
calligraphy by m dahlen

Annual YTHS Membership Dues

YTHS membership is for one calendar year: January to January. The fee provides each member with four 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 sec-

GEPPPO Submission due date for the next issue is February 1, 2016.

New Submission guidelines:
Email questions or comments with contact info to: Betty Arnold at:

Email articles, poems and votes with contact info to:
with GEPPPO article or GEPPPO submission in the subject line.

Send it in the body of an email or as an attachment in a word document in Arial, font size 11, ink black. OR mail your poems & votes with contact info to:

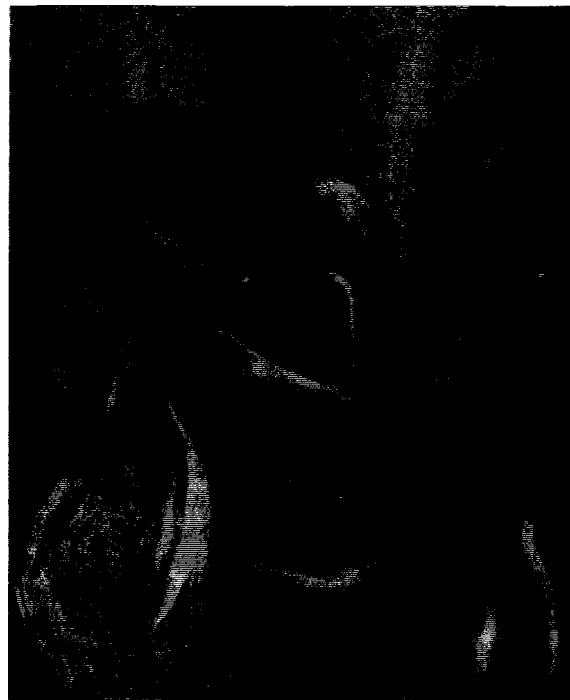
GEPPPO Editor, Betty Arnold,

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.

Members' Votes for May—June 2015 Haiku

Michael Henry Lee 0307-5, 0308-12, 0309-5
 Ruth Holzer 0310-5, 0311-2, 0312-8
 Patricia Prime 0313-3, 0314-3, 0315-2
 Kevin Goldstein-Jackson 0316-9, 0317-0,
 0318-3
 Joan Zimmerman 0319-3, 0320-0, 0321-6
 Mimi Ahern 0322-9, 0323-12, 0324-4
 Elinor Pihl Huggett 0325-3, 0326-7, 0327-1
 Peg McAulay Byrd 0328-3, 0329-0, 0330-5
 Hiro Murakami 0331-1, 0332-0
 Clysta Seney 0333-2, 0334-2, 0335-0
 Michael Sheffield 0336-7, 0337-0, 0338-5
 Phillip Kennedy 0339-6, 0340-9, 0341-7
 Zinovy Vayman 0342-0, 0343-2, 0344-2
 David Sherertz 0345-0, 0346-2, 0347-0
 Barbara Campitelli 0348-5, 0349-5, 0350-3
 Anne Homan 0351-3, 0352-13, 0353-3
 Stephanie Baker 0354-7, 0355-4, 0356-4
 Kyle Sullivan 0357-1, 0358-12, 0359-0
 Janis Lukstein 0360-0, 0361-8, 0362-3
 Joyce Lorensen 0363-3, 0364-3, 0365-10
 Ann Cavanaugh 0366-0, 0367-1
 Alison Woolpert 0368-7, 0369-0, 0370-4



On the Bay

PJMachmiller

**May—June 2015
Haiku Voted Best
By GEPPPO Readers**

we sing the hymns
she chose for her funeral
November morning
~Anne Homan

a plan
for tomorrow—
Fireflies
~Ruth Holzer

storm warning
the cicadas fall silent
one by one
~Michael Henry Lee

fever-pitch of coyotes
lost in the new moon
. . . then silence
~Janis Lukstein

taking over
the whole discussion
yellow star thistle
~Mimi Ahern

by the little brook
in the sheep pasture . . .
lamb's ears
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

floodwater . . .
the long shadow
of a crow
~Kyle Sullivan

sun earth and rain
the lingering fragrance
of morning toast
~Michael Sheffield

summer
soon slips past
the edge of the sea
~Joyce Lorenson

street preacher
matilija poppies
nodding
~Phillip Kennedy

dawn
the chatter of birds
exchanging dreams
~Kevin Goldstein-Jackson

already midsummer—
how many more
waning moons?
~Stephanie Baker

that one turtle
on top of the others
again today
~Mimi Ahern

blaze of midday
only the black cows under
the cottonwood
~Alison Woolpert

wind chimes
the floor boards creak
in counterpoint
~Phillip Kennedy

Tanabata

Saturday, July 11, 2015

Twelve of the usual suspects attended: Patricia and Al Machmiller, Alison Woolpert and Alan Leavitt, Ann and Kae Bendixen, Patrick Gallagher, Sandy Vrooman, Anne and Don Homan, and Sandy and Jerry Ball. Alan and Alison were the first to arrive, with a nicely shaped bamboo tree fresh from Carolyn Fitz's garden. Everyone agreed that it was the nicest one we've ever had.

Friends gathered gradually, and we set up the dining room table with all the potluck contributions. As usual, everything was delicious. Dessert was the highlight—coconut cream pie brought by Sandy Ball, accompanied by enormous blackberries from Ann and Kae Bendixen. On the Friday evening before Tanabata, Don and Anne went out to dinner at their favorite local Chinese restaurant. When they finished the meal, they received the traditional fortune cookies; Anne's read:

"Look up in the sky tonight,
Have a moment for yourself."

After finishing pie and blackberries, the poets adjourned with their notebooks to write haiku. Some went outside, but they stayed mostly on the back deck because the west wind was blowing so hard. We couldn't see the stars; the sky was filled with clouds, but we could see the city lights. After about an hour of writing, everyone came inside and shared their poems. Alison brought bright paper kimonos and gold string so that we could write the poems on the kimonos and then hang them on the bamboo tree. Many people took photos of the handsome tree.

by Anne Homan

submitted by Mimi Ahern

2015 ASILOMAR RETREAT – UPDATE

Amy Ostenso, our Asilomar Registrar, is looking forward to hearing from you if you still have an outstanding balance due for the retreat. Deadline due date is **September 15th**. Please contact Amy at :

In the Yuki Teikei tradition we will be having a beautiful, suspense-filled auction again this year. End-of-Summer cleaning is a great place to find those special items! All proceeds go to YTHS to help defray costs from the retreat.

If you have a favorite haiku you'd like to gift others with please create something special to hand to new friends and old friends alike. Everyone enjoys receiving gifts, and this is a lovely way to remember others after the retreat. Count on bringing approximately 40 small, handmade gifts if you'd like to participate.

If you plan to attend the renku party be advised that ridiculously outlandish costumes are strongly encouraged! Laughter is the operative word.

Lastly, our kukai this year will be run by our dear friend and esteemed judge, Emiko Miyashita from Tokyo. She has requested that retreat participants submit two haiku in advance for participation in the Traditional Kukai. Please send your haiku to Mimi Ahern at **by October 16th**. A list will be typed in advance so everyone will have a copy in hand during the contest. Emiko will also conduct an Informal kukai discussion of the haiku we write at Asilomar

Challenge Kigo: White Crowned Sparrow (*Zonotrichia leucophryx*)

June Hopper Hymas

As with many other birds, this small bird chooses to migrate north in summer for the plentiful insects and berries, and return in autumn to get away from the fierce northern winter. In only a small slice along the Oregon and Washington coasts and a chunk of where Oregon, Idaho and Nevada meet these sparrows are often found in winter. Here in the San Francisco Bay Area, a reliable sign of early winter is this small, easily recognizable bird with the black and white striped head, and the yellow-pink bill. The shape and other plumage are like other sparrows: brownish, black and white feathers. I have often seen groups and individuals along the Monterey Bay Coast, as well as in my neighborhood. They usually travel in groups, foraging for insects and seeds. *“They often search with a “double-scratch—his involves a quick hop backwards to turn over leaves followed by a forward hop and pounce.”*

In Japan, Issa, for example, uses “sparrow” as a spring kigo and often mentions nests and nestlings, but in most regions of the USA, the white-crown is a winter visitor, according to David Sibley’s **Guide to the Birds of America**.

winter feeder guest--
the white-crowned sparrow's
O sweet Canada
Linda Papanicloau

San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki,*Quoted information and L. P. haiku page 94.*

atop the pine
a white-crowned sparrow
sings the sun down

(From the novel, **Walter’s Muse**, by Jean Davies Okimoto. Found with *Google Search*.)

glance and wing away
as if the white-crown knew
my sadness
June Hopper Hymas

As always, send in your challenge kigo haiku. It will be published with your name in the next Geppo, and not as part of your regular haiku submission.

2015—2016 YTHS Calendar

2015

Nov 12 Haiku retreat at Asilomar Conference Center, Monterey Peninsula. Newcomers
to 15 welcome. David Lanoue is our featured guest. Hope to see you there.

Dec 12 Holiday Party at the home of Judith and Lou Schallberger,
6pm Newcomers and guests welcome. Please bring a peanut free dish
to share for a pot luck dinner. It is a custom of the group to make haiga for a gift
exchange. Thirty cards should be enough to share. Hope you join us!

2016

Jan 9 San Francisco Asian Art Museum exhibit, "Looking East-How Japan Inspired Monet,
11:30 Van Gogh, and other Western Artists". Docent led tour scheduled at noon.

Feb 1 GEPPPO submissions due. **Remember to send them to Betty Arnold at**

Feb 13 Markham House, San Jose. "Someone Called to Me" led by Roger Abe. Current
1-4pm members will research and share past members' haiku.

Mar 12 Tilden Botanic Gardens at Berkeley. David Sherertz will lead a ginko. Bring your
11-3pm own peanut-free lunch. More information will be on our website: youngleaves.org