

GEPPPO 月報

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

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Members' Haiku for Study and Appreciation — Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor

5355 new diary
the same old life
in better penmanship

5356 wool mittens
my old attitude
no longer fits me

5357 winter chill
sweaters in my closet
out of hibernation

5358 undecorated wreath
first Christmas
without mother

5359 my red plaid vest
at this year's Holiday feast
one size too small

5360 fattening up
before leaving town
Brandt's cormorants

5361 bare trees
at the edge of twilight
the rest is silence

5362 it's the gift
that keeps on giving—
holiday fruitcake

5363 empty corncrib
a flute song
carries us through

5364 Christmas eve
everyone wants
the wishbone

5365 withered field
fanned by the wind
a dream drifts

5366 noodle soup
grandma's spoon
stirs the cosmos

5367 cold turkey
late again for
thanksgiving dinner

5368 half lotus
we convince ourselves
into thinking

5369 snowball dance
the evening ends with
an ice cold shower

5370 Christmas afternoon
lending Santa a ride
back to storage

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|------|---|------|--|
| 5371 | Morning shadows—
in your coffee cup
the lion's mane | 5382 | silent night—
a dusting of snow
on the headstones |
| 5372 | Covering your house
a rain of autumn leaves
quickly turns to snow | 5383 | fat white rabbit
the yard's only patch
of winter sun |
| 5373 | Mr. and Mrs.—
a crosspatch quilt
of November leaves | 5384 | <i>Westworld</i>
what free will
gets away with |
| 5374 | Only mystery defines the universe | 5385 | winter solstice
still unbalanced
in tree pose |
| 5375 | Christmas shopping
slowing my steps
to Mom's half-steps | 5386 | year-end solstice
a red-tailed hawk kiting
over the puppy park |
| 5376 | storm clouds brewing
dry leaves scuffle
in the gutter | 5387 | snow moon
the fringe of my wool scarf
against my cheek |
| 5377 | leaves still falling
the old homeowners
ask to look around | 5388 | cocooning by the fire
crocheting
a caterpillar scarf |
| 5378 | kids park
women gather near
the nursing mother | 5389 | tracing hearts
on the frosty diner window
New Year's Day brunch |
| 5379 | cold sky
and beneath it
all this cold earth | 5390 | meeting old friends
for New Year's Day brunch
all the coat hooks taken |
| 5380 | a year older
back in the same burrow—
the drowsy bear | 5391 | old woman next door
refilling her bird feeders
in the first snowfall |
| 5381 | winter rain—
drawing the curtains
at noon | 5392 | nursing home visit—
plastic reindeer on the roof
pretending to fly |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 5393 | second shift workers
gather in the parking lot
to share ice scrapers | 5404 | Subzero temperatures
the stillness of icy trees
the comfort of light |
| 5394 | overcast morning—
old corduroy overcoat
hanging on a hook | 5405 | The storm clouds subside
fleeting rainbows arc mountains
and sleep on foothills |
| 5395 | winterberry
the first holiday
alone | 5406 | The Autumn snowstorm
where color and beauty fade
bittersweet, lovely |
| 5396 | fallen snow
the garden
underneath | 5407 | an animal trail
narrows and disappears
sleeping mountain |
| 5397 | farm chores
this frost-fringed hole
in my mitten | 5408 | last light
a pear ripens
on the sill |
| 5398 | the gardenias
in father's mind . . .
winter moon | 5409 | the hospice nurse
gently folds father's hands
winter sky |
| 5399 | snowshoe crowds—
a guy demonstrating
alone | 5410 | first two-wheeler
her tiny tongue
veers to the right |
| 5400 | wearing
diamond dust on my head—
a going-away gift | 5411 | church manger
the angels suspended
by fishing line |
| 5401 | snowstorm
blows against wolves
in a cage | 5412 | the wild rose
still in bloom
first frost |
| 5402 | Rachel Carson
the first reading—don't let spring
be silent | 5413 | morning chill
a hummingbird looks me
in the eye |
| 5403 | A blanket of white
brown-headed cattails stand tall
a winter retreat | 5414 | frost moon
the warmth of the cat
in my lap |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 5415 | winter rose
why hold back
what is left to say | 5426 | walking the phone
a neighbor
and his dog |
| 5416 | my mother
that flash of forever
in her eyes | 5427 | unanswered
the questions
after his death |
| 5417 | winter seclusion
he reaches for me
while we sleep | 5428 | roof sings
a rare tune
long drought |
| 5418 | deep red ivy
we cut back and hold
each other up | 5429 | winter-bare
noble crows
crown the gingko |
| 5419 | December dusk
leaves and memories
adrift in the breeze | 5430 | a smile
on my early morning walk
crescent moon |
| 5420 | first morning
the silent town
sleeps it off | 5431 | the fragrance
of morning toast
chilly weather |
| 5421 | first morning . . .
a distant bell
awakens the year | 5432 | winter nights
do long-forgotten lovers
remember me? |
| 5422 | softly
the symphony begins . . .
solstice morning | 5433 | getting it down
in black and white
downy woodpecker |
| 5423 | foggy winter day
I can't criticize
the old blind lady's rudeness | 5434 | sickle moon
through a fringe of icicles
mourners in prayer |
| 5424 | enormous spike
in lettuce prices due to
another virus | 5435 | morning mist
frozen on the willow
the slow cortège |
| 5425 | fusion achieved
what joy to a long time physicist
winter refuge | 5436 | chilly dawn
the town square darkens
with caws |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 5437 | up and down
the building stairwells
winter fitness | 5448 | quarter moon—
i drop my change
in the tip jar |
| 5438 | back quarter pasture
a dusting of new snow
the shape of a calf | 5449 | thin ice
she gives me her look
in that tone of voice |
| 5439 | blizzard thickens
cattle follow the leader
into a box canyon | 5450 | gnarled bark
of the leaning cherry tree
January rains |
| 5440 | February light
Mother's violets blooming on
an ironing board | 5451 | New Year's morning
the defibrillator in my chest
must be my grandfather's |
| 5441 | winter wheat up
the yin and yang of pickups
on a dirt road | 5452 | winter chill with my coffee the obituaries |
| 5442 | armed to away—
the Ring cam records
tree frogs | 5453 | first responders
to the storm
chorus of mighty peepers |
| 5443 | scent of spring—
dog walkers do a two-step
over the leash | 5454 | silent protestors
in a field of blank paper
narcissus |
| 5444 | the unmarked graves
of the native converts—
mission poppy | 5455 | final phone call
the last heart-shaped leaf
clings to a wet branch |
| 5445 | rain drips from the eaves
of a cloister arcade—
twittering sparrows | 5456 | winter
ice at river's edge
may all things be equal |
| 5446 | christmas day
an empty box fills
with cat | 5457 | chatter from the canopy—
shafts of sunlight
through horse dust |
| 5447 | wind
her long hair
blowing | 5458 | storm warning—
Christmas cards for sale
at half price |
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| 5459 | football season—
the man of the house
avoiding the dishes | 5470 | at the window
the black cat's chatter muting
a murder of crows |
| 5460 | ticking sleet—
a brook of turkeys
cobbling through the copse | 5471 | downsizing
the silverware drawer's
mad money |
| 5461 | The Lion Dance
With festive music
Gone are my parents | 5472 | ice floe
the company plans to
streamline operations |
| 5462 | the oak
steams in the sun
the scent of water | 5473 | that cough almost nonstop winter |
| 5463 | after the storm
the gossip of
bushtits | 5474 | steeping tea
the moon passes by
from my window |
| 5464 | rain-crisp sky
the many reds
of this red maple | 5475 | elevator ride
waiting for it to open
on the wrong side |
| 5465 | winter bee
a blue rosemary flower
in the sun | 5476 | the window reflection
I don't recognize—
winter withering |
| 5466 | The first visitors
a bear and her cubs trailing . . .
weekend getaway | 5477 | twilight years
feeling the weight
of a cold moon |
| 5467 | Old jigsaw puzzle
in search for the missing piece
winter seclusion | 5478 | snow moon sliver
a backlit pelican pod
boomerangs |
| 5468 | Two men ice fishing
retriever runs aimlessly
all over the lake | 5479 | winter bullseye . . .
the splatter of
a seagull |
| 5469 | A fierce winter storm
light from a burning candle
helps start a fire | 5480 | third grade lunch box
the perfect snowball
a soggy sandwich |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 5481 | deep snow
one more shovelful
of chest pain | 5492 | bedroom mirror . . .
the wild tiger my cat sees
in her reflection |
| 5482 | caching my dreams
among the forest roots
winter dalliance | 5493 | biopsy . . .
the Christmas poinsettia
drops a petal |
| 5483 | no longer cycling
to your waxing and waning
my two wintry moons | 5494 | bank swallows
over the seaside prairie
scattered twilight |
| 5484 | too much loose change | 5495 | Gualala Headlands
rented ewes with their newborns
in meadow barley |
| 5485 | trying to make sense
of the dots and dashes
winter snow flurries | 5496 | spring garden prep
overturned earwigs
dig back down |
| 5486 | first visitor . . .
a cold blast of New Year's
opens the door | 5497 | tasting fish lips
sucking on fish brain
with all its winter thoughts |
| 5487 | iced-in
pine shadows
on the mountain lake | 5498 | freezing rain
the Dunkin Donuts packets
sweeten this puddle |
| 5488 | winter weekend
the neighbor's chain saw cuts into
my nap | 5499 | squall of sleet:
instead of our chestnut tree
a parking space |
| 5489 | lone skater
circling the rim—
cold moon | 5500 | filling with whiteness
two raindrops on the eave's edge
finally fall down |
| 5490 | pandemic dinner . . .
muffled under a mask
"will you marry me?" | 5501 | Santa's workshop—
in my dark hair blond curls
from papa's hand plane |
| 5491 | covid . . .
a pigeon engages
in curbside pickup | 5502 | melting glaciers—
not so much of what I thought
is true |

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| 5503 | mourning—
yet another squall across
newly greening hills | 5514 | in three weeks' time
both motherless, we hold hands
chill of autumn |
| 5504 | winter white—
in the antique porch lantern
a halogen bulb | 5515 | people pay their respects
beyond the window
the gentle drop of camellias |
| 5505 | new-fallen snow . . .
from plops of warm deer dung
rising steam | 5516 | granddaughter's wedding bouquet
then grandmothers' casket pieces
tears spill over white roses |
| 5506 | between her hands
a mug of homemade soup—
whistling wind | 5517 | year-end donations
another worthy cause
grabs my attention |
| 5507 | near the wood stove
a jigsaw puzzle and tea—
this snowy day | 5518 | dry cough
goes into remission
candy cane |
| 5508 | steaming oatmeal . . .
watering the new orchid
at grandma's place | 5519 | red plaid purse
celebrating winter
in December |
| 5509 | late winter
agreeing
to hospice care | 5520 | hot chocolate
with or without marshmallows
but always whipped cream |
| 5510 | winter morning
blow drying
my hair and the newspaper | 5521 | early winter frost
chiseled mountains
exhale |
| 5511 | winter silence
the crackle
of a page turn | 5522 | frosty winter morn
under a hole-punched sun
lavender mountains |
| 5512 | his side
now my side
winter chill | 5523 | deep winter
shadows thin
as frost |
| 5513 | one pink cloud
among the gray
the only evidence of sunrise | 5524 | from winter rains
joy blossoms
year of the rabbit |
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| 5525 | morning light
slowly reveals the room
another sleepless night | 5536 | smoother
smoother
the curve in the wood |
| 5526 | here and there and there
the dog marks a spot
yellow snow | 5537 | grandma refreshes
the spice jars
New Year's Day |
| 5527 | winter loneliness
restaurants
closed for the season | 5538 | rosy cheeks
hot cocoa foam
on our noses |
| 5528 | heavy snow
weighs down the trees
more sad news | 5539 | holiday let down . . .
narcissus fragrance
fills the house |
| 5529 | winter moon
clear air sharpens sound
nature's yearful cries | 5540 | excited shrieks . . .
her grandson schusses
down the slope |
| 5530 | loving memories
from random chosen pages
her old diary | 5541 | open window
the unmistakable sound
of a baseball crowd |
| 5531 | great grandmother's shawl
worn—then again and again
warming memories | 5542 | silent woods
an acorn pops
under my foot |
| 5532 | winter seas adorn
rocky shores with icy tales
sailors come home—others not | 5543 | a flock of crows
hides the setting sun
winter solstice |
| 5533 | new blossom
all it takes
to bring us together | 5544 | the week after
Santa's deflated elves
face down on the lawn |
| 5534 | where the old hinge
used to be
. . . memorial service | 5545 | pickled plums
sent from Japan, a gift
from his mother |
| 5535 | the bobber
pops up
another fish fed | 5546 | light December rain
Kiyoshi taps the rhythm
of five-seven-five |
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| 5547 | <i>blush of winter moon</i>
in little boxes
we meet to share haiku . . . | 5558 | firecrackers pop
attracting good spirits
white paper narcissus |
| 5548 | early plum blossoms
the time
she has left | 5559 | winter-blooming narcissus
decorate special dinner
for Chinese New Year |
| 5549 | winter sea
splintering
on the rocks | 5560 | winter narcissus
bring the first signs of spring
Year of the Rabbit |
| 5550 | pier pilings
perfect plinths
for pelicans | 5561 | glimpses of life
passing too quickly
bullet train |
| 5551 | dad at the window
content with this much
of the world | 5562 | impending storm
above the tree line . . .
our silence |
| 5552 | winter seclusion
the purring shuffle
of solitaire cards | 5563 | each bloom
a little more open
winter magnolia |
| 5553 | after school
meeting up with friends
a snowman | 5564 | high tide
the relentless force
of time |
| 5554 | poems
flying off the pages
migrating geese | 5565 | aria of storm—
wind cries through city streets
rain pelts on windows |
| 5555 | catching
the first snowflake
glow of a streetlamp | 5566 | windmills of your mind
blow with pinwheels of my brain
scattering our thoughts |
| 5556 | blustery spring
uplifting
a robin's feather | 5567 | second-day reverse—
new year rides in with sunshine
then again the gloom |
| 5557 | white paper narcissus
gives a gift of sweet fragrance
Chinese New Year | 5568 | strawberry romance
with heavy cream, decadent
in a crystal bowl |
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| 5569 | bewhiskered dragons
on a medieval map—
winter seclusion | 5580 | curling in upon itself
the silence
of snow |
| 5570 | the jagged heartwood
of a tree snapped in two
winter mountain | 5581 | frosty morning . . .
faces long forgotten
behind closed eyelids |
| 5571 | winter solitude—
setting the flameless candles
to Tyrian purple | 5582 | waiting to catch
a fat flake on my tongue . . .
first snowfall |
| 5572 | pre-Christmas storm
the sadness of not
having to worry | 5583 | mountain river . . .
all night long singing
an icy lullaby |
| 5573 | winter solitude
learning to connect
with myself | 5584 | under the redwoods
little cones signal
the season |
| 5574 | winter windowsill
a chickadee dislikes
my slow speed | 5585 | old year, new year
sleeping through the
ringing of the bell |
| 5575 | the same as they were
these snowy fields
of home | 5586 | second day this year
battening down for the
next big storm |
| 5576 | winter mist
caressing the hillside
awakening lovers | 5587 | morning wolf moon . . .
the streets flooded where
I used to live |
| 5577 | two winter geese flying by
one honking, one not | 5588 | downpour
a small whirlpool spins a leaf
dance dizzy |
| 5578 | owls and roosters
night lightens to day | 5589 | ripe raindrops
quiver on wet bare branches
a pause in the storm |
| 5579 | a puffed up bird
on the bare tree top
sitting it out | 5590 | record rainfall
the last curbside leaves
swept away |

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| 5591 | as if dancing with
this winter storm, gulls' wings
glide along the sky | 5601 | anti-gravity
Zoom waterfall—cheery words
flowing up the screen |
| 5592 | its white bones appear
whiter on the dark, wet sand—
a whale's last sculpture | 5602 | rain, rain, go away
floods and mudslides 'round the Bay—
enough already |
| 5593 | assisted living—
the sweet scent of carrot soup
rises from the trays | 5603 | news report
another police killing
winter rain falls |
| 5594 | the farmers market—
so cold that the buddha's hand
seems to clench its fist | 5604 | quiet mornings
days without shadows
only winter wind |
| 5595 | just to stand in place
staring at the winter moon
leaving me again | 5605 | daylight
reveals the winter mountain
and his lies |
| 5596 | Bare maple branches
reflect in the icy pond—
scent of roast chestnuts | 5606 | lighting only one
too many to name this year
blue christmas service |
| 5597 | Seeing each snowflake
find its perfect place to be
riding on the wind | 5607 | christmas tree fire pit
waiting for the year to fall
back into the sky |
| 5598 | Fuji-san dreaming—
lava heart, yet snowy peak,
the cranes winging south | 5608 | dawn foghorn blaring
harbor seals spooky silence
martin luther king |
| 5599 | bougainvillea bracts
flutter and float in wind gusts—
autumn confetti | 5609 | dressing for date night—
the lightning bug flickers out
of the mason jar |
| 5600 | "Red in the morning . . ."
and right on cue clouds pile up—
rain this afternoon | | |

Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Recently retired as a middle-school art teacher, Linda Papanicolaou is currently teaching art classes in the Palo Alto school district's Adult School. She first became interested in haiku and haiga in the late 1990s when she taught a 5th-grade art lesson that combined leaf printing and haiku. The leaf prints were beautiful, the haiku not so. She realized she would have to learn more about haiku if she ever wanted to teach that lesson again. She began by browsing resources on the internet, soon found herself deep in the online community of internet haiku poets, and for 15 years was editor of the online journal *Haigaonline*.

She has been a member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Haiku Poets of Northern California, and the Haiku Society of America since 2005. She was named a YTHS *dōjin* in 2022. In addition to writing haiku, she has a keen interest in linked forms—haiga, haibun, tanka prose, and renku, *rengay*, *cherita*, etc. Her haiga employ a variety of image-making techniques, including traditional inkbrush painting, drawings and photo images manipulated with iPad apps, and found words and images. Although her work has appeared in online and print journals, she especially enjoys creating handcrafted artists' books.

In a former life (before moving to California), Linda received a PhD in medieval European art history and worked at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. She still keeps up her interests in art, but when she goes back to the Metropolitan these days, she goes first to the gallery of Yosa Buson's paintings.



Painting on Rice Paper, by Linda Papanicolaou.

Winter Challenge Kigo: Narcissus, *suisen*, 水仙

sounds of whispering . . .
probably the paperwhites
talking to the light
~Shelli Jankowski-Smith

winter narcissus
the perks of being
an early bloomer
~Jackie Chou

one narcissus
in our art nouveau vase—
time to write haiku
~Neal Whitman

ikebana
the wind song
of a paperwhite
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

paperwhites
the doctor says
it won't be long
~Michael Henry Lee

The morning shimmers
a paperwhite narcissus
silver starshine
~Jane Stuart

paperwhites
looking at things
differently
~Gregory Longenecker

in a room
of her own—
pale narcissus
~Ruth Holzer

calm solstice dawn
the scent of narcissus
faintly white
~J. Zimmerman

women at the spa
in white towel turbans
vase of narcissus
~Sari Grandstaff

brown paper bag of
paperwhite narcissus bulbs
long letter from home
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

i force myself
to get out of bed . . .
paperwhites
~Debbie Strange

the fragrance
of Grandma Mary's spirit
winter narcissus
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

shining narcissus . . .
until the lighthouse
lit
~Hiroyuki Murakami

farmer's market
the heavy scent of narcissus
carried on a breeze
~Helen Ogden

narcissus
in the garden of newborns
smiling twins
~Kath Abela Wilson

paperwhites
 a waft of spring
 from the china vase
 ~Michael Sheffield

winter-blooming narcissus
 brings that familiar smell
 to my brain's forefront
 ~Anne M. Homan

blooming narcissus
 the conversation
 one-sided
 ~Lisa Espenmiller

a hint of scent . . .
 narcissus flowers
 just opening
 ~Elaine Whitman

the scent
 of that first blossom—
 winter narcissus
 ~Linda Papanicolaou

streamside
 i reflect upon
 the narcissus
 ~Dana Grover

I find my handsomer half
 in the pool's reflection
 narcissus
 ~Stephanie Baker

wildfire smoke—
 the white narcissus
 tinged red
 ~Michael Dylan Welch

Now placed within view
 as we reflect on our lives—
 narcissus in bloom
 ~Priscilla Lignori

a quiet evening
 with Ovid's classical myths
 fragrant paperwhites
 ~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

paperwhites
 learning to like what I see
 in the mirror
 ~Bona M. Santos

paperwhite blooms
 how sweet this returning
 sense of smell
 ~Richard L. Matta

sunroom nap . . .
 my bones warm
 in the paperwhite garden
 ~Barrie Levine

handsome narcissus . . .
 kissing his reflection
 in the water
 ~Elinor Pihl Huggett

find them where?
 where the downspout dumps out
 — paperwhites
 ~Alison Woolpert

perceptible scent . . .
 the paperwhite narcissus
 from Trader Joe's
 ~Zinovy Vayman

snowy welcome mat . . .
 filling great grandma's kitchen
 narcissus fragrance
 ~Janice Doppler

narcissus fragrant
 also joins daffodil yellow
 spring's soon
 ~Janis Albright Lukstein

narcissus bulb
investing in the future
of light
~Lorraine A Padden

after all these years
the profound sorrow in her voice
winter narcissus
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

narcissus
refreshes the path
I follow
~Patricia Wakimoto

doctor's report
lifts the winter gloom
narcissus
~Christine Lamb Stern

with the coming morn
my winter-blooming narcissus
shares sweet indole
~William J. Burlingame

missing her stage cue—
the paperwhite narcissus
fails to flower
~Marilyn Gehant

scent of narcissus
her wish
to be Princess Di
~Mimi Ahern

once so stately
now limp across the table
paperwhite narcissus
~Barbara Snow

winter begins
to blossom
paperwhite
~Paula Sears

carousel pony
spins to the old-time music
winter-blooming narcissus
~Sharon Lynne Lee

forced paperwhites
for a holiday display
polite conversation
~Deborah P Kolodji

petite paperwhites
precede daring daffodils—
happy harbingers
~Lois Heyman Scott

ambling down the path
with skinny jeans and high-tops
winter narcissus
~Phillip R. Kennedy

overshadowing
this room of loneliness
winter narcissus
~John J. Han

narcissus
at the window
and a mirror
~David Keim

the empty zendo—
a few white narcissus blooms
sit with the buddha
~Elizabeth Andrews

narcissus blossoms—
blindingly white, full of light
brighten these dark days
~David Sherertz

quarantined
to the porch
paperwhites
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

Members' Votes for Haiku Published in November 2022 *Geppo*

Priscilla Lignori	5130–3,	5131–7,	5132–4,	5133–1
Richard Subber	5134–1			
Linda Papanicolaou	5135–5,	5136–4,	5137–11,	5138–4
Michael Henry Lee	5139–5,	5140–14,	5141–2,	5142–1
Sari Grandstaff	5143–0,	5144–9,	5145–5,	5146–0
Jackie Chou	5147–1,	5148–2,	5149–5,	5150–1
Michael Sheffield	5151–3,	5152–8,	5153–1,	5154–3
Marilyn Ashbaugh	5155–2,	5156–6,	5157–7,	5158–2
Jane Stuart	5159–0,	5160–2,	5161–0,	5162–1
Debbie Strange	5163–1,	5164–0,	5165–8,	5166–3
Ruth Holzer	5167–1,	5168–2,	5169–4,	5170–4
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	5171–2,	5172–4,	5173–8,	5174–1
Bona M. Santos	5175–6,	5176–1,	5177–1,	5178–0
Marilyn Gehant	5179–0,	5180–2,	5181–5,	5182–1
Alison Woolpert	5183–3,	5184–0,	5185–0,	5186–5
Lynda Zwinger	5187–2			
Carolyn Fitz	5188–0,	5189–2,	5190–5,	5191–4
Richard L. Matta	5192–7,	5193–1	5194–1,	5195–1
Lisa Espenmiller	5196–3,	5197–2,	5198–0,	5199–2
Hiroyuki Murakami	5200–1,	5201–3,	5202–1,	5203–2
Beverly Acuff Momoi	5204–4,	5205–0,	5206–1	
Clysta Seney	5207–0,	5208–0,	5209–1,	5210–0
Michael Dylan Welch	5211–5,	5212–3,	5213–1,	5214–0
William J. Burlingame	5215–0,	5216–0,	5217–0,	5218–1
Elinor Pihl Huggett	5219–3,	5220–2,	5221–6,	5222–1
Elaine Whitman	5223–5,	5224–1,	5225–0,	5226–0
Zinovy Vayman	5227–1,	5228–1,	5229–0,	5230–0
Dyana Basist	5231–2,	5232–7,	5233–10,	5234–3
Bruce H. Feingold	5235–1	5236–1,	5237–0	
Emily Fogle	5238–5,	5239–8,	5240–1,	5241–3
Dana Grover	5242–6,	5243–1,	5244–3,	5245–2
Alexis George	5246–1,	5247–0,	5248–0,	5249–1
Kath Abela Wilson	5250–1,	5251–6,	5252–0,	5253–0
Christine Horner	5254–1,	5255–7,	5256–1,	5257–7
J. Zimmerman	5258–0,	5259–9,	5260–4,	5261–1
Barbara Snow	5262–5,	5263–5,	5264–2,	5265–7
Judith Morrison Schallberger	5266–1,	5267–1,	5268–0,	5269–5
David Keim	5270–1,	5271–2,	5272–0,	5273–0
Kathleen Tice	5274–0,	5275–4,	5276–1,	5277–5
Lynn Klepfer	5278–0			
Barbara Moore	5279–4,	5280–3,	5281–4,	5282–1
Joyce Baker	5283–2			

Barrie Levine	5284–1,	5285–12,	5286–7,	5287–3
John J. Han	5288–4,	5289–1,	5290–6	5291–4
Kathy Goldbach	5292–0,	5293–3,	5294–1,	5295–1
Mark Teaford	5296–1,	5297–0,	5298–2,	5299–2
Stephanie Baker	5300–1,	5301–0,	5302–3,	5303–0
Amy King	5304–1,	5305–1		
Mimi Ahern	5306–0,	5307–7,	5308–1,	5309–1
Phillip R. Kennedy	5310–2,	5311–3,	5312–2,	5313–1
Gregory Longenecker	5314–9,	5315–8,	5316–8,	5317–5
Lois Heyman Scott	5318–0,	5319–0,	5320–1,	5321–0
Elizabeth Andrews	5322–1,	5323–3,	5324–0,	5325–1
Paula Sears	5326–5,	5327–5,	5328–2	
Lenard Moore	5329–0,	5330–0		
Roger Abe	5331–1,	5332–0,	5333–8,	5334–3
Patricia Wakimoto	5335–0,	5336–0,	5337–0,	5338–1
Wakako Miya Rollinger	5339–1,	5340–2,	5341–1,	5342–1
David Sherertz	5343–0,	5344–2,	5345–1,	5346–0
Christine Lamb Stern	5347–1,	5348–7,	5349–5,	5350–3
Deborah P Kolodji	5351–0,	5352–2,	5353–4,	5354–4

Attention All Voting Members:

The purpose of voting is to express appreciation for the work of others. Please refrain from voting for yourself. Votes for your own haiku will not be counted.

Painting on Rice Paper, by Linda Papanicolaou.



Remembering Edward J. Grossmith 1929-2022

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik



Born in Australia, Edward J. Grossmith grew up in England, graduated as an aeronautical production engineer, and served in the Royal Air Force during World War II. In 1953, Ed emigrated to Canada and then in 1956 to the United States. In 1960, he moved to San Jose to work for IBM. Always a family man, Ed leaves behind his wife, JoAnn, two sons, a daughter and son-in-law, four grandchildren, and a great-grandson. He delighted in writing and illustrating *Animal Alphabet*, a whimsical ABC book for his grandchildren, which he later shared with other young families and friends.

Ed's passions were nature, photography, poetry, writing, and river rafting. He was a long-time member of the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, as well as the Friends of Calligraphy in San Francisco. YTHS members remember Ed's big smile; boyish love of life, nature, and haiku; and his encouragement and support of others. A tireless advocate of haiga, his seasonal photo-haiga shows were a highlight of the annual YTHS retreat at Asilomar. His yearly haiga videos can be viewed on his YouTube channel—*Haiga Ed*.

Below are several of Ed's haiku published in YTHS anthologies.

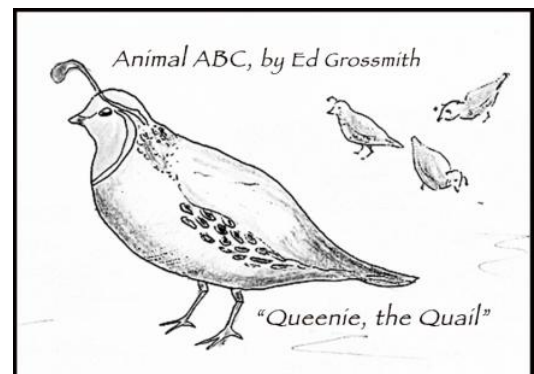
first rain—
puddles shiver
with each passing car

at the June wedding
the pianist is playing
just the white notes

dying breeze
the pond resurrects
the moon

the softness
of white sound
snowflakes

for Ed
November dusk
drifting leaves
and memories
Michael Sheffield



November 2022 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers

(received 8 or more votes)

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5140 forsythia
the way some words just
roll off the tongue
~Michael Henry Lee (14)</p> | <p>5152 September light
the shift from blue
to gold
~Michael Sheffield (8)</p> |
| <p>5285 blue merino shawl
twilight resting softly
on her shoulders
~Barrie Levine (12)</p> | <p>5165 dried thatch
the green button you lost
last spring
~Debbie Strange (8)</p> |
| <p>5137 winter rain—
the Goodwill donation bin
overflowing
~Linda Papanicolaou (11)</p> | <p>5173 the downstairs neighbor
practicing the saxophone
autumn loneliness
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson (8)</p> |
| <p>5233 shakuhachi
the maple's brightest leaves
drifting away
~Dyana Basist (10)</p> | <p>5239 the sound of soil
absorbing water . . .
morning stillness
~Emily Fogle (8)</p> |
| <p>5144 wet leaves huddled
around the headstone
another anniversary
~Sari Grandstaff (9)</p> | <p>5315 midnight
the spirit gutters out
of a pumpkin
~Gregory Longenecker (8)</p> |
| <p>5259 suddenly clear
in the autumn air
her subtext
~J. Zimmerman (9)</p> | <p>5316 I start to call Mom
about the changing leaves
phantom limb
~Gregory Longenecker (8)</p> |
| <p>5314 all souls'
a leaf touches
its shadow
~Gregory Longenecker (9)</p> | <p>5333 sixteenth-day moon
the lopsided pancake
hidden in the stack
~Roger Abe (8)</p> |

Dōjin's Corner
Aug-Oct, 2022

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

It's raining here in California; after three years of almost no rain, we are being inundated with water. That combined with king tides and high winds has given us a most precarious start to 2023 with flooding rivers, power outages, and damaged homes and businesses. The good news is that the snow pack in the Sierras is building up to every skier's delight.

We are happy that our guest editor for this issue is the newly appointed YTHS *dōjin* and editor of *Geppo*, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik. She is a professor emeritus of applied linguistics at the University of San Francisco and a member of Haiku Poets of Northern California, as well as the Haiku Society of America. It's a privilege to have her join us for the review of the last issue's haiku.

Here are the haiku that we each considered favorites; the haiku we've chosen to comment on are marked with an asterisk:

JJH: 5131, 5132, 5139, 5140*, 5148, 5151, 5154, 5166, 5167, 5171, 5173, 5175, 5182, 5189, 5206, 5213, 5221*, 5223, 5232, 5233*, 5255, 5257, 5259, 5263, 5286, 5288, 5290, 5293, 5299, 5310, 5316, 5317, 5321, 5324, 5329, 5333, 5341, 5347, 5348, 5350, 5354*

E: 5138, 5150, 5167*, 5182, 5184, 5194, 5201, 5202, 5206*, 5249, 5262*, 5277*, 5286, 5287, 5312, 5347

pjm: 5131, 5132, 5140, 5148, 5154, 5156, 5166, 5170, 5172, 5173, 5175, 5181, 5220, 5222, 5131, 5244*, 5251, 5255*, 5257, 5266, 5269, 5271, 5272, 5279, 5290*, 5304, 5310, 5314, 5327, 5342, 5348*

5140 forsythia
the way some words just
roll off the tongue

JJH: Like most haiku poets, I love words: their sounds and rhythms; their meanings, both denotation and connotations; their forms and functions in phrases and larger units, and much more. This haiku focuses on the tactile pleasures of forming words in our mouths. "Forsythia" is a lovely word to remind us of the joys of articulation. This haiku makes me smile and repeat again and again "forsythia."

E: The bright yellow flowers reflecting the spring sunshine are merry and light just like words that roll off the tongue light-heartedly.

pjm: Forsythia, named after the Scotsman William Forsyth, a botanist and royal head gardener, blooms in early spring with a profusion of yellow bell-like flowers. It's a plant that came from Asia (one of the species imported via the Dutch East India Company). Because its blooming in Europe coincides with Eastertide it is commonly called the "Easter tree." In any case, the lovely name that rolls off the tongue comes from the name, Forsyth, which has the force and vigor of a scythe, and has to be turned into the musical Latinate word, *forsythia*. And in this way, the bright yellow bells are known in English as forsythia. And we have to ask again the question Shakespeare posed: would a rose by any other name smell as sweet?

5167 first fall day—
going somewhere
that's not the doctor's

E: This is exactly what I heard recently from my old friend, "Today, I am going somewhere that's not the doctor's!" Combined with "first fall day"

when the air is clear and the sky is high, we can imagine the author going somewhere airy with a splendid view. A joy already skipping ahead of the author!

pjm: That feeling of vigor and energy that comes with the beginning of autumn is reflected here. Also anticipation—going somewhere! The idea of a change of pace, a change of venue, something new to experience. This sounds like a person who has been cooped up for a while—like all of us these last few years—and is ready to embrace the world.

JJH: I feel the air of autumn and see the leaves beginning to turn in the first line. The second line makes me anticipate more information or at least a hint about “somewhere.” Line three, however, only lets me know where “somewhere” is not. What is important is that “somewhere” is different from the usual place. I know individuals with numerous chronic or temporary health issues that find their calendars filled with doctor’s appointments and little else. Some even joke about this fact, yet we know there is truth and perhaps sadness or resignation in the statement.

5206 garage clear-out
listening to the silverfish
scuttle

E: This haiku caught my attention because of the word “silverfish.” Remembering my mentor Dr. Akita Arima’s studio name, 紙魚亭 *shimitei*, Silverfish Bower, I wonder what is happening to his massive collection of books. Perhaps a silverfish kingdom is prevailing? And if someone decides to clear them out, the scuttling silverfish will make quite a rustling noise!

JJH: Clearing out the garage always puts me in a contemplative mood as I go through things to

determine what to keep and what to discard. Even if this is a group project, I often find myself stopping to listen to my own thoughts and the sounds in the garage. In this haiku, the poet is listening to the “scuttle” of silverfish, a wingless insect that is an agile runner, avoids light, and feeds on starches and sugars, especially paper and book bindings. It is generally easier to see their damage than to see them. The word “scuttle” conjures up a sound that seems appropriate for silverfish.

pjm: I think there’s never just one silverfish. And I sense the poet thinks this, as well; having seen a few, the writer imagines hearing the hoard of silverfish as they flee.

5221 hovering above
the fishing boats
a mackerel sky

JJH: The use of “hovering above” in the first line gives this haiku its uniqueness. After reading the second line, I expect a bird, a helicopter, a drone, or some concrete object to be “hovering above / the fishing boats.” What a surprise to find that what is hanging in the air in defiance of gravity is “a mackerel sky.” I love the autumn kigo “mackerel sky.” What a beautiful haiku—fish in the water below the boats and mackerels in the sky above.

pjm: A mackerel sky is a formation of puffy, scale-like clouds. Fishermen consider such a sky to be a portent of bad weather. So in this haiku there is a slight feeling of foreboding and a suggestion that the prudent owners of the fishing boats might consider staying in the harbor today.

E: “Hovering” makes me picture the mackerel sky moving like seagulls aiming at the fishing boat’s catch. I wonder what “blue” the color of the sea under the mackerel sky is.

5233 shakuhachi
the maple's brightest leaves
drifting away

JJH: This haiku appeals directly to two senses: sound (the notes of a flute) and sight (the bright maple leaves). "Drifting away" makes me think of something slowly floating in the water or, in this case, the air. This haiku nudges us to stop, look, and listen to our surroundings and take in the moment. What a quiet, lovely haiku.

E: Like the sound of the shakuhachi lingers in the air, the red of the brightest leaves is lingering in the author's eyes. I heard there is a way to play by moving the throat as if gargling and breathing out. Shakuhachi is very deep.

pjm: A beautiful pairing in this haiku of the sonorous sound of the shakuhachi and the deep red of the maple leaves. Together they give the feeling of autumn—of its poignancy as it drifts away.

5244 country road
a covey of quail
crossing , , , , , , ;

pjm: I love the graphic representation of the little quail family—a series of commas trailing a semicolon! So clever. I never thought a semicolon could suggest a quail with its topknot, but there it is! I also appreciate the opening sounds of country, covey, quail, and crossing.

JJH: Alliteration with the words at the beginning of each line beginning with "c": "country," "covey," "crossing" unifies this haiku and the simple scene it creates. Then the last line, we can see, in real time, the covey of quail making their way across the road. I stop, after the last word, "crossing," to watch the quail cross. Nice.

E: A quail used to be one of the favorite birds kept by samurai in Edo because it cried like "御吉兆! *gokicchō*," an auspicious omen! Here a covey of quail stops the author on a country road providing a peaceful moment. Lovely.

5255 trout stream—
my father's only son is
his only daughter

pjm: Perhaps the haiku is suggesting a father, who at one time wanted a son, treated his daughter as a son and taught her the fine art of trout fishing. A second interpretation might be that the son has literally become a daughter, and the father and now-daughter are enjoying a chance to fish together again. Both interpretations are masterfully held within this text.

JJH: "Trout stream" in the first line creates a tranquil scene and mood. Then the third line offers a surprise about "my father's only son." With only one child, his daughter also becomes his son. Repetition of the word "only" in lines two and three emphasizes this fact. Five of the 10 words in this haiku contain "s," making this haiku a pleasure to read aloud.

This haiku resonates with me as I am one of three daughters. One of my sisters was my father's "son" in that they both enjoyed fishing, hunting, and other traditionally male-oriented pastimes. Similarly, in this haiku the parent and child seem to share a special bond in fishing.

E: The "trout stream" may be where the son was still a son, fishing with the father. And like a trout returning to its birthplace, the author is returning to their true self. The haiku is presented from the offspring's viewpoint, which makes the poem quite emotional and, at the same time, strong.

5262 autumn afternoon
a dust cloud chases harvesters
around the field

E: I think the harvesters are raising the dust cloud as they work, but what the author sees is the opposite—the harvesters are chased by the dust cloud. It may be just the way the wind is blowing. However, it brings us the view of the dynamism of mother earth and the farmers through their hard work providing the harvest. There must be an ample harvest this fall!

pjm: Here's a novel observation of a common scene at harvest time. Usually the harvesters would be seen as causing the dust cloud, but this poet has looked again and in so doing has seen a dust cloud in pursuit of the harvesters delighting us with this totally new perspective.

JJH: The attraction of this haiku is visualizing the "dust cloud" chasing the harvesters. The harvesters, either machines or field hands, stir up the dust cloud, yet it is following and trying to catch them. That's assuming that this "dust cloud" isn't a dust devil. Dust devils have a will of their own, unlike stirred-up dust carried by the wind.

Today harvester machines have heated/air-conditioned closed cabs, whereas field hands have little protection from the elements, pesticides, and dust. This haiku makes me remember when my grandfather got his first closed-cab tractor. He was so happy, saying it changed his life. He worked his fields into his 90s.

5277 single row of houses
backed by marshland
call of a heron

E: This haiku reminds me of Buson's haiku, "五月雨や大河を前に家二軒 *samidare ya / taiga o mae*

ni / ie niken, May rain—/ facing the big river / two houses." Here in this haiku, a single row of houses is backed by marshland. Both haiku show how vulnerable the houses look against the speeding current of a big river fed by the endless May rains of Japan and the vast spread of marshland. A "call of a heron," sounding like a dog's bark, reminds us of the unique reality of life on the edge of the marshland.

JJH: This haiku describes a tranquil scene, yet there exists a tension between humans and nature. Is this "single row of houses" the first of many rows that encroach on and degrade the marshland? I prefer an optimistic interpretation: that residents, and others, can enjoy and preserve the marshland and its flora and fauna. Perhaps this is a restored marshland, a type of green infrastructure that benefits communities and protects diverse habitats. This haiku can be read on at least two levels—as a well-crafted haiku creating an image and as an environmental question.

pjm: This is one of those places where the wild and the human connect. There's always that edge where the two come together, but never mingle. That knowledge of separation and subsequent longing is expressed here in "the cry of the heron."

5290 winding stream
the contours of
a fiddle sound

pjm: The motions of the stream and of the bow of the fiddle reverberate in the mind. It is very pleasing to think of music having a shape similar to a winding stream. In the same way that a stream moves through time so, too, does the tune produced by the fiddle. Thank you, poet, for giving us this insight.

E: The holiday season is good for listening to a Romani violin played by Roby Lakatos. And I totally agree with the author that the music sounds like a winding stream. In the case of Lakatos, it gradually speeds up toward the end!

JJH: I am attracted to the juxtaposition of a “winding stream” and “a fiddle sound” and the fact that they are connected by the word “contours” in line two. I hear and see the “winding stream” and hear the “fiddle sound.” The reader is left to imagine what the “fiddle sound” is. Is it a song? scales? tuning the fiddle? I like to imagine that the winding stream and the fiddle sound have similar contours. An evocative haiku.

5348 high-school formal—
wedged between them
gardenia corsage

pjm: The gardenia has an old-timey aura; it is full of scent and nostalgia perfect for this little scene. I read this haiku as a fond memory full of scent, nostalgia, and first romance.

E: This is something I haven’t experienced, a formal dance in formal dress in high school. When I was a student at Ghana International School, they held dance parties after school on Fridays, but we danced in our school uniforms to the students’ band playing Santana and Rolling Stones. “Wedged between them / gardenia corsage” depicts the highlight of the dance and the two young souls at the zenith of joy!

JJH: This haiku captures the mixed emotions of teenagers going to a high-school formal, generally a much anticipated and prepared-for event: the joy, the excitement, the nervousness, and much more. The evening is fraught with tension. The second line “wedged between them” skillfully spotlights the awkwardness of

the evening. Wearing a corsage or a boutonniere marks this as a special event, yet it has a downside. How can one dance close or snuggle when wearing a corsage?

5354 decaying leaves
in the garden pond
tired conversations

JJH: I am attracted to this haiku for two reasons: because of the juxtaposition of “decaying leaves” and “tired conversations” and because of the *ma*, dreaming room, it provides the readers. “Tired conversations” is a wonderful phrase that allows each reader to define it and think of diverse examples. For me, it suggests a conversation that routinely takes place, has little variation, and, like decaying leaves, has little energy or forward motion. To me these are conversations that consist of the same few questions and the same answers.

pjm: I think we all have gone through rough patches in life where, because of illness, financial setback, COVID, or other family situations that seem intractable, relationships get stretched and worn. Attempts to find resolution through repeated conversations covering the same ground end unsatisfactorily. The feeling of helplessness and inevitability because of the unresolved quandary is in this haiku.

E: Both the brown-colored decaying leaves and the colorless conversations sink down to the pond floor. Only the white puffs out from their mouths are rising upwards. The two vectors take the balance and make this haiku stable and calm.

We invite your responses. Send letters to the *Geppo* editor.

Spring Challenge Kigo: Spring Sea, *Haru-no-umi*

Neal Whitman

In *The Edge of The Sea* (1955), Rachel Carson listens and looks to the “enduring sea ... its eternal rhythms” to fathom why “on no two successive days is the shoreline precisely the same.” Spring is a transition season, so the spring sea in particular heightens our senses as we take note of incessant change. The winter sea may have put you in a somber mood. With the lengthening days, in the spring we might feel more calm, more tranquil. The spring sea may carry a lot of joy and pleasure, but in a transition season, no one knows for sure what is to come.

A-ha! No two of us will experience the same sensations. This Spring Challenge Kigo asks you to do no more, no less, than as Walt Whitman advises: “Sit and look out.” (*Leaves of Grass*)

Thanks to Patricia J. Machmiller and Kiyoko Tokutomi, we have three classic spring sea haiku and additional commentary (*Monterey Peninsula and Bay Regional Saijiki*, distributed at the 1993 annual Asilomar YTHS haiku retreat). Below are my own brief comments.

the spring sea
all day long it rises and tumbles,
rises and tumbles
~Buson (1716-1784)

The sea tide is a universal image. You will find it has inspired many poems, including Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s “The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls.” How might the spring sea inspire us?

every island
lights up
the spring sea
~Shiki (1867 - 1902)

John Donne famously penned that no man is an island. In this haiku, we could ponder if Shiki references a piece of land surrounded by water or perhaps each person living in a community.

such ease!
the sea gull lifting off
from the spring sea
~Kiyoko Tokutomi (1828 - 1987)

When we stand on shore and face the ocean, we might take gulls for granted. Perhaps Kiyoko is asking us to pay closer attention to how remarkable each one is. Might one lift our spirits?

Additional commentary and haiku can be found in *Haiku, Volume 2. Spring*, R.H. Blyth. Tokyo: The Hokuseido Press 1950, 1981, p. 453

Please send one haiku using the Spring Challenge Kigo to the *Geppo* editor. It will be published in the next issue with your name along with other members’ verses.

2022 Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat—October 7-10

J. Zimmerman

The 2022 Yuki Teikei Haiku Retreat on Zoom drew 41 participants from the USA and Japan—all focused on improving their haiku practices.

Three key events were:

- Participation by guest poet Lenard D. Moore.
- The retreat *kukai*, led by our Japanese *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita and the Japanese modern-haiku poet Yuzo Ono.
- *Dōjin* Phillip R. Kennedy's kigo lecture "Strategies for Using Shorter Kigo."

Friday

- The retreat began with Lenard's vivid talk about his four decades of writing poetry in the styles of haiku, haibun, and western forms.
- Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller announced the seven new YTHS *dōjin* selected by the YTHS *Dōjin* Committee.
- Kath Abela Wilson, coordinator of the 2022 Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi Contest, presented the contest's four prize-winning haiku: first place, Alison Woolpert; second place, Marilyn Ashbaugh; and two tied for third place—Lynda Zwinger and Marcia Burton. Contest Judges Emiko and Yuzo commented insightfully on the four winning haiku and the ten honorable mention poems. A beautiful brochure with all the haiku and comments from the judges (art by kris moon kondo) is available for download on the YTHS website: yths.org under "Contests."
- YTHS Anthology editors Elaine Whitman and Neal Whitman introduced the handsome YTHS 2022 Anthology: *It's About Time*.

Saturday

- Patrick Gallagher led us through the seasons of the Pacific Northwest on a virtual *ginkō* entitled "Haiku Seasons of the Salish Sea Bioregion." A lunch break offered participants time for a self-directed *ginkō* with Patrick's kigo in mind.
- Lenard led a retreat workshop, in which participants' submitted haiku were read and critiqued.

Sunday

- *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou welcomed us to the retreat's art party, demonstrating the construction of haiga and photo-haiku (*sha-hai* or *hai-sha*). She advised us to start with the haiku rather than the image and recommended considerations for placement of text and choice of font size and color.
- Emiko and Yuzo led a gracious retreat *kukai*. A haiku by Patrick and one by Patricia tied for the top votes and Mimi Ahern's haiku placed third:

blackberries / first the scratches / then the pie ~Patrick Gallagher

autumn butterfly / air-writing / its biography ~Patricia J. Machmiller

September seashore / not enough names / for the blues ~Mimi Ahern

Monday, the final day—Indigenous People’s Day

- Phillip R. Kennedy began with a statement acknowledging indigenous people, with special emphasis on the Métis people, with whom he shares ancestry. He gave an engaging kigo lecture showing strategies that Japanese poets use in their 5-7-5 haiku when their kigo are short. (See the feature article on page 30.)
- Participants read their *ginkō* haiku and shared their digital haiga.
- Lenard gave his final presentation, a “Haiku Craft Lecture.” (See the feature article on page 29.)
- Program Chair Carol Steele and President Linda Papanicolaou brought the retreat to a close.

At the end, participants were invited to say a word about what the retreat meant to them. Bona M. Santos assembled responses into a joyful image. An informal survey of two-thirds of the participants found a wide range of enthusiastic interests and favorites. Every session appeared in at least one person’s top-three choices.



Retreat Attendees: C. L. Stern (Host), M. Ahern (Co-host), R. Abe, E. Andrews, B. Arnold, M. Ashbaugh, D. Basist, K. Bendixen, P. Gallagher, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, J. J. Hafernik, C. Holbrook, T. Homan, J. Hymas, D. Keim, P. R. Kennedy, D. P. Kolodji, G. Longenecker, P. J. Machmiller, E. Miyashita, B. Momoi, L. Moore, H. Ogden, Y. Ono, A. Ostenso-Kennedy, L. Papanicolaou, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, J. M. Schallberger, L. Scott, C. Seney, M. Sheffield, D. Sherertz, C. Steele, tjwellsmiller, E. Whitman, N. Whitman, K. A. Wilson, A. Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman.

Featured Poet Lenard D. Moore at the 2022 YTHS Annual Retreat on Zoom

J. Zimmerman and Cynthia Holbrook



Lenard D. Moore, internationally acclaimed poet and anthologist, was the featured speaker at the 2022 YTHS annual retreat on Zoom. His literary works have been published in at least 16 countries and translated into at least 12 languages. Lenard enjoys all poetry forms, in particular haiku, and experiments with rhythm and other aspects of musicality in his writing. He has also written haibun, haiku inspired by old photos, and book-length haiku sequences such as the well-respected *Desert Storm: A Brief History*. Sometimes he reads his poems in performance with jazz musicians.

Lenard opened the first morning with a talk about his life, illustrated by reading his poems from 14 books and anthologies. With his emphasis on the actual, his poems were very clear, often heart-achingly so:

hot afternoon
the squeak of my hands
on my daughter's coffin
~Lenard Moore

(*The Heron's Nest* October 2004 Editor's Choice; *The Heron's Nest* 2005 Valentine Readers' Choice and Editors' Choice)

The second day, Lenard led a haiku workshop offering thoughtful comments on 30 haiku submitted by workshop participants. Features he particularly appreciated in the work included: alliteration, assonance, cleverness, consonance, duality (aka "pivot") in the middle line, multiplicity of meanings, originality, repetition of words in select cases, rhythm, appropriate words, specificity, surprise in the last line, and understandability at the literal level.

Lenard expressed sensitivity that not all haiku poets have his same criteria and priorities, making it instructive to hear what features he critiqued in workshop poems. They included: abstraction, lack of clarity of what was going on, mere pictures, metaphor, personification, predictability, telling (such as naming an emotion) rather than showing, questionable rightness of a word, and sing-song rhythm when all three lines had the same number of syllables.

On the final day, Lenard closed out the retreat with a craft lecture, using some of his own poems to discuss how they exemplified features such as those listed above. By audience request, he ended the workshop by chanting and singing his own blues song, whose refrain was "This story I tell wherever I go." We appreciated his generosity, enjoyed his music, and were inspired by his enthusiastic response to many a haiku: "Send it out!"

“Short Season Words in Japanese Haiku Practice,” presented on Zoom by Phillip R. Kennedy for the YTHS Annual Retreat—October 10, 2022

J. Zimmerman

Dōjin Phillip R. Kennedy, having studied Japanese since 2000, now writes haiku in Japanese, as well as English. His presentation, “Short Season Words in Japanese Haiku Practice,” enlightened retreat participants.

Phillip reminded us that the Japanese haiku has a season word or phrase, a cut within the body or at the end, and 17 sound units in a 5-7-5 pattern. He described three basic patterns of the Japanese haiku form:

- (1) One-piece in a single phrase with a concluding cut;
- (2) Two-part with a cut after the 5-sound-units first phrase or after the 7-sound-units second phrase;
- (3) Middle-cut with a cut somewhere in the 7-sound-unit phrase.

Because those are patterns of haiku form but not meaning, one can, for example, have a juxtaposition that is also a one-piece haiku, as in this poem by Totsunei Haruhito translated by Phillip: greeting / the chickens / lingering heat

Phillip discussed how a reader experiences different effects depending on where the season word appears. A season word in the first set of 5 sound-units can have an exclamatory or declarative effect. In the last 5, it can have a summarizing or concluding effect. In the middle 7, it can reinforce a quiet and contemplative effect of the haiku.

He gave three major compositional strategies used by Japanese poets to place a 3-sound-or-less season word in the opening 5-sound part of a haiku:

- (1) Use season word synonyms, while being aware of how the nuance of any synonym might differ from the core word’s meaning.
- (2) Embed the season word in a longer phrase of 12 sound-units (5 from the first and 7 from the second) or 17 sound-units (for a one-piece haiku).
- (3) Create a mini-5-sound-unit phrase that breaks immediately after its 5th sound-unit. Often attaching a noun can do this as can including a verb that describes the season word.

Phillip advised that English kigo tend to be shorter than 5 syllables. Therefore, the three strategies above could be applied with some care to English 5-7-5 haiku, particularly for the opening 5 syllables. He referenced the syllable count of the YTHS list of 960 kigo printed in the YTHS 2016 Members’ Anthology *Cherry Blossom Light*. Only 10% have 5 syllables, while 86% have 4 syllables or fewer. He cautioned us to use phrase completers that are descriptive of the season word and not to move too far away from the listed season word, as well as to make a clean break at the end of any crafted 5-syllable phrases.

Books by YTHS Members

In future issues of *Geppo*, occasionally there will be an announcement of books published by YTHS members. If you have had a book published in 2022 and/or 2023, please email the *Geppo* editor at ythsgeppo@gmail.com. News about recently published books will be accepted at any time. Be sure to include the full title, author(s), and full publication details. If the book has multiple authors, at least one author must be a YTHS member.



Correction

Apologies to Alison Woolpert whose haiku was discussed in the “*Dōjin’s Corner*” in the November issue (page 25). Her haiku was listed with an incorrect number. Below is her haiku with the correct number.

5093 black and white
 the pampas grass leaps up
 from the fire scar



Painting on Rice Paper, by Linda Papanicolaou.

“Tease Out What’s Already There: Playful Rewriting Workshop” with Mark Hollingsworth—November 12, 2022

J. Zimmerman

Mark Hollingsworth gave a lively Zoom revision workshop to offer strategies for rewriting haiku. He proposed that the poet might re-enter the original experience to realize things missed and to discover what new images might enhance the poem, as well as making existing images more specific or more general if needed. He suggested that poets experiment with lineation by re-sequencing lines and moving line breaks. Commenting that he likes to use such techniques on his published as well as unpublished poems, he shared one of his published haiku and described how he had reformatted it dramatically.

For the opening exercise, each participant was assigned to a breakout room where they were to rewrite a pre-existing haiku of their own. They had been encouraged to bring an “unborn” haiku—one that had been submitted to *Geppo* or to the YTHS retreat *kukai* and had received no votes. After about 10 minutes of rewriting, they were to read the original and the revision to their small group and invite comments.

Mark then showed us several of his published haiku and invited attendees to each pick one for rewriting. Often it is easier to revise a haiku that is not your own. He gave these additional recommendations:

- Avoid the temptation to observe or comment. Invite readers to immerse themselves in the experience.
- Step inside your body and write from there.
- Play with the flow of each haiku until the words on the page become the sounds in the air.
- Shun personal pronouns. Let the reader fill the vacuum left by the pronoun you cut out. This was a controversial topic and resulted in a vigorous exchange of views.

For the next exercise, participants were assigned to a different breakout room. They were to rewrite one of Mark’s listed haiku, especially to eliminate personal pronouns and participles. Then they were to present the original haiku with the revision to the group and discuss their feelings about the revision process.

One choice for rewriting was this published haiku:

around the campfire / one line apiece / we tell dad’s joke
~Mark Hollingsworth (*Frogpond* XXIX:1)

Cynthia Holbrook rewrote it as:

dad’s old joke / retold around the campfire / one line apiece

In a follow-up email, she explained:

With the original haiku, I had a hard time eliminating the personal pronoun “we,” thinking the haiku was perfect. But then I crossed out “we tell” and changed the last line to “Dad’s old joke,” and I could see how the elimination of the personal pronoun freed up the haiku. I also thought “one line apiece” was the strongest line and should be last. And that “we” was understood in the phrase “around the campfire.”

Many other participants provided insightful and spirited comments.

Workshop Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom Host), M. Ahern (Co-host), M. Hollingsworth (Presenter), R. Abe, E. Andrews, B. Arnold, J. Chou, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, J. J. Hafernik, C. Holbrook, D. Keim, P. J. Machmiller, Naia, H. Ogden, K. Tice, L. Papanicolaou, J. M. Schallberger, L. Scott, M. Sheffield, C. Steele, M. D. Welch, tjwellsmiller, N. Whitman, K. A. Wilson, and J. Zimmerman.



Painting on Rice Paper, by Linda Papanicolaou.

Welcome to New YTHS Members

Maxianne Berger, Outremont, Quebec, Canada; Chris Bruner, Albuquerque, NM;
 Marcia Burton, Salt Spring Island, BC, Canada; Dana Clark, Bend, OR;
 Janice Doppler, Easthampton, MA; David Gallipoli, McCall, ID; Nancie Zivetz
 Gertler, Bend, OR; Dottie Hammel, Deerfield, IL; Lisa Anne Johnson,
 Ann Arbor, MI; Laurie Mansur, Concord, CA; Noga Shemer, Storrs, CT;
 Suzanne Tyrpac, Durango, CO; and Nancy Winkler, Newbury, MA.

YTHS 2022 Holiday Party – December 10, 2022

Marilyn Gehant

An international group of 40 YTHS members gathered via Zoom to celebrate the holidays and mark a year of haiku and haiga. In addition, seven more participants sent haiga or haiku to share. We felt the warmth emanating from the screen smiles and our enthusiastic connection.

As part of our ongoing recognition of indigenous peoples whose lands we occupy, Judith Schallberger shared her beautiful tanka, inspired by a recent trip to Texas.

prairie wind
embodies my longing
the call
of an eagle bone whistle
at medicine mound
red lights, Vol. 18, No. 2, June, 2022

Our holiday haiku/haiga slide show, prepared by Zoom host Christine Stern, added excitement, nostalgia, hopefulness, and a bit of whimsy from poets and artists.

Paula Sears shared her tribute to the brightness of the season:

holiday lights—
first prize goes to
the moon

Michael Henry Lee captured the post-holiday letdown:

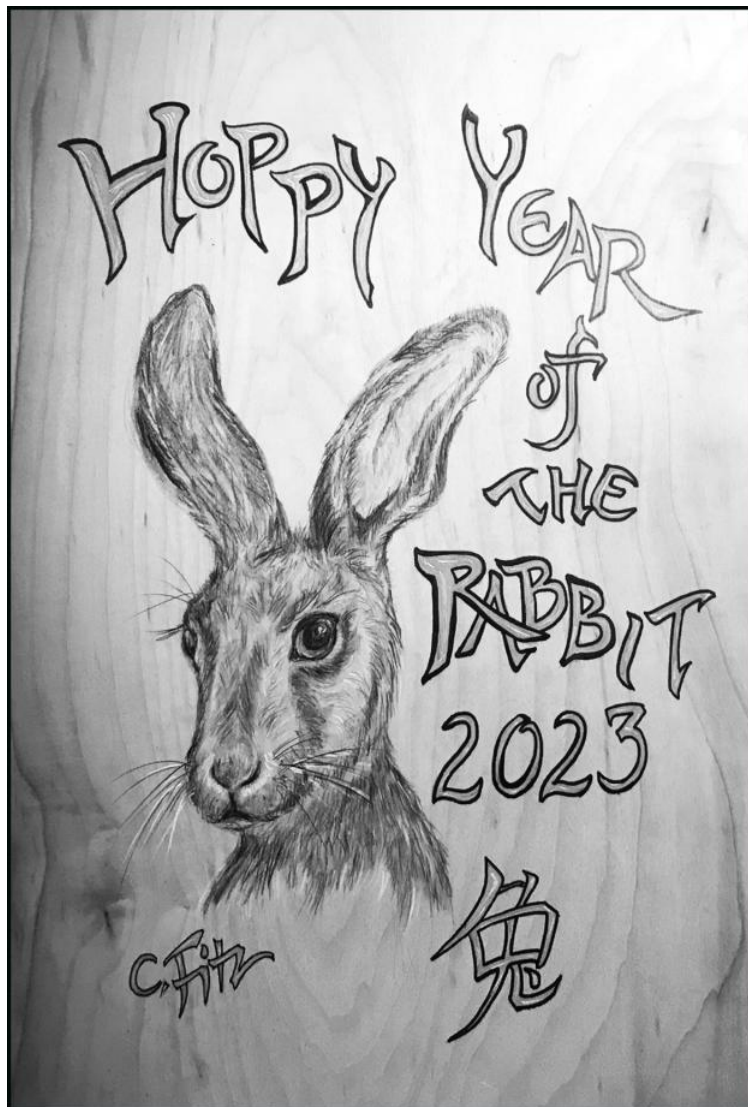
Christmas afternoon . . .
the rapid rate of
decelebration

And Mimi Ahern had a glittering message for the new year:

the ginkgo leaves a path of gold to her home

For our closing, a simultaneous send from our Zoom chat poured a waterfall of messages down our screens with gratitude for 2022 and a rousing cheer to a year of bountiful haiku in 2023.

Holiday Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom Host), M. Ahern (Co-host), R. Abe, E. Andrews, B. Arnold, D. Basist, M. Berger, E. Carolan, C. Fitz, P. Gallagher, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. J. Hafernik, C. Holbrook, J. Holding, D. P. Kolodji, M. H. Lee, B. Levine, P. J. Machmiller, D. A. Matthews, B. Momoi, K. Momoi, H. Murakami, Naia, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, J. M. Schallberger, P. Sears, C. Seney, R. Seymour, M. Sheffield, D. Sherertz, C. Steele, K. Tice, M. Turchi, tjwellsmiller, E. Whitman, N. Whitman, and K. A. Wilson. Additional Slideshow Participants: C. Harmon, G. Longenecker, L. Padden, C. Pfeil von der Heyde, D. Strange, A. Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman.



“Year of the Rabbit” Whimsy on wood with ink by Carolyn Fitz.

New to the YTHS Website

“The Poetry Show,” a 2011 radio broadcast that features a discussion of haiku and the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society is now available online at yths.org. The show, with Dennis Morton of KUSP, Santa Cruz, includes YTHS poets Roger Abe, Patricia J. Machmiller, Carol Steele, Judith Schallberger, Alison Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman reading a haiku by each of the 57 poets included in the 2011 YTHS Members’ Anthology, *Wild Violets*.

Tokutomi Memorial Contest Unveiling on Zoom—January 14, 2023

Alison Woolpert

The meeting began with Marilyn Gehant recognizing the indigenous peoples of the Monterey Bay, the Amah Mutsun tribal band, referred to as Ohlone. By 1852, many tribes were removed from the general population and sent to military reservations. Sadly, to this day, the Amah Mutsun remain landless. YTHS respectfully acknowledges the past and the importance of indigenous peoples in our community today.

The historic Tokutomi Memorial Contest honors YTHS founders, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi. Amid great anticipation among the 52 Zoom attendees, Contest Chair Kath Abela Wilson and Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller revealed and commented on the 2023 contest kigo. Rick Wilson heralded each season with his lovely shakuhachi flute playing.

2023 Contest Kigo List (as amended below)

- New Year: Year of the Rabbit; first birdsong
- Spring: frog; fledgling; smiling mountain
- Summer: rose; fragrant (or scented) breeze/wind; ice cream
- Autumn: autumn deepens; yellow leaves; Obon; *Dia de los Muertos*/Day of the Dead
- Winter: icicle; snow angel; rabbit

IMPORTANT NOTE: Since this meeting, after much discussion about the kigo “smiling mountain/laughing mountain,” the contest committee decided to simplify the kigo to “smiling mountain” only. (See Phillip R. Kennedy’s commentary on pages 45-46 of this *Geppo*.) In addition, “last persimmon,” eliciting another lively discussion, was replaced with “rabbit,” to bring closure to the “Year of the Rabbit.” All the kigo, explanatory footnotes, and details for entering this unique contest are on pages 38-39 and at yths.org.

Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom Host), M. Ahern (Co-host), R. Abe, L. Allgood, E. Andrews, M. Ashbaugh, D. Basist, M. Behar, M. Berger, C. Bruner, W. Burlingame, J. Doppler, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, S. Grandstaff, D. Grover, J. J. Hafernik, L. Burman-Hall, C. Holbrook, J. Holding, T. Homan, J. Hymas, D. Keim, D. P. Kolodji, M. H. Lee, B. Levine, G. Longenecker, P.J. Machmiller, R. Matta, B. Momoi, B. Moore, Naia, H. Ogden, A. Ostenson-Kennedy, L. Papanicolaou, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, J. M. Schallberger, P. Sears, C. Seney, R. Seymour, D. Sherertz, C. Steele, M. Turchi, P. Wakimoto, M. D. Welch, tjwellsmiller, E. Whitman, N. Whitman, K. A. Wilson, A. Woolpert, and S. Yee

YTHS Members' Anthology 2023 – Call for Submissions

Haiku poet, artist, and editor known simply as “Naia” has been a friend of YTHS since she attended her first retreat at Asilomar in 2002. She is honored to be editing the 2023 YTHS Members’ Anthology.

DEADLINE: In-hand no later than April 15, 2023

HAIKU Criteria:

- Submit 4-6 unpublished haiku that are not in submission or under consideration elsewhere. (They may have appeared in *Geppo*, but must not have been previously published anywhere else.)
- Each haiku may be flexible in syllable count, provided the overall length is 17 syllables or fewer.

MICRO-HAIBUN Criteria:

- Submit 1-3 micro-haibun.
- Text within each haibun must be no fewer than 20 words and no more than 175 words. Preference will be given to shorter haibun.
- There must be at least 1 haiku in the haibun but no more than 2 haiku.
- Haiku may be flexible in syllable count, provided the overall length is 17 syllables or fewer.
- Haibun selection will be limited by space available; there is no promise or guarantee that each submitter will have a micro-haibun included in the anthology.

HOW TO SUBMIT:

EMAIL ENTRIES – PREFERRED

Subject: (your name) 2023 Anthology

- Please single space your haiku in the body of the email. No attachments please.
- Naia will select 2 of your 4-6 haiku.
- Below your haiku, include your full name, your name as you wish it to appear in the anthology, and your city, state, and country (if not in the US).

SURFACE MAIL – ALTERNATIVE (only if email is not available; must be received by the April 15, 2023, deadline)

Mail to:

- Include 2 copies of each submission, either typed or legibly printed, together with your name and contact information (see below).
- Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wish to be informed about the haiku (and the micro-haibun, if applicable) selected for inclusion in the anthology.
- All mailed submissions must include your full name, your name as you wish it to appear in the anthology, mailing address, phone number (*which the editor will use only if there are any questions about your submission*), and an email address if available.

The 2023 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

Sponsored by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

Enter the oldest USA-based international haiku contest honoring traditional Japanese haiku!

Prizes: \$100, \$50, \$25 to the top three haiku.

Contest Rules

- In-hand deadline is May 31, 2023.
- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern. Contest standard is *The American Heritage Dictionary*, 5th Edition, available online.
- Haiku must use only one kigo, which must be from the contest list. Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

2023 Contest Kigo List

- New Year: Year of the Rabbit; first birdsong¹
- Spring: frog; fledgling; smiling mountain²
- Summer: rose; fragrant (or scented) breeze/wind³; ice cream
- Autumn: autumn deepens; yellow leaves; Obon; *Dia de los Muertos*/Day of the Dead
- Winter: icicle⁴; snow angel⁵; rabbit

¹ “first birdsong” (初声 *hatsukoe*, literally, “first voice”) refers to the first bird that one hears on New Year’s Day.

² “smiling mountain” (*yama warau* 山笑う). This kigo, over 1,000 years old, originated with the Chinese painter Guo Xi (1020-1090) who observed that “The mountains in spring are light and seductive as if smiling.” (See Phillip R. Kennedy’s commentary on this kigo on pages 45-46.)

³ “fragrant (or scented) breeze/wind” (*kaze kaoru*)

⁴ “icicle” (*tsurara*)

⁵ “snow angel,” a new kigo particular to North America.

Email Entries Preferred

Subject Line: **Your Name, Contest**

Please single space your haiku in the body of the email.

Fee: \$8.00 per three haiku. Go to: PayPal. At “Send money to” type in YukiTeikei@msn.com.
At “Add a note” type: “Contest,” your name, and the number of haiku.

Paper Entries

Mail:

Fee: \$8.00 per page of three haiku. Include check made out to *Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*. Place three poems per 8½" x 11" page and send one copy of each page with name and address. Overseas entrants use International Postal Money Order in US currency only.

Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere.
- Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned, and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished Japanese haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its journal, website, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the 2023 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat in October. Soon afterward they will appear on the YTHS website: yths.org
- For a paper copy of the contest results send a self-addressed stamped envelope marked "Contest Winners." Those abroad please enclose a self-addressed envelope plus enough postage in international reply coupons for airmail return.

Painting on Rice Paper, by Linda Papanicolaou.



A RETURN TO ASILOMAR, 2023
YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY ANNUAL RETREAT

Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA
October 12-15 (Thursday-Sunday), 2023

This year Yuki Teikei Haiku Society returns to Asilomar for its long-weekend retreat. Guest speakers will enhance understanding of the haiku-writing process. There will also be time to write and share haiku in a relaxed, oceanside environment.

We are excited to have a distinguished duo as guest speakers: Emiko Miyashita and Nanae Tamura, who have been wonderful judges of our Yuki Teikei contests. These haiku masters will give readings, lectures, and a craft workshop.

Emiko Miyashita, a Japanese haiku poet, is a director of JAL Foundation, which holds the World Children's Haiku Contest. She judges a monthly haiku column for the English-Speaking Union of Japan. Emiko is a *dōjin* (leading member) of the Shin (晨, "Dawn") Haiku Group in Japan, as well as a YTHS *dōjin*. She writes for the "Dōjin's Corner" in each issue of *Geppo*.



Dōjin Emiko Miyashita



Nanae Tamura, wearing her mask
and tiara in Japan!

Nanae Tamura is a Japanese haiku poet, essayist, and translator. She translated and co-edited with Cor van den Heuvel the book *Baseball Haiku*. Her great pleasure is writing a column for the *Shiki Newsletter*, along with being an active member in the Shiki Museum. Yearly, she judges the English entries to the Matsuyama City Haiku Post Contest, and once a month she holds a *kukai* for two local haiku groups.

The retreat will also include our traditional *kukai*; a dress-up renku party; a *ginkō*; an art workshop; the 2023 Tokutomi Haiku Contest announcement; and the presentation of the 2023 YTHS anthology.

YTHS 2023 Asilomar Retreat Registration

Cost:

Full conference fee + shared room + 9 meals	\$742
Full conference fee + single room + 9 meals	\$1072
Full conference fee only	\$100

Registration is open now, with a **deposit of \$100**. Due to pandemic precautions, attendance will be limited to 28 (first-come, first-served, so register early). Balance due by September 1. Deadlines are firm.

To register please send an **email** to Bona M. Santos: . In the body of the email please include the following information:

Name, address, phone, email, any special requirements, choice of room (single, double, or none), roommate preference, if any, meal preference (regular or vegetarian). Please indicate if you wish your contact information to be included in the roster of conference attendees to be shared with other participants.

Follow up your email by sending a **check** on an American bank made out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Send to Jeannie Rueter, **Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, P.O. Box 412 Monterey, CA 93942**. Or pay by **PayPal** at yukiteikei@msn.com. In the “Add a note” put Asilomar 2023 and your name.

Attendees are to be COVID vaccinated and boosted. (Exceptions may be made.) Participants will COVID test each morning of the conference. Please visit the Yuki Teikei website yths.org for more information about COVID precautions and contingency plans.

Firefly Invitations: Bashō Learns from Nature and Solitude

J. Zimmerman

This fourth article in a series about significant literary influences on the evolving poetic style of Bashō focuses on the inception of Bashō's own style, eventually to be called Shōmon, the school of Bashō.

In summer of 1680, Bashō published the collection *Best Poems of Tōsei's Twenty Disciples* (continuing for the moment to use his Danrin name Tōsei, "Green Peach"). It showcased the best work of renga poets studying with him. That winter, he moved from the center of Edo to a hut in a remote suburb on the shore of the Sumida River, "a rough and wild place" that was usually windy and often flooded (Reichhold 2008, 49). Bashō would have considerable solitude to experience the natural world.

[He] began composing *haikai* that drew on his own life as a recluse, creating, probably for the first time in *haikai* history, what appeared to be a personal confessional mode—a movement no doubt influenced by his readings of Chinese recluse poets such as Li Po and Tu Fu (Shirane 1998, 61).

In spring of 1681, his student Riki gave him a bashō ("banana tree"), a rarity in Japan at that time. Bashō loved the tree "for its very uselessness" and adopted its name (Reichhold, 50).

In 1683 Bashō and Kikaku published *Shriveled Chestnuts*, an anthology of students' work. Kikaku elbowed 44 of his poems into the collection, compared to 14 by Bashō. However, Bashō wrote the anthology's postscript, in which he listed his ideals for poetry. The best poetry would be:

based on the lyric beauty of Chinese poets, the spirit of Zen teaching, *wabi* sensibility [appreciation of austere and transient beauty in poverty and solitude], the poetic life as lived by Saigyō, and the romantic love in Po Chu's work (Reichhold, 51-52).

Such ideals would later be the grounding of Shōmon. While Bashō is unlikely to have known of Shakespeare, called the English "upstart crow," I can imagine similar disparagement of Bashō by poets he was moving on from. To me, that adds further resonance to what is often seen as his breakaway 1680 haiku:

kareeda ni / karasu no tomari keru / aki no kure
 on a bare branch / a crow settled down / autumn evening
 (Reichhold, 54)

References:

- Reichhold, Jane. *Bashō: The Complete Haiku*. Tokyo, Japan: Kodansha International Ltd., 2008.
 Shirane, Haruo. *Traces of Dreams: Landscape, Cultural Memory, and the Poetry of Bashō*. Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1998.

Yuzo Ono, along with Emiko Miyashita, was a judge for the 2022 YTHS Tokutomi Contest, and together they conducted the kukai at the 2022 YTHS Zoom retreat. Ono wrote this article for Japanese haiku poets about his experiences. The article appears in two Japanese publications: Kaigen (January 2023), a haiku magazine founded by Kaneko Tohta decades ago, and an online magazine Haiku Shinkukan (Haiku New Space) to be published later in 2023. Ono has kindly translated his article into English and given Geppo permission to publish it.

The Spirit of Yuki Teikei in California

Yuzo Ono

I recently served as an online judge for a haiku contest in California that was conducted by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. This society was founded by a Japanese immigrant couple who came to the United States. The couple, the husband of whom was born in the US but drafted into the Japanese army during WW2 and the wife, who experienced the atomic bombing in Nagasaki, wanted to make English-language haiku more accessible to the American public. The contest, called the Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest, is named after the founding couple.

Apart from the contest, they say they don't necessarily regard the 5-7-5 form as an absolute rule, but that seasonal reference is important. Nevertheless, haiku in the US and Japan have some heterogeneous aspects.

The first differing aspect is culture. For instance, in the contest, I came across several haiku featuring quilts, but quilt-making is said to be a custom in the US that symbolises the bonds between friends or family members, and, therefore, it was a bit hard for me to grasp the actual cultural feeling of quilt-making. There was also this interesting haiku.

first ride to a dance
in my boyfriend's old blue Ford
smell of gardenia
Kathy Goldbach

This situation is very American, and I learned that a gardenia is the flower given to women in the US when men ask women to dance. If so, the cultural nuance of this flower may slightly differ between the two countries.

The second aspect is nature. For example, there was a haiku about the flower called sky blue morning glory, but I was told that compared to the fragile atmosphere of Japanese morning glories, these American morning glories are robust and weedy.

The third aspect is language.

September seashore
not enough names
for the blues
Mimi Ahern

The primary meaning of this “blues” should be colour, but this word can have other meanings. It can mean blues as music. The melancholic feeling is also expressed by this term. It is also the name of a fish (bluefish), they say. These multiple meanings create sparks in this one haiku. Since the Japanese word for blue (*ao*) does not have any of these extra meanings, it is quite impossible to accurately translate the exquisiteness of this haiku into Japanese.

While I was surprised at the fact that they value the spirit of Yuki Teikei (in my view, this culture is very Japanese) in California, a place with a refreshing image, I also realized that it is difficult to completely share the meticulous nuance of haiku between Japan and the US due to the differences in these aforementioned points. On the other hand, as in the case of the haiku featuring “blues,” I learned that there are many haiku that have achieved a high degree of poetry by making use of unique qualities of the English language and literature. What struck me most of all was that the passion of the Tokutomi couple, who tried to connect Japan and the US through haiku, is still vividly alive in people’s hearts. In many ways, it was a valuable experience for me as a judge.



Painting on Rice Paper, by Linda Papanicolaou.

On Translating *Yama Warau*—“Smiling” or “Laughing” Mountains?

Phillip R. Kennedy

Recently a question has arisen about one of the season words chosen for this year’s Tokutomi Contest: *smiling mountains* (spring). This season word belongs to a set of seasonal expressions that originate with a text written by the artist Guō Xi, who lived in 11th-century China. Guō’s poetic descriptions of mountains through the seasons were later adopted by the early *haikai* poets in 17th-century Japan.

The topic of this note, *smiling mountains*, can be found in Japanese *saijiki* as 山笑ふ *yama warau*. *Yama*, as many of you already know, means “mountain” or “hill”; *warau* is a verb which means “smile” or “laugh.” Theoretically, we could translate *yama warau* as either “mountains/hills are smiling” or “mountains/hills are laughing.” A quick glance at any standard Japanese dictionary will list both “smile” and “laugh” as primary meanings of the verb.¹ Is one translation preferable for this season word, or can both be valid?

To answer this question, I believe we need to consider the original meaning of the season word itself—what was Guō Xi thinking of when he imagined mountains in spring? What is the essential, core idea of *yama warau*? The Japanese semi-translation (*kanbun kundoku*) of Guō’s description of spring mountains runs thus:

春山澹²冶にして笑ふが如く
shunzan tan’ya ni shite warau ga gotoku

This becomes in English (roughly): Spring mountains, being *tan’ya*, as if smiling/laughing That is, spring mountains are in a certain state (*tan’ya*) that makes them seem as if they are smiling or laughing. How we translate *warau* here depends directly on the meaning of *tan’ya*, which is a character compound coined by Guō. It is not a regular word in Literary Chinese or Modern Standard Chinese, nor is it a usual kanji compound in Literary or Modern Japanese. It is not a common expression.

The first character of this phrase, 澹 *tan*, has multiple meanings in Literary Chinese. The ones most applicable to our text center around tranquility, gentleness, and mildness.³ The second character, 冶 *ya*, has the general meaning in the modern languages of “smelting or casting metal.” In Literary Chinese, though, it can also have the meanings of “flirtatious” or “coquettish.” Given the connotations of the two characters, I think the best translations of *tan’ya* should run along the lines of:

artlessly charming . . . casually alluring . . . unaffectedly beguiling

Or something similar. To me, this combination of characters strongly suggests a casual, impromptu elegance—the mountains which have been slumbering through winter have finally awoken and are quietly charming, without effort or artifice. One may compare this to the autumn season word 山粧ふ *yama yosōu* “mountains in their finery,” which describes a much livelier, more elaborate presentation.

A quick check of some standard *saijiki* reveals other editors’ reaching a similar conclusion. The new *Kadokawa Haiku Dai Saijiki* (Spring Volume) glosses 淡冶 *tan’ya* as: 薄化粧をしたように色っぽいこと

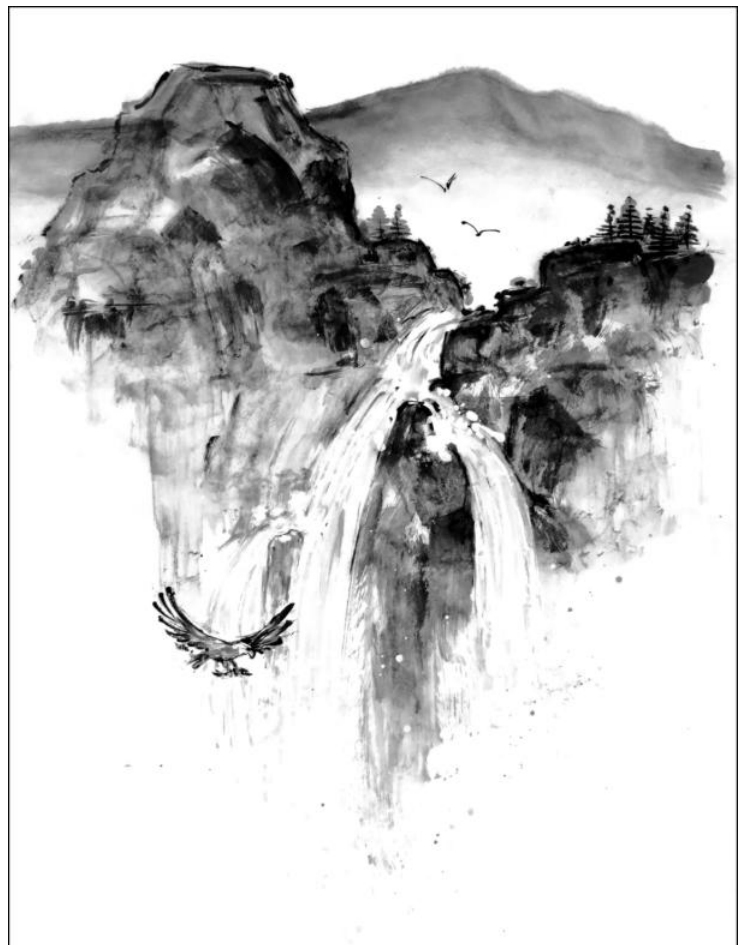
“sensual, as if wearing light makeup.” The *Shogakukan Haiku Compendium* explains 淡冶 *tan'ya* as: 艶やかなこと “beautiful and lustrous.” The *Gendai Haiku Saijiki* explains 澹冶 *tan'ya* thus: 澹冶とは淡くなまめかしいことで、若い女性が笑う風情。 “*tan'ya* means gently charming, with the elegance of a young woman smiling.”

Returning to our initial question—how should we then render 笑ふ *warau* in English? The process of translation can be exacting, but it is never perfect; a translator should do their best, though, to capture the nuances of the original language and convey them to a new audience. I believe that “smiling” best reflects the original meaning of Guō Xi's text, which focuses on the quiet charm of springtime mountains. For me, “laughing” introduces a sonic component that seems out of place with the gentleness of 澹冶 *tan'ya*.

¹ Cf. *Nihon Kokugo Dai Jiten* “*warau*”: 喜びやおかしさなどの心情を、声また顔の表情で表出する。 “To show by one's voice or by a facial expression the feeling of joy or amusement.”

² Most modern Japanese *saijiki* replace this character with a modern equivalent: 淡 *tan*

³ Cf. *A Student's Dictionary of Classical and Medieval Chinese* (2015), 澹 *dàn* (damX) “2 placid, tranquil, calm, mild; e.g. 澹白 *dànbó* calm and at rest.” *Grand dictionnaire Ricci de la langue chinoise* (2001) 澹 *dàn* “5 fixe; paisible; tranquille.”



Painting on Rice Paper, by Linda Papanicolaou.

MEMBERSHIP DUES

YTHS membership is for the calendar year. The quarterly *Geppo* haiku work-study journal and annual YTHS anthology are only available to members with paid memberships. Your current membership expired in December, and **dues for 2023 were due January 1!** Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any 2023 back issues.

Domestic and Canada dues \$32, Seniors \$26.

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Provide the following information along with your dues: (1) Your name, (2) home address, (3) email address, and (4) phone number. Also indicate which version of *Geppo* you wish to receive: (1) PDF only, (2) print only, or (3) both PDF and print. Members who do not specify a version will receive the print version.

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Or mail your check or money order and provide the above information to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
PO Box 412
Monterey, CA 93942

Geppo Submission Guidelines

Please send haiku, votes, articles, questions, or comments by email to:

- Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Editor
ythsgeppo@gmail.com

- Or snail mail to:

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society
ATTN: J. J. Hafernik, *Geppo* Editor
PO Box 412
Monterey, CA 93942

For *Geppo* submissions, please write in the subject line:

***Geppo* Submissions: your name**

Submit your haiku single-spaced in the body of the email, record your votes horizontally, and include your name as you want it printed. Please no attachments. Please send only one email per submission period.

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You may submit

- Up to **four haiku** appropriate to the season. They will be printed without your name and identified by a number for appreciation and study.
- **One Challenge Kigo** Haiku that uses the current issue's Challenge Kigo. The poem will be printed with your name.
- Up to 10 **votes for haiku** in the current issue that you especially appreciate. Each poem you choose will receive one vote; submit the number of the haiku as your vote. The poems with the highest number of votes are reprinted with the authors' names in the next issue. Vote only once for a given haiku. Votes for your own work will not be counted.
- Haiku printed in *Geppo* are considered published.
- *Geppo* is published quarterly. Deadlines for submissions are **Jan. 15, Apr. 15, July 15, and Oct. 15.** (Members only.)

YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY CALENDAR— 2023

As pandemic precautions are lifted, we hope to have more YTHS gatherings in person. But we will still hold some meetings on Zoom to include our members who are far afield. Stay tuned for updates and Zoom invitations. Be safe, everyone.

February 11 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	“Transitions: Winter to Spring: A Round-Table Discussion.” Facilitated by Patricia J. Machmiller.
March 11 In Person 1:00 Pacific	<i>Ginkō</i> in person at Hakone Gardens in Saratoga, CA. Details to follow.
April 15 In Person 9:00 Pacific	<i>Ginkō</i> in person at Henry W. Coe State Park, Morgan Hill, CA. Details to follow.
April 15	Deadline for submissions to the 2023 YTHS Anthology (members only). Guidelines on page 37 of this <i>Geppo</i> and online at yths.org
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
May 13 Zoom, time TBD	YTHS Spring Reading, “Haiku at Home,” organized by <i>Dōjin</i> Roger Abe, featuring <i>Dōjin</i> Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, Hiroyuki Murakami, Phillip R. Kennedy, and newly appointed <i>dōjin</i> .
May 31	Submission deadline for the 2023 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest. Details on pages 38-39 of this <i>Geppo</i> and online at yths.org
June 10 Zoom 11:00-1:00 Pacific	Haibun Workshop with Richard Tice.
July 8 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	Tanabata—Roger Abe will perform his dramatized presentation of the Tanabata story. Participants will send haiku and haiga to Christine Stern in advance for a Tanabata slideshow. Details to follow.
July 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
August 12 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	YTHS All-Member Annual Meeting and Planning for 2024 on Zoom. Please join the Zoom session 15 minutes early, so the meeting can begin on time. Hosted by YTHS President Linda Papanicolaou.
September 1	Final payment due for YTHS Haiku Retreat at Asilomar.
October 12-15 In Person	YTHS Annual Retreat—Asilomar Conference Grounds, Pacific Grove, CA. Details on pages 40-41 of this <i>Geppo</i> and at yths.org
October 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
November 11	<i>Details to Come!</i>
December 9 TBD	Holiday Party. <i>Details to Come!</i>