

# 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

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5610 the path behind  
a neighborhood's back fences—  
redwood sorrel

5611 children's zoo—  
a rooster herds his hens  
across the bike path

5612 spring morning  
at the bus stop a tone-deaf man  
belts out Verdi

5613 first warm spring day—  
a teacher brings her coffee  
out to the playground

5614 budding branches rustling  
outside the theater  
opening night

5615 off-season boardwalk  
the sound of hammering  
and the spring sea

5616 neighborhood pigeons  
dropping by  
unannounced

5617 pile of receipts  
on the accountant's desk  
drooping paperwhites

5618 nothing like  
what i thought it would be  
rutabaga

5619 small talk  
how cumulus turns  
terribly cirrus

5620 moon viewing  
a third cup of sake  
reveals the rabbit

5621 tract housing  
the width of a  
twister's swath

5622 spring equinox  
half my ducks  
in a row

5623 wildflowers  
a child counts  
her families

5624 pollen to stigma  
she tells me  
she's pregnant

5625 wetlands  
with my good ear  
spring peepers

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| 5626 | first to arrive<br>early morning on the bluff<br>whale spotting            | 5637 | first hyacinth<br>in the garden<br>of the hospital                          |
| 5627 | arrows of cool air<br>shoot through the pine grove—<br>early May at dawn   | 5638 | struggling to tie<br>the short neck of the balloon<br>I grapple with it     |
| 5628 | she learnt from Grandma<br>washing her face with dew<br>May Day morning    | 5639 | the red dragon kite<br>angrily swishing her tail<br>is only joking          |
| 5629 | thrown diagonally<br>sharp shadows of cypress<br>June twilight             | 5640 | the lustrous belly<br>of a departed goddess<br>— abalone shell              |
| 5630 | violet hour . . .<br>against the setting sun<br>swallows swoop             | 5641 | sunlight feathers<br>across the backs of the cranes<br>feeding in the field |
| 5631 | song sparrow duet . . .<br>I play my cedar flute<br>on the sand dunes      | 5642 | watching a fledgling<br>from my childhood window<br>I ask if birds dream    |
| 5632 | the peninsula<br>may become an island<br>king tides                        | 5643 | a thousand frogs<br>seem to call our names<br>engagement day                |
| 5633 | rufous hummingbird<br>assaults the rosemary bush—<br>cold front rolling in | 5644 | smiling mountain<br>I move into his place<br>for a room with a view         |
| 5634 | a flying cloud<br>from out of the earth<br>insects awaken                  | 5645 | flowing spring sea<br>no wonder you can't step<br>in the same stream twice  |
| 5635 | even<br>in the rain<br>camellia  | 5646 | I was listening<br>to the sound<br>of your memory                           |
| 5636 | firefly squid<br>all night the ripples pulsing<br>electric blue            | 5647 | Fall comes fast<br>old acquaintances<br>still drink root beet               |

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| 5648 | Signorina—<br>dreams of growing<br>old together                    | 5659 | we snap them smaller<br>this windfall of twigs<br>wrens piece their nests               |
| 5649 | Basketball—<br>always a game<br>for elephants                      | 5660 | staring<br>where the porch meets blue-eyed grass<br>a lizard uncloaks                   |
| 5650 | woodlands<br>the scent of bluebells<br>ringing                     | 5661 | insect columns<br>whirl up the slough<br>open-mouthed swallows                          |
| 5651 | <i>fox's wedding</i><br>this metamorphosis<br>of light             | 5662 | a blossoming world<br>awe deepens during the time<br>of cherry blossoms                 |
| 5652 | newts migrate<br>to their hatching pool . . .<br>Mother's Day      | 5663 | warming up the stones<br>of the church cemetery—<br>early spring sunrise                |
| 5653 | late thaw<br>a ribbon of water<br>unspools                         | 5664 | scent of white lilacs<br>we slow down past the old house<br>where our friend once lived |
| 5654 | laughing mountains<br>melting snow tickling<br>the summits         | 5665 | ten returning geese<br>finally the sun breaks through<br>the heaviest clouds            |
| 5655 | trip to the dentist<br>to remove my incisors<br>year of the rabbit | 5666 | hummingbirds<br>chittering<br>no news of you  |
| 5656 | a brown rabbit chomps<br>on a dandelion stem<br>my options in life | 5667 | a different Fool<br>slips into the tarot<br>climate change                              |
| 5657 | cherry blossoms<br>first time being called<br>"pretty" in school   | 5668 | line of stopped cars<br>g r r o w w i n g l o n n n g<br>geese crossing                 |
| 5658 | avocets<br>don their cinnamon<br>spring sprinkles                  | 5669 | chrysanthemums<br>we inherit the title<br><i>older generation</i>                       |
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| 5670 | April wind<br>leaf shadows flutter<br>on closed eyes                    | 5681 | the hermit thrush<br>flicks his wing<br>steaming tea                         |
| 5671 | daydreams . . .<br>tea spills over<br>the rim                           | 5682 | beginning of Lent—<br>iconographer applies<br>layers of gold leaf            |
| 5672 | torii gate<br>entering the long ago<br>land                             | 5683 | early spring evening<br>children draw hopscotch boxes<br>with lavender chalk |
| 5673 | spring song<br>the drip drip drip of rain<br>from the eaves             | 5684 | along concrete curbs<br>rivulets of melting snow<br>seeking the river        |
| 5674 | new moon<br>I give myself<br>another chance                             | 5685 | resounding church bells—<br>the sanctuary crowded<br>with Easter lilies      |
| 5675 | cold snap<br>she struggles<br>over his biting words                     | 5686 | the windshield blinded<br>until the sweep of wipers<br>March forgetfulness   |
| 5676 | afternoon rain frog jumping puddles                                     | 5687 | the fierce blue<br>of an unyielding sky<br>samurai spring                    |
| 5677 | ninth month<br>tick tock . . .<br>tick tock . . .                       | 5688 | frolicking fawn<br>at the birdbath<br>the glories of mud                     |
| 5678 | he passes a hand<br>through his hair<br>yellow daffodils                | 5689 | water hyacinth<br>a dark tangle at the root<br>of his comedy                 |
| 5679 | a steady look<br>with his arm resting on the fence<br>backyard squirrel | 5690 | on sweaty skin<br>the scent of tick spray—<br>wildflower walk                |
| 5680 | three raindrops<br>slide off the tip of the branch<br>shelling peas     | 5691 | scents of spring . . .<br>a calf on wobbly legs<br>guzzles warm milk         |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 5692 | seaweed scent<br>adrift in May air<br>morning mist                             | 5703 | first cabbage white<br>finding blossoms few<br>and far between       |
| 5693 | dawn chorus<br>drifting on morning air<br>the scent of skunk                   | 5704 | heat haze<br>the buzz of bees<br>in zigzag clover                    |
| 5694 | the volume rising<br>sap in the maple trees<br>and birdsong at dawn            | 5705 | shifting shadows<br>so many shapes<br>of sunshine                    |
| 5695 | flight of the starlings<br>with a sudden rush of wings<br>the air becomes wind | 5706 | bright sun<br>as graupel bounces<br>off the windshield               |
| 5696 | my daughter and I<br>walk past the cemetery<br>and chat about death            | 5707 | behind the mountain<br>a pastel lightening<br>in the east            |
| 5697 | visit the farm<br>to see all the spring babies<br>after mine have grown        | 5708 | naptime<br>outside my window<br>the drone of bees                    |
| 5698 | calligraphy class<br>the perfect circle<br>of the hidden moon                  | 5709 | spring shower<br>a young couple in love<br>need no umbrella          |
| 5699 | white-tailed kite<br>how flirtatiously<br>you fan your tail                    | 5710 | pick up sticks<br>after the storm grandma<br>makes a game of it      |
| 5700 | winter waves<br>hurling over the storm wall<br>salt, kelp, stone               | 5711 | spring convertible<br>sweater pulled up and over<br>her banana curls |
| 5701 | young leaves<br>the barely parted<br>lips of love                              | 5712 | fitting one more twig<br>into the nest, she<br>knocks two out        |
| 5702 | atmospheric river<br>gushing through gutters<br>yesterday's clouds             | 5713 | the pianist's chords<br>ripple through my DNA—<br>arroyos come alive |
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| 5714 | full moonrise . . .<br>sandhill cranes settle<br>near the mirror lake            | 5725 | pelicans flap their wings<br>where the river meets the sea<br>vernal equinox   |
| 5715 | late winter rains<br>his favorite steak dinner<br>left untouched                 | 5726 | after a salty<br>slippery experience<br>happy as a clam                        |
| 5716 | Father's Day<br>barbecued ribs smothered<br>with Covid sauce                     | 5727 | sunny afternoon<br>a slug stretched completely out<br>in the salad bowl        |
| 5717 | dappled light . . .<br>separated by a redwood highway<br>a doe and her fawn      | 5728 | biology class<br>a dozen crucified frogs<br>teach kids about life              |
| 5718 | earth day inhaling the muse's musk   | 5729 | cracks in the system<br>on the steps to the courthouse<br>she sows wildflowers |
| 5719 | animal shelter<br>mending a monarch's wing<br>with super glue                    | 5730 | spring morning<br>at last light reaches<br>the kitchen                         |
| 5720 | a raccoon reaches<br>through the apple blossoms<br>nibbled stars                 | 5731 | sword ferns<br>the soft paws<br>of wolf pups                                   |
| 5721 | spring blush<br>the magnolia<br>leans in   | 5732 | spring moon<br>the shimmer<br>of beginning                                     |
| 5722 | her gracious nature<br>lingers and embraces us<br>forget-me-nots bloom           | 5733 | an old life<br>left behind<br>snakeskin  |
| 5723 | inside the lagoon<br>the loudness of wings flapping<br>pelicans battle           | 5734 | lilting bough<br>a robin rifts<br>on a spring breeze                           |
| 5724 | tonight's sky promises<br>the parade of five planets<br>spring clouds in the way | 5735 | moonless<br>the full nightjar<br>at dawn                                       |
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| 5736 | late March—<br>the mediation<br>more lamb than lion            | 5747 | third marriage . . .<br>the burnt sienna<br>of her lipstick        |
| 5737 | morning rain<br>pummels the skylight<br>spring awakens         | 5748 | squirrel . . .<br>digging up the oak tree<br>he planted last year  |
| 5738 | grey squirrel<br>paws the patio window<br>peanuts in my pocket | 5749 | vernal equinox<br>over the gurgling ground<br>blanket of blue      |
| 5739 | late winter<br>sharing<br>childhood stories                    | 5750 | glow of spring<br>pasture horses<br>tall . . . taller . . .        |
| 5740 | daffodils<br>catch snowflakes<br>triumph                       | 5751 | Palm Sunday<br>the gardener guards his fronds<br>with a crucifix   |
| 5741 | their annual visit<br>to the empty farmhouse<br>lilacs         | 5752 | dried and stuck<br>between clods of horseshit<br>dandelion flowers |
| 5742 | a sheen of green<br>reflecting in the river<br>mallards return | 5753 | washing chalk<br>from the hopscotch stone<br>spring rain           |
| 5743 | stillness . . .<br>a dandelion<br>holds onto her wishes        | 5754 | full moon<br>hiding in the night garden<br>peonies                 |
| 5744 | nesting<br>beneath her wing<br>under the weather               | 5755 | planting pole beans<br>the gardener's thoughts<br>deepen           |
| 5745 | dappled sunlight<br>shifts into shade . . .<br>twin fawns      | 5756 | organdy apron<br>a lightness to<br>my mother's step                |
| 5746 | a ragged scar<br>above one eye . . .<br>potato                 | 5757 | sticky ribbon<br>tiny flies come and take off<br>the stuck insects |
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| 5758 | mild winter<br>the ex of my ex calls for<br>Belarus war                          | 5769 | blossom viewing<br>all the oohs and ahhs over<br>her pink undercut      |
| 5759 | zoom session:<br>the display flickers on<br>his sleepy face                      | 5770 | spring cleaning<br>setting aside perfect<br>for good enough             |
| 5760 | Iga-Ueno<br>the micro frog hops by<br>Bashō's birth house                        | 5771 | spring near the cat pounces   |
| 5761 | spring evening<br>plaster peeling<br>from the adobe wall                         | 5772 | cenote swimming<br>water is so still and clear—<br>seems to disappear   |
| 5762 | spring afternoon<br>last year's posters<br>in the theater's windows              | 5773 | Canis, Lupinus—<br>coyote browses lupine<br>looking for Lepus           |
| 5763 | spring dream<br>sitting in a circle<br>with my grandfathers                      | 5774 | Sierra buried,<br>record accumulation—<br>no mas Nevada                 |
| 5764 | they look for their house<br>somewhere where it used to be<br>—taken by the wind | 5775 | meter of water<br>fallen officially here—<br>we deserve a break         |
| 5765 | cell phones<br>everywhere<br>missing spring                                      | 5776 | sand-sifting<br>the tree-to-tree flight of a flock<br>of cedar waxwings |
| 5766 | his ashes wait<br>not ready<br>to say good-bye                                   | 5777 | chipping dried mud<br>from my boot soles<br>wolf moon                   |
| 5767 | today is<br>extra-fine<br>blue moon  | 5778 | a titmouse<br>steals a last seed<br>winter dusk                         |
| 5768 | duck pond trail<br>the mallards in a foot race<br>with a corgi                   | 5779 | drizzling rain<br>our new redwood fence<br>turns orange                 |
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| 5780 | spinning<br>in the tire swing<br>almond blossoms                               | 5791 | spring snow—<br>the heat of silver screen<br>never dies               |
| 5781 | the hillside echoes<br>with piety<br>meadowlark song                           | 5792 | those who run<br>and those who pause all<br>cherry blossom color      |
| 5782 | mustard field<br>unmeasurable depth<br>of yellow                               | 5793 | soap bubbles<br>blown to the same number<br>as the children           |
| 5783 | driftwood beach<br>how am I high and dry here?<br>spring sea                   | 5794 | before the last stop<br>all disembarked but me . . .<br>spring sea    |
| 5784 | spring store special—<br>“drop your pants off here”<br>dry-clean sidewalk sign | 5795 | fading light<br>his tattooed scythe<br>grows grimmer                  |
| 5785 | spring frenzy<br>a flurry<br>of flutter  | 5796 | shaping<br>ballistics          history                                |
| 5786 | sword ferns unfurl<br>through thick forest duff—<br>no more excuses            | 5797 | his advice . . .<br>thumbing the scale<br>for suffering               |
| 5787 | spring garden cleanup—<br>ahhh...cb salve<br>to the rescue                     | 5798 | feet in melt . . .<br>through a window well<br>bobbing daffodils      |
| 5788 | unbroken murmur<br>from the stream<br>spring song                              | 5799 | puddling<br>throughout the valley<br>tiger swallowtails               |
| 5789 | staccato . . .<br>legato<br>spring rain  | 5800 | spring melancholy<br>the rocks more prominent<br>in the koi-less pond |
| 5790 | flinging rain<br>against the windows<br>wild march wind                        | 5801 | snake out of its hole<br>a chuckwalla inflates<br>between two rocks   |
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| 5802 | deep tree shade<br>next to a bench by the pond<br>a map of the pond                | 5813 | outside the tire shop<br>a transgender man<br>with arms akimbo      |
| 5803 | a squirrel ponders<br>on a flower pot<br>spring break                              | 5814 | a run to town<br>for bake-at-home pizza—<br>neverending rain        |
| 5804 | a letter from<br>her penpal<br>strawberry scent                                    | 5815 | almost extinct<br>seeks special host<br>the blue butterfly          |
| 5805 | comparing robin's songs<br>from last summer<br>the scent of s'more                 | 5816 | baby turtles rush<br>to swim through floating seaweed<br>spring sea |
| 5806 | my mountain pause to<br>the starlit sky<br>moonlit blossoms                        | 5817 | a crab ambles near<br>a clam sinks in soft sand<br>spring sea       |
| 5807 | mare's tails<br>the goofy high kicks<br>of a three-day colt                        | 5818 | the tide flows smoothly<br>washing away footprints<br>spring sea    |
| 5808 | a well-kept secret<br>the maple knows when<br>to spring its new leaves             | 5819 | robin's egg<br>blue skies speckled with<br>early morning light      |
| 5809 | heron rookery<br>sticks carried in<br>sticks thrown out                            | 5820 | tear in the canvas<br>of a white-washed sky<br>heron takes flight   |
| 5810 | folding fitted sheets<br>children spin around and round<br>'til they all fall down | 5821 | lingering snow<br>the quiet defiance<br>of dandelion                |
| 5811 | a luna moth<br>pressed against the window screen—<br>still summer night            | 5822 | morse code<br>Nuttall's woodpecker<br>mating call                   |
| 5812 | faded hopscotch chalk—<br>the neighbour's Maine Coon<br>stalking a pigeon          | 5823 | the toddler<br>squatting down<br>mud snails                         |
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| 5824 | crates loaded<br>in the moving van<br>uprooted willow          | 5835 | autumn backyard<br>a rose withers<br>unnoticed   |
| 5825 | spring storm<br>warning call<br>of the Cooper's hawk           | 5836 | overshadowing<br>this room of loneliness<br>winter narcissus                               |
| 5826 | lost . . .<br>the rustle of maps<br>from the back seat         | 5837 | winter fog<br>the bliss of<br>forgetfulness  |
| 5827 | "somethin' there ain't too much of"<br>breaks<br>in the clouds | 5838 | a cappella<br>yellow song . . .<br>smiling mountain  |
| 5828 | blue sky and rain<br>all at once<br>a smile                    | 5839 | smiles mirrored<br>on mommy and baby<br>warmth of the sun                                  |
| 5829 | morning rainfall<br>the coolness<br>of her smile               | 5840 | moon hazy<br>dip of my paintbrush<br>in the hot tea  |
| 5830 | funeral day<br>the flower wreaths<br>full of spring            | 5841 | wild spring wind<br>the seagulls show<br>how it's done                                     |
| 5831 | a new pot<br>for new growth—<br>spring rain                    | 5842 | after the spring rains<br>the workers scrape up gutter debris<br>. . . and homeless things |
| 5832 | <i>umeshu</i><br>at long last—<br>the fruit                    | 5843 | first day of spring!<br>opening all the windows and doors<br>. . . and the heart           |
| 5833 | spring planting—<br>remembering<br>dad's almanacs              | 5844 | new spring moon<br>deep in the old heart   |
| 5834 | in retirement<br>the time it takes to earn<br>a bird's trust   | 5845 | a silent retreat<br>the bees on the cherry blossoms<br>not so silent!                      |
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| 5846 | you try for the <i>then</i><br>for me it's the <i>here and now</i> —<br>your nights and my days | 5852 | wildflowers<br>few and far between<br>yet still . . .                             |
| 5847 | recent epic rains<br>on the once desiccated hills—<br>now fluorescent green                     | 5853 | gum rockrose<br>a ladybug feasts<br>on aphids                                     |
| 5848 | often a dream<br>about my power to fly<br>sadly the wax melts                                   | 5854 | five wild turkeys<br>beside the road<br>bobbing for breakfast                     |
| 5849 | against a south wall<br>fermented pyracantha ∴ ∴<br>dance of drunk robins                       | 5855 | waking to five feet<br>of new snow we huddle<br>by the wood stove                 |
| 5850 | mountain pond<br>the far shoreline trees mirrored<br>upside down                                | 5856 | the black crow pecks<br>threads from the gunny sack sandbag<br>nest building time |
| 5851 | inland<br>yet overhead<br>a sea gull  | 5857 | Iowa State Fair<br>the Honey Queen discusses<br>swarming season                   |

### Now Available for Purchase—*Season Words in English Haiku* by Jun-ichi Sakuma (1980)

Thought to be out-of-print, a few copies of *Season Words in English Haiku* (1980) by Jun-ichi Sakuma have been discovered recently and are now available for sale. This early Yuki Teikei Haiku Society of the US and Canada publication was a precursor to the first English-language *saijiki*, an almanac of season words. By examining major publications of English-language haiku in North America, Sakuma compiled this collection of over 1,200 kigo in English and Japanese and their frequency in English journals. *Season Words in English Haiku* is an example of work by YTHS to increase awareness and knowledge of the use of kigo in traditional Japanese and English-language haiku. This book, along with other books for purchase, can be found on the YTHS website ([yths.org](http://yths.org)) under “Publications” then “Store.”

## Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Play is the force behind Mimi Ahern's creativity. "Go outside and play," her mother would say every summer. That simple command first "taught" Mimi and her four siblings to play. She didn't learn the actual researched power of play until she returned to school at age 46 for an Interdisciplinary Masters in Creativity. Play, she discovered, is a major part of the creative process, a process she has been intrigued with for most of her life.

From textile and needle arts to photography and watercolor to literacy and haiku, creativity has been woven throughout Mimi's personal and professional life. During her first year of teaching clothing construction to eighth graders, she pulled from the book *The Stitches of Creative Embroidery* to add a bit of creativity into the curriculum. When she took time out from teaching to stay at home with three young children, she began experimenting with needle arts and designing for a smocking company. When her children were school age, and after earning the Interdisciplinary Masters, she returned to the classroom as a Reading Recovery teacher and literacy specialist playing with phonemes, phonics, and creating songs to help struggling readers.

Close to retirement in 2009, she joined Yuki Teikei Haiku Society and discovered a whole new "vehicle" for releasing creativity through the writing of haiku. Around the same time, her late husband Bob gave Mimi her first iPhone, and it has been a constant companion ever since. Now on daily *ginkō* and throughout the day, she photographs the things that catch her eye . . . usually it is the color, the light, or the amazing design of everyday items. Recently she has added watercolor to her daily play and she enjoys pushing the envelope of an *ensō* beyond one simple stroke. Mimi says she has so many wonderful YTHS friends to thank for their encouragement, but most especially Patricia Machmiller, who has encouraged her writing of haiku and her playing with *ensō*!



"fallen ginkgo on watercolor," by Mimi Ahern

## Spring Challenge Kigo: Spring Sea, *haru-no-umi*

a small pink shell  
from a day at the beach—  
spring sea  
~Linda Papanicolaou

off-season resort  
freshly painted shingles  
face the spring sea  
~Sari Grandstaff

spring sea  
a flock of laughing gulls  
laughing with me  
~Michael Henry Lee

waves the color  
of mother's eyes  
spring sea  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

spring sea fling  
my heart and soul  
pulled offshore  
~Neal Whitman

spring sea . . .  
parting the bay waters  
humpback whales  
~Elaine Whitman

spring sea  
on the horizon  
my ship appears  
~Ruth Holzer

sand beaten tide—  
spring sea anemones  
balled up fist tight  
~Lisa Anne Johnson

spring sea islands  
trees lean one way  
tomorrow another  
~Kath Abela Wilson

The seagull's shadow  
falling inside  
the spring sea  
~Jane Stuart

spring sea  
sandpipers rising  
falling  
~Debbie Strange

loose change  
lingers in the rumor mill  
spring sea slack tide  
~Clysta Seney

walk along the pier  
the sun spreads its golden light  
across the spring sea  
~Priscilla Lignori

wary strollers  
the spring sea's edge fringed  
with melting ice  
~Maxianne Berger

faint glitter  
through the pines  
spring sea  
~Michael Sheffield

spring sea  
breaching the surface  
a gray whale  
~Bona M. Santos

swell of the spring sea—  
bobbing surfers astride boards  
waiting for a wave  
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

spring sea  
castle building supplies  
free delivery  
~Christine Horner

feet in the cold sand . . .  
the spring sea beckons  
with a wave  
~Noga Shemer

spring sea mirage  
evaporating  
her last poem  
~J. Zimmerman

white caps  
dominate the vista—  
spring sea  
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

single again  
the spring sea briny  
on his tongue  
~Dyana Basist

our footprints in the sand  
where snowy plovers will hide  
next to the spring sea  
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

one after the next  
kids play a game of leapfrog  
waves in the spring sea  
~Marcia Burton

rushing in  
with greetings from Japan  
spring sea  
~Gregory Longenecker

spring sea heaving—  
her belly holds  
the next generation  
~Lorraine A Padden

spring sea  
awakens elder's  
jogging  
~Joyce Baker

wintertide  
curling into  
the spring sea  
~Paula Sears

birds on a bluff  
their songs, lost  
spring sea  
~Stephanie Baker

sunrise on your skin  
from an early swim . . .  
spring sea  
~Barrie Levine

huge cruise liner  
dumps all its trash at night . . .  
spring sea  
~Zinovy Vayman

below the stone wall  
down past the narrow staircase  
fragrant spring sea  
~Phillip R. Kennedy

nothing but beach  
hello . . .  
spring sea  
~Christine Lamb Stern

sounds of the spring sea—  
coastal waves reawaken  
slumbering nature  
~David Sherertz

if it wasn't salty  
it wouldn't be brine  
kiss of spring sea  
~Roger Abe

a road to the sky  
all of sudden  
a road to the spring sea  
~Hiroyuki Murakami

fading light  
a lone woman lingers  
by the spring sea  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

spring sea  
the slick ups and downs  
of a seal  
~Richard L. Matta

spring sea  
the wind whips up  
whitecaps  
~Alison Woolpert

as if it's breathing—  
in and out, in and out  
the spring sea  
~Barbara Snow

here and there  
on the spring sea  
bobbing gulls  
~Michael Dylan Welch

spring sea telling tides my hopes  
~Lois Heyman Scott

spring sea  
toss 3 coins overboard  
ripples go forward  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

my dreams  
rise and fall  
with the spring waves  
~Mark Teaford

spring sea—  
brings hope of kelp forests  
overflowing  
~Patricia Wakimoto

migrant geese  
floating for a while  
the spring sea  
~John J. Han

padding by  
the crashing waves  
the spring sea  
~David Keim

spring sea  
an otter backstrokes  
close to shore  
~Dana Grover

spring sea moves at first  
the gull lifts to air  
from the lifeboat  
~Janis Albright Lukstein



"soap play of an S.O.S pad," by Mimi Ahern



**Members' Votes for Haiku Published in February 2023 *Geppo***

Jackie Chou	5355–7,	5356–5,	5357–3,	5358–7
Neal Whitman	5359–2	5360–0,	5361–7,	5362–2
Marilyn Ashbaugh	5363–1,	5364–2,	5365–2,	5366–12
Michael Henry Lee	5367–2,	5368–0,	5369–0,	5370–3
Jane Stuart	5371–2,	5372–0,	5373–0,	5374–1
Gregory Longenecker	5375–6,	5376–3,	5377–7,	5378–0
Ruth Holzer	5379–1,	5380–1,	5381–8,	5382–16
J. Zimmerman	5383–1,	5384–0,	5385–10,	5386–1
Sari Grandstaff	5387–5,	5388–0,	5389–1,	5390–4
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	5391–0,	5392–5,	5393–3,	5394–0
Debbie Strange	5395–3,	5396–2,	5397–6,	5398–5
Hiroyuki Murakami	5399–0,	5400–0,	5401–0,	5402–0
David J Gallipoli	5403–0,	5404–0,	5405–1,	5406–0
Dyana Basist	5407–6,	5408–11,	5409–11,	5410–13
Helen Ogden	5411–4,	5412–1,	5413–4,	5414–8
Kath Abela Wilson	5415–5	5416–2,	5417–2,	5418–0
Michael Sheffield	5419–0,	5420–2,	5421–5,	5422–2
Anne M. Homan	5423–1,	5424–0,	5425–0	
Lisa Espenmiller	5426–19,	5427–1,	5428–1,	5429–1
Elaine Whitman	5430–5,	5431–1,	5432–1,	5433–2
Maxianne Berger	5434–1,	5435–0,	5436–2,	5437–2
Randy Brooks	5438–6,	5439–1,	5440–2,	5441–1
Linda Papanicolaou	5442–1,	5443–3,	5444–6,	5445–2
Dana Grover	5446–12,	5447–2,	5448–2,	5449–5
Bruce H. Feingold	5450–1,	5451–0,	5452–5	
Stephanie Baker	5453–2,	5454–1,	5455–2,	5456–0
Michael Dylan Welch	5457–0,	5458–0,	5459–0,	5460–2
Reiko Seymour	5461–0			
Emily Fogle	5462–0	5463–4,	5464–5,	5465–2
Priscilla Lignori	5466–0,	5467–0,	5468–0,	5469–0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	5470–0,	5471–1,	5472–1,	5473–6
Bona M. Santos	5474–3,	5475–5,	5476–2,	5477–6
Richard L. Matta	5478–0,	5479–0,	5480–1,	5481–4
Clysta Seney	5482–2,	5483–0,	5484–1,	5485–2
Barrie Levine	5486–1,	5487–4,	5488–5,	5489–5
Elinor Pihl Huggett	5490–0,	5491–1,	5492–0,	5493–6
Alison Woolpert	5494–1,	5495–0,	5496–1	
Zinovy Vayman	5497–0,	5498–0,	5499–0,	5500–0
Christine Horner	5501–1,	5502–2,	5503–0,	5504–2
Janice Doppler	5505–0,	5506–2,	5507–0,	5508–1
Barbara Moore	5509–7,	5510–0,	5511–7,	5512–10
Michèle Boyle Turchi	5513–0,	5514–0,	5515–1,	5516–0

Patricia Wakimoto	5517–0,	5518–1,	5519–0,	5520–0
Alexis George	5521–2,	5522–2,	5523–5	5524–0
Christine Lamb Stern	5525–0,	5526–2,	5527–1,	5528–1
William J. Burlingame	5529–0,	5530–1,	5531–0,	5532–1
Mark Teaford	5533–2,	5534–2,	5535–1,	5536–3
Marilyn Gehant	5537–1,	5538–4,	5539–1,	5540–0
Kathy Goldbach	5541–1,	5542–5,	5543–3,	5544–5
Mimi Ahern	5545–1,	5546–5,	5547–2,	5548–8
Barbara Snow	5549–5,	5550–0,	5551–11,	5552–6
Paula Sears	5553–2,	5554–2,	5555–1,	5556–2
Sharon Lynne Lee	5557–0,	5558–0,	5559–0,	5560–0
Deborah P Kolodji	5561–6,	5562–4,	5563–3,	5564–4
Lois Heyman Scott	5565–0,	5566–0,	5567–0,	5568–0
Phillip R. Kennedy	5569–2,	5570–3,	5571–2	
John J. Han	5572–2,	5573–4,	5574–1,	5575–0
David Keim	5576–1,	5577–0,	5578–1,	5579–1
kris moon kondo	5580–6,	5581–2,	5582–2,	5583–3
Carol Steele	5584–1,	5585–1,	5586–0,	5587–1
Cynthia Holbrook	5588–0,	5589–2,	5590–0	
Elizabeth Andrews	5591–0,	5592–2,	5593–5,	5594–1
Lynda Zwinger	5595–2			
Linda Burman-Hall	5596–0,	5597–1,	5598–1	
David Sherertz	5599–1,	5600–0,	5601–0,	5602–0
Marcia Behar	5603–0,	5604–1,	5605–1	
thomasjohnwellsmiller	5606–1,	5607–2,	5608–0,	5609–2

### Correction

In the “Spring Challenge Kigo: Spring Sea, *haru-no-umi*” article in the Feb/Winter issue of *Geppo* (p. 26) the dates for Kiyoko Tokutomi were incorrectly listed. Her dates are 1928–2002.

### Welcome to New YTHS Members

Karen George Nelb, West Chester, PA;  
Christine Olsen, Santa Barbara, CA; and  
Lesley Swanson, Coopersburg, PA.

“playing with the straight stitch,” by Mimi Ahern



## Remembering Barbara Campitelli 1927–2022

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Born in Connecticut, Barbara Ann Battersby Campitelli was a resident of Foster City, CA, and longtime member of YTHS and Haiku Poets of Northern California. A graduate of Lasell College, Barbara was a great lover of the arts, a haiku poet, a practicing artist, a weaver, and nature lover. She was a founding member of the Four Seasons Haiku Group based at Mercy Center in Burlingame, CA, which was active from 1998 through 2019. She will be missed.



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

at the ball game  
the taste  
of cotton candy

park bench  
afternoon shadows  
sneaking around

cumulus cloud  
international traveler  
without a passport

before sunset  
the tree's shadow  
stretching itself



## Remembering Patricia Donegan 1945–2023

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Patricia Donegan was a poet, translator, anthologist, writer, and promoter of haiku as an awareness practice. She served on the faculty of the East-West poetics at Naropa University under Allen Ginsberg and Chogyam Trungpa. She was a student of Japanese haiku master Seishi Yamaguchi and a Fulbright scholar to Japan. From 2017–2018, Patricia served as Honorary Curator of the American Haiku Archives at the California State Library in Sacramento.



Her haiku works include *Love, Haiku: Japanese Poems of Passion & Remembrance* (co-translated with Yoshi Ishibashi), *Chiyo-ni Woman Haiku Master* (co-translated with Yoshi Ishibashi), and *Haiku Mind: 108 Poems to Cultivate Awareness and Open Your Heart*. Her haiku appeared in numerous anthologies and her haiku collections include *Hot Haiku*, *Bone Poems*, *Without Warning*, and *Heralding the Milk Light*.

Patricia's book *Write Your Own Haiku for Kids* is a favorite among teachers, parents, and children. Through simple and engaging projects, she clearly explains Japanese tradition, kigo, haibun, haiga, and renga to beginning haiku students of all ages—including adults.

A longtime friend of YTHS, Patricia was the featured speaker at the 1991 annual YTHS retreat at Asilomar, CA, giving a talk entitled "Haiku as a Meditative Process." Patricia will be greatly missed by the international haiku community.

Here are several of her haiku.

a sea anemone  
closes itself  
around my finger

*composed at the 1991 YTHS Asilomar retreat*

a dragonfly  
peeks into  
the empty torpedo

thank you wind  
for caressing  
this old face

spring wind  
I too  
am dust

**February 2023 Haiku Voted Best by Geppo Readers**  
(received 8 or more votes)

5426 walking the phone  
a neighbor  
and his dog  
~Lisa Espenmiller (19)

5551 dad at the window  
content with this much  
of the world  
~Barbara Snow (11)

5382 silent night—  
a dusting of snow  
on the headstones  
~Ruth Holzer (16)

5385 winter solstice  
still unbalanced  
in tree pose  
~J. Zimmerman (10)

5410 first two-wheeler  
her tiny tongue  
veers to the right  
~Dyana Basist (13)

5512 his side  
now my side  
winter chill  
~Barbara Moore (10)

5366 noodle soup  
grandma's spoon  
stirs the cosmos  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (12)

5381 winter rain—  
drawing the curtains  
at noon  
~Ruth Holzer (8)

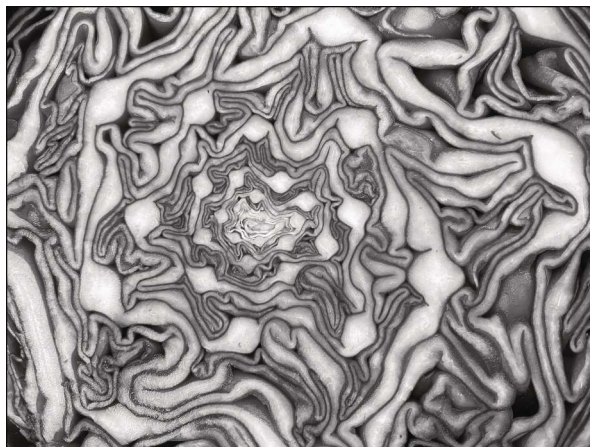
5446 christmas day  
an empty box fills  
with cat  
~Dana Grover (12)

5414 frost moon  
the warmth of the cat  
in my lap  
~Helen Ogden (8)

5408 last light  
a pear ripens  
on the sill  
~Dyana Basist (11)

5548 early plum blossoms  
the time  
she has left  
~Mimi Ahern (8)

5409 the hospice nurse  
gently folds father's hands  
winter sky  
~Dyana Basist (11)



“a red cabbage maze,” by Mimi Ahern

***Dōjin's Corner***  
**Nov, 2022—Jan, 2023**

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and  
 Phillip R. Kennedy

Happy Easter, Happy Passover, Happy Ramadan. Happy Spring! After months of rain, we've finally had a few days of sun here in California; I think I can safely say, it's been a slog.

We are happy that our guest editor for this issue is YTHS *dōjin* Phillip Kennedy. Phillip is also a *dōjin* in *Ten'i*, a Japanese haiku organization formerly led by Dr. Akito Arima of Tokyo. Phillip is a poet who reads both Japanese and Classical Chinese and writes haiku in English and Japanese. He's also the loyal vassal of a cat named Urara.

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

PK: 5377, 5381, 5385, 5407\*, 5408, 5446, 5464, 5537, 5538, 5546\*, 5552\*, 5580\*

E: 5371, 5378, 5389, 5393, 5397, 5401, 5410, 5426, 5464\*, 5476, 5481, 5489, 5501, 5538\*, 5563, 5582\*, 5593\*, 5597, 5605

pjm: 5356, 5361, 5365, 5366\*, 5377, 5380, 5381, 5382, 5390, 5391, 5392, 5393, 5394\*, 5395\*, 5402, 5407, 5408, 5409\*, 5411, 5418, 5419, 5422, 5428, 5435, 5436, 5438, 5440, 5442, 5444, 5445, 5446, 5448, 5449, 5452, 5463, 5464, 5465, 5477, 5495, 5504, 5505, 5506, 5507, 5509, 5510, 5511, 5512, 5514, 5527, 7737, 5541, 5542, 5548, 5552, 5562, 5570, 5575, 5580, 5593, 5604, 5609

5366 noodle soup  
 grandma's spoon  
 stirs the cosmos

pjm: A warm, aroma-filled scene depicting grandma preparing noodle soup for her grandkids. The startling third line both focuses in on the image and at the same time expands our perspective. We immediately see that the noodles are star-shaped, a whimsical delight for children. But the use of the word "cosmos" brings in the larger implications of "noodle soup"—its almost mythical place in the human cosmology in the west as a foundational source of health and well-being. I think this haiku could be said to have *karumi*, the lightness that Bashō was seeking in his later life.

PK: I wonder what sort of noodles are in the soup. Are the noodles planet-shaped? Are they letters of the alphabet? The point to appreciate here, I think, is that the focus of the second half of the haiku is grandma's *spoon*; this concrete detail makes the haiku more vivid than if the poet had written: "grandma stirs / the cosmos."

E: A bowl of steaming noodle soup is a real treat on a cold day. Grandma must have a "cat's tongue" (猫舌 *nekojita*, cat's tongue—a dislike of very hot food or drink). She stirs the soup for a while with her spoon to cool it. The process seems to take as long as to stir the entire cosmos!

5394 overcast morning—  
 old corduroy overcoat  
 hanging on a hook

pjm: The feeling here is of comfort or of the need for comfort—the comfort of old, familiar, well-worn things, especially appreciated on an "overcast" day. Overcast refers to the sky, but it also carries psychological overtones; perhaps it signifies that there's a cloud over the day's prospects. Preparing to go out, the speaker seeks the coat hanging in the hallway on a hook. The coat is made of corduroy, a comfortable, long-lived fabric that holds up to everyday wear and tear. We take comfort in its ordinariness, in its endurance, in its familiarity as does the owner

who puts it on and goes out to meet this “overcast” day. Since “overcast morning” is usually a summer kigo, perhaps the first line could be “winter overcast.”

E: Corduroy is a thick and heavy fabric; the old overcoat must have absorbed moisture from the air and is even heavier, with its memories of so many outings. The author’s consciousness goes to the weather and the overcoat, leading me to think that the author must be going somewhere with a slightly heavy heart.

PK: I like how the poet characterizes the overcoat as an old, corduroy overcoat. It makes the kigo much more concrete than if the poet had simply written “overcoat” or “winter coat.” The fact that the overcoat is hanging on a hook makes me wonder if the poet is contemplating an excursion on an overcast winter morning, or if the coat symbolizes winter seclusion.

5395 winterberry  
the first holiday  
alone

pjm: The winterberry, a bright red, holly-like berry sets up this poem to be a poem of joy. This sense of joyfulness carries through the second line. Then the one-word third line tells us this poem is not about joy, but about sadness in the midst of everyone else’s joy. The way this poem is constructed is very effective in creating how feelings of isolation and loneliness are deepened when the outside world in its merriment is oblivious to one’s individual pain.

PK: “Winterberry” is a form of holly, a plant with deep spiritual meanings in many different cultures. As a kigo it matches well with the feelings of celebrating a holiday alone for the first time. The “winter” in “winterberry” evokes the solitude and desolation of the season while the bright red berries bring to mind the joyful aspect of winter holidays. This is an effective

choice for conveying the poet’s complex emotions.

E: The author spends the New Year’s holiday alone, with bright red shiny winterberry, a plant in the holly family. The tone of the haiku is not so lonely; however, there is the sense of missing someone who was there before. “The first holiday” can be interpreted as the New Year’s holiday and the first holiday to be alone.

5407 an animal trail  
narrows and disappears  
sleeping mountain

PK: The quietness of this haiku is very compelling; when I re-read it I can feel myself becoming calm and still. The immensity of “sleeping mountain” is artfully juxtaposed with a small-scale, easy-to-miss detail: animal tracks receding into the distance. On a factual level, this detail reinforces the inwardness and stillness of the season word; the quiet attention paid to the animal tracks and the change in scale, however, really highlight the emotions evoked by the kigo.

E: The author finds an animal trail and follows it as it narrows and disappears in the winter mountain; has the trail disappeared into the snow? I would have loved to see some surprise at the end because the two images are very close.

pjm: A mysterious poem. It’s interesting to think about this trail—is the observer standing still so that the trail, because of perspective, appears to “narrow and disappear” or is the observer walking the trail and experiencing in real time the narrowing and eventual disappearance of the trail due to what? Drifting snow, maybe? And was the trail made by a single animal or multiple animals? And what happened to it or them? Pondering these questions puts us in a reflective mood—we are of a winter mind as we contemplate these life and death issues.

5409 the hospice nurse  
gently folds father's hands  
winter sky

pjm: Speaking of somber—this poem addresses life, death, and dying in the 21<sup>st</sup> century's human world. It's the time of COVID, and families are separated from their loved one even as that person lies dying. It's the hospice nurse who's there at the final moments while the family looks on. The winter sky speaks to the solemnity and sorrow of the situation.

E: From the third line, I assume that they are outside, perhaps wrapped in a blanket, walking in a wheelchair as the nurse folds the father's hands gently not to get too cold. However, it is more likely that patients in hospice may not go out for fresh air in winter, so that this scene might be the father's last moment. With his closed eyes, Papa sees the staircase to heaven through the gray winter sky.

PK: When I look up "winter sky" (冬の空 *fuyu no sora*) in one of my Japanese *saijiki*, I find that winter skies can have two essential meanings. First, a cold, overcast winter sky evokes feelings of gloom and melancholy. Winter skies also can have a different aspect: a piercing clarity. I wonder if the second meaning is of greater weight for the poet here. This is a good example of how one should entrust the emotions of a haiku to the season word. "Winter sky" effectively conveys a sense of deep cold coupled with clarity of vision.

5464 rain-crisp sky  
the many reds  
of this red maple

E: I am not sure what "rain-crisp sky" is; however, I thought it was the sky right after the rain. The repetition of "red(s)" gives the richness of hue and the rain-washed vividness. And this

repetition reminds me of Yuzo Ono's haiku: "a red person / in a red blanket / under the red sun."

PK: "Rain-crisp sky" is an innovative expression that works extremely well in this haiku. Not only does it evoke the purity and translucence of the sky once the rain has stopped, but the sequence of consonant clusters at the end of the phrase makes it easy to visualize how sharp and vivid everything appears at that moment. This phrase makes the "many reds / of this red maple" even more vibrant.

pjm: In this visual image I see a "rain-crisp sky" as sparkling blue. Against this sky the maple with its turning leaves is a stand-out. And looking closer the poet begins to see the leaves, in different stages of turning, as a montage of different shades of red. A carefully architected poem, vividly painted.

5538 rosy cheeks  
hot cocoa foam  
on our noses

E: If the foam is from beer (summer kigo), the poem will reveal a drunken pair. But it is from "hot cocoa," which makes us feel warm and jolly. The two may be sharing hot cocoa from the same mug or cup!

pjm: The happy warmth of hot cocoa in the cold of winter is depicted in this image. A moment of pure joy.

PK: This is a wonderful example of how to treat narrative in haiku. This verse presents us with a series of events over time *as viewed from a single vantage point at a specific moment*. "Rosy cheeks" describes a present state that results from a past action—how did the poet and their friend(s) get their rosy cheeks? The hot cocoa, a kigo for winter, strongly suggests that the poet has just



been outdoors in the cold and is now in the warmth of a friendly home. The poet does not need to explain this; “rosy cheeks” implies it. The detail of foam on the poet’s nose (and their friend(s)’) emphasizes this feeling of warmth and coziness with some light humor.

5546 light December rain  
Kiyoshi taps the rhythm  
of five-seven-five

PK: I joined Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in 2012, so I was unable to meet and learn from Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, but I feel their presence in the writings they have left behind, in the teachings our society promotes, and in the warm memories of other society members. Both the “light December rain” and the rhythm Kiyoshi is tapping are gentle and natural. The fact that this verse is in 5-7-5 form gives a strong feeling of unity to the entire composition. I can also feel the poet’s emotions in this scene. Every detail cooperates wonderfully in this haiku.

pjm: Kiyoshi, I would guess, refers to Kiyoshi Tokutomi. Who is around today who would remember that Kiyoshi, a deaf man, tapped out the rhythm of songs, of nursery rhymes, and of five-seven-five haiku? I know this because I’ve seen it. He could feel the beat of his pencil on the table. The light rain echoes the tapping as well as symbolizing this nostalgic memory. A lovely and loving tribute to one of Yuki Teikei’s founders.

E: I never met Kiyoshi in person, but this haiku makes me feel he’s someone I have known for years. The sounds of “light December rain” and the tapping of five-seven-five resonate well.

5552 winter seclusion  
the purring shuffle  
of solitaire cards

PK: Pairing “solitaire” with “winter seclusion” can be a little clamorous, since “solitaire” implies not only the card game (which one plays alone) but also the words “solitary” and “solitude.” In some cases, for me at least, this comes rather close to directly stating one’s emotions. What makes this haiku work is the middle line “the purring shuffle.” It diverts the reader from a completely melancholy interpretation of “solitaire” by suggesting the physical action of shuffling the cards, as comforting as the purring of a cat. This brings out the dual nature of winter seclusion quite well.

E: “Winter seclusion” is so quiet; the silence prevails. Even the shuffle of cards is heard as purring. A related word to solitaire is the noun “solitary,” referring to a recluse or a hermit. However, the author seems content and there is no sign of longing for company in the haiku.

pjm: “Purring shuffle”—what a great phrase—its sound sounds like purring and the whispery, growly sound of cards being shuffled. The word “purring” brings in the association with a cat—a warm, comforting companion—just like a deck of cards on a winter’s day. The sound, the feel of the cards as they’re being shuffled, the coziness suggested by purring—the small pleasures of being alone on a winter’s day.

5580 curling in upon itself  
the silence  
of snow

PK: This is a quiet haiku whose excellence becomes more and more apparent the more it is read aloud; the sound and the sense of the words collaborate to create a deeply felt soundscape. The liquid “r” and “l” in “curling” suggest the action “curling” describes. The following stop consonants in “upon” and “itself” suggest the energy expended by “curling.” The repeated “s” sounds in “silence”

and “snow” (and the complete absence of stop consonants) then evoke the deep stillness of the scene. The order of images and sounds is of critical importance here—the more energetic phrase *must* come first. Well done!

pjm: I think of a cat curling up for a nap, its tail wrapped around its front paws—this is the silence and comfort of snow.

E: The great job of this haiku is that it made the silence visible.

5582 waiting to catch  
a fat flake on my tongue . . .  
first snowfall

E: I can picture the author with a wide-open mouth, the tongue sticking out to reach for the snowflake. And the “. . .” begins to look like one, two, three of them falling. The first snow may be garnished with so many dusty things floating in the air and may not taste as sweet as it looks, but it is pure joy. “Fat flake” tells how great the author’s expectation is!

PK: Traditionally, the concept of waiting in winter is associated with waiting for winter’s end. I like how the poet here shifts this notion to waiting for a joyous aspect of winter: fluffy snowflakes. The repeated “f” sounds in the second and third lines, together with the adjective “fat,” serve to emphasize the softness of the snowflakes. The fact that this is the first snowfall really brings out the novelty, purity, and fun of the season’s first snow.

pjm: What child hasn’t done this? Here is eagerness and openness to all of life’s experiences.

5593 assisted living—  
the sweet scent of carrot soup  
rises from the trays

E: When I cook for my mother, I remember that what she eats today will make her stronger tomorrow. Carrot soup is nutritious and comforts one’s heart with its sweet scent and bright orange color. Here there are “trays,” so several people share the meal. I wish a lovely tomorrow for them. Carrot is a winter kigo.

pjm: Here’s a lesson in appreciation. No matter the circumstances, finding the color in the midst of grayness and pleasure in the face of deprivation is to live with grace and prayerful gratitude. I have a suggestion for the poet: consider switching lines two and three and changing “rises” to “rising.” Having the color and scent of the soup come last makes the haiku become almost a paean for carrots and for life. I know the form used here is five-seven-five, but this change I’m suggesting uses an alternate form of five-five-seven.

PK: The fact that the poet refers to “trays” — as opposed to a single tray—opens up many possibilities of interpretation. Is the poet working in the facility’s kitchen? Are they serving the carrot soup to others? Are they eating together with a loved one in an assisted-living facility? However we interpret this, the plural here adds complexity to the poem and draws subtle attention to the tenderness of the care. I wonder if the poem might become a bit more focused, though, if a more concrete phrase were used instead of “assisted living,” which is a bit abstract. Perhaps the first line might focus more on a relevant detail within the facility.

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

## Summer Challenge Kigo: Waterfall, *taki* 滝

Bona M. Santos

Many summers ago, on the road to Hana in Maui, I was so fascinated with waterfalls along the way that I wanted to see each one whether it was visible from the road, a short hike away, or required a longer trek. Wherever they were, the sights, sounds, and coolness from the falls were all worth navigating the challenging turns and narrow bridges of the highway. The memory of this drive gave me an inspiration to offer waterfall (*taki*) as the summer kigo.

According to the *World Kigo Database* ([worldkigodatabase.blogspot.com](http://worldkigodatabase.blogspot.com)) under the summer kigo “waterfall” (*taki*) are numerous associated kigo, such as “breeze of a waterfall” (*takikaze*); “path to the waterfall” (*takimichi*); “sound of the waterfall” (*taki no oto*); and “coolness at a waterfall” (*taki suzushi*). To provide *Geppo* poets latitude and freedom for creativity, I have chosen the kigo “waterfall” (*taki*), and members are free to use it or an associated kigo.

In 1689, Matsuo Bashō visited Urami Falls west of Nikkō and wrote:

*shibaraku wa taki ni komoru ya ge no Hajime*

for a while I sit  
meditating by the falls—  
start of a summer retreat

~Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694) trans., Makoto Ueda, *Bashō and His Interpreters* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1992), 232.

All the following haiku examples are taken from Charles Trumbull’s 2021 *Frogpond* article “Waterfalls: from *A Field Guide to North American Haiku*” (Volume 44:3, 106-128).

*taki no oto iroiro ni naru yonaga kana*

Long night,  
when the waterfall  
makes all kinds of noises

~Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902), trans. Burton Watson (109).

I wonder if that made for a sleepless night, or was the sound soothing enough for a good night’s sleep?

Here are three modern English-language “waterfall” haiku.

water falls all over itself over the falls

~Marlene Mountain (120)

To hear it,  
not to hear myself,  
waterfall

~vincent tripi (113)

selfies  
not one shot  
of the falls

~Ann Goldring (120)

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

## “Transitions: Winter to Spring: A Roundtable Discussion” – February 10th, 2023

Alison Woolpert and J. Zimmerman

Our February YTHS Zoom meeting began with First Vice President Marilyn Gehant’s recognition of the indigenous peoples of the Monterey Bay. President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou made announcements: she welcomed new members, prompted us to submit to the 2023 YTHS Members’ Anthology and to the 2023 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest. She also reminded us that we could register for the YTHS 2023 Retreat, which will return to Asilomar, CA, this October with distinguished Japanese guest speakers, *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita and Nanae Tamura. We then broke out into small groups for brief conversations.

Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller opened the roundtable discussion by speaking about the transition of winter into spring that many of us are starting to notice in coastal California. She recognized that participants in more northern and eastern regions and other countries might be waiting a few weeks for transitions to arrive. She spoke of seasonal transformations, such as winter’s snow melting into spring slush or animals that had been torpid during winter becoming more alert when their hemisphere warms into spring.

She had participants spend some time identifying phrases that contrasted something in winter with something in spring. Then she opened the roundtable portion where attendees could share some of their pairs. Those included: bare branches and budding leaves; frigid blast and soft breeze; and dark morning and bright dawn.

Next Patricia asked participants to consider the mood of each season, by asking how does winter feel to them and how does spring feel. We spent several minutes in small breakout groups to explore our experiences and ideas. Then Patricia reconvened the roundtable, inviting each small group’s representative to give their highlights. Feelings of winter included: lethargy, isolation, fearfulness, permission to be more interior, introspection, isolation, and vulnerability. Feelings more associated with spring included: invigoration, connection, hopefulness, inquisitiveness, and joy. *Dōjin* Roger Abe commented that within each season there could be mini-cusps, such as when a pocket of warmth appears briefly in the heart of winter or when a spring frost reverts back to winter.

Patricia concluded with appreciation of the generous and enthusiastic participation. She commented that “each of your season words holds all the feelings, mood, and color of its season and infuses your haiku.” Participants left inspired to explore the cusp.

Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom Host), M. Ahern (Co-host), R. Abe, E. Andrews, D. Basist, M. Berger, W. Burlingame, M. Burton, J. Doppler, C. Fitz, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, C. Holbrook, J. Holding, J. H. Hymas, D. Keim, P. R. Kennedy, M. Henry Lee, B. Levine, G. Longenecker, J. Lukstein, P. J. Machmiller, D. Matthews, R. Matta, B. A. Momoi, B. Moore, Naia, H. Ogden, A. Ostensio-Kennedy, L. Papanicolaou, W. Rollinger, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, J. M. Schallberger, L. H. Scott, P. Sears, C. Seney, R. Seymour, C. Steele, P. Wakimoto, M. D. Welch, tjwellsmiller, K. A. Wilson, N. Whitman, A. Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman.

## Yuki Teikei Haiku Society *Ginkō*— March 11, 2023

Alison Woolpert

Our first 2023 in-person *ginkō* that was to be held at Hakone Gardens in Saratoga had to be canceled due to threatening rain and high wind. President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou offered all members the opportunity to enjoy a *ginkō* wherever they might be and then to submit haiku and haiga to her. She created a lovely slideshow for the 23 participants. Those submitting: Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Elizabeth Andrews, Marilyn Gehant, Dana Grover, John E. Hafernik, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, David Keim, Patricia J. Machmiller, Barbara Moore, Hiroyuki Murakami, Helen Ogden, Linda Papanicolaou, Bona M. Santos, Paula Sears, Clysta Seney, Michael Sheffield, David Sherertz, Carol Steele, Debbie Strange, Lesley Anne Swanson, Elaine Whitman, and Neal Whitman.

## Henry W. Coe State Park *Ginkō*— Saturday, April 15, 2023

Alison Woolpert

Accompanied by the sounds of acorn woodpeckers and the flowing waters of Coyote Creek, five Yuki Teikei members enjoyed a splendid day hiking along peaceful Gilroy Hot Springs Road that parallels the creek within Henry Coe State Park. Once home to the Ohlone peoples, the park is a wild and largely undeveloped preserve of 87,000 acres of scenic hills and mountain ridges. The land was donated to be “a place of refuge,” and Gilroy Hot Springs itself once served as a sanctuary for returning Japanese-Americans after the relocation camps closed. A fundraising effort is in progress to resurrect the use of the hot springs and to honor its historical significance.



*Ginkō* leader, Roger Abe.  
Photo by Alison Woolpert.

Wildflowers lined the road; our group noted at least 30 different species. The participants are indebted to *Dōjin* Roger Abe for organizing this wonderful excursion, YTHS’s first in-person *ginkō* since 2019. Watch Dana Grover’s video of the outing at [tinyurl.com/YTHS2023ginko](https://tinyurl.com/YTHS2023ginko).

The dirt lot at the Henry Coe Park Hunting Hollow Entrance is filling up.

eager for wildflowers  
we feed the iron ranger  
hoo-haw says a quail  
~Roger Abe

burst of spring / the acorn woodpeckers / form a drum circle  
~Linda Papanicolaou

wildflower walk / ‘though they’re few and far between / but still . . .  
~Dana Grover

bluewitch nightshade / blue dicks baby blue eyes / a meadow of sky  
~J. Zimmerman

In Attendance: R. Abe, D. Grover, L. Papanicolaou, A. Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman.

## Firefly Invitations: Bashō Learns from the Road

J. Zimmerman

This fifth article about Bashō's poetic style concerns his final decade. Emulating Chinese and Japanese traveling poets he had studied, including the 8<sup>th</sup> century Chinese Li Bai (sometimes transliterated Li Po) and the 11<sup>th</sup> century Japanese Saigyō, Bashō made a series of long journeys on foot. On his travels he developed his haibun (*haikai*-like prose interleaved with haiku, called *hokku* until the 20<sup>th</sup> century), and he spread his ideas on linked-verse *haikai no renga*.

In 1684 Bashō set out on the first of these road trips “with professed feelings of dread, as if he had little hope of returning alive” (Keene, 80). He walked along the Tokaido Road to Kyoto, then on to his birthplace in nearby Ueno, and eventually walked back, meandering as illustrated by Barnhill (xiv). The diary's first haiku illuminated his apprehension:

*nozarashi o / kokoro ni kaze no / shimu mi kana*  
bleached bones / on my mind, the wind pierces / my body to the heart  
(Barnhill, 13)

or:

weather beaten / wind pierces my body / to my heart  
(Reichhold, 75)

Although Bashō completed his haibun diary of that journey (*Journal of Bleached Bones in a Field or Weather-Beaten Journal*), when he returned to Edo, it was not published until four years after his death. He created three more haibun from subsequent journeys. Eventually in 1691 he published his *Record of an Unreal Dwelling*, which he considered “the first example of haibun literature” (Keene, 217).

Meanwhile, in 1689-91, Bashō made his great two-and-a-half-year journey north from Edo, then west, then south. His first five months (the northernmost part) resulted in his greatest haibun, *Oku no Hosomichi*. The title was the name of the road leading north from Sendai to the province of Oku, but “*oku* also means ‘within’ or ‘inner recess,’ and the title thus suggests a narrow road—perhaps Bashō's art leading to the inner depths of poetry” (Keene, 99). Bashō revised and shaped this haibun for years, but it was not published until after his death. Because translations vary, be sure to read several, particularly the ones by Barnhill, Sato, and Hamill.

On his travels Bashō met many poets, exchanged ideas, and wrote collaborative *haikai no renga*. Bashō emphasized the 36-link *kasen renga* rather than poems of 100 links or more, then popular. Instead of Teimon's word links or Danrin's narrative links (Zimmerman, 2022), Bashō encouraged linking through reverberation or scent, something “perceived, heard, smelt, felt, or seen, and not a result of intellectual processes” (Jonsson, 200). Shirane (Chapter 4, “The Art of Juxtaposition: Cutting and Joining”) discusses linking by scent, including how “The notion of the scent link also informs the relationship between

Bashō's haibun, or haikai prose, and the accompanying hokku." An example of a scent link in Jonsson (211) is this pair:

Rice leaves growing in the feeble wind [Chinseki]  
 In first religious awakening, passing over mount Suzuka [Bashō]

Jonsson attributes the link to the sense of frailty that plausibly reminded Bashō of Saigyō's uncertainties on first entering the priesthood.

Thus, we see that Bashō journeyed vertically "into the past, seeking out traces of the 'ancients,' reshaping and expanding the cultural memory as it was embodied in nature, the seasons, and the landscape" Shirane (28). And that he also "moved horizontally from disciple to disciple, from region to region, from style to style, in constant pursuit of new languages and perspectives." His openness to change of practice and discovery of new skills reinforces our recognition of him as a great haiku teacher.

#### References:

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- Sato, Hiroaki. *Bashō's Narrow Road*. Berkeley, CA: Stone Bridge Press, 1996.
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"a wide flat-brushed *ensō*," by Mimi Ahern

## Recent Books (2022-2023) by YTHS Members\*

Bruce H. Feingold, *everything with an asterisk*, Red Moon Press, 2022. Available from the author for \$20 (plus shipping): contact Bruce at bhfein@aol.com or on his website: haikubruce.com.

Dana Grover, *Haiga 2023: Words and Images* (a calendar), lulu.com, 2022. Available from lulu.com for \$15.95 (plus shipping).

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik (poet) and Dorothy M. Messerschmitt (artist), *a blush on the apricots: art and haiku*, lulu.com, 2023. Available from lulu.com for \$14.00 (plus shipping).

Barrie Levine, *Cotton Moon: haiku and senryu*, Transformations Press, 2022. Available from online booksellers for \$10.00 (plus shipping).

Beverly Acuff Momoi, *how the wind sighs*, Red Moon Press, 2023. Available from the author for \$20 (plus shipping) at bamomoi@gmail.com.

Lorraine A Padden, *Upwelling: haiku, senryu, tanka and haibun*, Red Moon Press, 2022. Available from redmoonpress.com/catalog for \$20 (plus shipping).

Bona M. Santos & Susan Burch, *not your kids' Nursery Rhyme Haiku*, Velvet Desk Publishing, 2022. Available from amazon.com for \$8.99 (plus shipping).

Kath Abela Wilson, Lorraine A Padden, and Marcyn Del Clements (editors), *Red Paper Parasols: Southern California Haiku Study Group Anthology*, SoCalHaiku Press, 2022. Available from socalhaiku.wordpress.com for \$20 (plus shipping).

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\**Geppo* will occasionally print an announcement of books recently published by YTHS members. If you have had a book published in 2022 and/or 2023, please send information to the *Geppo* editor at ythsgeppo@gmail.com.



“circle play with watercolor,” by Mimi Ahern



## 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*, 5<sup>th</sup> 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 birdsong<sup>1</sup>
- Spring: frog; fledgling; smiling mountain<sup>2</sup>
- Summer: rose; fragrant (or scented) breeze/wind<sup>3</sup>; ice cream
- Autumn: autumn deepens; yellow leaves; Obon; *Dia de los Muertos*/Day of the Dead
- Winter: icicle<sup>4</sup>; snow angel<sup>5</sup>; rabbit

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

<sup>2</sup> “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.”

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

<sup>4</sup> “icicle” (*tsurara*)

<sup>5</sup> “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.

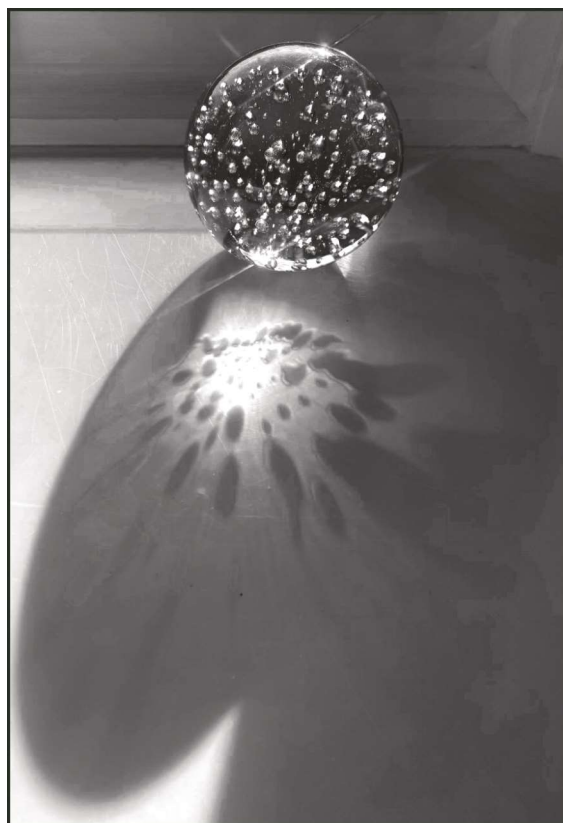
**Entry Details**—See [yths.org](http://yths.org); go to Contest > 2023 Tokutomi Haiku Contest.

## A Return to Asilomar for the 2023 YTHS Annual Retreat, October 12 – 15

For complete information about the retreat, visit the YTHS website at <https://yths.org/2023-haiku-retreat/>  
Retreat Committee: Patricia Machmiller, Mimi Ahern, Barbara Moore

### Zoom Support Needed

YTHS is seeking a volunteer to share Zoom-hosting responsibilities. As pandemic precautions are lifted, more events can be held in person. But we are still holding about half our monthly meetings on Zoom to accommodate the many members and visitors who join us from beyond California. Our membership keeps expanding, and we are hearing that Zoom meetings are appreciated and enjoyed. In addition to managing a meeting from start to finish, there may be a need for a co-host to prepare a simple slide show (e.g. PowerPoint or Keynote) with submitted haiku or haiga and screen share it. This could be a learning experience. And you can live anywhere. If you are interested, please contact Chris Stern at [cs@yths.org](mailto:cs@yths.org). Thanks!



“plastic shadowed paperweight,” by Mimi Ahern

**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.

International dues \$40, Seniors \$31.

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.

You may pay by PayPal by sending your payment and above information to yukiteikei@msn.com and write the following in the note box: “YTHS Dues” plus the information above. (Please include \$1 additional fee for this service.)

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.

***Geppo* Editorial Staff**

- Editor . . . . . Johnnie Johnson Hafernik  
 Associate Editor . . . . . Christine Stern  
 Layout Editor . . . . . Jeannie Rueter  
 Tallyman . . . . . David Sherertz  
 Proofreader . . . . . J. Zimmerman

**This Issue’s Contributors**

*Dōjin* Mimi Ahern, *Dōjin* Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, *Dōjin* Phillip R. Kennedy, Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller, *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita, Bona M. Santos, *Dōjin* Alison Woolpert, and *Dōjin* J. Zimmerman.  
 Masthead calligraphy by Carolyn Fitz.

**YTHS Officers**

- Linda Papanicolaou, President
- Marilyn Gehant, First Vice President
- Christine Stern, Second Vice President
- Patricia J. Machmiller, Treasurer
- Alison Woolpert, Recording Secretary

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.

May 13 Zoom 5:00 Pacific	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 page 33 of this <i>Geppo</i> and online at <a href="http://yths.org">yths.org</a>
June 10 Zoom 11:00-1:00 Pacific	Haibun Workshop with Richard Tice.
July 8 Zoom 11:00 – 1:00 Pacific	Tanabata—Participants will send haiku and haiga to Christine Stern in advance for a Tanabata slideshow. <i>Dōjin</i> Roger Abe will also perform his dramatized presentation of the Tanabata story.
July 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
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 <i>Dōjin</i> Linda Papanicolaou.
September 1	Final payment due for YTHS Haiku Retreat at Asilomar.
September 30 In Person 6:00 Pacific	Moon Viewing in Person with host Linda Papanicolaou in Palo Alto, CA. Date corresponds with celebration of “16 <sup>th</sup> -Day Moon.” Details to follow.
October 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
October 12-15 In Person	YTHS Annual Retreat—Asilomar Conference Grounds, Pacific Grove, CA.
November 11	<i>Details to Come!</i>
December 9 TBD	Holiday Party. <i>Details to Come!</i>