

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

- | | | | |
|------|---|------|--|
| 5858 | China roses . . .
before he taught me
proper manners | 5866 | my childhood—
remember when the sun
was good for you |
| 5859 | pink peony . . .
she hides her curves
with layers of clothes | 5867 | crab cakes
and twice-baked potatoes—
crazy about her |
| 5860 | fuchsia flowers . . .
when I don't see the world
in shades of blue | 5868 | secret donors
fly candidates on private planes
stealth money |
| 5861 | strawberry fields
the bittersweet taste
of our goodbye kiss | 5869 | summer heat—
remember transistor radios
and the Beach Boys |
| 5862 | Memorial Day
a morning glory salutes
the dawn's early light | 5870 | Shadows on the wall
flowers in the mirror
no time for regrets |
| 5863 | early spring sunshine
the gopher tortoise warms
its sand-covered shell | 5871 | I smell the heat
of an August wind
It pierces my heart |
| 5864 | opening day
the crack of a pop top
with bases loaded | 5872 | Catching wildflowers
on a summer day
—they blow out to sea |
| 5865 | Indigenous People's Day
dark clouds gather along
<i>the Little Big Horn</i> | 5873 | Moonlight in your hair
starlight shadows on your face
summer kisses back |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 5874 | borderline hoarding
a kingly tide of projects
invades my study | 5885 | skinny dip
live streaming
a blue moon |
| 5875 | brightening dawn
the nimble soprano's
English folksong | 5886 | the sun's warmth lingers
in a gardener's work shirt—
scent of earth and sweat |
| 5876 | friends sleeping over
the dusk-chorus reluctance
to let the sun set | 5887 | scenic overlook—
none of us has pocket change
for the telescope |
| 5877 | more real every day
these generated speeches
maples start to blush | 5888 | picnic in the shade—
a wriggling caterpillar
drops onto the cloth |
| 5878 | summer afternoon
I bask in the stillness
of being | 5889 | bug-filled summer night—
the cavalry gallops across
a drive-in screen |
| 5879 | cloud burst
the stone basin
overflows | 5890 | summer's end
goldfinches singing
in the Tree of Heaven |
| 5880 | summer morning
a page . . . a pen
a feathered song | 5891 | drought—
the bamboo's
razor kiss |
| 5881 | outhouse tune
the plop of the poop
in the pit | 5892 | not every bud
will open—
daylilies |
| 5882 | quilting bee
a new constellation
of stars | 5893 | clear and bright—
counting the moons
of Jupiter |
| 5883 | summer breeze
off my rocker
up on the roof | 5894 | stopping traffic
Canada Goose family
cross walk |
| 5884 | firefly
a Morse code
for drought | 5895 | baby juncos
fledged from the nest
block party |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 5896 | turn the chowder
down to simmer
mackerel sky | 5907 | marriage on the rocks
a mooring buoy adrift
in the summer sea |
| 5897 | shapeless rustle
of the Sunday paper
longest day | 5908 | bewildering love
his changeability brings
a chilly late spring |
| 5898 | the steelhead and I
brace against the Klamath's flow
washing off summer | 5909 | beyond its trellis
a single wild rose reaches
closer to heaven |
| 5899 | deep in reed cities
shorebirds claim the bottom floor
summer dusk hush | 5910 | blossom
to blossom
a bee |
| 5900 | an air sprite
surfs out of <i>Fantasia</i>
pickpocket cloud | 5911 | screams—
a county fair midway ride
upside down |
| 5901 | hand on heart
eyes full of fireworks
Fourth of July | 5912 | summer solstice
the daylight lingers
a little longer |
| 5902 | a new library
of donation books only:
planting season | 5913 | overcast
even the birds
subdued |
| 5903 | slow day—
listening to the sixties
with a café master | 5914 | Smile at myself
Wearing a poncho in the mirror
Crocheted by my daughter |
| 5904 | finished packing
my belongings — cactus in a pot
still remaining | 5915 | long line for fish 'n' chips
a heron shifts
to the other foot |
| 5905 | wine is chilled,
summer vegetables
spread | 5916 | distant temple bells
the pines sighing
over beds of moss |
| 5906 | the last day of school
my son eating his hotdog
with intense relish | 5917 | jalapeño pepper
a sparkler wire burns
my fingers |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 5918 | clap of thunder
over the melon patch fence
in one bound | 5929 | yin yoga
a harbour seal practices
its banana pose |
| 5919 | Casa de Fruta's
surprise tasting sample—
garlic ice cream | 5930 | breaking day
share my grapefruit
with an oriole |
| 5920 | the yell
out a speeding car's window
<i>I graduated</i> | 5931 | waterfall view
the man kneels to propose—
a ring of onlookers |
| 5921 | gnats
a circle within a circle
of Sequoias | 5932 | kept awake all night
by the bar underneath—
sofa bed mattress |
| 5922 | Altair—Deneb—Vega
our backpack stove
sputtered out | 5933 | reclusive singer
sits at the back table
rotating fan |
| 5923 | summer sleepover
a gaggle of girls get on
their Beyoncé moves | 5934 | sun shower
under the umbrella
I check my screened calls |
| 5924 | blazing sun
popping tar bubbles
with our toes | 5935 | sun-warmed sage
the flutter and glide
of a goldfinch |
| 5925 | home from surgery
the honeyed scent
of a strawberry | 5936 | soft popping
a field of oats
in the sun |
| 5926 | wild papaya grove
sipping the cool springs
from my son's cupped hands | 5937 | the fragrance
of neglected roses
a stray cat eyes me |
| 5927 | pelting rain
all the potholes
disappearing | 5938 | the chartreuse
of a grasshopper
rhubarb pie |
| 5928 | the crest
of a wood partridge . . .
punk rockers | 5939 | summer solstice
the Safeway sold out
of sunflowers |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 5940 | muffled
by morning fog
the robin's song | 5951 | after divorce
she bicycles round and round
the stubble fields |
| 5941 | June breeze
each branch jiggles
just a bit | 5952 | drifting feathers
in the empty field
migration |
| 5942 | Fourth of July
tubas bringing up
the rear | 5953 | they talk
about her weaving
I think of her smile |
| 5943 | mares' tails
the space between
sun and storm | 5954 | high noon
a dust devil enters
the labyrinth |
| 5944 | amid marsh reeds
shells, tails, and splashes—
turtle love | 5955 | grandpa's watering can
pouring wisdom
into the garden |
| 5945 | <i>this</i> moment
watching her sniff the roses . . .
mom's dementia | 5956 | white chenille . . .
my grandmother's hands
smoothing clouds |
| 5946 | waves of wind
rippling long meadow grass . . .
bobolink song | 5957 | evening jog
her day-glo vest
enchants a firefly |
| 5947 | a sudden downpour
a brush against the rosebush
to get to shelter | 5958 | planted in the path
of a gentle breeze
pink hibiscus |
| 5948 | dead mouse on the porch
a gift from the neighbor's cat—
how summer begins | 5959 | an old couple
of tiger lilies
young as summer dawn |
| 5949 | beachcombing early
a sea gull's shadow passes
over my own | 5960 | childhood treehouse
climbing a ladder
the poison ivy |
| 5950 | guests are departing
fireworks at a distance
linger for a while | 5961 | wedding party table
a dribble of strawberries
down a white tux |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 5962 | roadside memorial
the blue chicory
blessing | 5973 | a splash of orange
beneath the purple sky
shucked mussel |
| 5963 | late summer heat
the overpass bubbles
with rust | 5974 | summer porch
an ice cube cracks
our silence |
| 5964 | dandelion clocks
seeding the wind
with tomorrow | 5975 | fireworks
rattle the windows
cowering collie |
| 5965 | deep in the reeds
seeing what Audubon saw
great blue heron | 5976 | pouring out
heartbreak
waterfall |
| 5966 | <i>pretty is as pretty does</i>
her affection
for vultures | 5977 | complaint after complaint
on the hospital ward
crabapple trees |
| 5967 | dry stone bowl
a blue-black butterfly
seeking water | 5978 | my house
upside down
nuthatch |
| 5968 | constellations
wheeling down the inky sky
great bear little bear | 5979 | flight check-in
my baggage gets
the third degree |
| 5969 | canal path
the castaway mitten
still there today | 5980 | forest trail
not too far away
the smell of rain |
| 5970 | weather-watching
salmon trollers sea-anchored
in morning fog | 5981 | silent zoom
we watch on mute
a soundless video |
| 5971 | summer air balloon
a burst of flame
in the bubbly | 5982 | summer treat
playing peek-a-boo
my gray hair |
| 5972 | her afternoon trot
between the bougainvillea
two sunlit ponytails | 5983 | warm-up
the biggest rock in the pond
bulges with turtles |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 5984 | gopher snake
strung along a low fence rail
his lumpy girth | 5995 | old enough to fly
the fledgling still opens wide
and squawks to be fed |
| 5985 | heat wave
young buck at the birdbath
slakes a stubborn thirst | 5996 | upon a snail's back
the hitchhiking barnacle
holds on for the ride |
| 5986 | flood watch
the long moment before
her eyes spill | 5997 | if I listen well
you whisper all your secrets
peony blossom |
| 5987 | lengthening days . . .
AI writes English haiku
and submits them too | 5998 | the frowning rainbow
still can't believe its good luck
making people smile |
| 5988 | hottest day on Earth
the ultraslow flow
of turnpike traffic | 5999 | rugged trail leads
to refreshing breezes
waterfall |
| 5989 | inner city
the birdsong
of window frame hinges | 6000 | tumbling water
on mountain staircase
waterfall |
| 5990 | bank touch screen
my finger made signature
is so not mine | 6001 | tumbling splash
against our passing small boat
waterfall |
| 5991 | glassy summer lake—
faded orange life jackets
draped on a clothesline | 6002 | nightfall
the dark trail leads to
splashing waterfall |
| 5992 | noisy teenagers
jostling onto the metro
flash of heat lightning | 6003 | balmy evening
the sway of palms
rocks us to sleep |
| 5993 | oceanfront café—
settling into rattan chairs
for morning coffee | 6004 | i teach my grandson to be an old soul birdwatching |
| 5994 | sun-faded sundress
on a window mannequin
storewide clearance sale | 6005 | harbor view
flakes of sea salt
on the halibut |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 6006 | heart-to-heart
two sunflowers
lean on each other | 6017 | bare feet
on the kitchen floor
every crumb |
| 6007 | wild artichoke
I let him take over
the whole garden | 6018 | in the library stacks
longest day |
| 6008 | reblooming iris
first time I marry
a man with a beard | 6019 | moth radio
its wings' vibrato
a visitor |
| 6009 | I love you's
to him over and over
floribunda | 6020 | in the tree's crotch
picked wildflowers
beg the question |
| 6010 | sandal tan
and scuffed nail polish
back yard summer | 6021 | "farm to table"
search engines whirl
over morning coffee |
| 6011 | road trip
stitching the fractured union
together | 6022 | Hiking alone
a deer's brown eyes
pull me close |
| 6012 | first spring grass
one orange ladybug
among tiny pink blossoms | 6023 | From my mother
a flower start in the mail
forget-me-not |
| 6013 | double dutch
a pair of hummingbirds
spirals to the sky | 6024 | Trying to land
words on paper
rose petals drift |
| 6014 | a calla lily
with just one petal
her generosity | 6025 | holding a bouquet—
sunflowers dominate
the conversation |
| 6015 | cows low
along the pasture fence
my friend's passing | 6026 | woodpecker's shriek—
beyond the garden wall
storm clouds untangle |
| 6016 | dahlias
from my neighbor
a wide mouth canning jar | 6027 | vampire morning—
every dewdrop is empty
of my reflection |
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|------|--|------|--|
| 6028 | thunderstorm twilight—
brushing blue the sterling sky
a heron’s shadow | 6039 | the Court
takes it away
hurricane season |
| 6029 | listening to jazz
on a summer afternoon
meandering creek | 6040 | hoarder’s house . . .
absolutely everything
sparks joy |
| 6030 | our sailboat
slices through the whitecaps
iridescence | 6041 | recycle center . . .
all the bins for plastics
made of plastic |
| 6031 | through the fence
my neighbor’s jasmine
hostile takeover | 6042 | my impish son
with his new pet frog . . .
both with big grins |
| 6032 | night air
drifts through the window
summer bouquet | 6043 | frozen shoulder . . .
nothing humerus
about it |
| 6033 | hot day
“our next winner is . . .
table forty-four!” | 6044 | dappled summer light
darting
on goldfinch wings |
| 6034 | from the ceiling to my desk
in its own good time
little gray spider | 6045 | early summer
shrouded in winter
fog |
| 6035 | imitation dry goods
in the museum display
summer lethargy | 6046 | kiln-baked earth
maple syrup sweet
summer nights |
| 6036 | still drawing
a crowd
the Titanic | 6047 | great white egret
tiptoeing around
things unsaid |
| 6037 | asleep
in the cemetery
out of ideas | 6048 | canning rhubarb sauce
mother wafts in the kitchen
and stays awhile |
| 6038 | three-legged dog
leaps for the ball
undeterred | 6049 | coyote
as if it knows
tags along |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 6050 | a hummingbird
stomps thistledown
in to her nest | 6061 | summer solstice
his phone call
of apology |
| 6051 | umpteenth time
same bumblebee
same sunflower | 6062 | endless croaking
throughout the night
hot summer madness |
| 6052 | with her grandmother's lilt
sends her granddaughter out
for a yard lemon | 6063 | empty folding chairs
line the sidewalk early
July 4th parade |
| 6053 | summer beach
wave sounds drowned out
by the crowd | 6064 | from her hospice bed
talk of summer travels
never taken |
| 6054 | summer sun
sizzling
snake | 6065 | flag blowing . . .
sound of the tennis ball
against the racket |
| 6055 | falling asleep amid rain
I take shelter
in my dream | 6066 | grass court—
sweat from the player's face
drips in sunlight |
| 6056 | end of summer
rain seeps through
cricket sounds | 6067 | on the deep-sea floor
Titan joins Titanic—both
from human hubris |
| 6057 | late autumn . . .
under the covers
'til the chill leaves | 6068 | "Invest in Crypto"—
step around slickrock gardens,
preserve native plants |
| 6058 | in the autumn breeze
the cloud remains
at the mountain's base | 6069 | American crow
and California towhee—
Berkeley dawn chorus |
| 6059 | aiming for spring
we plant bulbs
in the old pick-up's bed | 6070 | pick six and eat three
in Grandma's cherry tree—for
pie and stomach ache |
| 6060 | winter
comes early
no more poems from them | 6071 | a question for you
concerning eternity—
how long will it last? |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 6072 | evoking slumber
darkness and a soft blanket
cool air and calm hush | 6082 | on the telephone line
two pigeons face away—
the argument |
| 6073 | childhood hiding place
within my own wilderness
—moss under redwood | 6083 | bikinis . . .
tops and bottoms
sold separately |
| 6074 | birding once his job,
dog's most highly valued treats
freeze dried chicken bits | 6084 | summer heat . . .
what was i trying so hard
to forget? |
| 6075 | waves tossing—
a dog follows
the stick to shore | 6085 | one or two wishes
left on the dandelion stalk
by the roadside |
| 6076 | imbibing
in moonlight
a white-tailed deer | 6086 | jellyfish . . .
flowering spreads across
a watery sky |
| 6077 | sun setting
into the reeds
a red-winged blackbird | 6087 | crispy onion burger
fireworks
grand finale |
| 6078 | letting go . . .
the last gold
of a sugar maple | 6088 | a rising path
of ghostly footsteps
blue elderberry |
| 6079 | for the few
Fourth of July fireworks
reminiscent haunts | 6089 | flashing in the surf
of Half Moon Bay
silver smelt |
| 6080 | a shadow
falling
then the leaf
falling | 6090 | final days of joy—
warm grass underfoot
and ten-toe bling |
| 6081 | clouds overhead
going wherever the wind blows
summer days | 6091 | waning light . . .
Dad watches sunset
from his wheelchair |

6092 the sound of change
my footfalls
on wet beach gravel

6093 marmot on the hummock—
we cinch the saddles
of our standing horses

6094 parked rental car—
a seagull leaves
a hood ornament

6095 an alluvial fan
under the downspout—
wet and dry pine needles

6096 Dad's voice
still on the answering machine . . .
death anniversary

A Few Copies Available—*Kiyoko's Sky: The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi*

"One needs but take these verses to heart, to know the true spirit of haiku."

~James Hackett

The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society store has recently acquired the last four copies of *Kiyoko's Sky: The Haiku of Kiyoko Tokutomi* (2002) translated by Patricia J. Machmiller and Fay Aoyagi. This haiku collection by Kiyoko Tokutomi (1928-2002), the co-founder of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, presents her haiku in English and Japanese. *Kiyoko's Sky*, at a cost of \$16 plus shipping, can be purchased, along with other books, on the YTHS website (yths.org) under "Publications," then "Store."

"Kiyoko Tokutomi has been writing and teaching the writing of traditional Japanese haiku in Northern California for more than twenty-five years. This book gives us her delicately made haiku and reveals the devotion of her friends and students in the practice of yuki teikei. This is a very moving book and an unexpected bit of literary history."

~Robert Hass, United States Poet Laureate (1995 – 1997)

Welcome to New YTHS Members

Jo Balistreri, Waukesha, WI;
Jean Levin, Sacramento, CA; and
Sigrid Saradunn, Ellsworth, ME.

Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Eleanor Carolan is an early childhood teacher and expressive arts therapist, working with dreams and creative expression. She enjoys sharing her vision in one-of-a-kind books and poetry broadsides. Exploring nature and following children's straightforward approach to art—creating without an objective in mind—naturally support the directness of haiku.

A lifelong journal writer, Eleanor writes essays and has a passion for writing poetry. A self-taught poet, her poetry began as a response to drawings and collages that she created. Haiku came later in life. What is closest to her heart is the unfolding of nature's cycles that parallel our journey through life.

In the nineties, Eleanor joined Yuki Teikei Haiku Society where Anne Homan said about haiku, "Wait until you retire." In 2013, she joined the "Buson One Hundred" practice of writing 10 haiku per day for 100 days. This practice not only refined her haiku but also taught her to show up and write.

Eleanor's poetry is regularly published in haiku anthologies and journals. Creating art complements her haiku practice. Her artwork has been shown at the Santa Cruz Mountain Art Center and other galleries from Davis to San Juan Bautista. Currently, Eleanor enjoys making art, cooking from the garden, and walking with friends in Felton, California.



"Garden Spider," linoleum block print on paper by Eleanor Carolan

Summer Challenge Kigo: Waterfall, *taki* 滝

garden waterfall
the flow of knowledge
from a scholar's mouth
~Jackie Chou

Niagara Falls
96 decibels of rushing
raging water
~Michael Henry Lee

waterfall
Roy G. Biv
in the spray
~Neal Whitman

Splashing my feet
the waterfall
fills my shoes
~Jane Stuart

early dusk
deafening the waterfall
the medivac chopper
~J. Zimmerman

waterfall
we stroll through
the rainbow mist
~Michael Sheffield

waterfall
this pull
to let go
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

across our dirt road
the old crumbled dam settles
into waterfalls
~Shelli Jankowski-Smith

over the crack
between concrete slabs
inch high waterfall
~Linda Papanicolaou

I turn back
at the swaying bridge—
waterfall roar
~Ruth Holzer

long hike
to the empty waterfall—
drought
~Elaine Whitman

its finest mist
a veil for what is wild
waterfall
~Clysta Seney

on the wind
a mountain spirit reaches
from a waterfall
~Hiroyuki Murakami

exfoliating
underneath the waterfall
those smooth river rocks
~Marcia Burton

Yosemite
waterfalls and tourists
gushing
~Dana Grover

their clothes
in three jumbly piles
waterfall
~Barbara Snow

cascading stream
 a safe place to hide
 the sobs
 ~Maxianne Berger

the special spot
 others pass by unknowingly
 —last view of the falls
 ~Alison Woolpert

holding hands
 across the slick lava rocks
 look, five waterfalls!
 ~Dyana Basist

sweet alyssum
 a cascade of white flowing
 over wet rocks
 ~Debbie Strange

rising mist
 from the waterfall
 the ups and downs of life
 ~Sari Grandstaff

bathed by the mist
 of the waterfall
 seep monkeyflowers
 ~Helen Ogden

at the waterfall
 we're sprayed gently from behind
 as we walk away
 ~Priscilla Lignori

crisscrossing
 the waterfall face
 blue dragonflies
 ~Gregory Longenecker

boat in distress—
 churning waterfalls
 fill my grandson's bath
 ~Barrie Levine

the rush
 in the drop
 waterfall
 ~Beverly Acuff Momoi

summer waterfalls
 through the swirls
 of cool air
 ~Janis Albright Lukstein

lured by her sound
 the waterfall's slick
 mountain path
 ~Richard L. Matta

*empolgante**
 Brazil's Iguassu
 waterfalls
 ~Marilyn Gehant
 * Portuguese for "breathtaking"

he asks
 if I remember that time . . .
 waterfall
 ~Judith Morrison Schallberger

becoming one with the waterfalls my tears
 ~Bona M. Santos

waterfall
 a torrent of memories
 from one old photo
 ~Christine Horner

Niagara Falls
made dry for service . . .
Veizmir!
~Zinovy Vayman

climbing a stairway
alongside the waterfall
to see where I was
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

the dark desert sky—
an avalanche of water
falls over the cliff
~Noga Shemer

waterfall
constantly changing echo
of my prayers
~Sharon Lynne Yee

sound of a waterfall
I take new paths
in the old garden
~Kathabela Wilson

her first iPhone
the waterfalls
of Yosemite
~Mimi Ahern

falling water
the clouded eyelids
of two drowned fledglings
~Stephanie Baker

a final eddy before the falls mediation
~Lorraine A Padden

a moment of awe
sitting by the waterfall—
now a ham sandwich
~Lisa Anne Johnson

lulled to sleep
by a white-noise machine—
dreaming of waterfalls
~Christine Lamb Stern

Niagara . . .
the roaring silence
of frozen ice
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

this year—louder
over the granite landscape
Frazier Falls
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

blocking me
from the waterfall
other selfie lovers
~John J. Han

finally reaching
the falls
I want to be a twig now!
~Mark Teaford

camera held high
as he snaps waterfall pics
head down on phone
~Carolyn Fitz

waterfall—
earth's gravity made
wonderful
~David Sherertz

laughter of water
great guffaws of waterfalls;
titter of trickles
~Lois Heyman Scott

her face
emerging from the waterfall
desire
~Patricia Machmiller

hiking to the falls
salamander skims
across mossy stones
~Paula Sears

listening to
but hearing more than—
waterfall
~Roger Abe

sight unseen
somewhere in the ravine
the waterfall
~David Keim

dink hull scrapes
the oyster beach—
waterfall suppressed
~Dorothy A. Matthews

at the waterfall
cascading in silver song
daughter's laughter
~kris moon kondo

a burr in my socks . . .
the trail bends
behind the waterfall
~Michael Dylan Welch



"Bamboo," watercolor by Eleanor Carolan

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

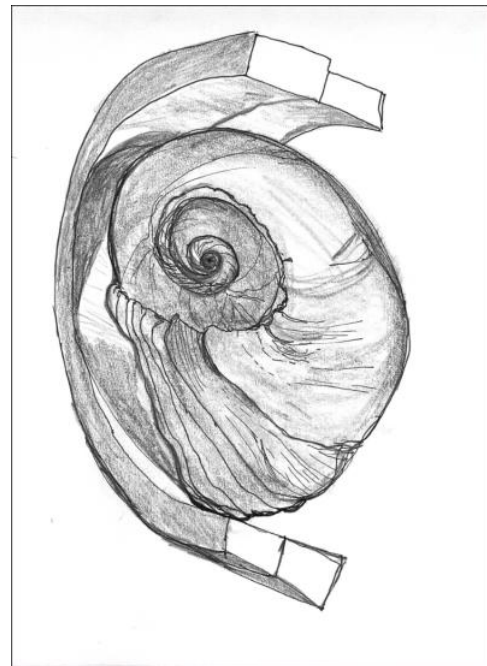
Linda Papanicolaou	5610–5,	5611–0,	5612–2,	5613–5
Sari Grandstaff	5614–6,	5615–3,	5616–2,	5617–3
Michael Henry Lee	5618–10,	5619–2,	5620–13,	5621–1
Marilyn Ashbaugh	5622–10,	5623–3,	5624–0,	5625–6
Neal Whitman	5626–0,	5627–1,	5628–2,	5629–0
Elaine Whitman	5630–9,	5631–1,	5632–0,	5633–0
Ruth Holzer	5634–2,	5635–9,	5636–3,	5637–1
Lisa Anne Johnson	5638–1,	5639–1,	5640–5,	5641–2
Kathabela Wilson	5642–4,	5643–3,	5644–1,	5645–0
Jane Stuart	5646–4,	5647–0,	5648–0,	5649–0
Debbie Strange	5650–6,	5651–0,	5652–3,	5653–9
Jackie Chou	5654–1,	5655–4,	5656–1,	5657–4
Clysta Seney	5658–2,	5659–0,	5660–0,	5661–1
Priscilla Lignori	5662–0,	5663–4,	5664–2,	5665–0
Maxianne Berger	5666–1,	5667–3,	5668–0,	5669–2
Michael Sheffield	5670–3	5671–4,	5672–2,	5673–0
Bona M. Santos	5674–10,	5675–2,	5676–0,	5677–2
Emily Fogle	5678–3,	5679–0	5680–1,	5681–1
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	5682–0,	5683–6,	5684–2,	5685–2
Christine Horner	5686–1,	5687–4,	5688–1,	5689–7
Janice Doppler	5690–0,	5691–1,	5692–1,	5693–1
Noga Shemer	5694–0,	5695–5,	5696–1,	5697–0
J. Zimmerman	5698–10,	5699–2,	5700–1,	5701–6
Helen Ogden	5702–0,	5703–0,	5704–4,	5705–7
Chris Bruner	5706–0,	5707–0,	5708–2	
Randy Brooks	5709–1,	5710–1,	5711–0,	5712–0
Judith Morrison Schallberger	5713–0,	5714–3		
Bruce H. Feingold	5715–0,	5716–1,	5717–1	
Dyana Basist	5718–1	5719–3,	5720–2,	5721–6
Michèle Boyle Turchi	5722–1,	5723–2,	5724–0,	5725–0
Marcia Burton	5726–0,	5727–3,	5728–4,	5729–1
Gregory Longenecker	5730–3,	5731–7,	5732–6,	5733–7
Lorraine A Padden	5734–1,	5735–3,	5736–0	
Joyce Baker	5737–0,	5738–0,	5739–4,	5740–0
Paula Sears	5741–9,	5742–0,	5743–10,	5744–2
Elinor Pihl Huggett	5745–3,	5746–1,	5747–3,	5748–0
Stephanie Baker	5749–0,	5750–0,	5751–1,	5752–0
Barrie Levine	5753–4,	5754–0,	5755–2,	5756–4
Zinovy Vayman	5757–0,	5758–0,	5759–0,	5760–1
Phillip R. Kennedy	5761–1,	5762–3,	5763–5	
Christine Lamb Stern	5764–1,	5765–2,	5766–1,	5767–0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	5768–0,	5769–1,	5770–8,	5771–1

David Sherertz	5772–0,	5773–0,	5774–0,	5775–0
Kathy Goldbach	5776–1,	5777–4,	5778–7,	5779–1
Roger Abe	5780–6,	5781–0,	5782–4,	5783–0
Carolyn Fitz	5784–0,	5785–5,	5786–3,	5787–0
Barbara Moore	5788–2,	5789–4,	5790–3	
Hiroyuki Murakami	5791–0,	5792–0,	5793–0,	5794–1
Richard L. Matta	5795–5,	5796–1,	5797–0,	5798–0
Alison Woolpert	5799–5,	5800–7,	5801–1,	5802–3
Wakako Miya Rollinger	5803–2,	5804–0,	5805–2,	5806–0
Barbara Snow	5807–5,	5808–1,	5809–5,	5810–2
Michael Dylan Welch	5811–2,	5812–0,	5813–0,	5814–0
Sharon Lynne Yee	5815–0,	5816–0,	5817–0,	5818–1
Alexis George	5819–7,	5820–5,	5821–4	
Marilyn Gehant	5822–1,	5823–7,	5824–2,	5825–0
Mark Teaford	5826–3,	5827–0,	5828–1,	5829–2
Patricia Wakimoto	5830–3,	5831–1,	5832–0,	5833–3
John J. Han	5834–8,	5835–1,	5836–1,	5837–5
Mimi Ahern	5838–1,	5839–1,	5840–5,	5841–2
David Keim	5842–0,	5843–0,	5844–1,	5845–1
Lois Heyman Scott	5846–0,	5847–0,	5848–0,	5849–1
Dana Grover	5850–0,	5851–5,	5852–3,	5853–1
Carol Steele	5854–1,	5855–0,	5856–0	
Cynthia Holbrook	5857–4			

Correction

Apologies to Jane Stuart for the error in her haiku #5647 in the May issue. Her haiku should read:

5647 Fall comes fast
 old acquaintances
 still drink root beer



“Snail,” pen & ink drawing by Eleanor Carolan

May 2023 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers

(received 8 or more votes)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>5620 moon viewing
a third cup of sake
reveals the rabbit
~Michael Henry Lee (13)</p> | <p>5630 violet hour . . .
against the setting sun
swallows swoop
~Elaine Whitman (9)</p> |
| <p>5618 nothing like
what i thought it would be
rutabaga
~Michael Henry Lee (10)</p> | <p>5635 even
in the rain
camellia
~Ruth Holzer (9)</p> |
| <p>5622 spring equinox
half my ducks
in a row
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (10)</p> | <p>5653 late thaw
a ribbon of water
unspools
~Debbie Strange (9)</p> |
| <p>5674 new moon
I give myself
another chance
~Bona M. Santos (10)</p> | <p>5741 their annual visit
to the empty farmhouse
lilacs
~Paula Sears (9)</p> |
| <p>5698 calligraphy class
the perfect circle
of the hidden moon
~J. Zimmerman (10)</p> | <p>5770 spring cleaning
setting aside perfect
for good enough
~Beverly Acuff Momoi (8)</p> |
| <p>5743 stillness . . .
a dandelion
holds onto her wishes
~Paula Sears (10)</p> | <p>5834 in retirement
the time it takes to earn
a bird's trust
~John J. Han (8)</p> |

Dōjin's Corner
Feb—April 2023

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
Hiroyuki Murakami

It's summer, Everyone! And it's warming up, maybe a bit too much. I am wishing our friends in Texas and their neighbors a sprinkler to cool off in, for Canadians, an air purifier to clean their smoky air, and for Vermonters, a boat to escape in.

We are happy that our guest editor for this issue is YTHS *dōjin* Hiroyuki Murakami. Hiroyuki was also a *dōjin* in Yukuharu, the Japanese haiku society that launched Yuki Teikei as its English-language division. He published a joint translation of haiku by poet Kazan Tanino, *The Rush To Rescue Atomic Bomb Survivors: Kazan Tanino Haiku Collection*, which was republished in the YTHS 2017 members' anthology. He also published his own English/Japanese Haiku Collection, *Harvest Moon*, in the summer of 2023 (paperback and ebook on Amazon).

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

H: 5614, 5620, 5630, 5636*, 5637, 5650, 5655, 5667, 5692, 5694, 5714, 5721, 5728, 5731, 5732, 5733, 5753*, 5789, 5803*, 5805, 5807, 5820, 5833, 5834*, 5839

E: 5614, 5621, 5639, 5631, 5643, 5647, 5653, 5678, 5680, 5683, 5684, 5685, 5690, 5695, 5700, 5719*, 5725, 5727, 5730, 5741, 5742, 5746*, 5748, 5750, 5756, 5762, 5777, 5778, 5780, 5794, 5805*, 5812, 5819, 5824*, 5830, 5833

pjm: 5612, 5613, 5614, 5615, 5617, 5620, 5623, 5628, 5629, 5630, 5632, 5633, 5636, 5640, 5641, 5642, 5643*, 5644, 5640, 5651, 5652, 5653, 5654, 5657, 5663, 5664, 5666, 5667, 5668, 5670, 5671*,

5672, 5673, 5674, 5675, 5677, 5678, 5680, 5682, 5683*, 5684, 5685, 5689, 5690, 5695, 5699, 5705, 5708, 5714, 5715, 5717, 5718, 5723, 5729, 5732, 5733, 5734, 5741, 5742, 5743, 5746, 5747, 5748, 5755, 5756, 5758, 5759, 5760, 5761*, 5762, 5763, 5764, 5769, 5777, 5778, 5780, 5782, 5789, 5793, 5800, 5802, 5803, 5804, 5807, 5810, 5811, 5814, 5819, 5820, 5822, 5823, 5825, 5826, 5828, 5830, 5835, 5836, 5837, 5841, 5842, 5850, 5855, 5857

5636 firefly squid
all night the ripples pulsing
electric blue

H: A haiku that gives me an electric shock. The words used are sparkling and leave a vivid impression. It is said that a firefly squid radiates light to intimidate foreign enemies and to communicate with other firefly squid. Firefly squid, which are usually in the deep sea, rush to the coast for spawning.

E: The author watches the pulsing ripples all night, never tiring of firefly squid's electric blue light. It must be mysterious; I have never seen this. As for me, boiled firefly squids are summer cuisine that goes well with mustard vinegar mixed with miso. I've never seen them alive!

pjm: I've never seen a gathering of firefly squid, but it's a spring phenomenon occurring along the Pacific coast of Japan. It must be a sight to behold. The description "pulsing/electric blue" is a modern take on an age-old process and gives us some sense of the excitement of both the fishermen and the observers.

5643 a thousand frogs
seem to call our names
engagement day

pjm: What a delightful love poem! The lovers imagine a thousand-voice frog chorus calling their names. Nature celebrating these lovers on

their special day is an enormously hopeful and joyful thought.

H: From this haiku, I envisioned a scene of an engagement proposal being made in a place deep in nature. May the future of these two be filled with rich nature and life.

E: What a joy and what attention the engaged couple deserves! There is no mention of the kind of frogs in the poem, but I assume they are spring peepers that call in high-pitched joyful voices!

5671 daydreams . . .
tea spills over
the rim

pjm: On the surface this poem seems to be about absentmindedness, but the last line referencing “the rim” takes me further. The rim is not just the edge of a cup; it’s a horizon, and this insight transforms the daydreams from idle dawdling to visions of a future—the first step in changing the world! I like the ellipsis after daydreams. It makes me think of puffy clouds, like daydreams, on a summer’s day.

E: If the daydream is soft, pink, and fluffy, it doesn’t matter that the right amount of tea for the cup is measured. The cup is on the matching saucer, so there is no problem—no worry about making a stain on the tablecloth. I recommend FAUCHON’s apple tea for such an occasion. Enjoy the daydreams!

H: Is this a link in a dream with a mad tea party from *Alice in Wonderland*? Strange imaginations seem to favor adults with a child’s heart. As a matter of fact, the name of the recording studio Chick Corea founded in LA was Mad Hatter Studio. Chick really loved children.

5683 early spring evening
children draw hopscotch boxes
with lavender chalk

pjm: Hopscotches drawn with lavender chalk. This simple image makes me feel the warmth of a caressing breeze, the happiness of well-fed and healthy children, the comfort of community. The adjectives “early,” “spring,” and “lavender” all contribute to this feeling of equanimity and well-being, as does the symmetry of the 5-7-5 form.

H: What I found beautiful in this haiku is the combination of two phrases, “early spring evening” and “lavender chalk,” which resonate well.

E: I have noticed some hopscotch haiku in this issue. This one beautifully depicts the early spring evening when the family spends their leisure time outside. As the western sky glows pink, the hopscotch boxes in lavender chalk increase in number on the asphalt. The colors resonate well, and the soothing mood of lavender prevails.

5719 animal shelter
mending a monarch’s wing
with super glue

E: The first reading shocked me enough to whisper, “OMG”! And the next moment, I pictured the monarch’s wing looking perfectly intact after the mending. I am unsure if the wing fell off or just had a scratch and lost one corner, but “super glue” sounds like it can mend anything. This haiku has unique material and creates a happy ending in the readers’ minds.

pjm: If I were to list the elements of a good haiku, one high on the list for me would be compassion. This haiku shows us a positive

aspect of the interaction between the human and the natural world. The desire to heal and make whole is evidenced in this small act. I like its use of the modern remedy for any rip or tear—super glue!

H: I think that each activity of animal protection is actually an accumulation of hard work. I once watched a TV feature on a team treating koala bears seriously injured in bushfires in Australia. I pray that this butterfly survived the treatment and flew away.

5746 a ragged scar
above one eye . . .
potato

E: Another shocking scene is depicted in the first and the second lines. What if the scar did not end there and cut through the eye; it's terrifying! Then "potato." The third line saved my day. And suddenly, I am sitting in the kitchen, peeling potato after potato. And, yes, some have a scar made when dug up. The haiku works perfectly because potatoes have eyes!

H: A haiku with a catchy punchline. However, it is likely that such a haiku moment came to the author because they were actually looking at potatoes.

pjm: Potato is an autumn kigo. A staple that was depended upon for sustenance through the cold months. This potato was scarred when it was dug up. But it is still a keeper, and the scar a sign, a badge, of its ability to endure.

5753 washing chalk
from the hopscotch stone
spring rain

H: I see two scenes: one with children playing and another in an empty playground in the rain. The first line, "washing chalk," seems to

symbolize the fact that children grow fast, and I thought it was beautiful.

pjm: Another hopscotch poem. In this one, the game is over; the children have gone home, and the hopscotch stone is abandoned. Now a light spring rain is starting. How different the mood is here. It's quiet—almost somber. Nature is doing its work alone, without help. The chalk is being cleaned from the stone. I see the chalk clearly. In my mind, it's lavender.

E: This haiku shows what the spring rain does to the chalk-colored hopscotch stone. The first and last lines contain "washing" and "rain," so the words are close, and the flow is apparent. Maybe the poet should consider something without a verb and something that will give an idea of what color was gained by playing or lost by the rain.

yellow chalk
left on the hopscotch stone
spring rain

Here the focus is on the hopscotch stone; the original focuses on the spring rain.

5761 spring evening
plaster peeling
from the adobe wall

pjm: This is a quiet image. Nothing much is happening. And yet we can feel the lovely air of the spring evening; we see the white plaster's golden glow just after sunset, and, yes, in the place where it's peeling, an old adobe brick is peeking through. Perhaps it's a handmade brick from many years past. Yes, not much is happening here. And yet . . . we feel that time is passing, has passed, and the history of the place is palpable. We feel the presence of the brick maker and the adobe builder. Their lives and ours have intersected tonight on this spring evening.

E: I sense the long and pleasant evening hours from this haiku. So long that even plaster is peeling off the adobe wall in the spring evening. Another thing I picture is the old house that keeps the memories of generations of the family, slowly losing them due to the new generation using WIFI, air conditioners, and a robotic vacuum cleaner.

H: What is this haiku trying to convey? Whether it is the accumulation of time or the transition of the season, I feel that everything around us is constantly changing.

5803 a squirrel ponders
on a flower pot
spring break

H: A haiku of light humor. What is interesting about this haiku is that although the author describes the state of mind of the squirrel, it seems that they are actually writing about their state of mind. This poem reminded me of the one Teruo Yamagata, president of Yukuharu Haiku Society, composed: “pondering / the time to retire / autumn folding fan 引き際を考えている秋扇。”

E: I wonder what is this squirrel pondering about? Did he plant some nuts in the flowerpot? I am unsure how “spring break” connects with the pondering squirrel, but it may suggest that children are watching this scene, or the squirrel is also taking a break and eating something fresher now!

pjm: What is that squirrel thinking? Is he wondering what happened to all the humans in this house? Why is it, all of a sudden, so quiet around here? It’s been days now since this flowerpot has been watered. The haiku prompts us to wonder whether humans matter to squirrels? Do they notice us at all?

5805 comparing robin’s songs
from last summer
the scent of s’more

E: I learned that a “s’more” is melty marshmallow and chocolate sandwiched with graham crackers and is a favorite outdoor treat. Contemplating the previous summer and the present one, listening to and comparing the robin’s song is a beautiful way to look back, and the scent of s’mores, too, puts the author into a deep forest of time.

pjm: The “scent of s’more” tells me we’re at a campsite, and while the marshmallows are toasting over the campfire, the poet is listening to a bird call. The s’mores tell me the season is summer, so the word “summer” in the second line is redundant. While I appreciate the idea of comparing a bird call from last year to this, I find “robin” to be troublesome. In North America, it’s a sign of spring, and in England, it’s a sign of winter. These issues could be resolved by two small changes: substitute “bird” for “robin” and “year” for summer.” The poet may have other, better ideas.

H: In this haiku, I think there is both an author who enjoys things that change and the same author who appreciates things that have been loved for a long time. A modest peace can be assured in this way.

5824 crates loaded
in the moving van
uprooted willow

E: My first impression from this haiku is an evacuation from a flooded area. “Uprooted willow” is enough to make me sense that the location is close to a river, and the damage is massive. The first and the second lines provide a neutral image. Depending on the third line, it can be a happy or sad situation. The power of words is apparent here.

H: I would like to express my deep sympathy for the person in the scene of this haiku. When we compose haiku about plants and animals under natural disasters, we realize that humans do not live on this planet alone.

pjm: Moving day. What a mix of emotions—anticipation, anxiety, loss. The last line, with its emphasis on uprootedness, signals that this is an unwelcome move, full of trauma and grief, and the disruption will not be readily healed.

5834 in retirement
the time it takes to earn
a bird's trust

H: A haiku that makes me feel philosophical in a way. I hope the author is gaining the bird's trust day by day. Let me offer a Japanese translation of this haiku to the author: “引退中鳥に好かれるまでの時間 *intaichū tori ni sukareru made no jikan*”

E: I believe the author has finally earned the bird's trust, and the time-consuming experience yielded this haiku! What is loveable about this haiku is that “in retirement,” the author continues to build a trusted relationship, not with a business person this time, but with a bird. Lovely!

pjm: We don't often think about how a change in a human lifestyle, e.g. retirement, can affect our natural surroundings. Before retirement the poet was gone every day. And the bird used to sun every day on the deck railing. Now the bird finds a human taking morning coffee on the deck. This change requires a bit of adjustment for both the bird and the human.

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

“Quail,” linoleum block print by Eleanor Carolan



Autumn Challenge Kigo: Insect's Cry: *mushi no koe, mushi no ne* 虫の声、虫の音

Hiroyuki Murakami

This kigo “insect’s cry” is classified as a subset of an autumn kigo “insect.” Its usage varies widely, including “autumn of the insects: *mushi no aki*,” “midday insect’s cry: *hiru no mushi*,” “darkness of insects: *mushi no yami*.” However, all of these examples simply focus on the “cry” or “voice/sound” of autumn insects.

虫なくや我れと湯を呑む影法師

insects cry— / a silhouette drinks hot water / with me

~Fura Maeda (1884-1954), trans. Hiroyuki Murakami

雨音のかむさにけり虫の宿

sound of rain / has already subsided— / an inn of insects

~Takashi Matsumoto (1906-1956), trans. Hiroyuki Murakami

虫鳴いて裏町の闇やはらかし

insects cried / the darkness of back streets / is tender

~Kenkichi Kusumoto (1921-1988), trans. Hiroyuki Murakami

As shown above, “insect’s cry” seems to have a tranquilizing effect that makes something rough seem mellow and lets people watch themselves. And yet, “insect’s cry” can be a good half of juxtaposition that leads to grand poems.

虫の夜の星空に浮く地球かな

On a night of insects / and in a sky of stars / the earth afloat

~Akira Ōmine (1929-2018) and Kōko Katō, eds; Kōko Katō and David Burleigh, translators and commentators, *The Earth Afloat: Anthology of Contemporary Japanese Haiku* (Tokyo: Kadokawa Shoten Press, 2021).

Voices of insects range widely. Katydid has rustic voices while crickets have complex voices, according to Fumie Ōmachi (1898-1973), a Japanese entomologist. And I remember that the Beatles used a cricket voice in their song “Sun King” in the Abbey Road album. After all, “insect’s cry” stirs our poetic imagination in most countries, I believe.

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

“Getting to Know the *Dōjin*” Spring Reading—May 13, 2023

Alison Woolpert

Marilyn Gehant opened the Zoom meeting with an acknowledgment of the Indigenous peoples on whose ancestral land we now “live, write, and thrive.” She aptly reminded us, “As this is an international gathering, let us pause for a moment and think about the history and ancestors wherever we are on this good earth we call home.”

Our Kiyoko Tokutomi *dōjin*, Patricia J. Machmiller, gave the history of YT’s spring reading and thanked Roger Abe for its creation and for its long continuance as an annual event. Patricia started off the readings with a haibun written in honor of Kiyoshi Tokutomi.

Swallows and Sparrows

Patricia J. Machmiller

Kiyoshi is eight when his father dies in 1931. His distraught mother decides to send him along with his sister, Mitsuye, age 10, and brother, Yoshimitsu, age five, to live with the family in Japan. She needs to stay in the US to work in the fields. Yoshimitsu is too homesick and soon returns to his mom.

sunken castle
baby goldfish
search for home

It’s 2009. Both Kiyoshi and Kiyoko are dead. I am rummaging through a large cardboard box I retrieved from a storage locker. I’m looking for photos of Kiyoshi’s family, the family who raised him in Japan. The nameless people in the photos look back at me with solemn eyes and weathered visages. Most of the photos are undated, and when there is something written on the back, it is in Japanese, which I cannot read. Among the many faces, I come across a small wallet-sized photo folded into quarters as if someone wanted to make it even smaller. It’s a photo of two women. The back is filled with Japanese. I bring it to Mitsuye, Kiyoshi’s older sister, now 88. As she unfolds it, she runs her finger over the creases. *This is me, she says, me and my mom—it was taken the year I graduated from high school, 1940. When I returned home to the US, my mother bought me a new dress, and we had this photo taken; we sent it to Kiyoshi in Japan. He still had a year to go before he would finish and be able to join us.*

lingering heat
the intersection of what is
and what will be

Kiyoshi does not make it home. When he graduates, there will be no more passenger ships leaving for the US. Kiyoshi’s mother will be put in the internment camp at Heart Mountain, Wyoming. Mitsuye, too, but she will leave to serve as a maid in the US Navy Japanese Language School in Colorado and Yoshimitsu, also, will leave to join the US military.

Mitsuye turns the photo over, reads for the first time the Japanese inscription written in Kiyoshi’s hand; it’s addressed to her and her mother:

Mother, Sister . . . don't worry! "Little swallows and sparrows cannot know the intention of a big bird." It's been so long since Mother and I were separated—at least 10 years. I wonder how she is doing now. I grew up not knowing her love or the love of my father who was gone forever before I got to know him—I felt so sad, so miserable, all these years. But I am going to be strong, live strong, praying for the good health of Mother, Sister, and Brother—divine power in Heaven, let them know of my determination.

budding orchid
no going back
only forward

Notes:

"Swallows and Sparrows" was first published in *Grace: Kiyoko and Kiyoshi Tokutomi's Haiku Life*. Patricia J. Machmiller, Frog in the Moon Press (Cupertino, CA, 2023).

The quote of Kiyoshi Tokutomi is from *Autumn Loneliness: The Letters of Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi (July-December, 1967)*, Tei Matsushita Scott and Patricia J. Machmiller, trans., Hardscratch Press (Walnut Creek CA, 2009).

The other YTHS *dōjin* readings followed; these are highlights from the first three appointees.

Dōjin Emiko Miyashita, our long-time haiku ambassador from Japan, was concerned that her reading following Patricia's might *bend the wind in an acute way*, and Patricia responded that she hoped it would. Emiko then delighted us with a slideshow reading of her exquisite haiku. It was already Mother's Day in Japan, and two of the photos shared were particularly special, her dear mother reading a haiku journal and another of her three spirited granddaughters.

たちまちに吹雪の底の信夫山
tachimachi ni / fubuki no soko no / shinobuyama

all at once at the bottom
of the snowstorm
Mt. Shinobu

中空を雪は流れて降りられず
kanazora o / yuki wa nagarete / orirarezu

the snowflakes
carried through the midair
unable to land

Emiko added, "It is said that a gaze focused on a single point for an extended period directs the consciousness of every cell in the body to that single point. Haiku is surprisingly physical activity!"

a beaker and a cylinder
from late father's lab
freshly cut pink roses

Dōjin Hiroyuki Murakami, also from Japan, shared haiku and commentary about wolves. He began with a wolf haiku by the renowned haiku poet Tota Kaneko. Hiroyuki's own chilling wolf haiku appears below along with two of other subjects.

しまきくる檻の中なる狼に
 a snowstorm
 blows up against wolves
 in a cage

He explained, "Wolves preyed on wild boars and deer that destroyed agricultural products and were part of the lives of people in fields and mountains. The Japanese wolf has become extinct, but its DNA can be found in modern Japanese dogs (*Akita-inu* dog, *Shiba-inu* dog, and *Kai-ken* dog, etc)."

甲斐犬と緑陰深く繋がるる
 bound together
 in the deep green shade
 with a *Kai-ken* dog

平和の名賜りし薔薇まだ咲かず
 a rose
 granted the name "Peace"
 not yet in bloom

Dōjin Phillip Kennedy, a native of Canada and longtime resident of Monterey, California, is also a *dōjin* in the Japanese Ten'i Haiku Society, founded by Dr. Akito Arima. Six years ago, Phillip started writing haiku in Japanese. Here are three haiku that received recognition in Japan.

日につきて語らふ庭師オキザリス
 the gardener
 talks of the sun
 oxalis

玩具屋に積み木の城や春日差
 in the toyshop
 a castle of wooden blocks
 spring sunlight

寒の海舷に聖女の名ある舟
 cold sea
 a boat with the name of a saint
 on its side

Seven new *dōjin* were appointed in October, 2022. Here is a special haiku from each of them.

Dōjin Roger Abe, our dedicated Spring Reading coordinator from Morgan Hill, read a haibun about his recent trip to Oregon. It included references to stories from mythology. While there, he visited the Tualatin National Wildlife Refuge. According to legend, Tualatin means “lazy.” Roger captured this feeling in his reading of the haiku, and now how it appears on the page.

how . . . time . . . flies . . .
 crow . . . flapping . . . across . . . the . . . plain . . .
 Tualatin River

Dōjin Mimi Ahern of San Jose talked about her longtime interest in a book by Paul Ekman, *emotions revealed*. It presents five categories of emotions that can be read on the face—fear; anger; enjoyment; sadness; disgust. Mimi shared haiku representing the categories that were written by various haijin. Here is one of her own.

until I hear
 otherwise
 birdsong

Dōjin Johnnie Johnson Hafernik of San Francisco, our distinguished *Geppo* editor, shared haiku that flowed seasonally, starting with spring. She paid tribute to Phillip Kennedy by using some particular kigo that he had highlighted during his recent Zoom meeting presentations.

a stranger
 walks like a friend from my past
 crimson leaves

Dōjin Linda Papanicolaou, our dedicated YTHS president from Stanford, shared a solo *junicho*, *Our Paths Converge*. The haiku were written during gatherings at San Jose History Park. Linda described the park as a bit like a Knott’s Berry Farm experience, where old buildings get moved to create a little town. Her accompanying artwork was very evocative.

another old house
 moved to the History Park—
 winter camellias

Dōjin Neal Whitman of Pacific Grove shared a five haiku sequence inspired by Walt Whitman’s declaration in *Leaves of Grass* in which Walt Whitman wrote, *I too am not a bit tamed, I too am a bit untranslatable, I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world*. Here’s one from our own Whitman, Neal.

those words
 I wish I had said
 Unremarkable

Dōjin Alison Woolpert of Santa Cruz shared what she would have called a haibun, but refers to the piece now as a *haiku-bun*. The short prose was followed by 12 haiku—images from 12 family photos on a roll of film in a Brownie Starflash Kodak camera taken during a year.

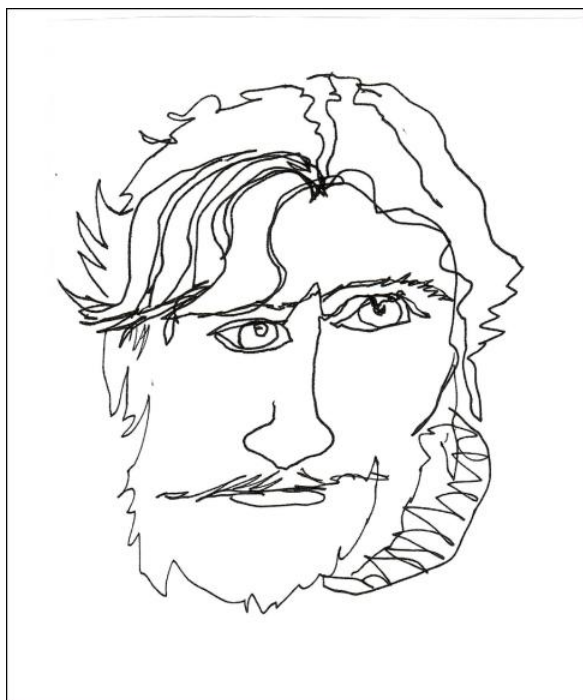
Christmas tree
the dachshund dog Kaiser
in tinsel

Dōjin J. Zimmerman of Santa Cruz, a prized *Geppo* proofreader, read a braided haibun that combined falconry and hang gliding. She started off with a haiku written in April at Henry Coe State Park where 30 species of wildflowers were identified. It was YTHS's first in-person *ginko* since the pandemic began.

bluewitch nightshade
blue dicks baby blue-eyes
a meadow of sky

The afternoon ended with a special reading of the *nijūin renku*, *Bay Nuts*, which won 2nd place in Haiku Society of America's 2023 Einbond Renku Contest. Authors are Roger Abe, Linda Papanicolaou, Carol Steele, and J. Zimmerman.

Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom Host), R. Abe, M. Ahern, B. Arnold, D. Basist, M. Berger, J. Doppler, S. Down, C. Fitz, M. Gehant, N. Z. Gertler, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. J. Hafernik, C. Holbrook, J. H. Hymas, D. Keim, D.P. Kolodji, A. Ostensio-Kennedy, P. Kennedy, P. J. Machmiller, E. Miyashita, B. A. Momoi, K. Momoi, H. Murakami, L. Papanicolaou, B. M. Santos, S. Saradunn, J. M. Schallberger, L. Scott, M. Sheffield, C. Steele, L. Swanson, M. D. Welch, tjwellsmiller, E. Whitman, N. Whitman, K. Wilson, N. Winkler, A. Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman.



"Contour of a Man," pen & ink drawing
by Eleanor Carolan

YTHS Haibun Workshop led by Richard Tice—June 10, 2023

Alison Woolpert

Via Zoom, Marilyn Gehant gave the invocation honoring and recognizing the importance of the Indigenous peoples, past and present, whose land we inhabit. After announcements, President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou introduced our guest presenter, the distinguished Richard Tice.

Tice started writing haiku in the 1970s while teaching English in Japan. In the late 1980s he took over editorship of *Dragonfly*, adding translations of contemporary Japanese haiku. With an academic background in comparative literature, he has been especially interested in exploring the relationship of haiku and related forms between Japanese and English. Tice has published two collections of haiku, *Station Stop: A Collection of Haiku and Related Forms* (1986) and *Familiar and Foreign: Haiku and Linked Verse* (2007).

The focus of Tice’s workshop was “What Is Haibun in Japanese Literature” and “Knowing May Help in Writing English Haibun.” Tice mentioned that unlike Japanese haiku, there are few Japanese haibun that have been translated into English, and for this reason, haibun written in English often lack connection to the Japanese perspective. He shared some of the characteristics of Japanese haibun written by Bashō, Issa, Natsume Sōseki, and Yayū, mentioning that the writing consists of concise expressions, is often poetic, and transcends the mundane. Some of the haibun, varying from Bashō’s more elegant style, have a lighthearted sense about them.

Generously, Tice gave participants time to compose haibun during the workshop, encouraging writers to choose a location, person, or event of significance and to choose a focus for the haibun. He suggested using simple English, concrete images, and varying the lengths of the sentences. A final suggestion, and one we discussed at some length following the writing sessions, was when pairing the haiku with the prose, to not have them be too close or too far away.

Several participants volunteered to share their choices of subject and location, along with drafts of a new haibun they started and even possible haiku. Tice gave helpful commentary and everyone was appreciative of his feedback and warm encouragement. An afternoon well spent!

Attendees: P. Gallagher (Zoom Host), C. L. Stern (Co-Host), M. Ahern, B. Arnold, D. Basist, M. Berger, J. Chou, D. Funston, M. Gehant, R. Holzer, K. Goldbach, J. J. Hafernik, T. Homan, J. H. Hymas, G. Longenecker, P.J. Machmiller, R. L. Matta, D. Matthews, B. A. Momoi, B. Moore, H. Ogden, L. Papanicolaou, J. Rueter, S. Sandrunn, J. M. Schallberger, M. Sheffield, C. Steele, K. Tice, R. Tice (Presenter), P. Wakimoto, tjwellsmiller, N. Whitman, K. Wilson, A. Woolpert, and S. Yee.

YTHS 2023 Tanabata Celebration on Zoom—Saturday, July 8, 2023

Patrick Gallagher

President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou opened the meeting with an invocation honoring the predecessors living on our lands and asked us to think of what we owe them and our ancestors.

In a brief discussion of the Society's activities, Kathabela Wilson reported that a record number of entries had been received for the 2023 Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest and that the contest judging process was on schedule. Barbara Moore related that the program for the Society's retreat at Asilomar this fall is shaping up well, and Bona Santos noted that there were a limited number of one-day outdoor attendance slots available for the retreat.

On request, *Dōjin* Patricia Machmiller and Bona Santos gave an impromptu account of the recent Haiku North America conference in Cincinnati.

Dōjin Roger Abe, an enthusiastic, longtime celebrator of Tanabata, shared a streamed video about the Chinese legend of the Princess and the Herdboy that is the basis for the holiday story.

Tanabata-themed haiku and haiga that members had submitted were shared in a presentation by Janice Doppler. Members present read their haiku when shown, and Janice read the haiku of members not present.

Patricia Machmiller recalled the history of Yuki Teikei's Tanabata celebrations. Early gatherings were held at the home of Mary Hill, and many later ones were at Anne Homan's home in the hills overlooking the California Central Valley, with donkeys in a nearby field. Poems were written on small kimono-shaped papers hung from bamboo stalks, and when clear skies were present, the Herdboy and Princess stars might be seen on either side of the Milky Way.

At the end of the meeting, members socialized in Zoom breakout rooms and then returned to the full group for more conversation.

Attendees: P. Gallagher (Host), J. Doppler (Co-host), R. Abe, M. Ahern, B. Arnold, D. Basist, C. Bruner, J. Chou, C. Fitz, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. Holding, M. H. Lee, G. Longenecker, P. J. Machmiller, B. Moore, H. Ogden, L. Papanicolaou, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, S. Saradunn, J. M. Schallberger, C. Seney, M. Sheffield, C. Steele, P. Wakimoto, and K. Wilson.

Firefly Invitations: Learning from Bashō About Connection and Scent and Lightness

J. Zimmerman

This sixth and concluding article about Bashō looks at the immense legacy in Shōmon (“the immediate Bashō school,” Carley, 3) and his Shōfu style (“in the manner or style of Bashō . . . [with his] aesthetics and techniques,” Carley, 4). See these terms also in Jonsson (33-34), Keene (57ff.), and Reichhold (418).

Bashō’s essential lifelong gift is in the making of connections and linkages. He did it within his linked verse and within his hokku (which we now consider as haiku). He did it in his haibun. Furthermore, he connected widely and deeply with other poets. Bashō was “first and foremost a haikai linked-verse poet, and it is this poetic form . . . which lies at the heart of his literature” (Shirane, 1992, 77). Commentators claim diverse attributes of Bashō’s poetry, but the one most fundamental to me is his gift of connection.

Bashō’s mature style favored “scent” linkage. (This is also called “reverberation,” or “transference,” or “status” linkage, Shirane, 1992, 78-79.) In linked verse, a scent linkage creates “a significant gap or distance between the verses” (Shirane, 1992, 81). At the same time, poets must avoid the danger that a link becomes “incomprehensible, the connections too distant” (Shirane, 1992, 98). Keene (1976) and Shirane (1992 and 1998) discuss scent linkages by Bashō in depth. Similar considerations for finding sufficient but not excessive gaps occur for haiku and haibun.

Two particular aspects key to Bashō’s later style were *sabi* and *karumi*. *Sabi* (sometimes with the term *shiori*) was “almost synonymous with the mature style of Bashō” (Jonsson, 95ff.). Jonsson differentiates “material” *sabi* (essentially a state of being rusted), *sabi* of the heart (a loneliness that is given a positive edge making it beautiful), and *sabi* in poetics (the immediate expression arising from the present situation). In contrast *shiori* connects to the past as “something felt from recollecting a process” (Jonsson, 110).

With *karumi* (often translated as “lightness”) Bashō emphasized the beauty of ordinary things presented in a direct and clear way. Reichhold (408) lists some of Bashō’s poems that he believed expressed *karumi*. She suggests that they tended to be less emotional than earlier poems, often by omitting verbs with emotional freight. For example, from 1690:

under the trees
soup and pickles
cherry blossoms

Several students abandoned Bashō over *karumi*, while others tried the practice but found it hard to understand and emulate (Reichhold, 407). A companion article on *karumi* in this issue of *Geppo* gives insight from our three bilingual *dōjin* on this topic. (See pages 36–37.)

At his death, Bashō left about 60 direct disciples but around 2000 devotees claiming to be of his school (Keene, 123). He had no convincing successor largely because he taught orally and wrote down very

little, he changed his emphasis many times, and he was still developing ideas at his death. Quarrelsome factions arose. Keene (337) observes, “Far from attempting to evoke with a bare seventeen syllables a whole world . . . [poets] either reverted to the superficial humor of the Teitoku and Danrin schools, or else wrote verses of such utter simplicity and insignificance that they hardly merit the name of poetry.” In particular, the “city-style haikai” developed by Kikaku and others was often “exaggerated and wild . . . [with] many Chinese expressions and . . . a free attitude toward the form” (Jonsson, 231). By contrast, a diluted *karumi* style became a core to the “countryside Shōmon” of Shikō and his followers (Jonsson, 232). For half a century Bashō’s influence faltered and faded.

About 1743 (by Japanese custom the 50th anniversary of Bashō’s death in 1694), the haikai revival began. Many poets advocated increasing respect for the achievements of Bashō, Yosa Buson (1716-83) central among them (Keene, 341).

Today we continue to admire Bashō and his works, studying what he left us. At lunch recently, our Kiyoko Tokutomi *dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller captured some fundamentals that Bashō advocated, especially to be in conversation with each other about the spirit of haiku aided, if desired, by bubbles:

pink champagne
we plumb the essence
of *karumi*

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Insights from Yuki Teikei's Three Bilingual *Dōjin* on *Karumi*

J. Zimmerman

Bashō's late-life practice of *karumi* (approximately "lightness") mystified many of his students. Some found *karumi* hard to understand and use, while several disliked it so much that they abandoned Bashō over it (as in the accompanying article "Firefly Invitations: Learning from Bashō About Connection and Scent and Lightness"). I asked our three bilingual *dōjin* for their impressions of *karumi*.

Dōjin Hiroyuki Murakami emailed:

Bashō expresses *karumi* or lightness after knowing the depth or profundity of the haiku. Humor was especially important to him at the time of *karumi*. In other words, humor or laughter with greater depth of flavor seems to have become his concern.

Kyoriku Morikawa (1656-1715), a disciple of Bashō, wrote in his book *Haikai Mondō (Haikai Questions and Answers)* that: "The word 'light' does not refer to the lightness of taste created by trivial words. It refers to the state in which the words that come out from the bottom of one's stomach [one's center of energy, JZ] naturally exist above the haiku."

Dōjin Phillip Kennedy emailed:

"Personally, I wonder if *karumi* is best understood as 'the opposite of deliberateness' in composition."



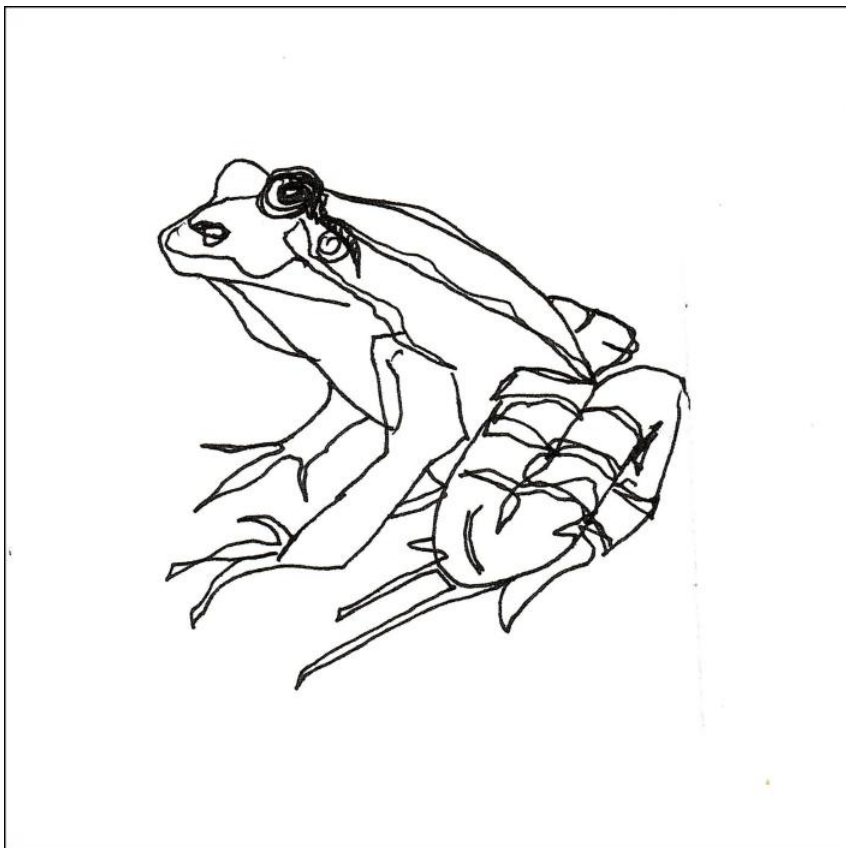
"Lotus," linoleum block print on paper by Eleanor Carolan

Dōjin Emiko Miashita emailed:

Bashō's last teaching before he passed away was *karumi*, and his "*aki fukaki / tonari wa nani o / suru hito zo* (deep autumn / what does the next door / person do)" is said to be showcasing this practice In today's haiku scene, everybody writes haiku from our daily lives and daily experiences, and we value authenticity I think most of us are very honest in writing what we experience in our haiku. Don't you think so? In Bashō's days when he was renovating *renku*, the situation was different: poets had to show their wit or knowledge by quoting or alluding to the classical canon. I think that *karumi* is the idea of cutting off this heavy chain and freeing the poetic essence found in one's own life.

She added that: "It is very natural for me to be simply, honestly sketching my daily life in the form of haiku" and that effectively *karumi* has become a style used in this way, matter-of-factly.

From these insights, I wonder if a haiku without *karumi* is akin to the famous self-conscious finger or even to an entire jeweled hand pointing at the moon, while the haiku with *karumi* is more akin to the moon itself. A possible writing exercise is to take a bejeweled haiku and write different versions of it in a *karumi* style.



"Frog," pen & ink drawing by
Eleanor Carolan

Recent Books (2022-2023) by YTHS Members*

Mariko Kitakubo and Deborah P Kolodji, *Distance: Tan-Ku Sequences & Sets*, Shabda Press, 2023. Available from amazon.com for \$18 (plus shipping).

Lenard D. Moore, *A Million Shadows at Noon*, Cuttlefish Books, 2023. Available from Cuttlefish Books for \$13.92 (plus shipping).

Hiroyuki Murakami, *Harvest Moon: English/Japanese Haiku Collection*, Amazon Publishing, 2023. Available from amazon.com as a Kindle e-book (\$5.75) and a paperback (\$6.43 plus shipping).

**Geppo* will occasionally announce 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.



“Lily,” linoleum block print on paper
by Eleanor Carolan

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**

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 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.

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 th -Day Moon.” Details to follow.
October 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
October 12-15 In Person	YTHS Annual Retreat— Asilomar Conference Grounds, Pacific Grove, CA.
November 11 Via Zoom	“Midwifing the Unborn” workshop led by <i>Dōjin</i> Patricia J. Machmiller and fellow <i>dōjin</i> . Members are asked to bring unborn poems from October retreat <i>kukai</i> .
December 14 TBD	Holiday Party. <i>Details to Come!</i>
January 1, 2024	YTHS membership dues for 2024 are due.
January 15, 2024	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com