

# GEPPPO 月報

*the haiku work-study journal of the*

## *Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

Volume XLVIII:4 Aug—Oct 2023

Published in Nov 2023

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

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| 6097 | harvest moon<br>a well-rounded<br>skinny dipper                                | 6105 | wind-whipped straps<br>of a car-top bike rack—<br>the golden hills               |
| 6098 | a walk in the woods<br>thistles get carried away<br>on her sweater             | 6106 | bow-string moon—<br>the headlights of a car<br>wind down the mountain            |
| 6099 | Oktoberfest beer garden<br>the parking lot<br>labyrinth                        | 6107 | deep autumn twilight—<br>the last of the dog walkers<br>heads home from the park |
| 6100 | killing frost<br>green tomatoes glisten<br>on the windowsill                   | 6108 | first rain—<br>what's left of the garage sale<br>piled at the curb               |
| 6101 | deepening autumn<br>father brings his walking stick<br>to the pumpkin patch    | 6109 | bamboo grove<br>watching the heron<br>watch the koi                              |
| 6102 | vespertine prayers<br>the susurrus of corn stalks<br>in the autumn wind        | 6110 | loneliness<br>an eagle's wing<br>soars through it                                |
| 6103 | waning crescent moon . . .<br>the last great egrets fleeing<br>the Susquehanna | 6111 | autumn twilight<br>double dutch rope<br>slows to a stop                          |
| 6104 | fall contemplation<br>starting with Bashō's death poem<br>and working backward | 6112 | ochre watercolors<br>autumn washes<br>off my brush                               |

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| 6113 | in<br>the time allotted . . .<br>mayfly                                 | 6124 | with a fork<br>I lever out wild garlic-<br>soup tonight                        |
| 6114 | hurricane watch<br>all eyes in the bar<br>fixed on the weather woman    | 6125 | autumn haiku the oak grove's white spaces                                      |
| 6115 | battered and bruised<br>peaches coat the bottom<br>of my shopping bag   | 6126 | shadow season<br>the long and short<br>of it                                   |
| 6116 | smooth jazz<br>three full measures of<br>a lick and a promise           | 6127 | damsel flies<br>knit the reeds together . . .<br>stagnant pond                 |
| 6117 | My neighborhood priest<br>looks for frankincense<br>under a desert moon | 6128 | farmers' market<br>we choose a bouquet<br>of daisy gourds                      |
| 6118 | Grandpa mixes bourbon<br>with his sake—<br>I don't think I want that    | 6129 | tag eight-forty-one<br>wants a surfboard too—<br>she otter be free             |
| 6119 | Driving the hearse<br>he stops to say Hello—<br>Day of the Dead         | 6130 | hardy millet grows<br>tall on their <i>shamba</i><br>herd and shepherd share   |
| 6120 | Soon to start<br>place your bets<br>on the turning table                | 6131 | bales inside the barn<br>floating bits of amber straw—<br>the harvest complete |
| 6121 | I watch a robin<br>pull a worm, watching me<br>pull a weed              | 6132 | one leaf left<br>pitter without patter<br>autumn loneliness                    |
| 6122 | tiny pin-headed rain<br>spa treatment<br>at no cost                     | 6133 | fog sometimes it's a blessing  |
| 6123 | smell of honey-<br>shining yellow and bright<br>gorse flowers           | 6134 | overgrown garden<br>after so long<br>where to start                            |
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| 6135 | wild fennel a little goes a long way                                      | 6146 | a moth hole<br>in a good sweater<br>autumn melancholy                     |
| 6136 | what is the magic word<br>to make things right again<br>cold spell        | 6147 | at the resale shop<br>my too-small dress<br>gets a slimmer owner          |
| 6137 | tears<br>on a school bus<br>first day of school                           | 6148 | downsizing<br>they don't want our stuff<br>they have their own lives      |
| 6138 | electric car silence<br>on the mountain road<br>a deer                    | 6149 | ripe pumpkins—<br>on a rusty tractor<br>a red-tailed hawk                 |
| 6139 | autumn equinox<br>just ahead<br>the red of taillights                     | 6150 | broad-winged hawks<br>riding afternoon thermals<br>a hang glider          |
| 6140 | no two alike . . .<br>remembering the fallen<br>gingko leaves             | 6151 | autumn gusts<br>rolling across the prairie<br>a tumbleweed                |
| 6141 | autumn equinox<br>drifting in and out<br>of this life                     | 6152 | suddenly autumn<br>from the edge of spruce and pine<br>Orion's first peep |
| 6142 | curling myself<br>into a tighter ball<br>hard rain                        | 6153 | morning breeze<br>finches ride the stalks<br>of spent sunflowers          |
| 6143 | lengthening shadows<br>a field mouse<br>creeps under the door             | 6154 | autumn rain<br>in the garbage can lid<br>puddle of sparrows               |
| 6144 | tattered monarch<br>neither of us<br>going anywhere                       | 6155 | a chorus rises<br>at the outdoor festival<br>clicking cicadas             |
| 6145 | they sift through ashes<br>looking for anything<br>from their former life | 6156 | hornet swarm<br>sound of coming cold<br>under the shutters                |
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| 6157 | AI voice<br>reporting<br>man-made heat  | 6168 | wildly pawing<br>a floating feather<br>the old dog                      |
| 6158 | a tram goes<br>through light and shadow . . .<br>full moon night                | 6169 | flash of gold<br>a finch settles<br>on a sunflower                      |
| 6159 | boardwalk<br>but now the xylophone<br>acorns fall                               | 6170 | September chill<br>a breeze penetrates<br>my flimsy shirt               |
| 6160 | leaves falling<br>into a moving sky<br>on the water                             | 6171 | cooler days<br>a favorite cap<br>tucked in my coat                      |
| 6161 | cheering tri-athletes<br>the guy in a cow suit<br>ringing his cowbell           | 6172 | falling asleep<br>the hoot of an owl<br>a lullaby                       |
| 6162 | course inspection<br>a day before the marathon<br>the blaze of lightning        | 6173 | ditches alongside<br>the gravel road into town<br>filled with goldenrod |
| 6163 | monarch butterfly<br>slowly a huge black spider<br>devours the body             | 6174 | autumn loneliness—<br>a white squirrel forages<br>under a park bench    |
| 6164 | sudden backyard peace<br>instead of crows in the redwood<br>the red-tailed hawk | 6175 | rusty bicycle<br>leaning against a garage—<br>autumn equinox            |
| 6165 | farm sunrise<br>a diesel tractor<br>shapes the horizon                          | 6176 | departing autumn—<br>meandering forest path<br>no longer narrow         |
| 6166 | produce aisle . . .<br>the deep breathing<br>to open plastic bags               | 6177 | the long pauses<br>in our conversations<br>autumn deepens               |
| 6167 | costume party<br>an owl and pussycat<br>share a treat                           | 6178 | furiously<br>finishing the roof<br>hurricane hilary                     |
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| 6179 | waist-high weeds<br>at the corner house<br>late autumn            | 6190 | sidewalk<br>kids pedal their bikes<br>over their palm prints          |
| 6180 | conducting<br>an invisible orchestra<br>autumn dusk               | 6191 | penguins parade<br>around in my living room . . .<br>nature channel   |
| 6181 | 5AM<br>the year's last crickets<br>sing slow songs                | 6192 | salmon run<br>the easy deep water<br>a lifetime behind                |
| 6182 | bare trees<br><br>even the living<br>seem dead                    | 6193 | departing autumn<br>where the young spruce died<br>sunken ground      |
| 6183 | glistening<br>on wet asphalt<br>willow leaves                     | 6194 | fumes from oil tankers<br>on the marsh<br>a moaning wind              |
| 6184 | housecat<br>hungry/bored/lonely<br>the same meow                  | 6195 | tinder-dry autumn<br>a wildfire watch for which way<br>the wind blows |
| 6185 | morning chill . . .<br>i s t r e t c h a little<br>more slowly    | 6196 | first autumn rain<br>the pause between<br>each drop                   |
| 6186 | witches' forest . . .<br>all the secret trails<br>memorized       | 6197 | not yet dawn<br>Orion shoots<br>for the moon                          |
| 6187 | curling<br>in upon itself<br>the cricket's chirp                  | 6198 | cloudless night<br>a blank canvas<br>for the stars                    |
| 6188 | coastal flight . . .<br>a cormorant lets down<br>the landing gear | 6199 | withered fields<br>last year's birds return<br>to the feeder          |
| 6189 | above my bed<br>an orb spider explores<br>the dream catcher       | 6200 | maple leaf cookies<br>in the country store<br>the shape of autumn     |
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| 6201 | toddler's tray . . .<br>silver dollar pancakes<br>in a maple syrup sea  | 6212 | after the call<br>I step out beneath<br>a mackerel sky                             |
| 6202 | trying on<br>a long red dress—<br>falling leaves                        | 6213 | sunrise<br>the frosty scolding<br>of a raven                                       |
| 6203 | autumn sun<br>the classroom windows<br>flung wide open                  | 6214 | blackbirds<br>weave in and out<br>of the falling light                             |
| 6204 | October 1 <sup>st</sup><br>a stockboy stocks<br>the nutcrackers         | 6215 | the quiet wild<br>of trembling aspen<br>autumn breeze                              |
| 6205 | produce sign:<br><i>They brought their own bag</i><br><i>Tangerines</i> | 6216 | Morning in Paris<br>Begins with croissant and tea<br>Autumn sky through the window |
| 6206 | beach jack-o-lantern<br>carved for an <i>'ohana</i><br>R.I.P.           | 6217 | waning moon<br>the mirror wins<br>the argument                                     |
| 6207 | not a prescribed burn scent of autumn                                   | 6218 | a silver hair falls<br>from the library book<br>winter nears                       |
| 6208 | last year's hems<br>let out<br>the late bell rings                      | 6219 | ticking leaves<br>a bamboo tea scoop<br>taps the bowl                              |
| 6209 | waiting in line<br>at the seafood counter<br>packed in like sardines    | 6220 | chickadees<br>the last borage flowers<br>fly away                                  |
| 6210 | office Halloween candy<br>my computer covered<br>with sticky notes      | 6221 | the way<br>light dances on the sand . . .<br>low tide                              |
| 6211 | mum festival<br>under gray skies<br>post-COVID brain fog                | 6222 | deadheading<br>the <i>Gloriosa</i> daisies<br>too many headlines                   |

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| 6223 | forging ahead<br>toward the last of the light<br>brown pelicans     | 6234 | impressionism —<br>i wonder where<br>my glasses are                  |
| 6224 | new project<br>front yard landscaping . . .<br>deer salad bar!      | 6235 | reminded again<br>of the impermanence —<br>hospital room             |
| 6225 | the thoughts<br>I want to avoid<br>yucca blossom                    | 6236 | open window —<br>a lock of her hair<br>flutters                      |
| 6226 | the pleasure<br>of a lonesome song<br>autumn wind                   | 6237 | the gurgling stream<br>gathering steam<br>summer waterfall           |
| 6227 | a ginger cat<br>and a pumpkin on the fence<br>dappled light         | 6238 | horseshoe tracks<br>into the vernal pool —<br>approaching solstice   |
| 6228 | pumpkin flower<br>dizzy and dusted in pollen<br>a bee               | 6239 | mostly sunny —<br>a thank-you card<br>in today's mail                |
| 6229 | a bumble bee hums<br>through the plum tree . . .<br>skipping stones | 6240 | spring blizzard —<br>my call to postpone<br>the minivan's oil change |
| 6230 | river glide<br>the silence<br>of our oars                           | 6241 | on my fruit bowl<br>the dappled light<br>of a harvest moon           |
| 6231 | trail hike . . .<br>the incense of<br>sun-warmed pine               | 6242 | hydra<br>my thoughts, here<br>there and everywhere                   |
| 6232 | an afternoon of picking<br>at the orchard . . .<br>banjo and fiddle | 6243 | trapped on a spider web morning dew                                  |
| 6233 | elevation gain<br>the valley oaks replaced<br>with pine             | 6244 | autumn drizzle<br>my lazy bones<br>rule the day                      |
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| 6245 | oh, no! the car keys<br>on the seat!<br><i>open sesame</i>                     | 6256 | brighter than my mood<br>and the lamplight on my desk<br>harvest moon rising    |
| 6246 | thrashing and groans<br>at the storm's peak<br>Labor Day                       | 6257 | leaf peeping season—<br>even the aspen leaves<br>applauding                     |
| 6247 | carrying sorrow<br>from room to room<br>the housefly's whines                  | 6258 | dueling banjos—<br>outside the bedroom window<br>two crickets                   |
| 6248 | sunny and windless<br>such a beautiful day<br>and yet those wars               | 6259 | walking in a field<br>a spattering of crickets<br>explodes from my feet         |
| 6249 | pink thistle heads<br>burst into stars<br>4th of July                          | 6260 | suddenly awake—<br>slipping around the corner<br>the tail of my dream           |
| 6250 | muggy day<br>two crows chatter<br>over the fence                               | 6261 | after all these years<br>memories of their meeting<br>bird of passage           |
| 6251 | red wine spilled<br>on a white tablecloth<br>wildfire smoke                    | 6262 | paper lanterns draped<br>the bay laurel leaves flutter<br>scented autumn breeze |
| 6252 | the crisp plaid<br>of a new school dress<br>ripe apple                         | 6263 | by the wheelchair<br>a crow hobbles as it pecks<br>amid red leaves              |
| 6253 | a walk in the rain<br>sidestepping all the puddles<br>and slippery leaves      | 6264 | at his grave<br>his soul, her mind escape<br>river of stars                     |
| 6254 | it hangs by itself<br>though still tied to the others<br>blue morning glory    | 6265 | wasps over<br>flat taco<br>over green tea                                       |
| 6255 | do they know they're home?<br>the autumn raindrops that fell<br>into the river | 6266 | jerry seinfeld<br>talking to michael richards<br>raindrops on the windshield    |
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| 6267 | committing suicide<br>in my water glass—<br>one canyonlands ant                      | 6278 | surveying the beach<br>one seagull<br>and I                                      |
| 6268 | all the buzz STOPS . . .<br>scrambled eggs on my spatula<br>feeds the yellow jackets | 6279 | did dad mean<br>Asilomar when he sang<br><i>I'll take you home again</i>         |
| 6269 | autumn mountains<br>remembering old faces<br>in every rock                           | 6280 | autumn dusk deepens<br>crows settle in the treetops<br>I leave the light off     |
| 6270 | meteor shower<br>obscured by the fog<br>of city lights                               | 6281 | a market vendor<br>selling colourful lipsticks<br>paired with mistletoe          |
| 6271 | cat ashes scattered<br>on a sunny hillside—<br>California Quail                      | 6282 | predators at night<br>trawling through the pumpkin patch<br>find only magic      |
| 6272 | Emoji Day<br>my face is so long<br>irreversibly                                      | 6283 | mums dancing<br>by the steep mountain steps<br>cheerleaders smile                |
| 6273 | young cashier<br>I forget to pay<br>for my groceries                                 | 6284 | dewdrops stare<br>maple leaves circling<br>slow goodbye                          |
| 6274 | Trader Joe's<br>the gerbera stems kept straight<br>with plastic collars              | 6285 | moon and the pilgrim<br>occupying a vast plane<br>indulgence                     |
| 6275 | concentration camp<br>the light western breeze<br>sweetened with linden              | 6286 | headlights darting<br>through rainy evening darkness<br>necklace on velvet       |
| 6276 | so steep so long<br>the trek to the picnic . . .<br>flowers grow smaller             | 6287 | the string hammock<br>rolled up for warm days . . .<br>at the new house          |
| 6277 | crowded meeting<br>I escape to dance<br>at the beach                                 | 6288 | cardboard moving box<br>old black-and-white memories<br>stick to plastic sleeves |
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| 6289 | packed boxes<br>with uncertain futures . . .<br>next holiday season              | 6300 | sturgeon moon<br>swimming up<br>a silver coast                                   |
| 6290 | I join the cohort . . .<br>blue moon watchers standing here<br>through millennia | 6301 | deep tree shade<br>on the cheek, a kiss<br>of autumn                             |
| 6291 | snow white unicorn<br>on a rose parade float<br>dances round and around          | 6302 | rubbing the heads<br>on his cache of ancient coins<br>reaching back through time |
| 6292 | warning<br>mosquitos buzz around me<br>full moon                                 | 6303 | pain like a sweetness<br>a first ever broken heart<br>will she remember?         |
| 6293 | musk ox battle<br>rushing sixty miles an hour<br>win mating rights               | 6304 | fogged firmament<br>sun a dimly distant pearl—<br>an eclipsed eclipse            |
| 6294 | baby puma cub<br>swings paws in mid-air<br>winter sky                            | 6305 | the old dog wakes up<br>the morning wildlife report:<br>there's been a raccoon   |
| 6295 | washed in raspberry<br>so the guide says<br>purple finch song                    | 6306 | closing credits roll<br>the felt sense<br>of fog creep                           |
| 6296 | the stench of wildfires<br>from hundreds of miles away<br>autumn equinox         | 6307 | pampas plumes<br>slight smile<br>from a thirsty friend                           |
| 6297 | autumn evening<br>unused business cards<br>in the top drawer                     | 6308 | first star<br>the indirect address<br>of an asterisk                             |
| 6298 | autumn guests<br>descend<br>trumpeting   | 6309 | extracting the foxtail<br>from my sock<br>missed text message                    |
| 6299 | dawn starlight breathing<br>a deep breath—<br>the day begins                     | 6310 | autumn light—<br>a great crow consecrates<br>a potato chip                       |

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| 6311 | tell me Muse<br>of the man of twists and turns—<br>autumn night                  | 6322 | so light<br>these ashes<br>of a chunky man                                      |
| 6312 | autumn chill—<br>the sound of a distant ax<br>stopping abruptly                  | 6323 | waking up<br>in my native village<br>frog song                                  |
| 6313 | fallen leaves crackle<br>under footsteps in the forest—<br>midnight foxtrot      | 6324 | turn back clocks<br>refill the pill box—<br>ahhh . . . now to snooze            |
| 6314 | the fireflies are gone<br>replaced by night light pixels—<br>Cassiopeia          | 6325 | hide and seek<br>the crunch<br>of leaves  |
| 6315 | the gnarled ancient oak<br>is even more glorious<br>bare against the moon        | 6326 | from surprise attack<br>suffering ripples out<br>autumn madness                 |
| 6316 | crisp nights foster dreams<br>darkness cradles them softly—<br>new moon promises | 6327 | yellow maple leaves—<br>it is what it was<br>it is what it is                   |
| 6317 | beach sagewort<br>bearer of dignity . . .<br>stirs mine                          | 6328 | humpback whales feeding<br>schools of anchovies offshore—<br>early Thanksgiving |
| 6318 | sea glass shards<br>escape discovery<br>the taste of salt air                    | 6329 | forest icicles<br>gaily festoon the pine trees—<br>lace lichen swaying          |
| 6319 | dappled shadows<br>pattern the ochre pathway<br>autumn deepens                   | 6330 | inverse <i>ensō</i> in<br>a path across the Southwest—<br>annular eclipse       |
| 6320 | fall concert's end<br>the crickets<br>keep going                                 | 6331 | Bird Island tourists—<br>squadrons of brown pelicans,<br>en route to Baja       |
| 6321 | only two cars<br>on this night road<br>each going somewhere                      | 6332 | smiling pumpkins<br>smiling children<br>smiling dentist                         |

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| 6333 | brisk walk<br>I hurry along<br>with the leaves                           | 6341 | have not heard<br>from you in such a long while<br>night owl         |
| 6334 | when pumpkin pie<br>and turkey won't do<br>Thanksgiving anyway           | 6342 | an autumn renku party<br>the ants come late<br>to drink spilled sake |
| 6335 | fallen leaves<br>I pick one up<br>for an etching                         | 6343 | harvest moon . . .<br>dancing the night away                         |
| 6336 | turning pages<br>of her soup recipes<br>a tarnished spoon                | 6344 | the sound of crows<br>surrounds me<br>Monterey pines                 |
| 6337 | the 49th memorial day<br>a last beet I cook from<br>her empty fridge     | 6345 | mock heather<br>on the dunes<br>Asilomar dreams                      |
| 6338 | her long eyelashes<br>flapping like a butterfly<br>backyard birding      | 6346 | autumn deepens<br>the light that shines<br>within us                 |
| 6339 | red-tailed fledglings<br>take a leap of faith to<br>a world full of hope | 6347 | clicking the brakes<br>on my walker<br>autumn loneliness             |
| 6340 | 3 A.M. autumn night<br>the question that never fails—<br>are you asleep? |      |  |

**Welcome to New YTHS Members**

Sally Deems-Mogyordy, Sheffield Lake, OH;  
Ked W. Kirkham, Sunset, UT;  
Desiree Phillippe-McMurry, Franklin, MO;  
Karen Robotka, Santa Rosa, CA;  
Joshua St. Claire, New Freedom, PA;  
Nanae Tamura, Matsuyama, Japan;  
and Jane Varkonyi, Placerville, CA.

## Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

kris moon kondo set off from Boston in 1972 for a year in Japan. She travelled by train across Canada, where she grew up; then in San Francisco she boarded the Brazil Maru for the 18-day voyage across the Pacific. In her backpack, she had a set of R. H. Blythe's haiku books, a gift from Kaji Aso, her then partner. (Her empty Boston apartment, where he held classes in fine arts and Japanese culture, was to become the inspiration for the Kaji Aso Studio.) Her lifelong journey with haiku and sumi painting began by reading and copying a haiku a day in Japanese and English, always carrying a sketchbook diary and small sumi inkstone, and creating sumi and washi postcards. What was meant to be a year in Japan absorbing the four seasons turned into a lifetime.

Her connection with Yuki Teikei began in the summer of 1992, when she and her then husband led the Association for International Renku (AIR). Their Renku North America Tour involved poets from Japan visiting poets in five US cities and writing 120 renku. Kyoko Tokutomi, Patricia J. Machmiller, and others joined them in San Francisco. For the tour, kris, along with William J. Higginson, translated Kenkichi Yamamoto's "The Five Hundred Essential Season Words" and compiled it into a pamphlet (<https://tinyurl.com/500-SeasonWords>). Later in the 90s Kyoko Tokutomi, her daughter Yukiko, and grandson stayed with kris in Japan, and they wrote with the AIR group and Patricia Donegan.

kris says, "Art and poetry have been an essential part of my entire life. I am so grateful to Kathabela and Rick Wilson for opening their home and poetry meetings to the world and me online since the pandemic started and encouraging me to rejoin the Yuki Teikei family."



Watercolor and sumi by kris moon kondo.

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

cicada goes silent  
 sometimes it's better  
 to listen  
 ~Randy Brooks

all those quiet  
 life stages, then voilà  
 the insect's cry  
 ~Clysta Seney

red rubber ball  
 schoolboys chase after  
 the cricket's cry  
 ~Joshua St. Claire

ready or not that urgent song of fall field crickets  
 ~Beverly Acuff Momoi

half a house  
 on a flatbed truck—  
 insects' cry  
 ~Linda Papanicolaou

warm pillow  
 by an open window  
*mushi no yami*  
 ~Mimi Ahern

washing out my brush  
 through the purple close of day  
 an insect's long cry  
 ~Shelli Jankowski-Smith

if we  
 could understand them  
 insect cries  
 ~Ruth Holzer

finishing  
 our siesta  
 insect's cry  
 ~Marilyn Ashbaugh

clickkk-buzzzz-shreekk  
 trilll-scraape-swishh-hummm  
 insect orchestra  
 ~Christine Lamb Stern

insects cry  
 a relative calm  
 after the storm  
 ~Michael Henry Lee

first night alone—  
 through the open window  
 insect cries  
 ~Janice Doppler

Hear the insects' cry  
 underneath the pines—  
 rain wakes them from sleep  
 ~Jane Stuart

insects cry  
 as grandmother knits  
 end of year picnic  
 ~Jo Balisteri

grasslands  
 the pulsing of wind  
 and katydids  
 ~Debbie Strange

before night  
 they now tune one another—  
 sound of insects  
 ~Hiroyuki Murakami

more than an inn more  
 than a village—this city  
 of singing insects  
 ~J. Zimmerman

perched red dragonfly . . .  
 even with chipped wings  
 such silence  
 ~Richard L. Matta

autumn evening  
 the crisp cry  
 of crickets  
 ~Michael Sheffield

unpacking dishes—  
 familiar cry of insects  
 as afternoon fades  
 ~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

first cool evening  
 the insects' cries  
 quieter  
 ~Chris Bruner

deep in the shadows  
 the insect chorus rises  
 and falls  
 ~kris moon kondo

quiet evening  
 alone on the patio  
 a cricket chirps  
 ~Elinor Pihl Huggett

insect's cry  
 at the gate as we say good night  
 the crescendo  
 ~Christine Horner

insects' cries  
 nightfall's playlist  
 spins again  
 ~Helen Ogden

insects' cry  
 the night settles down  
 into quiet  
 ~Alison Woolpert

muddling  
 through post-COVID brain fog  
 autumn of the insects  
 ~Sari Grandstaff

after the brownies  
 the sound of insects  
 lull me to sleep  
 ~Gregory Longenecker

deportations  
 the darkness  
 of insects  
 ~Dyana Basist

circling the calendar  
 to the katydid's song  
 . . . first frost  
 ~Paula Sears

in the clutch  
 of a praying mantis—  
 insect's cry  
 ~Dana Grover

duskfall—  
 the voices of insects  
 up a pitch  
 ~Michael Dylan Welch

midnight sonata crickets in heat  
 ~Bona M. Santos

insect voices  
 stop  
 our conversation  
 ~Barbara Snow

the soundtrack  
of our dreams  
insects' cry  
~Kathy Goldbach

crickets  
an octave above  
sputtering chainsaw  
~Lorraine A Padden

Friday night  
high school football game  
insects cry  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

they too cannot sleep  
I listen all the night long  
to the insects cry  
~Priscilla Lignori

mutterings  
behind streetlight curtains  
insect sighs  
~Lisa Anne Johnson

through the field at night  
a shadow slows to listen  
insects cry too  
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

a cricket  
from the back of the garage  
cries out  
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

humble insect's cry  
on a golden afternoon—  
what's the buzz?  
~Roger Abe

Harvard Yard  
the invisible insect  
incessantly loud  
~Zinovy Vayman

clear-toned cicadas  
cry as mother's last sweet words  
echo in my bones  
~Kathabela Wilson

repeating my name  
over and over again  
the cries of insects  
~Marcia Burton

when crickets chirp  
killer flies track their sounds  
crickets purr  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

insect's silent cry  
on its back six legs kicking  
much like a baby's  
~Lois Heyman Scott

the parking lot's  
warm asphalt  
a single cricket's cry  
~Stephanie Baker

insects cry—  
I sit by the window  
a little longer  
~Phillip R. Kennedy

one small insect's cry  
serenades me through this night  
dreaming of crickets  
~Sally Deems-Mogyordy

insect's cry  
learning to say  
yes  
~John J. Han

cicada cries  
fading into white noise  
tinnitus  
~Mark Teaford



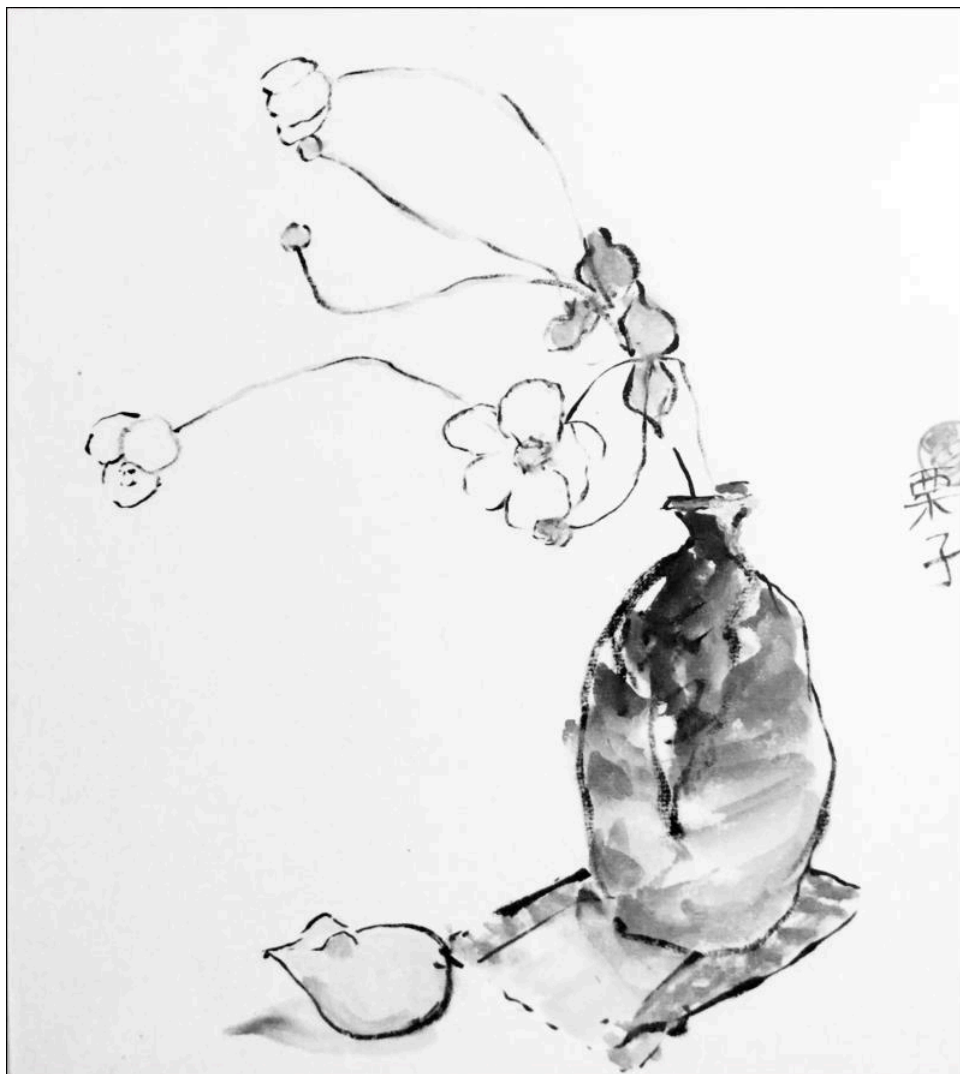
world turmoil  
even the  
insects cry  
~Carolyn Fitz

amid the heat wave  
thick wood smoke hangs in the air  
an insect cries  
~David Keim

the deafening din  
of cicadas—a cry of  
insects without pause  
~David Sherertz

the drone  
of the news channel  
insect's cry  
~Deborah P Kolodji

a tarantula dances along  
the insects' chirping  
uv light blues  
~Wakako Miya Rollinger



Watercolor and sumi by kris moon kondo.

### Members' Votes for Haiku Published in August 2023 *Geppo*

Jackie Chou	5858–3,	5859–3,	5860–1,	5861–2
Michael Henry Lee	5862–2	5863–2,	5864–11,	5865–4
Neal Whitman	5866–4,	5867–3,	5868–0,	5869–1
Jane Stuart	5870–0,	5871–0,	5872–0,	5873–0
J. Zimmerman	5874–2,	5875–1,	5876–0,	5877–1
Michael Sheffield	5878–9,	5879–7,	5880–3,	5881–1
Marilyn Ashbaugh	5882–6,	5883–3,	5884–2,	5885–4
Linda Papanicolaou	5886–2,	5887–6,	5888–2,	5889–3
Ruth Holzer	5890–2,	5891–6,	5892–9,	5893–0
Elaine Whitman	5894–1,	5895–1,	5896–5,	5897–7
Clysta Seney	5898–1,	5899–0,	5900–0,	5901–1
Hiroyuki Murakami	5902–1,	5903–2,	5904–1,	5905–0
Marcia Burton	5906–6,	5907–1,	5908–0,	5909–3
Dana Grover	5910–9,	5911–1,	5912–2,	5913–0
Reiko Seymour	5914–0			
Barbara Snow	5915–5	5916–7,	5917–0,	5918–0
Alison Woolpert	5919–1,	5920–7,	5921–3,	5922–1
Dyana Basist	5923–2,	5924–5,	5925–4,	5926–2
Debbie Strange	5927–6,	5928–1,	5929–2,	5930–1
Sari Grandstaff	5931–0,	5932–0,	5933–0,	5934–0
Emily Fogle	5935–9,	5936–4,	5937–3,	5938–1
Helen Ogden	5939–4,	5940–8,	5941–2,	5942–6
Janice Doppler	5943–8,	5944–0,	5945–5,	5946–4
Priscilla Lignori	5947–1,	5948–0,	5949–3,	5950–1
Gregory Longenecker	5951–1,	5952–1,	5953–2	5954–10
Barrie Levine	5955–3,	5956–6,	5957–2,	5958–3
Randy Brooks	5959–0,	5960–3,	5961–2,	5962–3
Beverly Acuff Momoi	5963–3,	5964–8,	5965–2,	5966–0
Chad Henry	5967–2,	5968–2,	5969–6,	5970–3
Richard L. Matta	5971–0,	5972–0,	5973–3,	5974–16
Marilyn Gehant	5975–0,	5976–0,	5977–0,	5978–8
Bona M. Santos	5979–3,	5980–3,	5981–0,	5982–0
Christine Horner	5983–3,	5984–1,	5985–0,	5986–3
Zinovy Vayman	5987–2,	5988–1,	5989–4,	5990–2
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	5991–4,	5992–2,	5993–3,	5994–3
Noga Shemer	5995–0,	5996–1,	5997–8,	5998–0
Sharon Lynne Yee	5999–0,	6000–1,	6001–0,	6002–1
Bruce H. Feingold	6003–0,	6004–1,	6005–7	
Kathabela Wilson	6006–2,	6007–6,	6008–2,	6009–0
Kathy Goldbach	6010–2,	6011–2,	6012–0,	6013–5
Mimi Ahern	6014–3,	6015–3,	6016–1,	6017–9
Stephanie Baker	6018–1,	6019–1,	6020–2,	6021–1

Joyce Baker	6022–2,	6023–0,	6024–1	
Lisa Anne Johnson	6025–3,	6026–1,	6027–2,	6028–0
Barbara Moore	6029–10,	6030–1,	6031–0,	6032–2
Phillip R. Kennedy	6033–1,	6034–8,	6035–2	
Christine Lamb Stern	6036–0,	6037–3,	6038–1,	6039–2
Elinor Pihl Huggett	6040–6,	6041–0,	6042–2,	6043–1
Alexis George	6044–0,	6045–1,	6046–0,	6047–14
Carol Steele	6048–2			
Chuck Brickley	6049–1,	6050–3,	6051–1,	6052–0
John J. Han	6053–2,	6054–1,	6055–4,	6056–5
Mark Teaford	6057–1,	6058–0,	6059–0,	6060–0
Carolyn Fitz	6061–2,	6062–1,	6063–0,	6064–2
Lenard D. Moore	6065–1,	6066–0		
David Sherertz	6067–1,	6068–0,	6069–0,	6070–1
Lois Heyman Scott	6071–1,	6072–0,	6073–4,	6074–0
Paula Sears	6075–1,	6076–1,	6077–6,	6078–9
David Keim	6079–0,	6080–3,	6081–4,	6082–0
kris moon kondo	6083–2,	6084–5,	6085–5,	6086–0
Roger Abe	6087–0,	6088–2,	6089–6	
Dorothy A. Matthews	6090–0,	6091–3,	6092–1	
Michael Dylan Welch	6093–2,	6094–5,	6095–0,	6096–3

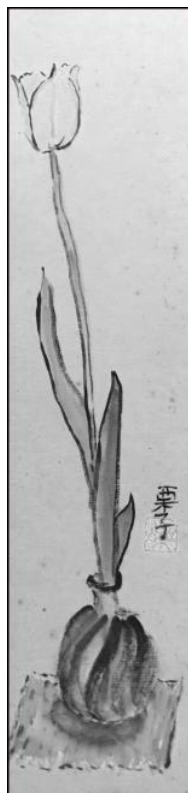
**Correction**

Apologies to Debbie Strange for the error in her haiku #5930 in the August issue. Her haiku should read:

#5930 breaking day  
I share my grapefruit  
with an oriole

Apologies to Paula Sears for the error in her Summer Challenge Kigo haiku in the August issue. Her haiku should read:

hiking to the falls  
a salamander skims  
across mossy stones



Watercolor and sumi  
by kris moon kondo.

## August 2023 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers

(received 8 or more votes)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>5974 summer porch<br/>an ice cube cracks<br/>our silence<br/>~Richard L. Matta (16)</p>           | <p>6017 bare feet<br/>on the kitchen floor<br/>every crumb<br/>~Mimi Ahern (9)</p>                                  |
| <p>6047 great white egret<br/>tiptoeing around<br/>things unsaid<br/>~Alexis George (14)</p>         | <p>6078 letting go . . .<br/>the last gold<br/>of a sugar maple<br/>~Paula Sears (9)</p>                            |
| <p>5864 opening day<br/>the crack of a pop top<br/>with bases loaded<br/>~Michael Henry Lee (11)</p> | <p>5940 muffled<br/>by morning fog<br/>the robin's song<br/>~Helen Ogden (8)</p>                                    |
| <p>5954 high noon<br/>a dust devil enters<br/>the labyrinth<br/>~Gregory Longenecker (10)</p>        | <p>5943 mares' tails<br/>the space between<br/>sun and storm<br/>~Janice Doppler (8)</p>                            |
| <p>6029 listening to jazz<br/>on a summer afternoon<br/>meandering creek<br/>~Barbara Moore (10)</p> | <p>5964 dandelion clocks<br/>seeding the wind<br/>with tomorrow<br/>~Beverly Acuff Momoi (8)</p>                    |
| <p>5878 summer afternoon<br/>I bask in the stillness<br/>of being<br/>~Michael Sheffield (9)</p>     | <p>5978 my house<br/>upside down<br/>nuthatch<br/>~Marilyn Gehant (8)</p>   |
| <p>5892 not every bud<br/>will open—<br/>daylilies<br/>~Ruth Holzer (9)</p>                          | <p>5997 if I listen well<br/>you whisper all your secrets<br/>peony blossom<br/>~Noga Shemer (8)</p>                |
| <p>5910 blossom<br/>to blossom<br/>a bee<br/>~Dana Grover (9)</p>                                    | <p>6034 from the ceiling to my desk<br/>in its own good time<br/>little gray spider<br/>~Phillip R. Kennedy (8)</p> |
| <p>5935 sun-warmed sage<br/>the flutter and glide<br/>of a goldfinch<br/>~Emily Fogle (9)</p>        |   |

*Dōjin's Corner*

May-July 2023

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and  
Linda Papanicolaou

Autumn has arrived in California! And just as we are beginning to believe it, they are forecasting a heat wave by the week's end. Supposed to be 89 at the beach—unheard of! How is it where you are?

Happily, our president, *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou, has agreed to be our guest columnist this month. Linda, as you probably all know, is a very accomplished haiku writer and artist. She is also a medievalist—that means she has her doctorate in the history of the Middle Ages. And under her skilled leadership Yuki Teikei is thriving.

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

lp: 5864\*, 5916, 5923, 5937\*, 5939, 5942, 5946, 5949, 5954\*, 5961, 5962, 5967, 5970, 5974, 5983, 5991, 5992, 5995, 6012, 6013, 6034\*, 6055, 6085

E: 5877, 5879, 5884, 5887, 5915, 5917, 5924, 5956, 5967, 5972, 5989, 5991\*, 5994, 6010\*, 6016\*, 6017, 6027, 6034, 6035, 6041, 6042, 6052, 6086\*

pjm: 5864, 5889, 5890, 5915\*, 5921, 5922, 5923\*, 5927, 5933\*, 5935, 5946\*, 5957, 5963, 5978, 5984, 5991, 5992, 5994, 6015, 6042, 6052

5864 opening day  
the crack of a pop top  
with bases loaded

lp: Baseball has been a haiku topic since Shiki, who played when he was young. He wrote the first baseball haiku in 1890 and was inducted into the Japanese Baseball Hall of Fame in 1902.

Jack Kerouac wrote haiku about baseball. Cor van den Heuvel and Nanae Tamura edited *Baseball Haiku* (on Amazon), and I saw *Baseball Seasons*, by Yuki Teikei's own Jerry Ball on eBay. For me, this haiku in *Geppo* is right up there with the best of them. With runners on all bases, the tension is in that second line, which begins with "the crack of a pop . . ." as if the bat has cracked a high pop up, but suddenly the image changes to the snap of a fan's pop-top beer can up in the stands. As you'll see in my 12 entries for this issue's "*Dōjin's Corner*," doing a kigo check in the online *saijiki* in the kigo tab at yths.org is part of my close reading process. We commonly associate baseball with the slower days of summer, but the online Worldkigo Database gives "opening day" as spring. That changes the reading of the poem emphasizing that the season is off to an exciting start.

pjm: Interesting, Linda—that "opening day" is a spring kigo. Good to know.

This cheeky haiku is playing games with us. On first reading "opening day" means the first official baseball game for the team for the year. But then we hit the second line, and we hear, not the crack of a bat, but the crack of a can being opened and with that "opening day" takes on a second meaning. And, of course, in a haiku about baseball, with any mention of "pop," we expect it to be followed by "fly"; instead, we get "pop-top." Very clever. Makes me smile—the same kind of feeling one gets on opening day!

E: "ナイター, *naitā*, night game" is a summer kigo referring to baseball played at night in a lit ballpark. It's often broadcast on TV and millions of Japanese are entertained while drinking beer and eating their supper at home. And, of course, if you are lucky you can go to the stadium for the real excitement! During a day game as the batter approaches the plate we all hold our breath, but before that, we all need to water our throats so

we shout out a big cheer; go for beer, go for Coke, go for Sprite! The excitement of the stadium is well depicted in this haiku.

5915 long line for fish 'n' chips  
a heron shifts  
to the other foot

pjm: Just as we do, standing in line waiting for food, the heron shifts to the other foot. And how about the opening phrase “long line” conjuring up the long-liners—those huge fishing vessels that put out long lines with baited hooks and are the cause of over-fishing in many areas. With this opening phrase the haiku, without being preachy, leads us to give thought to the need for sustainable fishing methods and protocols, and what can we do, as consumers, to promote those. After all, we all need to eat.

E: After shifting, the heron’s weight is on its right foot, so the second and the third lines are placed there, right? I am not a birdwatcher, but I assume it takes quite a while before the heron shifts from one leg to the other because they are not members of a hectic human society. The queue must be very long and slow. When I went to a fish’n’chips in the UK, they put the frozen batter-coated cod into the heated oil, making me wait until they turned golden brown and ready to go in the newspaper wrapping. Both the queuers and the heron must be hungry! The haiku reminds me of the sea-flavored oily smell and the vinegar tickling my nose.

lp: Such subtle humor in comparing people waiting in line to order fish and chips to a stalking heron. Thinking to write about why this haiku works as it does, I went to Jane Reichhold’s AHApottery website to reread her essay on haiku techniques. Her entry on comparison, which follows an earlier book by Betty Drevniok, is short and to the point—the

haiku shows how two different things are similar or share similar aspects by placing them together in clearly stated images, in a way that they complete and fulfill each other in a single image or event. That’s what’s going on here. I imagine a marina on a bay with a nearby slough and reeds for the bird to hunt. I’m always fascinated by the patience with which they wait, and how slowly, deliberately they flex those long, angular legs. “Heron” is a summer kigo so I am picturing a fish and chips eatery with the line to be seated or to order take-out so long it stretches outside. Are the people waiting for their orders as patient as the heron, shifting from one foot to the other? The special touch that really gives the poem zing is the formatting of lines two and three. It creates the shape of the heron, neck outstretched from its body.

5923 summer sleepover  
a gaggle of girls get on  
their Beyoncé moves

pjm: What a great image of summer. Girls on the verge of womanhood, a “gaggle,” in a companionable setting, imitating the moves of the woman they admire. The warmth of the gathering echoes the warmth of the summer night. The alliteration in the poem adds music to the scene.

lp: It’s summer—no weekend homework or school on Monday, so all restraints are off. The humor in this poem is not only in the imagery, but in the subtle way lines two and three use idiomatic language to change generational points of view. Remember that 1991 book *An Exaltation of Larks: The Venereal Game* by James Lipton? The author researched medieval European manuscripts for terms used to describe groups of animals: “a murder of crows,” “murmuration of starlings,” “gaggle of geese” . . . . “Gaggle” can also be used to describe

people— especially girls or children—behaving in a disorganized or chaotic manner. As for the expression “getting on their moves,” a modern slang dictionary for English language learners defines it as memorizing the movements of a dance or other skill so you can give an impressive or even dazzling performance. I picture a pre-teen sleepover to which someone has brought her Beyoncé playlist and they’re all dancing wildly, fully imagining they’re on stage with the pop superstar. From the outside, to a parent who wants to sleep, it must look just like chaos.

E: How many girls dancing to Beyoncé’s song? That is the question. Upstairs? Or in the basement? That is a question, too. And how long is it going to last? An energetic summer night vibrating with their dances, the air conditioner’s hum is no longer audible. I wonder how many decades have passed since my “gaggle” days.

5933 reclusive singer  
sits at the back table  
rotating fan

pjm: It’s the mood of this poem that catches me first. It feels like a hot summer night—sultry—as is the mood of this haiku. It doesn’t say that the fan is rotating slowly—but it feels that way. And the singer (I think she’s a woman although the poem doesn’t say) sits in the dark away from the stage lights. We guess her mood is dark and sultry too. The darkness gives her cover to just be—to ruminate. We wonder what she thinks about—when she’s on stage do the bright lights feed her or drain her? Very evocative haiku.

E: There is no air conditioner. But there’s a rotating fan in the old place. The singer prefers the back table not because it is their favorite seat but because they don’t want any attention from the others in the restaurant/bar; it is a safe place. I remember a small restaurant in Rishikesh, India. Everybody seated looked like a hermit, a

philosopher, or even a saint. And I was the one who was trying to hide my worldly appearance and ignorance of life. “Rotating fan” evokes so many nostalgic summers.

lp: Humans have used fans for millennia. The Worldkigo Database has a long list of entries about different kinds of hand fans and fan festivals. I consulted it to see if this traditional kigo had evolved to examples of modern electric fans. *Senpuuki* (扇風機) is an all-summer reference to evoke the heat of summer days. A “rotating fan” could be a ceiling fan, or a floor or tabletop model. It lets me picture the setting of this haiku: a room where more people than the HVAC can handle have gathered for a sing-along. Most of them are enjoying themselves, while one sits withdrawn, perhaps singing along but not fully participating in the group. I confess I always prefer to sit in the back of the room, but here I find myself wondering why this person has withdrawn from the social activity and if anyone else in the room has noticed. It is a profoundly lonely haiku.

5937 the fragrance  
of neglected roses  
a stray cat eyes me

lp: I picture a formal garden whose roses for whatever reason are not receiving their needed maintenance yet continue to bloom (“rose” is a summer kigo). Encountering each other in this space are the author and a stray cat who may have been attracted by rodents, bugs, or an expectation of no humans. In a way, there’s a unity between the unkempt garden and the feral cat. What brings the writer into their midst? The garden may be a chance discovery, or the yard of an elderly relative or friend who is no longer able to care for it. Perhaps the property is for sale and the author is a potential buyer, or the author may be a landscape designer called in to renovate. We can almost write the story as we wish, but what stands out for me is that scent

is closely linked to memory, so I read some unspecified memory triggers as part of the verse's layering. It's also a multisensory verse: the scent of roses, the gaze of the cat, and probably the tactile feeling of a weedy, thorny garden. If I let my thoughts wander, the haiku could be a meditation on the human-created landscapes vs. what happens when nature is left to revert to itself.

pjm: It wasn't immediately obvious to me what the neglected roses and the stray cat have to do with each other until I noticed their response to neglect was the point. The roses are indifferent and continue to offer their fragrance freely and without judgment. The cat, however, through its stare (or glare, maybe?) rebukes the author for its difficulties.

E: Though neglected, the roses, nonetheless, bloom and give fragrance. How do the roses and the stray cat resonate with each other? "Neglected" and "stray" share a similar situation, and the "eyes me" suggests there is a story about to begin.

5946 waves of wind  
rippling over long meadow grass . . .  
bobolink song

pjm: I have a vivid image of waves evoked by each line of this haiku. In the first line, "waves of wind," is an abstract construct made visible in the meadow grass of the second line. And now I am prepared to see clearly how the bobolink song floats through the air: in waves just like the waves in the meadow grass. This haiku is a study in how to unfold an image a line at a time.

E: Bobolinks breed in North America and then move to South America for winter. The long meadow grass suggests the end of summer, and the young ones will be getting ready to fly south. However, apart from the bobolink's timetable, the heated wind, the green grass, and the merry

song of bobolinks make me feel the very essence of summer.

lp: Though bobolinks are out of range in California, I knew them from way back when I was growing up in Maryland. The Cornell "All About Birds" webpage has recordings of the bird's song, described as "a long, burbling song punctuated with sharp metallic notes." I also discovered that in the nineteenth century, William Cullen Bryant wrote a silly poem called "Robert of Lincoln," which used an onomatopoeia of the song as its refrain. I took the haiku on my usual kigo hunt. At first, I guessed that the long meadow grass would be its summer season reference, but I was delighted, in fact, to find that the Worldkigo Database includes a "Bobolink" page in its section on North American *saijiki*. The haiku is a beautiful image just as it is, but digging deeper helped me visualize the haiku's aural contrast of wind, grass, and birdsong.

5954 high noon  
a dust devil enters  
the labyrinth

lp: I was immediately taken by this haiku and remained so through multiple passes through all the *kukai* submissions. As I tried to understand why, the poem led me on a fascinating dive into the *saijiki*. I originally assumed "dust devil" to be the kigo. The World Kigo Database gives "dust" or "dust storms" as spring or summer, but I found nothing on the whirlwinds of dust *tsumujikaze* (旋風) that rise from hot, windless flat terrain and across the world and are often associated with devils or spirits. To my surprise, the verse's actual kigo turned out to be "high noon," *hizakari* (日盛り): the heat of the sun at its zenith in late summer. The labyrinth comes from the ancient Greek myth of Daedalus building one on Crete to imprison the Minotaur. As you'll remember, the architect and his son Icarus attempted to escape the island themselves on



wings of feather and wax. In European Gothic cathedrals, labyrinth designs were tiled into the floors of Chartres, Amiens, and Reims. Whatever they were used for at the time, in later centuries they become associated with spiritual pilgrimages and are popular again today. Walking one a few years ago at the Seabeck Haiku Retreat, I recall stepping carefully along the prescribed route, noting with amusement how the wind would skitter large dry maple leaves straight across the marked path. Whatever games we humans may devise, nature makes its own rules. In the present haiku, the little devil of late summer heat does not barrel over the labyrinth, but “enters” as if trying a pilgrimage of its own.

pjm: The interesting first line indicated we are preparing for a duel and the next two lines reveal the participants: a dust devil and a labyrinth. The labyrinth in Greek mythology was used to trap the much-feared Minotaur, a creature half man and half bull, which devoured humans. Linda has already described other details of the creation of the first labyrinth and its evolution into European architecture. It was seen as a way to trap and hold danger; for example, in Scandinavia around the seventeenth century coastal communities built labyrinths of stone presumably to trap malevolent trolls or winds to ensure safe fishing expeditions. So this haiku brings myths and rituals associated with labyrinths to the American West in a “high noon” showdown between nature and human ingenuity. It becomes a statement about our current predicament with the climate crisis, and it’s a three-line commentary on how we are dealing with it.

E: Is “the labyrinth” from an amusement park designed for children to play in? Or is it a grand one built in a planted garden in a royal palace? Indeed, “high noon” is not the working hour for a devil, but the heated, dried ground is breeding

dust devils. I wonder if the dust devil can follow the walled path through to its exit; perhaps each time it bumps into a dead-end, it loses its turning power and will disappear after it goes deeper inside. Is the haiku vaguely suggesting hopelessness or nature’s playfulness?

5991 glassy summer lake—  
faded orange life jackets  
draped on a clothesline

E: A very calm scene, the glassy summer lake reflects its surrounding greenery. On the shore is a boathouse where the life jackets are aired on the clothesline. “Faded orange life jackets” suggests they are still in use after all these years of service; perhaps they are just ornamental, and there is no need to renew them because the lake is so peaceful. Nothing fancy or fashionable, but down-to-earth beauty is in this haiku.

lp: This poem calls to mind a long ago summer when my father bought a boat and my uncle came to teach us how to sail it on a lake in western Maryland that was ringed by beaches, yacht clubs, boating docks, and cottages with grassy lawns to the water’s edge. In the haiku, the clothesline suggests a multigenerational summer home. Because the orange is faded, I envision kapok stuffing in old canvas duck rather than new nylon and foam—life jackets that have seen many summers of family use. US state laws require life vests for children when boating, so the picture I draw from this is that it’s afternoon and everyone has returned from a day on the water. Sailing? Waterskiing? Canoeing or kayaking? Let the clues take you where your imagination will go—the haiku lays its imagery out like an impressionist painting. It’s a wonderful example of how a well-crafted five-seven-five *shasei* haiku can evoke an entire story through the selective focus on well-chosen details.

pjm: I can see this scene so clearly—the beautiful, placid lake—its shine contrasted with the faded orange of the life jackets. The whole scene seems so calm and peaceful, and yet there’s the tiniest hint of something amiss. The life jackets suggest that as beautiful as the lake is, its beauty is also a seduction. Do not be beguiled by it. Wear your life jacket!

6010 sandal tan  
and scuffed nail polish  
back yard summer

E: So simple and yet so true. We are staying more at home due to the pandemic. So, our backyards turn into our resort. And this is almost at the end of the season; the tanned feet with pale stripes and the scuffed red nail polish are the token from the summer. “Sandal” is a summer kigo in Japan.

pjm: What a great phrase “sandal tan.” I know exactly what it looks like, and I’ve never seen that phrase used in a haiku before. That combined with “scuffed nail polish” creates a vivid image of summer. So maybe summer isn’t needed in the last line. What do you think?

lp: Initially I had difficulty connecting with this haiku because I haven’t used nail polish for years, and I avoid the sun. Knowing that “bare feet” is a summer kigo, I assumed that sandals might be also, but the *saijiki* seem to be silent. Perhaps getas and the straw sandals Bashō wrote about don’t evoke seasonal associations in Japan. Even here in the US these days, flip-flops seem now to be ubiquitous year-round, though I just read an article in *HuffPost* about a Gen Z trend to reject open-toed footwear unless with socks—which would have been a fashion *faux pas* in my day. Thus, the haiku leaves me picturing an older person who had prepared for summer holidays with breezy footwear and perhaps even a full pedicure with nail polish. What happened to those summer plans? The

poem does not indicate regret; rather, there seems to be contentment with Plan B—a quiet summer in the backyard, perhaps gardening or reading. For me, the poem has become about the appearances we present in our social selves—clothing, suntan, nail polish—vs. the pleasures to be found in cultivating one’s own private space.

6016 dahlias  
from my neighbor  
a wide mouth canning jar

E: The charm of this haiku is its pivot structure. We can read it as a combination of “dahlias” and “a gifted wide-mouth canning jar from the neighbor” or “dahlias from the neighbor” arranged in “a wide-mouth canning jar.” My interpretation is the first image. And this quite puzzling situation makes me smile. I work hard to find the slightest connection between the two parts. It could be the *openness* of the massive flowers in bright colors, the friendliness I felt from a Hispanic dahlia seller I encountered at the Pike Place Market in Seattle, and her wide smile! Maybe the neighbor is returning the jar with something homemade during this season of dahlias? So many things come around, but I am still smiling because I know I haven’t got the right answer yet!

lp: One of my mother’s cousins was an enthusiastic dahlia grower. He explained to us in detail how he would set the corms out in spring, nurture them to beautiful blossoms of every size, shape, and color. Then in the fall he’d dig all of them out again to label, store over winter, and repeat next year with more new cultivars added. He was also generous about sharing. “Dahlia” is a summer kigo in our YT season list, late summer in the World Kigo Database, which for me lends the haiku a sense of fullness and well-being. The detail of the canning jar is especially vivid because of the way sunlight pours through a Mason or Ball jar

dripping with water. It speaks of a neighborly relationship—including perhaps a hint of oversharing in the word choice of “wide mouth.”

pjm: These dahlias are big and bold and bright and need a jar with a wide mouth to hold them. The canning jar is the perfect container—it has its own understated beauty—clear yet functional. It lets the dahlias strut their stuff.

6034 from the ceiling to my desk  
in its own good time  
little gray spider

lp: “Spider” is a summer kigo, here revealed in line three as part of the main phrase. Line one sets the image in an office space as the spider lets out its thread to drop from ceiling to desktop. The author is sitting there, probably not getting much done anyway, and becomes distracted by a spider working its way across its own universe. The haiku draws a lovely contrast between the human and the creature whose labors have brought them together on a summer day where time slows to the point of having stopped completely.

pjm: Spiders do have a way of surprising us, and just like the nursery rhyme, we feel a little like Miss Muffet on her tuffet. This spider seems friendly enough, but it’s hard to work with a spider on your desk. On the other hand, one could have Issa’s attitude, I suppose, and give the spider half the desk. I wonder which approach the author took.

E: The haiku makes us experience the entire journey of the little gray spider from the ceiling to the author’s desk, vertical and in the air. It stops at one point, then starts descending again, quickly, then slowly. “In its own good time” is

well said. “Little” gives a friendly touch to this unexpected intruder.

6086 jellyfish . . .  
flowering spreads across  
a watery sky

E: I picture the Asilomar beach and a jellyfish spreading its transparent body on the wet sand, occasionally washed by the stretching tongue of the waves. “A watery sky” is a lovely expression for the sea-wet sand beach.

lp: Like Emiko, this haiku evokes Asilomar for me. In my case, though, I am picturing the jellies at the Monterey Aquarium, a watery blue ambiance with sea nettles or moon jellies drifting up, down, back, and forth in their tanks. They move in a choreography that is remarkable considering that they do not have brains. When I stand in that gallery at the Aquarium, I’m always transfixed by the jellies’ beauty while at the same time feeling a frisson of revulsion. I do like how the haiku likens the jellies’ pulsing movement as a “flowering” because it draws analogies to life forms that are less alien. At the same time, I’m reminded that we share this planet with creatures whose ways of knowing we can never understand.

pjm: I imagine a calm sea reflecting clouds, “the watery sky.” Or perhaps those “clouds” are really jellyfish. An amorphous image of ocean, sky, and jellyfish.

\*\*\*

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

## Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter Wind, *kogarashi* (木枯らし), *oroshi* (凧), *karakkaze* (空っ風)

Elinor Pihl Huggett

According to the website “How to Japan: Learn about Japan from the Locals” (<https://tinyurl.com/localJapan>), there are several types of winter winds in Japan: *kogarashi*: “the cold north wind from the end of autumn to the beginning of winter;” *oroshi*: “the strong cold wind blowing down from a mountain in winter;” and *karakkaze*: “a winter monsoon in a Kanto and Tokai area. A cold, dry wind with downdrafts blows over the winter mountains.”

Southern California has the hot Santa Ana winds from October to March, while the California mountains get snowstorms. In Florida well-to-do Northerners flock to the warm beaches in winter, although in December 1954 it was hit by Hurricane Alice. For the homeless, it’s time to seek shelters that offer warmth and food. Ranchers in the Dakotas and Wyoming brave frigid winter wind to get their cattle fed. Vermont, Michigan, and Scandinavia enjoy winter sports. In the Antarctic, it just goes with the territory for penguins as they huddle together.

Perhaps our perception of winter wind depends on our latitude, altitude, attitude, fortitude, and our station in life. Does it bring hope and warmth of home, loneliness, or misery and hardship? Below are a few examples of winter wind poems:

Matsuo Bashō (1644-1694)

wintry wind—	winter solitude—
passing a man	in a world of one color
with a swollen face	the sound of wind

Buson (1716-1783)

Going home,  
the horse stumbles  
in the winter wind

William Shakespeare (1564 -1616), *As You Like It*, Act II, Scene VII

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man’s ingratitude

Percy B. Shelley (1792-1822), the last line of “Ode to the West Wind”

O, wind, if winter comes, can spring be far behind?

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

## Minutes of the Annual Membership Business Meeting—August 12, 2023

Alison Woolpert

President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou opened the annual business meeting on Zoom, with 31 members in attendance. Marilyn Gehant gave the invocation. Afterwards, she encouraged members in other locations to learn about indigenous nations in their area so they could share those histories with the membership.

### • Executive Committee Reports

*Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller gave the treasurer's report, and in brief, we presently have approximately \$22,000. By the end of the year, with expenses paid for Asilomar and other projects, we should end with a balance of about the same amount. She also noted that *Geppo* has been completely digitized from the early years when Kiyoshi Tokutomi was editor and hand-typed it on legal-sized paper. All issues are available on our website.

*Dōjin* Alison Woolpert recognized members who have helped her report society news both for *Geppo* and for the Haiku Society of America newsletter.

### • Committee Chair Reports

Marcia Behar gave the overall membership report, and other committee members provided mini-reports. Jeannie Rueter shared that we have 18 new members and a total of 136 members: five from Japan, three from Canada, one from Puerto Rico, and the rest from 25 states, with the greatest number in California. Dyana Basist continues to send wonderful welcome packets to new members, while Kathy Goldbach sends society information to non-members who submit to the Tokutomi Memorial Contest.

Naia, our 2023 anthology editor, shared updates: 87 members submitted this year and 12 micro-haibun were chosen for the 104-page publication. She thanked *Dōjin* J. Zimmerman for proofreading.

Christine Stern, associate editor of *Geppo*, reported for editor *Dōjin* Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, who had compiled statistics for the past year. Averages for the year's issues showed 62 members submitting in total 240 haiku for the *kukai*; the average length for each issue was 40 pages. On average, 69 members submitted haiku and/or votes. Johnnie's report included notes of praise to the *Geppo* team for their outstanding work and acknowledging the importance of *Geppo*. Chris revealed that she and Jeannie Rueter are producing a special *dōjin* celebration anthology that will be a gift to all members.

*Dōjin* Phillip Kennedy announced that he is working on his "Kiyose Project." It will be an abbreviated *saijiki* that includes short definitions of local kigo, each with an illustrative example, and it will be small enough to be portable. Phillip will share further information about the project at our February, 2024 meeting.

Barbara Moore gave updates about the 2023 Asilomar retreat. Twenty-eight members will be in attendance, following COVID guidelines, with a few more joining outdoors on Saturday.

Some interesting data was shared by David Sherertz, YT webmaster. Last year we had 1.4 k website hits from the USA, 202 hits from China, 79 from the UK, 71 from Canada, 64 from Japan, 46 from India, and

43 from Australia. He hopes that by October of this year that all *Geppo* issues will be “searchable” back to 1978. His goal is to build a concordance of all the kigo listed on the YTHS *Geppo* website.

Dana Grover and Clysta Seney offered some information about the YTHS archives housed at the Markham House, as well as a need for volunteers for a Poetry Center San Jose event on September 10<sup>th</sup>.

Longtime Zoom host Christine Stern announced that she has gained more support. When *Dōjin* Mimi Ahern retired as co-host, Janice Doppler and Patrick Gallagher stepped up to help, and now Linda Papanicolaou manages the second YTHS Pro Zoom account.

#### • Amendment of Bylaws

In order for YTHS to be registered as a nonprofit public benefit organization with tax-exempt status, a few amendments to the bylaws were required. A majority vote of the members present at this duly noticed meeting unanimously approved the changes. Thanks go to treasurer Patricia for researching and organizing this cost-saving move.

#### • 2024 Proposed Calendar

Linda shared the dates and activities for some of next year’s meetings and asked for suggestions from the membership for the yet-to-be determined meetings. 2024 will include a few more in-person gatherings, but she stressed the importance of keeping a balance with Zoom meetings so that faraway members are included and can stay connected. When firmed up, the calendar will be posted on the website and will also appear in *Geppo*.

Attendees: L. Papanicolaou (Zoom host), C. L. Stern (co-host), J. Doppler (co-host), R. Abe, J. Balistreri, D. Basist, M. Behar, C. Fitz, P. Gallagher, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. Holding, T. Homan, P. R. Kennedy, P. J. Machmiller, D. Matthews, B. Moore, Naia, H. Ogden, A. Ostenson-Kennedy, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, C. Seney, M. Sheffield, D. Sherertz, C. Steele, tjwellsmiller, N. Whitman, A. Woolpert, and W. Wright.



Watercolor and sumi by kris moon kondo.

## Poetry Center San José Festival—September 9, 2023

Alison Woolpert

YTHS was well represented at the recent Poetry Center San José Festival with a special Zoom presentation by *Dōjin* Roger Abe, *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou, and Carol Steele. Each gave a lovely reading of their haiku and/or haibun, along with offering an engaging haiku workshop adapted from Patricia Machmiller's book *Zigzag of the Dragonfly: Writing the Haiku Way*.

The workshop "Two Phrases One Poem" was very well received. Participants were given a list of prompt words to choose from; they chose one word to compose into a phrase. Secondly, they were given a list of autumn kigo to select from. They then paired their phrase with their selected kigo to create a haiku. A lively sharing of the attendees' haiku followed.

Here are three examples that each of the presenters shared.

Roger Abe:

autumn mountains  
zip, zip, zip hiking  
in corduroy pants

so soft  
my companion's "meow"  
long night love language

river of stars  
forgetting to feed  
the absent cat

Linda Papanicolaou:

turning leaves  
girls in school uniforms  
chant a jump-rope rhyme

shadow puppets  
on a scout camp tent wall  
river of stars

sometimes I wish  
I might fly with you  
migrating geese

Carol Steele:

school begins  
my great-granddaughter  
meets her first teacher

September canning—  
in my farmhouse kitchen  
Mother seems near

autumn mountains  
though it's been years I long for  
the Cascade Range

The three YTHS poets ended by reading "Bay Nuts," the *nijuin* that they had written along with *Dōjin* J. Zimmerman. It won 2<sup>nd</sup> place in the 2022 HSA Einbond Renku Contest.

### The Holidays Will Soon be Here

If you are planning on purchasing some books from Yuki Teikei's Store ([yths.org/publications/](http://yths.org/publications/)) as gifts, please order soon. Some books are in limited supply and others, such as *Luminaries—Celebrating the Dōjin of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society* take at least two weeks to ship from the printer for orders of five or more. Expedited shipping is available for an additional charge. Contact Jeannie Rueter ([yths.jeannier@yahoo.com](mailto:yths.jeannier@yahoo.com)) for more information.

## YTHS Moon Viewing Party—September 30, 2023

Alison Woolpert

*Dōjin* Linda and George Papanicolaou hosted a wonderful moon viewing party at their home at the end of September. It was a special time for good friends and new friends to gather once again in person to celebrate this annual event. And despite the weather warning, the guest of honor, Super Harvest Moon, didn't let us down. Around 8:00 p.m., to the appreciation of those gathered on top of nearby Kite Hill, its luminance rose behind filigree clouds. Back at the house, throughout the evening, party guests kept going out to take peeks at the moon caught between trees.

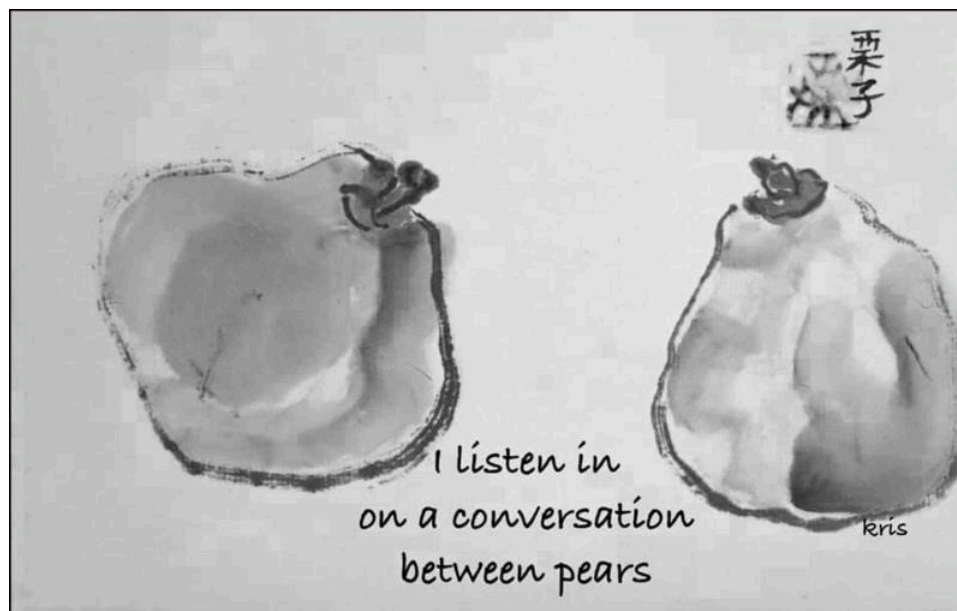
Indoors and outdoors, the party was lively. It started with a potluck feast and ended with a round of haiku and renku sharing. *Dōjin* Roger Abe, with the help of Carol Steele, led a *junicho* moon renku. A *junicho* is a 12-link renku, and Linda, our president and host, was given the honor of writing the hokku.

*moon viewing party / will the guest of honor / show its face?*

Linda shared the moon haiku that had previously been sent to her by those unable to attend. She made a moon viewing slideshow of their haiku and haiga, as well as haiku that attendees chose to submit.

After a delightful evening, everyone drove home full . . . by the light of the moon.

Attendees: L. Papanicolaou and G. Papanicolaou, hosts, R. Abe, B. Arnold, K. Bendixen, D. Keim, A. Machmiller, P. J. Machmiller, L. McNeil, B. Moore, J. Schallberger, C. Steele, M. Turchi, P. Turchi, and A. Woolpert.



Watercolor and sumi by kris moon kondo.



## Remembrance of Linda Burman-Hall (1945-2023)

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

Born in Los Angeles, Linda Burman-Hall had a lifelong love of music, becoming an early keyboard specialist and ethnomusicologist. She received her Bachelor of Arts in music composition at UCLA and Master of Fine Arts in music theory and PhD at Princeton University. Joining the UC Santa Cruz Music Department in 1976, she taught music theory, harpsichord, chamber music, and world music. In 2014 she was appointed Research Professor in Cultural Musicology. Linda was considered a “brilliant harpsichordist.” A colleague wrote, “Her performances were heart-rending and beautifully moving.”

Linda contributed much to the Santa Cruz community as founder of the Santa Cruz Baroque Festival (1974) and artistic director for over 45 years, as a performer and recording artist, and as a board member and radio program host for the Santa Cruz County community radio station, KSQD.



As YTHS members, most of us knew Linda as a haiku poet and member of our community who attended YT Zoom workshops, shared her haiku, and offered her insightful perspective in discussions and on others' poems. She will be missed.

Below are some of her haiku published in *Geppo*.

Drifting weightlessly  
past the swaying black bamboo—  
warm snowy ashes

Beneath the snowdrift  
cozy in secret burrows  
rock ptarmigans dream

Fuji-san dreaming—  
lava heart, yet snowy peak,  
riding on the wind

Seeing each snowflake  
find its perfect place to be  
the cranes winging south

## 5-7-5 Inspiration from Haiku Superstar James Hackett

J. Zimmerman

What do you know about James W. Hackett (1929-2015) and his haiku? He is very relevant to the annual YTHS Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest, announced each January. Contest entries must have 17 syllables in a 5-7-5 pattern and include a single kigo from the contest coordinator's list. To get an early start on the contest, you might stimulate your writing practice by reviewing Hackett's 5-7-5 haiku of the natural world.

Hackett was famous in the 1960s as an early and excellent English-language haiku writer, the only non-Japanese poet included by R. H. Blyth in *A History of Haiku* (1964), and the winner of the first Japan Airlines haiku contest in the United States. The 1993 YTHS Asilomar Retreat featured Hackett, "renowned for his pioneering work in English-language haiku," who "shared his philosophy of the haiku moment with acutely attentive listeners" (Gallagher, 1993). A connection with YTHS had occurred earlier—a visit to Hackett reported by Teruo Yamagata (1979).

One of my favorite Hackett haiku (Blyth, 360, widely reprinted even with different layout) is:

Half of the minnows  
within this sunlit shallow  
are not really there.

The lines have a 5-7-5 pattern of syllables. The single kigo is "minnows," which Higginson (390) assigns to summer. The haiku has a delightfully tactile suggestion of sun-warmed water and the flicker of little fish against fingers and ankles. The words sparkle with the partial rhyme of "minnows" and "shallow" and then the consonance of "shallow" and "really." Rather than juxtaposing two images, Hackett juxtaposes the image of the minnows with a sudden insight. Paul Russell Miller (27) suggests that this haiku might be exhibiting the opposite of an "as it is" quality, namely a quality of "as it *isn't*," resonating with a "long-established tradition of illusionistic haiku in Japan."

*Dōjin* Mimi Ahern is a deep admirer of Hackett's haiku and one of her favorites is:

An abandoned book . . .  
skimming through its pages,  
breezes from the sea.  
(*Haiku Poetry: Original Verse in English* Vol. 4, 1968, 64)

She writes:

I'm drawn to Hackett's simple, concrete descriptions of nature that evoke complex thoughts and feelings in me. First, it is the breeze turning the pages. And yet . . . Who is turning the pages? Who is feeling the breeze? Why was the book left? I do love this haiku.

(Personal emails, September 2023).

*Dōjin* Johnnie Johnson Hafernik appreciates Hackett's haiku, first reading this one in *The San Francisco Haiku Anthology* (Ball et al., 1992):

A gusty morning . . .  
 wading wantonly through leaves,  
 the sound of autumn.  
 (*Haiku Poetry*, 1964, 9)

She writes:

This haiku is full of energy and evokes at least three senses—sound (the main one), sight, and touch. The energy and sensual feelings come from the first two lines and specifically the words “gusty,” and “wading wantonly.” “Autumn” is the primary kigo, yet the second line also suggests autumn with the phrase “through leaves.” How can one not feel joyful and carefree when reading this haiku?

(Personal emails, September 2023).

Hackett's haiku have been widely anthologized, such as in Allan Burns' *Where the River Goes* (2013), all three editions of Cor van den Heuvel's *The Haiku Anthology* (1974 to 2000), and the recent retrospective by Paul Russell Miller, *The Wild Beyond Echoing* (2021). Hackett's delightful *Bug Haiku* (1968) can be read online at The Haiku Foundation site. This book is worth inspecting not just for the haiku but because it ends with three suggestions on how to ensure that the haiku experience precedes the creation of haiku poetry (55):

1. Always be aware of the present moment.
2. Concern yourself with everyday experiences in nature. Keep a notebook.
3. Look closely at natural objects. Allow them to express their life through you.

Hackett also gives nine suggestions for sharing the haiku experience with others by writing haiku poetry. On haiku length, he advises: “Write in three lines which total approximately 17 syllables. Many haiku experiences can be well expressed in the Japanese line arrangement of 5, 7, 5 syllables—but not all.” Do experiment with that flexibility except not, of course, in your entries for a Tokutomi Contest.

YTHS members are invited to submit a favorite Hackett haiku with one or two sentences about why you chose it. Please send your Hackett selection and brief comments to the *Geppo* editor at [ythsgeppo@gmail.com](mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com) at your earliest convenience.

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Watercolor and sumi  
by kris moon kondo.

**Save the Date!**

Mark your calendars for the 2024 YTHS Haiku Retreat in person at Asilomar, Pacific Grove, CA—November 7–10, 2024.



Watercolor and sumi by kris moon kondo.

### Time to Renew Your YTHS Membership for 2024!

The end of 2023 is fast approaching. YTHS membership is for the calendar year, so now is the time to renew your membership. Renew by January 1, 2024. Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any back issues. See details on page 39 of this issue and online at [yths.org](http://yths.org).

Be sure to 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 indicate their preferred version will receive a print copy.



Watercolor and sumi by kris moon kondo.

**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 expires in December, and **dues for 2024 are due January 1!** Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any 2024 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. Please 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* Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Elinor Pihl Huggett, kris moon kondo, Kiyoko Tokutomi  
*Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller, *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita, *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou, *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—2023-2024

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

November 11 Zoom 11:00 - 1:00 Pacific	“Midwifing the Unborn” workshop led by <i>Dōjin</i> Patricia J. Machmiller and fellow <i>dōjin</i> . Members are asked to bring for discussion a haiku that received few or no votes in <i>Geppo</i> or another <i>kukai</i> .
December 9, 2023 Zoom 11:00 - 1:00 Pacific	Annual Holiday Celebration on Zoom!
January 1, 2024	YTHS Membership Dues for 2024 due.
January 13 Zoom 11:00 - 1:00 Pacific	“The Tokutomi Memorial Contest Unveiling: 2024 Kigo Words, Pointers, and Tips.”
January 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
February 10 Zoom 11:00-1:00 Pacific	“New Yuki Teikei Kiyose Project,” workshop led by <i>Dōjin</i> Phillip R. Kennedy.
February 15	Registration opens for the Annual YTHS 4-day Retreat.
March 9 Zoom 11:00 - 1:00 Pacific	“How do You Grow as a Haiku Poet?” Roundtable discussion led by <i>Dōjin</i> Patricia J. Machmiller.
April 13 in-person field trip	Tilden Park Botanical Garden, Berkeley CA. <i>Ginkō</i> hosted by David Sherertz. <i>Details to Come!</i>
April 15	Submissions deadline for the 2024 YTHS Members’ Anthology.
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
May 11 Zoom, TBD	Annual Spring Reading, “Haiku at Home,” organized by Roger Abe.
May 31	Submissions deadline for the 2024 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest.
June 8 in-person field trip	Pescadero, <i>ginkō</i> led by Roger Abe.
July 13 in-person, TBD	Tanabata Celebration.
July 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>