

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

6348 cloud animals
a phantom memory
of our Shih Tzu

6349 in line for breakfast
I look for a poem
in the wall graffiti

6350 winter solitude
the crunch of fallen leaves
on the labyrinth

6351 new diary
the unmarred beauty
of the blank page

6352 balmy spring morning—
I take my jacket
just in case

6353 pocketing
the dentist's card
I step out into spring

6354 bright spring morning—
I greet a woman
walking unmatched dogs

6355 rain-swollen river—
a tree in spring foliage
floats by

6356 what your words
left behind
winter clouds

6357 ask me
how I know
starlit snowbank

6358 the sun
at its lowest noon
a hole in the ice

6359 ice shadows
one goose faces
the other way

6360 doe's path
catching the calm
she leaves behind

6361 end of shift
a maple spinner
releases a whistle

6362 school's out
wrapping laughter
into snowballs

6363 a kitten
in my slipper
winter solitude

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|------|--|------|--|
| 6364 | "Come look!"
crescent moon
plus two planets | 6375 | unlatching the mailbox
in a Nor'easter
the cold in your letter |
| 6365 | sea squall
Covid test
positive | 6376 | flu season
the pharmacist calls
me sweetheart |
| 6366 | winter rave
Covid test
negative | 6377 | red dawn sky
smoke sidles around
the shelter |
| 6367 | between seasons
long sleeve, or
short? | 6378 | still waiting
for a hula hoop
that chipmunk |
| 6368 | into the north wind
a goodbye kiss
my company | 6379 | two ravens
flinging the blue sky
wing to wing |
| 6369 | freeze tag!
mother rabbit moves
first | 6380 | hospice
her bible left open
to the 23rd psalm |
| 6370 | darkening snowfall
a pottery bowl warm
with chili | 6381 | matanzas bridge
clearly a storm in
the direction i'm headed |
| 6371 | cupped my glove
around a frozen padlock
match smoke | 6382 | chair yoga
windshield washing
the one good leg |
| 6372 | winter pond
a lone skater
circles the moon | 6383 | election year
all the candidates
figuratively speaking |
| 6373 | down-filled jackets . . .
the hallway closet
stuffed with winter | 6384 | thundersnow —
the jolly lawn Santas
bowled over |
| 6374 | sleepless nights . . .
wondering all winter
if the bulbs will take | 6385 | buying a diary —
more blank pages
for my dreams |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 6386 | eight candles
the tunnel lit up
this far | 6397 | winter doldrums . . .
another day that needs
to be photoshopped |
| 6387 | winter dusk—
a neighbor helps her brother
up the steps | 6398 | alone this Christmas . . .
abandoned shopping cart
in a parking lot |
| 6388 | the peeled bark
of eucalyptus
new year's day | 6399 | the mailman sinks
deeper into his collar . . .
ice-laden wind |
| 6389 | winter bar
her head bent downward
dancing alone | 6400 | solstice picnic
our mead peppered
with snow fleas |
| 6390 | last persimmon
I think about him
now and then | 6401 | holly berries
the red-tipped feathers
of cedar waxwings |
| 6391 | the wheezy
sound of the north wind
Shiki's hut | 6402 | winter carols
lake ice is singing
under my feet |
| 6392 | chickadees
sing through anything
let it come | 6403 | bomb cyclone
cookie-cutter houses
frosted with ice |
| 6393 | freezing drizzle
unable
to commit | 6404 | art gallery—
everything's easy
when you know how |
| 6394 | sugar moon
the luck
of living here | 6405 | summer sun—
she calls to tell me
of her son's promotion |
| 6395 | standing still
the squirrel's tail twitches
ready for takeoff | 6406 | morale week—
my name again
on the interoffice envelope |
| 6396 | belly high
snowfall . . .
Chihuahua | 6407 | July 5th—
the arc in the sky
where the fireworks were |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 6408 | midnight—
awakened by firecrackers
on new year's eve | 6419 | holiday highlight
popping
bubble wrap |
| 6409 | warm hearth—
one foot keeps the rocking chair
rocking | 6420 | deep in poetry
morning's passage
unnoticed |
| 6410 | peregrine sighting
the starling murmuration's
sudden shift | 6421 | clutching roots
creek side alder
leans toward the light |
| 6411 | wooden bridge—
from either side a different sound
of spring melt | 6422 | the way it once was . . .
withered leaves
adrift on the stream |
| 6412 | each breath
a careful sip . . .
pleurisy | 6423 | spring equinox
the possibilities of
sunrise |
| 6413 | last night two owls
tonight it's rain showers . . .
settle into sleep | 6424 | crested waves
the silhouettes of otters
rise and fall |
| 6414 | first morning . . .
over Asilomar Beach
a daytime moon | 6425 | tinsel
a touch of moonlight
in the tree |
| 6415 | lashing rain—
my umbrella safely tucked
in the car trunk | 6426 | the quiet pause
between storms
winterlude |
| 6416 | what we keep secret sand dollar | 6427 | rain puddles
red-winged blackbirds
take in the sky |
| 6417 | plane trees in winter leaving everything behind | 6428 | math mystery
the dog's nose |
| 6418 | mizzling morning
the neighbor's tree
a smear of red and green | 6429 | impaling debt
and dripping red . . .
the tax receipts' spindle |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 6430 | nuclear waste
too few half lives
in the planning | 6441 | blanket of snow
the Christmas inflatables
lay out on the lawn |
| 6431 | skeet shooting
an exploding pigeon
dusts the moon | 6442 | thieves in the night
our Christmas inflatables
still out on the lawn |
| 6432 | second snowplow pass
overhead in the branches
chittering squirrels | 6443 | wee hour revels
holiday inflatables
flat out on the lawn |
| 6433 | holiday shopping
my father's favorite song
plays in every store | 6444 | the sun god
breaking through morning fog
a stilt's red legs |
| 6434 | outdoor ice skating
mothers huddle together
in the warming house | 6445 | last thing to go
a thangka of Buddha's
death and rebirth |
| 6435 | windowpane rattles
old dog scrabbles its blanket
into a circle | 6446 | boardwalk's end
the marsh empties
into the bay |
| 6436 | cotton boll
grows to nurse
human skin | 6447 | old dogwood sunning
the naked tree wondering
what became of snow |
| 6437 | Christmas lights
coming and going
driving in fog | 6448 | gazing up she asks
if her little coat might help
to warm the cold moon |
| 6438 | low clouds
gliding over rails
end of the year | 6449 | the ravenous clouds
have just swallowed the sun whole
a flock of blackbirds |
| 6439 | playground
in the winter wind
a boy with ADHD | 6450 | an ocean apart
our imaginations meet
under the cold moon |
| 6440 | morning coffee
the Christmas inflatables
out flat on the lawn | 6451 | a slap of the tail
warns mankind to settle down
Beaver Moon |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 6452 | latent in lamp oil
a promise of light and warmth
life faces winter | 6463 | around the spot
where the homeless man slept
yellow tape |
| 6453 | underground dreamers
grubs try on their beetle wings
earth's longest night | 6464 | adirondack pond
the canoe's silent approach
startles a loon |
| 6454 | girding their loins
the fans place their bets
Super Bowl party | 6465 | damp weather
the wooden screen door
sticks |
| 6455 | royal crown
the shimmer of the sun
on a tree | 6466 | re-visiting
the places we've lived—
google earth |
| 6456 | winter trees
shedding off
my pain | 6467 | billowing clouds
the barking dog
becomes an alligator |
| 6457 | healing <i>kintsugi</i>
the rainbow-colored patches
of my mended heart | 6468 | jumping spider!
that fly
is as big as you! |
| 6458 | first day of the year
learning how to
reinvent leftovers | 6469 | New Year's Eve
neighborhood dogs
don't celebrate |
| 6459 | just above high tide
an Atlantic puffin
attends to the moon | 6470 | warm night—
more crickets
than stars |
| 6460 | a moth orchid
pressing against the window
snow squall | 6471 | snail shell
my child asks
where death lives |
| 6461 | the distance between
Betelgeuse and Bellatrix
a red-shouldered hawk | 6472 | first morning
the great egret's
long reach |
| 6462 | nimbostratus sky
headlights glinting
off each snowplow | 6473 | sage-scented trail
discovering her dog
is half wolf |
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| <p>6474 a strand of tinsel
in the raven's beak
twelfth night</p> <p>6475 squirrels' nests
the thunderous fall
of the old avocado</p> <p>6476 pacing the fence
where the tree used to be
lone squirrel</p> <p>6477 windstorm warning
a squirrel's tail repeating
complete circles</p> <p>6478 in the voice
of the waterfall
his undertone</p> <p>6479 rain rinsing snow
from the pines
. . . wrens emerging</p> <p>6480 not quite sleet
the coldness
of that look</p> <p>6481 fire-blackened trees
and the snow between</p> <p>6482 end of winter
the teddy-bear onesie
shares lunch with mom</p> <p>6483 a silvery slug
glides into the garden
strawberry moon</p> <p>6484 spring clouds
a calf nuzzles
the clover</p> | <p>6485 wildflowers
in a mason jar . . .
the way things used to be</p> <p>6486 winter's arrival
back on the elliptical
losing track of time</p> <p>6487 the snow's piling up
my new year resolutions
keep getting weaker</p> <p>6488 starting with the stars
the snow now wipes out the sky
and the village church</p> <p>6489 a white goose feather—
heavier than my shadow
on the frozen ground</p> <p>6490 in another lifetime
i learn to sing
frog songs</p> <p>6491 first walk
wondering what leaves
live in your woods</p> <p>6492 no burn day
a wish
for winter wind</p> <p>6493 you were born! you were born!
put on your birthday suit!
eat the pine tree fruit!</p> <p>6494 raucous honking
a goose's view of the
situation</p> <p>6495 the deepening
shades of orange
autumn marigold</p> |
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| <p>6496 the question
under her question
wood ear mushrooms</p> <p>6497 manzanita branches
glisten in the fog
New Year's Day</p> <p>6498 back and forth
in granny's rocker
who will want my things</p> <p>6499 handmade mittens
from what she says we guess
she already knows</p> <p>6500 accumulating
silence wakes me . . .
blanket of snow</p> <p>6501 solo coyote
drags her limp through cold rain
<i>yōkai</i> aborning</p> <p>6502 sinking into
the rosy New Year dawn
sleeping dragon cloud</p> <p>6503 plucked cyclamen
arranged in a recycled jar
ready to sketch</p> <p>6504 New Year's morn
a baby green dragon bell
nestled in my hand</p> <p>6505 dawn silence . . .
a feather settles
on new snow</p> <p>6506 buffleheads
amid winter waves . . .
windblown rainbows</p> | <p>6507 packed snow
below the feeder
sparrow prints</p> <p>6508 deep in the pines
wind-blown powder snow . . .
cold cold cheeks</p> <p>6509 winter high tides crash
onto the nightly news screen
comfort of couch</p> <p>6510 countdown to
coldest ever caucuses—
spoiler alert</p> <p>6511 border patrol—
no end in sight
no insight</p> <p>6512 beach erosion
undermines the road above—
scenic route re-route</p> <p>6513 long night
back and forth the creaking
rocking chair</p> <p>6514 an aqua box
beneath the Christmas tree
her smile widens</p> <p>6515 early plum blossoms . . .
I order a paint brush
with more spring</p> <p>6516 winter-white clouds
on cerulean blue
her angel wings</p> <p>6517 sailing disheveled
into winter harbor
the last of the sky</p> |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 6518 | restarting the stove
a dirty burner's lick
of sweet smoke | 6529 | Christmas rush
pruning the mulberry
before its leaves turn |
| 6519 | freezing women
in their minis and heels
New Year's Eve | 6530 | candy wrappers
on the sidewalk
All Saints Day |
| 6520 | on my lap
the tip of the cat's tail
still awake | 6531 | disappearing
into his own stash hole
acorn woodpecker |
| 6521 | the homeless man
dressed for winter year-round
his weathered face | 6532 | the numbing tingle
of neck, wrists, and ankles
making snow angels |
| 6522 | winter wind
the laundry dries quicker
with the clothesline creaking | 6533 | Silver shadows
full of light
terrorize the moon |
| 6523 | winter isolation
in the zone
skiing one with the mountain | 6534 | Your tambourine
full of snow
shakes in winter's wind |
| 6524 | fresh fallen snow
from El Niño conditions
my wish for the year | 6535 | Rising in blue wind
the statues of Abu Simbel
whistle an evening song |
| 6525 | she empties the house
one memory at a time
his tweed overcoat | 6536 | Our door closes
with a bang
your wreath falls
in winter's wind |
| 6526 | lingering winter
languid drops
dampening the street | 6537 | winter Prosecco
you down the assistive drug
your last toast to life |
| 6527 | waving merrily
from the green manicured lawn
a blow-up santa | 6538 | conversing through their roots
the pines outside my window
salute the wolf moon |
| 6528 | deep freeze
the purr
of the clothes dryer | 6539 | my tummy
waxing gibbous
on feast day |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 6540 | first day of year
incipient haiku
lurk all about | 6551 | snow-layered silence
mantles the dark
glow of her reading light softer |
| 6541 | storm clouds and
blue sky
shape-shifting | 6552 | she stirs applesauce . . .
snowdrifts
and sagging electric lines |
| 6542 | trembling
Pyracantha bush
robin flash mob | 6553 | quilters stitch
through winter solstice
tick of the teakettle |
| 6543 | winter solstice
vulture circles
a passing mystery | 6554 | tiny fronds of frost
on the window's inner pane
luminaries flicker |
| 6544 | tête-à-tête
my stare is longer
than heron's | 6555 | Christmas tree
the child adds
a Star of David |
| 6545 | gliding sideways . . .
the well-trodden path outbound
becomes the black ice | 6556 | packing away
the twinkle lights
moon-glow |
| 6546 | eucalyptus shadow
for whatever reasons thoughts
about my roots | 6557 | a new afghan
on my lap
pussy willows |
| 6547 | Gaza hospital
this royal cypress sputters
the midnight fireworks | 6558 | snow machines
struggling on the slopes
we watch the skies |
| 6548 | with head held high
a bobcat saunters past—
winter deepens | 6559 | exuding coolness
melting may be the last thing
the iceberg ponders |
| 6549 | champagne flutes
and star-shaped cat treats—
old year turns to new | 6560 | playing with snowflakes—
hands down, the best remedy
for feeling adrift |
| 6550 | the persistence
of old bad habits—
winter crow | 6561 | wrapped in her sweater
oblivious to old age
warming up to fate |

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|------|---|------|---|
| 6562 | golden retriever
howling at the full Wolf Moon
chasing lofty dreams | 6573 | giant sand dunes
I tell my secret
to a stranded cricket |
| 6563 | birkenstock® full
of palm stems and cupules
pins-n-needles | 6574 | mountain road
a single set of tracks
in the snow |
| 6564 | nagasaki now!
survivors waving
yamamoto torch | 6575 | winter wind
the faint songs
of a cardinal |
| 6565 | red snow
under the yucca
dam mitts | 6576 | taking pictures
of a faraway home
winter dream |
| 6566 | dyslexia
a pile of driftwood
spells <i>lackadaisical</i> | 6577 | half a century later . . .
the child behind
her wrinkles |
| 6567 | winter fire
the crackle-pop
of champagne | 6578 | a cold wind
shivers through the trees
clutching the wrong coat |
| 6568 | new year wishes
curl to flame
star bound | 6579 | sodden leaves
cover the garden bed
promises held dearly |
| 6569 | deep winter
sky
captures the sea | 6580 | New Year endings
turning out the lights
in broad daylight |
| 6570 | island breeze
elegant flapping
of rice paper butterfly | 6581 | the leaves scurrying
scratching down the road
a can dinging along |
| 6571 | tapestry of colors
in winter wonderland
mandarin ducks | 6582 | my long-lost earbuds
tucked in an old coat pocket
we'd made snow angels |
| 6572 | anticipation
in short winter sun
camellia buds | 6583 | first birdsong—a lark!
Romeo and Juliet
whisper sweet farewells |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 6584 | people of color
share his dream
the tide has turned | 6589 | withered roses
searching for a sign
in the Tarot |
| 6585 | winter wind
whips through the scattered trees
while masked ferret sleeps | 6590 | Bougainvillea
blooms halfway through November—
Tahitian sunset. |
| 6586 | black-footed ferret
chases prairie dog
winter wind | 6591 | Sixty years after,
the assassination of
JFK still haunts. |
| 6587 | penguin's fishing trip
twenty-seven minute swim
underwater | 6592 | Black phoebe surveys
its realm from the top center
of our driveway gate. |
| 6588 | the cat curls deeper
into the laundry hamper
cold rain | 6593 | In the still of night
thoughts, ideas race through my head—
still the night lingers. |

Where is the Featured Artist?

This issue of *Geppo* does not include a Featured Artist; instead, it has many great photos from the 2023 YTHS retreat at Asilomar. Next issue, the popular Featured Artist content will return with photos by Helen Ogden. To submit art or photos for consideration in *Geppo*, members may contact Johnnie Johnson Hafernik at ythsgeppo@gmail.com for guidelines.

Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter Wind,***kogarashi* (木枯らし), *oroshi* (嵐), *karakaze* (空っ風)**

drawing a good tile
in the mahjong game
winter wind

~Jackie Chou

an urban church
tucked between skyscrapers—
winter wind

~Linda Papanicolaou

winter wind speaking in white pine

~Brad Bennett

winter wind the cattle change direction

~Marilyn Ashbaugh

winter wind
long letter from a friend
welcome words

~Neal Whitman

back from Florida
the lean into winter wind
to long-term parking

~Randy Brooks

winter memory
 zipping your little red jacket
in the wind

~Barrie Levine

Siberian wind
all night freezing
the water pipes

~J. Zimmerman

winter wind
my granddaughter studies pictures
of harp seal pups

~Shelli Jankowski-Smith

winter wind—
the fire truck stuck
in rush hour

~Michael Henry Lee

winter wind—
the empty streets
of Churchill

~Ruth Holzer

a north wind
I shuffle through
the spent leaves

~Gregory Longenecker

winter wind
blasts a message
jasmine tea

~Christine Lamb Stern

winter wind . . .
the lean-to
leans too

~Elinor Pihl Huggett

winter wind
the bay mare's tail
changes direction

~Debbie Strange

winter wind—
the minister's homily
lengthens the memorial

~Michael Dylan Welch

withering wind—
the trailhead poster question:
Have You Seen This Man?

~Alison Woolpert

whoosh of the CPAP
in the dark of night
winter wind
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

dead of night
the bitter shriek
of winter wind
~Michael Sheffield

preening the plumes
of a white egret
winter wind
~Helen Ogden

shifting winter wind
the specialist suggests
one more treatment
~Richard L. Matta

swirling winter wind
rearranging everything
the call from hospice
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

the time
it takes to sew on a button
night of winter wind
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

withering wind
makes ridge lines move
closer
~Hiroyuki Murakami

winter wind
a highway somewhere under
this ground blizzard
~Barbara Snow

the restless chatter
of dry leaves against the hedge
winter wind
~Clysta Seney

winter wind
the closer you draw me
into your fire
~Bona M. Santos

bare basalt
a grimalkin stalks
the winter wind
~Joshua St. Claire

winter wind —
a sudden chill
in her voice
~Dana Grover

words . . .
were spoken
winter wind
~Chris Bruner

caressing
a rare seed catalog
winter wind
~Dyana Basist

winter wind . . .
the weathering
in his dark eyes
~ Judith Morrison Schallberger

winter wind moves south
the future wrapped in my thoughts
of Asilomar
~Kathabela Wilson

breathe in breathe out
dog and I
different stories in the wind
~Mark Teaford

flicker of candlelight
winter wind whispering
through the old panes
~Paula Sears

a quivering branch—
into the darkness a crow
rides the winter wind
~Priscilla Lignori

forgetting
'til next year
winter wind
~Stephanie Baker

winter wind
from chimney to swimming pool
the spark arrester
~Christine Horner

hip surgery . . .
the desire to walk again
with the winter wind
~kris moon kondo

warming her hands
a mug of homemade soup—
winter wind
~Janice Doppler

late winter wind . . .
a veil on the bud-laden
lifted
~Lorraine A Padden

winter wind—
redwood tree tops snap and stab
deep into duff
~Carolyn Fitz

across the cheek
leaving its pink sting
winter wind
~Lisa Anne Johnson

winter wind
a welcome partner on my walks
urging me on
Patricia Wakimoto

vaccination
reaction
winter wind
~Kathy Goldbach

Night's starfilled sky
the sound of winter
wind shaking the trees
~Jane Stuart

howl of winter wind
wakening in our warm bed
I hold your thin hand
~Lois Heyman Scott

winter wind
the unsweetened chocolate
already "blooms"
~Zinovy Vayman

withering wind—
the swan boats'
fixed expressions
~Phillip R. Kennedy

northern exposure—
winter wind whips Great Lake waves
Erie's cold comfort
~Sally Deems-Mogyordy

orooshi knocks
last seed pod hiding
in the joshua tree
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

winter wind
the roar of her finger movements
crescendos on a piano
~Wakako Miya Rollinger

winter wind
the beginning of
this clarity
~John J. Han

winter wind
 the wind chimes all dinging
 chaos
 ~David Keim

Winter wind whistles
 across skylights—we shiver
 as the house shudders.
 ~David Sherertz

rack red fox's scent
 double back trick to escape
 winter wind
 ~Sharon Lynne Yee



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

Randy Brooks	6097–3,	6098–4,	6099–0,	6100–4
Joshua St. Claire	6101–5,	6102–4,	6103–5,	6104–1
Linda Papanicolaou	6105–5,	6106–4,	6107–3,	6108–10
Marilyn Ashbaugh	6109–8,	6110–3,	6111–5,	6112–15
Michael Henry Lee	6113–12,	6114–5,	6115–0,	6116–0
Jane Stuart	6117–0,	6118–0,	6119–0,	6120–0
Neal Whitman	6121–3,	6122–0,	6123–1,	6124–1
Debbie Strange	6125–4,	6126–4,	6127–4,	6128–2
Clysta Seney	6129–2,	6130–0,	6131–1,	6132–2
Beverly Acuff Momoi	6133–5,	6134–3,	6135–0,	6136–1
Mimi Ahern	6137–1,	6138–4,	6139–1,	6140–4
Ruth Holzer	6141–4,	6142–5,	6143–5,	6144–9
Christine Lamb Stern	6145–0,	6146–6,	6147–2,	6148–2
Janice Doppler	6149–5,	6150–0,	6151–0,	6152–3
Jo Balistreri	6153–9,	6154–4,	6155–3,	6156–2
Hiroyuki Murakami	6157–3	6158–3,	6159–0,	6160–1
J. Zimmerman	6161–0,	6162–0,	6163–0,	6164–1
Richard L. Matta	6165–14,	6166–2	6167–2	6168–1
Michael Sheffield	6169–3,	6170–0,	6171–5,	6172–0
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	6173–2,	6174–3,	6175–0,	6176–1
Barbara Moore	6177–15,	6178–2,	6179–6,	6180–6
Chris Bruner	6181–2,	6182–3,	6183–1,	6184–0
kris moon kondo	6185–4,	6186–2,	6187–9	
Elinor Pihl Huggett	6188–3,	6189–9,	6190–1,	6191–2
Christine Horner	6192–7,	6193–2,	6194–1,	6195–1
Helen Ogden	6196–11,	6197–2,	6198–2,	6199–3
Barrie Levine	6200–6,	6201–3,	6202–1,	6203–8
Alison Woolpert	6204–0,	6205–0,	6206–1,	6207–5

Sari Grandstaff	6208–2,	6209–1,	6210–4,	6211–0
Gregory Longenecker	6212–2	6213–8,	6214–2,	6215–5
Reiko Seymour	6216–0			
Dyana Basist	6217–1,	6218–3,	6219–2,	6220–5
Elaine Whitman	6221–3,	6222–4,	6223–1,	6224–0
Emily Fogle	6225–4,	6226–7,	6227–0,	6228–1
Paula Sears	6229–0,	6230–13,	6231–2,	6232–2
Dana Grover	6233–2,	6234–3,	6235–2,	6236–3
Michael Dylan Welch	6237–0,	6238–0,	6239–1,	6240–0
Bona M. Santos	6241–2,	6242–0,	6243–1,	6244–2
Barbara Snow	6245–0,	6246–0,	6247–2,	6248–2
Kathy Goldbach	6249–1,	6250–1,	6251–1,	6252–10
Priscilla Lignori	6253–1,	6254–3,	6255–3,	6256–1
Lisa Anne Johnson	6257–1,	6258–3,	6259–0,	6260–8
Michèle Boyle Turchi	6261–0,	6262–1,	6263–0,	6264–0
thomasjohnwellsmiller	6265–0,	6266–1,	6267–0,	6268–0
Roger Abe	6269–6,	6270–4,	6271–0	
Zinovy Vayman	6272–0,	6273–0,	6274–0,	6275–2
Kathabela Wilson	6276–0,	6277–2,	6278–0,	6279–1
Marcia Burton	6280–3,	6281–2,	6282–1	
Julie Holding	6283–0,	6284–0,	6285–0,	6286–1
Dorothy Avery Matthews	6287–0,	6288–1,	6289–1,	6290–1
Sharon Lynne Yee	6291–0,	6292–0,	6293–0,	6294–0
Bruce H. Feingold	6295–0,	6296–3,	6297–6	
Alexis George	6298–0,	6299–0,	6300–2,	6301–3
Lois Heyman Scott	6302–0,	6303–1,	6304–0,	6305–1
Stephanie Baker	6306–0,	6307–0,	6308–3,	6309–2
Phillip R. Kennedy	6310–2,	6311–0,	6312–3	
Sally Deems-Mogyordy	6313–0,	6314–0,	6315–4,	6316–2
Judith Morrison Schallberger	6317–0,	6318–0,	6319–0	
John J. Han	6320–2,	6321–3,	6322–5,	6323–9
Carolyn Fitz	6324–0,	6325–3,	6326–0,	6327–3
David Sherertz	6328–2,	6329–1,	6330–0,	6331–0
Patrica Wakimoto	6332–1,	6333–10,	6334–0,	6335–2
Wakako Miya Rollinger	6336–4,	6337–0,	6338–1,	6339–1
David Keim	6340–2,	6341–5	6342–1,	6343–1
Deborah P Kolodji	6344–3,	6345–0,	6346–2,	6347–14

Remembering Eleanor Carolan 1939–2023

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

A longtime resident of Felton, CA, Eleanor Carolan passed away peacefully at her home surrounded by her family and her cat, Bella. She was an early childhood educator, expressive arts therapist, poet, artist, gardener, and mentor.

A self-taught poet, Eleanor began writing poetry as a response to drawings and collages that she created. What was closest to her heart was the unfolding of nature's cycles that parallel our journey through life. So, it is not surprising that she loved nature and gardening and those passions are evident in her art and poetry. In the nineties, Eleanor joined the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society where she made lasting friendships and impacted the lives of many of us with her gentle spirit, caring and love for others, and her beautiful artwork and heartfelt haiku. In August, 2023, she was the "Featured Artist" in *Geppo*. We will miss her.

Below are several of Eleanor's haiku.

consider again
indigo starlight—
the stillness

spring raga
the din of bees
in Manzanita

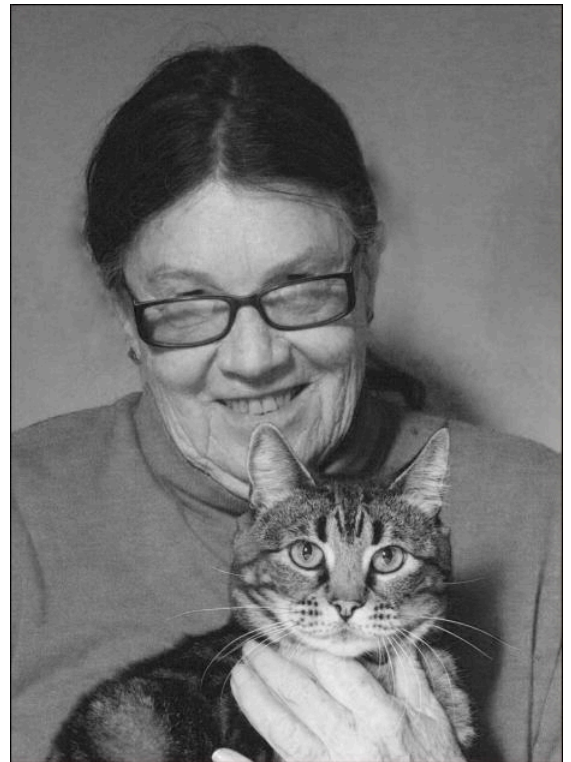
in spite of the cold
I walk barefoot into
a moonlit garden

peach blossoms
the bucket of rain
overflowing



for Eleanor
after her passing
who will care for the lilacs
longest night
Dyana Basist

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



November 2023 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers

(received 8 or more votes)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>6112 ochre watercolors
autumn washes
off my brush
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (15)</p> | <p>6252 the crisp plaid
of a new school dress
ripe apple
~Kathy Goldbach (10)</p> |
| <p>6177 the long pauses
in our conversations
autumn deepens
~Barbara Moore (15)</p> | <p>6333 brisk walk
I hurry along
with the leaves
~Patricia Wakimoto (10)</p> |
| <p>6165 farm sunrise
a diesel tractor
shapes the horizon
~Richard L. Matta (14)</p> | <p>6144 tattered monarch
neither of us
going anywhere
~Ruth Holzer (9)</p> |
| <p>6347 clicking the brakes
on my walker
autumn loneliness
~Deborah P Kolodji (14)</p> | <p>6153 morning breeze
finches ride the stalks
of spent sunflowers
~Jo Balistreri (9)</p> |
| <p>6230 river glide
the silence
of our oars
~Paula Sears (13)</p> | <p>6187 curling
in upon itself
the cricket's chirp
~kris moon kondo (9)</p> |
| <p>6113 in
the time allotted . . .
mayfly
~Michael Henry Lee (12)</p> | <p>6189 above my bed
an orb spider explores
the dream catcher
~Elinor Pihl Huggett (9)</p> |
| <p>6196 first autumn rain
the pause between
each drop
~Helen Ogden (11)</p> | <p>6323 waking up
in my native village
frog song
~John J. Han (9)</p> |
| <p>6108 first rain—
what's left of the garage sale
piled at the curb
~Linda Papanicolaou (10)</p> | <p>6109 bamboo grove
watching the heron
watch the koi
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (8)</p> |

6203 autumn sun
the classroom windows
flung wide open
~Barrie Levine (8)

6260 suddenly awake—
slipping around the corner
the tail of my dream
~Lisa Anne Johnson (8)

6213 sunrise
the frosty scolding
of a raven
~Gregory Longenecker (8)



Spring Challenge Kigo: Rookery, Heronry

Patrick Gallagher

In the San Francisco Bay Area, male great blue herons arrive at their nesting sites, heronries, in early February. The male birds claim their territory and start to build large platform nests of sticks lined with finer twigs and plant material. Soon the females arrive, and the males begin their courtship behavior of bowing, stretching, and displaying their colorful breeding plumage. In May most of the young birds learn to fly. The spring kigo “rookery, heronry” are from the *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki*, edited by Anne M. Homan, Patrick Gallagher, and Patricia J. Machmiller (San Jose, CA: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2010). “Rookery,” a generic term, can be used as a spring season word if it is understood to mean “heronry,” or is specifically related to another spring nesting bird, such as an egret, as in Anne Homan’s haiku below.

the prattle of nestlings
circling the rookery
an eagle

~John S Green, *Blōō Outlier Journal*:3 (Summer 2022): 5. <http://tinyurl.com/BlooJournal>

Bolinas
heronry nests high above
aging hippies
~Patrick Gallagher, *Mariposa* 10.

egret rookery
a sudden silence brings me
up from the eyepiece
~Anne Homan, *San Francisco Bay Area Nature Guide and Saijiki*, 11.

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

Dōjin's Corner Aug-Oct 2023

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and
Alison Woolpert

Hope you had a wonderful holiday season and that 2024 brings you much happiness.

Happily, our secretary, *Dōjin* Alison Woolpert, has agreed to be our guest columnist this month. Alison has served Yuki Teikei in many ways: she was president for six years and contest chair for seven years. And her latest gig is grandmother—not to Yuki Teikei—but to a dear little baby boy named Cruz.

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

AW: 6100*, 6119, 6153, 6157, 6165*, 6182*, 6195*, 6226, 6295, 6331

E: 6102, 6105*, 6131, 6146, 6152, 6153, 6158, 6159, 6166*, 6173, 6189, 6190, 6201*, 6210, 6214, 6217, 6218*, 6223, 6224, 6227, 6229, 6231, 6244, 6269, 6337, 6345, 6347

pjm: 6100, 6102, 6105, 6106, 6107, 6110, 6111, 6112, 6114, 6127, 6136, 6138, 6139, 6140, 6143, 6153, 6155, 6163, 6165, 6167, 6173, 6174, 6175, 6177*, 6180*, 6182, 6200, 6203, 6204, 6208, 6211, 6212, 6213, 6226, 6230, 6231, 6247*, 6252, 6260, 6274, 6275, 6278, 6295*, 6312, 6320, 6323, 6333, 6337

6100 killing frost
 green tomatoes glisten
 on the windowsill

AW: This *shasei* haiku, "the sketch from life," is more than just a lovely image. The haiku gives

an insight into what the poet is feeling; such pleasure to rescue unripe tomatoes from the frost. They glisten, they're alive—they're still viable! The haiku starts as a powerhouse and ends quietly seated. The small ice crystals of line one reflect light and appear white. The unripe tomatoes in line two are green, and line three points to a color change yet to take place, tomatoes that will turn red. Living right next to the ocean in California, there is no killing frost, but as I write this in December, my "Sunset Gold" cherry tomato plant is still producing. I recently brought some green tomatoes inside to save them from the rains. They are turning orange, and it gives me pleasure; it gives me a sense of well-being, as does this haiku.

E: Frost and green tomatoes, winter and summer, stay together simultaneously; the windowpane separates two different temperature zones. "Killing," "glisten," and "windowsill," the l-sound scattered across the lines gives a lovely soundscape to this haiku. I water-cultured a leaf vegetable this winter after cutting the top part for cooking. Its green glistened in the winter sun, giving me so much energy.

pjm: Three elements are operating in this haiku to contribute to its success. First, the way the reader receives the observations in the poem is very skillfully done. The frost is forecast followed by the glistening of the tomatoes and just when we think they have been frostbitten we discover in the third line that they have been successfully rescued and sit safely on a windowsill. Second, the word "glisten" permeates the image. It applies to the frost, to the green tomatoes, and indirectly, to the sun coming in the window. And third is the sound: the syllables "kill," "glis," and "sill," along with "win" carry the music and tie all three of the

lines of the poem together. Very accomplished writing.

6105 wind-whipped straps
of a car-top bike rack—
the golden hills

E: I feel the speed, yes, the speed; the refreshing air presses hard on my cheeks as the car speeds on the highway; the golden hills shine and stretch on both sides. The sound flow of the first line and the staccato of the first and the second lines make me catch the wind in my ear! Going down to Asilomar?

pjm: This haiku has a feeling of anticipation. Someone is headed for the beautiful golden hills for a bike ride. It's a glorious day, sunny and bright, and the straps on the bike rack dancing in the wind speak to the excitement of the coming adventure.

AW: Flap, flap, flap, flap—the culprits: loose ends of the long straps that securely hold the bikes in place. Up on top, the bikes stand tall like precarious sentinels. Seems like it would be a constant, irritating flapping noise, but reassuring in another way. I feel the sun's heat increasing. Maybe the riders are traveling to somewhere local to ride, but maybe they're on Highway #49 in California's golden hills headed for the Sierras.

6165 farm sunrise
a diesel tractor
shapes the horizon

AW: I liked this haiku right away, but I made a mistake in thinking that it lacked a kigo. I tried to come up with one, but since I was on my first read-through of all of the haiku, I quickly moved on. On the second read-through, I realized that

of course it has a kigo. The spring kigo is in line two—"diesel tractor," not the usual place for the kigo to appear. A farmer plowing at dawn is readying the field for planting. "Shapes" here is a verb, and it's the tractor doing the action. The horizon is a line segment that cannot have a shape, as it has no form. A line segment connects two points, that we see, and it extends infinitely in both directions. The tractor is an enclosed figure, a shape, and it shapes the horizon. Maybe it's quite a way off in the distance, but that diesel tractor can be heard clattering along.

pjm: This haiku holds two readings simultaneously. First is the strong, clearly drawn visual description of a tractor on the horizon. The second is the deeply profound idea that the tractor, as it works the land, shapes the future. With this second reading, the poem opens up, and we are led to contemplate the effects of tilling the soil and on our use of the land.

E: A stretch of the horizon; a diesel tractor, a huge one, like a bump on the camel's back, draws a mountain on the single line of the horizon. I think "farm sunrise" is a nice expression, but it may dilute the surprise in the second line because the farm and tractor are very close. How about something like "blue hour"? When the sun gets really scorching in summer, the morning hours are precious working hours for the farmers.

6166 produce aisle
the deep breathing
to open plastic bags

E: A plastic bag must be big, and the seller who is about to blow open the plastic bag is standing next to this year's harvest. I assume the seller is the farmer who worked hard in the fields to grow this harvest, challenging climate change

effects that are causing many problems. “The deep breathing” makes me feel the pride and joy of the seller.

AW: Interesting technique with the bags. I wasn’t sure if the deep breathing is to help calm oneself while struggling to open a darn plastic bag; they are challenging! Or, does the poet actually blow into the bag to open it? On the “struggle front,” another shopper gently showed me once that all I need to do is to touch two fingers to a damp spot where the spritzers have misted, grab the bag and presto—bag open. What is the kigo in this haiku? I am not sure, because we visit the produce aisle in all seasons. Possibly, line one could put us in the produce aisle without a direct mention of it. If line one named a vegetable that serves as a kigo, it could work—“summer squash sale” or “stack of leeks”—just a thought.

pjm: What a surprise to find that Emiko sees us in the farmers’ market and Alison and I see us in the supermarket where there are spritzers keeping the produce moist. Emiko thinks it’s the seller opening the plastic bag, and I think it’s the buyer. And this brings me face to face with the very unsettling question—how do I buy produce without using a plastic bag? I think this is an ecology poem reminding us that we are suffocating ourselves and the earth with plastic.

I agree with Alison and her suggestion of changing produce to a specific item. Not only does it add a kigo, but it’s a much more vibrant image.

6177 the long pauses
in our conversations
autumn deepens

pjm: Pauses in a conversation can be of different kinds—they can be comfortable, uncomfortable, awkward, sudden, growing, lapsed, filled with

surprise—or shock, introspective, disinterested. Because the conversations are plural and because of the last line, I interpret these to be between longtime friends, mates or lovers, probably, or possible family members, mother and daughter, for example, and the pauses to be comfortable ones. These two people know each other well, they have a shared history, and each allows the other room to ruminate. It’s gratifying to know the relationship will endure through and beyond the pauses.

AW: As autumn progresses to winter, so too the intensity of the cold. I am not sure why there are long pauses in the conversations of the two people. Is this a marriage dissolving, or is one person in the decline of dementia? Whatever the reason, the haiku leaves me feeling chilled, and winter is on the horizon.

E: To continue or not to continue, that is the question! A joy of exchanging words or an uneasiness of throwing words at each other; in any event, the deepening of autumn makes the days shorter and shorter, reminding us of the time left in our own lives. “Silence is golden,” says an old saying. I like a warm quietness that creeps in and stays between two people.

6180 conducting
an invisible orchestra
autumn dusk

pjm: I like the idea that the autumn dusk is a maestro bringing forth the music of the natural world, because it does create the moment when the owl hoots, small birds settle down with their final tweets of the day, crickets awaken, the wind can be heard whispering in the reeds, and the lake laps at the shore. Dusk has a feeling of magic and this haiku heightens that feeling. I think the choice of *autumn dusk* is fitting. It suggests the crickets and crickets are the violins of the orchestra.

E: The orchestra has many parts—strings, winds, and percussion; my easy guess is crickets, crows cawing home, and the moon rising with its cosmic sound, which can be heard by blessed ears. Is the author conducting the music, or is the autumn dusk the conductor? If it were in Japan, one might add a trumpet played by a tofu seller to add the feeling of a tasty evening.

AW: This haiku has given me a jolt of perception. Reading it a good number of times, I was taken in two very different directions, one to a dark place and the other to a spectacular place. On first read, I imagined a person in a stage of dementia conducting their private orchestra. There was no mention of a score of music being listened to; the kigo is of autumn dusk, not summer dusk. This is not the play air-conducting that a child joyfully does. I wondered what the person actually was seeing and hearing. The haiku left me in the dark to ponder. Days later, upon another read, I surprised myself—what if the haiku is about autumn dusk being the conductor? A different image revealed itself; the sound of color appeared. The clouds became orchestra members, ever changing in their different groupings interpreting the movement. The image was of pianissimo in the sky, brightening to forte, before a diminishing ending. This is the interpretation I prefer.

6182 bare trees

even the living
seem dead

AW: Seven words and only nine syllables. A stark and cold image, even though we know that the living bare trees will soon bud out with new leaves. At times, winter feels so deathlike; it

gives us a solemn pause, and that's why spring is ever hopeful. The spacing of the lines is effective for this strong, truncated haiku.

E: On these cold days, the backs of my hands look more like withered bark, to my disappointment, which makes me more speechless thinking that this poem may be true. Humans without words are almost dead, correct? My mouth is busy munching on sweets to fuel my brain to write this piece!

pjm: We call this time of year the “dead of winter” when the landscape is barren and shows no sign of life. The trees bereft of leaves stand like skeletons, stark figures against an overcast sky. Yes, “even the living / seem dead.”

6195 tinder-dry autumn
a wildfire watch for which way
the wind blows

AW: Autumn is the worst season for wildfires, and a tinder-dry autumn sounds especially flammable; all it takes is a drop of a hot match head, a thrown-out-the-window-but-not-quite-extinguished cigarette butt, or a spark from a fender scraping the pavement. And the wind on its course, of its own volition, will decide ours. Do we go? If so, when? Now? Or, do we wait awhile longer? The haiku has a euphony with the five words that start with “w”—wildfire, watch, which, way, and wind.

pjm: You can hear the wind blowing in those “w” words Alison listed, and I would add another—blows. An anxiety shows itself in the long “i’s,” dry, wild, fire. The music in the language supports the meaning and feeling of the poem. One suggestion for the poet: since “wildfire” is an autumn kigo in the northern hemisphere (in Australia it is considered a summer reference), it may not be necessary to include “autumn” in the first line.

E: The wildfire watch tells us which way the fire may come and go following the wind paths. Although I feel the tension and alertness, I might have wanted something new in the haiku besides this information.

6201 toddler's tray
silver dollar pancakes
in a maple syrup sea

E: The last word, "sea," caught my attention and made the picture of the scene so clear. Because I love to dip pancakes into maple syrup! The second line sounds very nice, too. And they are on the toddler's tray; the abundant affection of parents is felt in this haiku. So sweet!

pjm: A very clear and caring image of a toddler's breakfast. I can see the small pancakes overflowing with maple syrup and I can imagine (and dread) the mess to come. I do have a suggestion for the poet. The description of the pancakes as silver dollars conveys their small size. But "silver dollar" has strong associations with coins, the wild West, saloons, and gambling. None of these associations support the meaning or thrust of the haiku; they only detract from the hominess and childlike wonder at the sea of maple syrup. I'd look for another way to describe the pancakes.

AW: This haiku hit home, as my fifteen-month-old grandson has recently visited. Pancakes studded with blueberries made a daily appearance on his breakfast tray, although his mom doesn't allow the maple syrup that this toddler and I enjoy. I am invested in kigo, so I pose a sticky, but curious question. Do you, the reader, get a sense of a particular season with this haiku? If so, which season? Or, do you, like me, consider it a senryu (and a very fun one at that!)?

pjm: Alison's question, perhaps, leads to the solution I was asking for. Suppose these are blueberry pancakes! Toddler-sized!

6218 a silver hair falls
from the library book
winter nears

E: Browsing a book on a bookshelf in a library, a silver hair catching the light through the window jumps up from a page and then falls; is it my hair? Or is it from someone who read the book before me? The soundless image of the falling hair, in slow motion, lingers after reading this haiku. The third line is a very gentle landing.

AW: This haiku is mysterious. To whom does the silver hair belong? Has it fallen from the head of a previous borrower or from the present borrower? I imagine that it is a hair from a previous borrower and that its fall has startled the present borrower. In library books we sometimes come across scribbled notes in the margins, underlined words, and even grease spots left from someone who was eating while reading. But upon finding a silver hair—that is a bit disturbing. It's as if the previous reader, maybe now a ghost, is right here in the room.

pjm: From a borrowed book a message that we are on borrowed time.

6247 carrying sorrow
from room to room
the housefly's whine

pjm: When grief comes, we carry it in our bodies. As we move about doing our daily chores, it is with us—in the bedroom when we make the bed, in the living room when we dust the windowsill, in the kitchen when we rinse out the

sink. Just like the fly, as it moves from room to room, its whine goes with it. Just like grief.

AW: What an interesting first line, carrying "sorrow." Without knowing the reason for the sorrow, I immediately felt a weight in my chest. And the burden to carry sorrow from room to room made it heavier. Line three was a surprise, not at all what I expected—a housefly's whine. Will the poor housefly eventually find an exit to the great outdoors? You open the door and hope no other flies come in while you encourage this one to escape.

E: To me, "sorrow" is a big word, and this housefly's whines carry the sorrow from room to room as it moves around. Or is the author moving from room to room and, in one of them, encounters a housefly? What I feel from this haiku is the emptiness and silence emphasized by the housefly's whines.

6295 washed in raspberry
 so the guide says
 purple finch song

pjm: I was enamored of this haiku because of the wonderful phrase "washed in raspberry." I was not aware, when I read it, of Roger Tory Peterson's famous description describing a purple finch as a "sparrow dipped in raspberry." I suggest the poet change the first word in the first line to "dipped" and then italicize the first line. This will make it clear that

the phrase is borrowed from a guidebook and prompt readers who are interested to look up the original.

E: I Googled and found that it was described by American ornithologist Roger Tory Peterson as "a sparrow dipped in raspberry juice." What does the last word add to this haiku? Suddenly, the raspberry-colored bird disappears, and its chirping fills the space. Perhaps the author is not seeing but just hearing the bird.

AW: What a charming description the guide shares. These songbirds are year-round residents along the California coast. In winter, I see and hear them right in my neighborhood. While the female purple finch has no red, the male indeed looks like he has bathed in crushed raspberries. The haiku expands; it is not only the color of the purple finch, which is what I imagine the guide is referring to, but the poet lets us hear the finch's sweet song. Like the color and song, the haiku leaves me with a warm feeling. Interestingly, the Pacific Coast purple finches sing a faster song than the Eastern birds, and finches sometimes add sounds of other species into their warbling.

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



Welcome to New YTHS Members

John Barna, Sacramento, CA; Brad Bennett, Arlington, MA; Nancy Brill, Oakland, CA;
Yukio Kachi, Salt Lake City, UT; Roberto Keim, Port Townsend, WA;
Terry Keim, Hines, OR; Clare Payne, Sacramento, CA; Marilyn Powell, Morristown, NJ;
Marilyn Sanders, Roseville, CA; and Jill Spealman, Glen Ellyn, IL.

2023 Yuki Teikei Haiku Asilomar Retreat—October 12-15

Alison Woolpert

The 2023 Yuki Teikei Retreat was held in person at the Asilomar Conference Grounds, Pacific Grove, CA. Following COVID-19 guidelines, the retreat was restricted to 28 masked participants with seven additional members joining in from the patio of the conference room on Saturday. A feeling of joy at being with old friends and meeting new ones permeated the whole weekend.

The theme of the gathering was “*Tabi*, Haiku Journey.” In keeping with the Japanese word “旅 *tabi*” for journey, meaning not only travel and sightseeing, but also spiritual seeking, the theme encompassed a person’s outward as well as inward journey in haiku. Matsuyama City haiku poet and Masaoka Shiki researcher Nanae Tamura and YTHS *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita were featured guest speakers.

Thursday

- Early arrivals enjoyed a pre-retreat picnic at Pt. Lobos State Natural Reserve. Helen Ogden shared poems of place from Robinson Jeffers and ocean haiku. She led an informative *ginkō* on the Bird Island Trail.



A few of the walkers at the Pt. Lobos *ginkō*:
(L-R Top) P. J. Machmiller, J. Zimmerman, N. Tamura, B. Moore, Naia,
K. Wilson; (Bottom) E. Miyashita. Photo: M. Ahern.

- Barbara Moore, retreat chair, led the evening introductions, during which each participant shared their personal haiku *tabi* and one or two haiku. Carol Steele’s beautiful *ikebana* flower arrangement graced the room, and each attendee received a folder featuring Carolyn Fitz’s “Hare & *Ensō*” on the cover.



Welcome to *Tabi*, a Haiku Journey



Asilomar Beach. Photo: M. Ahern.



Early morning tai chi with leader David Sherertz (left): B. M. Santos, M. Ahern, E. Miyashita, J. J. Hafernik, A. Woolpert, and D. Keim. Photo: B. M. Santos.

Friday

- Morning talks were presented by *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita and Nanae Tamura, our featured speakers from Japan. Emiko's talk was entitled "Haiku Travels—A Way of Exchanging Haiku." She also shared the delightful children's book *Impressions of Towns*, sponsored by the Japan Airlines Foundation and featuring haiku and art from children all over the world. Read more about Emiko's talk and Nanae's engaging presentation, "Shiki as a Traveling Man," in the article on pages 33–34.
- These two distinguished Japanese poets conducted a "Japanese-style Formal *Kukai*." The top place winners as voted by the members:

1st Place: closing time / the sun settles / into crickets
 ~Marilyn Ashbaugh

2nd Place Tie: early autumn chill / the sound of oars moving / through water
 ~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

long night— / car lights slide across / the bedroom wall
 ~Patricia J. Machmiller

3rd Place: for just a moment / pausing on the picket fence / autumn butterfly
 ~Helen Ogden



Patrick Gallagher, Helen Ogden, and Emiko Miyashita tally votes for the Japanese-style formal *kukai*. Photo: M. Ahern.

And these are the top three place winners as recognized by *kukai* leader, Nanae Tamura:

- 1st Place: a breath / in between / the bell crickets
 ~Emiko Miyashita
- 2nd Place: loneliness / casting grass seeds / into the wind
 ~Naia
- 3rd Place: a small / apology / rinse of rain
 ~Christine L. Stern

- Nanae and Emiko offered an evening haiku workshop in which members shared haiku they considered in progress. Feedback was offered by participants, and the discussion of each fresh haiku was concluded with Nanae providing her critique.

Saturday

- Accompanied by Rick Wilson on a shakuhaci flute, Kathabela Wilson, coordinator of the 2023 Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi Contest, announced the three prize-winning haiku and 10 honorable mention poems. Contest judges Emiko and Nanae provided commentary on the award-winning haiku.

- 1st Place: first birdsong at dawn / umami percolates through / my mother's kitchen
 ~Wakako Rollinger
- 2nd Place: hillside snow angels / the Zephyr train engineer / blasts two short whistles
 ~Alison Woolpert
- 3rd Place: they stop together / then move on separately / the rabbit and time
 ~Clark Strand

A beautiful brochure with art by kris moon kondo and all winning haiku and judges' commentary on the top three haiku is available for download at yths.org/2023-tokutomi-contest-results.

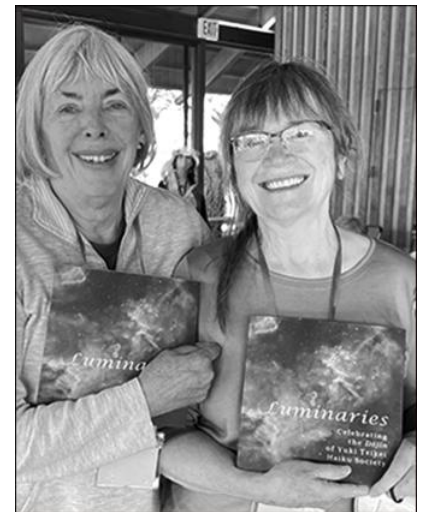


Nanae Tamura and Emiko Miyashita, judges, and Kathabela Wilson, contest chair, announce the winners of the 2023 Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest.
Photo: M. Ahern.

- David Sherertz shared kigo information to inspire our *ginkō* before lunch. He also led early morning tai chi for those wanting to start their day with meditative exercises and views of the sunrise.
- Naia, editor and designer, presented her beautifully executed 2023 YTHS Members' Anthology, *between sun and shadow*. Each participant read one of their haiku from the anthology.
- The “Elegant Writer” pen was the “tool de force” for the art party organized by *Dōjin* Alison Woolpert. Carolyn Fitz demonstrated the pen’s special features, and she shared pointers on ways to record retreat haiku and sketches in a handmade booklet.
- Christine Stern and Jeannie Rueter had been working on a secret project for a year. They unveiled their stunning book, *Luminaries*, which celebrates the 13 *dōjin* of YTHS. The book features gorgeous photos of outer space taken by astrophotographer Nico Carver. YTHS is deeply indebted to Christine and Jeannie for such a special gift. Additional copies may be purchased at yths.org/Publications/.
- Our in-person retreat allowed for a favorite event to return on the schedule—Renku Night. Patrick Gallagher and *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou served as *sabaki*, leaders, and yes, there were sightings of writers in costume.



Patrick Gallagher (second from right), *sabaki*, and his *Kasen* renku team: (L-R) A. Woolpert, J. J. Hafernik, B. M. Santos, C. Steele, and N. Tamura: Photo by team member P. J. Machmiller.



Christine Stern and Jeannie Rueter with *Luminaries*, the book they produced in celebration of the YTHS *dōjin*. Photo: M. Ahern.

Sunday

- Renku writers read their work, one *Nijuin*, a 20-verse renku, and one *Kasen*, a 36-verse renku. The *Nijuin* renku is on page 35 of this issue, and the *Kasen* renku will be printed in the May issue of *Geppo*.
- Nanae and Emiko gave a hands-on calligraphy workshop.
- Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller led her popular post-retreat workshop on the Asilomar patio.

Thanks to members' generosity, the Silent Auction raised \$455 for the scholarship fund.

A deep bow to the retreat committee for such a fabulous event. Kudos go to Chair Barbara Moore and members Mimi Ahern and Patricia J. Machmiller.

Attendees (indoors): M. Ahern, B. Arnold, M. Ashbaugh, P. Gallagher, K. Goldbach, J. J. Hafernik, T. Homan, D. Keim, D. P. Kolodji, P. J. Machmiller, E. Miyashita, B. Moore, Naia, H. Ogden, L. Papanicolaou, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, J. M. Schallberger, M. Sheffield, D. Sherertz, C. Steele, C. L. Stern, N. Tamura, K. Wilson, R. Wilson, and A. Woolpert. Saturday Attendees (outdoors): R. Abe, D. Basist, C. Fitz, A. Homan, P. R. Kennedy, A. Ostenso-Kennedy, M. B. Turchi, and J. Zimmerman.



On the deck at the YTHS 2023 Retreat.

(L-R) Top: A. Woolpert, C. L. Stern, P. R. Kennedy, A. Ostenso-Kennedy, B. Moore, M. B. Turchi, D. Basist, D. Keim, L. Papanicolaou, D. Sherertz, C. Fitz, C. Steele, M. Sheffield, Naia;

Middle: M. Ahern, B. Arnold, A. Homan, P. J. Machmiller, B. M. Santos, R. Wilson, K. Wilson, T. Homan, J. M. Schallberger, K. Goldbach, J. Rueter, M. Ashbaugh, J. J. Hafernik;

Bottom: D. P. Kolodji, H. Ogden, and E. Miyashita. Photo: P. Gallagher.

Featured Poets Emiko Miyashita and Nanae Tamura at the 2023 YTHS Annual Retreat at Asilomar

J. Zimmerman and Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

YTHS was honored to have not only one but two featured speakers for the 2023 Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat: *Dōjin* Emiko Miyashita and Nanae Tamura, both distinguished, internationally known haiku poets, translators, and the 2023 Tokutomi Contest judges. Emiko, YTHS's longtime haiku ambassador from Japan, writes for the "*Dōjin's Corner*" in each issue of *Geppo* and with Lee Gurga translated the haiku collection *Einstein's Century: Akito Arima's Haiku* (2002). Nanae, a researcher, essayist, and board member of the Matsuyama Shiki Society, translated and coedited with Cor van den Heuvel the book *Baseball Haiku: The Best Haiku Ever Written about the Game* (2007).



Emiko Miyashita, featured speaker from Tokyo, Japan. Photo: M. Ahern.



Nanae Tamura, featured speaker from Matsuyama, Japan. Photo: M. Ahern.

Both Emiko and Nanae were a large presence at the retreat, each giving an opening presentation on the theme of the conference, *tabi*, "a journey or travel," as well as leading a formal *kukai* and a calligraphy workshop. One participant described the contributions of Emiko and Nanae as "the heart of our experience."

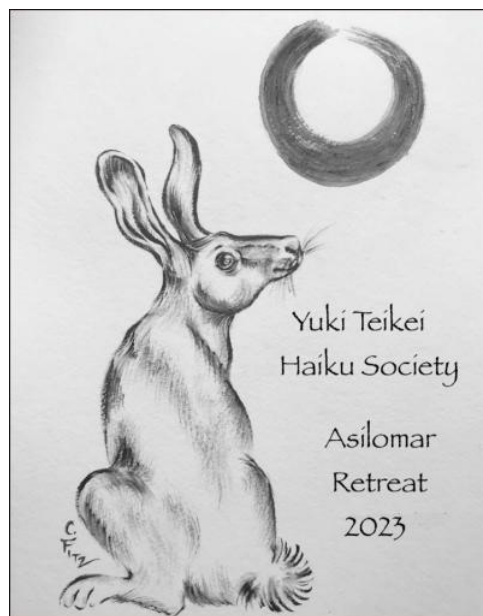
Emiko opened the first session with "Haiku Travels—A Way of Exchanging Haiku." Beginning in 2019, she and the German Haiku Society's Claudia Brefeld sent each other poems from their journals. Representatives of a French, a Swedish, and a Danish organization soon joined them in a quarterly exchange. Emiko shared their work with the group. A director of the JAL Foundation, Emiko also presented the Foundation's 18th World Children's Haiku Contest results and provided postcards of these haiku to attendees.

After a short break, Nanae explored "Shiki as a Traveling Man." She reported how much Shiki loved to walk and to travel when he was healthy and how he began contributing to a newspaper travel column in

1892. That same year, Henry G. Hawkins, from Alabama, traveled to Matsuyama to teach English at the Matsuyama Junior High School. Nanae was able to match several of Shiki's haiku from 1892 with specific descriptions of Matsuyama locations and activities in Hawkins' subsequent travel book, *Twenty Months in Japan* (1901).

On Friday afternoon, Emiko and Nanae led a Japanese-style formal *kukai*, ending with Nanae sharing her top three place winners. In the evening Nanae and Emiko offered participants the opportunity to present fresh haiku for feedback from both participants and featured guests. As the 2023 Tokutomi Contest judges, Emiko and Nanae provided commentary on each award-winning haiku as it was announced by Kathabela Wilson, contest coordinator.

At the Saturday evening renku party, Nanae and Emiko again played an integral role, each writing the hokku, the opening verse, for their respective group's renku. The last morning, Nanae, assisted by Emiko, presented a hands-on calligraphy workshop. We appreciated Emiko and Nanae being with us and sharing their knowledge, passion, and joy for haiku.



Art by Carolyn Fitz for the "Welcome Folder."

Renku from the 2023 Asilomar Retreat—Part I

A highlight of in-person Asilomar retreats is the renku party, where teams of poets write collaborative linked verse. The evening is festive with participants coming in party clothes or costumes and sharing snacks and wine while writing poetry late into the night. The 2023 retreat had two groups in which each hokku, or starting verse, was written by one of the featured speakers: Emiko Miyashita and Nanae Tamura.

A variety of lengths and forms of renku exist, and this year, each group chose a different type. One group wrote a *Nijuin* renku, a 20-verse renku, whereas the other group chose a *Kasen* renku, a 36-verse renku. All renku share a similar structure in that there are four parts: (1) *jo*, a preface, (2) *ha*, development, part one, (3) *ha*, development, part two, and (4) *kyu*, a finale. Within the parts there are specific requirements for each verse, such as “love, three lines,” or “autumn, two lines.” Some verses are serious; some are fun. Here is one group’s *Nijuin* renku. In the next issue of *Geppo*, the other group’s *Kasen* renku will be published.

From the Rim

An Autumn *Nijuin* composed at Asilomar, CA

14 October, 2023

Sabaki (leader): Linda Papanicolaou

1. *jo*

from the rim
of my sun visor
a monarch butterfly / em

autumn sea sparkles
in myriad blues / dds

early moonrise
breaks over the hill
soundlessly / jr

talking on the patio
remembering names / cls

2. *ha*

oh! who’s that lady
in her pilot scarf
and a cat tail? / em

on Noah's Ark
the animals march in by two's / dk

the boy and girl
sneak a kiss
behind the barn / ms

her lipstick reminds him
of his misspent youth / ho

his shoulder colder
than the frost outside
brings her up short / jr

ice cracks rumble
beneath the surface / dds

3. *ha*

rocks in the river
make stepping stones
from point A to B / jr

his mother's collection
of his baby teeth / kw

she becomes
all pink
for the Barbie movie / cls

wash your hands
then the COVID test! / em

hottest three months ever
but the moon
could care less / dds

a raging wildfire
destroys our Lahaina / cls

4. *kyu*

the novice monk
thinks of home
and grandma's cooking / ms

he caresses his muddy
new motorcycle / jr

when the doves
fly over a blossom festival
our hearts beat faster / dk

smiling mountain
high / jr

Renjū (poets participating in writing the renku)

David Keim (dk)

Emiko Miyashita (em)

Helen Ogden (ho)

Jeannie Rueter (jr)

Michael Sheffield (ms)

David Sherertz (dds)

Christine Lamb Stern (cls)

Kathabela Wilson (kw)



Linda Papanicolaou, *sabaki* (center), and her *Nijuin* renku team (L-R) D. Keim, M. Sheffield, D. Sherertz, C. L. Stern, E. Miyashita, and J. Rueter. Photo: M. Ahern.

“Midwifing the Unborn Haiku” – November 11, 2023

Michèle Boyle Turchi

The November Zoom meeting of YTHS began as President *Dojin* Linda Papanicolaou welcomed current and new members, made announcements, and encouraged members to renew their membership for 2024. First Vice President Marilyn Gehant noted that November is National Native American Month, having been created by a joint resolution of Congress and signed into law in 1990. Marilyn followed with an invocation focusing on the Pomo tribes in Northern California, which consist of several ethnolinguistic groups that belong to a single language family named Pomo. Once in the high thousands, the Pomo peoples today number under 5,000 and live in Mendocino, Sonoma, and Lake counties.

The featured event, “Midwifing the Unborn Haiku,” began with members joining breakout rooms each moderated by a *dojin* to praise/question/polish each participant’s poem. Five *dojin* participated: Roger Abe, Mimi Ahern, Johnnie Johnson Hafernik, Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dojin* Patricia J. Machmiller, and Linda Papanicolaou. Members found this exercise very helpful and came away with insights into how to make their poems come to life and be more favorably received.

All together again, attendees heard ideas for future meetings. For the next meeting, the holiday Zoom party on December 9, holiday haiku and haiga can be sent to Christine Stern who will put together a slideshow, allowing each participant to read and share their work on Zoom.

At the end of the meeting, *Dojin* Johnnie Johnson Hafernik informed members about a new online journal, 民句 *folk-ku* – a journal in honour of 正岡 子規 *Masaoka Shiki*. For more information visit the King River Press website <http://tinyurl.com/shikijournal>.

Coming full circle, members were treated to Rick Wilson playing a song on his Pomo flute.

Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom host), J. Doppler (co-host), R. Abe, M. Ahern, J. Balistreri, D. Basist, M. Berger, C. Bruner, J. Chou, C. Fitz, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. J. Hafernik, D. Keim, G. Longenecker, P. J. Machmiller, R. L. Matta, D. A. Matthews, L. Papanicolaou, J. Rueter, J. M. Schallberger, L. Scott, C. Seney, M. Sheffield, C. Steele, M. B. Turchi, tjwellsmiller, and K. Wilson.

Holiday Haiga Celebration—December 9, 2023

Alison Woolpert

From members' submitted haiga and haiku, Christine Stern created another fabulous slideshow. To start the presentation, her first delight was a view of a vintage black and white picture postcard sent from her grandmother to her aunt in 1938 showing off the Asilomar Conference Grounds where a night's stay with meals cost \$4.00, about \$85 today.

The show began with Katsuhiko Momoi's striking image of the Tokyo art project, "How to Scan the World," along with his poignant haiku:

seasons change
people appear and disappear
another year is upon us

A haiga that made us laugh was Jeannie Rueter's image of the toy *Godzilla* in a face-off with the toy *Dragon*.

my brother and I
good as gold on Christmas Eve—
occasionally

Dōjin Hiroyuki Murakami zoomed in from Japan with a warm smile and goodwill greetings, despite it being 4:00 a.m., his time. His enchanting photograph was of a very large tree full of holiday lights and a building aglow, rising into still-white clouds of a darkening sky. The image and the haiku, like the season itself in this darkest time of the year . . . a bit mysterious.

same old lights
in a shape-shifting world—
December

So many beautiful images and lovely haiku were shared. Following the slideshow, members spoke to specific things they feel thankful for within our haiku community. The talented *Geppo* team and their fabulous work-study journal were mentioned numerous times. Thanks were given for all the volunteers who help keep our society vibrant: those who produce, as well as mail out books; run contests; manage the website; organize retreats; conduct meetings; give invocations to respect the native peoples who lived and cared for this land before us; for haiku in general; and especially for Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller. We are truly blessed.

The preview of the calendar of events for 2024 was presented. You can find it online at yths.org.

Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom host), J. Doppler (co-host), L. Papanicolaou (co-host), M. Ahern, B. Arnold, J. Balistreri, D. Basist, M. Berger, J. Chou, C. Fitz, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, J. J. Hafernik, J. Holding, R. Holzer, G. Longenecker, P. J. Machmiller, D. A. Matthews, B. A. Momoi, K. Momoi, B. Moore, H. M. Murakami, H. Ogden, W. M. Rollinger, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, S. Saradunn, J. M. Schallberger, L. Scott, P. Sears, R. Seymour, C. Steele, M. B. Turchi, tjwellsmiller, K. Wilson, A. Woolpert, S. Yee, and J. Zimmerman.

Tokutomi Memorial Contest Kigo Unveiled on Zoom—January 13, 2024

Alison Woolpert and J. Zimmerman

Dōjin President Linda Papanicolaou opened the Zoom meeting, which would reveal the kigo chosen for the 2024 Tokutomi Memorial Contest, named in honor of YTHS founders, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi.

First, Linda invited Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia Machmiller to read the YTHS land acknowledgment in recognition of the indigenous peoples of the Monterey Bay. Dyana Basist, YTHS “greeter,” introduced recent new members attending. Greg Longenecker, editor of the 2024 members’ anthology, summarized the submission guidelines, and Barbara Moore outlined plans for the 2024 annual retreat. Details are in this issue (pages 42 and 44 respectively) and on the YTHS website—yths.org.

Linda then handed the meeting over to Kathabela Wilson, chair of the 2024 Tokutomi Contest, to announce the contest kigo and submission guidelines. Kathabela spoke about the power and energy of kigo, saying that each was “a season word that fills your heart.” She had requested kigo suggestions from *Dōjin* Phillip R. Kennedy and used them all with enthusiasm. As Kathabela revealed each kigo selected, Phillip commented on the importance of the season. Rick Wilson heralded the seasons with beautiful Japanese flute music.

- New Year: first sunrise
- Spring: balloon, tulip, artichoke
- Summer: billowing clouds/cloud peaks, summer concert, phlox
- Autumn: autumn woods, cricket(s), long night/lengthening night
- Winter: snowman/snowperson, winter bee, turnip

Phillip recommended that the kigo and the season both “echo” throughout a haiku. He highlighted the following seasonal attributes that a haiku would do well to respect.

- New Year: auspiciousness and newness; happiness.
- Spring: new life sprouting after a long cold winter; buoyancy; vivid colors.
- Summer: not only the positive height of energy and activity, but also the danger, particularly from extreme weather; an example is the kigo “cloud peaks” that rise majestically but that can presage big storms.
- Autumn: again a dual aspect—an outward pull of relaxation with the coolness and relief from summer heat, but then a turning colder with the gradual approach of winter.
- Winter: primarily a season of inwardness and dormancy (exemplified by the kigo “winter bee,” a slow-moving bee that has barely survived) while also having the exuberant whimsy of children (as in “snowman”).

For further insights into kigo, be sure to attend Phillip’s Zoom workshop “New Yuki Teikei Season Word Handbooks Project” February 10. Details in this issue’s calendar (page 48) and at yths.org.

Attendees: L. Papanicolaou (Zoom Host), J. Doppler and P. Gallagher (Co-hosts), R. Abe, M. Ahern, B. Arnold, M. Ashbaugh, J. Balistreri, D. Basist, B. Bennett, M. Berger, C. Bruner, J. Chou, C. Fitz, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. J. Hafernik, C. Holbrook, D. Keim, P. R. Kennedy, M. H. Lee, G. Longenecker, P. J. Machmiller, R. L. Matta, D. Matthews, R. Melissano, B. A. Momoi, B. Moore, C. Payne, M. Powell, W. M. Rollinger, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, S. Saradunn, J. M. Schallberger, P. Sears, M. Sheffield, D. Sherertz, C. Steele, M. B. Turchi, J. Varkonyi, P. Wakimoto, tjwellsmliller, E. Whitman, N. Whitman, K. Wilson, A. Woolpert, S. Yee, and J. Zimmerman.

What is Shiki's *Shasei* ("Sketching") Style of Haiku?

Nanae Tamura, Matsuyama Shiki Society, Japan, with J. Zimmerman

Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902) disliked the banality of conventional haikai. He proposed a new style of poetry based on *shasei* or "sketch realism" — sketching from real life. He introduced the new name for a poem in this style: the haiku.

To Shiki, haiku was more than a word sketch: it was a sketch from life in which a scene or event was first internalized and was then put into words that could express the writer's feelings or state of mind. Thus, a *shasei* haiku was not only from real life but also was able to let us imagine the writer's feelings and situation.

Despite his advocacy of sketching from real life, Shiki did not deny the possibility of imaginative haiku. He believed that if a haiku poet observed the natural world and events carefully, his observations and sketches would surely be reflected in his haiku, even if the poet used some imagination.

This *shasei* approach was very important to Shiki. He presented it as an effective way to break away from the clichéd haiku of logic, wit, and petty subjectivity that dominated the haiku world at the time. Furthermore, he recognized the tendency of *shasei* to produce many ordinary haiku, and he did not necessarily consider sketching to be a universal method.

Background

Nanae Tamura was a guest speaker at the 2023 YTHS Annual Retreat, presenting information on Shiki. Subsequently J. Zimmerman asked Nanae for insights on Shiki's idea of *shasei* for haiku. Above are highlights from their communications both in person and by email. About their discussions, Nanae wrote "I enjoyed the conversations with Joan. She pulled my memories out and gave me the chance to reread his letters, diaries, and comments for the readers of his haiku journal *Hototogisu*."

See Also

Masaoka Shiki. *If Someone Asks . . . Masaoka Shiki's Life and Haiku*, trans. Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers. Matsuyama, Japan, The Shiki Museum, 2001.

Masaoka Shiki. *A Sketch of His Life*, trans. Shiki-Kinen Museum English Volunteers. Matsuyama, Japan, The Shiki Museum, 2012.

Trumbull, Charles. "Masaoka Shiki and the Origins of *Shasei*," *Juxtapositions* 2.1. 2016: 87–122. <http://tinyurl.com/Shiki-Shasei>

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Members' Anthology 2024— Call for Submissions

This year's editor is Gregory Longenecker, a longtime Yuki Teikei Haiku Society member and 2019 Touchstone Award recipient.

DEADLINE: In-hand no later than April 15, 2024

HAIKU Criteria:

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

HAIKU Format Challenge:

- Submit 3-5 haiku in a 3-5-3, 4-6-4, or 5-7-5 syllable format; your choice of subject.
- There is no promise or guarantee that each submitter will have a challenge haiku included in the anthology.

HOW TO SUBMIT:

EMAIL ENTRIES—PREFERRED

To: Gregory Longenecker

Subject: (your name) 2024 Anthology

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

SURFACE MAIL—ALTERNATIVE (only if email is not available; must be received by the April 15, 2024, deadline)

Mail to: Gregory Longenecker
YTHS 2024 Anthology

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

Enter the oldest USA-based international haiku contest honoring traditional Japanese haiku!
Prizes: \$100, \$50, \$25 to the top three haiku.

- In-hand deadline is May 31, 2024.
- Haiku must be in English.
- Haiku must have 17 syllables in a 5–7–5 pattern. Contest standard is *The American Heritage Dictionary*, 5th Edition, available online.
- Haiku must use only one kigo, which must be from the contest list. Haiku with more than one recognized kigo will be disqualified.

- New Year: first sunrise
- Spring: balloon, tulip, artichoke
- Summer: billowing clouds/cloud peaks, summer concert, phlox
- Autumn: autumn woods, cricket(s), long night/lengthening night
- Winter: snowman/snowperson, winter bee, turnip

Email haiku to Kathabela Wilson ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☉ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘ ☘

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

Mail haiku only (not check) to: YTHS Tokutomi Contest, Kathabela Wilson,
Place three poems per 8½" x 11" page and send one copy
of each page with name and address.

By PayPal: Go to PayPal. At "Send money to" type in yukiteikei@msn.com. At "Add a note" type: "Contest," your name, and the number of haiku.

Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere.
- Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned, and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished Japanese haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its journal, website, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the 2024 YTHS Annual Haiku Retreat in November. Soon afterward they will appear on the YTHS website: yths.org
- For a paper copy of the contest results send a self-addressed stamped envelope marked "Contest Winners." Those abroad please enclose a self-addressed envelope plus enough postage in international reply coupons for airmail return.

YUKI TEIKEI HAIKU SOCIETY ANNUAL RETREAT
Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA
November 7–10 (Thursday-Sunday), 2024

Sea, Sky, and Time to walk . . . to write . . . to share at this year's YTHS Retreat at Asilomar. Immerse yourself in *ginkō* (walks) and haiku writing, an art project, our traditional *kukai*, a dress-up renku party, a campfire gathering, the 2024 Tokutomi Contest announcement, presentation of the 2024 YTHS Anthology, and free time to soak in the Asilomar beauty.

Conference fee: \$100

Conference fee (\$100) + shared room and 9 meals (\$654) = \$754

Conference fee (\$100) + single room and 9 meals (\$982) = \$1082

Registration opens February 15th. Reserve your place by paying the \$100 conference fee. Balance due by September 1. Deadlines are firm. Attendance will be limited to 32 with a waiting list. Attendees are to be COVID-vaccinated and boosted. Participants will COVID test each morning of the conference and wear masks in the meeting room. Please visit the Yuki Teikei website for more information about COVID precautions and contingency plans.

To register email Bona M. Santos

Please include: Name, address, phone, email, special requirements, choice of room (single, double, or none), roommate preference (if any), meal preference (regular or vegetarian).

Please indicate if you wish your contact information to be included in a conference roster to be shared with other participants.

To pay by check, send to Jeannie Rueter, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, P.O. Box 412 Monterey, CA 93942

To pay by PayPal send to yukiteikei@msn.com. In the "Add a note" put Asilomar 2024 and your name.

Questions? Contact the Retreat Chair Barbara Moore:

Members' Favorite James Hackett Haiku

J. Zimmerman

The previous *Geppo* showcased haiku of James Hackett and suggested that his loyalty to the 5–7–5 form could help members entering the YTHS Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest (Zimmerman, 2023, 34–36). I invited readers to submit a favorite Hackett poem with one or two sentences of appreciation.

Dōjin President Linda Papanicolaou responded with this haiku (Hackett, 1968):

Never more alone
the eagle, than now surrounded
by screaming crows

Linda commented: "I follow a couple of eagle webcams and have seen smaller birds harassing the eagles. What makes this haiku for me is that the second line is constructed so as not to flow smoothly. It's very expressive."

Janice Doppler praises this early haiku (Hackett, 1958):

. . . down a dusty road
a sudden change of color
. . . the sound of a spring

Janice wrote: "This haiku starts simply—just moving down a dusty road. The surprise of color change captures me, stills me, and in that stillness, I notice the sound of water. Within that stillness, my mind drifts to the interaction between whatever is changing color and the presence of water. I drift until the colors of spring become the colors of autumn, back to spring . . ."

References

Hackett, J. W. An untitled self-published chapbook, dated 6/11/1958. More of Hackett's haiku can be found on his website hacketthaiku.com/haiku.

Hackett, J. W. *Haiku Poetry, Volume Three*. (Tokyo: Japan Publications, 1968), 4.

Zimmerman, J. "Tokutomi Memorial Contest: Help From Haiku Superstar James Hackett," *Geppo* XLVIII:4 (Nov 2023): 34–36.

Copies Available—*The Plover and the Moonstone: The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society 40th Anniversary Anthology*

A small cherry tree
just transplanted—already
casting its shadow

~Kiyoshi Tokutomi, co-founder and first YTHS president (1975–1976)

Copies of *The Plover and the Moonstone: The Yuki Teikei Haiku Society 40th Anniversary Anthology* (2015), edited by Patricia J. Machmiller, are available on the YTHS website. This book has a chronology of the Society's events from its beginning in 1975 until 2015. Highlights include extensive collections of haiku and haibun from the Society's first 11 presidents, as well as members' haiku. *The Plover and the Moonstone*, at a cost of \$15 plus shipping, can be purchased, along with other books, at yths.org under "Publications/Store."

winter evening
in grandmother's crazy quilt
my old yellow dress

~Anne Homan, ninth YTHS president (2002–2006)

Save the Date for the Annual YTHS Spring Reading—May 11, 2024!

Mark your calendars for this year's Spring Reading organized by Roger Abe and featuring poets Stephanie Baker, Randy Brooks, Kathy Goldbach, and Lorraine Padden. This year's event will be in person and on Zoom from 4:30–7:00 p.m. Pacific. The in-person event will be held at Works/San Jose, 38 South 2nd Street, San Jose, CA, with doors opening at 4:00 p.m. For more details check the calendar in this issue and on the YTHS website at yths.org.

Correction

In the "Meet This Issue's Featured Artist" article in the 2023 November/Autumn issue of *Geppo* (p. 13), we regret that Kiyoko Tokutomi's first name was misspelled.

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 were 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

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This Issue's Contributors

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Michèle Boyle Turchi, *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—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.

February 10 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	“New Yuki Teikei Season Word Handbooks Project,” workshop led by <i>Dōjin</i> Phillip R. Kennedy.
February 15	Registration opens for the Annual YTHS 4-day Retreat, Asilomar, CA.
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 with Mimi Ahern, Marilyn Ashbaugh, Brad Bennett, Michael Henry Lee, and Beverly Acuff Momoi.
April 13 in-person field trip	Tilden Park Botanical Garden, Berkeley CA. <i>Ginkō</i> hosted by David Sherertz. Details to come.
April 15	Submissions deadline for the 2024 YTHS Members’ Anthology. See details in this issue and online at yths.org .
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
May 11 Event in-person and on Zoom 4:30– 7:00 Pacific. Doors open for in-person event at 4:00.	Annual Spring Reading organized by Roger Abe, featuring Stephanie Baker, Randy Brooks, Kathy Goldbach, and Lorraine Padden. In-person at Works/San Jose, 38 South 2nd Street, San Jose, CA. Suggested parking at the city basement lot at 25 South 3 rd Street.
May 31	Submissions deadline for the 2024 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest. See details in this issue and online at yths.org .
June 8 in-person field trip	Pescadero State Beach, CA. <i>Ginkō</i> led by Roger Abe. Details to come.
July 13 in-person , TBD	Tanabata Celebration. Details to come.
July 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
August 10 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Annual YTHS Business Meeting.
September 1	Deadline for ordering extra copies of the 2024 YTHS Members’ Anthology.
September 1	Deadline for registration and payment for 2024 YTHS Haiku Retreat, Asilomar, CA. Limited to 32 participants. See yths.org .