

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

6594 soccer team car wash
the neighbor's puppy
licks my ankle

6595 a duet
through the open window
nesting wrens

6596 field of winter wheat
what remains
of the wellhouse

6597 a misty rain
pairs well with plum
blossoms

6598 hungry for nectar
hummingbird hovers over
vivid red flowers

6599 silhouettes of oaks
sunset on a quiet preserve
thoughts begin to blur

6600 field of wildflowers
quenched by early morning rain
beginning of spring

6601 peach blossoms
branches reach to sun
life begins

6602 Spring Training
a lead-off home run
high hopes

6603 spring equinox—
in my U.S. postal box
good news

6604 deer nibbling
our sprouting flowers
SCAT!

6605 chilled pea soup
first day of spring
playing Vivaldi

6606 as if
nothing's changed
plum blossoms

6607 pebble sun
throwing my shadow
across the creek

6608 long beach walk . . .
two shells closer
to spring

6609 estuary
the mockingbird's song
shapes the morning

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|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6610 | slow day—
the barista tops me off
with “have a nice one!” | 6621 | calendar note
the early spring birthday
of his dead sister |
| 6611 | pretzel with mustard
on the steps of the Met—
a fountain’s cool breeze | 6622 | wildflower hike
he yells back to the group
<i>mule ears up here</i> |
| 6612 | cumulus clouds—
my sketch journal open
to a new white page | 6623 | an old orchard pipe
from where water drips, drips, drips . . .
giant darners flit |
| 6613 | summer dusk—
does the ice cream truck driver
ever get sick
of his bell? | 6624 | spring thermals
a slight shift in the condor’s
feather fingers |
| 6614 | rooted reflection
a rabbit in the middle
of an empty space | 6625 | teething baby—
a breastmilk popsicle from
a binky-like mold |
| 6615 | throwing it away
again and again
muddy tennis ball | 6626 | spring melancholy—
a saucer whose cup
was lost long ago |
| 6616 | washing out the bridge
and drying it in the sun
flooding river | 6627 | spring equinox—
prayer flags rippling
in five colors |
| 6617 | recycling day
a bit of green spirals
into a rabbit | 6628 | returning cold—
the dentist projects an image
of my dead tooth |
| 6618 | Easter morning
I break out
the chocolate matzah | 6629 | spring sleet
a woodpecker
pecks the suet |
| 6619 | man and dog
limping the length of the hedge
lingering chill | 6630 | first drops
on the windshield
I choose an em dash |
| 6620 | March wind
the yellowish haze
of a wildfire | 6631 | garden arbor . . .
wisteria dreams
of falling rain |
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|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6632 | the tilt
of a warbler's tail
where to pitch the tent | 6643 | vagabond child
scrambles in a trickling creek
new pet rock quest |
| 6633 | Unmindful
of today's heat
we swim in pools of moonlight | 6644 | caching my dreams
among forest roots
spring rain |
| 6634 | Not too sure
where I stored
the Christmas tree | 6645 | crack house swelter
a passing train rattles
the remaining window |
| 6635 | Always my father
you stop at the bridge
and wipe your tears away | 6646 | the long
and oh so short of it . . .
all day rain |
| 6636 | An early sunrise
the miracle of time
crossing the summer sea | 6647 | anywhere
but in the present
daylight savings |
| 6637 | mountain mist
we discuss the world
to come | 6648 | with liberty
and justice for all
april fools' |
| 6638 | phylactery
the gold in the blue
in the robin's nest | 6649 | fearing heights
for my red balloon
I clutch its string |
| 6639 | scent of chartreuse
under old leaves
new leaves | 6650 | sleeping Buddha
I take a night off
from lighting incense |
| 6640 | budburst
from tree to tree
chickadees | 6651 | a tart memory
of rainbow sherbert
spring sunshine |
| 6641 | thinning ice
the All Skate sign
still flashing | 6652 | blowing soap bubbles
the brief rainbow world
of childhood |
| 6642 | dawn birdsong
joins her day again
first hearing aids | 6653 | warbling my father
out of this world
nightingale |
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| <p>6654 a coyote
crests the ridge
cholla blossoms</p> <p>6655 a tulip petal
drops between us
shakuhachi</p> <p>6656 blood orange
coloring signs
for my son's fruit stand</p> <p>6657 down and out for days
due to Covid 19 . . . still
the crocuses rise</p> <p>6658 cup of tea in hand
she sits on the porch and waits
for the hummingbird</p> <p>6659 the sirens go off
a calm face amidst it all
the full flower moon</p> <p>6660 the first crocuses
one pops up in a new spot
I kneel to meet it</p> <p>6661 upside down bushtits cattywampus spring</p> <p>6662 a raft of coots
erupting
in rude little burps</p> <p>6663 moonset
the stoop and stare
of a great blue</p> <p>6664 varied thrush
whistling the morning
hearing test</p> <p>6665 spring morning
weed eater jackhammer
chain saw nail gun</p> | <p>6666 candy shop
whirr of the humming bird
in aloe blossoms</p> <p>6667 willow fluff
ducklings ignore
the swim-in-line rule</p> <p>6668 spring mist
shall I call my bowl half full
or half empty</p> <p>6669 migration . . .
a flock of shadows crosses
an open meadow</p> <p>6670 unknown footprints
on the winding woodland path . . .
a disturbed pebble</p> <p>6671 neither here nor there
a red-tailed hawk flies
into the headwind</p> <p>6672 sound asleep . . .
then a sudden blast
of daffodils</p> <p>6673 daylight savings
the morning birds
sleep in</p> <p>6674 sand mandala
her perfect spirals
between tides</p> <p>6675 covid test
just to be sure
spring fever</p> <p>6676 broken branch
the weight of rain
on roses</p> |
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|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6677 | the way waterfalls develop snowmelt race | 6689 | re-smashing the fly
excruciating hand pain
internecine epoch |
| 6678 | cannot outrun
my own shadow
winter sun | 6690 | re-smashing the fly
excruciating hand pain
internecine span |
| 6679 | where you take me
on my birthday
phainopepla whistles | 6691 | re-smashing the fly
excruciating hand pain
internecine times |
| 6680 | my childhood wish
a whole box of strawberries
without sharing | 6692 | re-smashing the fly
excruciating hand pain
internecine era |
| 6681 | equinox snow (drops) drifting across your grave | 6693 | warm April day
in the garden
earthworm races |
| 6682 | the pace
of my breath slows . . .
rushing stream | 6694 | solar eclipse
stars appear
to remind us |
| 6683 | gender bias
a boy sticks petals
to his fingernails | 6695 | blue bells ring
to herald spring
vanishing act |
| 6684 | earth day
ivy rootlets tickling
small fingers | 6696 | rain forecast
in drought area
April Fools' |
| 6685 | hard spring rain ...
the daisies and I
shiver | 6697 | elderly women
why do we forget
how to skip? |
| 6686 | lusty <i>tsips</i> —
a California towhee
reclaims our rooftop | 6698 | the door blows open
dead embers glow again
an old flame returns |
| 6687 | a rainbow
after the hailstorm . . .
spring energy | 6699 | daylight savings time
a substitute carrier
delivers our mail |
| 6688 | morning chill
a crescent moon caught
in the oaks | | |
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|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6700 | Oh, dear goslings
flap your nubbins
the hawk's wing span | 6711 | date pits and spoons
live-action fairy tales
by my children |
| 6701 | a flamenco dancer
flicks her skirt—
blooming hibiscus | 6712 | in the middle
of a sentence
pink camellia |
| 6702 | high noon
always a step away
my shadow | 6713 | the trees
he planted years ago
blossoming sky |
| 6703 | pink hyacinth
spring
in my gait | 6714 | the white spathe
of a calla lily
his mother's embrace |
| 6704 | he says she says Santa Ana winds | 6715 | shaking out her dust mop . . .
in sync with the rhythm
a mockingbird |
| 6705 | wooden path
leading to the mute color
of vernal flowers | 6716 | the way
she makes herself heard
red-mouth narcissus |
| 6706 | bound for
the cherry blossom falling forest
children playing train | 6717 | two robins bathing
in a parking lot pothole
glistening droplets |
| 6707 | a Bashō monument
stands
in the spring rain | 6718 | Memorial Day
morning sunlight on medals
in a shadow box |
| 6708 | a frog calls
before too long
a whole family calls | 6719 | hazy crescent moon
faraway conversation
between the neighbors |
| 6709 | written in mud
bring on the spring
flowers | 6720 | inside the mailbox
another seed catalog
beginning of spring |
| 6710 | childhood album
adding cherry blossoms
to my stick figures | 6721 | snow flowers
on a bare tree
her mind leaps to spring |

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|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6722 | whistling scents
from the marsh reeds . . .
red-winged blackbirds | 6733 | artichoke
appetizer—try one,
Eeyore? |
| 6723 | baby otters
tumbling over each other
the spray-soaked twins | 6734 | fresh strawberries
—perfect—
yesterday |
| 6724 | scent of thawing soil
and last year's leaves
Budding Moon | 6735 | on me
not so cute . . .
hummingbird poop |
| 6725 | basement melt
how bright the window well
daffodils | 6736 | we need a guide,
not the Venice immersion!
tramontane wind |
| 6726 | wisping along
a tendrilled fence
morning fog | 6737 | many rabbits
but no coyote sightings . . .
snowless winter |
| 6727 | oceanside
a woodpecker stipples
between sets | 6738 | wars stay
on the 35th meridian
departing spring |
| 6728 | squash blossom
a honeybee opens
last night's blanket | 6739 | winter wind . . .
after I turn seventy seven
just more winter wind |
| 6729 | silence . . .
the glow of pebbles
in the moonlight | 6740 | muddy path
to the woodpile . . .
steam from the sap house |
| 6730 | April phantom
the rustle
of a passing breeze | 6741 | spring river
mallards follow
the thaw |
| 6731 | forest solitude
the creek's voice
my companion | 6742 | lingering stars
across the meadow
a thousand bluets |
| 6732 | ancient cup
full or empty
it matters not | 6743 | she fills her new furniture
with old memories
spring melancholy |
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|------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6744 | spring cleaning
he snips off
another wisp of hair | 6755 | spring mist
a gift for grandma
a Tussie Mussie |
| 6745 | spring morning
our footprints
in the snow | 6756 | sky shadows
the ground squirrel race
burrow to burrow |
| 6746 | another shower
passes through
spring spritzer | 6757 | from the office window
a hatch of caddisflies
dying patient |
| 6747 | sunrise
first one bird at the feeder
then the rest | 6758 | it curls and unfurls
a streamer over the bay
blackbirds in flight |
| 6748 | night squall
the house lights
flicker | 6759 | ocean bluff's spring crown
in a patch of buttercups
a six-deer circle |
| 6749 | coastal sojourn
at the restaurant we both
order fish | 6760 | low tide on the bay
in the early morning mist
five egrets fish |
| 6750 | almost
not quite
jasmine | 6761 | afternoon quiet
under the damp Cypress trees
a covey of quail |
| 6751 | Autumn leaves fall
make room for new green
grey hair why linger? | 6762 | Christmas morning . . .
for the first time
he knocks |
| 6752 | Trail narrowed
a sunning lizard and I
fight for right of way | 6763 | in my space
each wrinkle
is personal |
| 6753 | Mom's breath frosts
over winter cabbages
weathered sweetness | 6764 | the coolness
of waist-high fog
shorts and sandals |
| 6754 | Circling eagle
abandoned mine and I
memorial day | 6765 | runner on second
taking off
butterfly in the outfield |
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| <p>6766 on sweaty skin
the scent of tick spray —
wildflower walk</p> <p>6767 gull wings
stirring the stillness . . .
misty bay</p> <p>6768 secluded cove
the whoosh of heron wings
breaks the silence</p> <p>6769 campfire smoke . . .
the bee on my boot
strokes its face</p> <p>6770 first she positions
her eggs, then the octopus
enters senescence</p> <p>6771 heaps of wet clover
covering the sidewalk
spring exuberance</p> <p>6772 rainbow flags hang in
Salt Lake cafés announcing
long-awaited spring</p> <p>6773 the blue seemed close
enough to touch between
low-hanging clouds</p> <p>6774 more spring rains
. . . the war news . . .
will it ever end?</p> <p>6775 cutting the first rose
placing it in a stem vase
a long bow</p> <p>6776 spring cleaning
the waves on the beach
woosh and wash</p> | <p>6777 heavy raindrops
drown out the traffic —
stick out the tongue</p> <p>6778 weeks and weeks of count-
ing syllables: the Toku-
tomi Haiku Con-</p> <p>6779 <i>Modern Haiku</i>
the puppy borrows my copy
without asking</p> <p>6780 internet outage . . . we reconnect</p> <p>6781 in the burn scar's
deep black:
green shoots</p> <p>6782 spring zephyr
one silky tone
from the wind chime</p> <p>6783 an old stone wall
grows peaceful with age
spotted fawns</p> <p>6784 early spring
a child rolls down a hill
of dewy green grass</p> <p>6785 crying round-n-round
an autistic child
on the carousel</p> <p>6786 taking in pants
breathing in and breathing out
fitting after weight loss</p> <p>6787 heronry
courtship begins
soon hatchlings can fly</p> |
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|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6788 | balloonfish
swims face to face
with scuba diver | 6799 | turkey tail mushrooms
a frill
of revulsion |
| 6789 | pink skunk clownfish
near sea anemones
companions for life | 6800 | tiny flecks
of mud on his face
daffodil |
| 6790 | heat waves shimmer
from crematory chimney
yet still—blossoms bloom | 6801 | making dinner . . .
how wild the
robin's song |
| 6791 | while eclipse
chasers chase—
trust tv tapes | 6802 | Warm day, open windows
My neighbors too
Can listen to Mozart |
| 6792 | her joyful spin
and wag of tail—
first day of spring | 6803 | a train whistles
in the distance
spring zephyr |
| 6793 | the tummy flop
on the carpet sun spot—
new light of spring | 6804 | a weed flowers
in the sidewalk crack
winter's end |
| 6794 | twilight falls
between dog and wolf
known and unknown | 6805 | Easter
the pastel squares
of hopscotch |
| 6795 | uncovering
a secret
the weight of light | 6806 | the butterfly
of her fingers
sign language |
| 6796 | pushing through
the winter mess
bright crocus | 6807 | wood dragon's new digs
night sky
above your hut |
| 6797 | drumming wings
my morning walk
flushes a grouse | 6808 | caring only for mad poems
spring seeds
stay thirsty |
| 6798 | rows of garlic
in a wet garden
bean soup | 6809 | <i>dumplings ready?</i>
chili flakes in hot oil
blossoms |
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|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6810 | scent links
an old dog poem
goes for a walk | 6821 | gutter cleaning
my dog has fun with
water splashes |
| 6811 | her speech and fingers
more hummingbird than human
frisson and repeat | 6822 | deep night
the mating calls
of frogs |
| 6812 | one hundred and four
wishing for her brisk hello
the neighbor who died | 6823 | budding leaves
the wrenit's tail quivers
with his call |
| 6813 | the ghosts of shoppers
looking in downtown windows
thousands, reflections | 6824 | spring equinox
an overturned wheelbarrow
leans on a redwood |
| 6814 | lightning dances
taunting the electric city
and the unsheltered | 6825 | penciling in
the deductions
President's Day |
| 6815 | hanging by a thread
the world magnified
spring raindrops | 6826 | tapping out
the syncopations
rain gutter |
| 6816 | reflecting pond
reflecting
world turned upside down | 6827 | succulent sale
I stock up on pots
for the pups |
| 6817 | muddy lane
yielding
to cherry blossoms | 6828 | despite
the wide brimmed hat
and shades
sunscreen in my eyes |
| 6818 | heavy rains fall
in typewriter taps
spring's story unfolds | 6829 | a favorite song
debuts with a new spin
and a new fan |
| 6819 | snowfall
owl's wings flutter
in silence | 6830 | ramen or udon
a rainy day made
to slurp and splash away |
| 6820 | spring
a penguin spreads
its wings | 6831 | just imagine peace
pushing up through frozen soil
like a rogue turnip |
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|------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6832 | flashing orange
rocking my world with spring jazz
Baltimore Oriole | 6840 | lavender festival—
no more snow
on the distant mountain |
| 6833 | this field of tulips
a cascade of colors—
I blush in tribute | 6841 | silent hospice—
mum shaves dad's face
for the last time |
| 6834 | spring sunrise glimmers—
peeking over the mountain
it stares down the frost | 6842 | drifting cirrus . . .
scat in the shadow
of the maple sapling |
| 6835 | New Mexico skies—
so intensely blue, almost
takes your breath away | 6843 | the rookery alive with fluff and open mouths |
| 6836 | baby blue eyes—breath-
takingly beautiful spring
native wildflowers | 6844 | artichokes
these louche
sunbathers |
| 6837 | four left hands grasp BART
pole—two men with wedding rings,
two women without | 6845 | dunes at dusk
a white-crowned sparrow's
torch song |
| 6838 | past totality
clouds part briefly to reveal
a fingernail sun | 6846 | have you plans
for this pristine year
smoky quartz |
| 6839 | Christmas morning—
the colour
of my daughter's smile | 6847 | thunderbolt
outdoor chess players
trade castles |

Welcome to New YTHS Members

Susan Farner, Urbana, IL; Antoinette Libro, St. Augustine, FL; and
Mitsuyo Tao, Watsonville, CA.

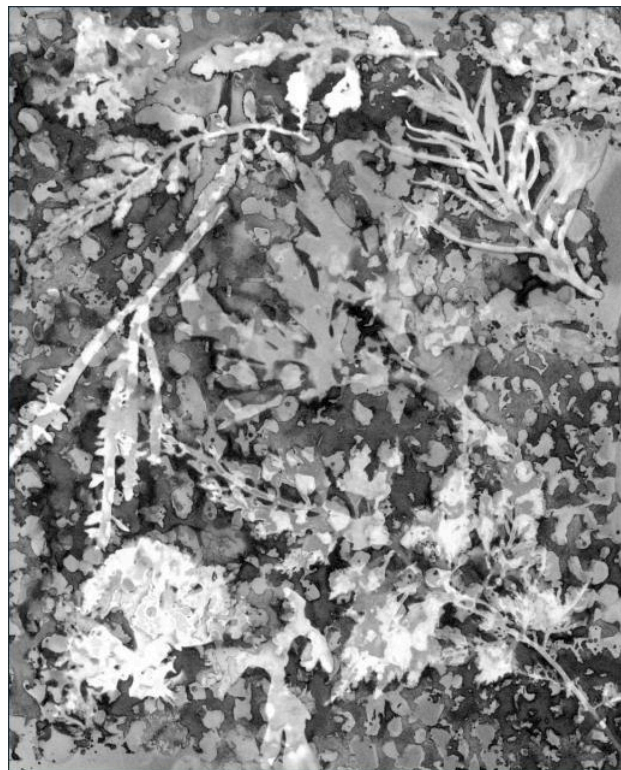
Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

During the COVID pandemic, Helen Ogden discovered that haiku was her happy place. She found the meditative quality of these small poems comforting during that difficult period. By joining YTHS she found a warm and welcoming community of fellow poets that helped her deepen her knowledge of haiku beyond a simple syllable count. Helen has also been participating in the Haiku Society of America's mentorship program under the guidance of Chuck Brickley. Raised in Mallorca, Spain, Helen is bilingual and writes haiku in Spanish, as well as English. A retired speech-language pathologist, she now spends much of her time doing habitat restoration at local California state parks, where she finds ample subject matter for both her writing and photography.

A photography hobbyist, Helen has found that years spent capturing small details and moments in time with her camera, along with her love of language, have been helpful in developing her haiku practice. Having transitioned from darkroom to digital a number of years ago, Helen still misses the tactile aspect of the process and fills that gap by exploring alternative photographic techniques, such as chemigram, photogram, and cyanotype, using objects from nature to create her images. Some of her works have been selected by the Community Hospital of the Monterey Peninsula for their collection. She hopes to spend more time on photo haiga to blend her two joys of haiku and photography.

Helen's haiku have been published in journals and anthologies, and she has received several awards and honorable mentions: The San Francisco International Haiku Contest (2020, 2023), Hexapod Haiku Challenge (2021), Kaji Aso Studio Contest (2023), and Brady Senryu Contest (2021). She was shortlisted for a Touchstone Award in 2021 and nominated again in 2023. Helen currently lives and writes in Pacific Grove, CA.

"Seanotype III," cyanotype (seaweed exposed to the sun on photo emulsion paper treated with chemical solution), by Helen Ogden



Spring Challenge Kigo: Rookery, Heronry

manicured green lawn
far away from rookery
an elegant bird
~Marilyn Sanders

foraging herons
return to the rookery—
the moon hung low
~Neal Whitman

heron on the ice
each step ends with
a wee glide
~Randy Brooks

stalking
at the rookery
haiku poets
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

heronry—
the trees all look
top heavy
~Linda Papanicolaou

rookery shots
crowding to the lens
his eye wrinkles
~Lisa Anne Johnson

hidden
on the far side of the island
a heronry
~Ruth Holzer

heron rookery
past the eucalyptus grove
a field of cow pies
~Alison Woolpert

Caught in sudden rain
an egret dives back
into the rookery
~Jane Stuart

Chesapeake Bay
a heron builds his rookery
in the cirrostratus sky
~Joshua St. Claire

black-crowned night heron
high up on a manmade isle
rookery startup
~Clysta Seney

great blue heron
the biggest nest
in the tallest trees
~Michael Henry Lee

slate dawn . . .
the heron rookery's
hullabaloo
~Dyana Basist

at the rookery
unsteady in the canoes
we take photographs
~Priscilla Lignori

parking lot
at the water company
heronry overflowing
~Christine Horner

Point Lobos
he points to a heronry
high in the pines
~Helen Ogden

new parents
hovering over the hungry young
heron rookery
~Wakako Miya Rollinger

garden rookery
the sycamore fills
with shadows
~Debbie Strange

singles bar—
egrets compete for space
in the rookery
~Elaine Whitman

yellow kayak
blue heron leading the way
away from rookery
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

rookery
in the mid-day sun
mouths agape
~Susan Farner

a heron rookery
within the city bounds
squawks . . . and cheers
~Barbara Snow

duck rookery
next to the airport
ready to fly off
~Hiroyuki Murakami

half-artist half-heron
he died of a passion
for his heronry
~Kathabela Wilson

reassembled crib
with a new mattress cover
egret rookery
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

rookery cacophony
little mouths
wide with hunger
~Michael Sheffield

rookery—
“I just adore
a penthouse view!”
~Roger Abe

seasons and years . . .
our tree house has turned
into a rookery
~Zinovy Vayman

spring thaw
testing a new trail
to the heron rookery
~Paula Sears

coastal rookery. . .
we open the car’s moon roof
to a crescendo
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

estuary
at dusk the egrets return
to their rookery
~Dana Grover

shrinking woodlands
a short twig
in the rookery
~Lorraine Padden

communal living . . .
weaker chicks pushed from the nest
egret rookery
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

a walk each morning
to the same destination
egret rookery
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

hawkers
standing on their work
. . . rookery in the clouds
~Mark Teaford

the Oakland herons
are back to their rookery —
pedestrians beware!
~David Keim

fledglings tik-tik-tik
from large lofty nests of sticks
park heronry
~Betty Arnold

the heraldry
of the father
in the heronry
~Patricia J. Machmiller

heronries
bows, stretches, and displays
for arriving females
~Sharon Lynne Yee

at the heronry
lovebirds in the treetops
arranging the nursery
~Christine Lamb Stern

an egret's wings
spread over the nest
rookery rain
~Gregory Longenecker

floating
above its rookery
pterodactyl memory
~Stephanie Baker

branch hops, flap of wings
almost grown chicks soon to fledge
Stow Lake heronry
~Lois Heyman Scott

superstructure
proceeding on schedule
heronry nests
~John J. Han

penguin rookery
taking off into the other
realm of blue
~Patricia Wakimoto

local rookery
maximum occupancy
no empty nesters
~Sally Deems-Mogyordy

egret rookery —
they seem to prefer massive
eucalyptus trees
~David Sherertz

dusty trail . . .
a child's balloon
rising through the rookery
~Michael Dylan Welch

river's bend
flashes of white return
to the rookery
~kris moon kondo

rebuilding
after an earthquake
the high rookery
~J. Zimmerman

Members' Votes for Haiku Published in February 2024 *Geppo*

Jackie Chou	6348–4,	6349–2,	6350–3,	6351–5
Linda Papanicolaou	6352–1,	6353–2,	6354–2,	6355–5
Brad Bennett	6356–15,	6357–6,	6358–1,	6359–4
Marilyn Ashbaugh	6360–10,	6361–3,	6362–5,	6363–13
Neal Whitman	6364–0,	6365–0,	6366–0,	6367–0
Randy Brooks	6368–0,	6369–1,	6370–2,	6371–1
Barrie Levine	6372–18,	6373–10,	6374–1,	6375–0
J. Zimmerman	6376–11,	6377–0,	6378–2,	6379–6
Michael Henry Lee	6380–4,	6381–0,	6382–1,	6383–2
Ruth Holzer	6384–2,	6385–3,	6386–1,	6387–6
Gregory Longenecker	6388–6,	6389–0,	6390–13,	6391–1
Christine Lamb Stern	6392–2,	6393–4,	6394–1,	6395–1
Elinor Pihl Huggett	6396–3,	6397–2,	6398–4,	6399–7
Debbie Strange	6400–3,	6401–3,	6402–4,	6403–3
Michael Dylan Welch	6404–2,	6405–0,	6406–1,	6407–1
Alison Woolpert	6408–1,	6409–6,	6410–3,	6411–6
Elaine Whitman	6412–1,	6413–1,	6414–1,	6415–1
Beverly Acuff Momoi	6416–5,	6417–0,	6418–2,	6419–2
Michael Sheffield	6420–2,	6421–0,	6422–3,	6423–0
Helen Ogden	6424–5,	6425–9,	6426–1,	6427–3
Richard L. Matta	6428–0,	6429–0,	6430–1,	6431–1
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	6432–1,	6433–4,	6434–3,	6435–3
Hiroyuki Murakami	6436–1,	6437–0,	6438–0,	6439–0
Barbara Snow	6440–1,	6441–0,	6442–0,	6443–0
Bruce H. Feingold	6444–2,	6445–0,	6446–8	
Nancie Zivetz-Gertler	6447–0,	6448–3,	6449–1,	6450–4
Clysta Seney	6451–0,	6452–0,	6453–0,	6454–0
Bona M. Santos	6455–0,	6456–2,	6457–1,	6458–2
Joshua St. Claire	6459–2,	6460–3,	6461–2,	6462–2
Dana Grover	6463–8,	6464–2,	6465–2,	6466–2
Chris Bruner	6467–5,	6468–1,	6469–0,	6470–4
Dyana Basist	6471–10,	6472–6,	6473–2,	6474–13
Kathabela Wilson	6475–0,	6476–9,	6477–0,	6478–2
Mark Teaford	6479–2,	6480–4,	6481–2,	6482–3
Paula Sears	6483–1,	6484–5,	6485–5	
Priscilla Lignori	6486–0,	6487–1,	6488–0,	6489–4
Stephanie Baker	6490–3,	6491–3,	6492–0,	6493–2
Emily Fogle	6494–2,	6495–3,	6496–6,	6497–0
Christine Horner	6498–2,	6499–1,	6500–3,	6501–0
kris moon kondo	6502–1,	6503–0,	6504–0	
Janice Doppler	6505–11,	6506–2,	6507–5,	6508–1

Carolyn Fitz	6509–1,	6510–0,	6511–0,	6512–0
Mimi Ahern	6513–2,	6514–0,	6515–12,	6516–0
Lisa Anne Johnson	6517–2,	6518–0,	6519–1,	6520–8
Patricia Wakimoto	6521–1,	6522–1,	6523–1,	6524–0
Barbara Moore	6525–17,	6526–0,	6527–3,	6528–7
Kathy Goldbach	6529–0,	6530–3,	6531–1,	6532–0
Jane Stuart	6533–0,	6534–0,	6535–0	6536–0
Lois Heyman Scott	6537–2,	6538–0,	6539–2,	6540–2
Cheryl Pfeil von der Heyde	6541–1,	6542–3,	6543–1	
Zinovy Vayman	6544–1,	6545–0,	6546–0,	6547–1
Phillip R. Kennedy	6548–2,	6549–3,	6550–7	
Jo Balistreri	6551–0,	6552–2,	6553–3,	6554–1
Marilyn Gehant	6555–7,	6556–2,	6557–1,	6558–0
Sally Deems-Mogyordy	6559–0,	6560–1,	6561–1,	6562–1
thomasjohnwellsmiller	6563–0,	6564–0,	6565–0,	6566–5
Alexis George	6567–1,	6568–0,	6569–3	
Wakako Miya Rollinger	6570–1,	6571–0,	6572–1,	6573–4
John J. Han	6574–7,	6575–1,	6576–0,	6577–10
David Keim	6578–3,	6579–0,	6580–0,	6581–0
Cynthia Holbrook	6582–1,	6583–2		
Sharon Lynne Yee	6584–0,	6585–0,	6586–0,	6587–1
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy	6588–12,	6589–3		
David Sherertz	6590–0,	6591–0,	6592–1,	6593–1

Corrections and Apologies

We apologize to Emily Fogle, Richard L. Matta, Jo Balistreri, and others for haiku votes that were missed in *Geppo* Volume XLIX:1 (published February, 2024). We sincerely regret these errors.

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

6226 the pleasure
of a lonesome song
autumn wind
~Emily Fogle (8)

Richard L. Matta 6165–15
Jo Balistreri 6153–10

Revised Votes:

Chris Bruner 6182–4
Christine Horner 6195–2
Jane Stuart 6119–1
Bruce Feingold 6295–1
David Sherertz 6331–1

February 2024 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers

(received 8 or more votes)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>6372 winter pond
 a lone skater
 circles the moon
 ~Barrie Levine (18)</p> | <p>6376 flu season
 the pharmacist calls
 me sweetheart
 ~J. Zimmerman (11)</p> |
| <p>6525 she empties the house
 one memory at a time
 his tweed overcoat
 ~Barbara Moore (17)</p> | <p>6505 dawn silence . . .
 a feather settles
 on new snow
 ~Janice Doppler (11)</p> |
| <p>6356 what your words
 left behind
 winter clouds
 ~Brad Bennett (15)</p> | <p>6360 doe's path
 catching the calm
 she leaves behind
 ~Marilyn Ashbaugh (10)</p> |
| <p>6363 a kitten
 in my slipper
 winter solitude
 ~Marilyn Ashbaugh (13)</p> | <p>6373 down-filled jackets . . .
 the hallway closet
 stuffed with winter
 ~Barrie Levine (10)</p> |
| <p>6390 last persimmon
 I think about him
 now and then
 ~Gregory Longenecker (13)</p> | <p>6471 snail shell
 my child asks
 where death lives
 ~Dyana Basist (10)</p> |
| <p>6474 a strand of tinsel
 in the raven's beak
 twelfth night
 ~Dyana Basist (13)</p> | <p>6577 half a century later . . .
 the child behind
 her wrinkles
 ~John J. Han (10)</p> |
| <p>6515 early plum blossoms . . .
 I order a paint brush
 with more spring
 ~Mimi Ahern (12)</p> | <p>6425 tinsel
 a touch of moonlight
 in the tree
 ~Helen Ogden (9)</p> |
| <p>6588 the cat curls deeper
 into the laundry hamper
 cold rain
 ~Amy Ostenso-Kennedy (12)</p> | <p>6476 pacing the fence
 where the tree used to be
 lone squirrel
 ~Kathabela Wilson (9)</p> |

6446 boardwalk's end
the marsh empties
into the bay
~Bruce H. Feingold (8)

6520 on my lap
the tip of the cat's tail
still awake
~Lisa Anne Johnson (8)

6463 around the spot
where the homeless man slept
yellow tape
~Dana Grover (8)



***Ginkō* in Tilden Park Canceled**

Alison Woolpert

Unfortunately, the YTHS *ginkō* to the Tilden Botanical Garden in Berkeley, CA, scheduled for April 13, had to be canceled due to inclement weather. David Sherertz, a YTHS member and the special tour guide, provided members who had signed up with a self-guided tour substitute: (1) a bird's-eye view map of the garden showing the various sections and how they correspond to the parts of California from which the plants in that section were collected and (2) a description of 20 plants that David would have shown participants in person. Thanks to David for organizing the *ginkō*!



"Asterism," photo by Helen Ogden

Dōjin's Corner Nov 2023-Jan 2024

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and
J. Zimmerman

Ah! Spring has sprung! Hope the year has started well for you.

J. Zimmerman of Santa Cruz, CA, has agreed to be our guest columnist this issue. You may recognize her—she has had a number of essays on Bashō published in *Geppo* lately. She has celebrated her birthday by going on a 17-mile hike into the Santa Cruz Mountains. Always resourceful, during COVID she started leading tai chi in her driveway for her neighbors.

We heard from Barrie Levine whose haiku was discussed in the last issue. She wrote:

This is to thank you for your extensive
commentary on my poem in the recent
issue of *Geppo*. I am delighted that the
poem resonated with you and the other
dōjin.

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

I can see why silver dollar didn't quite
fit, and then it came to me—what about
chocolate chip pancakes!

Very nice revision, don't you think?

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

JZ: 6350, 6355*, 6356, 6358, 6372, 6384, 6387,
6390*, 6394, 6399, 6411*, 6443, 6459, 6474*,

6515, 6537, 6582

E: 6353, 6370, 6396*, 6398, 6399, 6402, 6409*, 6411,
6418, 6468, 6471, 6473, 6488, 6489*, 6520, 6534,
6551, 6554*, 6557, 6580

pjm: 6361, 6356, 6358, 6375, 6376, 6377, 6384,
6390, 6396, 6425, 6427*, 6431, 6432, 6434, 6461,
6462, 6464, 6467, 6471*, 6474, 6476*, 6477, 6478,
6480, 6481, 6488, 6489, 6491, 6495, 6500*, 6515,
6520, 6522, 6525, 6527, 6528, 6531, 6532, 6535,
6546, 6549, 6552, 6553, 6554, 6555, 6556, 6557,
6567, 6571, 6574, 6575, 6588, 6592

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

JZ: This is a fascinating adventure story, packed into a haiku! The first line makes me nervous that a flood might carry someone or something away. But then the em dash suggests a pause in the poem. The second line provides a reconsideration, offering the calm of a tree on which bright spring leaves have opened. Line three, however, gives the crucial recognition that the tree has been uprooted, perhaps from a riverbank eroded by this swollen river where the heavy weight of the new leaves helped tilt the tree into the water. The tree floats freely by. There might yet be a good outcome if the tree can come ashore downstream, a little aside from the main channel. When the water recedes, could a twig take root and establish a new tree before the next flood?

E: This haiku depicts the furious current of the river carrying downstream the tree swept from the riverbank. Heartbeats quicken as the author notices the spring foliage in the tree. That tree stood where river water normally does not reach and grew up there safe and sound. Another life is taken away as a result of climate change,

which can cause severe rainfalls. It is not just the tree that the swollen river carries away, but also good old normal spring.

pjm: The alpha and omega in one, the cheerful and the sad at the same time—a tree sporting spring leaves taken by the flood on its last journey. As the poet Kathleen Lynch says in her poem “Chicken in the Snow,” “the dead do not die exactly when you kill them.” Where will the uprooted tree finally rest? How long will it support the new leaf growth? The image leaves us filled with wonderment.

6390 last persimmon
I think about him
now and then

JZ: Persimmons are so beautiful to look at. Each one is a treat to hold and smell and devour. The phrase “last persimmon” raises my feeling of gratitude to the tree for its incredibly abundant gift of harvest. It also raises my feeling of sorrow, that this harvest is now complete. The second and third lines break my heart. It feels like someone trying to express lightly that they miss a person who put such richness in their life but is in their last days or who is already no longer with them.

pjm: I imagine the “him” in this poem to have had a persimmon tree growing in his yard and now the poet seeing a last persimmon on some tree somewhere is reminded of this friend or past love. The memory is persimmon sweet, I’m guessing.

E: The last persimmon left on the tree is called 木守柿 *komorigaki*, to show gratitude to the persimmon tree for its rich harvest, and at the same time, to provide a gift for the birds and small animals. It is a winter kigo in Japan. Here, the kigo is combined with emotion for “him,”

who is no longer with the author. Is the author showing gratitude to him by imagining being the last persimmon on the tree?

6396 belly high
snowfall . . .
Chihuahua

E: Three-part haiku? Well, each of the three lines gives a clear image, and the third line makes me smile. After reading the third line, a complete picture of a Chihuahua standing in the snow while the snow still falls, his belly touching the freshly white fluffy surface unfolds. Lovely!

JZ: The first line makes me smile thinking of a big fellow with a beer belly. The second line sounds more ominous: the man struggles through deep snow that almost reaches his waist. Then, phew, the relief (at least for humans) that the snow is only two or three inches (not feet) deep.

pjm: An original—and delightful—measurement of last night’s snowfall.

6409 warm hearth—
one foot keeps the rocking chair
rocking

E: My long-time dream is to have a rocking chair of my own; however, the sizes of Japanese rooms do not allow it to fit into my lifestyle. Once one is in the rocking chair, they become the engine, the locomotive, to keep it going. This haiku tells us nothing special or dramatic, but it gives me a feeling of cozy winter hours.

pjm: The warmth of the hearth is in this image—maybe a grandmother is dreaming by the fire or a mother is crooning a child to sleep. In either case the image is one of cozy contentment.

JZ: The haiku welcomes me with its “warm hearth,” bringing memories of long-ago winters with family. There is much comfort in the gentle rhythmic rocking.

6411 wooden bridge—
from either side a different sound
of spring melt

JZ: One of my favorite places to stand is on a wooden bridge over a creek on a trail in a wilderness. It’s the closest I get to walking on water. I love the way this poem recognizes that there are different sounds upstream and downstream. Because the upstream river slopes toward the bridge, upstream often seems louder and more dramatic. There may be rapids and even a waterfall upstream, adding aural texture. A beautiful and deeply meditative haiku.

pjm: A finely tuned ear—in the stillness of the forest the sound of the brook is pronounced. And the hiker in the middle of the bridge becomes aware that the brook has a different voice on the upside of the mountain than it has on the downside. And this discovery brings a thrill to the hiker/poet and now to us, the readers.

E: The poem invites me to stand on the wooden bridge facing the upstream side, then the downstream side. The gushing sound of snowmelt water hitting the rocks and the softened sound passing the abyss . . . The joy of spring is played by the water; I imagine the buds are yet to swell but are ready to redden.

6427 rain puddles
red-winged blackbirds
take in the sky

pjm: There have been many haiku written about reflections in puddles, ponds, and lakes. But this haiku seemed to add a dimension—the

blackbirds drinking in *the sky*! A startling idea and a great image.

JZ: The phrase “take in” is valuable here as it has various interpretations. My alternate readings of the haiku include: (a) the blackbirds drink from the sky-reflecting puddle (take in liquid); or (b) they observe or consider the upside-down sky reflected in the puddle; or (c) they are flying (taking in the sky) and they, as well as the sky, are reflected in the puddle! That phrase, “take in,” which can also mean to deceive, fool, or trick, very much freshens the trope that appears in many haiku of creatures or plants interacting with the heavens reflected in a body of water.

E: After the rain under the blue sky, the red-winged blackbirds are bathing in rain puddles, splashing water and mixing the sky into the water. “Take in” is a difficult idiom for a non-native English speaker like me, so my interpretation inclines simply to this joyful scene of the after-the-rain fun!

6471 snail shell
my child asks
where death lives

pjm: A profound question, prompted by a single empty snail shell. I am in awe of the child and wonder what the parent answered.

E: The snail shell is empty. And the child is wondering where the body is. A snail’s body consists mostly of water, and it melts away after it dies in a couple of days, leaving no trace in the shell. Having said that, this haiku may not be simply questioning the whereabouts of the dead body. “Death lives” is an unexpected expression making me think that death, too, is mortal.

JZ: Fans of Terry Pratchett have the answer to this child’s question: Death lives in “an extra-dimensional realm called Death’s

Domain,” <https://tinyurl.com/DeathDomain>. (See Pratchett’s excellent book *The Hogfather* for this answer.) A child would probably prefer that explanation to mine, that the killer of snails in my yard is the crow; it grabs them, lifts them to a great height, drops them on my driveway to crack their shells, and eats the snails.

6474 a strand of tinsel
in the raven’s beak
twelfth night

JZ: This haiku feels joyous. A fragment of tinsel sparkles and gets captured by a raven. Its bright scintillations contrast with the raven’s darkness. By Twelfth Night (traditionally the last day of Christmas festivities), for almost two weeks, children and likely grownups at play have been bumping into the decorations and they are falling apart. Traditionally in the UK, mothers like mine told their children on Twelfth Night that they had to take down the decorations before bedtime or they would just fall down! Also, I like this haiku’s dark undertone. The celebratory nature of tinsel-decorated events contrasts with history’s view of the raven as a frequenter of battlefields and graveyards, suggesting what can become of a tinsel life.

pjm: Twelfth Night or the Eve of the Epiphany—a Christian holiday celebrating the visit of the Magi to the Christ child and also the baptism of Jesus, a sign of his dual nature of God and man—occurs twelve days after Christmas. So the image here seems very plausible—a raven has plucked a strand of tinsel from a discarded Christmas tree. But is there more? The raven, as messenger, bearing gifts just as the Magi bore gifts to the Christ child? To whom is this gift given and what does it mean? Maybe it’s not a gift, but a warning. If there is deeper meaning here, it is not clear. JZ’s interpretation of a warning about the “tinsel life” comes closest.

Because the poem explicitly refers to Twelfth Night, it’s important that the connection to the Epiphany be clearly drawn in order to prevent frustration in the readers.

E: I learned “twelfth night” is similar to our New Year’s kigo, 松納 *matsuosame* (removing the New Year’s pine decorations on the evening of January 6th in Edo; the celebration ends on January 7th). The raven found the strand of tinsel being discarded and took it to decorate its home. It’s a nice way of recycling the festive feelings!

6476 pacing the fence
where the tree used to be
one squirrel

pjm: I can relate to this little guy’s bewilderment. The tree, which was a part of his neighborhood—maybe even his home, has disappeared! What took it? Where did it go? My feelings about a missing tree in my neighborhood are a bit different than the squirrel’s, because I know who took it. My feelings are of loss combined with anger that someone can alter my neighborhood just because they “own” a tree.

JZ: On the whole, squirrels tend to scurry and scamper and keep going. The poet has noticed a solitary squirrel moving differently, pacing back and forth on the fence. A tree—perhaps one that held the squirrel’s harvest or even its nest—has been removed. Maybe the squirrel is perplexed and worried about the state of its world.

E: A change in the environment does not always change the habits of the dwellers. But from eyes that see what was there before, the missing object is too precious to just ignore. Maybe the pacing squirrel is the poet’s mind.

6489 a white goose feather—
heavier than my shadow. .
on the frozen ground

E: Do shadows have weight? This haiku says “yes.” It says it is lighter than a white goose feather. This is an interesting idea to combine with a white goose feather probably frozen and fixed on the ground. Usually, a shadow doesn’t have weight, so it is easy to make it move. This feather is not easy to move, because it now has the weight of the whole earth attached to it. Or is the author comparing the recent slow movement of their body due to aging with the white goose feather that can no longer move by its own will?

pjm: Hmmm—a feather heavier than a shadow. Interesting and mysterious. Feathers are usually thought of as light. How about a shadow? How much does a shadow weigh? And “my shadow”—is it different in weight from other shadows? Cast, as it is, on “frozen ground”? Something is dark and unyielding here. Perhaps, if I’m feeling underappreciated or invisible to others—unable to make an impact, my shadow becomes lighter—so light that it could float away.

JZ: I like the specifics of “white goose feather.” Its color contrasts with the darkness of “my shadow,” which floats on top of the feather and so must be less heavy. An interesting idea: we usually think of feathers as “lighter”! Another contrast is the soft texture of a feather with the hardness of frozen ground.

6500 accumulating
silence wakes me . . .
blanket of snow

pjm: I like how this poem tricks me into thinking at first that silence is accumulating, but then I find that snow is accumulating. And I also like

the idea that silence can waken a person. As contradictory as it seems, there’s truth here.

JZ: I like the poet’s description of the growth of quietude (“accumulating / silence”) as the falling snow hushes the world. How interesting that a sleeper can become aware of this delicate change and even be awakened by it. In a similar way, a departed friend or beloved can come to mind in the silence of their absence.

E: This haiku is interesting because my eyes read “accumulating blanket of snow” as one phrase, and then another phrase goes “accumulating silence wakes me.” The haiku does not convey any inconvenience due to the cold, so the house must be kept warm by the central heating and not by a furnace which rumbles throughout the night. In this way, the author can be surrounded by the space-like silence. Is this about an awakening/enlightenment brought by true silence?

6554 tiny fronds of frost
on the window’s inner pane
luminaries flicker

E: I have seen similar inner-pane luminary on the airplane window. This haiku shares the beauty of the frost found on the inner windowpane when the author lights the room or the first morning light hits the window. The house must be in a cold country or the middle of a noisy city; the double window is needed to shut out the streets’ cold or bustle. A tiny gift from the Snow Queen!

JZ: The opening phrase “tiny fronds of frost” is a beautiful description of ice ferns that have grown inside a window. Often, such freezing is noticed in the morning on a bedroom window: the moist exhalations of sleepers condense and freeze when they meet a single pane of glass that

is below freezing. I was puzzled by “luminaries flicker.” Perhaps the frost is reflecting candlelight, or firelight, or a video screen?

pjm: I believe the scene created here is a view through a frosted window at luminaria decorating an outdoor pathway or border. The music of this poem brings the image alive—the “f”s in “fronds,” “of,” “frost,” and “flicker,” and the short “i”s of “windows,” “inner,” “luminaries,” and “flickers” are all flickers of sound that echo the flickering light from the luminaria seen through the frosted window. Beautiful.

E: Well, I pictured those sparkling crystals of frost gathering light on the windowpane. However, Patricia introduced me to “luminaria,” candles in paper bags or clear containers set outside along a path or border. This definition was not in my dictionary.

JZ: I also did not know the word “luminaries” as it was intended by the poet until it became clear when Patricia sent me a picture of a container lit inside by a candle. That meaning was in none of my dictionaries, so I then polled several friends. A third knew of “luminaries”—they had childhoods in north central states (particularly

WI and MN). A third did not know of “luminaries.” And a third knew them as “luminarias” (or *farolitos*) in the southern US (particularly NM, AZ, and TX). A reference in Wikipedia states, “The spellings ‘luminary’ and ‘luminaries’ are often incorrectly used instead of ‘luminaria’ and ‘luminarias.’” To avoid any confusion, I suggest that the poet use the more beautiful “luminarias.”

pjm: It’s possible the computer auto-corrected the poet’s “luminaria” to “luminaries.” I also think it’s important to add that the use of candle-lit lanterns in large displays have been used by many cultures and religious celebrations under different names in India, Vietnam, Singapore, Japan, the Philippines, and Mexico, to name a few, long before their use in the US.

JZ: Thank you to the poet for introducing this intriguing topic and to Emiko for selecting this haiku.

We invite your responses. Send letters to the
Geppo editor

ta@gmail.com
ler@msn.com, or



“Solar Flare,” photo by Helen Ogden

Summer Kigo Challenge: *hotaru* 蛍(ほたる) firefly, fireflies

Marilyn Ashbaugh

There are more than 40 different types of fireflies known in Japan. The omnivorous beetles use their flashing rear ends to flirt with potential mates. Their appearance along rivers brings a romantic, poetic feeling to all who watch them. And it does not cost a penny to go out and enjoy them. (*World Haiku Database*, 2005. <https://tinyurl.com/worldkigo-fireflies>)

For the ancient Japanese, the firefly was a symbol of both love and war. It was the quintessential sign of summer in endless poems and children's songs, the motif of lacquer objects and sword furnishings, and the centerpiece of a charming episode in the world's first novel, *The Tale of Genji*, in which the hero provides his brother a glimpse of a beautiful woman's face by releasing a bagful of fireflies in her bedchamber. (Winifred Bird, *Kyoto Journal*, 2011. www.kyotojournal.org/nature/fireflies)

Kobayashi Issa (1763–1827), one of Japan's most prolific poets, wrote over 100 firefly haiku. Below are a few, each translated by David G. Lanoue. A searchable database of Lanoue's translations of Issa's haiku can be found at <http://haikuguy.com/issa>.

hachi ue no hitotsu hoshisa yo tobu hotaru / 鉢植の一つほしさよとぶ蛍
the potted plant's
one wish . . .
a flitting firefly

Issa imagines that the plant must welcome fireflies as much as he does.

hotaru ko yo hotaru ko yo to yo hitori-zake / 蛍こよ蛍こよとひとり酒
come, firefly!
firefly, come!
drinking alone

te no shiwa ni ketsumazuitaru hotaru kana / 手の皺に蹴つまづいたる蛍かな
tripping
on the wrinkles of my hand . . .
firefly

Lanoue explains: "An intimate close-up. The feeling in this haiku is one of tenderness. Issa's age—his sense of his own mortality—is part of that tenderness."

Please send one haiku using the Summer Challenge Kigo to the *Geppo* editor at ythsgeppo@gmail.com. It will be published in the next issue, along with other members' poems.

Renku from the 2023 Asilomar Retreat—Part II

At the 2023 Asilomar retreat, two teams of poets composed renku at the Saturday night renku party. The February/Winter issue of *Geppo* published one group's renku: a *Nijuin*, a 20-verse renku. Here we highlight the *Kasen* renku, a 36-verse renku.

Purple Asters

An Autumn *Kasen* composed at Asilomar, CA

October 14, 2023

Sabaki (leader): Patrick Gallagher (pg)

1. *jo*

Pacific Ocean

huge sea rocks in line

autumn loneliness / nt

the moon's arc

over the redwoods / pjn

stumbling upon

a meadow with purple asters

gives us pleasure / aw

his foot massage

with fragrant oil / ma

on opening day

not enough kickboards

at the city pool / jjh

oh take me out

to the shorter ball game / aw

2. *ha*

she declares

we will not work

for peanuts / bms

seeing him twice a week

no chance to talk yet / nt

clowning around

in the dormitory

they fall in love / pjn



"Cosmic Mirror," photo by Helen Ogden

the rah-rah girls
order more mudslides / bms/ma

Muslim women
protesting the rules
show their bare heads / th

the runway model
struts his stuff / bms

cold moon
stands aloof
above the rooftops / pjm

a ferruginous hawk
dives for its prey / jjh

80th birthday
my Paola rolls
her own tabako / bms

the nepotism in his office
becomes notorious / aw

cherry petals
ignore
the off-limits sign / pjm

chasing butterflies
with a homemade net / jjh

3. *ha*
each spring
fewer pollinators
in the garden / jjh

out of the blue
he captures
my pawn / pjm

helicopter mothers
a collision risk
in the schoolyard / ma



"Peony Nebula," photo by Helen Ogden

Jack in the Beanstalk
climbs higher and higher / aw

mountain resort
a cooler place
with a panoramic view / nt

in her fanny pack
a string bikini / ma

piano music
from the bar
on the beach / jjh

spectroscopists making eyes
over their readout / pjw

love match
we rise and fall
with the market / bms

Elon Musk makes
another thoughtless remark / jjh

this war that war
no where to hide
under the moon / aw

4. *kyu*

the steady glow
of the carved pumpkin's
toothy grin / pjw

we stayed up late
to play some tricks / pg

the White Rabbit
invited to tea
by the Mad Hatter / pjw

boats leave the harbor
and the birds return / nt/pg



"Perihelion," photo by Helen Ogden



"Sunspot," photo by Helen Ogden

in a minor key
sakura, sakura
*yayo no sora wa*¹ / nt

renku completed at spring dawn
 surprises Sei Shōnagon² / nt

¹sakura, sakura
yayoi no sora wa

cherry blossoms, cherry blossoms,
 across the spring sky

²Sei Shōnagon was a Japanese author, poet, and a court lady who served the Empress Teishi around the year 1000 during the middle Heian period. She is the author of *The Pillow Book* (*Makura no Sōshi*).

Renjiū (poets participating in writing the renku)

Nanae Tamura (nt)

Mimi Ahern (ma)

Johnnie Johnson Hafernik (jjh)

Toni Homan (th)

Patricia J. Machmiller (pjm)

Bona M. Santos (bms)

Alison Woolpert (aw)



Patrick Gallagher (second from right), *sabaki*, and most of 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.

“How Do You Grow as a Haiku Poet?” – March 9, 2024

Alison Woolpert

To address the theme of this Zoom workshop, Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller, San Jose, CA, led a panel discussion with five cross-country participants: *Dōjin* Mimi Ahern, San Jose, CA; Marilyn Ashbaugh, Edwardsburg, MI, and Gulf Stream, FL; Brad Bennett, Arlington, MA; Michael Henry Lee, St. Augustine, FL; and Beverly A. Momoi, Menlo Park, CA.

Patricia asked each panelist to answer three questions, allowing time for comments and questions from attendees once each panelist had responded.

1) *How were you drawn to haiku? What were your early influences, and if they changed over the years, how so?*

A couple of panelists mentioned being introduced to haiku in grade school. **Mimi** heard YTHS poets reading haiku on a trolley car at a poetry festival; **Marilyn** enrolled in a haiku class after retiring from academe; **Brad** took an Asian literature class in college; **Michael** also took college poetry classes; and **Beverly** came first as a reader of haiku, discussing haiku in translation in grad school with her now husband, Katsuhiko. At a future point in time, each discovered the broader haiku communities, including Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, Haiku Society of America, and Haiku Poets of Northern CA. They mentioned seminal books and journals. Here are a few that may also be on your list of favorites: Cor van den Heuvel’s *The Haiku Anthology*; William J. Higginson’s *The Haiku Handbook* and *Haiku World*; Patricia Machmiller’s *Blush of Winter Moon*; Tom Lowenstein’s *Classic Haiku*, and Lee Gurga’s *A Poet’s Guide*, as well as contemporary haiku journals, such as *Modern Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *Geppo*, and Kala Ramesh’s *Triveni*. Many poets or “influencers” were mentioned as well as in-person and online haiku groups that panelists belong to. Most began writing in the 5–7–5 syllabic form but now tend to write shorter haiku, yet the use of kigo holds strong in their practice.

2) *What is your writing practice? What is your strategy both for giving yourself permission to write and your strategy for getting through dry spells?*

Marilyn has a daily practice that starts with reading, mostly Bashō, for at least an hour. She calls it building her “muscle memory.” She considers it esoteric writing and intuitively looks for the rhythm in the writing and the rhythm for herself. She takes a daily nature walk, writing ten to 15 haiku a day in draft form, then lets them ripen for a while. As to dry spells, she says that nature also has dry spells, and because haiku is a spiritual practice for her, she makes herself receptive to receive the haiku. She thinks of herself as a scribe, which helps her to get out of a dry spell, and community support helps as well.

Brad has five major ways to write haiku. He enjoys taking walks in nature as haiku is a nature-based poetry form. He reads journals, collections, and anthologies. When reading a haiku that has an interesting technique, he gets inspired to try it himself. He and members of his haiku groups use prompts that cover a wide variety of subjects and media: photos, paintings, fictional prose, experimental film, and dance videos, even tarot cards. He sometimes chooses an aesthetic, such as the Japanese *yūgen*, and focuses on it for a month or so. When experiencing a dry spell, he reminds himself not to worry, that writing will eventually return. He rereads favorite haiku books, as well as revises his old haiku, and might read a haiku craft essay.

Michael is an early riser. He starts by reading, then writing and revising. He always carries his notebook because “Inspiration is everywhere.” He tries to write at least the skeleton of an idea or concept, and

even a word that will later spark him. “Dry spells,” he says, “are inevitable in a creative pursuit.” He has learned to relax and wait and suggests considering other distractions that are not writing, such as photography or tai chi. He has found that living in the moment eventually frees up any creative logjams, and he concurs that reading other poets is a great source for feeling the muse.

Beverly thinks about her writing practice from three different perspectives—the new writing, the revision, and then “play time,” the creative time it takes to make the writing happen. She doesn’t write daily but writes regularly, either first thing in the morning, very late at night, or in the middle of the night when she can’t sleep. That’s when her inner critic is fast asleep, so she finds it the time she is most creative. To get distance from new work, she revises only two to four times a month, and usually in the middle of the afternoon when her critic is most present. Beverly agrees with many of the previous tips mentioned about what to do in a dry spell but elaborated that for her it is important to look at what else she is *also* not doing. Usually, it’s things that feed her creatively like “play time.” That could include reading widely, not just haiku or craft books. She intentionally looks to poets whose voices are very different than hers, poets who challenge her, that “ . . . throw me out-of-sync and off-kilter.” Nonverbal pursuits also work for her, like music and art. “Think of a well,” she says, “and when the well is running dry, I have to spend time replenishing it without the intent of writing.”

Mimi has always been interested in the subject of creativity, and she reads widely in this area. To answer though, she focused on one small part of her practice that is crucial to her writing and creative processes. Each day, she starts around 5:00 a.m. and for 15 minutes, with a cup of coffee and her timer set, she does her “morning pages.” She sits in a little school chair with scraps of paper that are not precious and free writes. Julia Cameron in *The Artist’s Way* describes this as a “brain drain” to let things out free of the critic. Mimi types up what is important, but she also keeps a learning journal which includes what she is currently reading and thinking about. She may focus on a poet, possibly copy one of their haiku, or focus on a kigo or word that particularly resonates with her. Then she does a quick watercolor to express her thoughts and feelings. The journals are just for her, and they liberate her. She does not have dry spells because of her daily practice, but she does have times when her haiku are what she calls “duds”—ones she has trouble revising. She uses time restrictions, which she believes are freeing because limitations help to narrow and thereby allow for expansion. Her morning practice takes about an hour, her gift of time to herself.

3) How do you organize your work, keep track of the work that you send out, keep track of rejections and acceptances, and of work that has been published?

Patricia opened with some tips for submitting work:

1. Become familiar with the journal.
2. Know the editor’s name.
3. Follow submission guidelines to the letter.
4. Be prepared for rejection (but don’t let that stop you).
5. Keep track of where you sent work and of acceptances and rejections.

Tips from all of the participants, as well as from a couple of attendees, ranged from writing their haiku longhand into notebooks and journals, as well as using different technology to track their work. Searchable spreadsheets like Google Docs, Excel, Word or Pages documents, and Filemaker Pro were mentioned. Beverly says that she has a searchable spreadsheet with three worksheets, one labeled “Work in Progress,” another “Work Available to Send Out,” and lastly “Accepted for Publication.” The poet

should choose what works best for them, but several panelists cautioned to be careful which you choose, as it is hard to change systems later. All the questions and the panelists' answers provided for a very thought-provoking dialogue and afternoon.

Attendees: C. L. Stern (Zoom host), J. Doppler (co-host), L. Papanicolaou (co-host), M. Ahern, B. Arnold, M. Ashbaugh, J. Balistreri, J. Barna, D. Basist, B. Bennett, M. Berger, C. Bruner, J. Chou, C. Fitz, P. Gallagher, M. Gehant, L. Goetz, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. J. Hafernik, C. Holbrook, C. Horner, P. R. Kennedy, D. Keim, M. H. Lee, B. Levine, G. Longenecker, P. J. Machmiller, A. Ostenso-Kennedy, R. Melissano, B. A. Momoi, K. Momoi, B. Moore, M. Powell, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, J. M. Schallberger, L. Scott, P. Sears, C. Seney, R. Seymour, D. Sherertz, J. Spealman, C. Steele, L. Swanson, M. Teaford, M. B. Turchi, P. Wakimoto, N. Whitman, K. Wilson, A. Woolpert, and K. Young.

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

Reserve Your Place. Reserve your place by paying the \$100 conference fee. Balance due by September 1. Register now while there are still a few spots available. Attendance will be limited to 32. 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 plan.

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

More Hackett Haiku Favorites from YTHS Members

J. Zimmerman

A previous *Geppo* showcased haiku by 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). *Geppo* invited members to submit a favorite Hackett poem with one or two sentences of appreciation.

Dōjin Alison Woolpert responded with her favorite haiku by Hackett (1963, 6):

Searching on the wind,
the hawk's cry
is the shape of its beak.

Alison commented: "I never imagined a hawk's cry having a shape. Its cry, sharp and piercing, is just like its beak. Chilling!"

David Sherertz praised particularly (Hackett, 1968, 28):

The sunset fading,
I turn around toward home . . .
a huge, saffron moon!

David wrote:

The juxtaposition of the two images is masterful. This haiku evokes a memory of the first time I came to California in December 1970. We rode bikes out Bear Valley at Point Reyes National Seashore to the coastal cliffs to watch the sunset. As the twilight dimmed, we realized to get back we were going to be pedaling four miles in the dark, and the bikes had no lights. But, soon after we started back, a full saffron moon rose up in the east and beautifully illuminated our ride.

Hackett used a lot of punctuation, a style more common a half-century ago than nowadays; he advocated for essentially the same punctuation in haiku as in non-haiku English. The haiku's references below show the first publications; both poems are also in Hackett's readily available collection *The Zen Haiku and Other Zen Poems of J.W. Hackett* (1983).

References

- Hackett, J. W. 1963. *American Haiku Poetry*, 1, no. 1.
Hackett, J.W. 1968. *Haiku Poetry, Volume 2*. Tokyo: Japan Publications.
Zimmerman, J. 2023. "Tokutomi Memorial Contest: Help from Haiku Superstar James Hackett," *Geppo* XLVIII:4 (Nov).

YTHS *Dōjin* Reflect on Shiki's *Shasei* ("Sketching") Style of Haiku

J. Zimmerman

Masaoka Shiki (1867–1902) championed the *shasei* ("sketch realism" or sketching from real life) style of poetry. Asilomar Retreat guest speaker and Matsuyama Shiki Society board member Nanae Tamura wrote of *shasei* in the February, 2024, issue of *Geppo*. Concurrently, I received thoughtful impressions of *shasei* from our Japanese-speaking *dōjin*, each adding to the flavor of the style.

Dōjin Hiroyuki Murakami commented, "The method of sketching has been around since Bashō's time, but I think Shiki was great in establishing it." He noted that "the development of Japanese haiku has been divided into two methods and groups," which he identified as:

- One group, led by Kyoshi Takahama (1874–1959) and his successors, which advocated objective sketching, derived from Shiki's sketching.
- Another group, dissatisfied with objective sketches, which put more value on subjectivity and human affairs. Soshun Murozumi, the founder of Yukuharu, to which Hiroyuki belonged, was in this group. Hiroyuki reported that Soshun stated, "Haiku should respect the individual and value subjectivity. Objectivity alone does not reveal the author, and the haiku becomes thinner."

Hiroyuki chose a balanced position:

Although I am greatly influenced by Soshun (actually by Teruo Yamagata, my direct master), my sketches are close to those of Shiki. . . . Even though I sketch actual scenery, I compose haiku that are imbued with subjectivity, and that gives a sense of human intervention. . . . If the poem is too objective, it tends to be a mere description of the scenery, and if it is too subjective, it tends to become an argumentative work. In any case, without the method of sketching, haiku would lose its persuasive impact as a literary art.

Dōjin Phillip R. Kennedy observed:

For me, what I keep coming back to with Shiki's *shasei* is the notion that ordinary things have emotional value. That's what makes *shasei* work. A *shasei* haiku is not *big*. It's not about eternal verities. It's not about abstractions or ideas. It just shows things *as they are*. Yet that simple delineation of an everyday moment in a poet's life has the power to invite the reader into a world of sensations, feelings, and emotions. The truly magical thing is that a *shasei* haiku does this not by prosaically *telling* the reader what to feel, but by using the emotional value of everyday things to *suggest* something that, perhaps, is beyond words.

Dōjin Emiko Miyashita referred to a comment by the painter Jasper Johns, who asserted that "Using the design of the American flag took care of a great deal for me, because I didn't have to design it. . . . [It was a] thing the mind already knows—that gave me room to work on other levels." The underlining was by Emiko, who speculated that perhaps that underlined phrase:

can be applied to *shasei* as well, because *shasei* means to sketch from what one sees, which does not appear in front of just one particular person but to everybody. . . . The poet does not have to

create a drama, a story, or even a scene to write. It's there . . . the poet does not have to report it because people already know about it. [Furthermore] we can work on other levels, in the case of haiku, particularly on the level of the depicted side. To do so, I stop thinking and let my eyes and ears perceive the object's conversation, which is all a *shasei* haiku needs to show. Here comes 'learn about pine from pine, bamboo from bamboo.' Pine and bamboo are not telling us, but they are talking to each other leaf-to-leaf, branch-to-branch, and they are communicating. What matters is 'what the objects are saying to each other' or 'what the object is murmuring to itself.' That's what we are to listen to! It is not an object-poet dialogue but an object-object dialogue or a monologue.

Emiko later added that this is Dr. Akira Ōmine's teaching. He was the former chair of Shin Haiku Group, where she belongs now. He approved Emiko as a *dōjin* in this group.

"In short," she summarized, "the poet is off the stage, not in the spotlight."

Reference:

Nanae Tamura. "What is Shiki's *Shasei* ("Sketching") Style of Haiku?" Ed. Johnnie Johnson Hafernik. *Geppo*, XLIX:1 (Monterey, CA: Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, 2024), 41.



"Mare Nasturtium," photo by Helen Ogden

The 2024 Kiyoshi & Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest
Sponsored by the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society

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

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

Contest Rules

- In-hand deadline is May 31, 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.

2024 Contest Kigo List

- 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 Entries Preferred

Email haiku to Kathabela Wilson © © © © © © © © © © © © © © © © © © © ©

Email Subject Line: 2024 Tokutomi Contest Submission: Your Name

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

Paper Entries *only if email is not available; must be received by the May 31, 2024, deadline.*

Mail haiku only (not check) to: YTHS Tokutomi Contest, Kathabela Wilson, Contest Chair

Place three poems per 8½" x 11" page and send one copy of each page with name and address.

Fee: \$8.00 per three haiku

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.

By Check: Make check out to Yuki Teikei Haiku Society. Send to Tokutomi Contest Chair, c/o Yuki Teikei Haiku Society, **PO Box 412, Monterey, CA 93942**. Please include a note indicating “Contest,” your name, and number of haiku. Overseas entrants use International Postal Money Order in US currency only.

Entry Details

- Entries must be original, unpublished, and not under consideration elsewhere.
- Previous winning haiku are not eligible. No limit on number of entries.
- Entries will not be returned, and no refunds will be given.
- The contest is open to anyone, except for the YTHS President and Contest Chair.
- Final selection will be made by one or more distinguished Japanese haiku poets.
- YTHS may print winning poems and commentary in its journal, website, annual anthology, and brochures. The judges and contest results will be announced at the 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.

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

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

This Issue's Contributors

Marilyn Ashbaugh, Kiyoko Tokutomi
Dōjin Patricia J. Machmiller, *Dōjin* Emiko
Miyashita, Helen Ogden, *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

Yuki Teikei remains committed to providing worthwhile programming to local California members, as well as those who are far afield. About half the meetings are on Zoom. Check yths.org for up-to-date event information.

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 registration and payment for 2024 YTHS Haiku Retreat, Asilomar, CA. Limited to 32 participants. See yths.org .
September 1	Deadline for ordering extra copies of the 2024 YTHS Members' Anthology.
September 14 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Moon Viewing.
October 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). ythsgeppo@gmail.com
October 19 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	"Form in Haiku, Part 1," workshop led by <i>Dōjin</i> Patricia J. Machmiller. Part 1 of a projected two-part series. <i>Note change to third Saturday for this meeting only.</i>
November 7–10	YTHS Annual Retreat, Asilomar Conference Grounds, Pacific Grove, CA.
December 14 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Virtual Holiday Party.