

GEPPO 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

6848 summer heat
Thank Goodness for Kindle
time passes

6849 making a game
out of washing dishes—
suds on her nose

6850 made the winning shot—
ice pack brings down
the swelling

6851 out of my depth
at war with gophers—
call in a pro

6852 strawberry moon
dipped in dark chocolate
topped with whipped cream

6853 bedfast . . .
mesmerized
with the ceiling fan

6854 father's day sherbet
dad and i
share a brain freeze

6855 twilight doubleheader
the moon slowly makes
her way around home

6856 songbooks of childhood—
the clock of a dandelion
raised to the breeze

6857 big band music
from the lights across the lake—
gibbous summer moon

6858 red paper lanterns
along the sidewalk—
new sushi bar

6859 redwood grove
a big stack of log rounds
next to the stump

6860 summer fog
a survey regarding
my doctor's visit

6861 how long ago
white hibiscus
on his aloha shirt

6862 summer mountains
the lofty goals we set
in group therapy

6863 summer butterfly
I open my winged sleeves
in a dance

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|------|--|------|--|
| 6864 | kids' camp
a biscuit tin
full of tadpoles | 6875 | halo
hovering above her head
gnats |
| 6865 | traveling alone
across the meadow
shooting star | 6876 | night lightning—
trees up close
trees far away |
| 6866 | afternoon sun
scent of tomato plants
brings grandpa back | 6877 | the afternoon's cicadas
wind down—
gathering clouds |
| 6867 | through the spokes
of a banana-seat bike
summer solstice | 6878 | slow conversation—
grooves in the old step
fill with summer rain |
| 6868 | Summer on the ark
each animal sings love songs
on a rainy night | 6879 | slicing mangoes
the slipperiness
of his advice |
| 6869 | Chanting whippoorwill
a chorus of night owls
summer in the park | 6880 | torn in the laundry
my favorite summer nightie
its gossamer dreams |
| 6870 | Cold windblown starlight
thunder and lightning, intense
son et lumiere | 6881 | wasps
teeming over ripe pears
gunfire |
| 6871 | Strawberries in the grass
plump, red, juicy, early signs
of late summer days | 6882 | zucchini
uncontrolled
the grandkids arrive |
| 6872 | wild turkeys
in the yard
the dogs go wild | 6883 | the lingua franca
of raccoons and dumbledores
windfall apricots |
| 6873 | trees in heat
the mockingbirds
chase us away | 6884 | robinsong reaching
the cirrocumulus sky
scent of violets |
| 6874 | sidewalk silver maple
breaking through
best-laid plans | 6885 | Castor and Pollux
the temple bell
slowly fades |
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| 6886 | heat lightning
the scent of chestnut catkins
flashes at the horizon | 6897 | wet shoulders
speckled with moonlight—
sounds of surf |
| 6887 | white calla lilies
together the newlyweds
write their thank-you notes | 6898 | migrant rest stop—
the tucked heads
of least sandpipers |
| 6888 | marathon runners
push across the finish line
midsummer morning | 6899 | mountain retreat
blackberry picking for breakfast
black bears forage |
| 6889 | discount store worker
refolds a t-shirt display
orange daylilies | 6900 | lily pads sway
atop the Mississippi
buck moon |
| 6890 | propeller airplane
parked on a rutted airstrip
summer vacation | 6901 | the dammed river
pelicans and cormorants
fish |
| 6891 | droning on
into the twilight
the neighbor's mower | 6902 | a stream dives
sharply down a cliff
the smell of pineapple |
| 6892 | a blade of grass
leaps up—
praying mantis | 6903 | through sparse plum blossoms
a robed figure mounts the steps
deep call to prayer |
| 6893 | beach roses
my sister and I
gathering sea glass | 6904 | in and out bees buzz
lush yellow horns smell so sweet
summer trumpet vines |
| 6894 | tearing out
the flowering white vines
virgin's bower | 6905 | under damp jasmine
relishing the dark coolness
a lizard pauses |
| 6895 | summer home
behind the shutter
a bat stirs | 6906 | dawn's pale light arrives
then day unpacks its birdsong
morning reveille |
| 6896 | near the duck pond
a fox poised to leap—
dawn shadows | 6907 | focus
on the breath
bubble wand |
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|------|---|------|---|
| 6908 | dark sky preserve
star chandeliers
hang on display | 6919 | bed and breakfast—
the four-poster is carved
with a new notch |
| 6909 | fire mitigation—
uniformed ponderosas
stand at attention | 6920 | older—
the morning routine involves
pills |
| 6910 | bubble tea—
my childhood diary's
curvy font | 6921 | scenic overlook
the golden gate bridge
mist |
| 6911 | his hand
guides her walker
until death . . . | 6922 | gas powered—
a gardener blows away
the quiet |
| 6912 | red admiral
on the new mint
afternoon tea | 6923 | river delta
we run out of things
to talk about |
| 6913 | spring road trip
a kaleidoscope
of greens | 6924 | new boots . . .
the charisma
of spring puddles |
| 6914 | second stage of grief
anger
at the weeds | 6925 | fishing buddies
a chuckle jiggles
the bobber |
| 6915 | black and white photo
the glory of sunflowers
silenced | 6926 | a slew
of cancellations
winter clouds |
| 6916 | barefoot childhood
the scent of raindrops scattered
on a hot sidewalk | 6927 | summer melts
on my tongue—
strawberry ice cream |
| 6917 | morning prayers
a teacup-sized turtle
poured into the sea | 6928 | train stop
a starling peeks
out of a chimney nest |
| 6918 | summer rain
the elm a chandelier
of clinging teardrops | 6929 | missing summer
the long slow walk
to recovery |
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| 6930 | weekend brunch
a bee circles the rim
of my mimosa | 6941 | a splash of sunset
in the purplish sky
gaped mussel |
| 6931 | balmy breeze
the gentle sway
of an empty hammock | 6942 | summer solstice
a squirrel stretches out
in ice plant |
| 6932 | torn rotator cuff
my surgeon promises
“Some discomfort.” | 6943 | koi pond
how they respond to
<i>arigato</i> |
| 6933 | waving grasses . . .
in the middle distance
a liquid trill | 6944 | in the upper orchard
a few red apples
have started to fall |
| 6934 | a yellow haze
envelopes the mountainside . . .
quaking aspen | 6945 | pine needles
caught in a web—
forest coolness |
| 6935 | dashing and darting
male hummingbirds compete . . .
for feeder space | 6946 | You’ve got mail!
Amazon recommends
my own book to me |
| 6936 | garden zazen
a stray kitten nestled
inside an empty pot | 6947 | fracking debate—
pine tops
still in sunlight |
| 6937 | bus stop bench
a drifter whistling
up the day | 6948 | New Year’s morning
the jabbing red face
of a vulture |
| 6938 | thunderstorm
flocks of crows scatter
the wind | 6949 | sticky heat
she trips on her live husband’s
flip flops |
| 6939 | family photo
a quokka grinning
for the trail cam | 6950 | hazel thicket
the song of the chaffinch
from field to field |
| 6940 | dockside at dawn
the excited waves
of seagulls | 6951 | Obon festival
a gnarled bonsai
in his grandson’s wagon |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 6952 | chance of rain
flooding the moor
red-winged blackbirds | 6963 | caring
tirelessly until releasing
the boobook owl |
| 6953 | arms flapping
she leaps over the ditch
ice cream! | 6964 | a stopover train
took me
to a lily valley |
| 6954 | presidential debate
a squirrel gorging
on wild plums | 6965 | a lizard
carrying the carcass of a lizard
in his mouth |
| 6955 | from garage rafters
the rehung hammock—
first siesta | 6966 | garden berries
lone early visitor
neighborhood bear |
| 6956 | the inked Enso
in one stroke
summer's end | 6967 | blue jay peck
rain-wet fertile ground
worm wiggles |
| 6957 | sliced off kernels
from fresh picked corn—
front tooth—less grandkid | 6968 | cumbersome backpack
Desolation Wilderness
too far from comfort |
| 6958 | front yard wading pool—
the neighbor kids move aside
here come the dogs | 6969 | kaleidoscope
of summer butterflies
fleeting moments |
| 6959 | nobody looking?
I drop the hopscotch pebble
on a blue chalk square | 6970 | summer jazz
the shushing of a brush
against the snare drum |
| 6960 | the newest lifeguard
everyone learning her rules
whistle by whistle | 6971 | july fourth
waiting on the curb
for the oom-pah-pahs |
| 6961 | a roadside picnic
cinnamon apple hand pies
under a cheesecloth | 6972 | my suitcase
judders over the cobblestones
summer's end |
| 6962 | tin cup chained
to the windmill pump
earth cooled water | 6973 | inside
and outside
the same hot |
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| 6974 | flying in lines is
outside their repertoire
damselfly patrol | 6985 | silence
cicada's intermission
unexpected |
| 6975 | surfing through
wave crests
summer spindrift | 6986 | in my writing book
I copy the kanji
made by the river |
| 6976 | walking farm levees
memorizing my lines
rice planting time | 6987 | the bear still there
recurring
childhood dream |
| 6977 | the sweat on my brow
a thick white paste
crape myrtle flurries | 6988 | blackberry childhood
picking out
what hurts |
| 6978 | some wither away
while others bloom and flourish—
pink petunias | 6989 | peaches and cream
the pet name he picked
before I was ripe |
| 6979 | turtle in the yard
she too hides inside her shell
when it feels unsafe | 6990 | on a bare branch
a bothersome hawk—
cormorant rookery |
| 6980 | hope reinstated
the purple hydrangeas bloomed
unexpectedly | 6991 | miner bees—
their tunnels right where
we plan to plant |
| 6981 | the gypsy moths spread
along with myriad of lies
on election year | 6992 | fifty-degree nights
finally an <i>early girl</i>
gets put in bed |
| 6982 | evening breeze
palm trees sway gently
Hawaiian hula | 6993 | one birthday candle
blown out—
summer breeze |
| 6983 | high noon stillness
grandma's face expressionless
void any memory | 6994 | bells
on the garden gate
the scent of lilacs |
| 6984 | one dragonfly
lands on the lily bud
start of summer | 6995 | new grass
the dog collects dewdrops
on her nose |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 6996 | pale blue dot
an abundance of lichen
even on this broken twig | 7007 | beachcombers
scour for smooth stones
sea gulls |
| 6997 | the heft
of a spring cabbage
her laughter | 7008 | his hand
slips from hers
Altair and Vega |
| 6998 | prairie heat
the thrum of hidden hundreds
cicadas more cicadas | 7009 | yoga class
we become
a forest |
| 6999 | the ice age trail
hiking
with ticks | 7010 | slowly passing
the time of day
dandelion clocks |
| 7000 | bumblebee
in sweet alyssum
headfirst | 7011 | sour grass
the sweet memories
of childhood |
| 7001 | dusting the air
of high summer
an all-cicada chorus | 7012 | one more thing
goes without saying
valley fog |
| 7002 | night of stars
whistling the theme song to
“Lost in Space” | 7013 | first communion
the blessing
of the ice cream truck |
| 7003 | from blossom
to cherry pit
half a life | 7014 | on the other coast
familiar faces
. . . cabbage whites |
| 7004 | crooning, crooning
oh, my swarm of babies!
the midshipman’s song | 7015 | summer sunset
pelican formations
zip and unzip the sky |
| 7005 | firecracker plant
the clash
of hummingbirds | 7016 | happiest day yet
saying his sister’s name
. . . cochlear implants |
| 7006 | key stroking
with polka-dotted fingernails
summer butterfly | 7017 | sudden rain
speckled trout surface
for answers |
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|------|--|------|---|
| 7018 | barefoot stroll
he asks grandpa
about roly-polys | 7029 | choosing snow for
my phone's wallpaper
summer solstice |
| 7019 | tonight
I'm the hunted
mosquito | 7030 | cicada drone
a baby rabbit naps
in the shade |
| 7020 | the high skies
of a jacaranda
summer begins | 7031 | waves rolling
in and away
a guitar's sound |
| 7021 | hot afternoon . . .
giving the boxwood
its summer cut | 7032 | the lure
of the dusty trail
June woods |
| 7022 | season finale—
rolling the mower
into the shed | 7033 | dry leaves caught
in a dead bush
election complications |
| 7023 | bright sun . . .
under my brim
a patch of shade | 7034 | heat wave
a lizard
stares right back |
| 7024 | two lovers kiss
in the glow of fireflies
and moonlight | 7035 | hawks circle
over the dwindling pond
democracy in decline |
| 7025 | music of the breeze
the campsite so quiet
with glowing fireflies | 7036 | summer in the hills
a good day to die fully
summer in the hills |
| 7026 | fireflies at night with
4th of July fireworks
family fun | 7037 | wooden box:
among threads and needles
my mom's touches |
| 7027 | hide and seek
running through fireflies
to find a true love | 7038 | town selectmen
keep them in check—
female ginkgo trees |
| 7028 | high-speed ferry
seagulls shrink
to dots | 7039 | history rewritten
by the wannabe victors
Simchat Torah war |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 7040 | drowsy evening breeze
the jasmine scent
of twilight | 7051 | hot day
the faces of orange-clad men
clearing brush |
| 7041 | burst of a clementine
mid-summer sky
bedazzled with fireflies | 7052 | when sadness makes sense
we share the global traumas
albeit online |
| 7042 | Fourth of July
fireworks explosion
of dahlias | 7053 | to talk past elders
now commonplace cruelty—
we're still sentient |
| 7043 | the prick of a thorn
the price one pays
for roses | 7054 | notebook swept to sea
you said it didn't matter—
only love poems |
| 7044 | overjoyed to see old friends
she dropped a cracker
down her blouse | 7055 | her feline knowledge—
the lunar depravities
of making kittens |
| 7045 | impatient to serve
she takes off her own cast
for the orthopod | 7056 | sanga fellowship
after the chant
the silence |
| 7046 | baby mockingbird
takes its uneven first steps
on the cul-de-sac | 7057 | summer evening
a hand full of stars
seeds the sky |
| 7047 | kissing her mom's cheek
for the photographer
summer walk-a-thon | 7058 | flower pot garden
splashes on the tile
cool the afternoon |
| 7048 | wending through the woods
it borrows the pines' colors
fragrant summer fog | 7059 | distant wildfire
bits of forest
settle in my lungs |
| 7049 | on the notice board
a hand-written list of birds
summer mountain path | 7060 | temperatures rising
he says again
put down the bat, son |
| 7050 | each fishing boat
crowned with a nimbus of gulls
midsummer sea | 7061 | thorns
of the long-stemmed-red-rose
all she remembers |
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| 7062 | this new day
sliced wide open—
the watermelon heart | 7073 | museum glass
an ancient king's wine vessel
at mouth height |
| 7063 | his flute notes
float into the cirrus . . .
summer twilight | 7074 | following the trail
of voices—
sunflowers |
| 7064 | a bear
s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s toward
the bird feeder | 7075 | morning rain
pink peony petals
on the table |
| 7065 | yellow sun plops
into a blue horizon
—rare green flash! | 7076 | nesting . . .
twig by twig
song by song |
| 7066 | dark night
turns windows to mirrors
the dog barks at himself | 7077 | twilight
two ponies wandering
the wildflowers |
| 7067 | her fingers crossed Walmart mammogram | 7078 | a rush
of onshore wind . . .
you reach me |
| 7068 | a contortionist
bathes in the sun
one leg vertical | 7079 | Oolong and udon—
warming tea and hot noodles,
comfort on cold days |
| 7069 | autumn clouds
the windchime's
soft notes | 7080 | Democracy, or
demagoguery—really,
it's just that simple |
| 7070 | eclipsing
the Hunters' Moon
a blow-up ghost | 7081 | Our hybrid lily
bends over with twenty-one
delicate blossoms |
| 7071 | moonrise
over an empty highway
the last stage | 7082 | Actual crow's nest—
not atop a ship's main mast,
but neighbor's chimney |
| 7072 | no bar code
found on its face
hazy moon | 7083 | barefoot on warm soil—
microscopic living things
contemplate my toes |
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| <p>7084 dew touches the rose
eliciting a sweet blush—
tender morning kiss</p> <p>7085 meadows warm up for
a cicada rhapsody—
summer afternoon</p> <p>7086 a swirling palette
aurora borealis—
color me awestruck</p> <p>7087 dusk
a battalion of mosquitos
take their place</p> <p>7088 lowering
the kitchen sunshade
a new chili recipe</p> <p>7089 probing my forearm
with his proboscis
a Monarch</p> <p>7090 post-op boredom
watching Jello-O
jiggle in a bowl</p> <p>7091 ginko walk
a caterpillar hitchhikes
on a pant leg</p> <p>7092 dawn
crack of the bat
first birdsong</p> <p>7093 doldrums afternoon
a single hawk cries
pangs of love</p> <p>7094 tim easton whistles
t-h-r-u his D harmonica
okfuskee county</p> | <p>7095 the big orange ball sinks
beyond the “fields of plenty”
turning down the heat</p> <p>7096 I AM NOT SHOUTING
I AM ONLY RAISING MY VOICE
OKLAHOMA COLD FRONT</p> <p>7097 grasshopper bullet
smacks right into my heart-beat
as the concert starts</p> <p>7098 Greek festivals
enjoying my summer
entanglements</p> <p>7099 summer solstice
I fall asleep
at the movies</p> <p>7100 summer day
my cat stretches
in the shade</p> <p>7101 garden party
the water dispenser
proves popular</p> <p>7102 hot day
the clamor of coyotes
in the ravine</p> |
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Welcome to New YTHS Members

Kathy Garland, McKinney, TX;
Catharine Summerfield Hōna, Denison, TX; and
Margaret Pfeffer, Edina, MN.

Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Emiko Miyashita phoned her mother, Hiroko, who lived in Fukushima, Japan, every evening. However, as her mother's hearing gradually deteriorated, she decided to send her picture postcards instead. She drew flowers and insects from her garden and around her neighborhood, appealing to Hiroko, who, like her daughter, was a haiku poet. Crayons were quite handy for a busy Emiko to create a daily postcard. Later, she discovered Caran d'Ache water-soluble wax pastels and found they added a pleasing watercolor touch. When Hiroko passed away in November 2023 at the age of 98, Emiko's postcard of a chestnut and another with forget-me-nots were at her mother's bedside. Emiko took most of the postcards home—a collection numbering 712. An internationally known haiku poet, author, editor, and translator, Emiko serves as a councilor of the Haiku International Association, a vice chair of the English-Speaking Union of Japan (ESUJ), and director of the JAL Foundation, known for the World Children's Haiku Contest, and a member of Haiku Canada. She hosts the ESUJ Chat Café and Lighthouse, a monthly poetry reading with Asian poets, both on Zoom. She is a *dōjin* for the Shin haiku group in Japan and was invited to be a Yuki Teikei *dōjin* in 2022. Since 2014, she has been a regular columnist for "Dōjin's Corner" in *Geppo*. In this issue, she shares some of the many illustrated postcards she sent her mother. Emiko resides in Kawasaki, Japan.



Emiko Miyashita with her mother, Hiroko



A postcard from Emiko

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

flickering neon
a field of fireflies
from atop the Ferris wheel
~Michael Henry Lee

fireflies
in a jar on the nightstand—
next morning just one
still alive
~Linda Papanicolaou

a small light
at the grotto
first firefly
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

Smaller than the moon
a circle of fireflies
lights the midnight sky
~Jane Stuart

in the absence
of fireflies—
such darkness!
~Beverly Acuff Momoi

second firefly—
finally finding it
at my feet
~Desiree Phillippe-McMurry

any time you want to call me bold firefly
~J. Zimmerman

the scent of night jasmine
shimmering here and there
fireflies
~Joshua St. Claire

the first *hotaru*
gentle lapping of black waves
on a riverbank
~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

fireworks finale
the silence
of fireflies
~Ruth Holzer

fireflies and crickets
from the porch swing
distant fireworks
~Janice Doppler

endless days of pain
in the darkened room alone
dreams of fireflies
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

finally found—
fireflies in the dark grass
antennas tickling
~Lisa Anne Johnson

fireflies
in my new yard
sanctuary
~Susan Farner

firefly—
a dinner by candlelight
to spark her ardor
~Christine Horner

jarred awake fireflies
~Dana Grover

at twilight
a stroll along the river
fireflies
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

night cruise
a mangrove stand glows—
fireflies
~Bona M. Santos

firefly summer . . .
the delight of moving
to the suburbs
~Elaine Whitman

fireflies
the glow-stick halos
of graveyard angels
~Debbie Strange

all that light
all that darkness
unaired firefly jar
~Richard L. Matta

graduation day—
rumours of fireflies
down by the harbor
~Michael Dylan Welch

new neighbors—
the flirtations
of fireflies
~Dyana Basist

revealers
of illumination . . .
fireflies
~Judith Morrison Schallberger

keeping dusk at bay
another wave
of fireflies
~Lorraine A Padden

concert on the hill
old and young couples watch
the firefly chasers
~Randy Brooks

my palm
remembers my mom's palm
the night of fireflies
~Hiroyuki Murakami

alone at dusk
reflection of past life
fireflies emerge
~Marilyn Sanders

far from Rio
we enjoy a midnight dance
firefly in my tent
~Clysta Seney

with the lights turned off
the children wait patiently
for firefly's flicker
~Priscilla Lignori

lost in the dark
of the old garden
saved by fireflies
~Kathabela Wilson

there was this firefly . . .
I trapped it long ago
for a moment
~Alison Woolpert

grandma's backyard . . .
singing *glow little glow worm*
our cupped hands spark
~Jo Balistreri

with each bright
ocarina note—
a firefly
~Roger Abe

the hills spark
with burning brush
fireflies
~Marilyn Gehant

by the light
of a firefly
the length of my lifeline
~Helen Ogden

on the platform
fireflies
work late too
~Mark Teaford

gloom
swallows the old barn
fireflies
~Patricia J. Machmiller

twilight
a firefly's flashing
koan
~Gregory Longenecker

lighting
a child's eyes
firefly
~Barrie Levine

near the back door
child catches a firefly
how long will it glow?
~Sharon Lynne Yee

power outage
outside the window
fireflies
~John J. Han

fireflies deaf
to the Fifth Symphony
and yet and yet
~Zinovy Vayman

jelly glass lantern
hillside above Lake Como
her first fireflies
~Lois Heyman Scott

fragrant evening
a lone firefly
roams the garden
~Michael Sheffield

evening awe
floating fireflies
light the night
~Christine Lamb Stern

Cape May—
every evening
fireflies
~Chris Bruner

long after the rally
the trampled grass
and fireflies
~Stephanie Baker

a firefly
in the stairwell . . .
abandoned lighthouse
~Paula Sears

Quiet siren light—
fireflies wink in fluorescence
saying “check me out!”
~David Sherertz

middle of the night
a little light—the firefly
teases me awake
~Sally Deems-Mogyordy

blinking
the firefly light
on/off
~David Keim

I with my jar
too short to reach
the fireflies
~Patricia Wakimoto

hotaru hotar . . . / kaette kudasai / inakamichi
firefly fire-fly . . . / please come back / country road
~thomasjohnwellsmiller

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

Randy Brooks	6594–4,	6595–2,	6596–11,	6597–2
Marilyn Sanders	6598–1,	6599–2,	6600–0,	6601–0
Neal Whitman	6602–0,	6603–0,	6604–0,	6605–4
Marilyn Ashbaugh	6606–10,	6607–7,	6608–6,	6609–5
Linda Papanicolaou	6610–1,	6611–1,	6612–6,	6613–2
Lisa Anne Johnson	6614–2,	6615–2,	6616–1,	6617–2
Ruth Holzer	6618–3,	6619–3,	6620–3,	6621–1
Alison Woolpert	6622–0,	6623–0,	6624–13,	6625–0
Phillip R. Kennedy	6626–8,	6627–4,	6628–2	
Brad Bennett	6629–1,	6630–4,	6631–1,	6632–5
Jane Stuart	6633–0,	6634–0,	6635–0,	6636–1
Joshua St. Claire	6637–7,	6638–1,	6639–5,	6640–11
Clysta Seney	6641–2,	6642–4,	6643–0,	6644–1
Michael Henry Lee	6645–1,	6646–0,	6647–2,	6648–7
Jackie Chou	6649–1,	6650–0,	6651–2,	6652–4
Dyana Basist	6653–8	6654–5,	6655–6,	6656–0
Priscilla Lignori	6657–1,	6658–4,	6659–0,	6660–2
Beverly Acuff Momoi	6661–3,	6662–1,	6663–7,	6664–1
Christine Horner	6665–2,	6666–1,	6667–2,	6668–1
Elinor Pihl Huggett	6669–7,	6670–0,	6671–4,	6672–2
Helen Ogden	6673–2,	6674–4,	6675–0,	6676–3
Wakako Miya Rollinger	6677–1,	6678–0,	6679–0,	6680–1
Debbie Strange	6681–1,	6682–6,	6683–1,	6684–0
Elaine Whitman	6685–0,	6686–4,	6687–0,	6688–11
thomasjohnwellsmiller	6689–1,	6690–0,	6691–0,	6692–0
Susan Farnier	6693–1,	6694–1,	6695–0,	6696–1
Barbara Snow	6697–2,	6698–2,	6699–4,	6700–0
Bona M. Santos	6701–12,	6702–3,	6703–2,	6704–6
Hiroyuki Murakami	6705–0,	6706–1,	6707–0,	6708–2
Kathabela Wilson	6709–0,	6710–1,	6711–0,	6712–12
Mimi Ahern	6713–8,	6714–6,	6715–0,	6716–6
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	6717–0,	6718–4,	6719–2,	6720–1
Jo Balistreri	6721–0,	6722–0,	6723–1,	6724–4
Richard L. Matta	6725–0,	6726–11,	6727–0,	6728–3
Michael Sheffield	6729–5,	6730–1,	6731–8,	6732–0
Roger Abe	6733–0,	6734–3,	6735–1	
Zinoviy Vayman	6736–0,	6737–0,	6738–2,	6739–1
Paula Sears	6740–4,	6741–8,	6742–10	
Barbara Moore	6743–5,	6744–1,	6745–0,	6746–1
Dana Grover	6747–2,	6748–0,	6749–1,	6750–7
Julie Holding	6751–0,	6752–0,	6753–0,	6754–0

Bruce H. Feingold	6755–0,	6756–0,	6757–1	
Michèle Boyle Turchi	6758–2,	6759–1,	6760–2,	6761–1
Mark Teaford	6762–3,	6763–0,	6764–1,	6765–3
Janice Doppler	6766–0,	6767–5,	6768–4,	6769–8
Kae Bendixen	6770–0,	6771–0,	6772–0,	6773–0
David Keim	6774–0,	6775–0,	6776–1,	6777–0
Chris Bruner	6778–4,	6779–0,	6780–1	6781–3
Betty Arnold	6782–8,	6783–6,	6784–2,	6785–4
Sharon Lynne Yee	6786–0,	6787–0,	6788–0,	6789–0
Carolyn Fitz	6790–0,	6791–0,	6792–2,	6793–1
Christine Lamb Stern	6794–1,	6795–2,	6796–1,	6797–2
Emily Fogle	6798–1,	6799–1,	6800–2,	6801–2
Roberto Keim	6802–1			
Gregory Longenecker	6803–2,	6804–5,	6805–5,	6806–11
Stephanie Baker	6807–1,	6808–0,	6809–0,	6810–3
Lois Heyman Scott	6811–0,	6812–1,	6813–0,	6814–0
Alexis George	6815–3,	6816–1,	6817–4,	6818–0
John J. Han	6819–2,	6820–1,	6821–0,	6822–3
Kathy Goldbach	6823–6,	6824–9,	6825–3,	6826–2
Patricia Wakimoto	6827–0,	6828–0,	6829–0,	6830–1
Sally Deems-Mogyordy	6831–3,	6832–0,	6833–0,	6834–0
David Sherertz	6835–0,	6836–0,	6837–0,	6838–2
Michael Dylan Welch	6839–2,	6840–2,	6841–3,	6842–4
kris moon kondo	6843–2			
J. Zimmerman	6844–0,	6845–3,	6846–0,	6847–6

Two Books by YTHS Members Receive 2024 HSA Merit Book Awards

First Place in the 2024 HSA Haiku Book Award—Beverly Acuff Momoi. *How the Wind Sighs*. Winchester, VA: Red Moon Press, 2023.

Honorable Mention in the 2024 Haiku Anthology Award—Christine Lamb Stern and Jeannie Rueter, Editors. *Luminaries: Celebrating the Dōjin of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*. San Jose, CA, 2023.

Congratulations to Beverly, Chris, and Jeannie!

May 2024 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers

(received 8 or more votes)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>6624 spring thermals
a slight shift in the condor's
feather fingers
~Alison Woolpert (13)</p> | <p>6606 as if
nothing's changed
plum blossoms
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (10)</p> |
| <p>6701 a flamenco dancer
flicks her skirt—
blooming hibiscus
~Bona M. Santos (12)</p> | <p>6742 lingering stars
across the meadow
a thousand bluets
~Paula Sears (10)</p> |
| <p>6712 in the middle
of a sentence
pink camellia
~Kathabela Wilson (12)</p> | <p>6824 spring equinox
an overturned wheelbarrow
leans on a redwood
~Kathy Goldbach (9)</p> |
| <p>6596 field of winter wheat
what remains
of the wellhouse
~Randy Brooks (11)</p> | <p>6626 spring melancholy—
a saucer whose cup
was lost long ago
~Phillip R. Kennedy (8)</p> |
| <p>6640 budburst
from tree to tree
chickadees
~Joshua St. Claire (11)</p> | <p>6653 warbling my father
out of this world
nightingale
~Dyana Basist (8)</p> |
| <p>6688 morning chill
a crescent moon caught
in the oaks
~Elaine Whitman (11)</p> | <p>6713 the trees
he planted years ago
blossoming sky
~Mimi Ahern (8)</p> |
| <p>6726 wisping along
a tendrilled fence
morning fog
~Richard L. Matta (11)</p> | <p>6731 forest solitude
the creek's voice
my companion
~Michael Sheffield (8)</p> |
| <p>6806 the butterfly
of her fingers
sign language
~Gregory Longenecker (11)</p> | <p>6741 spring river
mallards follow
the thaw
~Paula Sears (8)</p> |

6769 campfire smoke . . .
 the bee on my boot
 strokes its face
 ~Janice Doppler (8)

6782 spring zephyr
 one silky tone
 from the wind chime
 ~Betty Arnold (8)

Recent and Soon-to-be Released Books (2024) by YTHS Members

Deborah P Kolodji. *Vital Signs*, Cuttlefish Books, 2024. Available from Cuttlefish Books and online booksellers for \$10 (plus shipping).

John Zheng, ed. *Conversations with Lenard D. Moore*, University Press of Mississippi. (November 2024). Pre-order hardcover \$110; paperback \$25. Print copies available from UPM— <https://tinyurl.com/LenardMooreConversations>. Ebook available from online booksellers.

Geppo will occasionally announce books recently published or soon-to-be released books by YTHS members. If you have had a book published in 2024, please send information to the Geppo editor at ythsgeppo@gmail.com.

“Loquats Ripening,” by Emiko Miyashita



Dōjin's Corner Feb-Apr 2024

Emiko Miyashita, Patricia J. Machmiller, and
Roger Abe

Here we are, well into summer. When you read this, we'll be heading into fall. In fact, this weekend, YTHS is celebrating Tanabata, a traditional Japanese autumn festival.

Roger Abe of Morgan Hill, CA, has agreed to be our guest columnist this issue. He is a Park Ranger emeritus and famous among locals for his story-telling ability. Roger grew up on a Santa Clara valley farm before it became the center of Silicon Valley.

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

RA: [Sadly, the cat ate Roger's homework; all that remains are his final choices] 6792*, 6797*, 6805*, 6841*

E: 6607, 6608, 6610, 6612, 6624, 6626, 6627, 6651, 6663, 6669, 6674, 6683, 6706*, 6734, 6740*, 6766, 6767, 6768, 6769*, 6782, 6703, 6715, 6718, 6720, 6793, 6800, 6805, 6809, 6811, 6813*, 6818, 6847

pjm: 6594, 6595, 6596, 6606, 6609, 6610, 6611, 6613, 6615, 6616, 6622, 6623, 6624, 6626*, 6627, 6631, 6632*, 6633, 6634, 6638*, 6640, 6642, 6644, 6653, 6654, 6656, 6658, 6660, 6661, 6665, 6667, 6669*, 6673, 6679, 6680, 6686, 6701, 6704, 6707, 6710, 6714, 6715, 6717, 6718, 6719, 6726, 6730, 6736, 6743, 6752, 6761, 6765, 6778, 6781, 6783, 6784, 6800, 6802, 6803, 6805, 6806, 6815, 6819, 6824, 6845, 6847

6626 spring melancholy —
 a saucer whose cup
 was lost long ago

pjm: I imagine this saucer to be mated with a beautiful porcelain cup. It's funny how an object that has long lost its purpose can still be so endearing. Such objects hold memory and emotional heft. This saucer, we can tell, brings back happy memories of a time that's now lost along with the cup.

RA: Oh, all our things! My kitchen cabinets hold more than a few treasures, while others have already been passed down. A fitting kigo to balance with precious memories.

E: A *wabi-sabi* haiku. It is not a perfect teacup and saucer set, but it has been there with the author for years and years. Spring melancholy and the lone saucer share the same mood.

6632 the tilt
 of a warbler's tail
 where to pitch the tent

pjm: The poet is preparing to set up camp and just as they ask themselves where's the best spot to erect the tent, a bird gets their attention. Can it be that the resident warbler has some advice? I wonder how that advice worked out.

E: The warbler suggests the best place to pitch the tent by pointing its tail. Is my reading correct? Each warbler has its own territory, so for the bird, the author is the intruder. Perhaps the warbler is just saying, "Go away! Go away!"

RA: With new or unfamiliar tents, it might take a minute to figure out which pole support goes where, and it might stick out like a jaunty tail. But, we figure it out or make adjustments, just as the bird flicks its tail to its movements.

6638 phylactery
 the gold in the blue
 in the robin's nest

pjm: What an interesting word—"phylactery"—a box containing scriptural passages. To compare this to a robin's egg—a beautiful blue shell containing a baby robin—is unique and original. The mystery to me is the gold. Is the gold the baby robin—like a treasure, perhaps? I'm not sure.

RA: To me this is an esoteric term. Perhaps couched in the development of a haibun it could become clearer. As it is, I sense mystery and a belief of God's hand in nature.

E: I am not familiar with the word "phylactery," nor have I seen a robin's egg. That being said, I have the impression that this haiku is revealing something precious and holy. The structure of A in B in C works well in this poem; it starts by focusing on the gold touch of the first sun's ray and then moves on to the blue eggs, gradually allowing us to see the nest, the whole picture of the spring miracle.

6669 migration . . .
 a flock of shadows crosses
 an open meadow

pjm: So mysterious, the natural world. We humans, preoccupied with our goings-on, when suddenly "a flock of shadows," as if from another world, crosses our vision, and we become aware that birds too have their purposes—birds that we didn't notice until we saw their shadows. And maybe the poem is reminding us of how little we really know about the world we occupy—how complex and wondrous.

E: It is interesting to notice the migrating birds by their moving shadows. I have seen migrating geese flying over my mother's house, but their shadows did not show on her garden floor. It was early in the morning when the sun was low so that the shadows were not formed on the ground. I assume the timing is around noon when the sun is way above the flock to cast their shadows. If I am allowed to dream about these shadows, I imagine a school of fish swimming through the sea of green.

RA: Of course, birds and other creatures migrate, and their shadows go with them. It's interesting to think of their shadows alone making those journeys.

6706 bound for
 the cherry blossom falling forest
 children playing train

E: The second line reads with a merry rhythm, and it shows the destination of this train! In my childhood, I remember holding a rope tied into a circle from inside and moving forward, playing train. I was never a driver who decided the terminal station, but always in the middle as a passenger. It must be fun to run through the tunnel of falling cherry petals! We used to imitate the steam from the train and sang, "*Shusshu poppo, shusshu poppo!*" as we traveled. A steam locomotive was still running then.

RA: The "cherry blossom falling forest"—a phrase that was surely developed in a child's mind. We adults are so used to using words in accepted ways. It is delightful when kids use words in unexpected ways. Boom, shakalak! Beginners' mind, indeed!

pjm: Yes, this train is bound for glory! The cherry blossom falling forest! The poem feels as bouncy and happy as the children.

6740 muddy path
to the woodpile . . .
steam from the sap house

E: The sap house is busy from March to the end of April, so there might be snowmelt on the way, making the path muddy. I wonder how much wood will be needed to boil down the maple sap to make maple syrup. The steam pumping up from the sap house must be very heartwarming and smell good! Maple syrup is very expensive in Japan, so I could enjoy imagining the sap house while eating pancakes!

pjm: It's a busy time on the maple tree farm gathering the sap and boiling it down into syrup. Keeping the pots boiling requires plenty of wood, and the path to the woodpile is well-trod. You can almost hear the *schlock schlock* of boots in the mud as they make their way to and from the woodpile. The hard work is mitigated by the steam that fills the air with the sweet smell of syrup. Here's a *shasei* image that engages our senses.

RA: I did not grow up in a maple forest and have no knowledge of the sap-refining process that seems to be implied here. I did grow up with a fireplace, and we burned wood in the winter to battle the cold and wet. So, the image in the first two lines rings bells for me.

6769 campfire smoke . . .
the bee on my boot
strokes its face

E: Just like a puppy, this bee needs caring love! "Campfire smoke" sets the location and time. I assume it is in the evening when the temperature cools down. The bee cannot move swiftly in the cool and is not nocturnal, I believe, so it stays on the warm boot lit by the flames. It may be a "once-in-a-lifetime chance" for both the bee and the author to share the warmth of

the campfire, as in a tea ceremony. Smoke is used often to drive the bees out from the beehive, so the little bee must be choking, poor thing!

RA: Bees don't like smoke, and if a bee is on my boot, it is most likely unwell. Poor thing. What would the bee equivalent be of coughing and gagging?

pjm: According to my reading, smoke apparently does not harm bees. Smoke has been used by beekeepers all the way back to the ancient Egyptians to distract them when the keepers need to open the hive. Guard bees detect the smoke and give off a scent that warns the hive. The bees anticipate a forest fire is going to force them to move, so they begin eating the honey in preparation for the huge undertaking of swarming and finding a new home. This haiku is about a lone bee away from the hive, so it is probably not a guard bee and has not received the warning from the guard bees. Perhaps, he finds the smoke confusing, and his path home is unclear. We can only hope he finds his way.

6792 her joyful spin
and wag of tail—
first day of spring

RA: Since few of us are as gifted as the famed veterinarian Dr. John Dolittle, much of our communication with our pets is through body language, and so it's through their actions we remember them.

pjm: I imagine the happy movement of a small dog greeting its human. This joyful image is the perfect expression of how we feel at the first sign of spring.

E: I would be spinning and wagging my tail (if I had one), too! The joy of spring is getting

stronger and stronger as I get older. My theory is that wrinkles grow in winter here in Japan due to poor blood circulation caused by the cold. Also, low humidity makes our skin dry. Spring brings warmth and moisture to hopefully remove those winter wrinkles to some extent. Spring is much awaited!

6797 drumming wings
 my morning walk
 flushes a grouse

RA: There is great variety in the sound of wings—what a great way to observe nature! Rather than the roars given to dinosaurs in the movies, scientists now think they, too, may have sounded more like birds.

E: I never encountered a grouse in my morning walk nor in my life. So, I am just imagining the situation and the sensation in the poem. I learned from Google that the sound of “drumming wings” is the most evocative sound of the North American forests. It will be me who runs away if I don’t know where the sound comes from!

pjm: It must be spring—the grouse are drumming!

6805 Easter
 the pastel squares
 of hopscotch

RA: Spring arrives, a bud, a leaf at a time. Is that nature advancing on one foot or two? One of the first things we learn about our world is colors. New colors equal new beginnings.

E: Easter is associated with colored eggs; some are colored simply in pink, pale blue, or yellow, the pastel colors. Some are decorated in intricate patterns in bright colors. Also, it is the time

when dragées are displayed in show windows of confectionaries; they are in pastel colors. Eggs and dragées are round and oval; here, the hopscotch is in squares. A combination of these shapes is evocative of Easter and lovely.

pjm: I hate to be the Grinch here, but I’m going to demur a bit. I agree with everything that Roger and Emiko have said about the image in the last two lines. And I learned a new word from Emiko—I never knew that candy-coated almonds were called dragées! Yes, I agree that the pastel colors of the hopscotch game give a very springlike feeling, and I would be very happy if the kigo used in this poem was “spring day,” “budding trees,” or “daffodils.” Something light and airy. But Easter is such a huge word carrying enormous religious and historical meaning that it overpowers the children’s game—a game which, as far as I know, has no association or symbolism related to Easter.

6813 the ghosts of shoppers
 looking in downtown windows
 thousands, reflections

E: Immediately, a scene on Madison Avenue in NYC or Ginza Street in Tokyo came to my mind. The kigo is a ghost (summer), right? I feel a ghost of me wandering down Madison Avenue now and then, even though I am in Kawasaki. Thousands of tourists who go there return as ghosts looking into the windows. Also, the shoppers’ reflections may look like translucent ghosts on the windows. This poem works because the author declares they are “ghosts.”

pjm: Hmmm—what am I seeing here? Shoppers by the thousands—no, only their ghosts—reflected in big-city shop windows. Intriguing—the reflection of a ghost. Replicated thousands of times. Are these ghosts all there on the same

day—like New Year’s Eve in Times Square—or have they accumulated over time? Looking in the window, then vanishing? Is this a commentary on our modern material world? Or a comment on the effects of COVID on our social fabric and the many lives lost? There’s no clue as to how this is to be read. It’s intriguing, nonetheless.

RA: Mirrors—common, simple, mysterious. Stories abound about what they really are and what they can do—time travel? interdimensional gateways? From *Through the Looking Glass* to research with Kozyrev mirrors, who knows? Take the red pill, Neo, but be wary about writing a haiku about it!

A note on ghosts as a kigo: in the US ghosts are usually associated with Halloween and therefore are thought of as an autumn kigo. But the ghosts in this haiku do not seem like the trick-or-treating kind. Emiko says ghosts are a summer kigo in Japan because summer is the time when terrifying ghost stories are performed in the kabuki theater. And the origin of these ghost stories goes back to rural Obon traditions when the ancestors return from the dead. Obon in Japan is celebrated in July or August depending on which calendar one follows, the modern or lunar. This is true in the US, as well.

6841 silent hospice—
 mum shaves dad’s face
 for the last time

RA: Life begins, life ends, that’s what it’s all about. Still, there are moments that mark our soul, our universe—touch, grooming, so basic to our existence.

pjm: Ministering to a loved one in their last hour is one of the most profound acts we perform as human beings. And those acts, no matter how simple, are potent touchstones that will live in us and be vividly remembered for the rest of our lives.

E: “For the last time” can be read as a shaving after his passing. When my mother passed away in a nursing home, everything was carried out in silence; the facility did not want other people on the same floor to feel death close by. “Silent” has a heavy sound.

We invite your responses.

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

“Visit by a *Jōbitaki* (Daurian Redstart),”
by Emiko Miyashita



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"Green Persimmon," by Emiko Miyashita

Autumn Challenge Kigo: Milky Way, *amanogawa* 天の川

Beverly Acuff Momoi

The spiraling beauty of the Milky Way has inspired poets and writers for centuries. Our planet Earth is located midway between the center of the galaxy and its outer limits, on one of its main arms. On clear, moonless nights, we can see what the Japanese call *amanogawa*—“the river of stars” or “the river of heaven.”

Although many of us might associate it with summer, in Japanese culture the Milky Way is closely connected to Tanabata and is an early autumn kigo. In the legend of Orihime (Vega, the Weaver Girl) and Kengyu (Altair, the Cowherd), the couple is reunited in the Milky Way once a year, on the seventh night of the seventh month.

Through its vastness and distance, the Milky Way can evoke feelings of longing, loneliness, and isolation.

In one of his most-known haiku, Bashō connects earth, sea, and sky in one extraordinary sweep—looking out from the shore, in the distance is Sado Island and beyond that the river of heaven. Historically, Sado Island also has been a place of exile, and that adds an emotional depth to the poem.

荒海や佐渡によこたふ天の川 *araumi ya Sado ni yokotau amanogawa*

a wild sea—

stretching to Sado Isle

the Milky Way

~芭蕉 (Bashō) tr. Haruo Shirane

Issa wrote many haiku featuring the Milky Way. In this, he juxtaposes a hole in his *shōji* screen with the distant beauty of the galaxy.

うつくしや 障子の穴の 天の川 *utsukushi ya shōji no ana no amanogawa*

How lovely,

Through the torn paper-window,

The Milky Way

~一茶 (Issa) tr. R.H. Blyth

Other ways of experiencing the Milky Way are seen in the following:

All the paths I didn't choose the Milky Way

~Beverly Acuff Momoi, *hedgerow* #124

highway

of sleeping towns

the milky way

~Deborah P Kolodji, *Highway of Sleeping Towns*

What is your experience of the Milky Way?

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

Yuki Teikei Spring Reading—May 11, 2024

Alison Woolpert

On May 11 at Works / San José, an arts and performance center, YTHS celebrated another wonderful Spring Reading coordinated by *dōjin* Roger Abe with the help of his committee, *dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou and Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia Machmiller.

The celebration was novel with an in-person reading in conjunction with a large-screen Zoom projection that allowed members from afar to attend.

The four guest readers were: Stephanie Baker from San Francisco, CA, Dr. Randy Brooks from Decatur, IL, Kathy Goldbach from Campbell, CA, and Lorraine A. Padden from Los Angeles, CA.

Stephanie Baker loves to collaborate with other artists on performance art and visual art and writes memoir, free verse, critical essays, and haiku. In 2008, after studying with Gail Sher and Diane diPrima, she began a haiku practice, which she feels she has sustained because of the generous spirit of the haiku community. Stephanie received her MFA in Poetics & Writing from New College of California in 1998. Her publications include *Book of Mud* (2017, Two-Way Mirror), a free verse chapbook; *Mud Pony* (2022, Kettle River Books), a literary memoir about training a wild horse; and *sticky rice* (2017, cone dome triangle), a chapbook of haiku.

leaving him
a love note
six persimmons

Geppo XLVII:1, 2022

winning a contest
I never entered
butterfly wind

Geppo XLVI:3, 2021

streets so quiet
you can hear them
take off their masks

Geppo XLV:4, 2020

New Year's Day
the tiniest nesting doll
dreams she is dreaming

Geppo XLV:1, 2020



Stephanie Baker shares her haiku at the in-person/Zoom Spring Reading

Dr. Randy Brooks is Professor Emeritus of English at Millikin University in Decatur, Illinois, where he teaches courses on haiku, tanka, and Japanese poetics. He and his wife, Shirley Brooks, are publishers of Brooks Books and co-editors of *Mayfly* haiku magazine. His most recent books include *Walking the Fence: Selected Tanka* and *The Art of Reading and Writing Haiku: A Reader Response Approach*.

old rock garden
a gentle shower washes
winter away

Triya, February 2024

school bus stop
first grader strapped
to a backpack

Bottle Rockets 50, 2024

the kayaks
bounce through white water
she's laughing again

Kokako 40, 2024

bell over the door
the bookshop cat looks up
from a nap

Golden Triangle Haiku Exhibit, Washington, DC, April 2024

Kathy Goldbach's poetry comes from her lifelong attraction to words and to music. Jump rope rhymes and piano lessons in Peoria, Illinois. Yearbook copy and choir in high school. Shakespeare tucked between nursing classes in Iowa City in the 1960s. *Goodnight Moon* and *Old Joe Clark* with her four children. A music degree and Walt Whitman in San Jose in the 1980s. A new language and a Bach choir for five years in Germany. Piano teaching and poetry writing for the last 25 years. Since 2019, composing haiku has allowed her to combine words and their music to catch present moments conditioned by all her past. Her haiku and other poems have appeared in a number of print and online journals. She and her husband are trying to keep up with their blended family of six children and 11 grandchildren in California and Europe.

apples fall
our shared
peculiarities

Modern Haiku 55:1, 2024

snipping green beans
into equal pieces
summer schedule

Geppo XLVI:3, 202; Poem of the Day, Haiku Foundation, August 6, 2022

first ride to a dance
in my boyfriend's old blue Ford
smell of gardenia

Honorable Mention 2022 Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest

winter clarity
seeing through trees
to the other side

Geppo XLVI:1, 2021

Lorraine A Padden is a Touchstone Award-winning poet and former professional ballet dancer whose extensive work and scholarship in the performing and visual arts garnered national recognition, including an appointment to the National Endowment for the Arts. Her haiku and related short form poetry regularly appear in notable journals and anthologies. Lorraine's work has been honored by *Tricycle Magazine*, The Haiku Society of America, The Tokutomi Memorial Haiku Contest, The British Haiku Society, The Marlene Mountain Memorial Haiku Contest, and The New Zealand Poetry Society, among others. Lorraine is a featured poet in *A New Resonance 13*, the renowned anthology showcasing emerging voices in English-language haiku. *Upwelling*, her critically acclaimed debut collection was named a short-list finalist for the Touchstone Distinguished Book Award in 2022. Also in 2022, one of Lorraine's senryu received the coveted Touchstone Award for Individual Poem.

once more around the dance floor IV pole

Blō Outlier, 4:2, 2022 and The Haiku Foundation's Touchstone Award for Individual Poem

an octave above
sputtering chainsaw . . .
cricket song

Trash Panda Issue #6, 2023

moments
before full chameleon
rehearsal dinner

Failed Haiku, February, 2024

slack tide
maple leaves on the edge
of crimson

Semifinalist Ito En Haiku Grand Prix, March, 2024

In-person Attendees: L. Papanicolaou (Moderator), J. Miller (Zoom Host), M. Ahern, B. Arnold, S. Baker, K. Bendixen, M. Gehant, E. Goldbach, K. Goldbach, J. J. Hafernik, P. J. Machmiller, J. M. Schallberger, A. Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman.

***Ginkō* at Tilden Regional Parks Botanic Garden—June 8, 2024**

Alison Woolpert

From California's seacoast bluffs and coastal mountains, from its deserts, across its valleys and foothills, and up into its highest mountain ranges, every habitat is found here at Tilden Regional Parks Botanic Garden, Berkeley, CA. And all in just 10 acres. Everything is native—plants, trees, bees, even the pesky rabbits that nibble away at sometimes endangered species.

Docent and YTHS member David Sherertz led our fabulous garden *ginkō*, regaling us with stories of the garden's history and specifics of so many species. We are indebted to him for his extensive knowledge and generous sharing.

Take a mini-tour reading haiku from the attendees:

Tilden Park / the red-orange welcome / of a leopard lily ~Mimi Ahern

familiar strangers / the scent / of swaying flowers ~Mark F. Teaford

soft sunlight / through altostratus clouds / through a mariposa lily ~Johnnie J. Hafernik

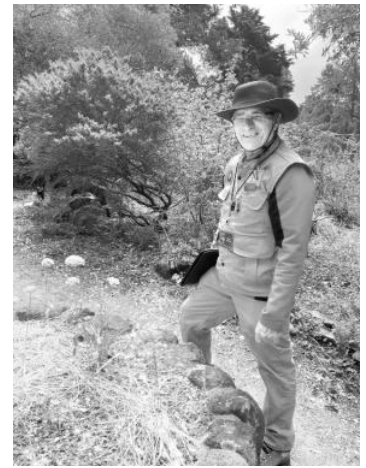
Pale, soft petals hide / a kaleidoscope inside— / calochortus blooms. ~David Sherertz

there's the Spice Lily / the docent asks, *what's that scent?* / whoa—old wine barrels! ~David Keim

manzanita grove / in the clearing / empty camp chairs ~Patricia J. Machmiller

measure by measure / santa cruz spruce / the champion tree ~Barbara Moore

so this is / what's called forest bathing— / sequoia gloam ~Linda Papanicolaou



David Sherertz, Tilden Parks docent and YTHS *ginkō* guide

Attendees: D. Sherertz (guide), M. Ahern, J. J. Hafernik, D. Keim, P. J. Machmiller, B. Moore, L. Papanicolaou, M. F. Teaford, and A. Woolpert.

"Lovely Lily," by Emiko Miyashita



2024 Haiku Retreat Update

We are excited that Hiroyuki Murakami, accomplished haiku poet, translator, and Yuki Teikei *dōjin* from Japan, will be joining us as the featured speaker at our annual retreat, Asilomar Conference Center, Pacific Grove, CA, November 7–10. As a member of and translator for *Haiku International*, he will provide his unique perspective on haiku and share his haiku life. His most recent publication is *Harvest Moon: English/Japanese Haiku Collection* (2023).

If you have not yet registered for the conference, there are still a few openings left. See yths.org for details.



Hiroyuki Murakami

Correction

Apologies to Bona M. Santos for an error in her haiku in the renku in the May 2024 issue (p. 29). Her haiku should read:

80th birthday
my *lola* rolls
her own *tabako* / bms

(“Lola” is “grandmother” in the Philippine language. “Tabako” is “tobacco.”)



“Camellia Ikebana Offering in Bamboo Vase,”
by Emiko Miyashita

YTHS *Dōjin* on the *Wabi-Sabi* Style of Haiku

J. Zimmerman

In the August 2023 *Geppo* (34), I reported *sabi* as one key to Bashō's late style. Makoto Ueda wrote that *sabi* "is not personal loneliness, but a lonely mood latent in nature" and that it is "a poetic mood vaguely pointing toward a certain view of life—called *wabi*—in which the poet looks at himself and his emotion from a distance, as if looking at some natural object. Personal sorrow becomes universal loneliness" (Ueda, 47–48). Uncertain about the linked term *wabi-sabi* that I hear sometimes, I turned to our Japanese-speaking *dōjin*, who commented in the May 2024 *Geppo* (36–37) on *shasei* ("sketch realism").

Dōjin Phillip R. Kennedy suggests restraint with *wabi-sabi*:

I think that a lot of Westerners who are interested in Japan and Japanese traditional arts are also deeply attracted to the *wabi-sabi* aesthetic; for many decades this appreciation of the quiet and the imperfect, the broken and the discarded has deeply influenced modern Western architecture and design. It also dovetails nicely with native Western traditional arts (such as Shaker furniture) and modern concepts of minimalism and functional design.

Wabi-sabi and haiku, though? I tend to associate this aesthetic with Edo-period *haikai*. Certainly, there are modern haiku that can be seen as having a *wabi* or a *sabi* feel, but I think those perceptions are in the eye of the beholder and not from the hand of the writer. This is just my personal opinion, but I feel that when a poet deliberately tries to create a *wabi-sabi* haiku, that poet moves farther and farther away from the ideal of a true *shasei* haiku. If you are moved by handling an old tea bowl or by seeing moss on a stone pathway, and you write a haiku about that experience, a sense of *wabi-sabi* should come through to the reader naturally; there's no need to strive for a specific effect.

Dōjin Emiko Miyashita is concerned that "*Wabi-sabi* is a worn-out expression, in a way, and is used more in aesthetic connotations than in daily life." She continues:

Wabi-sabi was appreciated and valued among the rich, the educated, and the refined class, not among the commoners, to begin within the aesthetic of writing *waka*, seeking the emotional depth through finding beauty in imperfect things (*wabi*), and through realizing one's loneliness to evoke the emotion of heartfelt love (*sabi*). Later, combined with the teachings of Zen, it was adapted to the tea ceremony; *wabi-sabi* stood when its entity appeared within a certain environment provided by time, space, and wealth, especially in a simple and clean setting. I think it is important to remember this background. Both *wabi* and *sabi* were the keys to opening one's emotional richness not to the dark and inferior side of life but to seek the bright and the warmth. I prefer it to be as it is; my haiku can be just like a tiny dewdrop on a leaf. Is a dewdrop *wabi* or *sabi*? No!

Dōjin Hiroyuki Murakami appreciates but also does not force *wabi-sabi* into his poems:

What exactly is *wabi-sabi*? In my view, *wabi* embodies simplicity and imperfection, while *sabi* conveys tranquility, aging, and the beauty found in decay. Honestly, I don't consciously think about *wabi-sabi* when writing my daily haiku. However, stepping out of my routine and immersing myself in nature during a *ginkō* feels like a way to experience the *wabi-sabi* state.

One memorable experience occurred during a summer visit to a hut where Bashō once lived, The Hut of Phantom Dwelling (a small hut in Ishiyama, Ōmi, now a suburb of Ōtsu City, Shiga). After climbing a series of stone steps, I reached the hut, drenched in sweat. A short distance away was a spring where Bashō himself cooked. Standing there, I was overwhelmed to hear cicadas' voices coming from all directions, alternately speaking to me.

先づたのむ椎の木もあり夏木立

above all else / a dependable chinquapin tree stands / in a summer grove

Matsuo Bashō. Jane Reichhold, trans., *Bashō: The Complete Haiku*. Tokyo, Japan: Kodansha International, Ltd, 2008, 163.

元禄と同じひぐらし輪唱す

three centuries on / the same evening cicada / sings a canon

Hiroyuki Murakami. *Harvest Moon*. Amazon, 2023, 19.

Hiroyuki concludes, "While *wabi-sabi* may have its roots in the spiritual practices of unconventional outsiders and hermits, the resonance of haiku poetry within this *wabi-sabi* context deeply moves me."

Reference:

Makoto Ueda. *Zeami, Bashō, Yeats, Pound: A Study in Japanese and English Poetics*. The Hague, Netherlands: Mouton & Co., 1965, 47–48.



"Cosmos, Cosmos, Swaying Along the Rail Track,"
by Emiko Miyashita

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.

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- 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 for local California members, as well as for those who are far afield. Around half the meetings are in person, the rest on Zoom. Check yths.org for up-to-date event information.

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. See page 26 of this issue for details. ahoo.com
September 14 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Moon Viewing Celebration.
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 in-person Retreat	Asilomar Conference Grounds, Pacific Grove, CA. <i>Dōjin</i> Hiroyuki Murakami is the featured speaker.
December 14 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	Virtual Holiday Party. Details to come.

"Higanbana (Spider Lilies)," by
Emiko Miyashita

