

# 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

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7104 petrichor—  
the storm moves off  
still grumbling

7105 one leap ahead  
of the garage door  
little brown toad

7106 classical playlist—  
the breeze from a ceiling fan  
waltzes a cobweb

7107 wildfire sunset—  
a lodgepole pine sapling  
sets its first cone

7108 a child realizes  
not all thoughts should be shared  
yellow willow

7109 hurricane remnants  
bands of cream swirling  
in black coffee

7110 grandma's voice  
whispering behind my ear  
bronze chrysanthemum

7111 the speed  
that mountains rise  
leaf fall

7112 misty day—  
gray, August 'fogust',  
cool, breezy

7113 in August,  
the naked ladies  
bare their blooms

7114 Perseids:  
no show—too much light  
pollution

7115 "Oh Dear Me"—  
golden-crowned sparrow's  
dusk lament

7116 haunted mansion  
the skeleton has no  
gender

7117 hay wagon  
the farmer's daughter  
names the runt

7118 buffalo grass  
the sunken grave  
of a homesteader

7119 a dried coneflower  
the praying mantis  
tai chi

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|------|--|------|---|
| 7120 | second summer<br>adding more chipotle<br>to the roasted squash             | 7131 | climbing up<br>out of the drain<br>midnight cricket               |
| 7121 | swirling wind<br>a pile of leaves<br>ups and aways                         | 7132 | a tin roof<br>on the round barn<br>autumn rain                    |
| 7122 | faded blue paint<br>on the old pump handle<br>mackerel sky                 | 7133 | travel day<br>a creek scampers<br>into mist                       |
| 7123 | late fall<br>my ink thins<br>on the last line                              | 7134 | sundial<br>an inchworm<br>passes the time                         |
| 7124 | Sunday morning rain<br>at the crosswords of four across<br>and twelve down | 7135 | Milky Way<br>a stray cat marks<br>the trail                       |
| 7125 | community garden<br>savoring the thyme<br>of our lives                     | 7136 | Each falling star<br>leaves its shadow<br>where it can't be found |
| 7126 | distillery tour<br>a whiff of single malt in<br>the docent's spiel         | 7137 | A flaming arrow<br>sets the sky<br>on fire                        |
| 7127 | dwindling light<br>the black widow backs<br>her mate in a corner           | 7138 | She watches<br>his breath rise and fall<br>against her pillow     |
| 7128 | standing<br>in its pool of gold<br>bare ginkgo                             | 7139 | Why? is it snowing<br>said the camel<br>in the mountains?         |
| 7129 | early darkness<br>one candle<br>for all our dead                           | 7140 | twisting the stem<br>the apple's release<br>shakes the tree       |
| 7130 | sun-plump<br>the last pumpkin<br>in the patch                              | 7141 | trick-or-treat-feet<br>a gruesome ghoul<br>in purple high-tops    |

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|------|--|------|---|
| 7142 | leftover candy<br>the Jack-o-Lantern's<br>softening gaze                 | 7153 | homestead for sale<br>nagging comment from<br>the rusty windmill    |
| 7143 | faerie gloaming<br>a flutter of scarlet<br>on the horizon                | 7154 | "when pigs fly"<br>still can't quite say it<br>the way he did       |
| 7144 | Indian summer<br>sunning on a rock<br>the katydid                        | 7155 | departing autumn<br>king-sized bed<br>the king's side empty         |
| 7145 | stacked firewood<br>on the porch<br>her carved pumpkin                   | 7156 | I wake chilled<br>left thumb on my chin—<br>chestnut moon           |
| 7146 | crocus and tulips<br>roses and daylilies—<br>the last aster              | 7157 | rise and shine<br>black coffee and pumpkin pie<br>Wagon Wheel Diner |
| 7147 | after the storm<br>a deer sniffs the air . . .<br>her tucked tail        | 7158 | fall arrival<br>city workers fill the cracks<br>in my street        |
| 7148 | light drizzle . . .<br>the dimpled lime green<br>of pond scum            | 7159 | sack of apples . . .<br>swinging a canvas tote<br>Farmers Market    |
| 7149 | cheetah . . .<br>the cloud of dust that follows<br>an ostrich on the run | 7160 | priority seating<br>Thanksgiving<br>at the kids' table              |
| 7150 | midget convention<br>everyone orders<br>shrimp                           | 7161 | the mother cat<br>cuffs her wild child<br>windstorm                 |
| 7151 | mask mandate . . .<br>two raccoons rummage<br>through a dumpster         | 7162 | autumn sounds<br>how many times<br>he sighs                         |
| 7152 | autumn wind<br>three tries and the Cooper's hawk<br>goes home hungry     | 7163 | cyclists in single file<br>drafting through autumn<br>Vs of geese   |

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|------|--|------|--|
| 7164 | sudden squall<br>a cluster of spiderlings<br>exits the egg sac               | 7175 | vulture on the wing<br>its scripture refreshes<br>the snowy sky            |
| 7165 | nightshift<br>from pine to pine<br>spider silk                               | 7176 | your anniversary<br>the single shooting star<br>I almost missed            |
| 7166 | night shadows<br>soft at the edges<br>veiled moon                            | 7177 | your ashes<br>I'd thought they'd be<br>blackier                            |
| 7167 | reflecting<br>on reflections—<br>lake at dawn                                | 7178 | summer's tail<br>a dry riverbed meanders<br>under the rail tracks          |
| 7168 | morning walk<br>the taste of autumn<br>in the air                            | 7179 | sea level rise<br>another chunk falls off<br>the Doomsday Glacier          |
| 7169 | the soft groans<br>of old wood settling . . .<br>autumn chill                | 7180 | autumn mist<br>weaving through silhouettes<br>of skyscrapers               |
| 7170 | soft scurry<br>of a flustered junco . . .<br>coffee on the porch             | 7181 | waiting room<br>I follow the lines<br>of a Picasso                         |
| 7171 | while locals eye-roll<br>tourists grab their iPhones—<br>a doe and two fawns | 7182 | early autumn woods<br>occasionally his wife<br>remembers his name          |
| 7172 | last of the tomatoes<br>a record number of losses<br>gets the manager fired  | 7183 | clink of silverware<br>on grandmother's good dishes<br>Thanksgiving dinner |
| 7173 | sun salutation<br>a trio of raccoons scamper<br>from the compost pile        | 7184 | falling willow leaves<br>cemetery obelisk<br>speckled with lichens         |
| 7174 | a hole in the sky<br>the total eclipse and its book<br>of mysticism          | 7185 | inside the garage<br>folded Adirondack chairs<br>departing autumn          |
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|------|---|------|--|
| 7186 | leaf confetti<br>a child's face daubed<br>with mud                  | 7197 | cattails hide<br>blinding white sun<br>a blue dabbler                            |
| 7187 | corn snow<br>squirrels talking smack<br>outside the window          | 7198 | Dwindling October light<br>Faint shadows on the path<br>Deep into the forest     |
| 7188 | the house<br>where we were born . . .<br>bull thistles              | 7199 | swallows peck<br>the dead branch<br>alive with insects                           |
| 7189 | circling hawks<br>the earth tilts<br>on its axis                    | 7200 | oak leaves<br>splatter the sidewalk<br>autumn rain                               |
| 7190 | in the glow<br>of the last persimmon<br>cooling earth               | 7201 | morning meditation<br>last hummingbird<br>on the feeder                          |
| 7191 | sundogs gleam<br>over empty fields<br>cockcrow                      | 7202 | tears blur the road<br>cemetery in the<br>rear-view mirror                       |
| 7192 | still<br>those autumn voices<br>9/11                                | 7203 | oh, yellow tip-tops<br>of the tallest maple tree<br>catching the sunshine        |
| 7193 | oak grove<br>the uncertain fate<br>of an acorn                      | 7204 | leaf drops punctuate<br>the white noise of the peepers<br>rocking chair moment   |
| 7194 | fogged-in fall . . .<br>a young herring gull paces<br>the fish pier | 7205 | reds yellows mixed greens<br>from whiteface mountain peak<br>unframed everything |
| 7195 | yellowlegs<br>greater lesser<br>slippery mango                      | 7206 | on sale spring special<br>chesterfield cigarette rack<br>packed with yoga mats   |
| 7196 | island autumn<br>wild white donkeys<br>stand fast onshore           | 7207 | big wide smile<br>line of carved pumpkins<br>door greeters                       |
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| 7208 | morning breeze<br>golden leaves flutter<br>refreshing                 | 7219 | rummaging around<br>in haystacks of memory<br>so many needles             |
| 7209 | warm yellow browns<br>wardrobe full of sweaters<br>autumn colors      | 7220 | starting with the trees<br>becoming night—autumn dusk<br>overtakes us all |
| 7210 | manicured lawn<br>dome-shaped sculpted bushes<br>quails' cool shelter | 7221 | against the backdrop<br>of falling leaves the salmon<br>defy gravity      |
| 7211 | fog drift<br>from the reed-encircled bog<br>a long beak lifts         | 7222 | her firm handshake<br>now a tapping touch—<br>straw bundles               |
| 7212 | back to school<br>the hopscotch squares<br>fading                     | 7223 | cottonwoods join<br>the drum circle—<br>autumn wind                       |
| 7213 | harvest social<br>stirring the chowder<br>with a boat oar             | 7224 | pinching down<br>the piecrust edge<br>Thanksgiving                        |
| 7214 | all-hallows<br>a tiny ghoul<br>opens his sack                         | 7225 | worn paper poppy<br>red on the vet's lapel—<br>his open casket            |
| 7215 | colored leaves<br>linger on the bench<br>where an angel was           | 7226 | even the fog<br>smells like fog<br>Asilomar                               |
| 7216 | the bus reducing<br>its speed while bathing<br>in fallen leaves       | 7227 | departing autumn<br>an unkempt jay<br>tells us all about it               |
| 7217 | a little lighthouse<br>lights up on my desk<br>autumn deepens         | 7228 | harvest moon<br>the coyotes' howls<br>rounder                             |
| 7218 | exhilarating<br>turning over a new leaf<br>or two—autumn wind         | 7229 | autumn maple—<br>strangers exchange<br>a smile                            |

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| 7230 | leaving the grave—<br>a maple leaf clings<br>to the car window               | 7241 | sweltering<br>in a heat wave<br>first day of autumn                          |
| 7231 | wild geese in flight<br>my children as babies<br>in my dream                 | 7242 | a raggedy line<br>of first graders<br>first day of school                    |
| 7232 | paparazzi<br>mother goose whisks<br>her young away                           | 7243 | moon<br>i suffer<br>from imposter syndrome                                   |
| 7233 | yellowing oak leaves—<br>the children turn them into<br>birds of the forest  | 7244 | new coolness<br>the cat saunters away<br>with a tail twitch                  |
| 7234 | chilly night<br>picture frames creak more loudly<br>when there's no one else | 7245 | another loving letter<br>gets no answer<br>endless drought                   |
| 7235 | viral bout<br>the lingering taste<br>of rose garlic                          | 7246 | lake trout lure<br>tinsels in dark water<br>asking for a kiss                |
| 7236 | junk shop<br>two Santa penguins<br>man the entrance                          | 7247 | bottle of champagne<br>in the picnic basket<br>will you marry me?            |
| 7237 | novembrrrrr  | 7248 | first day of school<br>scarlet, maize, periwinkle<br>picture-perfect crayons |
| 7238 | lost<br>and found—<br>corn maze  | 7249 | elegant afternoon<br>he holds his fan<br>just so                             |
| 7239 | stick—<br>pretending to be one<br>the praying mantis                         | 7250 | ebbing tide<br>late summer slides<br>into the sea                            |
| 7240 | day labor<br>picking potatoes<br>by the bushel                               | 7251 | first day of autumn<br>afternoon light<br>already golden                     |
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| 7252 | October heat<br>the garden's last<br>hurrah                               | 7263 | distant drums<br>lost in one rose<br>the group forges onward                               |
| 7253 | hidden, not hidden<br>by wispy clouds—<br>fireworks moon                  | 7264 | a gaggle of geese<br>marches to the fountain<br>I tag along                                |
| 7254 | our dad's joke<br>about a lion on our car roof<br>just a dandelion        | 7265 | insurance cancelled—<br>the crunch<br>of dry leaves  |
| 7255 | summer ferry crossing . . .<br>the mountain reappears<br>after the island | 7266 | wet paper and ink—<br>soft fur blur as the<br>black cat grows                              |
| 7256 | first snow—<br>our talk again<br>of divorce                               | 7267 | a day of chills<br>in autumn heat—<br>latest covid shot                                    |
| 7257 | Halloween<br>an owl and pussycat<br>share a treat                         | 7268 | late autumn<br>the new tarp's folds<br>learn to relax                                      |
| 7258 | the sharpness<br>of a deer blind nail<br>bow hunting                      | 7269 | the rookie shortstop<br>collides with the third baseman—<br>foul territory                 |
| 7259 | second guessing<br>the plucked mushrooms<br>. . . again                   | 7270 | busy city streets<br>kids crossing in line to school—<br>a lone soap bubble                |
| 7260 | vee-shaped geese<br>a hot air balloon<br>skids its last stop              | 7271 | autumn afternoon<br>the sun and shadows on the wall<br>shades of Plato                     |
| 7261 | after the rain<br>the imprints of what<br>we didn't say                   | 7272 | the low quarter moon<br>a kid's eyes drooping half-mast<br>waiting . . . waiting for . . . |
| 7262 | thinning the beets<br>the notes I skip<br>are the sweetest                | 7273 | her infant's skin<br>glistening<br>blackberry moon   |
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| 7274 | soft rustling<br>of poplar leaves<br>her taffeta skirt                                  | 7285 | the smell<br>of burning pine<br>November wind                  |
| 7275 | western sycamore<br>rises from the canyon floor<br>campsite coffee                      | 7286 | crow in the treetop<br>talking crow<br>summer's end            |
| 7276 | swishing slap<br>of a cold wind<br>old pine   | 7287 | spilling my brain<br>onto paper<br>first rain                  |
| 7277 | fresh tomato<br>seasoned to perfection<br>his omelet pan                                | 7288 | stuffing<br>the suet holes<br>bird count days                  |
| 7278 | first day of school . . .<br>four rows in front of me<br>her red ponytail               | 7289 | each chakra<br>gets its own song<br>rattlesnake grass          |
| 7279 | this feeling<br>of belonging . . .<br>September seashore                                | 7290 | sounding the tidal drift<br>a jelly's torn<br>bell             |
| 7280 | second summer<br>the sudden comfort<br>of a cloud                                       | 7291 | sun melt my heart<br>to tell it in the mouth<br>a comet's tail |
| 7281 | her empty canning jars<br>trees he tended till harvest<br>grandparents' old orchard     | 7292 | a knock at the door<br>first persimmon<br>already soft         |
| 7282 | thoughts of Grandmère's jam<br>the leaves and fruit turn golden<br>late harvest peaches | 7293 | Milky Way:<br>in its center the black hole<br>for our planet   |
| 7283 | clouds float by<br>thru pinecone-studded branches<br>heat wave over the bay             | 7294 | crushed acorns<br>she declares<br>her long unlove              |
| 7284 | mindfulness—<br>focus on the breath<br>night crickets' symphony                         | 7295 | "blizzard"<br>even the origin of the word<br>unknown           |

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| 7296 | P-town summer:<br>in lieu of an ice cream the slab<br>of silken tofu             | 7307 | pulling out the map—<br>woolly bear on the road has<br>also lost his way     |
| 7297 | twilight<br>a new leaf pile<br>gently settling                                   | 7308 | by the kitchen sink<br>watching the gold maple leaves<br>dancing in the wind |
| 7298 | armful of butternuts . . .<br>the three too many<br>spill to the ground          | 7309 | scarlet flowers glow<br>as the hummingbird darts down<br>we resonate         |
| 7299 | mom's curios<br>gone from her shelf . . .<br>autumn dusk                         | 7310 | heat of wet garden<br>inhale scent of summer<br>night comes in velvet        |
| 7300 | a pound of pears . . .<br>the creak and sway<br>of a vendor's scale              | 7311 | lavender oil rub<br>soles of my feet at bed time<br>pathway to dreaming      |
| 7301 | late summer morn<br>frosted<br>in fog  | 7312 | miss your laughter<br>at the civic pomposities<br>of city planning           |
| 7302 | sheep polka-dotting<br>late summer meadow<br>shorn                               | 7313 | snow drifts<br>a white-headed woodpecker probes<br>the pine bark             |
| 7303 | cotton batting<br>blanketing<br>sleeping pastures                                | 7314 | forest path<br>the banana slug is also<br>barely moving                      |
| 7304 | zipline spiderwebs<br>from bough to blade<br>golden kiss of fall                 | 7315 | cordgrass<br>a pintail stretches its neck up<br>and then down                |
| 7305 | Day of Atonement—<br>tossing all of our regrets<br>inside the fire pit           | 7316 | a toad half buried<br>under autumn leaves<br>the coolness                    |
| 7306 | under the corn moon<br>the church parking lot becomes<br>the cats' meeting place | 7317 | haiku party<br>a poet<br>points at the moon                                  |

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| 7318 | spring cleaning<br>a mouse nest<br>in the barbecue                | 7329 | summer breeze<br>gaze at the milky way<br>pointing to heaven    |
| 7319 | white dunes forever empty sky                                     | 7330 | bucket filler<br>smiles at special someone<br>thank you note    |
| 7320 | the cat in the sun<br>the hum of the fan                          | 7331 | late night<br>walk in the woods with my dog<br>milky way        |
| 7321 | cat curled up<br>around a pot<br>of mums                          | 7332 | food rainbow<br>today it's a golden<br>I find it delicious      |
| 7322 | school kids' pockets<br>bulge with chestnuts<br>hands full too    | 7333 | hoping for carrots<br>I stir leaves<br>into the compost         |
| 7323 | persimmons in a row about to be sketched                          | 7334 | lost in the maize<br>wishing to see<br>a scarecrow, anybody!    |
| 7324 | green tea<br>between sips<br>a hummingbird                        | 7335 | sweaters on/off<br>tied around the waist<br>draped on shoulders |
| 7325 | story time<br>the moon rising<br>out of our willow                | 7336 | egrets<br>at the shoreline<br>plastic flotsam                   |
| 7326 | mountain clouds<br>a high country bee<br>hums in the dwarf clover | 7337 | beeping car horn<br>the family dog<br>behind the wheel          |
| 7327 | an egret<br>on the horizon<br>sun-washed sails                    | 7338 | golden brown tips<br>of redwood boughs<br>days growing shorter  |
| 7328 | pow wow drums<br>heartbeats from my cradle board<br>jingle dress  | 7339 | slowing cricket chirps<br>the metronome<br>winds down           |
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7340 in the crab pot  
periscope eyes accuse  
I avert my gaze

7341 emerald flash  
pond splash  
kiss me, quick!

7342 no light escapes  
the singularity  
within you

7343 moonless night sky  
the birds' path twinkles  
unseen geese laugh

## A Call for Haiku: The Poet's Journey

I write, erase. Rewrite  
Erase again and then . . .  
A poppy blooms  
Katsushika Hokusai (1760-1849)

In 2025 the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society will be celebrating its 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary and all of its member poets. Just as the Society has journeyed through the seasons so too have the poets it has nurtured. To honor the Society and its members, we have asked Ellen Brooks, a *kyogen* master, to create a performance piece titled “The Poet’s Journey” using the haiku submitted by the YTHS members for this purpose.

Ellen has asked that your haiku illustrate the poet’s journey “not only with what is seen but what is gained by insight through the creative act. Your haiku” she says, “can be maddening, teasing, or crazed, as well as breathtaking, uplifting, and joyous. They can be bemused and dreamy or martial—let them be a reflection of your internal state.”

Ellen will mix these haiku into a performance piece, which she will speak and dance at our 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary dinner celebration. She will give an expanded performance at the 2025 Haiku Retreat at Asilomar.

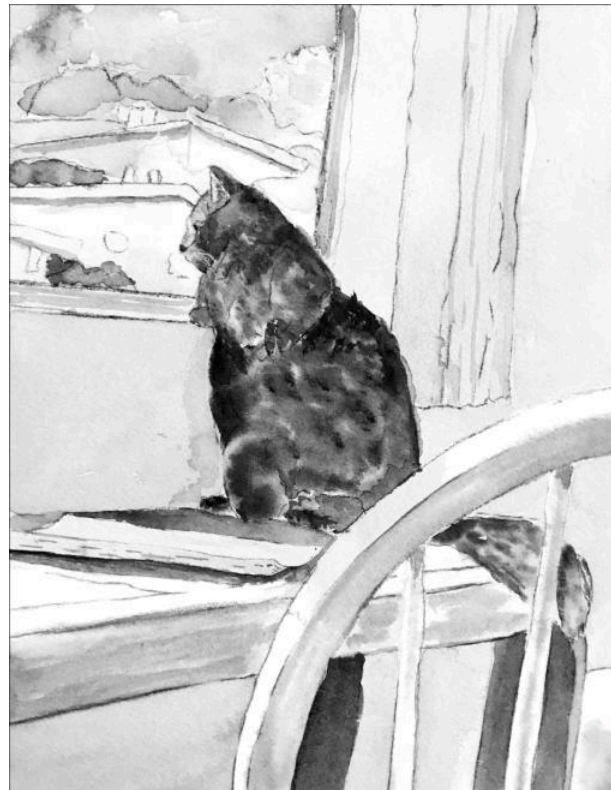
As a member of the Society, you are invited to submit two unpublished haiku on the theme of “The Poet’s Journey.” Send them in the body of an email to Barbara Anderson by

January 31, 2025. Do not send in an attachment. Put “The Poet’s Journey Submission” in the subject line. YTHS reserves the right to publish the haiku selected for Ellen’s performance. Please include in the body of the email your name as you want it to be published, as well as your city, state, and country. You will be notified of any of your haiku chosen for this purpose by May 1, 2025.

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## Meet This Issue's Featured Artist

Jeannie Rueter, *Geppo* layout editor, has always loved to make things. She also loves cats. From the time she was a child and modeled cat figures out of paraffin from her Mom's strawberry jam preserves, the list of media she has pursued is huge. Papier-mâché, mosaics, pottery, calligraphy. She knows how to pour ceramics and apply glazes or paint. At one time she had her own ceramic shop, "The Craft Genie," where she taught adults how to manipulate a poured piece and make it their own. Years later she discovered metal arts—jewelry or smithing on a small scale. She learned torch work, repoussé and chasing, copper enameling, and cloisonné. She usually made animals, frequently cats. She learned lapidary and how to make metal-working tools and dies for a hydraulic press. Longing for color, she took up stained glass, then fused glass. She acquired another kiln, even though she already had two for ceramics. And she bought a lot of glass. She says that getting older moved her away from dangerous and heavy crafts. She learned sumi-e from YTHS member Carolyn Fitz, who introduced her to Yuki Teikei in 2018. During the pandemic she continued watercolor classes online and learned a new form of papier-mâché using cardboard or wire frames, as well as patterns similar to clothing construction. (She had made her own clothes into her 30s and even Edwardian suits for members of a band.) Jeannie is now taking an online class from England in needle-felted animal portraiture. As for cats, Jeannie volunteers and serves on the board of directors for Golden Oldies Cat Rescue, where she produces their monthly newsletter and writes appeals for adoptable cats. She has two rescue cats of her own—Tony, age 12, and Henri, age 7. Jeannie designed the beautiful book *Luminaries—Celebrating the Dōjin of Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*.



"Henri" (watercolor) by Jeannie Rueter

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

elk herd through the clearing river of stars  
~Linda Papanicolaou

flush of mushroom  
after the hurricane remnants pass  
the Milky Way  
~Joshua St. Claire

Insignificant  
dot—Earth, but unique throughout  
the whole Milky Way  
~David Sherertz

the Milky Way  
more forgiveness than  
we can count  
~Randy Brooks

milky way bar  
taking a bite out  
of the stars  
~Michael Henry Lee

after  
the day-long bicycle race  
the Milky Way  
~Ruth Holzer

Milky Way  
the teacher tells us  
to dream big  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh

Listen to the wind  
shaking loose each star that falls  
from the Milky Way  
~Jane Stuart

straying over  
the highway lines  
river of stars  
~Lisa Anne Johnson

the darkness of the sky  
and the warmth of Daddy's hand  
the Milky Way  
~Elinor Pihl Huggett

Milky Way  
long before Earth thawed  
a lighted freeway  
~Christine Horner

oleanders  
outside a child's bedroom window  
river of stars  
~Johnnie Johnson Hafernik

night crossing  
the Milky Way spills  
into the sea  
~Helen Ogden

red-eye from the coast  
scrapes across  
the Milky Way  
~Jill Spealman

midnight Qi Gong  
bringing down the heavens  
I seize the Milky Way  
~J. Zimmerman

dead of night  
a bright star  
joins the milky way  
~Bona M. Santos

Milky Way. . .  
I clutch at our  
memories

~Judith Morrison Schallberger

one passenger  
on the overnight bus  
river of stars

~Barbara Mosbacher Anderson

sea shanties  
the Milky Way snagged  
in our rigging

~Debbie Strange

star river  
the absence of you  
next to me

~Gregory Longenecker

Dark Sky Park  
the Milky Way  
still lights the night

~Susan Farner

still the milky way  
falls through midnight's misty dew  
no specific thoughts

~thomasjohnwellsmiller

star-draped coffins  
cover a tarmac  
the milky way

~Dyana Basist

descending  
from the mountain where she lived—  
the Milky Way

~Hiroyuki Murakami

our yearning stardust  
a mystery entangled  
with the Milky Way

~Lynda Zwinger

time to declare a major  
the yellow brick road  
or the milky way

~Clysta Seney

looking with the eyes  
of a forgotten people  
this river of stars

~Phillip R. Kennedy

nursing home window  
the Milky Way  
so near, so far

~John J. Han

to her surprise—  
*such a long while since I've seen  
the Milky Way*

~Alison Woolpert

wide open  
the skylight lets in  
the milky way

~Dana Grover

more to this  
than meets the eye  
Milky Way

~Christine Lamb Stern

a million million suns  
flowing across the deep . . .  
river of stars

~Michael Sheffield

brightening a snowfield  
on Mount St. Helens  
the Milky Way

~Michael Dylan Welch

in the spavined shed  
illuminating seeds  
the Milky Way

~Richard L. Matta

*Sleeping Towns*

I'm sure you've retired  
to the Milky Way  
~Kathabela Wilson

the theater darkens  
lights across the silver screen  
ummm, a Milky Way  
~David Keim

their abandoned orchard  
nightfall without them  
river of heaven  
~Michèle Boyle Turchi

with our lights turned off  
the stars appear  
Milky Way  
~Kathy Goldbach

the milky way —  
some distance  
between meals  
~Lorraine A Padden

now I'll never  
fall back to sleep!  
Milky Way  
~Stephanie Baker

Montana night  
our own galaxy becomes  
the Milky Way  
~Zinovy Vayman

New Mexico sky —  
our first midnight encounter  
with the Milky Way  
~Priscilla Lignori

view of Milky Way  
obscured by charged urban night  
but there — stars, dust, gas  
~Lois Heyman Scott

river of stars . . .  
how many lifetimes  
reincarnated  
~kris moon kondo

seeds from a pod  
drifting the sky  
Milky Way  
~Paula Sears

snug in sleeping bags  
searching for the milky way  
scent of pine trees  
~Sharon Lynne Yee

a nightly dose  
of the Milky Way  
better than tryptophan  
~Patricia Wakimoto

ancestors gone, gone  
riding tiny boats  
the Milky Way  
~Joanne Stanley

## Welcome to New YTHS Members

Andy Felong, Redwood City, CA;  
Biboye Niweigha, San Jose, CA;  
Joanne Stanley, San Francisco, CA; and  
Kathy Tanaka, San Jose, CA.



### Members' Votes for Haiku Published in August 2024 *Geppo*

Neal Whitman	6848–0,	6849–5,	6850–0,	6851–0
Michael Henry Lee	6852–1,	6853–3,	6854–4,	6855–5
Linda Papanicolaou	6856–1,	6857–2,	6858–2,	6859–1
Jackie Chou	6860–3,	6861–6,	6862–3,	6863–6
Marilyn Ashbaugh	6864–14,	6865–9,	6866–3,	6867–2
Jane Stuart	6868–2,	6869–1,	6870–0,	6871–0
Beverly Acuff Momoi	6872–1,	6873–0,	6874–4,	6875–2
Desiree Phillippe-McMurry	6876–8,	6877–0,	6878–12	
J. Zimmerman	6879–10,	6880–3,	6881–2,	6882–8
Joshua St. Claire	6883–0,	6884–0,	6885–0,	6886–0
Barbara Mosbacher Anderson	6887–5,	6888–1,	6889–0,	6890–1
Ruth Holzer	6891–4,	6892–7,	6893–4,	6894–0
Janice Doppler	6895–3,	6896–1,	6897–2,	6898–7
Catharine Summerfield Hana	6899–0,	6900–3,	6901–0,	6902–0
Michèle Boyle Turchi	6903–1,	6904–0,	6905–2,	6906–1
Lisa Anne Johnson	6907–10,	6908–1,	6909–0,	6910–1
Susan Farnier	6911–0,	6912–3,	6913–2,	6914–3
Christine Horner	6915–4,	6916–6,	6917–6,	6918–3
Dana Grover	6919–0,	6920–2,	6921–0,	6922–7
Brad Bennett	6923–5,	6924–4,	6925–14,	6926–2
Cherry Campbell	6927–8			
Bona M. Santos	6928–0,	6929–4,	6930–5,	6931–3
Elaine Whitman	6932–1,	6933–1,	6934–4,	6935–2
Debbie Strange	6936–7,	6937–2,	6938–12,	6939–0
Richard L. Matta	6940–3,	6941–0,	6942–1,	6943–2
Michael Dylan Welch	6944–0,	6945–4,	6946–2,	6947–0
Bruce H. Feingold	6948–0,	6949–0,	6950–2	
Dyana Basist	6951–7,	6952–2,	6953–0,	6954–2
Carolyn Fitz	6955–0,	6956–7,	6957–0,	6958–1
Randy Brooks	6959–0,	6960–3,	6961–0,	6962–2
Hiroyuki Murakami	6963–0,	6964–0,	6965–3	
Marilyn Sanders	6966–0,	6967–0,	6968–0,	6969–2
Barbara Moore	6970–10,	6971–4,	6972–7,	6973–8
Clysta Seney	6974–0,	6975–0,	6976–0,	6977–0
Priscilla Lignori	6978–1,	6979–1,	6980–0,	6981–0
Julie Holding	6982–0,	6983–0,	6984–1,	6985–1
Kathabela Wilson	6986–2,	6987–1,	6988–7,	6989–3
Alison Woolpert	6990–0,	6991–0,	6992–0,	6993–1
Emily Fogle	6994–6,	6995–7,	6996–0,	6997–9
Jo Balistreri	6998–2,	6999–1	7000–0,	7001–3
Roger Abe	7002–0,	7003–4,	7004–1	

Marilyn Gehant	7005–2,	7006–0,	7007–0,	7008–4
Helen Ogden	7009–5,	7010–2,	7011–1,	7012–3
Mark Teaford	7013–2,	7014–0,	7015–4,	7016–0
Gregory Longenecker	7017–5,	7018–2,	7019–1,	7020–0
Barrie Levine	7021–2,	7022–1,	7023–2	
Sharon Lynne Yee	7024–0,	7025–0,	7026–0,	7027–0
John J. Han	7028–3,	7029–1,	7030–2	7031–1
Kathy Goldbach	7032–1,	7033–0,	7034–2,	7035–0
Zinovy Vayman	7036–0,	7037–2,	7038–2,	7039–0
Alexis George	7040–4,	7041–1,	7042–0,	7043–1
Kae Bendixen	7044–1,	7045–0,	7046–1,	7047–0
Phillip R. Kennedy	7048–1,	7049–4,	7050–7,	7051–1
Lois Heyman Scott	7052–0,	7053–1,	7054–3,	7055–1
Michael Sheffield	7056–0,	7057–9,	7058–0,	7059–8
Mimi Ahern	7060–1,	7061–1,	7062–4,	7063–3
Christine Lamb Stern	7064–0,	7065–0,	7066–4,	7067–0
Chris Bruner	7068–0,	7069–5,	7070–1,	7071–3
Stephanie Baker	7072–1,	7073–1,	7074–2	
Paula Sears	7075–3,	7076–8,	7077–5,	7078–1
David Sherertz	7079–0,	7080–0,	7081–1,	7082–1
Sally Deems-Mogyordy	7083–1,	7084–1,	7085–0,	7086–0
Betty Arnold	7087–1,	7088–1,	7089–1,	7090–6
David Keim	7091–6,	7092–0,	7093–1	
thomasjohnwellsmiller	7094–0,	7095–0,	7096–1,	7097–0
Patricia Wakimoto	7098–1,	7099–1,	7100–1,	7101–0
Amy Ostenso-Kennedy	7102–3			



"Galaxy" (watercolor with salt) by Jeannie Rueter

**August 2024 Haiku Voted Best by *Geppo* Readers**

(received 7 or more votes)

6864 kids' camp  
a biscuit tin  
full of tadpoles  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (14)

6997 the heft  
of a spring cabbage  
her laughter  
~Emily Fogle (9)

6925 fishing buddies  
a chuckle jiggles  
the bobber  
~Brad Bennett (14)

7057 summer evening  
a hand full of stars  
seeds the sky  
~Michael Sheffield (9)

6878 slow conversation—  
grooves in the old step  
fill with summer rain  
~Desiree Phillippe-McMurry (12)

6876 night lightning—  
trees up close  
trees far away  
~Desiree Phillippe-McMurry (8)

6938 thunderstorm  
flocks of crows scatter  
the wind  
~Debbie Strange (12)

6882 zucchini  
uncontrolled  
the grandkids arrive  
~J. Zimmerman (8)

6879 slicing mangoes  
the slipperiness  
of his advice  
~J. Zimmerman (10)

6927 summer melts  
on my tongue—  
strawberry ice cream  
~Cherry Campbell (8)

6907 focus  
on the breath  
bubble wand  
~Lisa Anne Johnson (10)

6973 inside  
and outside  
the same hot  
~Barbara Moore (8)

6970 summer jazz  
the shushing of a brush  
against the snare drum  
~Barbara Moore (10)

7059 distant wildfire  
bits of forest  
settle in my lungs  
~Michael Sheffield (8)

6865 traveling alone  
across the meadow  
shooting star  
~Marilyn Ashbaugh (9)

7076 nesting . . .  
twig by twig  
song by song  
~Paula Sears (8)

- 6892 a blade of grass  
leaps up—  
praying mantis  
~Ruth Holzer (7)
- 6898 migrant rest stop—  
the tucked heads  
of least sandpipers  
~Janice Doppler (7)
- 6922 gas powered—  
a gardener blows away  
the quiet  
~Dana Grover (7)
- 6936 garden zazen  
a stray kitten nestled  
inside an empty pot  
~Debbie Strange (7)
- 6951 Obon festival  
a gnarled bonsai  
in his grandson's wagon  
~Dyana Basist (7)
- 6956 the inked Enso  
in one stroke  
summer's end  
~Carolyn Fitz (7)
- 6972 my suitcase  
judders over the cobblestones  
summer's end  
~Barbara Moore (7)
- 6988 blackberry childhood  
picking out  
what hurts  
~Kathabela Wilson (7)
- 6995 new grass  
the dog collects dewdrops  
on her nose  
~Emily Fogle (7)
- 7050 each fishing boat  
crowned with a nimbus of gulls  
midsummer sea  
~Phillip R. Kennedy (7)



Bluebird Lamp (stained glass, wood, brass)  
by Jeannie Rueter

## *Dōjin's Corner* May-July 2024

Patricia J. Machmiller, Emiko Miyashita, and  
Phillip Kennedy

Autumn is here! But most of us are experiencing the worst heat wave ever. By the time you read this, it'll be almost winter.

We welcome Phillip Kennedy of Monterey, CA, as our guest columnist for this issue. He is our bilingual *dōjin*—maybe multilingual. I think he reads Chinese, as well as reading and writing Japanese. He is working on a *kiyose* for Yuki Teikei, which we are very excited about.

We always invite our readers to send comments to this column. We received this note from Elinor Pihl Huggett about Joshua St. Claire's haiku, which we discussed in the last issue of *Geppo*.

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

*When I read this poem, I thought of the gold as the egg yolk, which nourishes the developing chick inside the container (the phylactery), which is the blue eggshell. Could it be the contents of the phylactery that nourishes Jewish men at morning prayer are like the contents of the egg?*

Also in our digital mailbag was an email we received from Greg Longenecker responding to Patricia's comments about his haiku in the last "*Dōjin's Corner*":

6805    Easter  
          the pastel squares  
          of hopscotch

Patricia had written, "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." Greg wrote to offer her this tutorial on hopscotch and Easter:

*I certainly didn't intend to demean Easter; however, there are several things that led me to write this poem.*

*I first saw this pastel hopscotch board laid out on a sidewalk by neighborhood children around Easter time. The colors reminded me of the colored eggs I decorated as a child. (Pastel, I've learned, is a color of spring and summer). We used Paas egg dye and the package came in pastel colors. As a child, my favorite book was a Golden Book called Great Grandpa Bunny Bunny. The old rabbit taught the children to paint and use color. In dead of winter and when the following spring came around, the skies and flowers were the loveliest colors of pastel. The little bunnies knew this was the work of Great Grandpa Bunny Bunny. Finally, I had no grandfather as a child, both having died before I was born. Naturally, I identified with this book strongly.*

*My BA degree was in anthropology, and my mentor was Bess Lomax Hawes. Bess had worked with her father, John, and brother, Alan, recording folk songs of America (including Huddie Ledbetter, known as Lead Belly). From her I learned about traditional children's games. (She made a documentary widely known in educational circles called Pizza Pizza Daddy-O about jump rope rhymes). As a graduate student in Folklore and Mythology at UCLA, I concluded my folk studies with a paper that was published entitled "Sequential Parody Graffiti." Who knew graffiti could be a publishable paper?*

*I didn't just write my hopscotch haiku, I researched it. I had written it more or less on the spot, but was unsure what kigo to use, especially between spring and Easter. I eventually chose Easter for the following reasons:*

1. *The hopscotch board is a basic maze called a ladder maze. (In some countries, the maze is a bit more complex, but still a ladder type.)*
2. *The outline contains two crosses.*
3. *The game requires a player to remain within the squares, to not err by stepping on a line.*
4. *In many countries (especially European or former European-colony countries) the first square is labelled either “earth” or “hell” and the last square “sky” or “heaven.”*
5. *In Cuba and Puerto Rico, they call the game “La Peregrina” or “Pilgrim Girl.” The player has to pass through the square from Purgatory to reach Heaven.*
6. *Finally, when the player travels through all the squares, they are free. They are no longer constrained by the hopscotch board.*

*So, Patricia, for me who loved hopscotch as a child, there are many layers to the game besides the health benefits that accrue to the players. And I also know this is just how I see it. The world is large, and hopscotch has many meanings to people, and I don't mean to denigrate Easter.*

pjm: Thank you, Greg, I stand corrected.

\*\*\*\*\*

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

PK: 6854, 6857, \*6863, 6876, 6878, 6893, 6907, \*6924, \*6970, 6971, 6994, 7001, 7010, 7019, 7057, \*7059, 7089, 7099

E: 6857, 6861, 6862, 6863, 6864, 6869, 6876\*, 6887, 6889\*, 6890, 6891, 6893, 6902, 6910, 6912, 6925, 6928, 6937, 6945, 6946, 6957, 6972, 6973, 6996\*, 6997, 7001\*, 7014, 7049, 7081

pjm: 6854, 6855, 6857, 6859, 6860, 6861, 6863, 6864, 6865\*, 6866, 6873, 6875, 6877, 6878\*, 6879, 6880, 6883, 6885, 6887, 6888, 6890, 6891, 6893, 6895, 6898, 6903, 6905, 6910, 6913, 6915, 6916, 6918, 6925, 6929, 6930, 6931, 6933, 6934, 6935, 6936, 6938, 6944, 6945, 6950, 6951, 6952, 6956, 6961, 6962, 6965, 6969, 6970, 6971, 6972, 6973, 6974, 6976, 6978, 6979, 6983, 6985, 6986, 6987, 6988, 6989, 6993, 6994, 6995, 6997, 7000, 7001, 7004, 7005, 7008, 7017, 7018, 7019, 7021, 7022, 7027, 7028, 7036, 7040, 7042, 7048, 7049, 7051, 7056, 7057, 7078, 7059, 7061, 7062, 7063\*, 7064, 7074, 7076\*, 7077, 7087, 7089, 7091, 7098, 7101, 7102

6863    summer butterfly  
I open my winged sleeves  
in a dance

PK: This is a beautiful haiku. The image of a large summer butterfly with broad, colorful wings, inspiring the poet to wave their own sleeves and dance is truly charming. Or is the speaker the actual butterfly? (“Winged sleeves” leaves this nicely open to further interpretation.) One point of craft worth noticing: when the first line of a haiku contains a season word, the poet can create an effective break by starting the second line with a pronoun.

E: The author and the summer butterfly are not separate images in my reading. They are twirling, jumping, and floating in the air, the continuous movements of a joyful life. I associate swallowtails, not the cabbage butterfly here, because “swallowtail” is a summer kigo.

pjm: A summer butterfly is typically a large butterfly, like a swallowtail. This dreamy image of someone—could be young or old, male or female—imagining themselves to be a butterfly makes for a magical midsummer night's dream!



6865 traveling alone  
across the meadow  
shooting star

pjm: I was entranced by this image—a shooting star is so startling and dramatic—and brief. The famous Perseids meteor shower occurs in late summer/early autumn (from late July well into August). In this haiku, there is one shooting star; the reader can enjoy this walk in the meadow on an early autumn evening and experience the moment a meteor flashes across the clear sky. Or, in another reading of the poem, the poet is not in the meadow but rather is observing a shooting star cross the meadow. This reading feels lonelier, but both are moving experiences.

PK: The ordering of images in this haiku is quite effective, each line revealing more of the story. The first line poses a question: who is traveling alone? The second line, by focusing on the location of the travel, deepens the reader's suspense. The final line reveals all. Because the final line contains the poem's season word, a very stable, grounded structure results.

E: In a flash of time, the author and the shooting star meet at the meadow; I assume this is of a moment because the shooting star is singular. The author and the shooting star are both alone. I like the way "alone" lingers in this haiku. It gives the vastness of the meadow and the sky.

6876 night lightning—  
trees up close  
trees far away

E: The depth of visibility! From my window, the sky is square, and the farthest tree I can spot is a meter away from this window in the courtyard. This haiku takes me to the wilderness or the suburbs, where people live in a spacious environment. The simple structure of this haiku is effective for the brief moments of the lightning show.

pjm: In a flash, for one instant, the whole landscape is lit up, and we see it, both near and far, and that instant is seared in our mind's eye. Robert Hass in his essay "Images" (*Twentieth Century Pleasures* 1984, 275) says "Images haunt . . ." He says they are "not quite ideas," they're not myth, they're not always metaphor, that there is "some feeling in the arrest of the image that what perishes and what lasts forever is brought into conjunction . . ." This is how I feel about this image—it can't be added to or subtracted from; it just is.

PK: One can read this haiku literally as referring to night lightning seen through near and far trees, and it's a fine example of *shasei*. A deeper reading, though, brings out this poem's intriguing complexities. The key is the shape of the lightning: lightning bolts, arcing and splitting as they reach the ground, themselves look like inverted trees. Perhaps, then, either the "trees up close" or the "trees far away"—or both—are actually lightning bolts.

6878 slow conversation—  
grooves in the old step  
fill with summer rain

pjm: I can image two old friends whiling away a summer afternoon in, maybe, a garden house, listening to the rain. Now and then, someone says something, not too much, since because they are longtime friends not much needs to be said; it only takes a few words to evoke the flood of memories they both share. Meanwhile, the rain, which I imagine to be slow, fills in the spaces with its own pitter patter—a lovely sharing all round.

PK: How are we to interpret "summer rain"? A gentle shower? A driving, soaking downpour? I think a warm, gentle summer shower fits the poem best. The second line further suggests that this conversation is between two old friends or close relatives. Well done!

E: I picture an old couple sitting on a porch, in two rattan chairs, occasionally watching the step, remembering the days climbing up and down that very step. Now the step has new grooves that help them make their way safer. They are sharing a calm but contented time listening to the summer rain together.

6889    discount store worker  
           refolds a t-shirt display  
           orange daylilies

E: The third line brings the vitality and energy to this haiku. Daylilies, according to my aesthetics, are not as gorgeous or elegant as Casablanca lilies but have their own beauty and belong to casual occasions. The T-shirt display in the discount store is a perfect match for it. The deed of refolding shows that there were customers in the shop, and the business is not bad.

pjm: It's an ordinary day for someone doing an ordinary, repetitive, but necessary, job. And even on an ordinary day, there's the daylily, a summer lily, brighteningly ordinary and joyful!

PK: It's easy to visualize a much-browsed pile of colorful t-shirts from the use of the season word "daylilies." I wonder, though, where the daylilies are. Is the poet looking into a clothing store through an outdoor planter filled with daylilies? Are the daylilies also in the store?

6924    new boots . . .  
           the charisma  
           of spring puddles

PK: As a season of rebirth and new beginnings, spring has a decidedly childlike component; it is a season of playfulness. This seasonal understanding is conveyed clearly and gently by the poet's use of the word "charisma." Other possible words, like "beckoning," "lure," or "temptation," lack the *lightness* essential to both

the humor and the spring feeling needed in this verse. "Charisma," though, is perfect! We can feel the poet's lighthearted attraction to the puddles—the potential for some very spring-like, childlike play.

E: Indeed! My granddaughters loved to splash in the puddles when they were small. A new pair of boots must go splashing in a puddle; it is a courtesy.

pjm: Oh, yes! The *charisma* of spring puddles. What a word, "charisma," for that attraction puddles have for youngsters. And it's a spring puddle, so the attraction is even greater. Yes, yes, yes!

6970    summer jazz  
           the shushing of a brush  
           against the snare drum

PK: This haiku really caught my ear—the repeated sibilant sounds in each line ("s," "zz," "sh") aurally conjure the sound of a brush hitting a snare drum. When you read this haiku aloud, you will certainly hear the rhythm and sounds of a jazz performance. What truly distinguishes this verse, however, is how the poet juxtaposed this acoustic quality—not just the images, but *the actual sounds of the poem*—with the concept of summer, the hottest season of the year. The sounds (and the music they evoke) are refreshing and cooling in the midst of summer's heat. Well done!

pjm: This haiku puts me in a park at an outdoor concert; it's dusk and the shush of the brush on the snare drum gives the sensation of that quiet peacefulness that comes at the end of a summer day in a park somewhere . . .

E: The haiku has a sound, the brushing sound, the base, and the piano! Is "summer jazz" a kigo? How does it differ from jazz in other



seasons? The band plays outside deep into the night; the “s” and “sh” sounds in this haiku are cool.

6996 pale blue dot  
an abundance of lichen  
even on this broken twig

E: The photo of a pale blue dot taken by the Voyager 1 on February 14<sup>th</sup>, 1990—the earth. After taking 34 years and several months, this view from the solar system’s edge turns into a close-up of a broken twig covered with lichen! “Abundance” is well chosen because it shows how we who dwell here know that this earth is not just a dot but of substantial size.

PK: This is a very colorful haiku, but it feels to me like “dot” and “abundance” are somewhat at cross-purposes. “Dot” implies a small amount of lichen, whereas “abundance” suggests a larger quantity. The poet may be thinking of the famous photograph of the Earth by Voyager 1, titled “Pale Blue Dot” and may be setting up a contrast between the extremely large-scale Earth and the small, lichen-spotted twig. “Dot” and “abundance” still seem to clash, though. For a first line, “heavenly blue—” or “pale blue dots” may work better.

pjm: I confess—I was stumped by the “pale blue dot,” but having it pointed out by Emiko and Phillip, I do remember long ago seeing that Voyager photograph and peering closely to find that one dot of blue among the many dots of light. I like Emiko’s interpretation of the text of this haiku, but I feel that the thrill of finding that blue dot is not quite echoed in the last two lines. I wonder if “abundance” is right and even the word “broken.” But now that I’m reminded of it, I am overjoyed to see that “pale blue dot” again.

7001 dusting the air  
of high summer  
an all-cicada chorus

E: I can resonate with the vibration of the cicada chorus. “Dusting the air” is a good expression; the cicadas’ chorus shakes and vibrates the air. I often think that their vibration is meant to clean up our nervous system, which has become addicted to the blue light of computers and cell phone screens.

pjm: Instead of sound waves, this haiku encourages us to hear the cicadas as particles—a quantum mechanical approach to cicada voices. How very novel!

PK: We have two season words in this haiku: “(high) summer” and “cicada.” Still, I think the word order makes it clear that “cicada” is the lead actor, so to speak, and “high summer” is in the supporting role. Both season words are summer, so neither feels out of place. I especially like the use of “dusting” in the first line; it implies the dryness of summer while also suggesting the sonic quality of cicada song.

7059 distant wildfire  
bits of forest  
settle in my lungs

PK: When I first read this haiku, the sense of scale conveyed by “distant wildfire” and “bits of forest” immediately struck me. It can be difficult for us to truly grasp the scale of natural disasters like these, but in this poem the effects of the fire, grief for the lost trees and animals, and subtle dread reach us as we breathe in the falling ash. The poet’s characterization of the bits of forest “settling” deepens the poem. The loss of a distant forest will linger with us for some time.

E: The fumes, the smell of fire and burned trees, enters the author’s nostrils and settles down in

the lungs. I experienced the smell that lingers long after a wildfire on the way to Asilomar last year. I assume some of it still remains at the bottom of my lungs.

pjm: A grim reminder that we are not just in nature; we are of nature and nature is in us. And our actions have consequences.

7063 his flute notes  
float into the cirrus . . .  
summer twilight

pjm: I was enamored by this sound image—the flute music is as delicate and light as the cirrus clouds; the notes float upwards as twilight comes at the end of a lovely summer day. I am suspended in this ethereal moment of the flute.

PK: When you read this haiku aloud, the combination of “flute,” “float,” and “cirrus” really evokes the sound of a flute. This is a wonderful depiction of a calm summer night.



“Condor” (pencil) by Jeannie Rueter

E: Cirrus forms in the high sky, so the notes of his flute must be clear and pleasant. The author is watching the notes floating up to the twilight sky. Cirrus, for me, is more of an autumn cloud in our latitude, but the clouds are also losing their seasonality these days. The thunderheads are still forming long after August 7<sup>th</sup>, the first day of autumn above Tokyo. (Thunderheads are summer kigo.)

7076 nesting . . .  
twig by twig  
song by song

pjm: “twig by twig . . .” One of the memorable things that happened at our house this year was when a friend who was house-sitting discovered a nest built under the eaves last spring. Since it was no longer in use, she carefully took it down to preserve it. It gave me the chance to study how beautifully it was constructed with heavier twigs used for the base and then the walls built up with smaller twigs and finally slender grasses forming the top and lining the interior. Tucked here and there were a few dried flowers giving it a refined look—a work of art from found objects. I am still filled with awe to think of it.

E: I agree that nesting, bringing up a family, is a woven thread of tedious work and joy. This haiku is simple yet does not miss any aspect of nesting.

PK: I like how this haiku shows the deliberateness with which a bird makes a nest—twig by twig. This is also a joyous moment though—song by song. The use of an ellipsis is quite effective; a gentle pause at the end of the first line lets the rest of the poem really shine.

\*\*\*

We invite your responses. Send letters to the  
Geppo editor

ler@msn.com, or  
y9@icloud.com

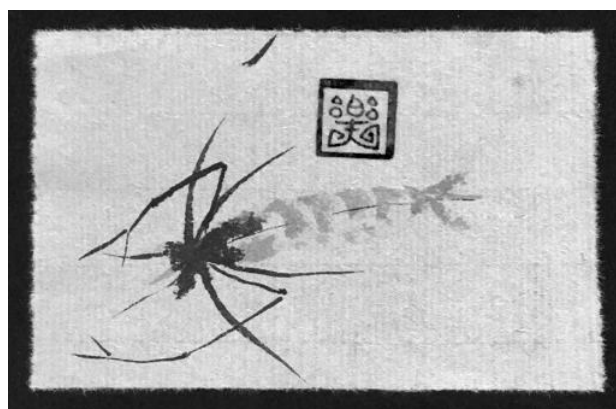


Dragon Head (paper mâché with latex paint)  
by Jeannie Rueter

## Time to Renew your YTHS Membership for 2025!

The end of 2024 is fast approaching. YTHS membership is for the calendar year, so now is the time to renew your membership. Renew by January 1, 2025. Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any back issues. See the details about renewing on page 43 of this issue and online at [yths.org](http://yths.org).

Be sure to indicate which version of *Geppo* you wish to receive: (1) PDF only, (2) print only, or (3) both PDF and print. Members who do not indicate their preferred version will receive a print copy.



"Shrimp" (ink on textured paper)  
by Jeannie Rueter

## Remembering Deborah P Kolodji (1959-2024)

Naia

Deborah P “Debbie” Kolodji was born at the peak of the Perseids on August 11, 1959. As a child Debbie dreamed of becoming an astronaut; to her last breath she was drawn to and awed by all things science, science fiction, and space related.



Debbie at a haiku gathering, USC  
Pacific Asia Museum, August, 2014.  
Photo by Don Baird.

orionids—  
even the sky can't sleep  
tonight

shelter in place  
the days I feel  
like an astronaut

The first in her family to attend college, Debbie graduated from USC and became a lifelong USC Trojans fan. In 2022 Debbie and I drove to Las Vegas together to attend the USC Trojans/Utah Utes championship game. I still have the USC maroon and gold scarf she gave me, so I would fit in with the crowd.

Debbie and I met early on in our haiku journeys and were friends for almost 25 years. We were travel companions, confidantes, sisters. She had a way of drawing everyone she met into her circle, and what a rarified place that was!

salt wind  
each step in the sand  
a bit deeper

Debbie was the moderator of the Southern California Haiku Study Group, the California Regional Coordinator for the Haiku Society of America, a member of the board of directors for Haiku North America, and the former president of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Poetry Association. She was a beloved member of many haiku societies and groups. Debbie was widely published and received recognition and many haiku awards, including a Touchstone Distinguished Books Award in 2016.

In a 2019 interview for *Poetry of Recovery*, Debbie said, “Regardless of what I am doing, there is this part of my mind that notices little things and says, ‘Hey, Deb, look at that.’ And, I’ll pause, and turn my head



slightly and suddenly see a moment that I want to capture, whether a moment of truth or a sudden glimpse of beauty like a reflection of sunrise in my car's side mirror."

sand dollar  
the morning's first set  
of footprints

Spreading haiku wherever she went, Debbie was a mentor and inspiration to many. She was a haiku force with energy and a drive that sustained her through her battle with cancer, though she was very private about that battle. The few of us she took into her confidence about some of her deeper struggles were honored and humbled.

Our final trip together was to attend the Yuki Teikei Haiku Society 2023 Haiku Retreat at the Asilomar Conference Center. It was a road trip like so many we'd taken together; though as we marked the miles our conversations were less about haiku and more about life.

Debbie died peacefully in the early morning hours of July 21, 2024, with her beloved dog Patrick curled up by her side. The day before, she led a two-hour Southern California Haiku Study Group Zoom meeting, and she had several phone calls with friends conferring about haiku and related matters. This was Debbie, our Debbie, who lives on in our hearts.

our blankets  
on the summer grass  
Othello

a cappella crickets  
I stand alone  
with the stars

trying to decide  
on the trial treatment  
sixteenth-day moon

forest stillness  
condors return  
to the redwoods



Debbie at the Asilomar Dunes, May, 2010. Photo by Naia.

orionids: Kolodji, Deborah P 2016. *highway of sleeping towns*. Shabda Press.  
shelter in place: Kolodji, Deborah P 2021. *Tug of a Black Hole*. Title Nine Press.  
salt wind: Kolodji, Deborah P 2016. *highway of sleeping towns*. Shabda Press.  
sand dollar: *The Heron's Nest* VII:2 (2005).  
our blankets: *Geppo* XLVI:3 (2021).  
a cappella crickets: *The Heron's Nest* XXIII:1 (2021).  
trying to decide: *Geppo* XLVI:4 (2021).  
forest stillness: Kolodji, Deborah P 2024. *Vital Signs*. Cuttlefish Books.

## Remembering June Hopper Hymas (1935–2024)

Patricia J. Machmiller

June Hopper Hymas was a poet, a photographer, an artist, a naturalist, and head librarian in San José and Gilroy, CA. Her libraries always welcomed young people looking for an after-school refuge. She studied poetry with Robert Hass for four years and in the eighties and nineties attended poetry workshops and readings across the Bay Area offered by numerous influential poets, including Robert Bly, W. S. Merwin, Carolyn Forché, and Louise Glück.

She joined Yuki Teikei Haiku Society in the early 1980s and studied with founders Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi. She served as president from 1991 to 1993. She edited five Yuki Teikei Members' Anthologies and coedited four. For YT's 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary, she created the blog "Seasons with Yuki Teikei" <https://tinyurl.com/YTSeasons>. She posted 284 times throughout the year, offering a photo with the history of a Yuki Teikei event, person, or place, along with a haiku that resonated with it.

as evening deepens  
the insect chorus begins  
—star festival

She was a prolific and talented photographer. In 2006 June created a blog, "The Memory Thread" <https://junehymas.blogspot.com>. For over a decade she posted her musings about family, poetry, photography, birds, and art. Each post presented a photograph, many of her own, but also family photographs from her mother's collection. She would identify and comment on the photo, then she would introduce a poem from a book she was reading and deftly tie the two together. She would often close by challenging her reader to write a poem using the technique or style of that poet.

photographers  
elbow to elbow—  
water iris in bloom

people taking photos  
of the people they came with  
—fallen camellias



June—typically—behind the lens.

June made two trips to Japan. In 1997 she traveled with Yuki Teikei to attend the Haiku International Conference in Tokyo. The group visited Matsuyama castle with its blooming cherry trees; dined on a nine-course meal at the haiku poet Teruo Yamagata's Tokyo home; met the haiku poet Edith Shiffert in Kyoto and visited Buson's grave; wrote renku with the Milky Way Renku Group on Sado Island; and climbed Mt. Yoshino to Saigyō's grave. Inspired by the trip, the group created "Cherry Blossoms Meet By-the-Wind Sailors" (Seney, Trumbull, and Machmiller 2020, 105-106), a performance piece that combined their poetry and photographs.

avenue of blossoms  
shall we wait until they light  
the paper lanterns

Matsuyama — —  
on split log benches  
pale petaldrift

After this trip she and I began sending New Year's cards to friends in Japan. Most of the cards featured a photograph of June's and a *tan-renga* by the two of us. This practice continued through 2019.

In 2007 June again traveled with the Yuki Teikei group to Matsuyama, Japan, to attend Haiku Pacific Rim. Attendees at the conference were treated to a visit in a local high school. As you can see in the photo, June thoroughly enjoyed the experience. She commented, "These students were terrific, so lively and so polite. I had so much fun with them!"

Great Buddha's Hall —  
I buy a charm for  
earthquakes

in the rapid flutter  
of another language  
the words "ham sandwich"



June enjoys a fun-loving group of high-school students, Matsuyama, Japan, 2007

June won third place in the Montalvo Poetry Competition, 1985, and second place in 1989. She was a member of the California Library Association, California Native Plant Society, Nature Conservancy of California, and Santa Clara Valley Audubon Society. Of all these societies Yuki Teikei is the one that claimed her heart.

of all the human  
figures on the beach  
the one not there

---

Seney, Clysta, Charles Trumbull, and Patricia J. Machmiller. 2020. "History of the YTHS Haiku Retreat at Asilomar," *All This Talk, Yuki Teikei Members' Anthology 2020*. Trumbull, Charles, editor. 105-106.

as evening deepens: <http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com/2015/06/> (June 29, 2015)

photographers: <http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com/2015/07/> (July 15, 2015)

people taking photos: <http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com/2016/04/> (April 13, 2016)

avenue of blossoms: <http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com/2015/02/> (Feb. 8, 2015).

Matsuyama: *All This Talk*.106.

Great Buddha's Hall: <http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com/2015/04/> (April 3, 2015).

in the rapid flutter: <http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com/2015/02/> (Feb. 18, 2015).

of all the human: <http://seasonswithyukiteikei.blogspot.com/2015/03/> (March 13, 2015).

## Winter Challenge Kigo: Winter Mountain, *fuyu no yama* 冬山 (ふゆやま)

Richard L. Matta

“Winter Mountain” is one of 500 essential season words selected by Editor Professor Kenkichi Yamamoto in *Japan Great Saijiki*, who suggested “snow-covered mountain.” East Asian scholar Frank Chance noted that many mountain peaks are venerated by Buddhists and Shintoists as sacred peaks or *reizan*, calling out to pilgrims who journey for many purposes such as personal awakening, spiritual merit, or often private reasons.

Winter mountains both in North America and Japan are often associated with activities such as skiing and snowboarding, escapes from city-life stresses, connections to nature, and opportunities for closer connections to those with whom we share the journeys. There is a purity to snow, and it becomes the white canvas upon which life becomes dynamic art. A bird, a skier, the deer—all are creating contrast, and then they and their tracks move on.

For this kigo challenge, reflect on your winter mountain journeys and *fueki ryuku*, defined in Richard Powell’s *Wabi Sabi for Writers* (2006) as the Bashō idea that “within the ever-changing stream of events are recognizable and enduring patterns.” Also consider *mono no aware*, defined by Powell as “the sensitivity to things in nature and the transient beauty of such things” (195–196).

Below are examples of winter mountain poems (grateful acknowledgment to Charles Trumbull).

a bellbird sings  
—the winter mountain  
still unmoved

~John Bird  
*Shizounokodou* 1 (2004).

As silent as the snow  
Sleeping in the cold moonlight  
Of winter mountains.

~Richard Wright  
*Haiku: This Other World* (2000, 135).

A drop of life  
penetrating silently  
a winter mountain

~Ban’ya Natsuishi  
*Hybrid Paradise*. Trans. Ban’ya Natsuishi  
and Jim Kacian (2010).

lost in morning haze  
winter mountains  
my shadow

~Pamela A. Babusci  
*South by Southeast* 7:3 (part of a haiga)  
(2001).

a trail shows  
like milk flowing  
atop a winter mountain

~Noriko Yuki  
*Haiku International 1992 Anthology*, 213.

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



**Mark your calendars for**

*Haiku North America 2025*

September 24–28

Holiday Inn

1500 Van Ness Avenue

San Francisco CA 94109

Registration opens mid-November 2024

<http://www.haikunorthamerica.com/2025-conference.html>

**Correction and Apology to Roger Abe**

The article “Yuki Teikei Spring Reading—May 11, 2024” (in the August 2024 issue, 28–30) was written by *Dōjin* Roger Abe. *Geppo* regrets not attributing the report to him.



“Rooster” (watercolor) by Jeannie Rueter

## Minutes of the Annual Membership Business Meeting—August 10, 2024

Alison Woolpert

President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou began the meeting with a reading of the Land Recognition, followed by Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller and Kathabela Wilson sharing memories of two departed longtime members, June Hopper Hymas and Deborah P Kolodji. They were prolific writers and wonderful supporters of Yuki Teikei, as well as of other haiku societies.

Election of Officers: All of the current officers had agreed to serve at least another year, or for a term. The vote was unanimous in support of the slate: President Linda Papanicolaou; 1<sup>st</sup> Vice President Marilyn Gehant; 2<sup>nd</sup> Vice President Christine Stern; Treasurer Patricia J. Machmiller; and Recording Secretary, Alison Woolpert.

### Highlights of Committee Reports:

- Treasurer: Patricia reported that we started the year with \$18,000 and we will end the year with \$17,000.
- Membership: Chair Marcia Behar handles thank-you notes to donors and Dyana Basist sends creative “Welcome Packets” to new members. Jeannie Rueter reported that we have 142 members in 29 states and two other countries. She listed our new member count at 20.
- Asilomar Retreat 2024: Chair Barbara Moore reported that the retreat is now full with 32 participants. *Dōjin* Hiroyuki Murakami will be our special guest presenter.
- Geppo: Editor *Dōjin* Johnnie Johnson Hafernik gave a shout-out to her terrific team of Jeannie Rueter, Christine Stern, *Dōjin* J. Zimmerman, and David Sherertz. The numbers have never been higher for submissions to *Geppo* for the anonymous kukai, as well as for the Challenge Kigo. The membership is most grateful to our *Geppo* team, many hands clapping!
- Anthology 2024: Editor Greg Longenecker displayed the cover of a mock-up of the anthology, titled *Origami Butterflies*. Jeannie Rueter, J. Zimmerman, and Janice Doppler are helping with the editing and production. The terrific news is that Greg will be staying on as editor for our 50<sup>th</sup> year anthology 2025.
- Tokutomi Contest: Chair Kathabela Wilson reported that 450 haiku have been submitted for the 2024 contest; this number is the highest ever received. More terrific news, thanks to Kathabela’s efforts.
- Spring Reading: *Dōjin* Roger Abe will continue as chair of the committee. Following the success of last year’s in-person plus Zoom livestream, plans are to again present a hybrid Spring Reading in May. Current and past *Geppo* editors will take the stage. Details will be available at our website and in *Geppo*.
- Website: Webmaster David Sheretz sent extensive graphs showing website activity for the past year. He would appreciate some assistance with the website, so please contact him if you are interested.
- Facebook: Linda Papanicolaou keeps our YTHS presence known on this website by advertising the Tokutomi Contest.
- Books: Michèle Turchi keeps the “worldly goods” for YTHS safely stored in her garage. She appealed, “We need to sell books!”

- Archives: Dana Grover serves as our archivist. YTHS has a room at the Markham House on the grounds of History Park San José, where materials are available to readers and researchers. Dana shared photos of the space and the collection. Although books may not be checked out, you may peruse the holdings if you have an appointment.
- Outreach: This is a new group of enthusiasts made up of *Dōjin* Mimi Ahern, Marilyn Gehant, Kathy Goldbach, and Barbara Moore with a focus on encouraging new and younger members to join.

New Business—looking forward to our Golden Anniversary Year—2025. An umbrella committee has been meeting regularly to plan events and celebrations.

- 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner: Event Chair Carol Steele has secured the Leininger Center at San José History Park for a festive dinner on Saturday, May 10. A *Best of Geppo* publication will be a special anniversary gift. Details will be available in *Geppo* and on our website.
- Season-Word Reference Work: Amy Ostenso-Kennedy reported on the progress made by *Dōjin* Phillip R. Kennedy toward realizing the first of five season-word handbooks. They will be small, portable, and suitable to take on *ginkō*. Phillip is using the YTHS list of words and is in the compiling stage for the first of the books—*Spring*. It will be ready for the anniversary celebration. Jeannie Rueter will be handling the production work.

Calendar: A number of the 2025 dates are pre-set, but there are open dates for members to give input for ideas and activities, workshops, Zoom meetings, and *ginkō* locations. The goal is to keep a balance of in-person and online meetings, so that our membership offers the richness of YTHS to all—those living out of state or abroad, as well as local Bay Area members. Suggestions will be taken for the next few weeks.

President Linda Papanicolaou ended by thanking again the members who give service to YTHS, and she encouraged all members to imagine how they might be able to assist the society.

Attendees: C. Stern (Zoom Host), J. Doppler (co-host), R. Abe, M. Ahern, B. Arnold, J. Balistreri, D. Basist, M. Behar, J. Chou, S. Saradunn, C. Fitz, P. Gallagher, M. Gehant, K. Goldbach, D. Grover, J. J. Hafernik, C. Horner, G. Longenecker, P. J. Machmiller, B. Moore, Naia, A. Ostenso-Kennedy, L. Papanicolaou, W. Rollinger, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, R. Seymour, M. Sheffield, C. Steele, M. Turchi, N. Whitman, K. Wilson, A. Woolpert, and J. Zimmerman.

Sun Pin (brass) by Jeannie Rueter



## San José Poetry Festival—September 7–8, 2024

Alison Woolpert and Linda Papanicolaou

At the annual San José Poetry Festival held at San José History Park, Yuki Teikei Haiku Society members participated in two events.

### *Thread of Memory: Haiku & Haibun by Yuki Teikei Haiku Society*

President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou, *Dōjin* Roger Abe, and Kathy Goldbach, YTHS's ambassadors for the Poetry Festival this year, offered both a reading and a workshop on Saturday. Linda began by sharing a few haiku from our founders, Kiyoshi and Kiyoko Tokutomi, and *Dōjin* Jerry Ball. Each presenter gave a lovely reading of their own haiku and haibun, diverse and very engaging.

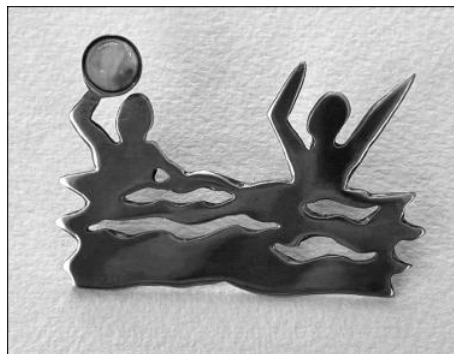
An interactive workshop followed. It was an adaptation of an exercise from Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller's book, *Zigzag of the Dragonfly* (2020). Linda, Roger, and Kathy first presented a list of prompts and asked attendees to quickly jot down short phrases. Next, they shared a list of kigo. After time to write and combine prompts and kigo to form a haiku, the participants were encouraged to share. Participants were warmly invited to attend a YTHS monthly meeting to find out more about haiku and about our society.

Roger's wonderful closing remarks: "Let me just remind everybody that this was just an exercise, and your best haiku will come from actual experience. So, go live life and write whatever you want." That's a fine recommendation for all poets.

### *Small Press Fair*

President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou, *Dōjin* Roger Abe, Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller, and David Keim participated in the Small Press Fair on Sunday. Roger did an open-mic reading for the group, choosing a haiku from the "*Dōjin's* Corner" in *Geppo* from one of the free samples available for participants. He read the haiku followed by the *dōjin's* comments and concluded, "If you like discussions like this, come over to our table and see us."

Water Polo Pin (fine silver and yellow quartz)  
by Jeannie Rueter



## Zoom Moon Viewing—September 14, 2024

Alison Woolpert

After introductory comments and land acknowledgment, President *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou and *Dōjin* Roger Abe shared a slideshow reading of the Japanese fairy tale, *The Tale of the Bamboo Cutter*. It is the oldest surviving work in the *monogatari* form, written by an unknown author in the late 9<sup>th</sup> or early 10<sup>th</sup> century. Kaguya-hime is a princess from the moon, who is discovered on earth as a baby inside the stalk of a glowing bamboo plant. An elderly wood cutter and his wife raise her as their daughter. However, Kaguya knows that she is destined to return to the moon, and when her parents try to help her find an appropriate suitor to stay here, she demands an impossible task of each of five princely men. The suitors all fail, and soon an embassy of heavenly beings descend in a chariot to collect Kaguya and take her back home.

Zoom host Christine Stern shared a beautiful *Moon Viewing* slideshow created by Linda from haiku submitted by 26 members. Those who were present read their work.

Here are a few haiku from the show:

harvest moon  
a Japanese cucumber  
two equinox long  
~Dyana Basist

crescent moon  
whip-poor-will calls  
settle the marsh  
~Janice Doppler

weaving back and forth  
between closed freeway lanes . . .  
golden sliver moon  
~Carol Steele

What followed was a discussion of moon kigo. Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J. Machmiller helped members understand why in haiku just the solo word “moon,” with no modifiers, stands for an autumn moon. If one wrote “quarter moon,” or “perigee moon,” it is a quarter moon or perigee moon of autumn. Although the moon is with us every night, visible or not, for the other three seasons the moon has a modifier or a special name—spring moon, summer moon, winter moon, strawberry moon, hazy moon, cold moon, wolf moon, etc. Of course, the moon of autumn also has special names, and a poet might use “autumn moon” if it seems to better fit the rhythm of the haiku. It is generally best to avoid using two kigo. If a writer chooses to, the more important kigo should appear first. “Moon” and “blossom,” are two such special kigo.

Before our goodbyes, members had two opportunities to chat in small breakout rooms, always an enjoyable experience to share among ourselves.

Attendees: C. L. Stern (host), L. Papanicolaou (co-host), J. Doppler (co-host), R. Abe, J. Balistreri, D. Basist, K. Bendixen, J. Chou, C. Fitz, K. Goldbach, J. J. Hafernik, C. Horner, D. Keim, M. H. Lee, P. J. Machmiller, D. Matthews, B. Moore, B. Niweigha, H. Ogden, L. Padden, J. Rueter, B. M. Santos, S. Saradunn, J. M. Schallberger, C. Seney, M. Sheffield, J. Spealman, C. Steele, M. B. Turchi, P. Wakamoto, M. D. Welch, K. Wilson, and A. Woolpert.

# *50 for 50 for 50*

*50% off a YTHS membership  
for  
50-year-olds and under who join as new members  
for  
50th Anniversary Celebration of YTHS*

2025 is the 50th anniversary of YTHS. To grow and sustain our organization, we invite everyone to recruit new members 50 years old and under with the incentive of 50% off their first-year membership fee. For questions, contact Marilyn Gehant . gmail.com

Outreach Committee: Marilyn Gehant, Mimi Ahern, Barbara Moore, Kathy Goldbach, Roger Abe, Dana Grover, and Patricia J. Machmiller.



*"Continuous Contour" (ink on paper) by  
Jeannie Rueter*



## Pondering Zōka

Janice Doppler

An ancient Daoist wisdom text, *The Zhuangzi*, was part of the spread of Chinese philosophy, arts, and poetry to Japan during the Tang dynasty (618–907 CE). The text introduced *zōka*, the dynamic energy that constantly constructs and deconstructs all living and nonliving things. *The Zhuangzi* became popular with Japanese literati and remained so in Bashō's time. According to Bashō, *zōka* had to be present if one's hokku were to be taken seriously.

Bashō's travel journal *Knapsack Notebook* (*oi no kobumi*) reflects how he followed *zōka* by gazing at beautiful landscapes and letting them seep into his heart and how he drew on the work of masters who preceded him. In the opening essay to this travel journal, Bashō wrote:

The *waka* of Saigyō, the *renga* of Sōgi, the paintings of Sesshū, the tea of Rikyū—there is one thread that runs through them all. For it is the essence of art to follow the Way of creation, taking the four seasons as a companion. Do that, and what you see will never *not* be a flower; what you ponder will never *not* be the moon. To not see the form before you as a flower is to be like a barbarian; to not have a flower in your mind is to be like the birds and the beasts. So, I say, go out from among the barbarians, separate yourself from the birds and beasts: follow the creative, get back to the creative.

Translator Steven D. Carter (2020) explained that the “one thread” that runs through the work of the masters is a “commitment to *zōka*, the creative.” In haiku, this thread is the creative spirit of the universe merging with a poet to create images that imply transformation.

In “The Art of Haiku: The art of observation,” Ebba Story (1995) could have been speaking about *zōka* when she declared:

The experience of a rose is much different from the idea of a rose . . . Something more than “rose” is communicated when we open ourselves to what is before us. The significance of the “thing” is the “thing” in itself. By reaching out our senses and being receptive to what we see, we participate with nature. The universe is always speaking through its manifold expressions. Meaning is found by looking closely at details, letting each scene, each flower and leaf, each whisper and thunder roll reveal itself in its entirety, as its very self. Through observation, we partake in the mystery that is beyond words.

Story also suggested that nature will reveal itself if we take time to quiet our minds, attune ourselves to the subtlety around us, and become absorbed by what we observe.

The following verses from YTHS members appear in *One Thread: Zōka in Contemporary Haiku* (2024). How do they reflect the sensibilities described by Ebba Story? How do they communicate wonder, awe, and/or joy? What did the poets sense? What did the poets intuit about the essence of their subjects? How is transformation implied? What in these haiku meshes with your understandings of the world and your personal way of experiencing the energies of the world?

peat fire  
the scent markings  
of other worlds

~Debbie Strange

*Frogpond* 46:3 (2023).

a squirrel ponders  
on a flower pot  
spring break

~Wakako Miya Rollinger

"*Dojin's Corner*." *Geppo* XLVIII:3 (2023).

winter hills  
with each boot crunch  
scent of sage

~Jo Balistreri

*The Heron's Nest* XVIII:2 (2016).

September seashore  
not enough names  
for the blues

~Mimi Ahern

Yuki Teikei Haiku Society Retreat Kukai  
2022. Third Place.

icicles dripping  
faster and faster . . .  
my pulse catching up

~Emiko Miyashita

Doppler, Janice. 2024. *One Thread: Zōka In Contemporary Haiku*.

meditation  
deep in a white forest  
the sound of frost

~Ron C. Moss

Moss, Ron C. 2014. *The Bone Carver*,  
Snapshot Press.

lingering  
in the tidepool  
a child's gaze

~Gregory Longenecker

San Francisco International Haiku, Senryu &  
Tanka Competition 2019. First Place.

dense fog . . .  
firewood already highly  
stacked

薪小屋の薪うづたかく霧の中

*makigoya no maki uzutakaku kiri no naka*

~Hiroyuki Muramaki

*between sun and shadow*. Yuki Teikei  
Members' Anthology 2023.

in the growing heat  
the garden becomes quiet  
as if listening . . .

~Patricia J. Machmiller

*Yukuharu*. Special Issue, Number 900 (2004).

How might sparks of insight from pondering Bashō, Ebba Story, and YTHS poets enhance your reading and writing haiku?

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**Lenard Moore, YTHS Member, Earns New Recognition**

*PineStraw Magazine*, in announcing five new inductees into the North Carolina Literary Hall of Fame, describes Lenard Moore, a former North Carolina poet laureate, as “a world-renowned master of haiku.” <https://tinyurl.com/PinestrawFame>. Congratulations, Lenard!



“Shelter in Place” (watercolor) by Jeannie Rueter

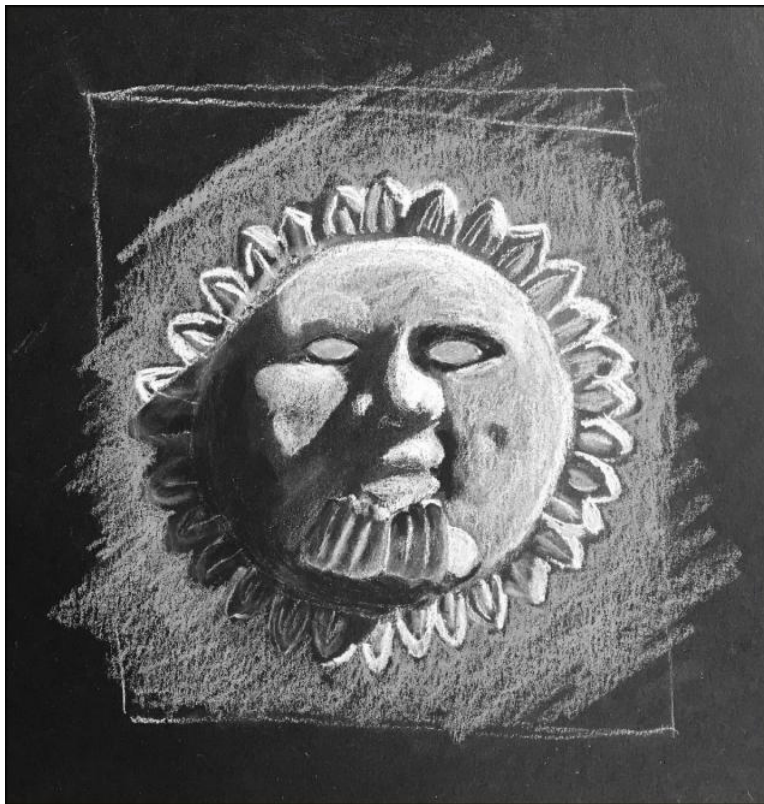
## Recent Books (2024) by YTHS Members

Doppler, Janice, ed. 2024. *One Thread: Zōka in Contemporary Haiku*. Available from Amazon for \$24.95 plus shipping. Details for signed copies at [janiced118@hotmail.com](mailto:janiced118@hotmail.com) (\$24.95 plus shipping).

Gehant, Marilyn. 2024. *A Work Life, Poetry*. Broadstone Books. Available from Broadstone Books and Amazon for \$22.50 plus shipping.

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*Geppo* will occasionally print an announcement of books recently published by YTHS members. If you have had a book published in 2024, please send information to the *Geppo* editor at [ythsgeppo@gmail.com](mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com).



"Chiaroscuro Sun" (watercolor pencil) by Jeannie Rueter

### 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 2025 are due January 1**. Members who renew late will receive PDF versions of any 2025 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](mailto: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

Janice Doppler, *Dōjin* Phillip R. Kennedy,  
Kiyoko Tokutomi *Dōjin* Patricia J.  
Machmiller, Richard L. Matta, *Dōjin* Emiko  
Miyashita, Naia, *Dōjin* Linda Papanicolaou,  
Jeannie Rueter, and *Dōjin* Alison Woolpert.  
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—2024–2025

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](http://yths.org) for up-to-date event information.

November 7–10 in person	YTHS Annual 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 Celebration. Art activity led by Carolyn Fitz. Slide presentation by Christine Stern featuring members' winter haiku and haiga.
January 1	YTHS Membership Dues for 2025 due.
January 11 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	"Unveiling the 2025 Tokutomi Memorial Contest." Kigo, pointers, and tips from Chair Kathabela Wilson, Tokutomi <i>Dōjin</i> Patricia J. Machmiller, and <i>Dōjin</i> Phillip R. Kennedy, with music by Rick Wilson.
January 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
January 31	Deadline for submissions to <i>The Poet's Journey</i> , special YT 50 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary performance piece. Details in this issue, page 12, and online.
February 8 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	"Form in Haiku, Part 2," workshop led by Tokutomi <i>Dōjin</i> Patricia J. Machmiller. Second in a two-part series.
February 15	Registration opens for the YTHS 50 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary 4-day Retreat, November 13–16.
March 8 Zoom 11:00–1:00 Pacific	"My Lifelong Love of Insects: Finding Inspiration in Small Things," by Professor Emeritus John E. Hafernik, Department of Biology, San Francisco State University.
April 12 in-person <i>ginkō</i>	Nature walk with haiku at a California park. Details to come.
April 15	Submissions deadline for the 2025 YTHS Members' Anthology.
April 15	Deadline for <i>Geppo</i> submissions (members only). <a href="mailto:ythsgeppo@gmail.com">ythsgeppo@gmail.com</a>
May 9 4:00–7:00 Pacific in person and Zoom	Annual Spring Reading, organized by <i>Dōjin</i> Roger Abe, featuring <i>Geppo</i> editors past and present. Details to come.
May 10 in person	50 <sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration of Yuki Teikei, the "Golden Anniversary Dinner," Okayama Room, Leininger Center, San José, CA. More details to come.