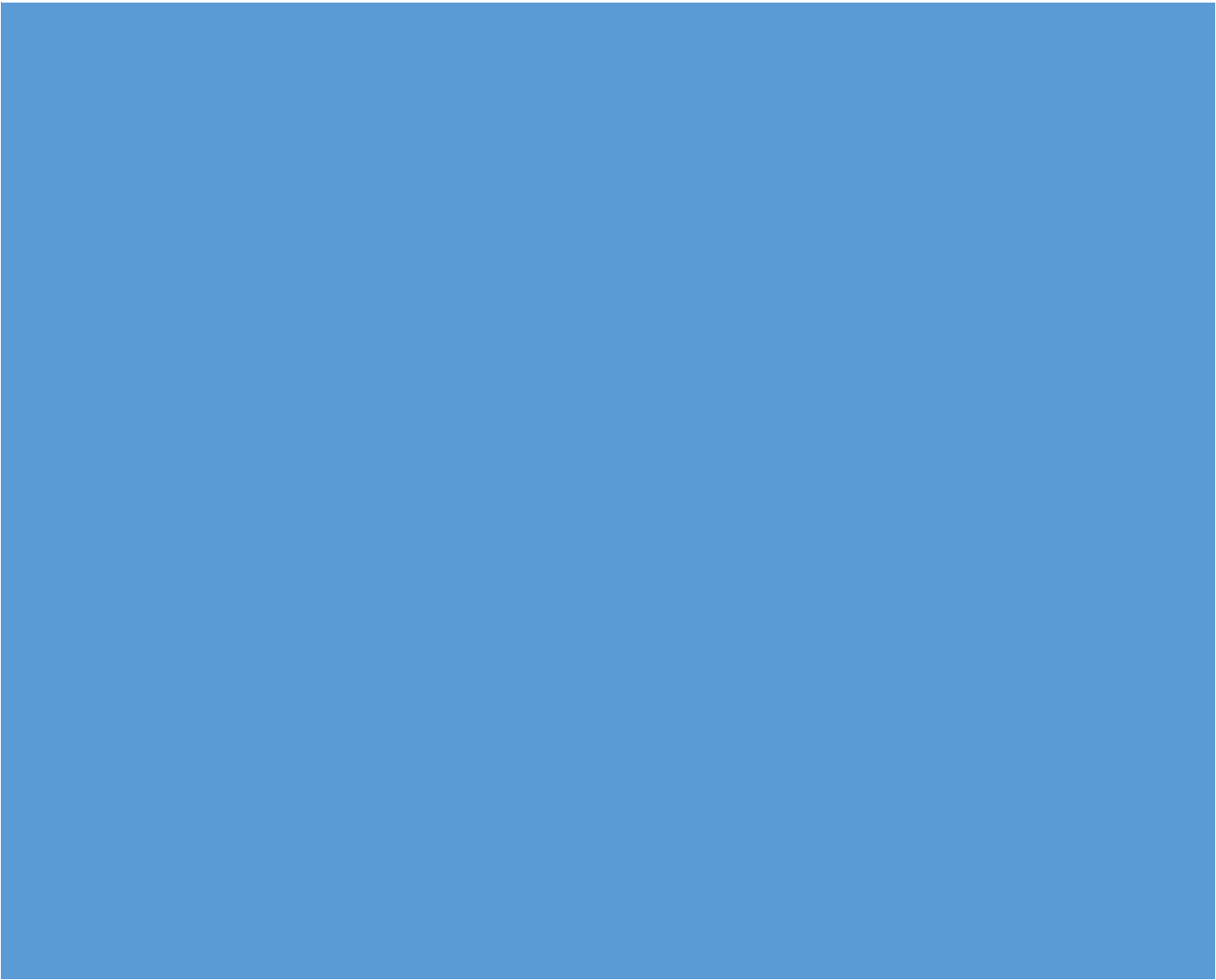




UNDER THE BASHŌ 2019



HOKKU

David J. Kelly

- Ireland

moorland stroll
a harsh wind winnowing
the calls of finches

Debbie Strange

- Canada

moonless
maple leaves ignite
the dusk

fields thronged
with sandhill cranes . . .
corn moon

bugling elk
fog softens the shape
of morning

the curve
of a dune's shadow . . .
day moon

Diana Webb

- United Kingdom

summer solstice —
a woman and dog
become shadow

Gary Hittmeyer

- **USA**

daylight wanes
an autumn breeze finds
the last pine cone

Greg Longenecker

- **USA**

the rustle
of tomorrow
lupine pod

the white robe
of a cresting sea
winter moon

fall sunset
the red rouge
of wildfire

early morning
the unexpected balm
of autumn dew

the long sigh
of a sycamore
first fall breeze

Joanna Ashwell

snowfall
the heron's flight
a shadow

not quite there
a sliver of me
harvest moon

Lee Gurga

- **USA**

night train
lit from within
a bobwhite calls

Indian summer
a pile of leaves becomes
a pile of little boys

Pat Geyer

- **USA**

rice sparrow . . .
picking the bones
of autumn

as if
snow in July . . .
sulphur moths

Pragya Vishnoi

- **India**

overcast-
a cuckoo sings
out of season

jasmine blooms
mother braids moonbeams
in her hair

Rp Verlaine

in code
the fireflies speak
as one

Veronika Zora Novak

- **Canada**

the only
solace tonight
moonsong

in the woods
I fall into the glow
of fireflies

little moth
is it moondust you leave
on my window sill?

casting nets
to catch the stars
lone fisherman

out of
a butterfly's dream . . .
morninglory

old pond . . .
a turtle slips into
moonlight

moon bathing
I slip into the stars
of my kimono

William Kenney

- **USA**

stone Buddha
where the garden used to be
drifting leaves

Willie R. Bongcaron

- **The Philippines**

the beauty
that cicadas hide --
crescent moon

wild jasmine...
the morning's swath
of fragrance

MODERN HAIKU

Adjei Agyei-Baah

- [Ghana](#) [New Zealand](#)

borrowed book
I bring Bashō
to my garden

Angela Giordano

- [Italy](#)

distant thunder-
popcorn popping
in the pan

Angiola Inglese

- [Italy](#)

X-rays –
the hidden face
of the moon

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

- [The Netherlands](#)

empty room
the scent of daffodils
fills the silence

Antonietta Losito

- [Italy](#)

winter deepens
sixth year in a row
of no income

Asami Tagawa

- Japan

with fragrant orange colored olive
i smell autumn

Ashish Narain

- The Philippines

crashing thunder ...
mother cuddles us
with a song

offering prayers
a mosquito whirs
round the deity

B.S. Dixon

- USA

broken mirror-
my reflection
in all the pieces

Ben Moeller-Gaa

- USA

winter wind
deepening
our divide

migrating geese
awakening the ache
inside me

Bhawana Rathore

- **India**

barefoot
I root myself
back again

moonless sky
all the stars
disappear too

highway
the shadows of grass
lean back

autumn equinox
the weight of thoughts
drowns each step

twilight song
the everlasting ring
of a temple bell

moonlit sky
the stillness of water
in my thoughts

a cuckoo's song
the aroma of rain
in my coffee cup

Bill Kenney

- **USA**

autumn nightfall
my notebook full
of first drafts

moon over water
a song
from the other shore

lifting off the lake
the wild geese leave
me behind

come back sparrow
I promise to make
lots of crumbs

Bruce Jewett

- **USA**

buddha taking
a break from humanity
reborn as a fawn

Carr, Jennifer

- **USA**

cooking dinner
daughter turning
into her mother

sleeping bag
on the park bench
a prayer

Chatterjee, Geetashree

- **India**

battle of words
we forget
who we are

fork in the road
I leave the choice
on the driver

nocturnal visit
the rat knows
where the trap is

rain dance
the squirrel's dash
to the next pole

Christina Chin

- **Malaysia**

summer vacation--
in the flooding drains
children fish

abandoned nest
a feral cat licks
its paws

Claire Rosilda Norman

- **England**

the curl of the wave
a glimpse of something
I can't keep

Cyndi Lloyd

- **USA**

days in the sun ...
father and daughter
on a tandem swing

lupine
the deeper blues
from my childhood

not listening
to my body again
riptide

estranged
an olive branch parts
the fog

Dave Lewis

- **Wales**

the visitor's book
still unsigned
- hospice reception

David He Zhuanglang

- China

the depth
of meditation
my stomach growls

her lips brush
my unshaven cheek ...
cherry blossoms

night wind...
a mockingbird's song
caught in the tree

David J. Kelly

- Ireland

a rabbit
in my headlights
our shared helplessness

house clearance
her pet cat's ghost
in the dust bunnies

my unhappy place
 it's so hard to leave
 the floodgates open

Debbie Strange

- **Canada**

rivulets of rain . . .
I trace the shape
of loneliness

veils of dust . . .
at least we have
this sunset

Deborah P Kolodji

- **USA**

the traffic home
from the hospital
winter rainbow

violins
at his remembrance service
that old portrait

autumn leaves scattering
my younger self skips
to school

reindeer antlers
on the car behind me
my red nose

prickly pine cone
she doesn't return
the hug

the name left off
the gravestone
her dog's ashes

weeds after rain
a mailbox filled
with medical bills

Diana Webb

- [United Kingdom](#)

after Van Gogh
seen from the train
a field of grasses

Edden, Maureen

- [U.K.](#)

stinging sleet
crosses the street
my thick scarf

notes scattered
on the spring air
a jade flute

spring morning
the worm in his beak
wriggling

Elaine Wilburt

scent
of dried rose petals—
his love letters

Elmedin Kadric

- **Sweden**

newlyweds
sticking to the moon
in the river

rose scent
she lets me in
on a secret

silence
the first
open grave

wild violets
all the stories
about herself

Esther Zimmerman

- **USA**

pumpkin picking --
looking for
the misshapen one

Eufemia Griffo

- Italy

snow moon
every morning
without your smile

Eva Joan

- Germany

a rainbow
above silent gravestones -
last salute

Eva Limbach

- Germany

sweltering heat
my to-do list
untraceable

weather-beaten
the fisherman
repairs his net

Gardiner, Tim

- U.K.

shortest day
a syllable missing
in my haiku

forgetting
his father's grave
my father

convenience store
the noon-flower
closes early

Gary Hittmeyer

- **USA**

lost in the
late purple day
lupine valley

low clouds
I try to remember
the mountain top

Golban, Florin

- **Romania**

cold wind -
the old man wears
another coat

Goran Gatalica

- Croatia

starlight -
the tadpoles vanish
in a blurry pond

Gunasekaran, Elancharan

- Singapore

side glance ...
a cat's shadow stalks
my shadow

toy bone ...
my golden retriever
fetches dusk

bending forward
withered leaves arch -
winter yoga

Hanson, Simon

- Australia

blessing the fleet
moonlight
over the bay

window breeze
a little dance
of candle flames

bonfire blaze
how radiant we were
bathed in its glow

Hege Anita Jakobsen Lepri

- **Canada**

old secrets
forever safe
in dementia ward

Irina Guliaeva

- **Russia**

trees in the old park
no one remains
unhugged

Jackie Chou

- **USA**

scorching heat
under torn canopies
street vendors

remembering
my pink prom dress
cherry blossoms

team sport
the bullied child
gets picked last

Jacob Salzer

- **USA**

electric guitar
the reverberation
of teenage dreams

tuning the guitar
the tension
between us

James Babbs

losing his smile
the snowman slips ...
afternoon sun

Jenny Ward Angyal

- **USA**

buttercup petals
cling to my bare feet—
a hint of what I am

deep green dreams
breathing inside me
the forest

out of the mist
a heron unfolds
the koan

Jill Lange

- **USA**

after-storm light
wisteria shadows
on snow

stepping stones
in the river . . .
the choices we make

Jim Krotzman

- **USA**

missing rooster
an owl watching
from the weather vane

long lines at the border
a shrunken pumpkin
guarding seeds

a string of fish
the scent
of summer rain

Jim Sussex

- **United Kingdom**

My brave terrier
regresses into pup -
thunderstorm

Jim Young

- **Wales**

old age
a watch covers the bruise
skin deep

Joanne van Helvoort

- **The Netherlands**

recovery room
a butterfly
unfolds its wings

Julia Bogen

- **USA**

Drifting shadows speckle the ground
I look up to see
Shimmering cotton

Justice Joseph Prah

- **Ghana**

city mountain
gathering and gathering
rejected goods

village massacre
in a dead baby's hand
forget-me-not

Kausik KSK

- **India**

obituary—
the raven's caws
fill our silences

tombstone...
clearing fallen leaves
to reveal her name

autumn night...
which of these stars
is grandma?

physics exam...
cursing the apple
that fell on Newton

temple offering...
a boy lets loose
one of the goats

doodling my boss
on the notepad ...
office meeting

coffee break—
stirring a whirlpool
of thoughts

cheese thief...
a purring shadow sneaks
into my kitchen

Kristen Lindquist

- **USA**

afternoon fog
the red boathouse
slowly fading

Kushal Poddar

- **India**

panda eye mask
on the wrinkled bed sheet
light slices sleep

Laurie Greer

- **USA**

student garden
the orderly rows
of seedlings

tall grass
dew stains
on my knees

Lee Gurga

- [USA](#)

morning purr
our fig leaves
dusted with snow

second childhood
a dusty box
of seashells

retirement party
mountains mirrored
in each lens

Lorin Ford

- [Australia](#)

ebbtide . . .
the far blue horizon
of my childhood

after the mynahs
the quietness
sinking in

the long road home
a barn owl briefly glimpsed
rides with me

winter fly
the many hidden eyes
of house spiders

Lucy Whitehead

- [United Kingdom](#)

a flock
of starlings expanding
the limits of my life

first buds
on the almond tree
the baby's almost-words

Madhuri Pillai

- [Australia](#)

holding still...
a dandelion amid
lawn daisies

old garden gloves
all her summers
laid to rest

nature reserve
the sound of poetry
all around

Mallika Chari

- [India](#)

hot day
two cuckoos wait
for the fountain to start

flower market
the fragrance
free in every shop

Margaret Tau

- [USA](#)

late summer rain
cicadas soften
their song

secluded stream
stones ripple
a zen chant

Margherita Petriccione

- [Italy](#)

one by one the sun
leaves the hibiscus flowers-
sea breeze

Marietta McGregor

- [Australia](#)

spring breezes
through my kitchen window
first cabbage white

forest sunrise
a shrike-thrush
polishes day songs

hurricane path
a meandering line
of loaded trolleys

fleeting romance
her worn-down lipstick
deep in his glove box

Marilyn Humbert

- [Australia](#)

slow-crawl
among falling leaves
a minesweeper

in the stillness
after her last breath
silence of the moon

Mark Levy

silver moon
slices through trees
what was I saying

Matt Dennison

father's ashtray
the night she died
silent volcano

ambulance driver
steers with elbows
pulls on gloves

winter is over—
bumblebees fight
for air

All day the pictures
rise and fall above the fire—
I too shall die

Matthew M. Cariello

- [USA](#)

autumn wind
even the dead
tree sways

Maureen Edden

- [United Kingdom](#)

the weight
of winter ... a world
of one colour

McManus, John

- [England](#)

cathedral gargoyles
she asks about
my demons

sunlit sand
my daughter strokes
the donkey's shadow

ripples on the pond
my wife points at the child
who looks just like me

face to face once more
with my childhood bully —
open casket

closed lilies
I decide to say
nothing

we share
one last kiss ...
gentle rain

Michael Morell

- **USA**

Christmas in July
fireflies
fill up the yard

family tree
we gather around
a fallen leaf

Mile Lisica

- **Bosnia and Herzegovina**

umotan poklon
na starim novinama
tragovi kafe

wrapped gift
on an old newspaper
the traces of coffee

Minko Tanev

- [Bulgaria](#)

white light
the pulse of the universe
in each stem

Myron Arnold

- [Canada](#)

wishbones—
my retirement plan
in a jar

scrawled
on the oceans edge
his confession

outpatients ...
my appointed time
has long passed

where the lake was ...
an osprey
circling

needlepoint—
flipping sides
as they quarrel

hands caressing
a new book...
eyes, too

sunrise tai chi
the pops and clicks
of a warming house

Nadejda Kostadinova

- **Bulgaria**

longest day
fitting 15 years
in a suitcase

Nanako Minoda

- **Japan**

eyes closed ...
smells of green
go through the body

swim in the forest
a spring day
to sunbathe

wind —
I walk alone
toward tomorrow

Neha R. Krishna

- [India](#)

summer sunset
little boats becoming
silhouettes

summer song
tree branches laden
with moonlight

Nicky Gutierrez

Bell rings
through the snow—
time to pray

Nikolay Grankin

- [Russia](#)

crowded street
the neon stars
above my head

abandoned workshop
the brick wall
still warm

Padmini Krishnan

castaway leaves
an old employee lingers
by his workplace

chilly breeze
the warmth
in his words

Peter Jastermsky

- [USA](#)

shrouded in fog
the day's last hope –
spent horizon

breakfast for one
a morning held together
by sparrows

wishing for a branch
of my own
family tree

Philmore Place

- [Belarus](#)

new hairstyle
girl in the subway
collecting looks

Polette, Keith

- [USA](#)

eclipse . . .
the quiet ways
we overlap

spring
the dogwood tree
budding blackbirds

empty nest . . .
sliding the rent check
into the mailbox

rose bud
so much sleep beneath
so many lids

winter's end
birdsong beginning
to thaw

Powell, Perry L.

- [USA](#)

fading light
another trip back
to the mountain

Praniti Gulyani

- [India](#)

old book...
the dust still holds
a fingerprint

Pratyush Chandra

- [India](#)

lost in daydreams
those images and faces
I try to recount

R.Suresh Babu

- [India](#)

letting the ants
cross over
the jain monk

the wind
comes uninvited
i feel her absence

the whiff
of old monk rum
in his chantings

mom's broken bangles
make a full circle
kaleidoscope

tight hug
i doubt her
fidelity

Radostina Dragostinova

- [Bulgaria](#)

end of a ride
so much wind
in the horse's mane

the child
she never had
winter sunset

tacky sidewalk lighting...
the candy floss smell
on my daughter's cheeks

too much to leave off
too much to remain for...
winter sunset

Rebecca Drouilhet

- [USA](#)

menopause...
the calm
after the storm

caught
in the spider's web...
autumn sunset

autumn twilight...
the things
I almost see

Risë E. Daniels

- [USA](#)

meditative walk...
sensing the silence of
the temple bell

sanctuary –
finding solace in what
I've always known

Roberta Beach Jacobson

- [USA](#)

one more tattoo
and he'll run
out of leg

Roger Watson

- [United Kingdom](#)

in a flash
one hawk
no squirrel

Genovese cafe
all conversations
public

rush hour metro
someone
had garlic

Rp Verlaine

- [USA](#)

when she speaks
the butterflies inside me
flutter

Ryan McCarty

- [USA](#)

turning her back
to men
a nursing mother

phone screen
going blank
waiting for the bus

Srinivas S

- [India](#)

thaw
a child speaks her
first syllables

winter night
just the note of
a match struck

indigo evening
the sea refuses
to sleep

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

- [India](#)

spring morning
the deadwood shines
with green moss

rice sparrows
hover over leftovers
those hungry kids

global warming
frozen minds
still frozen

Steliana Cristina Voicu

- **Romania**

boiling peach jam...
my daughter paints
a sunset

gem de piersici fierbând...
fiica mea pictează
un apus de soare

romanian village –
linden moon accompanies
the wedding procession

sat românesc –
luna de tei însoțind
alaiul de nuntă

birthday alone...
even linden blossoms
two by two

singur de aniversare...
până și florile de tei
două câte două

silver wedding...
the fragrance
of the ripe fruits

nunta de argint...
parfumul
fructelor coapte

Stella Damarjati

- [Australia](#)

pigeons
clamber over each other
scraps of bread

Stephen Toft

- [United Kingdom](#)

alpine church
the sky blue eyes
of the priest

wild camping
i catch the trout
in my dream

Stoianka Boianova

- [Bulgaria](#)

feeling of homeland
roads through mountains
on the horizon

heart rhythms
peaks and valleys
in a cardiogram

Sunjaya, Agus Maulana

- [Indonesia](#)

a last note
of mother's lullaby –
winter rain

colliding neutrons
a comma becomes a dash
in father's poem

chasing butterfly
I return to
childhood field

winnowing
rice paper...
a winter crane

(dedicated to Jan Benson)

Theresa Okafor

- [Nigeria](#)

the not-so-little lies
within your words —
heat-cracked soil

wind-blown seeds
the flow of life
without tethers

ancestral pull —
pieces of my village
clinging to my shoes

war drums
rivulets of rain hitting
corrugated roofs

silent tides
the sound of loneliness
washing over loneliness

Tim Murphy

- [Spain](#)

the skaters race
against the meltdown
winter sunshine

spring clouds
the muralist on the ladder
eyes the sky

late spring
I guide a mother and ducklings
back to the lake

early summer
the sudden prevalence
of flesh

midsummer
the festival music lasts
into the night

Tsanka Shishkova

- [Bulgaria](#)

winter
in a puddle
city lights

returned letter ...
in the envelope window
mom's name

Vandana Parashar

- [India](#)

stripped bare
why do trees still love
the autumn breeze

Vessislava Savova

- **Bulgaria**

hot autumn day
an old woman cannot get
the baby's babbling

Watson, Roger

- **U.K.**

handing over
the wrong currency
jet-lag

long rows
of white stones
soldiers' last dreams

admiring the crocuses
I step
on dog poo

Northern Lights
don't spoil it with
an explanation

William Keckler

- **USA**

late night city
headlights follow twists
in DNA

Willie R. Bongcaron

- [The Philippines](#)

waves
on the rocks...
memories

Zelyko Funda

- [Croatia](#)

cross-country race
dry leaves follow the runners
for some time

ONE-LINE HAIKU

Agyei-Baah, Adjei

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 MARCH 2019

telephone line assembling morning swallows

traveling in a world of my own soap bubble

a lone deer caught in the headlight of your eyes

the outstretched hand of a caged chimp banana moon

leaving a bit of myself in your wood old nail

Angiola Inglese

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 29 AUGUST 2019

- [Italy](#)

stray cat in August the empty city

Antonio, Billy

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 MARCH 2019

the urge to peek sandwich spread

just a hint of pink on her lips leukemia

Ashish Narain

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 04 APRIL 2019

through clouds crumpled all the way to Everest

clouded her eyes sting mosquitoes

where the torchlight falls things I seem to know

it's just that a river is not one thing

Barrett, Joan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 MARCH 2019

door needs no tree to be towards the river

Bongcaron, Willie R.

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 MARCH 2019

ginger brew cold from the morning fog

distant seagulls cawing in my solitude

Brad Bennett

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 11 NOVEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

birdsong every now

follow the leader mountain cascade

between blue sky nothing

Bryan Rickert

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 SEPTEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

giving you my all birth defect

rough waves again my swelling fear

in the heat haze of a southern gas station coffee

Campbell, Pris

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 MARCH 2019

blue moon the bathos of Elvis sightings

more clothes to donate my skinny years

hope chest but still the scent of orchids

Cariello, Matthew

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 MARCH 2019

cottonwood seed clouds the sky

sunset clocks losing time

bitter wind where it's going

cicada song pretending clouds are things

above the horizon potato below the horizon

after sunset nothing but road

Clouds, Ibrahim

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 MARCH 2019

indigo his umbrella turns rain

mating birds a flower joins April

Dave Read

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 04 APRIL 2019

another poet confesses winter

light curls under the horizon anxieties

one hundred years after the colonized moon poems

stripping her down to the bug screen summer

she turns to leave my paradigm

David J. Kelly

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 NOVEMBER 2019

- [Ireland](#)

coffee from the ground down

post proof the whole truth takes too long

remember when you thought you could crack cocaine

Diana Webb

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 AUGUST 2019

skyful of dinosaur vertebrae only connect

crow on an aerial corvid vibration

Dominiczak, Chris

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 MARCH 2019

a raft at sea in utero the lightening of night

of time in the afternoon urban decay on every channel

a fasting heart the theft of snow of rain

a pretty row come winter we butcher the apple tree

paper thin her gait at the mouth of winter

snow coming fingers creak a distant cricket song

still following the eye of the taxidermist's sparrow hawk

Don Baird

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 APRIL 2019

- [USA](#)

drifting here under moon debris under

river wind meeting an owl's hoot

atonal tin can tapping nerves

only shadows allowed between

mind in mind outside the bark

moon print pissing on a tree limb

Elaine Wilburt

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 MARCH 2019

2 AM excuses hollow ringing pans in the dishwasher

Eva Limbach

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 MAY 2019

ghost particles the speed of growing old

lenten moon drinking from foreign wells

visiting an old friend this single cloud

at the edge of my endeavours a handful of ashes

Fractled

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 21 APRIL 2019

the taste of dawn in my mouth withered grass

twilight through the pint of lager I gulp in a haze

her stare into nothingness I snap out of

planting myself too deep this early spring to bloom

the fishbowl I call earth hermit crab

spring mushroom a rabbit hole to sink my teeth into

Gardiner, Tim

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 MARCH 2019

boarding bullet train named desire

walking on the moon mayfly

paradise beach ants fight in the sun

Gary Hittmeyer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 MAY 2019

live summer storms rain floods the rain

Gatalica, Goran

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 MARCH 2019

peel of moon transforming into her silence

giant sequoia migrating shadow of my father

one spring cloud pilgrim disappearing to the higher cliffs

Geoff M. Pope

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 JULY 2019

manipulating her moon chiropractor

seven texts we used to talk with our hands

George Swede

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 SEPTEMBER 2019

- [Canada](#)

fishing for answers line breaks

nowhere brighter the moon in a puddle

ant bearing a leaf and a question

shopping list running out of despair

Greg Longenecker

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 MAY 2019

- [USA](#)

bone flute a passing note

whatever you make of him snowbuddha

on the out breath milky way

my memories of her mirror shards

Guliaeva, Irina

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 MARCH 2019

missed flight last year's leaves on the twigs

melting hope I'd catch up with skiing

circles on the water her orgasm

different winds for neighbour flags plastic

twilight snail on a refugee's palm

Hanson, Simon

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 MARCH 2019

neolithic night same ridge same moon

luminous toadstool pine shadows casting spells

holy water bless these oceans rivers and lakes

Hifsa Ashraf

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 APRIL 2019

- [Pakistan](#)

crows cawing in the forest 5th generation warfare

Iliyana Stoyanova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 NOVEMBER 2019

- [United Kingdom](#)

understanding the rose strikes a pose

dad's memories with my name for a different me

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 21 JUNE 2019

into the now i step quietly out of my body

outskirt of a sentence a fire smoulders

first aid kit and the spread of the sun

my emails have become a home of first fruits

Jacobson, Roberta Beach

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 MARCH 2019

retirement acting more like my cat

the novel inside me blank scream

Jennifer Carr

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 SEPTEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

toy gun my son suspended

the itty bitty shitty committee between my ears won't shut up

Jill Lange

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 NOVEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

with heavy rain and rising wind the night train

Jim Krotzman

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 25 JUNE 2019

hoarfrost cracking down on prostitution

the length of a summer day centipede

moon sliver writing the first resume

late April magnolia snow

Joan Barrett

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 MARCH 2019

door needs no tree to be towards the river

ni aqui ni alla inside the blizzard pushing glass boots

John Budan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 AUGUST 2019

wearing her bra my manhood in limbo

John McManus

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 APRIL 2019

- [England](#)

ready for food the thing in the mirror wants out

a bowl of bruised fruit the fame begins to fade

a dog howling parcels for the dead man

tethered to all within this consequence of stars

the exposed flesh of a peach in sepia

a precipice behind your yawn is mostly green

horses I keep forgetting to feed your ego

the war we watch inside a clock's face

Kadric, Elmedin

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 MARCH 2019

or to fend for my fire

approaching an I by the lake outclouding sky

soul sure only some of the time

all but the hole inside whole inside

silence the consonants

the dark river stars us

Kittner, Craig

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 MARCH 2019

how I felt before I exhale

Lakshmi Iyer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 MARCH 2019

paper boats on the edge of my life

Laurie Greer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 02 JUNE 2019

where the tree grew a hubcap

Lee Gurga

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2019

- [USA](#)

drop a stone a drop of wine in your still waters

Lisa Espenmiller

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 AUGUST 2019

- [USA](#)

suspicious for oh fuck elevator memory ride

hand me his gloved hands radiation pill sacrament

fog future right in front of us all we get

Lori A. Minor

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 JULY 2019

- [USA](#)

same wavelength the sparrow's V

relapse the moon's eclipse

Lorin Ford

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2019

- [Australia](#)

reception breaking up a high plains sunset

k catcalls the wind blows them bac

misguided by ghost fungi I curse the crescent moon

a glass darkly waiting on the threshold

light at the end of the tunnel graffiti

Margherita Petriccione

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 AUGUST 2019

buttercups along the tracks a man staggers

memories on the sweater medicines' smell

Marietta McGregor

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 SEPTEMBER 2019

- [Australia](#)

one day at a time one day a daylily

under spiderlight long gone her song

poste restante stubble fields of broken stone

double exposure held back from the brink

around me echolalia i dream corpses

Marilyn Ashbaugh

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 AUGUST 2019

cholla needles home for the holidays

Identity theft just when i figured it out

Maris, Anna

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 MARCH 2019

starshine no longer a part

politics i take it up with my banana plant

roses another way of saying horse shit

Mark Gilbert

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 MARCH 2019

drawn out perspectives of the frame

mindfulness inside my skull outside

men with guns the nearest flat surface

wide awake the banker takes more speed

Mark Miller

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 SEPTEMBER 2019

- [Australia](#)

sunlight through cherry blossoms a girl glides in her wheelchair

neap tide flipping onto its back a caught fish

Matthew Moffett

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 MAY 2019

a moth's corpse in some dust the furnace fires up

leaves picked up off the street by wind a framed diploma

an open-ended question heaven's river is the answer to

ellipses between the leaves that haven't fallen

find the exclamation point in a field of poppies

who she remembers me as leaf shadows

Mike Gallagher

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 06 JULY 2019

early morning the magic of ambling mushrooms

fox stealing from a net of shadows

Montignot, Marie-Louise

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 MARCH 2019

cartoon wolf in the street we sniff chicken curry

empty shell rushing into the nave *messiah*

Neelam Dadhwal

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 AUGUST 2019

- [India](#)

out of path my walking shadow

after rains yellow cosmos still touching the ground

Nicholas Klacsanzky

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 APRIL 2019

- [Ukraine](#)

spring begins a spider in the bathtub

antidepressant rain drips from the tram handrail

undoing the origami vape mist

Padhy, Pravat Kumar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 MARCH 2019

winter morning splitting the silence from the cuckoo's nest

conversation of migratory birds balancing the wind

Philip Whitley

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 11 NOVEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

in my bed a spider on the ceiling

riverain words runtogether

removing a box turtle's hiss from the driveway

Polette, Keith

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 MARCH 2019

seeing i self certain roadkill scared of to death

the hobby horse lost love boarding the bullet train

body emergency torn between reincarnations

the ship flickering through the pine forest deleting the day

a slur of birds twittering tweezers in the labyrinth of winter

epistolary fragments monkeys becoming wire mesh mothers

out of the river all my jokes chained to chairs

Ray Caligiuri

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 NOVEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

let the meat puppets go after the unspeakable thought train ride

that little erotic touch starts my brain washing day

full of innuendo fistfuls of mistrust and cash go along the same way

another last senior moment algorithm ascends into a cloud

Réka Nyitrai

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 OCTOBER 2019

- [Romania](#)

new ghost in the graveyard autumn rain

my father's dreams withered grass

within a stone the river talks in its sleep

Richa Sharma

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2019

understanding his sermon red spider lily

Rp Verlaine

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 25 MAY 2019

total eclipse the moon feels the same as me

Scully, Ron

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 MARCH 2019

grandfather clock down the hall halts its goosetock

box camera captured light wedding time when first dance sounds sepia

but a grain of sand on the beach my laptop apoplectic

Shankar, Shloka

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 11 MARCH 2019

inside a raven's caw the simulacrum of memory

password protected your guilt and my shame

all that is expendable and more in a shadow box

yellow rubber ducks the conspiracy theory for summer

Srinivas S.

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 APRIL 2019

light falls the feather falls light

every secret ever kept in the ocean's lows

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 11 NOVEMBER 2019

- [India](#)

Hiroshima Day paper crane I tried a mushroom

firefly in the cave full of light

job cuts scarecrows outnumber sparrows

window seat for them I see outside

th. vandergau

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 MARCH 2019

the funeral boat as the river bends

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 OCTOBER 2019

- [USA](#)

bathed in red church bells ring

autumn leaves falling into has been

in the river drifting through an ellipsis

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 OCTOBER 2019

- [USA](#)

bathed in red church bells ring

autumn leaves falling into has been

in the river drifting through an ellipsis

Tim Murphy

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 JULY 2019

punching holes in heaven the dreaming monk

fear of drawing the art of seduction

setting the blade's soul stone sun

the needle lifts from the vinyl snowfall

Toft, Stephen

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 MARCH 2019

looming cloud when i close my eyes a womb

deep winter i make shadows on your wall

the deepest blue inside the blowhole

summer leaves my bath full of shadows

Tsanka Shishkova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 AUGUST 2019

morning bells into the city noise

Vandana Parashar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 SEPTEMBER 2019

- [India](#)

take me wherever you go driftwood

Veronika Zora Novak

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 MAY 2019

- [Canada](#)

embroidered in the emperor's clothes temple bells

William Keckler

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ONE-LINE HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 MARCH 2019

tickling a tree's ass my anthropomorphism acts up in spring

after we die machine speak quietly to machines the right feeling

the river its skin massaging stars time and again

mother at four below a moon her mother hand-colored

KU

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 NOVEMBER 2019

- [India](#)

sleepless street
Edison ends my journey
into myself

war hero
stealing the light of
thousand widows

David J. Kelly

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 NOVEMBER 2019

- [Ireland](#)

dog violet
looking at the world
through different spectra

the first time -
and llllllll e i e i
will always

Ashish Narain

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 NOVEMBER 2019

- [India](#) [The Philippines](#)

thunder rolling a joint by habit

question marks the spot he fell

Gary Hittmeyer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 OCTOBER 2019

- [USA](#)

looking for relief
my thumbprints
devise an exit strategy

or full body groomer the relatives of TV stars

kneeling before idols under the light of lawless suns

precise contours of metaphors slip away into

Angiola Inglese

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 06 OCTOBER 2019

- [Italy](#)

Father's Day-
an unreachable
phone number

Srinivas S

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 OCTOBER 2019

summer rain
the splash of something
fried

fourteen across--
the campaign that killed
forty fathers

Kat Lehmann

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 OCTOBER 2019

- [USA](#)

first hike the white trail the white trail

sunset window the tree becomes my face

each breath between the raindrops nothing

Margherita Petriccione

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 SEPTEMBER 2019

Milky Way -
on the stomach mouth
a metal music

Tim Murphy

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 JUNE 2019

inside a magpie's glide the vastness of youth

puncturing thud the archer wakes from her dream

pioneer spirit the trigonometry of a mallard

Alegria Imperial

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 21 JUNE 2019

- [USA](#)

astray
the pond
I lied to

magpie chapter
you can tell whose 'I'
is ripped

let it be
if a mollusk's pulse
corresponds to a fugue

the word "seed"
lodged between
my incisors

Lee Gurga

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2019

- [USA](#)

carrying nowhere
out of moonlight
blue damselfly

broken bridge:
something sharp
something tender

touching
the other door
blue asters

Stephen Toft

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 JUNE 2019

unsolved murder
the white butterfly
in my dream

winter sky
harvesting
squid ink

rainbows found everywhere in the corpse

Elmedin Kadric

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 APRIL 2019

- [Sweden](#)

still takes rifles for deep woods

do hone
the small distances
at home

six feet under one worm another

sobering up fog-fitting the mold

for the longest night a white knight

writhing. besides. I.
there. is. only.
one. life.

puckering her mouth knows multiple ways in

Adjei Agyei-Baah

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 04 APRIL 2019

dark sky
the assembly of stars
in the moon

Matthew M. Cariello

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 APRIL 2019

the blackbird sings when we listen

tea waters tea waters

Jacobson, Roberta Beach

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 MARCH 2019

she sings
the Georgia
gravel road

saluting the general merchandise

Guliaeva, Irina

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 MARCH 2019

too big for ages
mum's shoes are too small
shooting star

billions of stars
a call to remind me
about my light bills

Polette, Keith

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 MARCH 2019

cantankerous the shadows hanging crape the sun a chill meme

that hound bound bookbag fleas the scene before the interloper

runner up too mis(s)fortune cookie about the size of a nettle

late the day to change your whether the piano bit both surviving if

Gatalica, Goran

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - KU](#)

PUBLISHED: 11 MARCH 2019

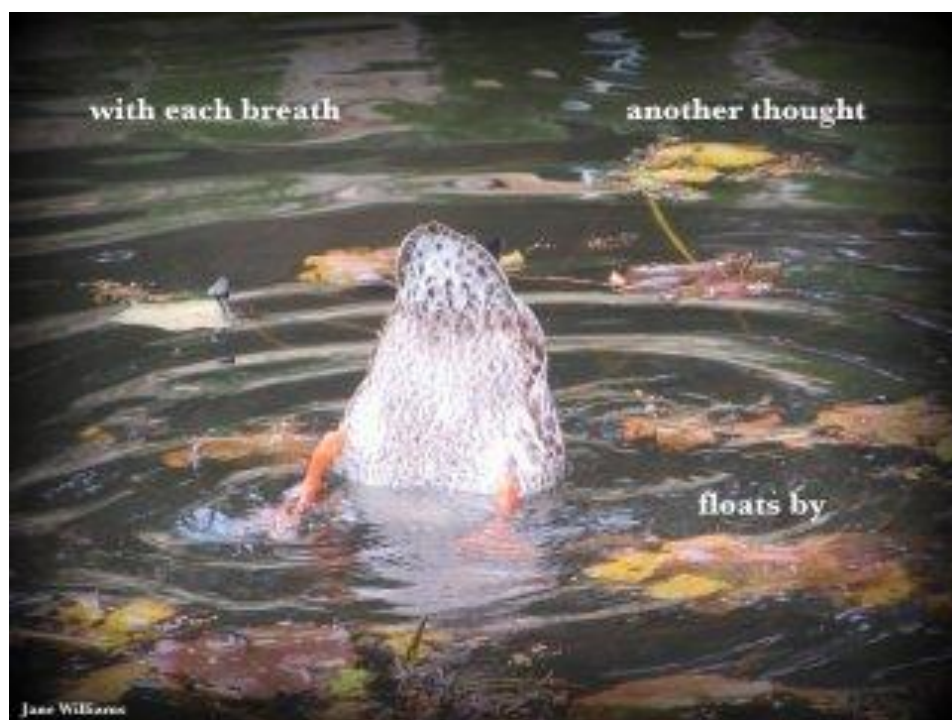
feminine curiosity -
overlapping echoes
of night trains

HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU

Jane Williams

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

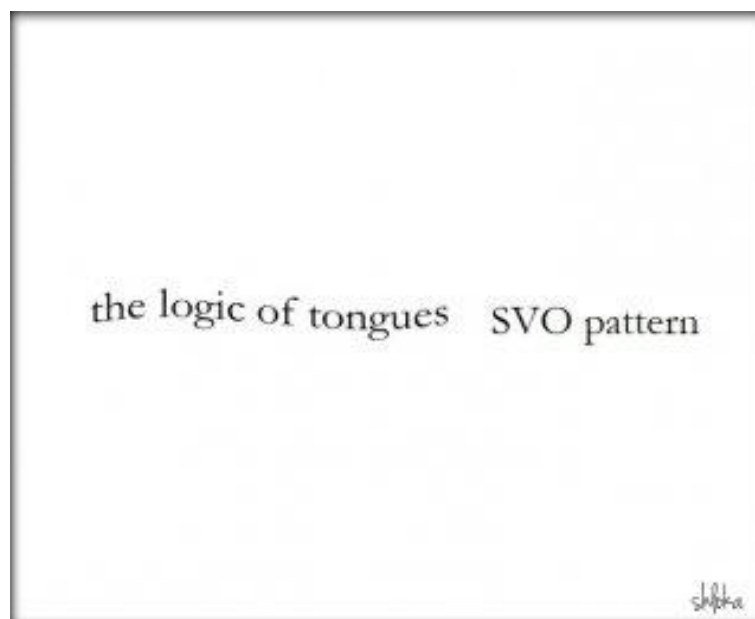
- [Australia](#)



Shloka Shankar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- India



Geoff M. Pope

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- [USA](#)

gIFt

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- [USA](#)
- [Spain](#)

wetspace
WE_{tsp}ACE
wetpace

on (ly) on (bl) an {k p} age

Neni Ruslana

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- Indonesia



Veronika Zora Novak

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

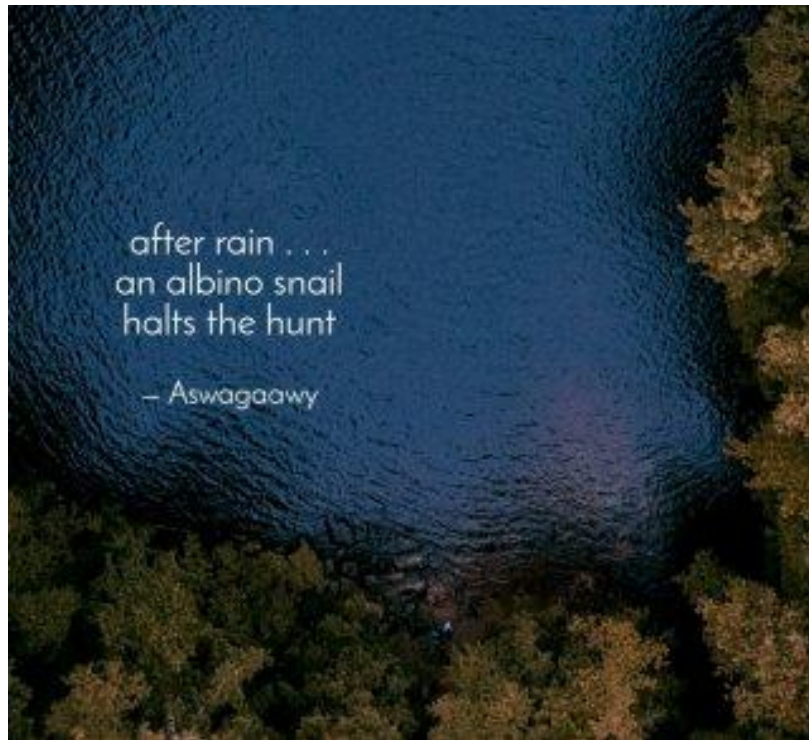
- [Canada](#)

dreamcatc(h)er

Taofeek Aswagaawy Ayeyemi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- **Nigeria**





*Odi forest
a frog on a frog
in the mud*

- Aswagaay

©Barnabas I. Atieno

Radostina Dragostinova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)



Irina Guliaeva

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

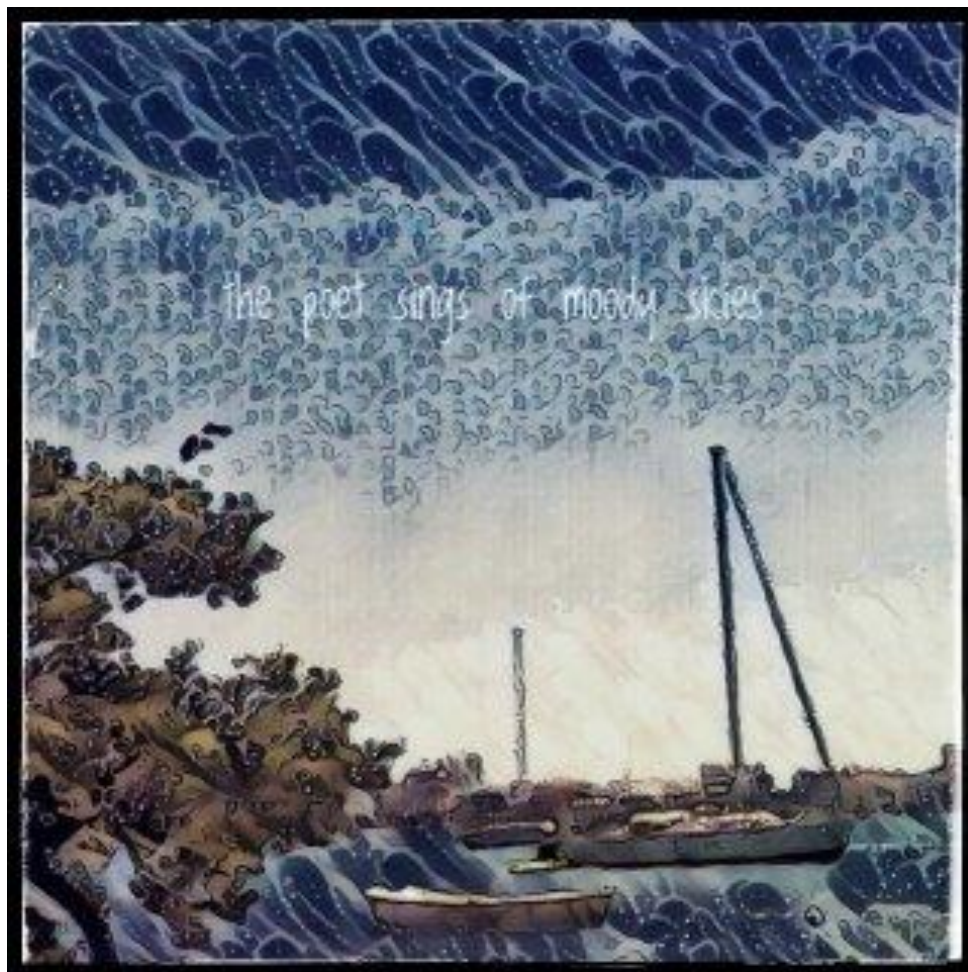
- [Russia](#)



Fores+

Mary Ellen Gambutti

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

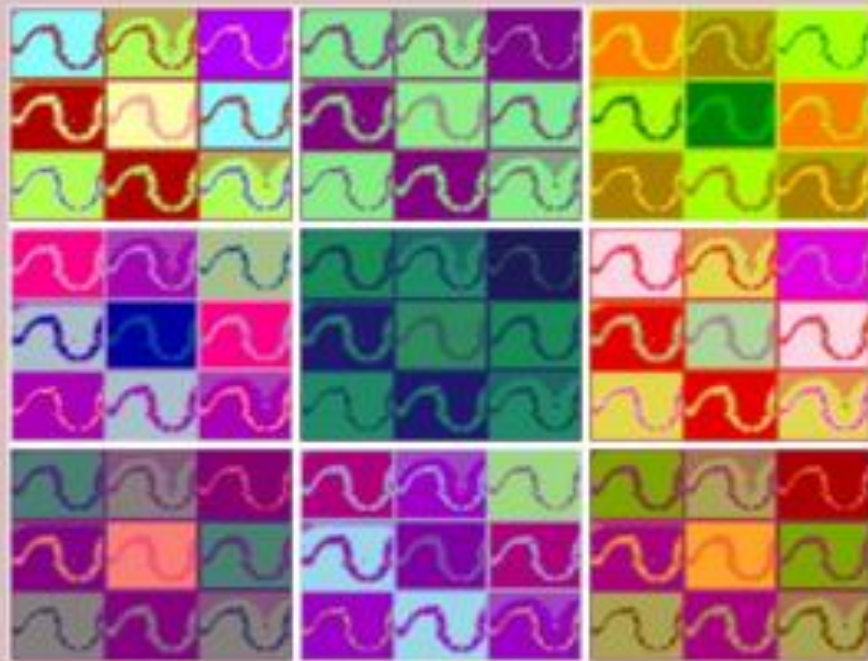


Cristina, Angelescu

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- Romania





Angelica Cristina

big questions of life -
a random variation
of x and why



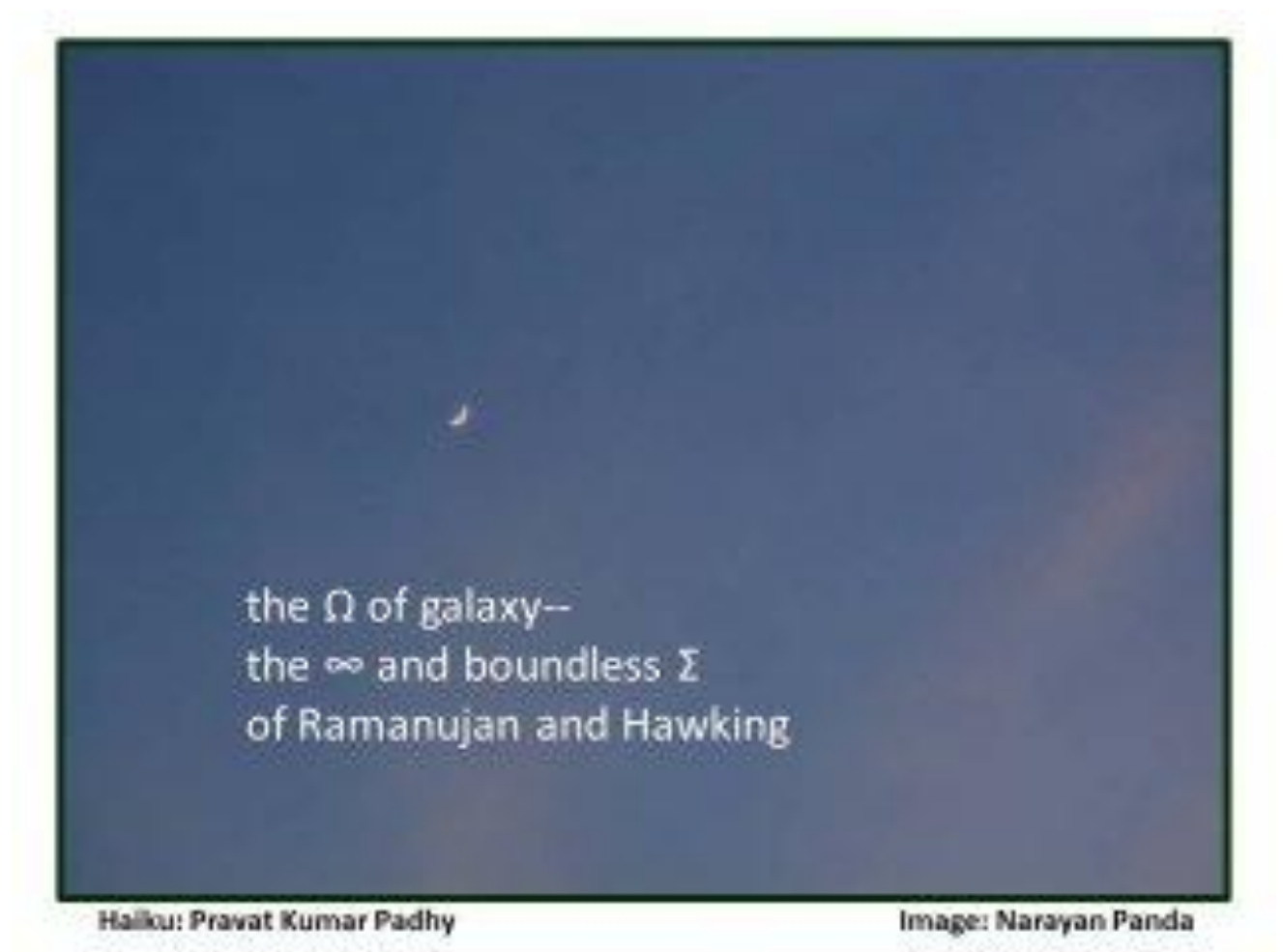
freezing rain -
so many bright spots
on my mother's scan

Angelica Cristina

Padhy, Pravat Kumar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

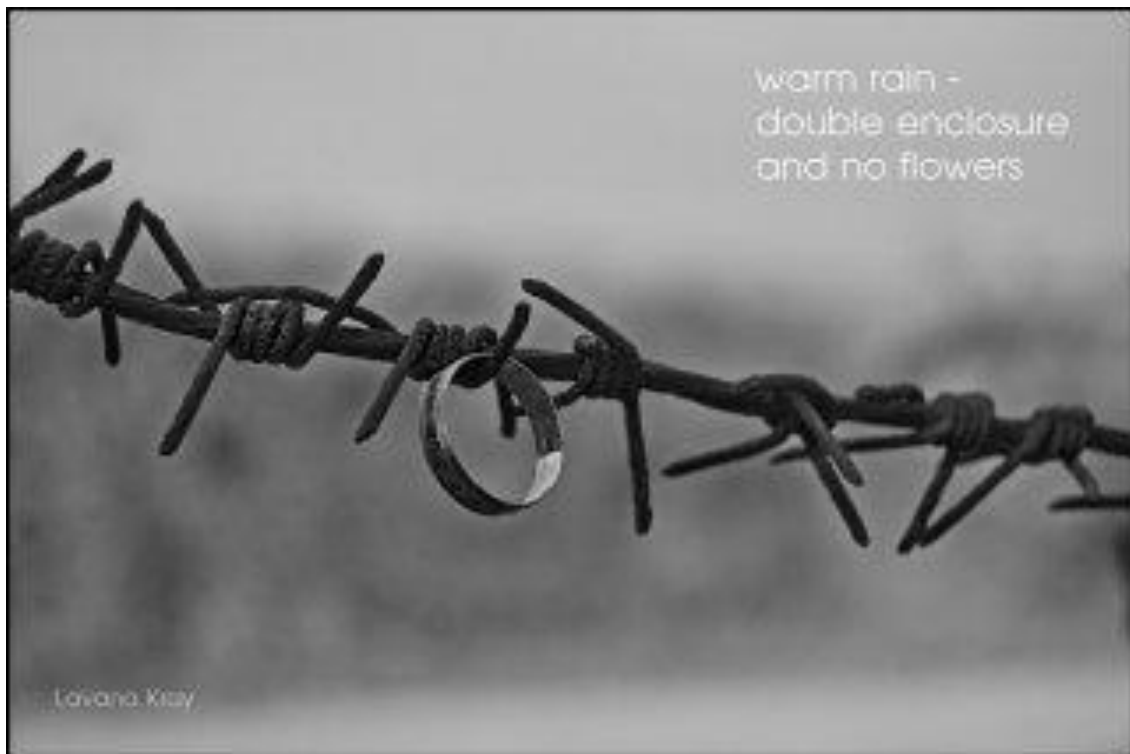
- India



Kray, Lavana

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

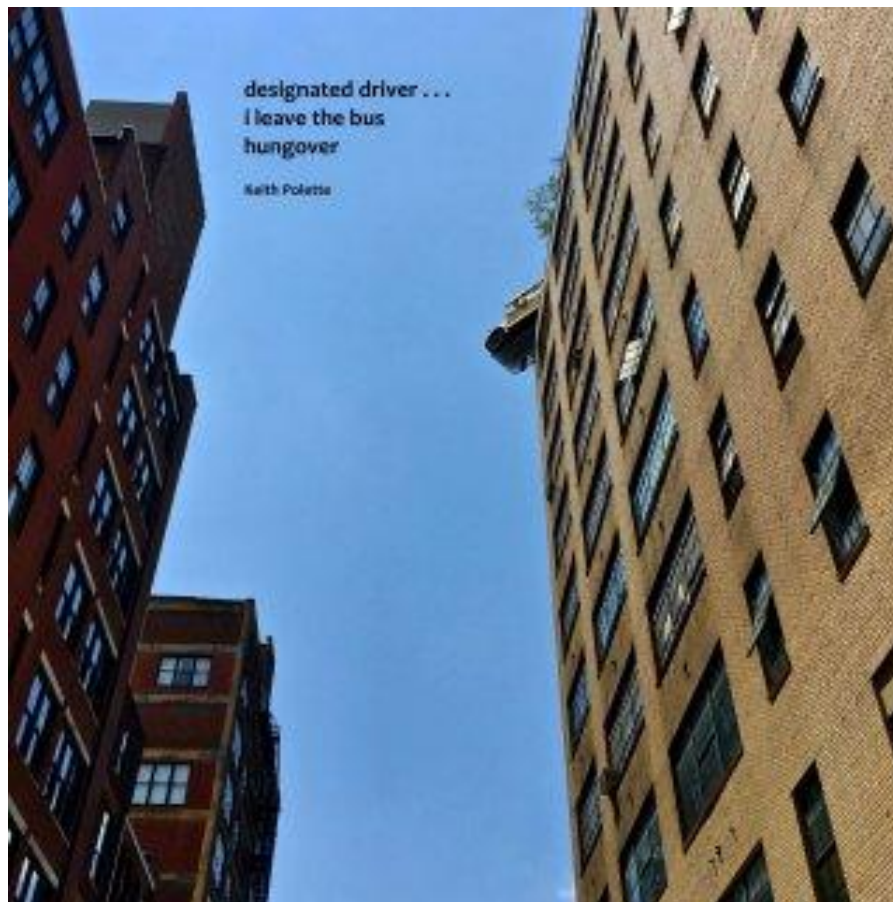
- Romania





Polette, Keith

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)



Shishkova, Tsanka

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)



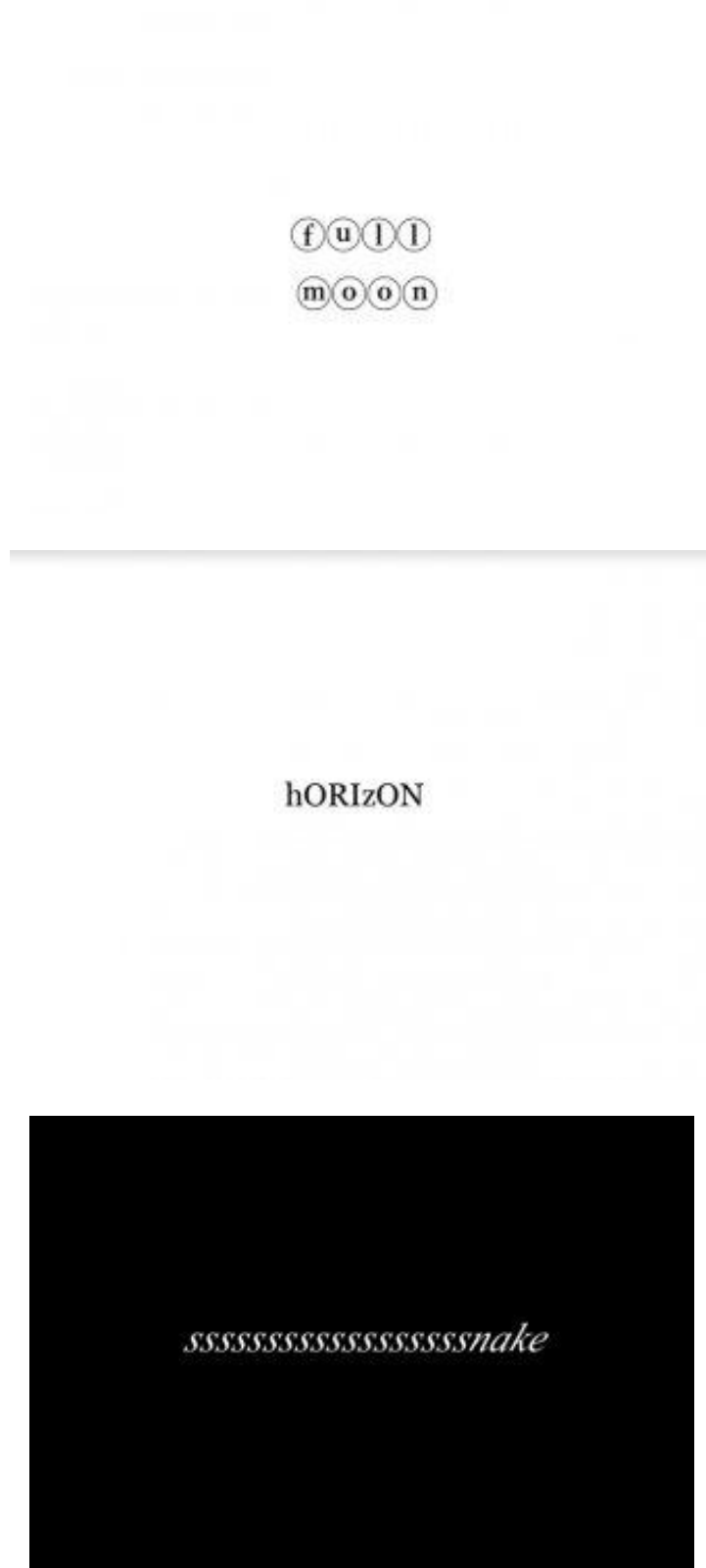
*strawberry fields ...
Beatles ..., my dad
and me*

Tsanka Shishkova

Schopfer, Olivier

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- Switzerland



sssssssssssssnakessssssssssssss

Gatalica, Goran

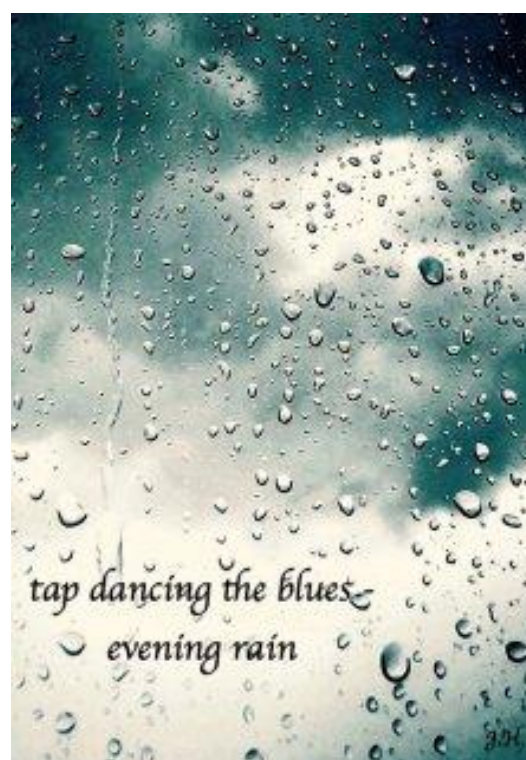
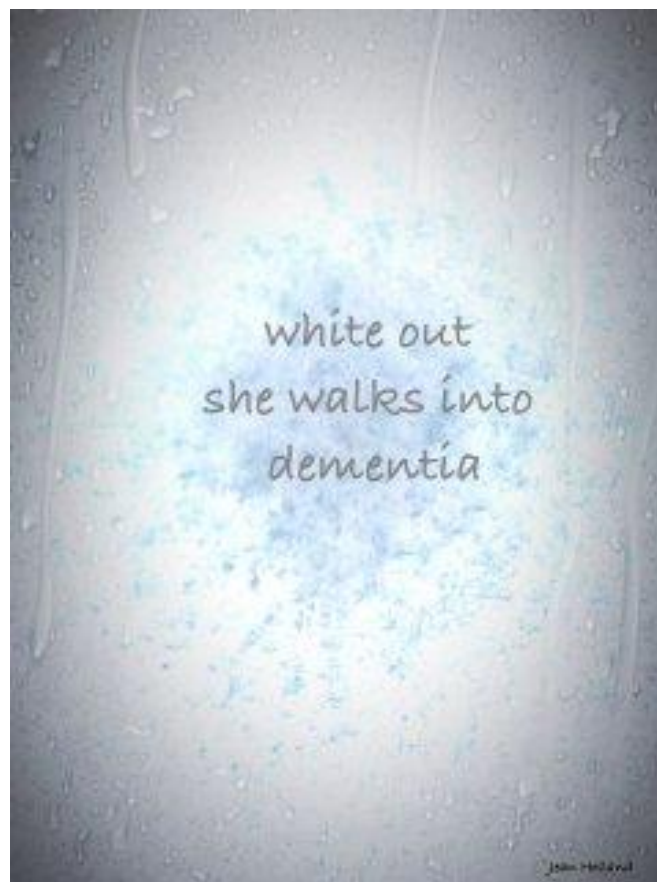
CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- Croatia



Holland, Jean

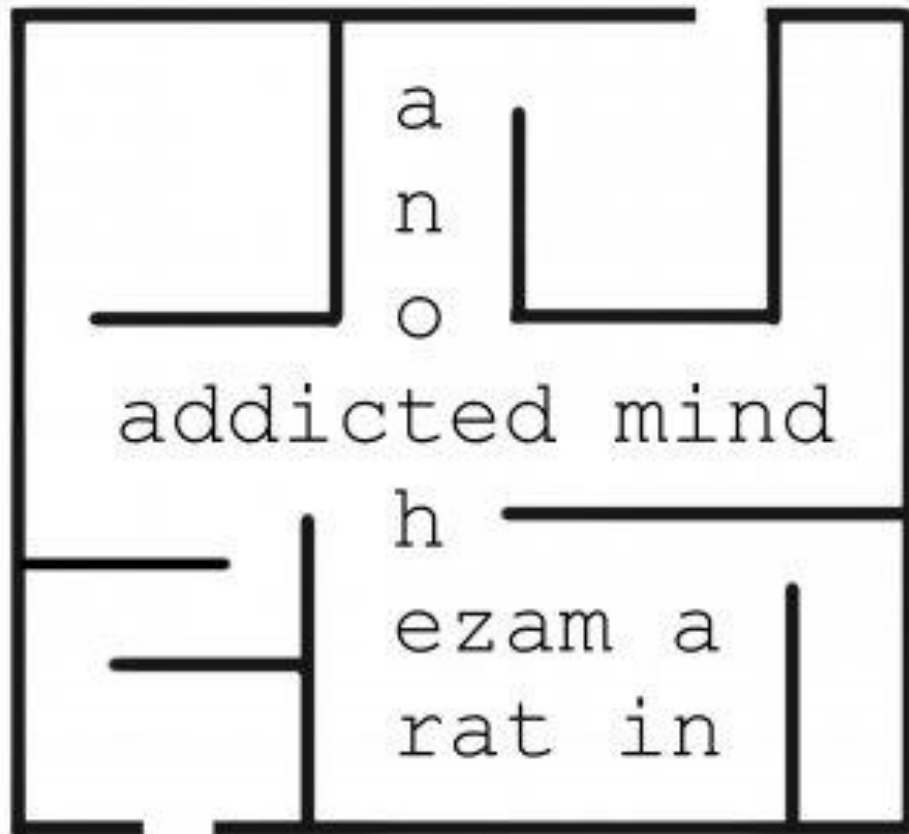
CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)



Grahn, Richard

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU](#)

- [USA](#)



Richard Grahn

HAIBUN

Ticking

WRITTEN BY MARK LEVY

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- **USA**

The body is an assemblage of cellular clocks of many different kinds. Not only does each clock need to tick regularly but it has to tick sequentially with other clocks for optimal health. Maybe if a cellular clock begins to malfunction others can take over. Maybe not.

running days
over
he turns to poetry

Crisis Point

WRITTEN BY DIANA WEBB ENGLAND

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

The shop just round the corner from my childhood home was opposite the recreation ground. It sold us sweets, ice-creams, fizzy drinks, basic provisions and papers. I went there once in the early sixties to be confronted by a placard stating ON THE BRINK.

bursting open
inside my mouth
a sherbet lemon

Just 40°

WRITTEN BY ANOTONIETTA LOSITO

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- [Italy](#)

The only thing I wanted was to make my migraine bearable, so I thought of the tonic that grandmother used for most of her diseases, including headaches. She kept it locked up in the pantry in a finely painted bottle. It smelled like kerosene. So I held my breath and swallowed a large glass in one go. In a matter of moments my eyes got cloudy and I started coughing. Those were just some of the "side effects" of my grandmother's famous medication.

two fingers of vodka -
the Virgin Mary statue
smiling at me

All The World's Scents

WRITTEN BY PRANITI GULYANI

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- [India](#)

The sourness of mountain surfaces and the crunchiness of raw, plain-land breeze. The velvety strips of night, specifically encircling the toughness of a moon crater. All the world's scents that thrive on your fingertips. Ah! The ever-changing aroma of the Northern Lights, so cold and mystical, and the defined truth of summer afternoons, the stickiness of Jalebi molasses, which leave translucent patches on my palms.

And then, I shall venture into wildflower evenings, where the "wildflowers" pose as botanical representations of the myriad hues of sunset. Over there, I shall ponder over my character. But, the character has departed, leaving me to stuff the world's fragrances into mere words.

windowpane...
a misty moment
of migrating birds

Summer Grass

WRITTEN BY PETER EARSMAN

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

From where I stand high on the hill behind the house, I see far below a few square yards of land enclosed in wrought-iron palings. The weeds within the fence are long and yellow-brown, all stiff and straight like bound and waiting hay.

I played on these brown hills when younger; dragged a wooden sled up rough-clay slopes. Then panting at the top, I'd belly down and rocket through the summer grass, my skinny legs behind for thistle, gorse and thorn to bite and sting. At the end of the day I'd pull my ugly little contraption home and let my mother dab iodine on the cuts and scratches. Standing stoic and doing my best to appear bored. Ah.

In folds of the earth
between dead, rolling brown hills
green ferns shade streams.

I choose a path to the little graveyard. If I were to take the shorter route, go straight down the steep slope to reach the valley, I would need to negotiate the huge dam of dark water cut into the hillside. I'm not sure my old arthritic hips would last the journey. I shade my eyes against the mid-morning sun. Even from here I can see where frogs ripple the water, and in the heavy mud surrounding the dam, deep sucking hoof-prints of wild cattle.

I decide to take the longer path to the left, down a gentler slope, skirt the dam then through a copse of sleeping broad-leaved trees.

Among the trees, the sun has gone, cool branches stroke my face and my boots sink easily into the soft damp earth. After a few minutes walk I sit on a rock to catch my breath. The air is heavy and still. No sound at all. I look down and see that my feet are firmly in the path of a line of ants. One by one they rush to bump into my left boot, investigate briefly then turn and scuttle back, pausing to talk to their rushing fellows as they pass. But the message is not received. Still they come. Run, bump, return.

In the dark moist earth
neon toadstools stand quietly
advertising

Ten years before, my brother Ian wrote to tell me that our Mum and Dad had both died, that I probably didn't care, and that was that. I didn't return home. What would I be returning to?

I continue through the gloom under the trees until I break out into the bright sunlight, just fifty yards from the little fence
As I walk slowly towards the tiny cemetery the coarse grass whistles against my jeans and the earth feels harsh after the moist leaf-mould under the trees.

I walk around the fence and find the gate on the far side. The catch has rusted tight. I kick it a few times but it remains closed. I struggle over the fence, carefully

lifting each leg clear of the spikes Pushing through the tops of the brittle grass are two flat, grey stones.

. Crouching before one of the stones I press the grass down so that I can read the inscription. My Dad's name is there, along with his birth and death dates. The letters and numbers are roughly formed and I feel that perhaps they were carved by a friend rather than by a professional. My Mother's stone is inscribed in the same amateur but loving way.

I decide to return to the house by way of the dam; up the steeper slope, through the whistling grass.

The long, gentle grass
parts to admit the walker
but closes behind.

2002

Notes On a Marriage

WRITTEN BY ED MARKOWSKI

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

Once you exchange vows and consummate the relationship should you cheat somewhere down the line, it won't matter how long the estrangement lasts or the pain of betrayal lingers. Even divorce will be nothing more than an illusion. Nor will it matter if you move to Manhattan, Mars, Montana, or Marquette. And, you can rest assured if you're kneeling in prayer with the faceless masses at a Vatican mass, lost on a Ginza sidewalk at rush hour, dancing beneath the sun at noon, or navigating your way through a moonlit dream, your Heroin will always know your exact location and come offering a kind of forgiveness you can't turn down.

heavy snow
sun spots dot
the panhandler's hand

6/17/2018

Haibun for Jude

WRITTEN BY KATHY EARSMAN

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- **Australia**

sky wide
paperbark in bloom –
a feather falls

Her funeral today. At this hour those who love her meet to say goodbye. Not only there in Dubbo, with her family, but in quiet places right around the world. We knew her on the internet and so it's fitting that together, far apart, we hold her in our hearts here in this Sky-Wide Church.

A bird drops a long feather. It spirals, wafts, settles without a sound. I remember how I wrote a note to her on paperbark, using a sharpened quill, because she loved all of life and birds especially. She still had it last month.

That's when we met for the first time. She was as I knew her. On the internet, via poetry, knowing comes from a deeper level.

sky wide
and back again –
the sea

I think about the way the sea reflects the sky, so it goes right to the edge of it and back, and then exchanges itself with it, in a cycle. Sea to sky, as evaporation, back again as rainfall, round and round, like the tides, like life.... some say that there is reincarnation too.

Goodbye my friend. Like the ocean to the shore, I will return here, as my memories turn and turn again.

Vigil

WRITTEN BY KATHY EARSMAN

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- **Australia**

I sit and hold her hand as night draws in. Crickets call, a bat lands clumsily outside the window, in the Tulip tree. A siren like a bird laments from far away.

curlew cry
an ambulance maps the streets
with sound.

She is dying. I watch her journey into the silent land . Her pulse falters.

Moonlight flickers shadows on the eaves.

She has a plain gold wedding ring which has worn a little ridge into her finger. Her hand is soft but firm, the nails well tended, the pads on her palm developed from constant work. There is a scar there, by her little finger, the silky tether of it long healed, but drawing up the flesh to a tender pucker.

Beyond the circle of lamp-light, images form... I see her peeling vegetables, basting roasts on cold winter nights. Light shines along the carving knife. The kitchen is warm, voices swirl around her, plates and people wait for service. Blood spills beneath the tap, spirals around the plughole like a galaxy.

Children splash in soapy water, their squirming bodies shine. The air is humid, bubbles burst with scents of summer flowers. She hefts each child efficiently, towels them dry with practiced ease, dresses them in fresh pyjamas.

Now in dappled morning, brushing shiny tangled hair. She fastens ribbons, holds the little head to her chest, then lifts the glowing face to her own, cups rosy cheeks lovingly. Her strong brown hands. They have wiped small noses and bottoms, bandaged hurts, mopped tears from flooding tragedy.

In this quiet room, her breathing changes. Small sighs are interspersed with long pauses. Blue shadows tint her nails. A chilly wind begins to whisper in the reeds.

Rain splatters the window, and under another lamp-light a woman knits, the bright wool cascading over nimble fingers, softly growing heavy under them, each row building memory into fabric.

stratified rock,
tree-rings, a jersey,
enfold time.

There's a film of sweat on her face. I sponge it gently away.

She's washing with a scrubbing board, bent over the sink, her hair damp with steam from the boiler, her face and hands red. There she is, standing tip-toe, her water-wrinkled fingers cool as they hang linen on a prop-held line, and later, she brings it in, tossing pegs into a tin bath, folds each item deftly.

Her dark hair spills across the pillow. They placed a red rose there.

Did these hands tend gardens? Did they gather flowers, arrange them carefully and place them where they would bring their stored sunshine to her world?

And now, beneath my own, winter creeps into her fingers... It is over. Her family couldn't bear to stay, but they wait, huddled together for warmth, at home.

autumn leaves
cluster
in the cold wind.

I rise and call her family. I am so sorry. It's Mothers' day.

Epic tale

WRITTEN BY KATHY EARSMAN

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- [Australia](#)

We had a pet budgie, that belonged to my brother John. It flew free in the house and we all loved it. But it took sick. John snuggled it into a shoebox with some chook feathers and we put it near the coal range to keep warm. But that night it died. I had this book about taxidermy, so Mum and I decided to give John the gift of his Bobby to be near him forever.

Ahem. It didn't work. The skinning went OK, and the curing of alum, that was way too brief. We took its brains out with a teaspoon. It was awful. We stuffed its little body with cotton wool and sewed it up.

Now, when we took the skin off, the incisions were across the chest and down the middle to the vent. But we sewed it up straight down the middle. Result, one long bird.

So. Quick unpick. Restuffed with sawdust.

But. The feather shafts, sticking through the skin, got disrupted. They went all scruffy, thither and yon, this way and that.
Mum suggested giving the neighbour's cat a fright. We had to laugh, being kind to each other and ourselves. It was a nightmare.

We tried to set it in the fridge, but the next morning the legs were straight out behind it and it was just as we'd left it.

We popped it back in the shoebox before John got up, and when he did, he came straight out and said, "How's Bobby?"
Mum said, "I'm sorry son, but he's dead."
"No he's not! He's NOT!" cried John, rushing to the shoebox, where he dropped to his knees, hunched over, gentle hands down to the box.
We held our breath, waiting for my brother's reaction. At last he said,
"Oh boy, he SURE IS!"

a child kneels
by this cross of sticks
with violets

Remnants

WRITTEN BY EDUARD SCHMIDT-ZORNER

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- **Ireland**

The narrow lane leads to the abandoned farmhouse, hidden behind blackberry bushes. The fence is still recognizable. The gateposts lean sideways; the gate is rusty and falls apart.

The roof beams can be seen between broken slates and tufts of grass. Flaking white colour matures on the walls.

A holy figure is faintly visible behind the dust and spider web covered window panes. Swallows announcing spring build their nests under the gutters. The wooden door, in faded red, opens for the midday sun.

Inside there is a dresser with broken crockery; a table with a mass leaflet on top, dating from Christmas 2007; a crossword puzzle, which has not been finished; and a chair with three legs. The fireplace seems long unattended.

stone wall
a snail leaves traces
on worn leather

Scars

WRITTEN BY YESHA SHAH

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

- **India**

'I love these spring blossoms, yes the pale pink ones. Plant them over my grave...' I tell her. She rolls her eyes.

I've said the same about plumerias and scarlet gulmohars.

Would it be too much of an effort for them, after me, I mean getting them from the nursery? But I'd be cremated, in all probability, turned into ashes. And haven't I, repeatedly, asked them to donate my organs? I can be quite a handful.

settling dusk
the moon hangs
on power cables

A Talk With God

WRITTEN BY PRIS CAMPBELL

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - HAIBUN](#)

I grew up in a little church-going southern town and always said prayers with Mother at bedtime. I surprised her one night when I deviated from 'if I die before I wake'.

'God bless mother and daddy and Mama Jackson and Aunt Orpha and everybody I know except Harry next door, God, because he thought he was being funny and grabbed me after kindergarten and he flipped me over and made my pigtail come loose. Alma couldn't fix it so I had to wait two whole hours with my hair hanging down on one side like a dummy until Mother came home'.

My ban on God blessing Harry went on for the rest of the week as Mother pleaded with me for my forgiveness. 'No, Mother. God has to know!'

rainfall over
sunlight reaches
the underbrush

LINKED FORMS

The Maestro

WRITTEN BY ELISA THERIANA & RAY CALIGIURI

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 NOVEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

- [Indonesia](#)

starry night...
can you see the swirls
of my sanity?

*on the easel blood drops catch
the morning light*

learning the truth
of fleeting dreams
self portrait

*rising moon over
wheat sheaves vibrate
a red haze*

just one summer not alone
golden hue of sunflowers

*on the borderline
wheatskymoon
waver and merge*

Elisa Theriana, Bandung, Indonesia
Ray Caligiuri, Beaverton, Oregon, USA

House Entomology

WRITTEN BY DEREK ADAMS

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 11 NOVEMBER 2019

- [England](#)

under night's cover
small beetles ratter-tat-tap
on ancient oak beams

moon's light through window
white squares on the kitchen floor
crossed by a black beetle

moth dressed in white light
tapping softly on the glass
craves the bedside lamp

hatched from the wood pile
by the fire's warmth, a surprise;
winter butterfly

Yellowhammer

WRITTEN BY JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 NOVEMBER 2019

a yellowhammer lest you should mourn your ship

elevating an olive to a planetary state using chairs only

still orange red purple earlier sunset

shortening the days you thought would fit in a shoebox

in a dream your old screams reappear with faces you can't recall

where the land ends the sea begins or a falling yellowhammer

At Winter's Feet

WRITTEN BY JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 NOVEMBER 2019

- [Denmark](#)

then you just stop being rain

November
no more birds
exits the blue piano

your shadow of nails moves into a cat

now
forgetting the reason
you forget

hat of gravel
Onan's children of grass
invent deserts

the new Almanac empty of sheep

the teeth in our sleep
means the river will
take on human form

Narices

WRITTEN BY ROBERTA BEACH JACOBSON

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 02 NOVEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

painting class
my three noses
repositioned

avalanche
rescue
poke of the dog nose

art museum all the square noses

snow melt
one carrot down

newborn baby his daddy's nose

Probing the Night

WRITTEN BY ADJEI AGYEI-BAAH

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 31 OCTOBER 2019

- [Ghana](#) [New Zealand](#)

moonlit night
the heavy breast
of a child prostitute

caught in my headlight
the prostitute lifts
her middle finger

low cut dress
the aged prostitute reveals
youthful legs

a crucifix between
the prostitute's breast
distant temple bells

evening rain...
the prostitutes' fire
dying out

Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark

WRITTEN BY HANSHA TEKI & CLAYTON BEACH

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 OCTOBER 2019

- [USA](#) [New Zealand](#)

french horns
green the ambience . . .
forest light

*a fox hunkers down
by the river*

the silence
a little deeper
in the flow

*cicada cries intensify
along the fault*

imago
left within our selves
not our stars

*like the face now
worn smooth away
from an ancient coin*

from the bathroom mirror
a moment's self-effacement

*the come-down
from the razor's edge
snowmelt*

dripping the excess many
when just the one will do

*under the streetlight
even the crows have
high cholesterol*

Hansha Teki
Clayton Beach

pearls before swine

WRITTEN BY CLAYTON BEACH & HANSHA TEKI

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 OCTOBER 2019

- [USA](#) [New Zealand](#)

misty moonlight—
my love affair with a snake
between dreams

*these arms left holding
the skin of passion*

now flakes of bone
a portrait in the steel
of a rongeur

*a rat gnaws away
at my memories*

the wheel grinds on
whether the stars
will it or not

*despite all
Polycarp is baked
to perfection*

the play of stained light
in wisps of incense

*the holy glow
of each minim mote
the dust we are*

subtle accretions
of harmonies intoned

*a medley
of nacreous spheres
in swine swill*

Clayton Beach
Hansha Teki

About my mortality

WRITTEN BY ELISA THERIANA

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 OCTOBER 2019

- [Indonesia](#)

escaping
your touch on my skin
autumn drizzle

lost and found
he said I know you
from another life

deep in the snow
deep in my dream
death is...

gibbous moon
waxing or waning
the tint of my sins

every crack
of heart
he promises me
it mends
itself

Time passing

WRITTEN BY ELISA THERIANA

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 OCTOBER 2019

- [Indonesia](#)

leaving just dust
after we touch
red butterfly

stars aligned
my eyes slowly trace
his laugh lines

spilled tea
a decade
not letting go

this heat embracing my forgetfulness

humming
he loves me,
not...
in her hand
a sunflower

tan renga #1

WRITTEN BY MA. MILAGROS T. DUMDUM & SIMEON DUMDUM JR.

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 OCTOBER 2019

- [The Philippines](#)

I try to recall
A piece of glass, the color
Ruby, a birthstone.

Where did I put it away?
If I lost it, where was I?

tan renga #2

WRITTEN BY MA. MILAGROS T. DUMDUM & SIMEON DUMDUM JR.

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 26 OCTOBER 2019

- [The Philippines](#)

Ruby, mother says,
used to grow on trees as fruit,
and by some magic

I would, if i ate this fruit,
Awaken with ruby lips

Ma. Milagros T. Dumdum
Simeon Dumdum Jr.

Sequence of Parallel Haiku

WRITTEN BY FRACTLED CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 SEPTEMBER 2019

- [USA](#)

summer's end	<i>heavy rain</i>	pouring heat	<i>into starlight</i>
an afterthought	<i>the river cracks</i>	amongst shadows	<i>that bleeds</i>
of pond song	<i>on lips</i>	dripping sweat	<i>more tears</i>
damp morning	<i>mushrooms</i>	at its peak	<i>with clarity</i>
a day to pick	<i>on this day</i>	of becoming	<i>the unknown</i>
an altered state	<i>the unveiling</i>	this fog	<i>fall and fall</i>
prison fight	<i>by noon</i>	the outbreak	<i>bites</i>
arms flap out	<i>solitary confinement</i>	as minds claw	<i>deeper scars</i>
and snow angels	<i>of winter</i>	this cold	<i>to no end</i>
a new start	<i>passes down</i>	binary codes	<i>of souls</i>
the DNA footprint	<i>to the marrow</i>	every moment	<i>rotting away</i>
of withered grass	<i>early spring</i>	to clean	<i>by day moon</i>
summer again	<i>another poem</i>	as day breaks	<i>lili</i>
back to where	<i>this sleepless night</i>	into a dove's coo	<i>out of nowhere</i>
back to now	<i>the mosquito</i>	a buzz	<i>in my mind</i>

Fractled
(USA)

Rome, That Autumn

WRITTEN BY MARIETTA MCGREGOR

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 SEPTEMBER 2019

- **Australia**

bus tickets served
with morning smoke
and a sizzle of gossip

glimpse of a day moon
through the bell tower

a cavalry of nuns
storming the stop signs
in Piazza Venezia

high above the king's legs
astride a bronze charger

the big reveal
of that third espresso
in a bar's doorless WC

an old crone sweeps away
at one patch of floor

feeling touched
on the bus to St Peters
wallet's off with angels

uplifting (g)lances
of a Swiss Guard

snow-cold aqua
from a Roman fountain
stabs my old teeth

pizza with a knife and fork
and waiters' cheesy grins

the bidet's relief
from top to bottom
of a footsore tourist

Great Grandma

WRITTEN BY JACOB SALZER

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 29 AUGUST 2019

- [USA](#)

in silence
the old woman's head
sinks to her chest

vacant eyes
words escape
great grandma

whispering: be careful
sound of a door closing

telling stories
she stops
mid-sentence

theater of the absurd
she never liked politics

cracking jokes
great grandma laughs
one last time

lights out
the ceiling fan
keeps spinning

Bottom of the 9th

WRITTEN BY JACOB SALZER

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 29 AUGUST 2019

- **USA**

bottom of the 9th
drops of moonlight
on the pitcher's face

strangers huddled together
without names

fly-out
a baseball player
waves at the moon

under bright lights
the constant hum of conversation

a hushed silence
after the pitcher throws
another strike

SMACK! the baseball disappears
into the crowd

sudden downpour
a thousand pairs of hands
clapping

Reminiscence of the Amenable Formalities

WRITTEN BY JACOB KOBINA AYIAH MENSAH

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 JUNE 2019

it rains among boisterous cries from a foot passenger

no sufficient margin to comply in duplication

formal nights at a warehouse door
that small stature

that forbidden place is erased with two nights

fifteen victims are sent home
rust and rot in the grimy cellar

pointing in my direction
claimed to cool down again

the child's chair
a closer recognition
until nothing is reached

eyebrows elevating
who purchases
what sizes and patterns

in motion state
once or twice before
shaking the head

the muddy sky
a crow's presence

Water Bugs

WRITTEN BY DAVE READ CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 JUNE 2019

- [Canada](#)

lap after lap
at the YMCA, an old man
stroking time

face down
in the shallow end
the drowning
of these dreams

water bugs!
the stream alive
with kids!*

moss-slicked rocks
she grips
her mother's hand

night fishing
reeling
in weed

catch and release
a hook pricks
my conscience

camp out ...
the lake plays host
to starlight

back to school
the outdoor pool
full of leaves

**after Issa*

The Voyage

WRITTEN BY HELGA STANIA (SWITZERLAND) AND RAMONA LINKE
(GERMANY)

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - LINKED FORMS](#) PUBLISHED: 20 MARCH 2019

- Jûnichô

forest pond the larches' yellow pulse

carrying Neo Rauch's *Homecoming* home

the father the son *the road* nothing but desolation

in the archipelago they listen to the break of dawn

detect a future at the edge of our words

with modesty while journeying through the Tao

Fluxus concert—anticipate the first beat of the beat

and talks... talks... about climate protection

prepare the brightest room for the foster child

on a gentle swell these disembodied days

ritual of forgiveness we hold hands

leaves fall during the tea ceremony

HS 1;3;5;8;10;12

RL 2;4;6;7;9;11;

POETS' PERSONAL BEST

Ken Sawitri

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Indonesia](#)

Rushing river
a finch calling to a finch
... silence

NHK Haiku Masters Video on Demand Ep.9
'Hatakeyama Memorial Museum of Fine Art - Tokyo'

Nadejda Kostadinova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)

sighs
the night
sky

The Haiku Foundation/Haiku Dialogue on the brevity theme, August, 2019

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [India](#)

slicing a pumpkin
mother talks of my sister
elsewhere

Wales Haiku Journal, Autumn 2019 issue

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [India](#)

slicing a pumpkin
mother talks of my sister
elsewhere

Wales Haiku Journal, Autumn 2019 issue

Zornitza Harizanova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)

deserted subway
a stray dog seeks warmth
in bygone footsteps

(2nd prize in the 12th International Festival „Melnik Evenings of Poetry”, 2014;
Published in English as haiga in: Every Chicken, Cow, Fish and Frog: Animal Rights
Haiku Anthology, 2016, and in Bulgarian in: Cultural Palette, Pernik 2016 and New
Social Poetry Journal, March, 2017)

Madhuri Pillai

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Australia](#)

vacuuming fruit flies my karmic overload

Human/Kind, May 2019

Lorin Ford

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Australia](#)

dusk on the river the bunyip's cold breath

[Windfall](#) Issue 4, January 2016

Debbie Strange

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Canada](#)

bioluminescence
I skip a pebble across
the universe

1st Place, 2019 OtherWordly Intergalactic Haiku Competition
(first publication in *Seashores*, Volume 2, April 2019)

Lisa Espenmiller

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

another dry year
tap water
spills through my hands

Modern Haiku, Issue 46:1, Feb., 2015

Helen Buckingham

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [United Kingdom](#)

briefly part
of my own life
memorial swing

Wales Haiku Journal, Autumn 2019

Iliyana Stoyanova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [United Kingdom](#)

tombstone in moss
inside the dewdrop
she almost smiles

Presence #62

Joanne van Helvoort

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [The Netherlands](#)

early snow
we stay awake
to hear the cranes

Acorn: fall 2018

Philip Whitley

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

at her touch the river points upstream

Under the Bashō 07 November 2018

Nikolay Grankin

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Russia](#)

mountain village
the cemetery a little higher
than the church

The First Morioka International Haiku Contest
Honorable Mention

Florin Golban

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Romania](#)

a sparrow
on the willow branch -
month decreasing

Haikuniverse, October 22th, 2019

Billy Antonio

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [The Philippines](#)

the dwindling woodpile
father's last
breaths

[Harusame](#), 2019-01-09

Ma. Milagros T. Dumdum

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [The Philippines](#)

The afternoon sun
plays slow jazz with the shadows —
the road as keyboard

Kinaadman (Wisdom), A Journal of Southern Philippines, Volume XL, 2018

Mike Gallagher

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Ireland](#)

lovers —
the intimacy
of shadows

Stardust Haiku. Issue 30 - June 2019

Vessislava Savova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)

starry sky
I forget to look for
fireflies

Other Wordly Intergalactic Haiku, honorable mention/2019

Marina Bellini

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Italy](#)

I place you
on the last flower
dying butterfly

Mainichi Daily Haiku: 21/12/2018

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [The Netherlands](#)

leaving my heart
a long way behind
ice moon

Cattails, October 2019

Lori Ann Minor

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

summer the heat of his punch

[Troutswirl - Haiku Dialogue: Poet's Choice, monoku](#)

Angiola Inglese

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Italy](#)

last night
of falling stars –
hysterectomy

Mainichi 02.01.2019

Kat Lehmann

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

earthworm
the angle
of the robin's head

Frogpond volume 42.2 (2019)

Elmedin Kadric

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Sweden](#)

childless
the fragrance
of snow

[The Heron's Nest, Volume XXI, Number 3: September 2019](#)

Christina Chin

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Malaysia](#)

tottering first steps
his scrap paper kite
drags and bobs

[ESUJ Haiku, October 2019](#)

Réka Nyitrai

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Romania](#)

a book of rain...
my father, now
a brown butterfly

[Otata Issue 44, 2019](#)

Gary Hittmeyer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

hidden rills
the waterfalls splashing
moonlight

cattails [Oct 2019](#)

Vandana Parashar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [India](#)

what's this fuss
about being light skinned...
raven clouds

Yamadera Bashō Memorial Museum English Haiku Contest, 2019

Margherita Petriccione

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Italy](#)

a wave...
and while I say it
it's gone

Haikuniverse 26-01 -2019

Marion Clarke

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Northern Ireland](#)



Eva Joan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Germany](#)

only my footprints
follow me on the wet sand
quite out of breath

nur meine Spuren
folgen mir im nassen Sand
ganz außer Atem

Chrysanthemum (April 2019)

Veronika Zora Novak

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Canada](#)

becoming autumn
the voice of the mountain
river

Akitsu Quarterly Winter Issue 2018

Marietta McGregor

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Australia](#)

this potato peeler
my mother used
skins my knuckle too

Nick Virgilio Writers House Poetry: Haiku, Senryu and Tanka, Volume 1, 2019, page 28

Lucy Whitehead

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

a dream
that I can dance again
wild rain

Modern Haiku 50.2, 2019

Srinivas S

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [India](#)

silently
the gossip spreads
evening rain

Haiku Presence, Issue 64

Rp Verlaine

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

total eclipse the moon feels the same as me

Under the Basho 2019

Radostina Dragostinova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)

paper boat
my daughter explaining the sea
to the dolls

Frogpond vol.41:2/ 2018

Natalia Kuznetsova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Russia](#)

in the rubble -
staring into the sky
a crippled doll

World Haiku Festival, 2010, Nagasaki (Honourable Mention)

Colleen M. Farrelly

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

Fires and Stones

A street preacher spitting fire and brimstone, warning of the Day of the Lord to the brother in the back, who's casually slipping something to another's hand. The sister in the front, crying out with the Spirit, tears smearing her heavy make-up, confessing until it's time to turn another trick for food. Fire and brimstone to scare the children straight and stave off his next fix. Fire and brimstone to whip the followers into a frenzy and fill his "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" wallet.

a mitten
marring the freshly-fallen snow —
childhood lost

A few blocks away, we share half a gyro and a heart-led prayer on the stone wall outside the homeless shelter. A flick. A small flame from the lighter finally sparks his cigarette and un-nums our hands. I'll be back in the morning, but he'll be gone to wherever he goes.

warm ashes —
night stars calling lost souls
home

Haibun Today, December 2018

Adjei Agyei-Baah

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Ghana](#) [New Zealand](#)

fireworks
my son asks
if heaven could catch fire

Frogpond #42.2 – 2019

Radka Mindova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)

blossoming cherries...
an unknown child
takes my hand

Bulgarian International Haiku Competition 2019 Winner

Steliana Voicu

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Romania](#)

magnolia in bloom --
my secret garden
is no longer secret

The Mainichi - 3 March 2018

Gregory Longenecker

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

music box somewhere Inside yesterday

Sonic Boom. March, 2017

brett brady

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

flute notes
fluttering
petals

[2018 Harold G. Henderson Haiku Awards - second place](#)

Fractled

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

spring cleaning—
he finally comes out
of the closet

Frogpond #42.1 - 2019

Robert Kingston

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [United Kingdom](#)

not yet spring
the neighbour's ball still
in the garden

Winner 2016 British Haiku Society annual competition

Darell Lindsey

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

spring garden
the color returns
to her cheeks

[winner - Polish International Haiku Competition 2017](#)

also published in [a hole in the light: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2018](#) ([Red Moon Press, 2019](#))

Anna Maris

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Sweden](#)

the way to work
the way home from work
winter darkness

[The Haiku Calendar 2020](#) ([Snapshot Press, 2019](#))

Mark Gilbert

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

global warming
too many sheets
in the shredder

Michael Smeer's 2nd Annual Haiku for Change Event Anthology (Sept-17)

Roberta Beach Jacobson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

tonight's
crescent moon
- more than just a comma

The Pangolin Review, Issue 6 (8 September 2018)

Alegria Imperial

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

fountain plume
on the boy's tongue
a rainbow

Mayfly issue 64, 2018

Pawel Markiewicz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- **Poland**

the rime and icicle
I am philosophising
about your frostbite

Ginyu No 75 Tokio (Japan)

Richard Grahm

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- **USA**

South of Tomorrow

A peaceful country road winds its way through the quiet fields and pastures just south of the Mason-Dixon Line here in Maryland. This lazy pathway is not encumbered with bumper-to-bumper traffic, the honking of horns or the sounds of marching armies. In fact, the only real commotion here is caused by a few red-winged blackbirds flitting about; squabbling over whatever piece of real estate it is that they're hell-bent on plundering next. The occasional tractor chugs by and, every so often, a car. The Doppler Effect seems very noticeable here or so I've noticed. I was aimlessly driving my own car down this road when I just had to stop, get out, and listen to the view.

dragonflies stirring...
imprints of wind
on a cloud

The scent of hay, corn, fresh-tilled earth and cow manure mingle together and saturate the warm summer air. It's a country thing. As you might guess, there's a lot that goes into concocting the average bucolic day but I'm just a tourist passing by. What do I know?

A grasshopper jumps out of the tall grass beside the road and lands at my feet. I'm careful not to step on it as I get back into the car and start the engine. The noise shocks the air and the grasshopper wings away. I pull back onto the road, lost in the sound of the waves I'm making, semi-oblivious to my own existence and overcome with a sudden urge to turn on the radio and listen to some country music.

Goran Gatalica

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Croatia](#)

thinking of war -
wrapped in barbed wire
fragile butterfly

The Basho-an Award, Tokyo, Japan, 2018.

Tsanka Shishkova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Bulgaria](#)

anniversary ...
forget-me-nots
on the grave

Wild Plum - Fall & Winter 2016

Olivier Schopfer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Switzerland](#)

summer night
from an open window
smooth jazz

Polish International Haiku Competition 2018, commended haiku

Elaine Wilburt

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

empty fields
through frost lace on the glass—
silent night

C-U Haiku, The News-Gazette, 12.09.18

Irina Guliaeva

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Russia](#)

charm bracelet
the beads
from the different husbands

Failed Haiku, Volume 3, Issue 36, December 2018

Praniti Gulyani

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [India](#)

dishwashing...
she shelves her dreams
with glass plates

Mainichi Haiku Contest 2018: 2nd Prize, Children's Section.

Veronika Zora Novak

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Canada](#)

re-inventing the sound of sky starlings

[_Failed Haiku #37](#)

Bruce H. Feingold

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [USA](#)

moonless night –
my reclusive neighbor
points out Jupiter

Modern Haiku – 41.3 autumn 2010

Republished in: *evolution: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2010* (Red Moon Press, 2011)

Simon Hanson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - POET'S PERSONAL BEST](#)

- [Australia](#)

beyond the reach of light luminous fish

[Irish Haiku Society International Haiku Competition 2018, second place](#)

ESSAYS

Forum Workshopping — a Glance at Ethics

Is it true?

It's an apparent tradition that, when workshopping a haiku, no matter how much the haiku has been edited by others, it remains a 100% owned by the original poet — it's their poem — their credit. Should it be?

The notion has been that, regardless of how many words have been changed, possibly even if every word has been changed by workshop contributors, the poem remains the original poet's work — receiving complete credit. Haiku poets have been sold that the "idea" of the poem is the real poem while the actual words are mere tools; but, what if edits make material changes to the original idea? Is it a new and different haiku? And, wouldn't it, therefore, be a collaboration of which screams for credits be given to everyone involved? Today, I ponder, even question the unwritten code. It seems to me that a heavily edited/workshopped haiku may easily become more of a collaborative effort than an individual's personal work negating the single credit culture in lieu of acknowledging all poets/editors involved in developing the final version.

Is it Ethical?

What or where is the threshold? When does a heavily edited haiku change ownership, if ever — or should it? When a lone poet submits a haiku for publication, is it important to readers to know whose work it honestly is? The question is, if the haiku has been severely revised in a forum, hasn't it become a collaborative effort — or at least in danger of doing so? Has it lost the true touch of the original poet? Does it reflect the poet's true ability and authentic voice? Yes, it is widely customary for folks to submit haiku that have been "washed clean" in a forum of amateur to professional editors. The question remains, never-the-less, "How many words can be changed before the poem is no longer the genuine work of the original poet?"

Haiku are created with an extremely limited number of words. They often have 9 words (in English) or even less. If you change only two words, nearly a quarter of the haiku has been revised. When the originator isn't the one making the changes through their own poetic skills, isn't the poem, in all honesty, no longer completely theirs? I've witnessed haiku become completely re-written while the originator continues to assume complete credit; yes, it is customary, but is it authentic? Do we accept the practice because it is tradition; or do we, step back, take a moment, and rethink it? Should it be?

How about Beginners?

I concede that workshopping is the most effective way for a beginner to learn "how-to-haiku." How else would one learn? However, for the more advanced, shouldn't they claim their work; shouldn't they receive the yes and no from the editors at large on their own skill and merit?

Possibly, their work will continue to mature as they continue to write; possibly, their work will improve as they receive and reconcile criticisms? Mozart wrote music; every note was his. Picasso didn't have others paint for him while he claimed the painting. On and on, artists have stood on their own merit. Yes, I imagine we can list exceptions but, as we know and might concede, exceptions shouldn't be the rule. But, beginners?

Collaborate is defined as:

verb (no object)

"Work jointly on an activity, especially to produce or create something."

Custom? Or Truth?

We have to compare custom with truth. Is it true that a haiku, when heavily edited, is the work of one person? We have to answer this question carefully and yet, without inhibition; the answer must be ethical and authentic.

Another significant question arises, "How do haiku poets feel when they read their poem in a journal while knowing that the haiku has been heavily edited and not fully theirs? Is there a poetic conscience? Or does poetic license (tradition, in this case) subsidize a poet's confidence enough to look at readers and declare, "I wrote it, it's mine." Custom? Truth? Untrue?

As a final pondering, it's likely that none of this matters. Readers often detach from the behind-the-scenes of a haiku to simply enjoy the moment, without regard to such details. A terrific reader is hungry and craves to be affected by the poem, not necessarily by the name of the poet or by what process the haiku arrived. The reader may simply succumb to the "dream-room" of the haiku — possibly, nothing else matters. I likely fall into this group — I simply desire to be moved by a well-groomed haiku (for my pleasure); I want to be taken away to different worlds: I thrive on the opportunity to resonate with a haiku regardless of how it came to be. And yet?

Don

Editor-in-Chief

Going On With Basho

WRITTEN BY SCOTT WATSON

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ESSAYS](#)

From the beginning I want to point out that, because there are various English versions of Basho's masterpiece, each with its own title, I'm going to refer to it in its original Japanese, *Oku no Hosomichi*.

I'll begin by telling you a little about my reasons and intentions for undertaking a translation of that. Then I'll mention a few points about the translation itself, and, finally, I will offer a personal response to Basho's poetry.

How many here have read Basho in his original Japanese? If you have, you may have experienced some degree of difficulty. The text I used was brought out by a publisher called Shogakukan. In the middle of each page were Basho's own words. At the bottom there was a modern Japanese easy-read explanatory text, and at the top there were notes teaching readers about various people, places, and things Basho mentions. It was rough going for me. It took me three years to read it.

I was in no way prepared. One might say I cut my teeth on Basho's masterpiece. In no way qualified, not a graduate of any Japanese language program, not a student of any famous scholar, without a university degree in Japanese literature, and without any guidance at all, I dove into the deep sea of *Oku no Hosomichi*.

In my early days teaching at my university, a senior professor called me a "young Turk." According to him, I was angry at everything, criticized everything. Maybe that was my attitude when I took it upon myself to read Basho in the original while looking at someone's English version. By measure of reason, it was not a reasonable thing for me to do, but I was younger, and maybe because I am American, or maybe just because of the way I am, stubborn, I thought I could do it.

What was it moved me to undertake such an activity? I had seen an English translation of the work way back when I arrived in Japan in 1980. At the time, I was unable to see why Basho is such an important poet. The English seemed nondescript; it did not inspire me in any way. Maybe ten years after that, a man I'd become friends with, an American poet living in Kyoto, advised me to read his version of *Oku no Hosomichi*. I got that book, published by a small press in America. On one page was the original Basho text. On the facing page was my friend's English version. Although his Japanese was limited, he had a Japanese university professor working with him, so it didn't seem that there would be any issue with the essential accuracy of the translation.

But it was my first look at the original. While struggling to read Basho in his own words, I realized that there is much that had not been brought over into that English language presentation. It was the glory of that first page of the original that inspired

me to devote three years of my life to reading the rest. I'm not trying to fault my dear friend's translation. (RIP). But it doesn't get near the original. Nor does my own. No one can. Nor can an easy-to-read Japanese version; compared with the original, it lacks vitality or energy.

Oku no Hosomichi is a magnificent complex organism in which everything connects with everything else, in which each word resonates with homophonous possibility. The haiku are organically connected with the haibun prose. And vice versa.

So that now, 25 years later, if I hear the Yamadera haiku 閑さや岩にしみ入る蟬の声 I am reminded of his haibun. If I hear the haibun. I'm reminded of the haiku. But it also brings back the entire tapestry that is *Oku no Hosomichi*. One thread contains the entire creation. A universe in a grain of sand. All I can do is sigh, in awe. There are no words. It is a text that, like a Japanese garden, points beyond itself, a finger pointing at a moon, it points a way to, a way of, that mystery that is the Great Beyond, 生と死の源, the source of all our living and dying. But to get to that stage of literary samadhi, one has to put in the work, one has to read the original. No translation will do. If you want the vibes you have "hit the libes" (which is slang from my college days that means go to a library. "Vibes" is short for vibrations, such as in the old Beach Boys' song "*Good Vibrations*."). Or you can write your own life's journey at depth, using language that resonates with your original universality.

As mentioned, I was young and angry. I was angry because it seemed that some of the English versions were purposely deceiving readers—they weren't, but it didn't seem that way to me then—and, like a small child, I felt sorry for the readers who had no way of telling the translations were so different from the original. I'd fume to myself in my room, and then I'd fume in print: "What is this translator doing?! Basho never wrote that!" "What is this plain, worn out, stale, flat, English style!? Wake up!" I look back now and laugh.

That was my attitude. That's why my version does not appear through any mainstream publisher. That's why no one has ever heard of me. Mine is a mountain hermit's version.

I'm older now. Maybe wiser. Maybe not. Still angry. But now that anger has mellowed.

Now I realize what I was too stubborn to see back then, which is that, like different conductors performing the same piece of music, each translator has her or his individual way to bring out the original. Each, hopefully, has something special to offer.

I think it is important that everyone understand that I am not a Basho expert. I undertook that one task because I was following my spirit, and, after completing *Oku no Hosomichi*, while that spirit was still with me I translated some 50 or more Basho haiku. After that my spirit took me elsewhere. Just to give you a brief example of what following my spirit means in my life, in my background studies for translating Basho, I was thrilled to read Zhuangzi, the Chinese Daoist sage. Through reading about Daoism I was moved to begin lessons in Tai Chi, and through Tai Chi I became interested in acupuncture and Traditional Chinese

Medicine. And, eventually, I brought out a book called *Dreaming Zhuangzi*. Sometime after the Basho spirit, a student brought some poems by Santoka to class, and I've been involved with Santoka for 20 years.

Here, because it connects with what I was attempting with my own translation, I'd like to quote a passage about Basho from Ueda Makoto's book about him. In his chapter about haibun, readers are told that "... the word haibun means haiku prose, a prose piece written in the spirit of haiku. ... A haibun has... the same sort of brevity and conciseness as a haiku. ...Because of this brevity, the writer is as concise as possible, avoiding unnecessary words; in fact, he often omits words that would be necessary in normal syntax. Although this is not evident in English translation, the predicate verb of a sentence is sometimes left out, leaving the reader to supply it by himself." [121~122]

Let me repeat what was the most important part for me: "Although this is not evident in English translation." What I wanted to do is make what is not evident evident.

It was my thinking that, since there were already translations that attempted to find that happy middle ground between a literal translation and a literary translation, a more literal translation might be appreciated by some offbeat reader somewhere. My version has been criticized as a word for word translation. Someone else said that my translation needs a translation. My purpose was to make an English haibun version complete with the gaps and leaps Ueda Makoto mentions, an English haibun that doesn't read like the English prose style we might find in a newspaper article. And I wanted to present Basho in an English that was as rough as Basho's journey. I wanted words through which readers can feel the steps and breathe the physical exertion.

As far as the haiku, instead of explanatory translation, my own tended to use less words and so less syllables than a haiku, and they are in fact not intended as haiku—with the various conditions to be satisfied—but rather they seek to release the spirit of haiku, which is of course inexpressible. Here again, as example, is the one at Yamadera with my English version:

閑さや岩にしみ入る蟬の声
Stone distills stillness cicada chant

My efforts succeeded: my version is not a smooth read. It's rough going. And in being a success, it's also a failure. No matter how choppy, distorted, and disconnected my English haibun might seem, it still doesn't capture Basho's magnificence.

To give you an example of what the difference is, my version does not use the word "I." Ever. That is in keeping with the original. Another translator's version has the word "I" a dozen times, and that's only on the first page. "I this," "I that," and so on.

So, having described my reasons and intentions, let me give you a brief and easy example of the great difficulty in trying to translate Basho. Let's start at the beginning, with the very first haiku.

Let's take the Japanese *hina no ie* from the first section of *Oku no Hosomichi*.

草の戸も 住みかはる世ぞ 雛の家
Kusa no to mo sumikawaru yo zo hina no ie

For the last segment of that haiku, most English versions leave a reader with "a doll's house" or a reference to a "doll festival." Stubborn me, I tried to find a word that might have some connections similar to the Japanese word *hina*, which brings in "small," "cute," "endearment," and, like the word *hina*, also connotes a baby chickens, or chicks. So, after a painstaking search through one dictionary after another, mulling over words such as teeny weeny, itty bitty, and so on, I found what seemed just the right word: "chickabiddy." So, here is my version:

Thatched hut too, changes with the world to a home for chickabiddy dolls

Having given just a small sample of the difficulty of translation, let's go to my personal response to Basho.

325 years have passed since Basho breathed his last poem. His words speak still, speak the stillness. More than three hundred years, and Basho's words are all the brighter. Here we are, more modernly civilized than ever, ever more technologically equipped, though sliding into various modes of collapse and taking, as the United Nations recently tells us, the rest of nature with us.

Basho's poems are guiding lights, natural landmarks bespeaking the commonality of all life. They shine like stars, and this is so relevant to our times, because the world we live in has become so much darker.

Why read Basho now? To ask "why read Basho?" is the same as asking "why breathe?" To stay alive is the only answer I can come up with. In order to survive.

Ours are lives that are given order by flowers, by moon, each imparting to everything else its nature, its spirit, all coming together as one. A harmony.

月華の是やまことのあるじ達 つきはなの これやまことの あるじたち
Moon, flowers: these are true masters' masters

These "beings"--moon, stars, flowers, mountains, grasses--are true masters. We, our knowing selves, do not make a sense of order, no more than do we grow our own hands. We can only experience an order within us, simply by being as we are.

Had Basho lived longer, how would he have changed? (And he would have changed, as is the way of nature.) He had been looking to poetry as a way of enlightenment, as a way to settle his heart/mind. Towards the end of his life, he tells of being pestered by the need to make a poem. Poetry would not afford him the tranquility he desired. Had he lived a bit longer, would he have realized that being just as he is is enlightenment, that being just as he is means, for him, being a poet, that enlightenment is not a stage attained through poetry, but, as Zen priest Dogen tells us, in the act of seated

meditation itself? "Seated meditation" meaning, for Basho, the making of a poem. But Basho seems to have thought tranquility is something else, some stage that he could not attain because he could not put down his brush.

The true "masters," the moon, flowers, mountains, and stars, are as they are because they are as they are. Their substance—to break it down for comprehension by a mind that wants things broken down—is one with their function. They "have their act together." Basho's enlightenment is no different. The substance of his words and the function of his words are one. That is order, that is harmony, that is enlightenment. I call it radiance.

Notes

- "cut my teeth on": acquire initial practice or experience of a particular sphere of activity. J. で経験を積む、...から初めて学ぶ
- "a young Turk": The term "Young Turk" is now used generally to denote a member of an insurgent group within an organization (often, although not always, a political party) advocating change, sometimes radical change, in that organization. J. 改革を求める急進派
- "nondescript": J. あまり印象に残らない
- "samadhi": J. サマーディ. 三昧. 仏教やヒンドゥー教における
- 瞑想で、精神集中が深まりきった状態のことをいう "Zhuangzi" (Chuang-tsu, 4th century BC). J. 莊子 "offbeat": J. 風変わり, オフビートの
- "Dogen" (1200~1253) Founder of the Soto sect of Zen
- Buddhism. J. 道元禅師
- "have their act together": 効果的に行動している

This address was presented by the author at the 10th World Haiku Association Conference in Tokyo on 15th September 2019. It is reprinted here with permission.

Haiku Sanctuary, Between Living and Dreaming

WRITTEN BY RICHARD GILBERT

CATEGORY: [UTB 2019 - ESSAYS](#)

CREATED: 25 FEBRUARY 2019

(*Kumamoto Studies in English Language and Literature* 61
March 2019, Japan: Kumamoto U., 1-27)

***Between living and dreaming
there is a third thing.***

Guess it. — Antonio Machado (1983)

Introduction

Hypothetical humanity

The space of haiku, sometimes termed “haiku cosmos” can be considered a “third thing,” as a place or zone of knowing, neither fictional nor non-fictional: a space “between living and dreaming,” as Machado indicates. What lies between realism and imagination, between living and dreaming is a particular form of sanctuary: a space of *poiesis*, of poetic dwelling. It seems most fragile and nuanced, insignificant and ephemeral—yet it calls or we call, in seeking deeper, more enriching, and increasingly multiple dimensions of knowing in psyche. Excellent haiku enhance the mysterious space between living and dreaming. As an illustrative appreciation, this present analysis represents one reader’s journey. In desiring the mystery of consciousness to be honored via the poem, “intelligence of the heart” is expressed *by means of images which are a third possibility between mind and world*, as psychologist James Hillman writes:

Philosophy enunciates the world in the images of words. It must arise in the heart in order to mediate the world truly, since, as Corbin says, it is that subtle organ which perceives the correspondences between the subtleties of consciousness and the levels of being. This intelligence takes place by means of images which are a third possibility between mind and world. Each image coordinates within itself qualities of consciousness and qualities of world, speaking in one and the same image of the interpenetration of consciousness and world, *but always and only as image* which is primary to what it coordinates. *This imaginational intelligence resides in the heart*: “Intelligence of the heart” connotes a simultaneous knowing and loving by means of imagining. (1992, 7; emphasis added)

A psychology of sanctuary represents one way of formally regarding this “third possibility between mind and world.” Conceptual architectures of the poem

provide ways *in* to visibility and feeling—this “third” about which Machado writes teasingly: Guess it.

*Hypothetical humanity*¹ is a coinage representing a “third” place or zone of knowing: a mythopoetic reality between chaos and cosmos. How to define this distance (the mysterious space between living and dreaming)? Perhaps as a process of psychological deepening, a discovering or intuiting of “the grain of things” (Snyder, 1996). Akin to the *metaxic* (daimonic) realm in depth psychology — as Hillman puts it, “this intelligence takes place by means of images.” Machado’s “third thing” lies at the heart of the poem, encompassing ideas of imaginal poetic space.

In the next section, the Western evolution of sanctuary will be briefly discussed, followed by haiku-examples of this “third,” seen from the perspective of a psychological poetics.

Sanctuary as a precinct of the sacred

The relationship of sanctuary with architectural, constructed spaces of the sacred plumbs the depths of human history. Mircea Eliade² contends that sacred space (and its taboos) are proto-human. Sanctuary historically partakes of *sanctity*, as notion of place. Over the centuries, sanctuary has come to represent places of physical haven and safety. The Abrahamic religions each offer patterns of precincts (architectures) defining and bounding the sacred. For example, in Christian tradition, the church (or a part within) has long been considered a sanctuary allowing for at least limited stays of secular punishment. In the Qur’an (9:6) is the counsel, “If one among those [who are without knowledge of God] asks you for protection and assistance, grant it to him ... escort him to where he can be secure.” And within Hebraic tradition, the Temple being a sanctuary of God, gaining access to the Temple gate was to gain access to the gate of sanctuary—six Levitical towns of refuge were established wherein one could claim the right of asylum.

Even in exile, on the road as it were, it is possible to create sanctuary:

And let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them. According to all that I shew thee, [construct it] *after* the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make *it*... Who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things ... that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount. (*Exodus 28-9; Hebrews 8:5, KJV*)

The “shadow of heavenly things” indicates mimesis rather than imitation: an artwork or *crafting* of presentation that evokes, “mimes”—*brings into being* the “heavenly” or sacred. Importantly, here presentation and ritual performance to an extent subsume representation. This concept is found in the Greek temple, as in temple shrines and their precincts around the world.³ In Indian and East Asian traditions (i.e. pantheist traditions), the precincts of the sacred are local, animistic and natural.

A *deva* or *kami* as a personified local deity, both *is*—and *is of*—that place: fountainhead, tree, or knoll. Sanctuary as bounded space becomes sacred or holy as

an animate *inhabitation* of sacred space, and of divinity.

Theatre of the sacred

Regarding sanctuary in relation to poetic dwelling, historical transitions have occurred in which sacred space and sanctity, in evolving from religious into contemporary, secular contexts, have been reframed. In the early-modern era, Hölderlin's passage, "Full of merit, yet poetically man dwells on this Earth" inspired Heidegger's phenomenological idea, the "primordial poeticizing" of being as an aspect of the holy:

It is only because language as such is the primordial poetizing that poesy, which uses language as its medium, enjoys a primacy among other forms of art [P]oetic images are imaginings in a distinctive sense: not mere fancies and illusions but imaginings that are visible inclusions of the alien in the sight of the familiar....

In bringing the Word to be, [poetry] places the thing in the dimension of greatest reality, where past and present and future meet, to transcend this man or that, this time or that—the dimension of the pure act of illumination itself, which in its total reality transcends the thing, the man, the epoch to become what is lasting— for that is what is "Holy." (Heidegger 2001, "...Poetically Man Dwells...") ⁴

There is a vast sense of distance implicit in "imaginings that are visible inclusions of the alien in the sight of the familiar." "Imaginings" here being roughly equivalent to creative mind. Taking a more psychological approach, Gaston Bachelard, whose works on poetic imagination are of unique value, writes:

On the side of the dreamer, constituting the dreamer, we must then recognize a power of poetization which can well be designated as a psychological poetics; it is the poetics of the psyche where all the psychic forces fall into harmony. (*The Poetics of Reverie*, 1969)

Here, to "fall into harmony" is evocative of a precinct, a psychic space of sanctuary. In both Heidegger and Bachelard, ancient frameworks pertaining to "the word of God" and the "divine" (with their implicit sense of commandment) are transmuted; retained is a link to a primordial sense of sacred construction "in bringing the Word to be ... the pure act of illumination itself ... [which] transcends the thing, the man, the epoch." This idea is echoed by Bachelard's "all the psychic forces fall into harmony." Depth of soul is invoked as a dimension of the sacred. For these authors, in dwelling ("poeticizing") is retained a sense of awe. (By soul is here meant "that which deepens"; the definition given by archetypal psychology. Cf. Hillman, 2015.)

From altar, to book and stage—from divine presence to democratic *polis*, the lineage of the sacred as literary tradition persists in the practice and production of contemporary poems and plays. The poem creates an architecture: story becomes stage, as a theatre of dwelling. The poem creates its own center, a "linking back" (the etymological root-meaning of *religio*) to origins of presence as mimesis of the divine. The shift from oral-tradition poetry to plays appearing on the ancient Greek stage is outlined by Dudley Young,⁵ who in his links indigenous group-shamanic,

ecstatic practices to later bardic oral-traditions (Hesiod and Homer), and consequently to the first western literatures of dramatic poetry. As he writes, the sanctified space of the Greek theatre belongs to the unhousable god Dionysus:

Housing the sacred? Very difficult when Dionysus comes on stage.... His insistence [is] on occupying the most difficult territory, the border country that separates and confuses cosmos and chaos, sanity and madness, love and hatred.... The one thing he most certainly does not do is “abide in his room” ... the sacred cannot be housed [and] perhaps the human cannot be either, in which case the idea of tragedy is not far off.

He is the dramaturge ... the indestructible spirit of life itself (*zoē*), and he issues a mask to each of the contestants [actors], whereby they represent the ... two times of himself, the waxing and the waning. Thus in the foreground, the lethal play of life against life (*bios* versus *bios*), and in the background the indestructible *zoē*, which both gathers and scatters the coming and going of individual existence and promises the reconciliation of the *yin* with *yang*. In this way ... we should understand the double masks of Dionysus ... a motif that reaches its conclusion in the two masks that preside over the drama that emerged in the Great Dionysia [theatre], one mask for comedy and one for tragedy. (1991)

In the poem we may dwell, yet inhabitations are provisional: one cannot house the unhousable—the Dionysian cannot be ‘managed.’ This ancient sensibility is echoed in Gary Snyder’s contention that “mind is fundamentally wild”—that is, mind is at root unmanageable, free: an unmanaged, ‘unhousable’ wilds, as *zoē*. Snyder (1980, 1992) hints that forms of order in the phenomenology of consciousness may be perceived as chaotic, yet enfolded within are “wild ecosystems—richly interconnected, interdependent, and incredibly complex . . . diverse, ancient, and full of information.” Snyder suggests that we not label incomprehensibility/disorder as “chaos”—particularly in opposition to “civilization.”

Snyder’s unique contribution is to regard the phenomenology of “wild mind” synthetically, as “the grain of things,” a conception resonant with Hillman’s definition of soul as “that which deepens”; both authors achieve a stance regarding *being* as an *activity*, psyche as poeticizing (metamorphically) autonomously, at (metaphoric) depth. Snyder and Hillman see the fundamental nature of mind as a mystery, yet also suggest a kind of ‘eco-sense’: Hillman (from Jung) discusses the holism of psyche as *Anima Mundi*, the world soul (indefinable if not intangible in its nature); Snyder employs the term “interconnectedness,” implying that wildness too is indefinable by nature: that is, by culture or language. It is worth noting that both authors argue against a predilection to anthropocentrism, evidenced in much humanistic philosophizing. Hillman (drawing on mindfulness practices developed by Jung), and Snyder (a Zen-Buddhist practitioner), both suggest a variety of anarchic means for attending to the depth of psyche—the unhousable Dionysian wildness of mind—as *practices*, rather than management. In nurturing the soul-egg of creativity, imagination is not to be constrained or corralled through acts of ego-centered will. Continued contemplative practice develops greater awareness, knowledge, and skill *in* the practice.

Key to such practices are ways of opening to and allowing for passion, emotion: “There is no change from darkness to light or from inertia to movement without emotion . . . emotion is the moment when steel meets flint and a spark is struck forth, for emotion is the chief source of consciousness” (Jung, 1939).

In contrast to management or control, mindfulness—as phenomenological craft—invites, even invokes, *passionate involvement*. Theatrical potency in poetic language is an aspect of *religio*: a linking back to primordial notions of non-duality between chaos and cosmos—an aspect of this third thing, at a distance. Distance may likewise be seen as a process of psychological deepening, as depth *implies* distance (in Hillman); or of discovering and intuiting “the grain of things” in wild mind (Snyder’s idea).

This section began with notions of poeticizing as the “holy.” Connotations regarding mind, being, and poeticizing, on the part of Heidegger, Hillman and Snyder are in accord with Antonio Machado’s “third thing between living and dreaming” at the heart of the poem. Though the authors presented here arrive from different perspectives, they each articulate a paradoxical means of “housing the unhousable.” In divine notions of sanctuaries are spaces (once) inhabited by sacred presences: timeless precincts themselves echoing (miming) divine origins. Machado in his epigraph “between living and dreaming” indicates that “poetically man dwells”—that we dwell mythopoetically. Architectures of poetry link us back through theatres of story—this is *thoughtspace* as journey, and something more, a journey towards authenticity.

Sanctuary, temenos and risk

***Inferior and average talent remains for the most part safe and faultless
because it avoids risk and does not aim at the
heights.***

— Longinus (2012)

One aspect of sanctuary concerns protection, another is risk, the dangers and rewards of exploring “something that is unknown or that has an unknown outcome . . . knowledge about risk is knowledge about lack of knowledge.”⁶ The notion of *temenos*, a term from Jung’s lexicon,⁷ provides a relevant ground from which psychological risk can be explored within protected space:

A Greek word meaning a *sacred, protected space*; psychologically, descriptive of both a personal container and the *sense of privacy [in] relationship*. Jung believed that the need to establish or preserve a *temenos* is often indicated by drawings or dream images.... The symbol of the mandala has exactly this meaning of a holy place, a *temenos*, *to protect the centre is a means of protecting the centre of the personality from being drawn out and from being influenced from outside*.

One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious

... there is no coming to consciousness without pain. The debt we owe to the play of imagination is incalculable. It is therefore short-sighted to treat fantasy, on account of its risky or unacceptable nature, as a thing of little worth. (Jung; emphasis added)⁸

Temenos is a *place* in space: the establishment of a ritual architecture—a mandalic precinct as sacred ground in which to work. As Jung discusses, we may propitiously find our authentic selves within this protected space.

Landscapes of sanctuary can present themselves in a multitude of forms, which may be why haiku (and the short poem) act on consciousness with immediacy: they provide ephemeral, spontaneous scenes arising in the “specious present” (the temporal length of a breath, or as William James stated, “the short duration of which we are immediately and incessantly sensible”), as *places of temenos*. To enter and explore a *temenos* requires attendance upon psyche; “making the darkness conscious” is an attendance to mystery, a deepening of psychological *distance* (hypotheticality) between meaning and unknowing.

A *temenos* may arise anywhere:

The multiplicity, or even the infinity, of centers of the world raises no difficulty.... For it is not a matter of geometrical space but of an existential and sacred space that has an entirely different structure, that admits of an infinite number of breaks and hence is capable of an infinite number of communications with the transcendent. (Eliade, 1959)

Eliade’s “transcendent,” taken psychologically, indicates a deepening of soul. Thomas Moore describes an “everyday” *temenos*:

When we choose a seat or standing area on a bus or train, when we arrange space in an office or workplace, when we decide where to put a garden, or chairs on a porch, where to sit on the riverbank to have lunch, where to play with the children—all of these decisions have to do with *temenos*, marking out a space appropriate for a certain spirit that breathes life into our activity.⁹

Temenos is that space of distance in which a “third thing” may arise. A world or landscape of depth and dimension which is mythopoetic, neither fact nor fiction, that remains hypothetical—and in which a poet’s failure is likewise possible—yet as well where new explorations portend. *Temenos* is a protected space of privacy within which dimensions of self-knowing are given permission to be. As with any birth, rawness and vulnerability exist, hence the need for protection; illumination being an internal experience of private imagination, with kinship to aesthetic arrest. This is the crucial turn, toward soul, regarding attendance:

From: This poem (author) is illumined.

To: Something akin to an experience of illumination occurs psychically (to me, through me) regarding this poem.

This “turn” of psychological orientation is a shift away from a poetics of externals, and toward the possibility of shared private interiorities—conversations involving risk

and exposure (which is why they are so rare). Historical models can serve as guides to soulful articulations: ideas of the Muse in relation to inspiration present interiority as process, with linkage to as a sanctuary of contemplation, a topic Denise Levertov addresses in her noted essay, “Some Notes on Organic Form” (1965):

To contemplate comes from “*templum*, temple, a place, a space for observation, marked out by the augur.” It means, not simply to observe, to regard, but to do these things in the presence of a god. And to meditate is “to keep the mind in a state of contemplation”; its synonym is “to muse,” and to muse comes from a word meaning “to stand with open mouth”—not so comical if we think of “inspiration”—to breathe in.

So—as the poet stands open-mouthed in the temple of life, contemplating his experience, there come to him the first words of the poem: the words which are to be his way in to the poem, if there is to be a poem. The pressure of demand and the meditation on its elements culminate in a moment of vision, of crystallization, in which some inkling of the correspondence between those elements occurs; and it occurs in words. If he forces a beginning before this point, it won’t work.

In the poetic process, attention is placed upon the phenomenology of self throughout moments of an illumined (numinous) sense of presence. And in such contemplations, a “keeping of the mind” occurs within the precincts of *temenos*.

A *temenos* is a zone of the arising of the sacred, a protected space of sanctuary—precincts within which habitual identifications of self and language may be risked. The space of *temenos* allows for confusion *and* clarity, Dionysian wildness within stillness. *Temenos* may portend a process of psychological discovery in which “all the psychic forces fall into harmony,” as Bachelard writes, or as Levertov (in discussing inspiration’s muse) remarks: “a place, a space for observation, marked out . . . The meditation on [the poem’s] elements culminate[s] in a moment of vision, of crystallization, in which some inkling of the correspondence between those elements occurs,” autonomously. Vision, the poetics of imagination as a correspondence of elements, occurs serendipitously—autonomous to egoic will.

The crafting of the poem as *dwelling* is a hallmark of the unhousable western god of theatre. New language is animate, alive, risking edges and crossing borderlines. There are no “safe” poems or “pretty” haiku; authenticity requires more of us.

Remystification

Becoming what you are presupposes that you do not have the slightest idea what you are.
— Nietzsche (1888)

The mystery of living is a craft of being. The mystery of being—as an exploration of the space of thought. For the sensitively-engaged reader, the space of thought as a form of aesthetic arrest applies to poetry, as Emily Dickinson describes in her illimitable style:

If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold no fire can ever warm me I know that is poetry. If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off, I know that is poetry. (Bloom, 1999)

Poems, readers (and consciousness) cannot be corralled via interpretation. The brief presentation of haiku to follow takes Susan Sontag's perspective in *Against Interpretation*; "the true task, Sontag [1964] argues, is not to ask what the work means, but to appreciate what it is; or, as she puts it, 'In place of a hermeneutics we need an erotics of art'":

Sontag is strongly averse to what she considers to be contemporary interpretation, that is, an overabundance of importance placed upon the content or meaning of an artwork rather than being keenly alert to the sensuous aspects of a given work and developing a descriptive vocabulary for how it appears. (2009)¹⁰

There is a distinction to be made between analysis and interpretation. In the following exegesis, "sensuous aspects" of the works are associated with "qualities," as appreciations. In "The Heresy of Paraphrase," Cleanth Brooks (1947) reinforces the notion that poetry, being "an experience rather than any mere statement about experience or any mere abstraction from experience," cannot properly be interpreted—as meaning is largely intuited. Nonetheless, while a poem's savor—its completeness as experience—cannot be extracted, ideas can be posed and analyzed regarding the poem's effect on consciousness; analysis against interpretation, so to speak.

In desiring the mystery of consciousness to be honored via the poem, "intelligence of the heart" is expressed "by means of images which are a third possibility between mind and world." A poetic psychology of sanctuary may represent one way of formally regarding the hypotheticality that inheres within the conceptual architectures of excellent haiku—as ways *in* to visibility, to experiencing this "third thing."

Haiku Presentation

1. Distance

two ballerinas in one skin a newborn foal

how deer
materialize
twilight

night of small colour
a part of the underworld
becomes one heron

you whisper
just your sometimes

pretty sure my red is your red

her going in her coming the rain before it falls

(Peter Yovu *H16*; Scott Mason *H1E* 2008; Alan Summers *H15*; Brendan Slater *H14*; John Stevenson *DD* 2009; Jim Kacian 2008).¹¹

Invoking a “third” reality or poetic space occurs frequently in poetry—though as mythopoesis, is not overtly given in the text; under purview is the phenomenology of reader reception. Each of these examples points to a “third” realm of being in consciousness—at some distance. For instance, the “foal” envisaged by “two ballerinas in one skin” is an existence at some distance between fact and fiction, in Yovu. The space in which deer seem to materialize both and/or , in Mason; the mythopoesis evident in the semantic twist of “small colour” of night, a part of which “one heron,” in Summers; the whispered and distant “third” space of “just your ,” in Slater; the intermediate “third” space existing between meaning and unknowing, within intimate relationship, evoked by the idiomatic degree-adverbial “pretty sure” in Stevenson concerns the perceptual disfluency of “red” within the intimate relations of a couple. And in Kacian, the distance created by paradoxical spatial and temporal removals in “the rain before it falls” invokes a quiescence or pause, conceptually juxtaposed with “her coming and going”—an ‘as if’ hypotheticality: action merges with the prescience of rain.

2. Forms of Resistance

Here, resistance indicates the poet’s resistance to denials of hypothetical reality, and consequent resistance to soul-erasure. Concerning *poiesis*, everything leads to mythopoetic landscape, in psyche. These poems play with levity, cutting through habitual expectation and offering social commentary:

what’s left of us
caves
on Mars

beheading over the edge of space

BEHEADING
green light

cold rain –
my application
to become a crab

nothing rhymes with it Agent Orange

less and less nature is nature

(Deborah P Kolodji *H16*; Brent Goodman *H15*; Scott Metz *H15*; Fay Aoyagi *H21* 2002; Christina Nguyen *H14*; Marlene Mountain *H1E* 1986.)¹²

Implying a possible-future as a conditional mythopoetic space in which humanity might or might not have survived on our nearby exo-planet, in Kolodji—what lies in that Martian cave might be dust, or bones—in any case markings of lost dreams and survival-error. In Goodman are reflected terrorist images of barbaric horror (“beheading”), with a twist—as sociopolitical statement, the “third” space of “over the edge” resonates with contemporary social issues. Metz addresses a similar theme in his screaming one-word headline “BEHEADING,” with “green light” as a response to cut it off—or is it in consequence, to bomb? Aoyagi addresses the dark mythopoesis of the work-world, projecting the inevitability “to become a crab” via acceptance of her work application. Nguyen poses a conceptual-blend as a semantic puzzle-rhyme-challenge of bio-genocide—the reader is asked to envision its answer: *does anything rhyme with “Agent Orange”*? And in Mountain, iterative worldplay deepens a key contradiction of our era—what is meant by “less nature”? And *how much* “less” will suffice? Creating a remarkable space of hypothetical “between,” each of these haiku takes a critical stance of resistance regarding social violence, inhumane or ignorant destruction.

3. Inhabitation (Dwelling)

A sanctuary is a dwelling with borders, boundaries and a center—spaces, precincts and zones—walls, gates, cornices, portholes, and viewpoints.

Yet *inhabitation* involves more than entering; more than just existing within a space. Inhabitation is a living, breathing, animate experiencing: *dwelling* in such spaces, through the medium of poesis. In these haiku selections, inhabitation is evoked as a *sanctity* of absences:

stolen wombs —
the wind brings only dust to the
village well

Geiger counter
still singing to the radishes —
Fukushima Day

I see through
you to the rain
the rain to you

higgs boson ...
deepening henna pattern —
on the first night

first poem —
not in a language
mother speaks

riverside
a crocodile waits
in a monkey shadow

(Sonam Choki *H14*; Brent Goodman *H14*; Bill Pauly *DD* 2012; Paresh
Tiwari *LHA* 2013; Tzetzka Ilieva *LHA* 2012; Adjei Agyei-Baah *LHA* 2016.)¹³

Missing life as “stolen wombs,” a missing culture, missing village, and missing also, its ruined well—Sonam Choki envisions the inhabitation of absence in a living community as it had once been. The fruits of an anniversary of nuclear disaster are *presenced* in Goodman, who propels the reader into a mythopoetic landscape *where no one must go*; Pauly’s “see through” well-expresses psyche’s ‘seeing through’ literal form— as a mergence of inhabitation with the illusion or ethereality of form. Tiwari juxtaposes symbolic values of ancient lifeways with the ‘god particle’ of quantum physics on a marriage night, “deepening” mysteriously—the two worlds of ancient tradition and science—do they fruitfully merge, or collide? Evoked is the marriage bed on the first night; what is present, what is missing? In Ilieva is projected the inhabitation of a novel ‘otherness’ of culture through the poem itself, having been written in English—“not in a language mother speaks”—

communication between mother and daughter is thus aborted. And in Agyei-Baah, the poet is present on the riverside near his Ghananian home, among the light and shadow of hidden (or absent) animal presences—inhabitations *presencing* a timeless metamorphic abiding.

4. Place

It seems odd to write about place as *hypothetical*. But places often cease to exist, as these poems reveal. Sometimes “place” is a space in mind which only the poem provides—the external space represented has been denied existential presence. Ultimately, “place” is our map of being from which we navigate, towards (and from) which we journey through our days. It is also the environment of civilization (so-called)—or the wilds (so-called). It is this “so-called” that emblemizes the *hypotheticality* of language in embarking on navigations toward “the third.” Poems such as these allow the resurrection or reconstruction of what has been abandoned to obscurity:

a bag of them
figs
without a country

nagasaki . . .
in her belly, the sound
of unopened mail

bleeding under my skin the American dream

in the prison graveyard
just as he was in life —
convict 14302

television light
lies on the
American lawn

dense fog
a bullock cart
rides into obscurity

(Johannes S. H. Bjerg *H16*; Don Baird *H14*; Eve Luckring *DD* 2010; Johnny Baranski *HIE* 2006; Joseph Massey *HIE* 2005; Mamta Madhavan *LHA* 2013.)¹⁴

In Bjerg, figs (i.e. people, refugees) “without a country”; in Baird, within the sanctity of the womb, the atomic destruction of all life at Nagasaki; in Luckring, the “third” space of (American) myth bleeds “under my skin”; in Baranski, the ironic humor of what is left of identity, from a death in prison—convict as number. In Massey, the double-entendre of “lies” (on the lawn, or as untruth) of “television light”; and in Madhavan, the present obscurely merges with the past as a “bullock cart rides into obscurity.”

Place exists at the heart of each poem’s mythopoetic landscape. Absences and erasures are recapitulated, remarked upon, and reconstructed as presences.

5. Consciousness — Revisions of World and Self

To revise is to be remade. We are ourselves revising cell-by-cell with each breath. Cognitive science has shown that memory is often more hypothetical than we realize—even the most precious, memorialized images we conjure of the past as real (a past as true as the sense of ourselves). Memory has been found to concatenate into iconic gestalts—as a result, we remain somewhat mythopoetic, self-storied beings. In the following examples the ability of literature, as with memory itself, to revision consciousness is exemplified:

windfall apples
what I think about
what I think

fogged into the familiar dying peripheral

a drowning man
pulled into violet worlds
grasping hydrangea

vast blue sky –
the freedom that
never was

daydreaming how quickly my mind

afternoon rain
emptying a book
of its words

(Carolyn Hall *HIE* 2009; Susan Diridoni *H14*; Richard Gilbert *HIE* 2004; Kashinath Karmakar; *LHA* 2013; Don Baird *LHA* 2014; Peter Newton *H15*.)¹⁵

It may be that in windfall apples, “what I think about what I think” is one answer to how a *moment* becomes a *mind*, and how mind takes on gravitas—gravity as Newton’s apple measured in its fall—this is what I think about *what* I think, in Hall. “Fogged into the familiar”; a dying of peripheral vision, the loss of the known, perhaps of a loved one, and a coming to grips with wings that flew and are now memorialized—a resurrection hinted at, in Diridoni. Perhaps “a drowning man” can be saved, when pulled into an insolent color by hydrangea, even if maimed—a revision of consciousness devoutly wished for, in Gilbert. The vast blue sky—“the freedom *that never was*” represents a savage revision, in Karmakar. And in Baird, “daydreaming how quickly my mind” revises the world, and self, within the rapidity of ephemerally imaginal comings and goings. Finally, in Newton the afternoon rain empties “a book of words,” implying an emptying and revision of self.

Wallace Stevens discusses revisions of consciousness as a movement toward *paradoxical hypotheticality* in his idea of the “extension of the mind beyond the range of the mind, the projection of reality beyond reality”:

Poet and painter alike live and work in the midst of a generation that is experiencing essential poverty in spite of fortune. The extension of the mind beyond the range of the mind, the projection of reality beyond reality, the determination to cover the ground, whatever it may be, the determination not to be confined, the recapture of excitement and intensity of interest, the enlargement of the spirit at every time, in every way, these are the unities, the relations, to be summarized as paramount now. (1951)

Interestingly, Stevens prefers the term “enlargement” to alternatives such as expansion, development, construction. Enlargement (of the spirit) is not a quest for territory: there is no implicit staking of a claim upon the space of psyche attendant to discovery. Stevens’ sense of enlargement is more photographic, indicative of a deepening-into: perceiving or encountering a finer grain, finer resolution, complexity of nuance—values related to soul, as posed by depth psychology. To recapture the “enlargement of the spirit—at every time, in every way”—taking these “unities” as “paramount” to contemporary culture—as addressed to the reader is a call to arms: a challenge to practice.

Conclusion

Permeability

Depending upon our sense of imagination, how we order the self (*self-meaning*) remains mutable, and evolves over a lifetime. Lacking interiority, the space of thought is unable to thrive. In relationship with sanctuary, imaginative space inspires free-thinking, deepening notions of self—a self-educative process of exploration.

Artists work in an imagistic space. A space that has no beginning, no end, no middle. When is an artwork finished? When is a dream finished? The image seems to want to go on. Cézanne said a painting is complete at every stage of the work even if it is never finished. (McLean in Hillman & McLean, *Permeability*, 2011).

How we dwell has much to do with how we imagine we dwell—“in a space that has no beginning, no end, no middle.” We order the self daily, particularly through language-use—each sentence, however ephemeral, is formed as a *truth* of thought, as self-made story.¹⁶ With Hillman’s sense of image in mind, that “images don’t stand for anything ... they are psyche itself in its imaginative visibility”—and as Simone Weil (1970) suggests, “we reconstruct for ourselves the order of the world in an image,” the development of personal philosophy as an “order of the world” occurs imaginatively, in ongoing philosophico-poetic reconstructions.

Permeability as shared, collaborative invention is “membranous, osmotic ... seducible, seditious”—challenging the status quo via visionary incursion:

I am concerned, beyond art-making, with the psychology of the incoming... the *invenio*, [which] Catholicism calls the Annunciation—the descent of logos into physical matter, the all-too-solid flesh. I am concerned less with what comes in than with the incurring, the fact of human permeability, the ordinary, quotidian and ubiquitous fact of visionary, ideational, auditory, symptomatic, and personified incursions. Why can fantasy-thinking not be shut out? The composer, the painter, the writer are not special human exceptions. They are the subtle more vulnerable examples—not of “weak ego,” but of the essential nature of the human mind, that it is membranous, osmotic, susceptible, suggestible, seducible, seditious, hysterical. (Hillman, *Permeability*, 2011)

Poetic engagement is an intimate and generally private affair, often requiring extensive periods of non-distraction (addressed here in part as contemplative practice). In constructing novel mythopoetic architectures, poems as philosophic enactments inspire psychological nuance and sophistication. From the perspective of “the third,” as a potential flowering from hypothetical space, poetic imagination permeates and animates the intelligence of the heart.

Poetic Force and Imaginal Space at Liberty

Each poem forges novel permutations—the value of a poem is obviously the poem itself—yet there exists a different order of value in aggregate: poetry represents a collective livingness, an animating force of humanity invigorating and enriching landscapes of thought and feeling, through presences. One act of the poem is to

memorialize; another is the evocation of philosophical depth. Awakening the sense of what is interior, body, mind and world are brought anew into being. Poetically, one's *dwelling* alters with each new story as with each new breath.

Concerning the haiku genre, poems *infer* properties of thought, as spaces of thought. This notion— of distance from objective reality *and* objectively interpretable text— lends haiku a unique value, as these poems often invoke *thoughtspace* through a “third” sense of psycho-poetic imaginal space: modes of ambiguous inference that lie “between living and dreaming.” This is a remarkable space to invoke, and artistically definitive.

Temporal compression into moments of brevity in the reception of a given haiku produce concentrated effects on consciousness that linger: this very-brief genre requires the reader to complete in imagination those partial psychic landscapes and hypothetical possible-worlds in the partial stories given. In this way, haiku encourage interior, soulful exploration.

When imagination as a value becomes fraught, lacks a precinct, a *temenos* within which to dwell, when the spaces (and places) of sanctity wherein psychological risks can be taken are fragmented and diminished, democratic liberty is in doubt. From this perspective, haiku provide for and promote an ethics of freedom.

Endnotes

Acronyms for haiku anthologies

The five sections of haiku-examples presented in this article are taken from *Poetry As Consciousness* (Gilbert, 2018) without alteration. The book contains 36 sections containing some 220 haiku from over 100 authors in some 40 countries. Sources for the poetry are given below:

DD—*The Disjunctive Dragonfly: A New Approach to English-Language Haiku*, Richard Gilbert, Red Moon Press, 2013 (275 haiku illustrating 24 disjunctive techniques).

H21—*Haiku 21* (anthology), Lee Gurga & Scott Metz, eds., Modern Haiku Press, 2011 (over 600 haiku, 200 authors, covering 2000-2010).

H14—*Haiku 2014* (anthology), Gurga & Metz, *ibid*, 2014 (100 haiku, 100 authors, in 2013). **H15**—*Haiku 2015* (anthology), Gurga & Metz, *ibid*, 2015 (100 notable haiku, in 2014). **H16**—*Haiku 2016* (anthology), Gurga & Metz, *ibid*, 2016 (100 notable haiku, in 2015).

HIE—*Haiku in English: The First Hundred Years* (anthology), Jim Kacian, et al., eds., Norton, 2013 (800 notable haiku from over 200 authors).

LHA—Living Haiku Anthology (online archive), Don Baird, et. al., eds. (livinghaikuanthology.com) (thousands of international previously published haiku).

* Text partly adapted from: *Poetry as Consciousness, Haiku Forests, Space of Mind, and an Ethics of Freedom* (Gilbert, 2018) (keibunsha.jp/books/9784863301894_english.html).

¹ The concept of hypothetical humanity is congruent with the thesis presented in Gilbert (2009), “Plausible deniability: Nature as hypothesis in English-language haiku” (research.gendaihaiku.com):

“Plausible deniability in haiku has to do with how haiku articulate multiple possible worlds, each one hypothetical, plausible, and at the same time also deniable as to its existence or viability, in relation to the text.... The issues raised are relevant to a description of haiku and nature, in that they approach the difficulty of inscribing nature and consciousness within a single phenomenological field. Perhaps it is only via forms of psychological inexplicability as poesis that the reader is able to be led through a labyrinth of creative, hypothetical image-schema, away from the easy problems of consciousness toward the intimate wilderness of ‘what it is like to be something,’ apart from the functional utility of ‘modes of attention ...’”

² Mircea Eliade, *Myth of the Eternal Return*, Princeton UP, 2005. Publisher’s synopsis:

This founding work of the history of religions (1954) secured the North American reputation of the Romanian émigré-scholar Mircea Eliade (1907-1986). Making reference to an astonishing number of cultures and drawing on scholarship published in no less than half a dozen European languages, Eliade’s *The Myth of the Eternal Return* makes both intelligible and compelling the religious expressions and activities of a wide variety of archaic and “primitive” religious cultures.... Eliade passionately insists on the value of understanding this view in order to enrich our contemporary imagination of what it is to be human. (press.princeton.edu/titles/8010.html)

³ Cf. Auerbach, *Mimesis: The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*, PUP, 1968. “In many ancient cultures, the inviolability of deities was considered to extend to their religious sanctuaries and all that resided within, whether criminals, debtors, escaped slaves, priests, ordinary people, or, in some cases, passing cattle; biblical scholars suspect that Israelite culture was originally no different.” (bit.ly/28XZqJT)

⁴ William Richardson, *Heidegger: Through Phenomenology to Thought*, 2nd ed., Martinus Nijhoff, 1967, 410; Thomas Langan, *The Meaning of Heidegger: A Critical Existentialist Phenomenology*, CUP, 1971, 118.

⁵ Dudley Young (Ret.), Professor of Literature, University of Essex, taught Athenian Drama.

⁶ Risk. *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, 2007, 2011. (plato.stanford.edu/entries/risk)

⁷ Jung Lexicon. New York Association for Analytical Psychology. (nyaap.org/jung-lexicon/t)

⁸ C. G. Jung, *Psychology and Alchemy*, p. 99; *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*, 193; *Psychological Types* (Chap. 1), 82.

⁹ Qtd. in C. Forrest McDowell (26 May 2011). Sanctuary & Temenos—Sacred Boundary for the Soul. (Blog; bit.ly/29c3F8A)

¹⁰ Susan Sontag. (23 Sept 2009). Qtd. in *Against Interpretation*, By Susan Sontag (book review). *Independent* (ind.pn/2gX1hd0); cf. *Against Interpretation*, 1964, 1966, FSG, 10 (concluding sentence); cf. “Against Interpretation, Summary,” Wiki. (bit.ly/2u6KFCi)

¹¹ “two ballerinas” Peter Yovu *FP* 38:1 2015; “how deer” Scott Mason *HIE* 2008; “night of small” Alan Summers *MH* 45:2 2014; “you whisper” Brendan Slater *Notes from the Gean* 17 2013; “pretty sure” John Stevenson *RR* 9:1 2009; “her going” Jim Kacian *H21* 2008.

¹² “what’s left” Deborah P Kolodji *MH* 46:3 2015; “beheading over” Brent Goodman *Bones* 5 2014; “BEHEADING” Scott Metz *IS* (September 11) 2014; “cold rain” Fay Aoyagi *H21* 2002; “nothing rhymes” Christina Nguyen *FP* 36:1 2013; “less and less” Marlene Mountain *HIE* 1986.

¹³ “stolen wombs” Sonam Choki *Haiku News* 2:8 2013; “Geiger counter” Brent Goodman *FP* 36:3 2013; “I see through” Bill Pauly *RR* 12:1 2012; “higgs boson” Paresh Tiwari *Bones* 3 (December) 2013; “first poem” Tzetzka Ilieva *Asahi Shimbun* (2 November) 2012; “riverside” Adjei Agyei-Baah *Asahi Shimbun* (1 January) 2016.

¹⁴ Johannes S. H. Bjerg *moongarlic* 4 2015; “Nagasaki” Don Baird *THF HaikuNow! Award* 2013; “bleeding under” Eve Luckring *RR* 10:1 2010; “in the prison” Johnny Baranski *HIE* 2006; “television” Joseph Massey *HIE* 2005; “dense fog” Mamta Madhavan *Lakeview International Journal of Literature and Arts* (August) 2013.

¹⁵ “windfall” Carolyn Hall *HIE* 2009; “fogged into” Susan Diridoni *Bones* 1 2013; “a drowning” Richard Gilbert *HIE* 2004; “vast blue” Kashinath Karmakar *International Kukai* 14 (“elephant” photo) May, 2013; “day-dreaming” Don Baird *Haiku—the Interior and Exterior of Being* (Little Buddha Press) 2014; “afternoon rain” Peter Newton *FP* 37:3 2014.

¹⁶ “Individuals form an identity by integrating their life experiences into an internalized, evolving story of the self that provides the individual with a sense of unity and purpose in life.” McAdams, D. (2001). The psychology of life stories. *Review of General Psychology* 5:2, 100–122.

¹⁷ James Hillman (2004) in the section “Image and Soul: The Poetic Basis of Mind,” writes:

...nor does “image” mean a mental construct that represents in symbolic form certain ideas and feelings which it expresses. In fact, the image has no referents beyond itself, neither proprioceptive, external, nor semantic: “images don’t stand for anything.” They are psyche itself in its imaginative visibility; as primary datum, image is irreducible. Visibility, however, does not mean that an image must be visually seen. It does not have to have hallucinatory properties which confuse the act of perceiving images with imagining them. (18)

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Humour in Haiku: A Critical Analysis

by Colin Stewart Jones

What may be funny to one person may not be funny to the next. It would be foolish to try to narrowly define such a broad subject area with one simple definition, but here goes anyway: *it's funny if it makes you laugh!* The masthead of Haijinx Journal boldly declares that it is 'putting the hai back in haiku'—*hai*, meaning humorous or joke—but what is humour in haiku, and has it ever been there? The pun is perhaps the simplest form of wordplay and yet also the most disdained. Generally speaking, people seem to fall into two categories when it comes to wordplay: they either totally embrace it; or reject it in all of its forms, mainly because of the negativity that has come to be associated with punning. Yet, as we will see, wordplay is a device that has often been adopted in haiku.

For an example of brilliant use of wordplay let us firstly look at Bashō's most famous poem:

at the ancient pond
a frog plunges into
the sound of water ¹

Bashō turns everything we think we know on its head with this poem. We know it is the action of the frog that disperses the water to make the sound and not the frog entering into the sound; yet something immediately registers and one instinctively understands the poem. Even though Bashō is saying the opposite of what is true in the natural order of things, his quirky reversal of the laws of cause and effect, which is absurd in the truest sense of the word, is humorous.

In 'The Narrow Road To The Interior' Bashō quotes Du Fu in these final lines of prose before writing his 'summer grasses' haiku.

'Selecting his royal retainers, Yoshitsune fortified himself in the castle, but his glory quickly turned to grass.'

Bashō seemingly repeats the imagery:

summer grasses –
the traces of dreams
of ancient warriors ²

Dreams may also be translated as ambition. There are also many legends surrounding Yoshitsune and his death or his escape. In any case there are multiple readings. There is a pun with some translations with the word 'remains', i.e. bodies. One is also struck, however, by the inclusion of the word 'great'. On further examination the haiku maybe a veiled indictment and rather than feeling any sadness for the dead is Bashō commenting on their defeated ambition? The Japanese do have many expressions where the real meaning is not quite what is said; *nin-mari* for example. This haiku seems like elegiac poetry yet an alternative reading may be that war is futile when something as simple as grass can cover the

great and the noble. Buddhist teaching on the three marks of existence state: that the world is transient, *sanbōin*; attachment to the world causes suffering, *ku*; and all reality is emptiness of self nature, *kū*. This is the three-part primer for all Bashō's haiku. Whatever reading you choose 'summer grasses' is more *ku* than *hai*. Bashō was not always so subtle and resorted to plain sarcasm when he described his imitators as melons.

Buson also mocks in a veiled fashion:

nobly, the great priest
deposits his daily stool
in bleak winter fields. ³

Buson is so deadpan in his rendering of the scene that even the translator, Sam Hamill, fails to see it. He notes that Buson is 'reminding his audience that nobility has nothing whatever to do with palaces and embroidered robes, but true nobility is obtainable in every human endeavour.' ⁴ This may seem the case to Hamill. The word nobly, however, in conjunction with human toilet actions should immediately alert the reader that there is more going on here than simple description of a scene. 'Nobly' sets this poem up so perfectly and allows one to instantly see the irony and impossibility of the situation: try as he might, the great priest cannot be noble while being observed doing something as common as his toilet. One can almost hear Buson's irreverent laughter. The fact that it is a bleak winter day just makes the priest's attempts at being noble all the more ridiculous, but completes the poem. No amount of pomp can disguise the fact that even the high and mighty are just the same as common people because they must also shit every day.

Plum blossoms in bloom,
in a Kitano teahouse,
the master of sumo ⁵

In the above by Buson, we see the delicateness of plum blossoms in bloom, symbolising the freshness of youth, juxtaposed with the strength of the old wrestler. The master of a sumo wrestling stable is a retired wrestler and would have been a great wrestler in his prime. The image of a presumably very large man sipping his tea in a teahouse, which was usually very small, is a funny one. The job of the master is, of course, to bring blossoming talent to fruition. Though the fruit is never mentioned, the reader's mind is also projected ahead of time to envisage the plum fruit, and by extension the fat and full, purple face of the master wrestler.

If there is one word that best describes Issa's poetry, it is probably whimsical.

my noontime nap
disrupted by voices
singing rice-planting songs ⁶

The humour in Issa's haiku is more obvious than either Bashō or Buson. Issa is seemingly more concerned with his rest, and how dare they who sing, through the necessity of planting, wake him. However, one also sees a tongue firmly planted in

Issa's cheek. Part of Issa's charm is that he seems not to care what other people think of him as he wanders along observing or talking to creatures:

Under the evening moon
The snail is stripped
to the waist. ⁷

In this haiku, Issa cleverly shows us juxtaposition without directly telling it. We see the shell juxtaposed with the moon as the snail extends outwards. The image of someone stripped to the waist usually implies work or action – maybe even love-making. The humour of the haiku is contained in the absurd idea of a snail being stripped to the waist and ready for action ... but the 'action' is at a snail's pace.

The poem below by Jack Kerouac is an excellent example of how several layers of humour can be employed in the one haiku:

In my medicine cabinet,
The winter fly
Has died of old age. ⁸

Due to an accidental incarceration in Kerouac's medicine cabinet, a fly manages to survive into the Winter. Even though surrounded by medicine, the fly does eventually die and one realises that Kerouac has been in good health because he did not need to visit his medicine cabinet throughout the Winter. The fly's incarceration in the cabinet had ensured a lengthy extension to its life but Kerouac's good health, paradoxically and simultaneously, eventually caused its death. In the final irony the dead fly is only discovered when Kerouac needs to take some medicine; if only he had been unwell sooner the fly may have survived.

The following haiku, by Nobel Laureate, Seamus Heaney, breaks what some modern writers may consider to be "rules": firstly, it has a title, albeit a date; and secondly, it follows a 575 metre. It is worth mentioning here that there are many who still advocate a strict metre. The Scottish poet, Norman McCaig, used to say of poems that did not follow the syllabic count "they are not haiku—they're just wee poems".

1.1.87

Dangerous pavements.
But I face the ice this year
With my father's stick. ⁹

To many readers this haiku may not seem funny at all but, in fact, it is quite the opposite. On first reading we notice Heaney now has to face his old age with his father's stick. One presumes his father has died and the stick has been passed on to him. There is a wonderfully slow sense of progression and continuity as we go from generation to generation with the stick being handed down. One must be very careful with 575 haiku to avoid padding: notice the "but" at the beginning of line two, some may ask if it is really needed to convey the message of the poem. Forget about the metre for a moment and consider the haiku without 'but':

Dangerous pavements.
I face the ice this year
With my father's stick.

Is it not just simply a haiku about cycles of death and ageing now, as I have outlined above—with the pathos being clearly evident. Heaney is cleverly playing with the casual reader and while he is happy if you think this, he certainly wants people to look further. Look again at the complete poem and ask why did Heaney include 'but'? Do you hear the unvoiced laugh and the devil-may-care tone of Heaney before he has even ventured outside?

Ha-ha!

Dangerous pavements.
But I face the ice this year
With my Father's stick.

We could add more lines:

He got through it.
And so will I.

Though modern writers of haiku seem to mainly look for juxtaposition of concrete images, it could be argued that, they should also be trying to be more creative with their word choice and usage to highlight any humour in a scene. Whether one likes the idea or not, the basis of all poetry is wordplay; and a joke must also depend on wordplay to deliver its message. Of those who write humorous haiku today many seem to take Issa's questions to creatures as their reference point. I have done this myself:

empty bottle—
was it you
you little worm? ¹⁰

What else can one do when drunk and confronted with the dreaded empty bottle but blame someone else. The Mescal worm was promptly eaten and, therefore, lost the argument; but did add much needed protein to my diet.

In the following example Alan D. Taylor also uses the questioning technique to humorous effect:

wasp in a jar—
is there a point
to your anger? ¹¹

While this is essentially a pun, it is a very good one, and seems like a valid question to ask. Likewise, Jeff Winke points out the pointless and has keen sense for the absurd with his haiku:

her training bra
with nothing to train:
bra in training ¹²

Is it the bra that is in training for when it will be needed to be a training bra? By using clever wordplay and repetition of the same imagery, Winke, poses this unstated question which also ultimately asks; “what’s the point?” Sometimes the joke is much funnier if it takes a while for you to understand its subtleties.

outside the pub
the sailor
faces the wind ¹³

There is the obvious and mildly amusing allusion to being drunk and “three sheets to the wind” in Chuck Brickley’s haiku. However, it also hints at other funny possibilities. Sailors seldom face the wind because it is difficult to make headway. One assumes he is listing badly. There is also a very real possibility his bladder is full and he needs to piss. Any sober sailor would know of the danger of facing the wind in that situation.

An objective writer would never disregard any device at his disposal which is capable of rendering a scene with the most precision to achieve the desired effect. Poets are not meant to be reporters who simply ‘tell it like it is’ but, rather, by careful observation and inventiveness with words, they should be capable of spotting life’s ironies and elevate the seemingly ordinary into something special. It takes great wit to play with words, and laughter is also a special gift which should be cultivated. From the sublime to the ridiculous, humour in its many forms has always been, and still is, present in haiku. If the moment requires humour, then as writers, should we not keep on putting the *hai* with the *ku*.

Colin Stewart Jones

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Footnotes

1. Trans; Sam Hamill, *The Sound of Water: Haiku by Bashō, Buson, Issa and Other Poets*, (Shambala, Boston 2000) p.6
2. *Early Modern Japanese Literature: An Anthology, 1600-1900* edited by Haruo Shirane, (Columbia University Press 2004) p.221
3. *The Sound of Water* *ibid*, p.55
4. *ibid*, translators introduction, p.xii
5. *ibid*, p.66
6. *ibid* p.91
7. Peter Washington, ed, *Haiku*, (Everyman, New York, 2003) p.69
8. *ibid* p.237
9. Seamus Heaney, *Seeing Things*, (Faber and Faber London, 1991) p.20

10. Colin Stewart Jones, *A Seal Snorts out the Moon*, (Cauliay, Aberdeen, 2007) p. 56
subsequently published in: *New Resonance* 7, Red Moon Press, (Winchester, USA, 2011)
11. Alan D Taylor, first published in: *Clouds Peak* #1, July 2006, online
12. Jeff Winke, *Frogpond* 1999, XXII:i, HSA publications, p.47
13. Chuck Brickley, *The Haiku Anthology*, 3rd Edition, Cor Van Den Heuval Ed (WW Norton & Co, London, 1999)

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