



UNDER THE BASHŌ 2020



HOKKU

Editor: Don Baird

Abdulazeez Shomade

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 AUGUST 2020

moon gazing. . .
a clutter of wall geckos
stalk moths

Alegria Imperial

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

sunset flare
beyond the tall pines...
screaming gulls

Christopher Jupp

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

such silence -
hither thither the bat
signs the moon

Debbie Strange

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

cloud shadows . . .
a drove of jackrabbits
in mid-flight

Diana Webb

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 16 MARCH 2020

burnished river —
the low steady flight
of a heron

Donna Hains

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 MARCH 2020

cusp of winter . . .
the sound of wingbeats
become sun

sleepless night . . .
the depth of fireflies
one by one

Fractled

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 APRIL 2020

summer breeze . . .
strands of sunlight
weave her hair

twilight fades
into night song . . .
winter leaves

Hemapriya Chellappan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 APRIL 2020

- [India](#)
-

origami —
a mountain folds
into itself

Jessica Renee Dawson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 MARCH 2020

winter lace
the spider's web
catches frost

new moon
a slice of light
disappears

hidden moon
the nightshade's root
goes deeper

Kristen Lindquist

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 APRIL 2020

crow's call—
a narrow path of ice
through cattails

in spite of it all...
pine warbler back singing
in a pine

Matthew Cariello

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 04 SEPTEMBER 2020

if only Issa
described an onion –
ice storm

spring snow –
my grandfather asks
about irises

left behind –
pampas grass blossoms
in the snow

Mike Gallagher

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

a crane rises —
lazy wings getting lost
in the mist

Oluwasegun O. Adesina

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 JUNE 2020

- [Nigeria](#)
-

sharpening
the secateurs . . .
spring rain

Hiroshima Day —
a group of chicks fleeing
from an eagle

oni Tomiwa

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 AUGUST 2020

last night's rain . . .
the pattern of a broom
on wet soil

Réka Nyitrai

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Romania](#)
-

the cuckoo's call
in a dream — a summer
spent in seclusion

deep autumn—
quinces gather light
on a windowsill

fading lotus...
its new body
a hummingbird

Robert Davey

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 AUGUST 2020

- [England](#)
-

April evening -
a robin cedes the garden
to a blackbird

Roberta Beach Jacobson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 SEPTEMBER 2020

farewell flight —
a sparrow airmails
her feather

Scott Packer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Canada](#)
-

raindrops
wet a writing stone —
tales twice told

Srinivas S

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 APRIL 2020

- [India](#)
-

skipping pebble . . .
the day's colours dissolve
in ripples

autumn dusk . . .
a feather falls through
the skylight

summer noon . . .
the wind wakes up
the cane fields

as though darkness
could absorb sounds . . .
night rain

Tom Bierovic

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 16 MARCH 2020

sunlit pond
a turtle or a hat
in the ripples

spider web
between white lilies
her lace collar

Veronika Zora Novak

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 MARCH 2020

as it is
with no explanation . . .
dewdrop

studding the night
as if they were stars . . .
paper lanterns

Vidya S Venkatramani

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)
-

twilight skies —
nightfall on the edge
of a bat's wing

Willie R. Bongcaron

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - HOKKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [The Philippines](#)

tree house —
sleeping in the sound
of moonlight

MODERN HAIKU

Editor: Kala Ramesh

Praniti Gulyani

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 APRIL 2020

- [India](#)

shooting star...

nothing really

to wish for

first champagne..

a new fullness

to the moon

Aashika Suresh

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)

row after row

of peak evening traffic -

low-flying raven

Adjei Agyei-Baah

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [Ghana](#)
-

pavement mat
the beggar throws a party
with pigeons

roadkill
crows and hawks
swoop amid traffic

Agnieszka Filipek

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2020

- [Ireland](#)
-

on your grave
the lilies of the valley
hang their heads

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 MARCH 2020

- [Indonesia](#)
-

ebb tide
the smell of fresh toast
from a seaside town

a refugee child
swaddles her doll
first frost

I wonder
how it all begins
wisteria plumes

summer sun
over the meadow
a soaring kestrel

Allyson Whipple

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

daylight savings time
the wren sings at sunrise
no matter what

Andrea Byrd

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

rigid joints
breaking of
iced branches

ice cream
splattered paint
on my palms

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

dry wind
the silent words
of regret

Antonietta Losito

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 MARCH 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

pilgrimage ...
on the way a snake discards
his outer layer

Ashish Narain

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [The Philippines](#)
-

temple grove...
the cicadas keep up
their chant

crashing thunder...
mother cuddles us
with a song

married ten years
...new ripples
in yesterday's puddle

a field
of white roses
and you, and you...

school reunion...
the smell of fresh food
and old rain

B.A. France

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

tokens and coins
left on his headstone
— pilgrimage

expectant look ...
shoelace dangling
from her mouth

bundle of letters
received but never answered
— empty doorway

sharp as a blade
dune grasses in the breeze
autumn memory

destinations
pass on the screen
— windswept

Ben Gaa

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

second lap in the park
the couple
with matching face masks

back alley blackness
catching the tail
of the comet

summer stars
spilling out
of a ripe tomato

moon viewing
the itch from last night's
mosquito

Benno Schmidt

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [Germany](#)
-

seat on the quay
a boat takes the gulls
into the morning fog

Bhawana Rathore

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)
-

tree house
the stories left
out to rust

billowing clouds
what's already dark
becomes darker

Bill D. Johnston

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

autumn leaves
additions to
the will

Bryan Rickert

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

grandma's quilt
all the worn holes
in autumn leaves

morning chill
the door's squeak played
by the breeze

midday sun
a pond turtle breaks
the surface

old fishing pond
the steady bite
of horseflies

Carmela Marino

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

radiography-
the dew drop
shines in the sun

autumn flower-
she still doesn't know
she's gonna die

autumn twilight-
a chair worn
by his silences

twilight leaves-
I just hear the noise
of my steps

Carrie Ann Thunell

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)
-

after many year's absence
monarch butterflies
grace the garden

shuttered storefronts—
finding deer
downtown at dawn

before sunrise
tree roots
untie my laces

Cezar-Florin Ciobîcă

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [Romania](#)
-

morning yoga
even my little turtles
stretch their necks

lockdown
more space
for spring

Damir Janjalija

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [Montenegro](#)
-

the horizon line
living
my silence

Daniela Misso

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

birdbath ...
the first light of dawn
sparkling

evening wind
a handful of nuts
in my pockets

David He Zhuanglang

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 MARCH 2020

- [China](#)
-

old cemetery...
Gran squats down
to plant the rose

David J. Kelly

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [Ireland](#)
-

maths homework
no way to eliminate
the negative

strip tease ...
the naked skeletons
of winter

David Watts

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

a glow of stillness
egret in the pond
at twilight

Debbie Strange

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Canada](#)
-

tear gas
the missing eyespot
on a moth's wing

trilliums
we learn to thrive
in your shadow

fourteen eyes
on the possum's back . . .
night train

false apology
the stiff tail feathers
of a ruddy duck

the spine
I used to have . . .
sea urchin

Deborah Karl-Brandt

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [Germany](#)
-

self-isolation
between cooking pot and laundry
searching for haiku

cherry branches
it's getting brighter
in the flat

lilies of the valley
self-picked
on Mother's Day

Deborah P Kolodji

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

winter camellia
my walker unsteady
on the flagstones

bulbs dormant
in this bare planter
colorful dreams

alone . . .
a great blue heron
fills up the sky

one feeder
the aerial dance
of hummingbirds

Derek Adams

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 APRIL 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)
-

through the window
a single daffodil
in isolation

the postman long gone
junk mail in the letterbox
human contact

Derek Sprecksel

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

weeping willows
guarding spring winds
lily pads

scarecrow
covered in spiderwebs
nightfall

darting through
a neon puddle-
bird shadows

Diana Webb

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 MARCH 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)
-

through
the night window
magnolia silence

blackthorn
where the stars have touched
on pointe

sunlight breaks through
despite the blind
scent of Narcissus

Duncan Richardson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

through the fly screen
the moon lights
my empty bed

old cathedral
choir stalls etched with layers
of graffiti

reptile house
death adder curls in
its zen garden

E. L. Blizzard

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

sacrifice
two hundred thousand
and counting

Edward Cody Huddleston

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 MARCH 2020

- [USA](#)
-

upping my meds
more snow
in the forecast

the jeweler
explains her return policy
first frost

red clay
shaking the sunset
from my boots

Eileen F. Connolly

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Ireland](#)
-

wasp
on piano keyboard
out of tune

shadows
flicker in firelight
ballerina

Elancharan Gunasekaran

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 16 MARCH 2020

bus ride
before dawn
chasing elusive dreams

little one's
first step
leap day

Elizabeth Black

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

late summer
sowing seeds
the second time around

garden hose
the black snake
coiled tight

nana's dementia
remembering the losses
loving the remains

Elmedin Kadric

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Sweden](#)
-

the breeze
in many ways
fiddleheads

cloudless
a new day
speaks for itself

in her head
it's a sin
spring rain

home from war
the first thing to go
is the forsythia

Eufemia Griffo

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

chorus of leaves
the ancient song
of the wind

window screen
a butterfly looking for
new flowers

deafening silence
I wonder if crickets
still sing

Florin Golban

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 19 MARCH 2020

captive
in the dew grain -
the song of a cricket

Fractled

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [USA](#)
-

traffic lights
only the echo of sparrows
heads downtown

ghost city
the pace of my stride
at rush hour

Easter Day
the family time spent
via touchscreen

spring cleaning
a worldwide shutdown
for the earth to heal

Frank Yannì

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

thunderstorm
the Great Blue Heron
faces the wind

nightfall
the cemetery's gates
are locked

family cemetery
my headstone
1951 to ____

Gauri Dixit

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)
-

the rustle
of fallen leaves
forest music

a climb
up the unfinished staircase
oh! the moon

lightning
on the dark terrace -
a thwarted kiss

Geetashree Chaterjee

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 AUGUST 2020

- [India](#)
-

breaking news ...
the other half of the globe
still in sleep

jasmine night
a whiff of childhood
in the air

Goran Gatalica

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 APRIL 2020

- [Croatia](#)
-

first snow —
the catalyst
for my writing

Gurpreet Dutt

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 MARCH 2020

- [Kashmir, India](#)
-

a dull sky...
how soon the snow glows
on my house

election day
the up and down trails
of hometown dunes

Hege Jakobsen Lepri

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 AUGUST 2020

paper cuts
scarred from touching
letters from home

insomnia
at five the first songbird
levels with me

Irina Guliaeva

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 MARCH 2020

- [Russia](#)
-

house for sale
I remember the phone number
by heart

filling in the gaps
less and less empty spaces
in the graveyard

Jack Galmitz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 MARCH 2020

- [USA](#)
-

In the sea depths
fish that can't see
find each other

Fleeing across the plains
I feel the heat on my neck
of giant wings

James Babbs

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

meeting
for the first time at
grandpa's funeral

years later
people still call me
by my brother's name

above the pond
a swirl of geese
she kisses me goodbye

broken ladder
remembering
grandma's apple pie

just a street lamp
not the moon
this time

pandemic
police tape around
the playground

social distancing
the birds still singing
the way they have always sung

Jamie Wimberly

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)
-

for all those
left behind ...
falling leaves

alone
last dandelion stands watch
autumn's gate

sometimes
the weight and weariness –
setting sun

Jan Cronos

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

thunder
an infant stirs
wide-eyed

Jay Friedenberg

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 APRIL 2020

- [USA](#)
-

ragged breeze
a cocooned butterfly
jerks in the web

covid-19
the wind blows a mask
down an empty street

Jharna Sanyal

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

incessant rain
dawn snuggles
into a raven's wings

Jill Lange

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

a cup of tea
by the window . . .
how we change

on the beach
a black heart stone—
within days he's gone

fresh seed
on the fence posts—
a blue jay's call

the new doe
tips the bird feeder
just so

Joan C. Fingon

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

rain drops
stipple the water
mosaic birdbath

John McManus

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 31 MARCH 2020

- [England](#)
-

argument over
she snores on her side
of the pillow wall

daydream
the masseuse's hands
begin to wander

the harsh aftertaste
of vending machine coffee —
ICU at dawn

finding my name
on an old headstone —
distant lightning

counting pigeons
in the park
my old math teacher

Jon Petruschke

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 JUNE 2020

Pressing my fingers
into this clementine
I think of you.

At the bottom
of his t-shirt
her cheeks.

Rising tide
teasing her until I
slip in all the way.

Justice Joseph Prah

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 AUGUST 2020

- [Ghana](#)
-

winter after war
burnt out houses fall
snow on snow

temple bell tolls
coming from within
a resting butterfly

Kalyanee Rajan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 OCTOBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

durga puja ...
she dusts the years off
her wedding saree

June sun
umbrella spines
turn smokey

mother's kitchen...
the lingering fragrance
of mango pickle

Kamrun Nahar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [Bangladesh](#)
-

can't show
my golden teeth ...
surgical mask

Kavitha Sreeraj

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 AUGUST 2020

- [India](#)
-

jack fruit jam ...
a fly beats me
to the jar

lonely night ...
she let the waves
kiss her bare feet

quarantine
she plays peekaboo
with the moon

falling flowers ...
my patio
has a new colour

Keiko Izawa

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [Japan](#)
-

morning calmness
a cormorant circles
the patrol boat

outdoor concert
the singer's falsetto
reaches the stars

almost spring
the first letter in spanish
from my foster child

half moon
sandwiched between stars
the flashback of my youth

endless rain
a salesman at the cafe
slowly sips coffee

chilly morning
ambulance siren
followed by another

autumn train
the mother & daughter
silently play cat's cradle

italian restaurant
our dinner tinted
with the old film music

end of summer sale
all the shoppers'
untanned arms

Keitha Keyes

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Australia](#)
-

the crinkle
of autumn leaves —
Grandma's smile

Kripa Anand

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 JULY 2020

- [India](#)
-

reflections
of green in the stream ...
a world in itself

a deserted road
stretches into the horizon -
I keep walking

sunrise —
the leaves shimmer
in their newness

hot samosas ...
the rain brings
strangers together

eyes open
to a sunlit spider's web-
dream catcher

Kristen Lindquist

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [USA](#)
-

shortest day
the road-killed squirrel
drops its acorn

a crow's bark
pressure cracks split
the pond ice

old pond
last year's tadpoles
eat this year's

Kumarendra Mallick

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [India](#)
-

old song
every word I hear
sounds so new

deep meditation
the cactus blooms once
in twelve years

Lakshmi Iyer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)
-

first snow...
the child learns
a new colour

origami...
grandma folds
and unfolds her childhood

rainbow...
the sky
gets a new crown

Laurie Greer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 AUGUST 2020

crowd moving as one
at the signal
ginkgo leaves

the peace sign
in the heron's footprint
will it fly this time

silty gravel
the path
the storm took

long drought
the big dipper
comes up dry

crowd moving as one
at the signal
ginkgo leaves

Leslie McKay

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [New Zealand](#)

love is history
down the alley
fresh graffiti

Lisa Espenmiller

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

walking into the wind
nothing left
to see through

Lori A Minor

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 16 MARCH 2020

coming out
mom puts me on
the prayer list

knotted hair
I brush out
my depression

spring break
my cup half full
of regrets

ten year reunion
I don't recognize
myself

Lorraine Carey

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Ireland](#)
-

hedgerow perils
a chime of wrens
ringing alarm

zooming in
on mortality
the meeting cancelled

full moon chatter
an eagle owl
fluffing white neck feathers

Louise Hopewell

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [Australia](#)
-

scattering
mum's ashes
fiery sunset

lawn sprinkler
a little girl dances
through rainbows

icy puddle
all the cracks
in the clouds

retreating shadows
a golden orb spider
spins sunlight

the stone Buddha's
serene smile
cactus garden

remembering dad
the little boy cowers
behind a headstone

Louise Lynch

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 AUGUST 2020

- [USA](#)

broken teacup
my son learns
his first swear word

Lucia Cardillo

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 AUGUST 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

the moon preys
of the spider and its web ...
old window

la luna preda
del ragno e la sua tela ...
vecchia finestra

thistle flowers ...
rain drops caught
by thorns

fiori di cardo...
s'impigliano alle spine
gocce di pioggia

Maithili Khamkar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

heated argument -
I'd forgotten
words could burn

Mallika Chari

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 MARCH 2020

- [India](#)
-

highway —
a herd of cows overtake
on the dotted line

open window
a sparrow balances
on the grill

spring
swaying branches
show up the nest

night stroll
my shadow reaches
home first

lockdown
even trees sway
without a rustle

family meet
at the base of an old tree
a new growth

Marcus Liljedahl

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 MARCH 2020

- [Sweden](#)
-

waiting room
low voices locked inside
closed doors

snow falls
from branch to branch...
moonlit river

Margherita Petriccione

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 19 AUGUST 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

oyster shell
polished in nacre...
winter twilight

yellow narcissus -
I run no more
at breakneck speed

Maria Concetta Conti

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

whatever it takes
to keep her alive
autumn rain

warm autumn
even the wind
is a soul

a love song
the faint sound
of autumn rain

autumn leaves
even the sky is not
a limit

writing words
in unusual sequences
autumn moon

our silences
the fog has covered
even the moon

Mariangela Canzi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Italy](#)
-

sudden rain
the robin's wings
wide open

I hold my dog
on the scented path
thunderstorm

hot stones
blades of grass
push through

winter morn
lighting the air
snowdrops

Marilyn Ashbaugh

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

stagnant heat
a wobbly fan
stirs the silence

line of prayer flags
at the stupa
migrating geese

wooden pier
the harvest moon
jumps in

Marilyn Humbert

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Australia](#)
-

fish hide
in the river
fallen branches

Marilyn Ward

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 MARCH 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)
-

night rain
the steady drip
of morphine

early spring
i bat your pillow
into new shapes

Mark Powderhill

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [England](#)
-

warm breeze
the cat runs over
the piano keys

faded memories
the intricate stitching
in grandma's quilt

behind the silver tinged clouds
an orange glow
bonfire night

Mary McCormack

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 SEPTEMBER 2020

clover flowers
strewn through dark grass—
so many stars

Matt Olechnowicz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Canada](#)
-

rustling embers
whispers of ash and pine
a log shifts

Matthew M. Cariello

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 19 AUGUST 2020

- [USA](#)
-

the one hummingbird
I get to see
morning glories

Maureen Edden

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 MARCH 2020

one leg out
I'd like to stay in bed
this morning

sea mist
the wounded call
of an albatross

orange ice lolly
dripping from his chin
wide toothed grin

father's day
monkey business
at the zoo

kites
in the open sky
today and yesterday

Maureen Sudlow

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 AUGUST 2020

- [New Zealand](#)
-

deep blue
the colour
of silence

refugees
no such sound
as home

Maya Daneva

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 AUGUST 2020

- [The Netherlands](#)
-

mountain's pine forest
all the wild berries
no one eats

Meera Rehm

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 APRIL 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)
-

revolving restaurant
the moon playing
peekaboo

Mihai Moldoveanu

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [Romania](#)
-

campfire -
fireflies charge
their batteries

pilgrimage -
on the dusty road
traces of heels

rainy days –
among the corn husks
broken needles

Mike Gallagher

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [Ireland](#)
-

an old photo
seeing in his eyes
what was lost

Milan Rajkumar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 19 AUGUST 2020

- [India](#)
-

monsoon night ...
the wind chimes tell
another story

spring morning ...
sunlight opens the gate
of nimbus clouds

swirling leaves –
the rattle of
an old typewriter

Mirela Brăilean

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 AUGUST 2020

- [Romania](#)
-

to leave
something behind
a snail's trail

autumn river
leaves don't cling
to the rocks

Mona Bedi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)
-

lockdown blues
just another morning
which day is it?

Monalisha Gogoi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

whiff of air -
the field swells with
ripening rice

Nadejda Kostadinova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 16 MARCH 2020

- [Bulgaria](#)

filling in the silence
white clouds

walking in the park
with the rain

staring
at the same blue sky
a new day

creaming the soup
for the baby and me
autumn chill

glowing sky
thank you Earth for the
crickets

trembling wings
of the paper butterflies
soul music

Neha Talreja

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 APRIL 2020

- [India](#)
-

stormy night
only the cat's sleep
undisturbed

Nikolay Grankin

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [Russia](#)
-

hospice
the weightless hand
of an old lady

meandering path
the trees touch each other
over my head

intimate talk
an onion cut
in half

breakfast
a line of sparrows
on the fence

jubilee
smoothing out the wrinkles
on the candy wrapper

vacation
the long thread
of a spider

Othuke Umukoro

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 AUGUST 2020

- [Nigeria](#)
-

clandestine landmines
they buried him
without his head

long winter night
walking back for more
Harriet Tubman

sweltering summer
uprooting the grass
on my wife's grave

shadows falling
on shadows of slaves
picking cotton

eyes following
eyes of the night river
first runaway slave

Padma Srinivasan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 OCTOBER 2020

- [Scotland](#)

child loss-
my stepping stone
to motherhood

Padmini Krishnan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 16 MARCH 2020

hospital gown
the last gaze
into his eyes

winter famine
frog's skin baked
in the sun

morning mist
a finch stretches her body
on a thin stem

Palle Krishna Rao

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

online meeting —
my wife pulls out
a new dress

daily routine...
parrots gathering
to trade gossip

travel packing ...
my back
protests strongly

Pat Davis

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 MARCH 2020

- [USA](#)
-

cupped hand
her tiny life line
receives my coins

antlers turn
for a split-second
we know each other

Patricia Prime

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 04 MAY 2020

- [New Zealand](#)

distant greeting

over the telephone

talk of viruses

breaking the silence

of the lockdown

a lawnmower

sunset shadows

a circle of empty chairs

around the table

pandemic

those in the queue

keep their distance

Philmore Place

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 MARCH 2020

- [Belarus](#)
-

bus to the mountains
rag doll in cabin
dangles feet

tangerines are blooming -
over the hills and beyond
floating scent

leaves
in petalled grass –
May rain

on way from home
swifts in the sky
on way home

drizzle
at the pet grave
an empty bowl

Pratham Rajeevalochan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 19 AUGUST 2020

- [India](#)
-

gleaming knife ...
edge sharper than
moon scars

Priti Aisola

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)
-

a custard apple ...
the squirrel crafts
a bowl

filigree on leaf ...
what is
of what was

a white lily
the lingering fragrance
of a child's smile

streaming sun rays ...
the underside of leaves
still dark

Radhika Chandramouli

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

self-quarantine
I speak the language
of my dog

patio swing...
my grandson's toes
touch the moon

online Sanskrit class
cyberspace reverberates
with shlokas

meditation...
intruders trespass my
private space

vertigo
I take myself
for a spin

lockdown extension
senior citizens
in a checkmate

Rajeshwari Srinivasan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 APRIL 2020

- [India](#)
-

passing clouds
every mountain
gets a hug

old age home
every room
has a family photo

mother tongue
I look back
to see the face

festival
the smell of cardamom
on her fingers

Réka Nyitrai

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Romania](#)
-

chirp of a sparrow
this is what I am
on my birthday

simmering eggs—
our silence hardens
the yolks

hot & cold
uterus—
remembered
snow

my clone—
I hope she is
a florist

curfew
a flute sonata
shifts the moon

Risë E Daniels

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

evening shower...
a parade of umbrellas
scurries by

sunlight dancing
on newly formed leaves
... the journey ahead

Robert Davey

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 AUGUST 2020

- [England](#)
-

heatwave
a heap
of bikes and teens

morning mist -
a cigarette billowing
on the frozen road

Roberta Beach Jacobson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 05 APRIL 2020

- [USA](#)
-

stationary bike
my imagination
takes off

swoop
of the owl
the cosmos within

recycling
a few phrases
plagiarism

Ron Scully

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [USA](#)
-

haiku book
in the mailbox
first crocus

Rp Verlaine

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 MARCH 2020

- [USA](#)
-

the mirror
has yet to learn
what to hide

Ryland (Shengzhi) Li

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

twenty seconds
the melody of water
over my hands

little blue can
the mighty band sound
of Miles Davis

dried-up
hydrangea blossoms
the old family album

s.siporin

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

dew on daisies
she places on
his grave

Samo Kreutz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [Slovenia](#)
-

melted snow
the reflection of a toddler
barely visible

chaos in the room
lost between the clutter
a beam of the moon

(translated into English by Alenka Zorman)

Scott Packer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Canada](#)
-

missing her
the surface tension
of water

Shakira Posey

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

snowfall
birds shivering in trees
coated white

Shay M. Wills

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)
-

bean pods
curl from grass
earth worms

counting bird songs
on summer mornings
lonely listener

Shira Wolfe

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 JUNE 2020

return to rain
I haven't seen the birds
today

the shadow of a seagull
crossing over
her face

rain after sun
and she seems to be
wilder at heart

Shloka Shankar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

winter dusk...
the hive mind
of crows

dangling modifier
the stories we leave
incomplete

Shobhana Kumar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

abandoned shrine
the gods as lost
as us

tea dregs
remnants from a wanton
night

memory
what do sparrows
sound like?

Simon Hanson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 MARCH 2020

- [Australia](#)
-

golden amber
an ancient bee
bearing ancient pollen

deep space
stars in the skies
of other worlds

stirring
its own image
wind on the water

Sonal Srinivasan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 AUGUST 2020

- [India](#)
-

social distancing ...
even the sea looks
bluer to me

lockdown ...
clang of vessels upon vessels
the only music

digital footprints ...
a year later he dedicates
my ku to me

pacman —
I fight against the same
ghosts again

Srinivas S.

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 MARCH 2020

- [India](#)
-

winter night
the fog thickens around
a long lullaby

a child spots
every animal she knows...
summer clouds

Steliana Cristina Voicu

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 AUGUST 2020

- [Romania](#)

Danube Delta –
in the just bloomed waterlily
a setting moon

(Romanian)
Delta Dunării –
în nufărul abia deschis
apune luna

the way home ...
we stop in the wheat field
for the rainbow

(Romanian)
drumul spre casă ...
oprim în lanul de grâu
pentru curcubeu

Stella Damarjati

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [Australia](#)
-

the absence
of birdsong
forest walk

Stephen C. Curro

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)
-

broken windshield
all this
for toilet paper

Stephen Toft

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)
-

farewell meal
the wine has a taste
i cannot name

alpine monastery
the monks
all suntanned

Sunita Agrawal

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)
-

dewdrops
the sun clears away
her name

Tanvi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 AUGUST 2020

- [India](#)
-

beach side ...
dolphins dive into themselves

autumn hues ...
i miss his arms around me

roadside stall-
flies assault the jalebis

terrace view...
people brim up the street

weekend -
pakodas dance in the fry pan

raging waves ...
she was left soaked
in her tears

bitter cold...
the day he walked out
on himself

sleepless nights...
her mascara stains the pillow

Christmas morning
he seals it with a kiss

the horizon...
sun melts into the sea

treasure hunt...
rats gang up inside
the dustbin

Tapan Mozumdar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 JULY 2020

ticking clock
crickets beyond the wall
chirp in sync

dimmed lights ...
the stillness of my shadow
on the floor

ganga aarti
a pimp settles at hundred
for easy salvation

Teji Sethi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 AUGUST 2020

- [India](#)
-

a tender plant
pushes through the cracks ...
cemetery

sunset serenade -
the music lingers
even after he leaves

papeeha
looks up at the sky -
parched lips

scrabble ...
the longest word I make
'lockdown'

old drawers ...
I find
'a new me'

his last trip
on waters of the Ganges ...
a floating urn

you and me
together yet apart -
beads of a rosary

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 03 APRIL 2020

- [USA](#)
-

the scent
of honeysuckle
last night's dream

a twinkling
of stars
the muse returns

Tim Gardiner

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 MARCH 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)
-

selfie...
is Matsushima
not enough

jaywalking...
the stag beetle
dodges my foot

Tim Murphy

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 JUNE 2020

- [Spain](#)
-

fewer eyes
to avoid
pandemic metro

Tom Bierovic

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 MARCH 2020

- [USA](#)
-

a shroud
drapes the orange tree
winter rain

splash of a golf ball
a duck's eye
blinks

the sign says
narrow road ahead
talk radio

hometown church
even the belfry
is empty

Tomislav Maretić

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 23 AUGUST 2020

- [Croatia](#)
-

I shine shoes
on the balcony –
a meteor shower

wind gusts –
petals swirling together
with a dry leaf

Tony Williams

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [Scotland](#)
-

beach scene...
the whorls and loops
left by dogs

Tsanka Shishkova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2020

pandemic moon
alone
with a cup of tea

dawn
in the icicle
rainbows

Vandana Parashar

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 MARCH 2020

- [India](#)
-

it all comes back
to where it starts...
water fountain

you touch me once
and move on...
flowing water

behind closed doors
the day silently slips
into night

Vidya S Venkatramani

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 06 NOVEMBER 2020

- [India](#)
-

migrant worker -
asking the geese
for the way back home

meditation
a rock dove inches
closer to me

sacred grove -
trees braided together
with vines and prayers

rain upon rain-
mother's orchids
still facing skywards

deafening rain
 mother's call
asking if I have reached home

summer dawn-
a dab of sandal paste
on my fore-head

fire-walking pit -
the smile of a deity
from a neon billboard

Vijay Prasad

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 APRIL 2020

- [India](#)

alone ...
endless repetitions
of myself

trapped ...
this belief called
i

empty elevator ...
her fragrance and
i

Willie R. Bongcaron

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - MODERN HAIKU](#)

PUBLISHED: 27 MARCH 2020

- [The Philippines](#)
-

bed of roses
a heart that sings
out of tune

crescent moon...
drowning her solitude
in prayers

ONE-LINE HAIKU

Editor: Johannes S. H. Bjerg

Ken Sawitri

teak leaf rice warms a handful of barefoot's dreams

Philip Whitley

even mastodons exit through the gift shop

Scott Packer

each pine needle presently points the way home

David J. Kelly

leaving your gravitas where it sticks

word salad the aftertaste of trumpet oil

Iliyana Stoyanova

the phone still silent death watch

cloud etchings in the lake the sky the lake

Irina Guliaeva

broken bridge repeating symphony after the local girl

Angiola Inglese

wet rag on the floor so maple red

Mike Gallagher

taller with the stoop of age

the mountain sensed no longer seen a darkening sky

in a wood straining the sigh of a sitka trunk

David Watts

echo cannot speak mountain snow

Ashish Narain

a raven still black after dawn

starlight wondering about the leftovers

winter still guitar strings after the song

Barrie Levine

bringing in the quilt full of sky

Exodus mother of all departures

shovel passing hand to hand the mound grows smaller

death announcement in brightening leaves

Jharna Sanyal

grass shoots no blood letting

E. L. Blizzard

ersatz birds retweet alarm calls this chaos

Nathanael Tico

privilege had to check its spelling

malaise word of the day on the nose

S. Eta Grubešić

On those fields only the fog grows this morning.

On my grandmother's grave in a drop of rain I'm tiny and grateful.

The Einstein Cross I'm there and here.

Winter landscape one and the same side of the wind.

Sherry Grant

isolation carefully broken into two colours

Minal Sarosh

from last night the moon's obsession with darkness

Suraj Nanu

a dewdrop staring at my viewfinder

Bryan Rickert

winter returns the empty stares of children

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

granny calls the boy blowing soap bubbles Siva

right above the nose I'm blind

Sarah Crowson

rose garden postcards print boxes of ghosts

my mother's ring semi-precious like blood

Mirela Brăilean

the fog digests itself

Kat Lehmann

breathing the tree sighs I sigh back

when it hears me singing bird at the feeder

sun warmed tomato and my bones ripe

sun slips into monochrome asters

trimming the weeping cherry bowl cut

Neena Singh

crawling through the weight a baby snail

Mark Gilbert

she says something funny he shows his teeth

visiting time a labyrinth of ears

horsechestnuts arguing about thermodynamics

quantum polka dots an illusion

making up bluebells

Stefano d'Andrea

crows on the branch erased by my gum glances

Jianqing Zheng

shell-searching a boy's shadow drags sunset

Matthew Moffett

a little wiggle in her tooth and all the trees begin to bud

just one more bicep curl the fiddleheads unfurling

however there has been little research on the moist underside of this rock

where the orchid's bloom would be her forty-seventh year

what squirrels say on a cable the internet runs through

Richa Sharma

funeral procession minus his shadow

Margherita Petriccione

dark from the frozen glass the cock's crow

lost Ursa minor in my foggy summer sky

another rush to the hospital an aftershave scent

John McManus

the taste of tea we used to make more death

where tomorrow grows teeth under my pillow

finally unpacked the armadillo's narrative

to the west of the sea glass eyes

the old belt Dad used to know the way home

laughing without shame winter takes off its fur coat

a desire to go backwards ruby slippers

obsidian waves a bouquet of flowers for the bling goddess

the stars we leave nothing unsaid

I too have been left behind toy soldiers

Robert Davey

horse-chestnut candle unbroken voices of choristers

winter squeeze for a dwindle of toothpaste

Réka Nyitrai

not loaning my laughter out to you, snow

probably the sky Einstein's moustache

walking in sunshine my body water chanted backward

Alegria Imperial

where creation begins and ends onion scales

smoke and grey hair grandfather's syllables receding the hours

fraught trail the tightness of wild lace shadowless

unbecoming is the moon because of bruises?

shrunk between trumpeted lies and ripped drums the ageing boor

Matthew M. Cariello

the sparrow admires the mirror the sparrow admires

Tim Murphy

baptism fire money the acoustic version

the moment history keeps on changing search parties

Deborah P Kolodji

20 second hand wash bubbles

reset button towering bamboo shoots

trees lost to drought N95 masks

Hazel Hall

keeping a kangaroo hop away social distance

1984 movies thrown down the memory hole

Don Baird

fogbank leaving nothing behind

lost and found her bark

Diana Teneva

a bread crumb in my pocket Christ's body

Jackie Chou

changing my I's to lower case narcissus

Meik Blöttenberger

lockdown shaving light from shadows

no matter what i do blue as ice

last to board the ark a horsefly

mid-stride chicago over my shoulder

Agnieszka Filipek

in a puddle my shadow soaking wet

counting sheep on an empty field full moon

Eva Drobna

red toadstool - happy happy-end

point of summer in the crown of a tree

to the melody of emotion - dripping lead

Cezar-Florin Ciobica

mom's eyes gleaming in every puddle

or the disk may be locked by Covid-19

Orion hung over the zoo

Marcus Liljedahl

in the east end of our dna a sun god will rise again

a fresh wind sails through broken china

my megaphone wired with still lakes and kings' fools

yet another holy cow comes out as an outcast

childhood letters open meadows without doors or windows

sometimes a book grow wings and eats out of your hand

surely this is milk and honey under the bridge now

from time to time a blank slate flies too close to the sun

Eva Limbach

the same path day by day different shoes

Roberta Beach Jacobson

sailing away the fear of square knots

flattening curves moving mountains

tea to the first boil fish eyes

Marie-Louise Montignot

BWV 552 on the organ everything rests on the coccyx

older than my father when he died younger than my mother

Damir Damir

my stiff knees are not Buddha yet

a frozen octopus dreams of ocean tides

day after us after them after day

a flock of cranes higher than Spring

and the iris drinks the water and the iris withers

Veronika Zora Novak

in my hair the smell of hospitals in winter

Stephen Toft

beneath the dead wolf's fur a tattooed psalm

in exchange for prophecies the snow leopard's death

jumping the whale ejects a prayer into the stars

Rebecca Lilly

Stream-entry mist the fall line exorcising the darkness

The dead stillness across doing after a while the edge

Dusk's encryption of darkness in woods the ghosts left out the words

Surfing my desires the spindrift of uncertain tomorrows

Love's a flower-throated grief trickling from a seed under-wintering in snow

Evergreen dressings for the crow on the rock rain drums here comes destiny

My thoughts collected the devil offered a whole new vocabulary but all the languages were dead

My doppelganger dumps a soul mate for an acquaintance therapy it must be face-to-face

Autumn excess first in coloration an icicle bath from the breath at its far edge

Years consider the dead in your company but they are here

John Budan

my breasts tattooed on a sailors chest

dads blue mongolian norwegian eyes

Lakshmi Iyer

each peacock brushing its own rainbow

Fractled

stars roll out of the body bed bound

from dream to dream awake a wake

planet or egg shells crack the sky

a long break migrating north clouds

Kala Ramesh

the cliff of my will power before the drop

that cloud-capped moon ruins my evening alone

from source a pain swelling river runs amok

Peter Jastermsky

thirsting for perverse drive-through cows

leaning over her back story

vertigo something akin to family

Elmedin Kadric

only no bluebird foibles all

not unlike the evaporating cloud still leading the sky by the hand

a simple fact attached to her autumn branch

until you shake the day off this bearded iris

here all night the cloudlessness of stars

Praniti Gulyani

soldiers' home the taste of metal

how life shapes up ultrasound screen

Anna Maris

where people were sparrows

just another play on words break down check point

spring sun above my pay grade

sound of the starting gun lickety-split

Goran Gatalica

the planetarium her almond shaped eyes in my whisper

new pilgrims softly drips into the pastoral night

harvest moon scans the water in her memories

Malintha Perera

how your hair feels with my cosmos river end

dementia fireflies all rascals

Rashmi VeSa

hoarding tomorrow's tomorrows' tomorrow today

dried ink on my résumé shorter of a marriage name

snowed in a blank sheet folding-unfolding creases of monotony

alter egoing my dreams of possibilities leap day

Adjei Agyei-Baah

the great king's fart absorbed in drumbeat

leading the ant's column a butterfly wing

finding their space back in the sky spring leaves

Willie R. Bongcaron

social distancing the car too crammed for three

Jack Galmitz

uroboros men would suck their own cocks if they were able

Srinivas S

curfew hour hugging home careful silence

autumn leaves no post-script

so that seasons can pass stealthily mountain pass

Hemapriya Chellappan

her hips twist in the tale

wherever the legs take me kitchen sink

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

abyss your sorry in A-flat

upon closer look each lightening bolt an aria

stronger now the pull of red's moon

Tim Gardiner

enlightenment finally the free wi-fi works

in a rut sea barley and me

think you've got it bad snow flea

kingfisher joining up the snowflakes

Taofeek Ayeyemi

racing i hardly see the colour of my windmill

water pouring into a larger water sudden rain

Natalia Kuznetsova

my ex's final say on environment cremation

Lori A Minor

a hole in the wall the shape of a six pack

Diana Webb

all the way downstream a kingfisher in shards

shot through with tomorrow the moon the moon the moon

every pavement crack a measurement of petal

reading between the bricks a palpable speck

Tom Bierovic

talking in my sleep the lucky bamboo grows taller

rainy night a brief silence passing under Pont Neuf

Simon Hanson

all that glitters pretty anyway in sequins

afterimage the Catherine wheel turning blue

brimming with nightfall dark water pond

KU

Editor: Johannes S. H. Bjerg

Ken Sawitri

a pebble tossed in a well of silence praying for the rain

B.A. France

gold plated assault rifle waiting for steak sauce

David J. Kelly

romnal, lorman
almost amoral
the new normal

Kat Lehmann

no-ing what to do dandelion seeds

Palle Krishna Rao

the journey
from birth to obituary
two thumbs apart

Scott Metz

cherry blossoms somehow
each of them knows
about the virus

.

the empty streets of little coughs little sneezes little looks

.

nightmare splinters come out coffins on our sacred sand

.

a neurological season
so we believe
in neurological seasons

.

the virus we

lean

so many
things
against

the cherry
tree

.

with a candle i go all the way into her line about spring

.

butterflies quivering into a fiery pale Nabakovian sentence

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

answering
an owl
an axe

left by mother
the earth takes me
where it goes

Elmedin Kadric

if there's a sea
with which still
I'm meaning well

how by politics you mean a hummingbird

in looking after a city wombed

lost fables
in close communion
with vowels

breathing new life in-
to the shell of an egg
on the set of a nest

Maria Teresa Piras

war pollution -
the pastures, around,
deserts

Margherita Petriccione

holidays -
I hear my neighbor
talking on TV

Michael Battisto

already a red branch
is climbing to where
you are breathing

the Sierras are further than your forgetting,
bordered by pale hands
that will not leave you

you tell the red prayers
at your throat
should I listen

when I sleep I arrive at another spine
and press it into my back
as if it were the first tree

Robert Davey

sowing the eyes of would-be co-conspirators

Tim Murphy

easy recline the gyre's shadow accordion ending

windowless a baton passes a horizon hatch

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

reflected moon
once I was young
like a victory

Keith Polette

rain holes
long green lungs
of solitude

acres of joints
the ankle deep-drunk
in lost light

insomniac
the scratched-out eyes
of a confiscated saint

old insurance claims the vowels of fish

cold king
this carved effigy
an orchard

ricochet
the critical splicing
of crows

picked teeth the shrewdness of commas ribbons and lice

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

collapsing into a black hole the fucks i give

pull the strings of a cello. the sun. a rifle.

in deep thought. saturn's rings. an internal knife fight.

altered states of being the substrata of bees

even so
some like
the abuse

Marcus Liljedahl

with a snap
of the finger

heaven
comes down

into the
crucifix

.

when you
dream

we return to
childhood

with
suitcases

.

the second
violinist's e string

broken off

before
the iceberg

Fractled

tall grass yellow jackets with shanks

one with the dead now fog burial

the mud of colors in total darkness visions aside

Goran Gatalica

late for work...
my father's acting career
in her veins

Stephen Toft

moonless night
a prayer to the god
of broken clocks

kiss me till i'm a lion then leave

junkyard/ rainbows/ puddles
christ, etc

first blossom i open her cage

in my lover's eyes the departing circus

final breath now faintly the shipping forecast

Srinivas S

usually in the same breath thorns and roses

teeth typing gibberish in the cold

Roberta Beach Jacobson

observation post the owls within

Alegria Imperial

tinted brow
recycled otherwise
if unaccompanied

moss rock
under one's tongue
from howl to whine-y

if foliage stricken
pull down
a cloud

dripping leaf
from a comet
that's it?

the language of
vowels
backbone-less

Neelam Dadhwal

nirvana
a street without
stray cows

Ron Scully

to shew the firefly out of the glass bottle to trip light's apnea

solve for x freshman finding himself lost in Fibonacci sequence

suppose the whole sold out audience shouts fire the white faced Joker mimes

butterfly catches his breath song in his tiny lungs Scheherazade

white lotus cloud drifts on Mirror Lake moment after the motor cuts

tourist sunset plucky ducks in the back row of the lake crack fart jokes

cast iron bullfrog boot jack in the fuck position historically

Tom Bierovic

her Rosary
a bead in Spanish
a bead in English

Robert Beveridge

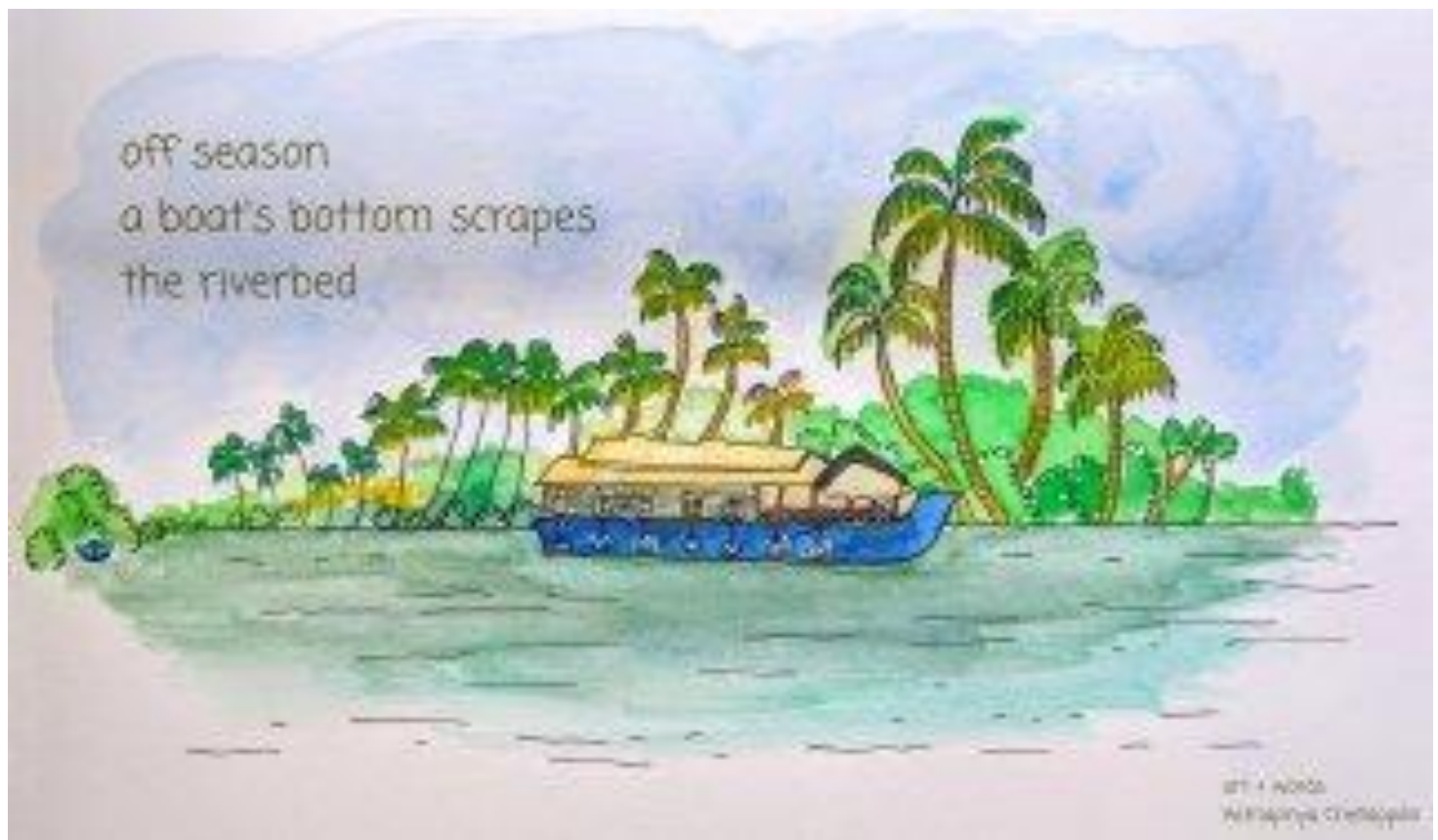
halloween:
the dead rise to throw eggs
at the living

my teacup
holds the white blood
of one kiss

HAIGA & VISUAL HAIKU

Editor: Pravat Kumar Padhy

Hemapriya Chellappan



Ed Bremson & Hemapriya Chellappan



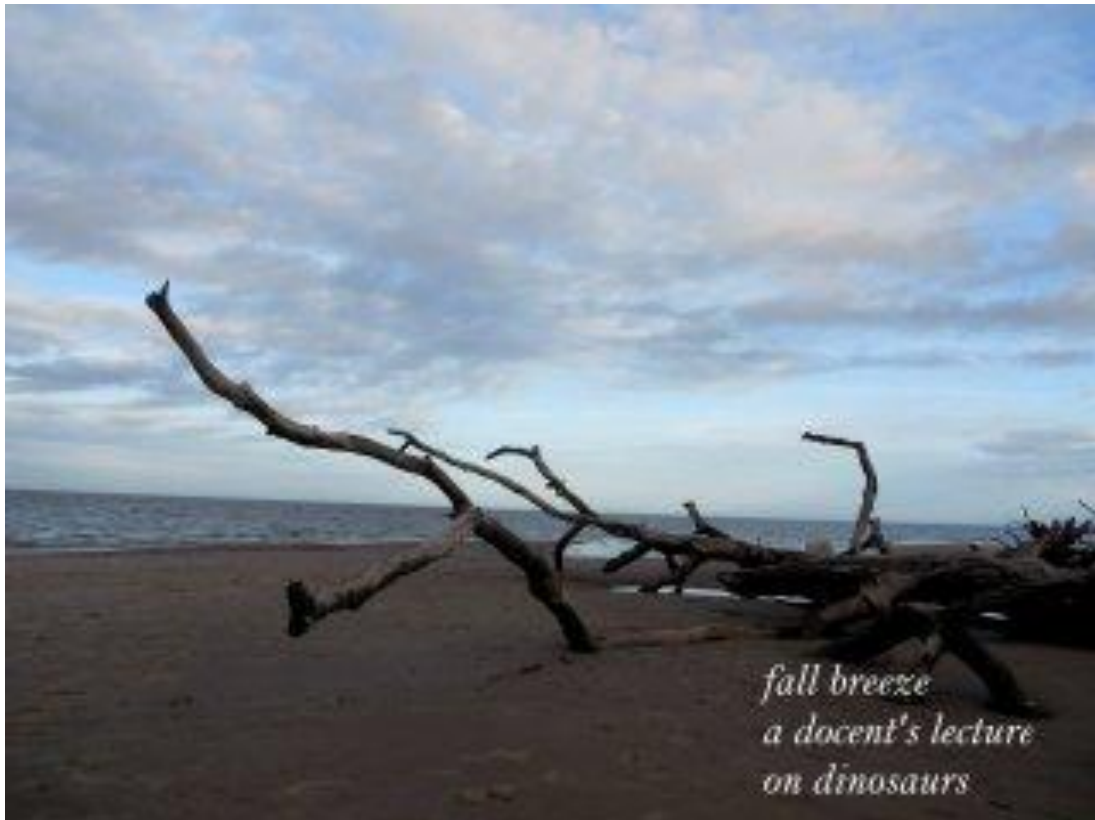
Shanna Moore



Elisa Theriana



Jianqing Zheng



Jacob Salzer



a cemetery path
full of dead leaves
my footsteps

Image © 2007 Jacob Salzer



attachment
the thoughts we don't
let go

Image © 2007 Jacob Salzer



cherry blossoms...
my dream
of a wedding

Photos © 2000 Jacobi Sabre



friendship...
a gold koi swims
between stars

(for Sharon)

Illustration © 2000 Jacobi Sabre. Itaku originally published in
Mare Liberyum Itaku & Tanka



grandma listening...
the leaf falls
without a sound

Shutterstock © 2020 Janaki Salim



samskaras...
a thousand lifetimes
unfold

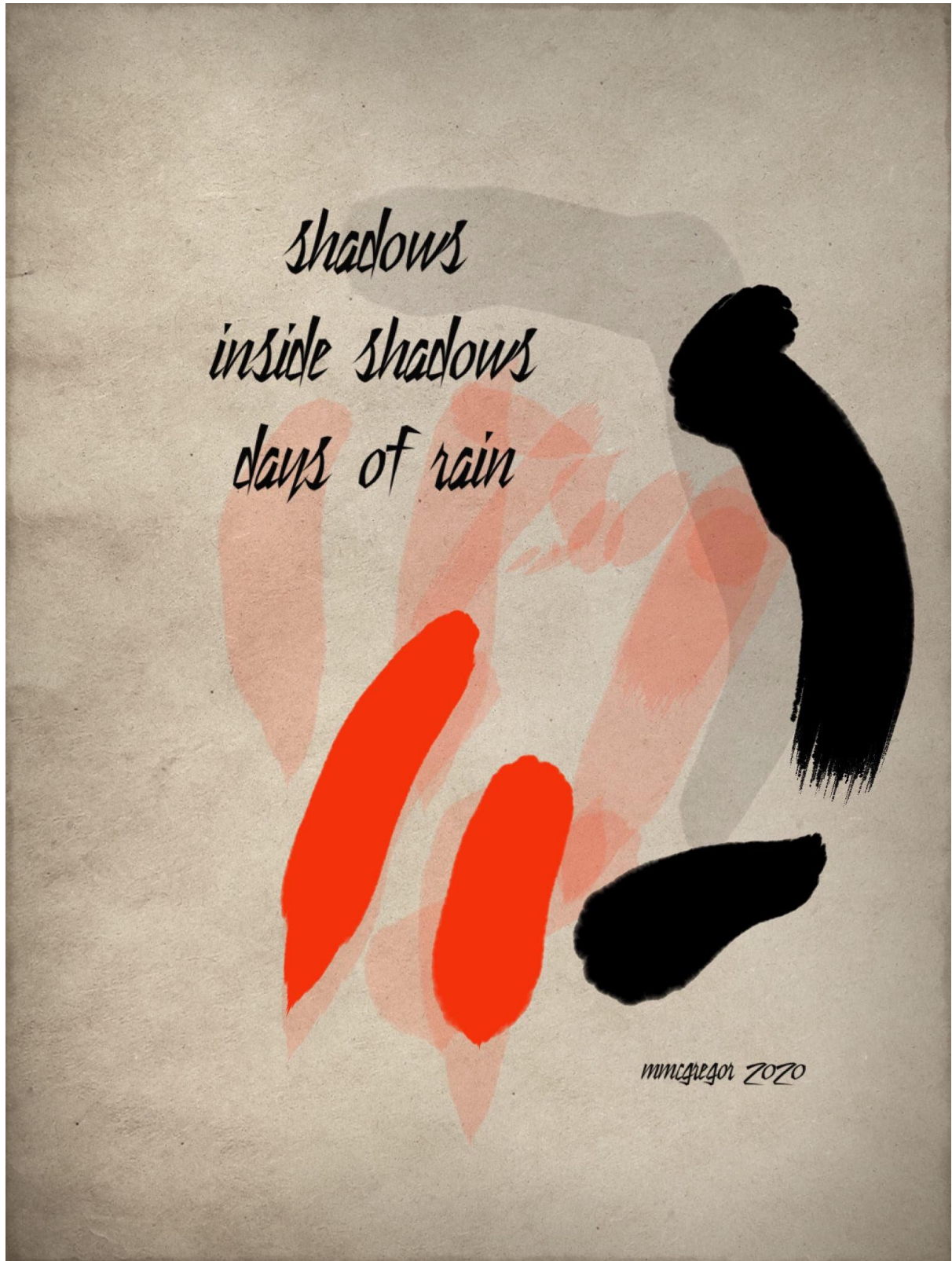
Shutterstock © 2020 Janaki Salim

LeRoy Gorman

g
oes
witho
ut saying
CHEMIN MOUNTAIN ROAD

i c e s
t o r m
e v e r
g r e e
n s c e
m e t e
r y w i
n d c h
i m e s

Marietta McGregor



mmcgregor 2020



silent once more
the ink almost dry
on my sumi-e

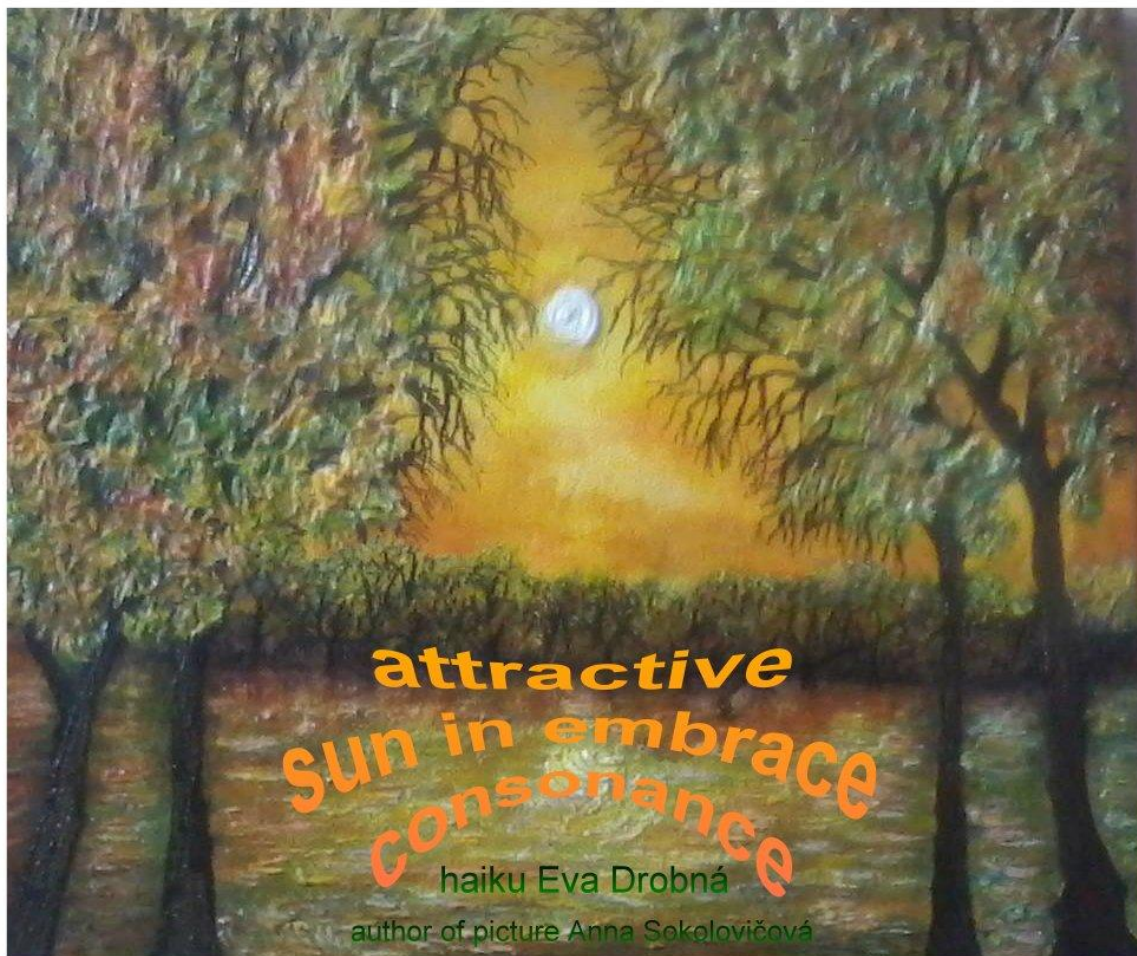


mmcgregor 2020

windblown clouds
caught in my hair
scent of horses

mmcgregor 2020

Eva Drobna & Anna Sokolovicova



David J. Kelly

new
arms
remembering ...
that grew
the starfish

Sonal Srinivasan

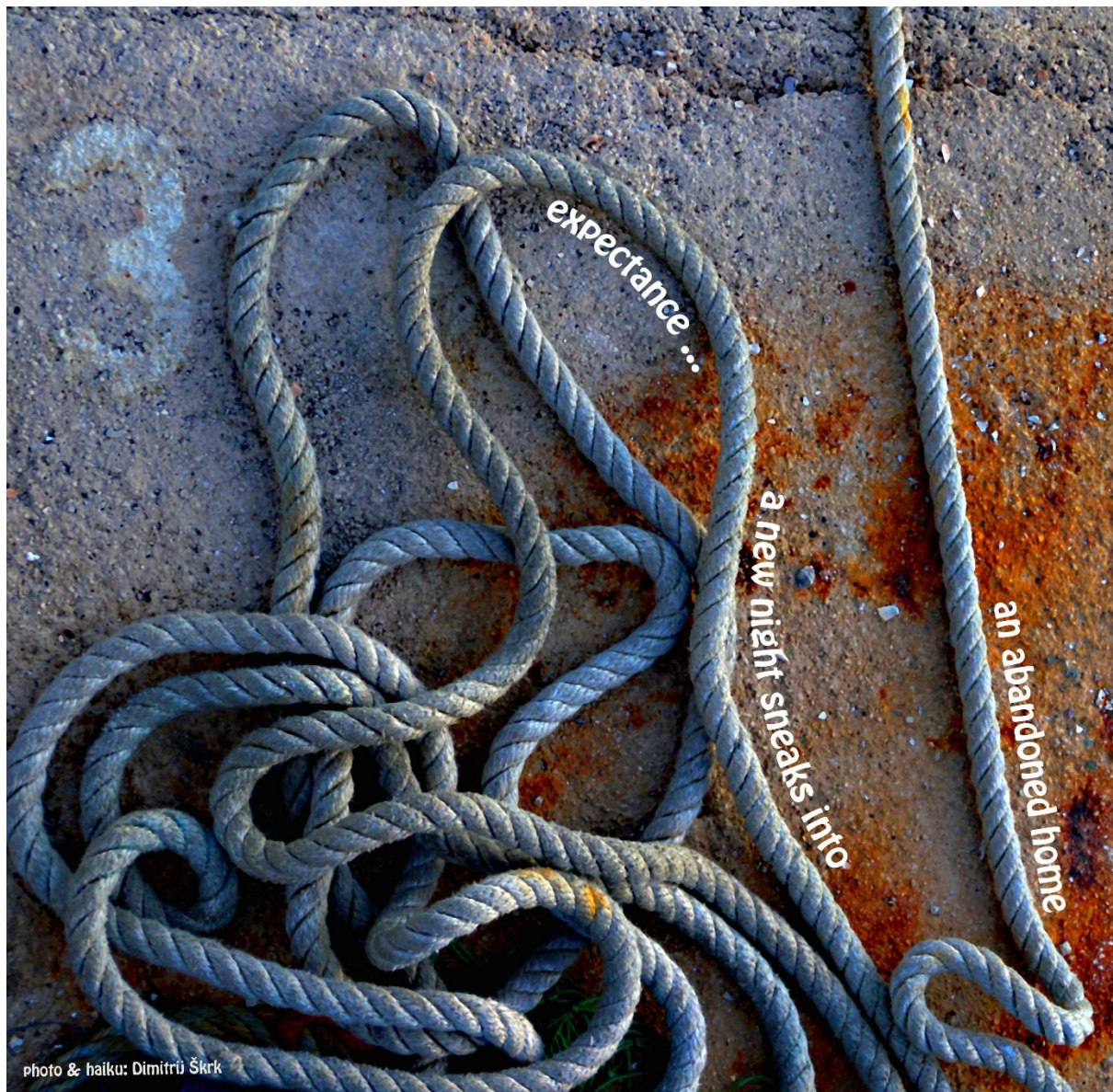


A golden retriever dog is lying on its side on a light-colored tiled floor. The dog is looking out of a large window with a black frame. The window shows a view of a garden with green plants and a brick path. The dog has a dark collar around its neck. The text "dreadful silence... i hear her every time the doorbell rings" is written in a black, cursive font in the upper right area of the image. The signature "-sonal srinivasan" is in the bottom right corner.

dreadful silence...
i hear her every time
the doorbell rings

-sonal srinivasan

Dimitrij Skrk



Michael Dudley

S U M M E R
VgarternEsnaKEgswallowingGgarternEsnaKE
G A R D E N

a grain of sand ■ in an ant's world

p r a r i e s
what goes around will come around
t o r n a d o

sedge marsh

moth

flut

toad

pulse**e**

th**ro**at

A U T U M N
losing my way again finding my way
S P R I N G

c*ld
rain
sl*w
ly
b*w
ing
d*wn
t*
fall
sunflowers
*

last day of the year
shovelling through a blizzard
first day of the year

Yog**A** c**a**t stretch**h** spotting **a** basebo**a**rd mouse hole**!**

E A R T H

t h

e

a r t

t h

e

h

e a r t

t h

e

h

e a r t h

t h

e

E A R T H

In Commemoration, April 22

Beata Wrzal





first frost
in my garden
the silence of birds

heatawrital

Debbie Strange



storm clouds
grief seems heavier
in the dark



words/image©DStrange

Anum Sattar & Sandi Pray



earth day
a leaf painting
freshly plucked

haiku by Anum Sattar

Sandi Pray

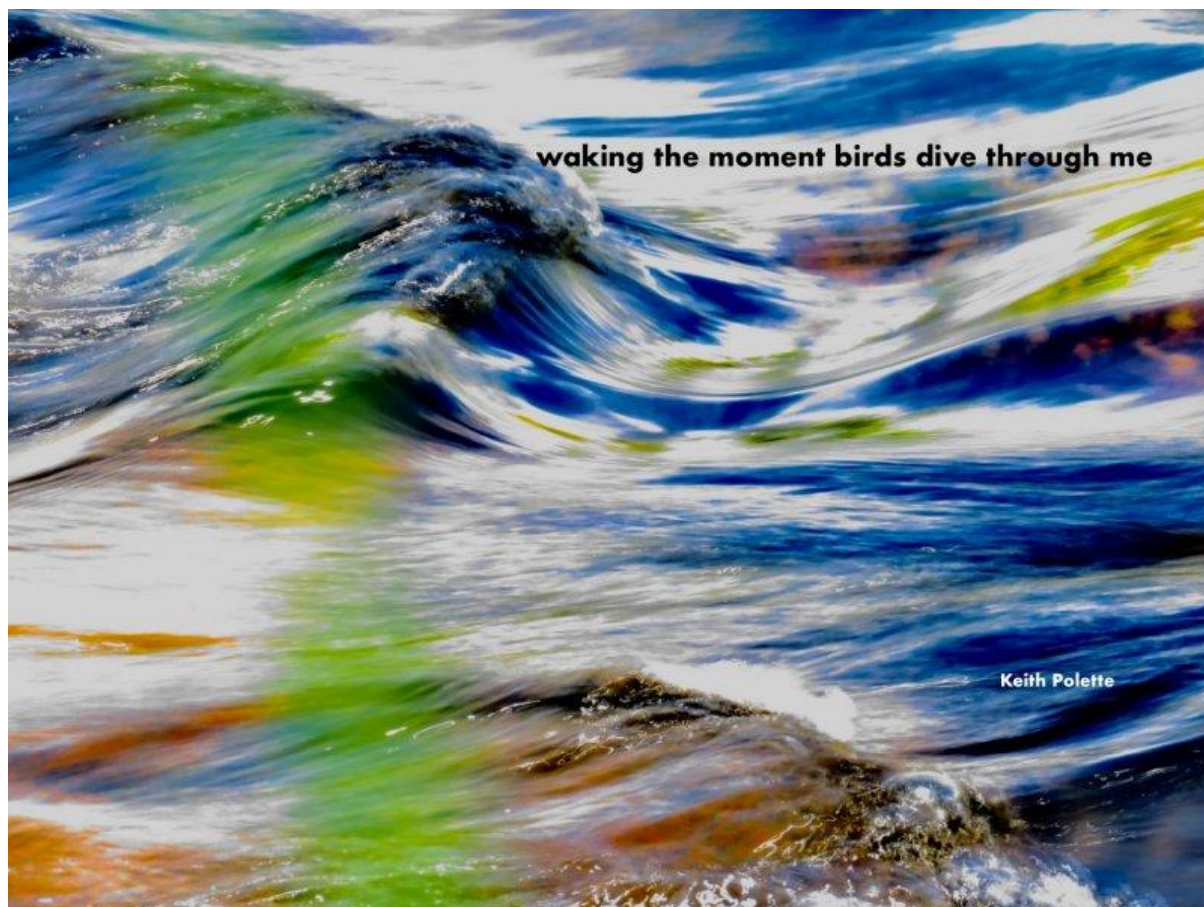
Mike Rehling / Kelly Sauvage Angel



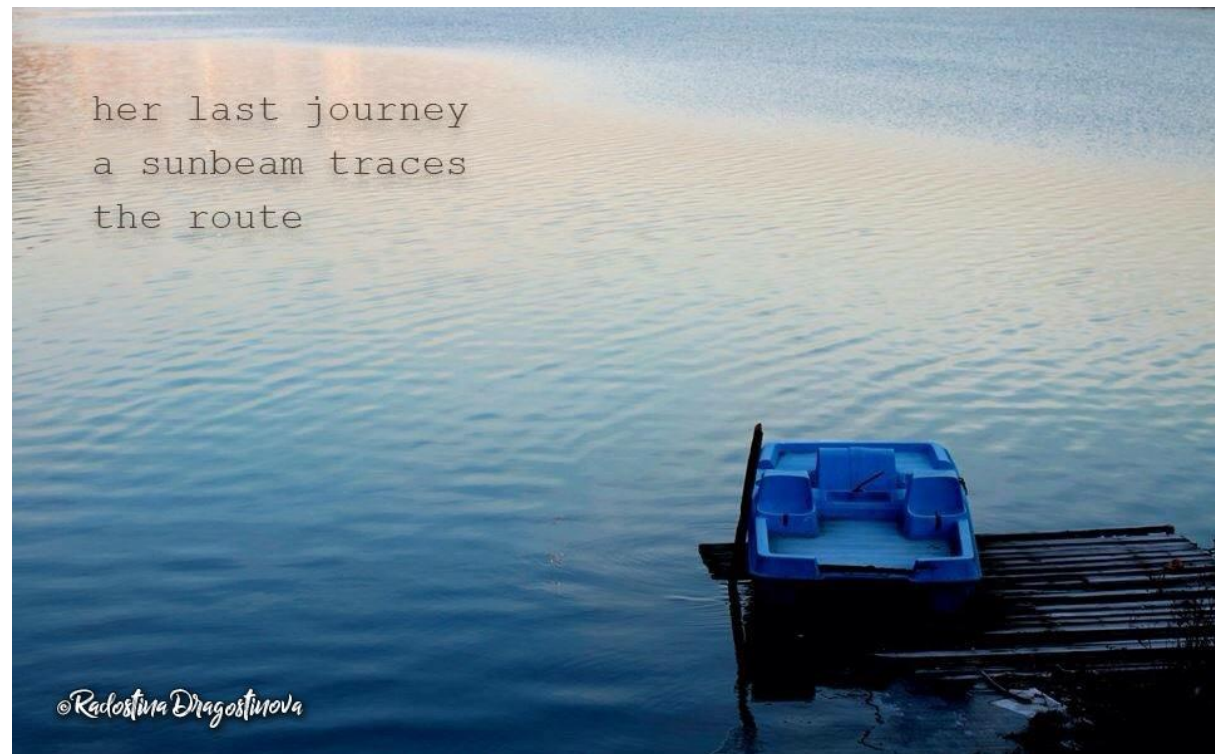
self-realization how far a stone's throw

Photo: Mike Rehling
Haiku: Kelly Sauvage Angel

Keith Polette



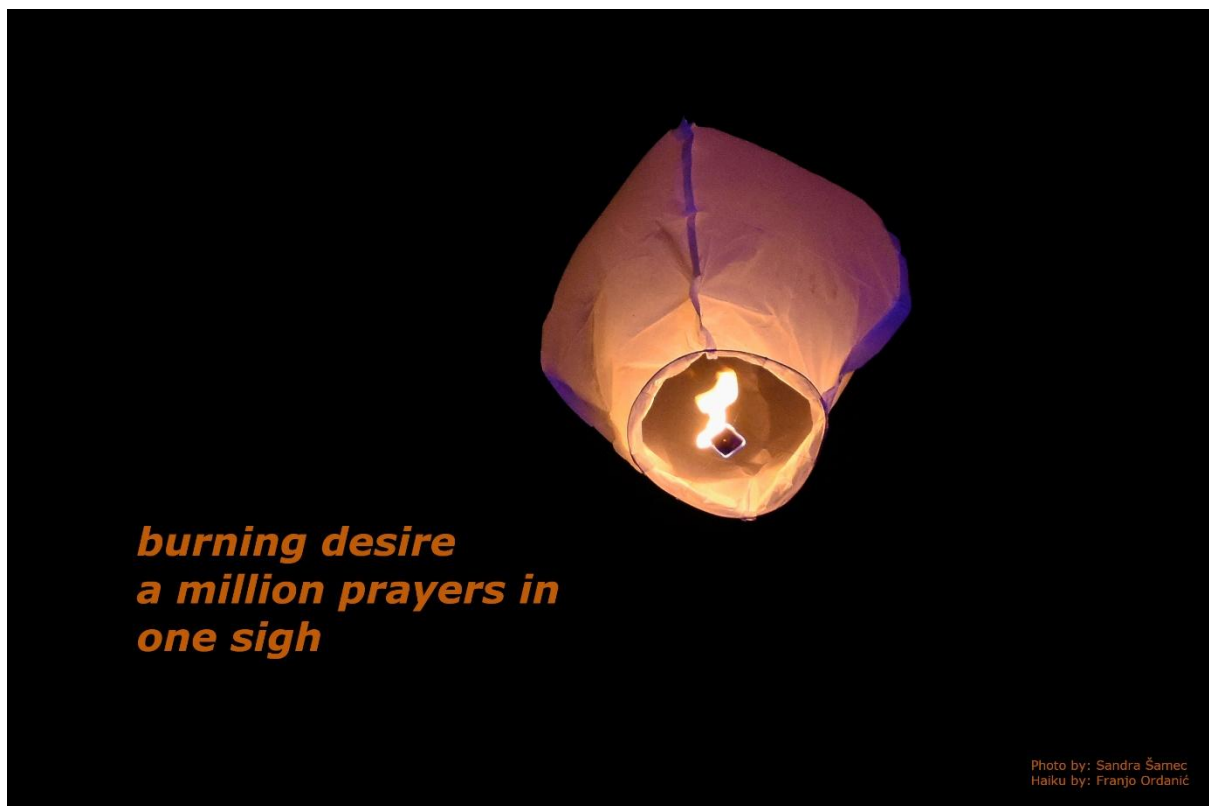
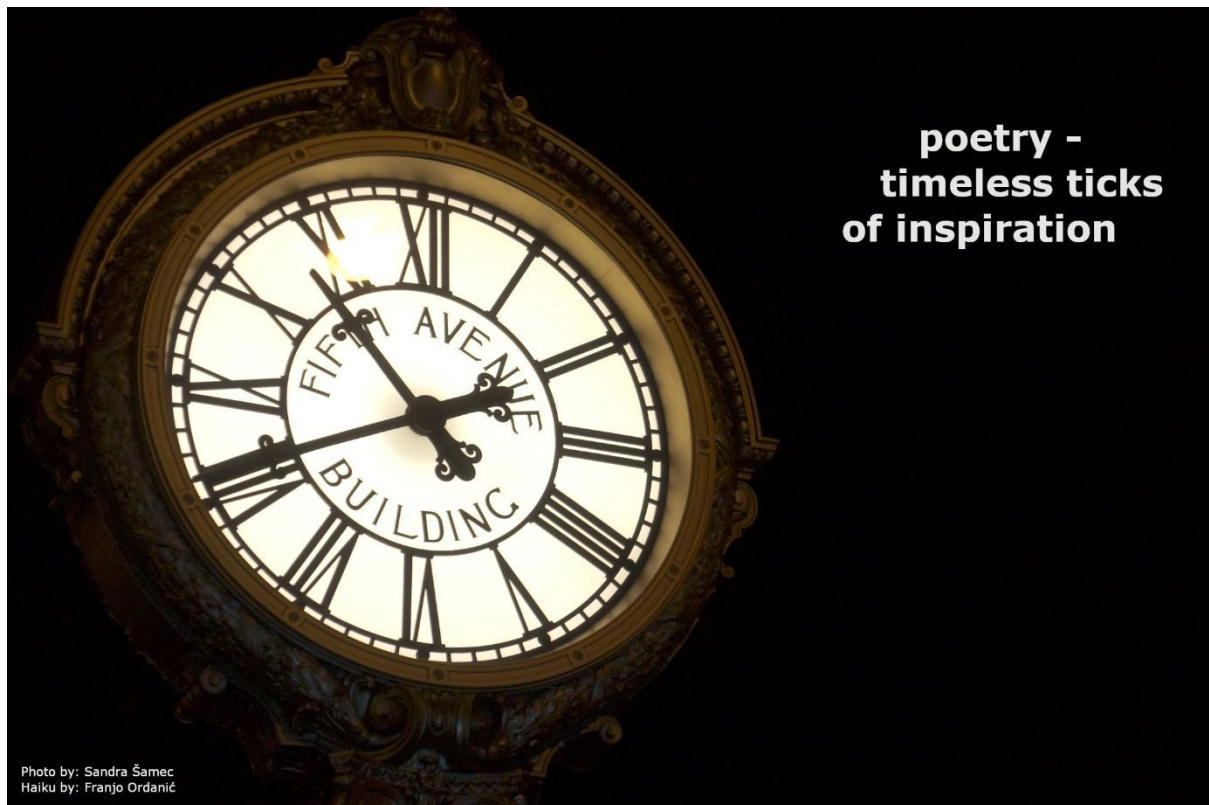
Radostina Dragostinova



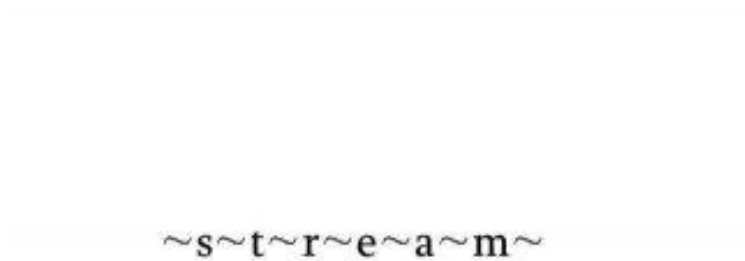
Willie R Bongcaron



Franjo Ordanić

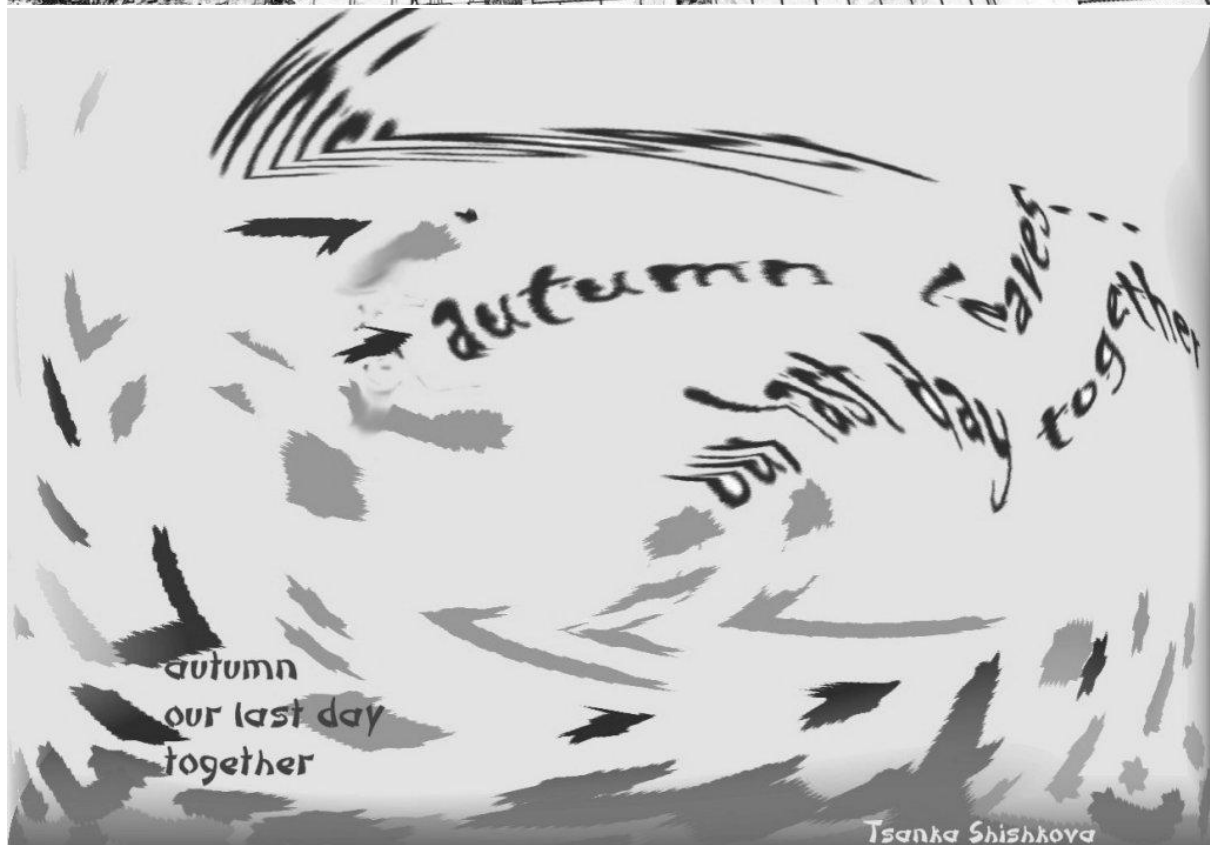
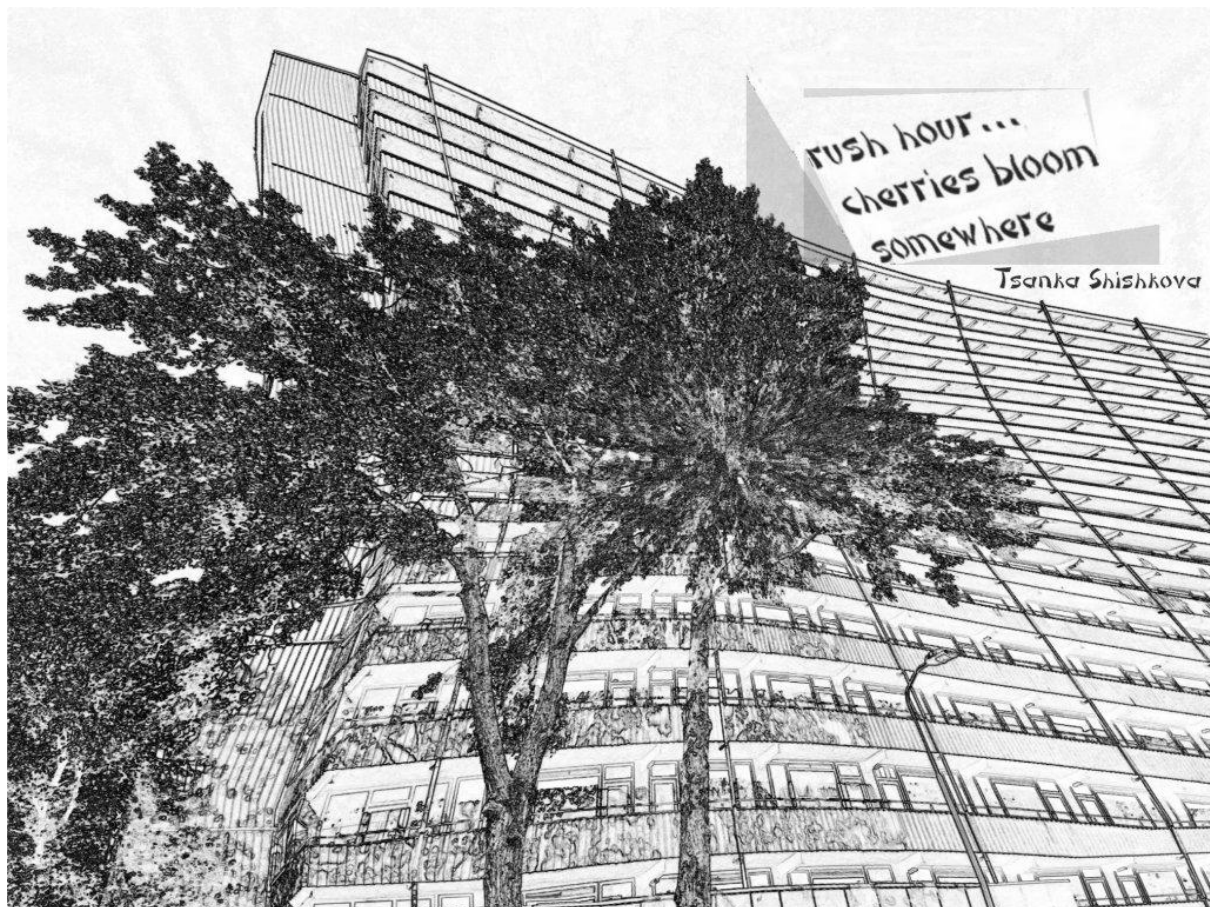


Olivier Schopfer



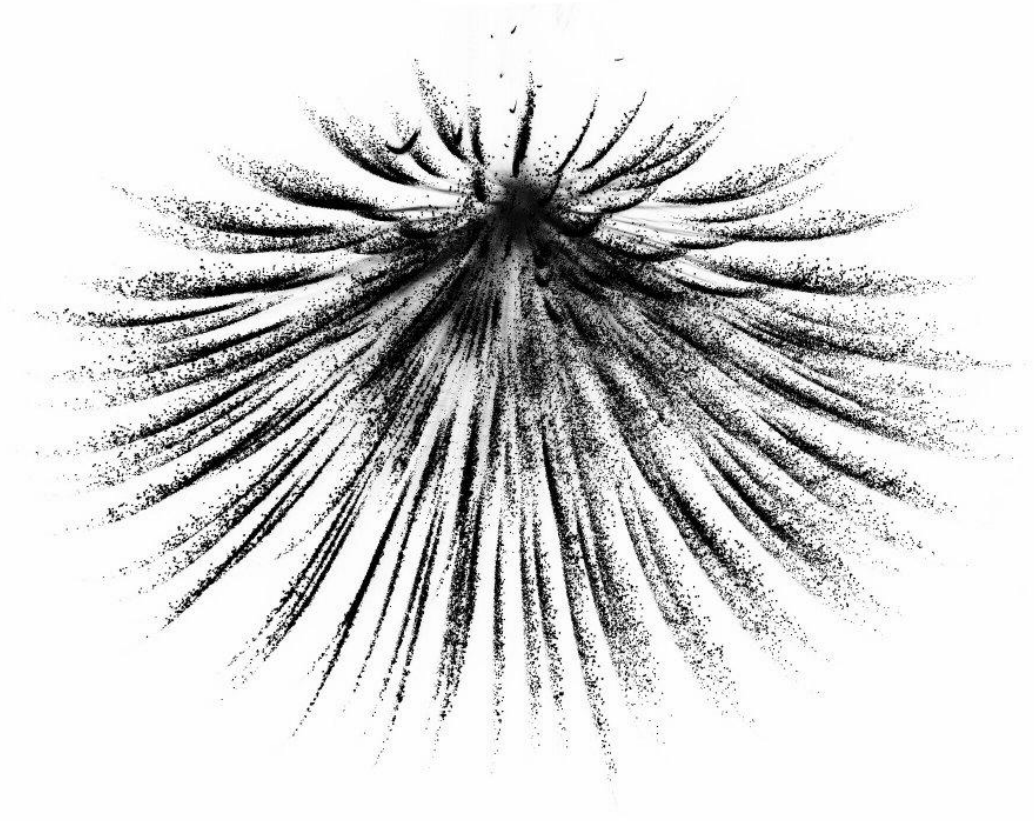
wind

Tsanka Shishkova

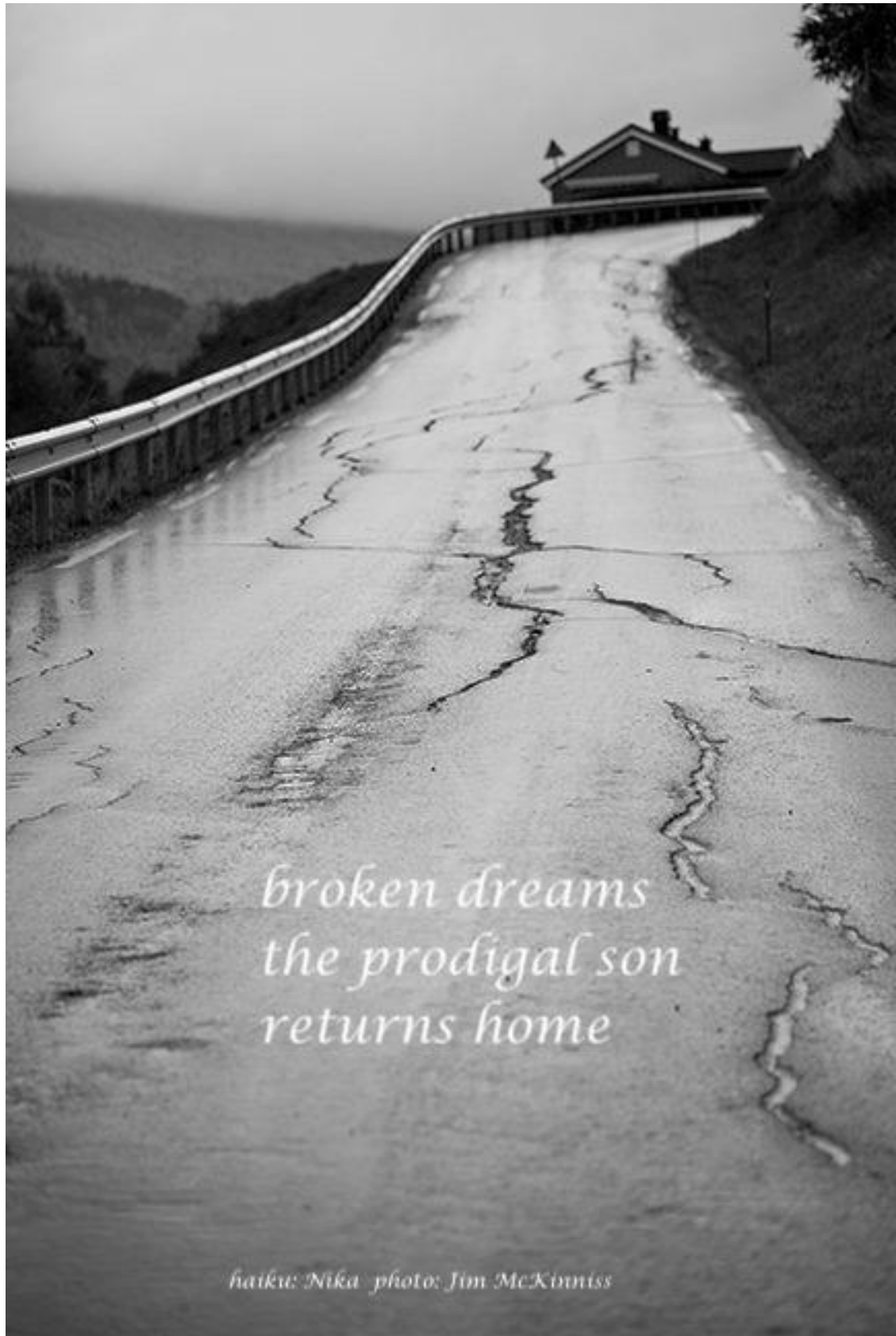


Lori A. Minor

bruised sun his ache to leave her



Nika



*broken dreams
the prodigal son
returns home*

haiku: Nika photo: Jim McKinniss



*blowing snow
the haunting cries
of wild geese*

- Nika

HAIBUN

Editor: Pravat Kumar Padhy

my breath is the wind

WRITTEN BY JENNY WARD ANGYAL

that carries a leaf with rain in its veins down to the earth that built my bones from fire
and clay

floating
behind my eyelids
the cosmos

The Shape

WRITTEN BY TIM GARDINER

1859

She left two days before the wedding. This four-story townhouse in Berkeley Square is all I have now, the upkeep is not something I've given much attention. Gradually, the façade has become stained with soot and dirt, straw strewn across the backyard. The carpets which should have felt her footfall are left unrolled. I rarely see the sunrise or the outside world, the vulgar bustle of London life is not for me.

my candle flickers
from window to window
the night is MINE

The 'shape' first came to me one cold November night, thudding footsteps on the stairs. A foul stench accompanied the door's opening. In the half-light, it was impossible to make out the features of this awful mass, changing shape with the flicker of the candle. A strange taste in my mouth, always precedes the first footstep on the stairs.

depression
some say it rises
from the sewer

1887

Looking from the street I don't see much evidence of life inside the townhouse. Mr. Myers disappeared a few years ago, leaving the property to further dilapidation. Breaking in through a first floor window, I make my way to the upper room to rest for the night. I'm fed up with the loneliness of the HMS Penelope, the claustrophobia of

life at sea. I've not seen you for years, your last words laced with vitriol at the altar.
This loveless limbo is my reward for walking away on that sunlit morning.

midnight chimes
the dull echo
of the stairs

The thing that emerges from the doorway is a dark, indefinable shape. Shocked, I'm unable to move as it pollutes the air with its hideous aroma. Released from paralysis by the sound of a nightingale outside, I escape through the window; the path to the door blocked by the shape.

letting go
drops of blood
on a railing spike

Wrong Side of the Tracks

WRITTEN BY TIM GARDINER

The opulence of the district is evident at every turn, in each shop window. Passing under the railway line, I notice a large pile of pots, pans, bottles and blankets. In the middle of this menagerie are two men, bedded down for the night. One is old and half asleep, the other young, reading a magazine. They take little notice as I walk by, their lives stacked by the roadside. At least there's shelter under the bridge and the night is warm.

Ginza lions
even here, a cricket sings
from concrete

Intersection Point

WRITTEN BY TSANKA SHISHKOVA

The passengers immerse themselves in the strange coziness of the flight. My neighbors are planning their honeymoon... A man is working hard on his laptop, while someone hums a French chanson. Some doze, some look out the window... Some talk briskly, others are in sad solitude.

Each of us has a different destiny and hopes, but at this moment we are together, and the plane is over the clouds.

sunrise
distant lightning
blows up the sky

trick of the night

WRITTEN BY DAVID J KELLY

After dark, a storm blew around the house, playing tunes on our poorly insulated doors and windows. The local foxes must have been excited – their gekkering calls intruded regularly on broken sleep. At a point, somewhere between presence and absence, there was the sound of horse's hooves on the road outside. Strong, clear, unmistakable. Logic rejected the information; there couldn't be any horses in this suburban setting. Yet my subconscious demanded immediate action, exploration. On a strange journey, I tore through thick curtains of mental muslin, to reunite mind and body. Arriving back at my pillow, well ahead of dawn, I joined the wind and the rain, as their bold performance continued. Stealthily, if unsteadily, I crept to the window and scanned the empty road.

one hand clapping
the brutal banality
of solitude

roses and violets

WRITTEN BY CRISTINA ANGELESCU

It is said that if you throw a coin into the Fontana di Trevi, with your back to it - throwing the coin with your right hand over your left shoulder – you are destined to return to Rome.

It is not said what happens if, while doing this, you realize that your significant half is madly in love with your friend. The one you took on this journey because she simply had to be there.

broken heart line -
all roads
hit a dead end

It took a long way, which did not include Rome, but I discovered solitude in my new life. It's like they say, "You return to where you belong."

passing beyond
the point of no return...
a coin hits a frozen pond

Retrospective

WRITTEN BY RONA LAYCOCK

These days of restricted socialising has had the effect of allowing many more memories than usual to come to mind. On occasion, when the mornings have been bright and fresh, we have both mentioned the times when we lived in Tunis and the memories come flooding back. What a great place to begin married life. We lived in a tiny villa surrounded by a small garden filled with orange trees, geraniums, hibiscus, honeysuckle, and jasmine.

We had one peach tree and watched its one fruit avidly as grew and ripened, anticipating the day when we could eat a peach grown in our own garden. One morning we woke and went out to inspect our crop only to find it lying on the ground half nibbled away by an early bird. We still feel that disappointment all these years later.

they come again
surfing on my memories
the clamouring ghosts

Sea Ice

WRITTEN BY JAMIE WIMBERLY

One Sunday in the New York Times With this being Father's Day, there were full-page pictures of men standing over grills in the ads. Black and white and unchanging. Fireworks exploding in Flatbush because the kids are bored, while many sea miles away, Hong Kong sinks further into the mud. Coronavirus everywhere, in the shadows as the protestors march by.

So much scrutiny on all sides. And yet somewhere in Antarctica, on page 14 of my newspaper, the sea ice melts. In silence, slipping away.

froth of
endless waves –
summer days lost

Good Will

WRITTEN BY JIANQING ZHENG

Yao Beina, a bright singer from my hometown, died of breast cancer at 33. Her donated retina helped several people to see this world she departed.

Her songs, every now and then, bring my wife and me back to our birthplace, to the misty rain on the south side of the Yangtze. A yellow crane flapping far away beyond the horizon. I feel her soul is hidden somewhere among the stars.

cold night
her song crackling
in firewood

Connecting the Dots

WRITTEN BY LAKSHMI IYER

The Wren and Martin Award Function. Curtain rises.

A heated conversation ensues amongst the giants of punctuation. Comma and colon show their pride and prejudice. Semi-colon exhibits its strength of divide and rule. Quotation mark glorifies its aesthetics. Exclamation demonstrates its mighty stance! And Question mark marshals its authoritarianism.

Slowly and steadily, the tiniest symbol rolls in and politely says, "I am the end of the journey, yet indicate the beginning of a new." There has been a sudden spell of silence for a while. The full stop bags the winning title.

morning light
over the weeds...
a dandelion

Lost and Found

WRITTEN BY HEMAPRIYA CHELLAPPAN

Flickering city lights. Magnified drops of rain roll down the French windows. "How do you feel about moving?" I ask him. "Well, we are going to have to leave some day ", he answers. And then it strikes me: longing, in part, is because you are filled with nostalgia attached to a place. The trick is to move before the magic fades away. I stand there sipping tea pensively, looking out the window. An unknown bird lands on the railing.

in the donation box a cat I never had

Something in the Air

WRITTEN BY DIANA WEBB

a musty smell
in the local museum
dug up pots

Things behind glass. Things you can't touch. So good to get back to the feel of now. An open window. Radio music and birdsong mingling in the midst of a damp June afternoon.

an egret flies
through sculpted foliage
petrichor

Shadow

WRITTEN BY JACOB SALZER

Father and I arrive at the Native American reservation. There is no one in sight. Sunlight filters through dusty windows of a closed gift shop. Dead grass leans against weathered houses. Peering inside a house, it is dark and empty, as if no one has lived there for years. I wonder where the people are... Distant waves crash against the shore as a totem pole disappears in the fog. Outside the elementary school, an American flag rustles quietly in the faint breeze . . .

abandoned cemetery
the wounded warrior's
untold stories

In the Trenches

WRITTEN BY JACOB SALZER

All along, I saw gardens as peaceful places. But now, as I maintain one, I simultaneously see them as a war zone. Invasive weeds re-emerge from the dark soil. Insects chew holes in many of the leaves. Snails try to escape the organic pesticide, leaving behind small trails of their existence . . .

old cemetery shadows become still

Lingering

WRITTEN BY G.AKILA

The Mathur household was known for ayurvedic remedies practised by the family. Their house bloomed in a heady mix of herbs, leaves, oils and powders. It was a must-visit place on my list. Insect bites were a common feature in Grandma's home. I would not be satisfied with her prescription of smearing the holy ash on the swollen skin and insist on having one of those mystic oils from the Mathurs. Even after the family had diversified into other business interests of homemade papads and pickles, I would be the one going there to pick up Grandma's order. No one else.

The last time I visited the village, I was told that they had shut down the home pharmacy. All that remained of the aromatic sojourns was the stout tree of night flowering jasmine in their compound.

prayer beads the scent of her skin

Acquaintance

WRITTEN BY G.AKILA

Radhika's Grandma had a loud, resonating voice that could travel through four walls. The right pitch for my Gran who was hard of hearing; both of them would engage with each other from either side of the wall running between the houses. That apart, the wall also let in water from each other's leaky roof tiles. Everything changed when Radhika's Grandma decided to renovate the house with stronger pillars and plastered walls.

*shapeshifting clouds-
meeting the neighbour
on Facebook*

Estuary

WRITTEN BY PRANAV KODIAL

I enter the temple-monastery and sit on the cool floor. I breathe in the quiet for a while, gazing at the Buddha, the way his right hand is encased in his left hand in a Yoga Mudra, his thumbs pointing up. Why are his hands open, I wonder.

enlightened...
everything
in but a palm

The ancient walls are embellished with colorful murals and paintings of the Jataka Tales, and stories of many other Gods and Goddesses I don't recognize. And at a lower level, scenes from the day-to-day lives of common men. I also notice several golden lines radiating out from the edges of the entrance, branching several times, interweaving between the images to form a golden maze. Then I notice a blissful monk sitting in the corner.

prayer wheel
with each turn
a new smile

I go over and sit with the monk. "I wish to know the secret of your joy and serenity," I say. In reply, he opens my clenched fist, presses something into my palm and closes my fingers over it. Then he gets up and leaves. I open my hand to see what he has given me. My hand is empty.

With a smile, I get up and head towards the door leading out of the room and its gilded walls and images.

Mt. Everest
wondering what lies
beneath

Predictable

WRITTEN BY JOHN BUDAN

It's the same every day at the drive-through coffee stand. Today she leans over the jar with a sign, "TIPPING IS NOT A CITY IN CHINA."
Exposing more cleavage than usual, she asks how my day is going.
I toss in a couple of dollars and respond, "actually I was bitten by a tarantula....." She smiles and shouts , "awesome."

last day of summer
the illusion
of time

Mirror Mirror On The Wall

WRITTEN BY PRANITI GULYANI & GAUTAM NADKARNI

Before I left for University I said goodbye to the stars in my part of the sky. I had named my stars and as a child, I would talk to them every night. 'Goodbye Sam, Myra, Timothy, John, Harry, and little Georgia!' I whispered softly, thrusting my suitcase into my wrist and slowly walking away.

away from home...
in the breeze the fragrance
of mother's cooking

Now as I gaze at the skies above here in the England countryside half a decade later I can no longer recognize the stars of my childhood. I squint hard trying desperately to identify at least one.

And it isn't just the stars I cannot recollect. Even Mother's face is a haze intertwined with vague memories partly true and partly imagined. Try as I might I am unable to smell the pilaf which was Mom's forte. Even the breeze has a different fragrance. Slowly, in my utter dejection, I pace the hostel floor. Passing the looking glass I gaze into it. With horror.

The young girl who looks out at me with bewilderment is a stranger I have never set eyes on before.

early dawn---
still trying hard to hold onto
my dreams

--- A collaboration by Praniti Gulyani and Gautam Nadkarni

visiting my true self

WRITTEN BY MIKE REHLING & KELLY SAUVAGE ANGEL

it is late. i am in a quiet spot but my mind is racing. it seems like forever since I had time for myself. all my time is given freely but sometimes i am too generous with others so here i finally have arrived. sitting quietly and taking in some sandalwood incense. everything i have done has come to this moment. my face relaxes into a smile and i know everything is just right. to myself i say. i should do this more often.

fingerprints
in the hummus
likely my own

Prose by Mike Rehling

Poem by Kelly Sauvage Angel

Still Wanting

WRITTEN BY TIA HAYNES

Somewhere around 1 a.m. my five-year-old daughter comes to my side of the bed. "Mommy, I had a bad thought," she quietly cries. I scoop her up and snuggle her in next to me, pulling blankets over us both. "Do you want to talk about it, honey?" I whisper.

deep in my eyes her reflection

lighthouse blues

WRITTEN BY ADJEI AGYEI-BAAH & MIKE REHLING

the lighthouse near my house has been painted in the last year. the peeling tower topped with red and the green trim with a bright white base is now as i imagine it was when it was finished in 1870. over 120 feet tall it carried its circling light out to ships passing through 'shipwreck alley' for a hundred years before it was automated.

fog—
road home
a little longer

now it is a gps signal that it carries to ships that sink very infrequently now due to weather and location monitoring advances. it now sends its signal out to small planes as well that fly in the area. but there is a comfort in its presence even to this day. children climb its steps to the top and can see our neighbor canada on a clear day. when the weather rolls in suddenly as it still does that flash of light from the now automated tower is still there. I feel the pull of the past. ships that went down are still within the reach of the light. the risks that were taken trying to outrun a storm on the great lakes of those years past still weigh on the lighthouse park where children now swing on swings in a giant sandbox.

wet street
I ride through
the moon

Poems by Adjei Agyei-Baah
Prose by Mike Rehling

LINKED FORMS

Editor: Clayton Beach

yes no urge

WRITTEN BY JOHN W SEXTON & RICHARD MAGAHIZ

bodyship snailman dreams his way through space
the blood-brain barrier a colander
download liquid computer leaching into the veldt
sirius his dog's breakfast goes still
unleashed they infiltrate the pines wings cone-folded

my wax-fledged arms Dedalus bloom light
his nine-hundredth expendable son enters the lock
old man ernest death past true zenith

tunnel of light vision cursed to see nothing but paradise
turn down that devil music won't ya
yes no yes no the yes no urge drives the cosmos
of the flesh of the mock apple suck
strange door with slot machine handle take a chance

John W Sexton
Richard Magahiz

Corona Chronicles

WRITTEN BY ADJEI AGYEI-BAAH

1
moment of silence—
a cockerel constant call
thru the neighborhood

2
community screening
neighborhood mistakes our van
for bread distribution

3
pandemic lockdown
neighbourhood refuse swells up
in lager bottles

4

pandemic stories
friend's landlord increases rent
on losing his job

5

coronavirus
fearing my beloved wife
after contact tracing

spring breeze

WRITTEN BY RYLAND SHENGZHI LI & DANA GITTINGS

spring breeze—

the little pool flooded

with blossoms

a breathless dawn

lures the prickling earth

pine snow

thaws in silent

rainbow beads

the heart of a cello throbs

through an open window

--

strawberry moonlight

pinks the eye

of the spotted owl

waltzing together

with the fireflies

she took his hand

like a prayer

under the sycamore

at the airport chapel

a thousand tongues

wild pages

of a just-penned story

scatter in the wind

dragonic splendor

of gathering swifts

the sky shimmers

a prism

of holiday lights

a pair of lilies

carves up the ice

we finally touch

fingers tracing for a hint

of what to say

aroma of garlic

in your long black hair

a quilt of clouds

wilts like ash

and the bold moon burns

round the roaring fire

we each give thanks

--

in deep woods

drift bright chords

take me home

the sailboats fade

like dreams into dawn

from a lonely cottage

grey smoke joins

the Milky Way

frozen streams shatter

with the pulse of life

Ryland Shengzhi Li, Arlington, Virginia, USA
Dana Gittings, Washington, D.C., USA

The White Washed Covid House

WRITTEN BY CARRIE ANN THUNELL

Covid era climate
strange fruit still grows
on blighted trees

with climate change denied
derecho soon replied

in her aging bones
she's feeling Billie's blues
the cold uncivil war

masked face from germs to hide
she picks up food curbside

in the White House
the best of Covid treatments
but not for the herd outside

on Saturday Night Live
more truth than White House jive

Twitter lies go viral
no three-ply mask can screen
their dis-ease

Covid spread is denied
more white washing applied

first love

WRITTEN BY MARY MCCORMACK

early morning damp
she wends through the garden
white shift and fog

lifting off the lake
a flock of swans greet the sky
with open wings

a rim of gold
on the horizon
autumn sun

dewdrop-coated grass
shimmering in first light
her secret smile

cheeks uplifted
to the merlin's high-pitched call
wildness in the blood

tendrils of cool air
slip across her shoulders
a little shiver

all the heather
outlined in sunlight
her glowing figure

striding across the moor
white sleeves billowing
he sees only her

they face each other
two hares still
before the dash

lips almost touching
gazes like butterflies—
eyes, mouth, eyes

heartbeats racing
hands afraid it's a dream
at last they kiss

Facetious

WRITTEN BY DAVE READ
(With a nod to Christian Bok)

pagan arts
an aardvark
snaps at ants

a car parks
at a plaza
stagnant stars

grandpa
plays grandma,
drag bar

a skald
chants a stanza
madcap rant

play ball!
a bastard fan slags
last fall's champs

**

desert seeds
the shepherd led
twelve sheep

wretched news
the fettered Empress
enters hell

shredded weeds
he rejects her
clever letters

he seeks revenge,
the rebel rendered
helpless

scented reeds
the egret pecks
September

**

childish dimwit,
I flirt, inciting
misgivings

rising hill,
nitwits climbing
hindsight

writing scripts
in pidgin ...
thinning mist

stills drip,
I sip
illicit drinks

critics dismiss
his gimmicks ...
glib shtick

**

old books,
proctors work proofs
of Wordsworth

owls bob
on cold posts —
hollow moon

voodoo storm,
bloodshot crows
drop on tombs

dot-com boom ...
old gold stocks
drop off

noon fog —
schoolboys stop
to toss rocks

**

junk rusts,
numbskulls pull up
surplus guns

dumbstruck,
gurus murmur
hurtful truths

humdrum bluff,
schmucks blurt
untruthful stuff

dusk ruckus ...
drunks gulp
suds plus rum

bull run ...
spurs cut
dust ruts

Fantasy called Life

WRITTEN BY ORRIN TYRELL

Berlioz's 'Les Troyens'
in the background
who will be Cassandre
heralding the coming
of something wicked?

out front
the thick pink
of mums
cuts through
the darkness

in bed
in pajamas
hearing
the sound of a car's backfiring
somewhere

tonight
he hasn't picked up the phone ~
on the bedside table
a book of tanka
and one of senryu

munching on a piece of chocolate
can't help
turning around abruptly
there's a sense
of something behind me

whisper of leaves
and the voice
of the night sprinklers ...
the moon is God's
all-seeing eye

Verdi's "O Mon Dieu"
or will it be Strauss's "Salome?"
none of those
i head to the kitchen
for a bit of chocolate

the kid's in the back room
building
a city out of Leggos
i stare in the mirror
making faces

nothing transcendent
happened to me
the way
he spoke to me earlier
something's lingering

i want dahlias and
a hint of baby's breath ...

i want Mahler's music
playing in this fantasy
called, 'my life'

Orrin Tyrell
Dallas, Texas

Evening Primrose

WRITTEN BY DARLENE O'DELL & JANINE LEHANE

pale spirit in fog—
a sycamore waits by
the ancient river

*daybreak unveils tender shoots
spring touches the river banks*

the sundrop
primrose in yellow
still upright through winter

*children dream of flying
above teacher's monotone
raptors ride the breeze*

primrose hesitates
blooms in the evening

*an old man
collects the child
at the school gate*

Darlene O'Dell, Asheville, North Carolina
Janine Lehane, Asheville, North Carolina

Round Bales of Hay

WRITTEN BY DEJAN PAVLINOVIĆ, MICHAEL DUDLEY, TOMISLAV MARETIĆ

shivering dusk
freshly cut grass
in the bed

scent of soup—
entering the attic darkness
head first

broken guitar string
no one else noticed
until now

round bales of hay . . .
the family reunites
on Granddad's veranda

*drhtaj sumraka
svježe pokošena trava
u krevetu*

*miris juhe—
ušavši u tminu tavana
naglavačke*

*puknutu žicu gitare
još nitko nije primjetio
do sada*

*okrugle bale sijena . . .
okupljanje obitelji
na djedovoj verandi*

Dejan Pavlinović, Croatia
Michael Dudley, Canada
Tomislav Maretić, Croatia

*each haiku is written collaboratively by the three authors

She

WRITTEN BY MICHELLE HYATT

ancient rhythms
dancing around the flame
barefoot women

blood mysteries - glowing from the maiden
a spring moon

sacred circle
our Great Mother
turns the Wheel

driving passion - the haunting howl
of a She-wolf

unleashed spirit
a volcano
speaks her truth

wild freedom - True North
guiding me home

winter's rest
the quiet abode
of the Crone

grey hair - getting settled
with stillness

no resistance
an old stream flows
slow and steady

evening walk along the beach
each step sinking deeper

A Quiet Stream

WRITTEN BY MICHELLE HYATT

morning meditation
I breathe
the trees

spring robin - as the sun awakens
new beginnings

waxing moon
feeling the first flutter
in her belly

a quiet stream...in bubbles
thoughts drift away

river rocks
all my rough edges
smoothed over with time

smile lines - looking through
old photo albums

mature forest
the wisdom
of oak trees

Opa's stories...we listen
to the ancestors

cottage memories
laughter of children
chasing fireflies

late night kiss...twinkling stars
in our eyes

untitled tan renga

WRITTEN BY PETER JASTERMSKY & CYNTHIA ANDERSON

once more
through the gate -
waking dream

*the latch fastened
behind me*

Peter Jastermsky
Cynthia Anderson

into open beaks

WRITTEN BY RÉKA NYITRAI & RAY CALIGIURI

what pushes the camellias into withering?
butterfly wings alight on tomato rust

did you remember to pat the humpback whale?
painting a dream the ocean in a glass jar

how to accept her heart is a stork nest?
from far away a small gull calls

that bath water rings time and time again?
old pond a mirror held to the clouds

how many cherry blossoms make a nation?
outside the petals a dearth of familial scent

does a cry contaminate our shared air?
the scent of white tulips after a night-long rain

what do birds dream about?
millet grains blown into open beaks

a strong south wind lifts heart expectations?
for all who fall on Jupiter's moon a grieving octopus

how many raindrops make a song?
at rainbow's end gold leaves tinkle

the world weight burnt again by summer sun?
a white glove too red to protect her from lions

Réka Nyitrai, Bucharest, Romania
Ray Caligiuri, Beaverton, Oregon, USA

unfurling light

WRITTEN BY RAY CALIGIURI & RÉKA NYITRAI

bent weathervane
masked smiles under
deeply sad eyes

*a silvered cloud passes
the twig in the crow's beak*

entwined in laurel
the remembered scent
marriage vows

*open window
the sound of church bells
as blossoms fall*

a single tear wets
the shriveled white lily

*dew drops
on young leaves
unfurling light*

by Ray Caligiuri & Réka Nyitrai

Blind Eye

WRITTEN BY ROMAN LYAKHOVETSKY & TIFFANY SHAW-DIAZ

sunrise through dust
they say a bad wind blows
along the Silk Road

*rumors of death
as common as the sand*

drawing blood
a plague doctor points
to the grey sky

*thundering clouds
rows of hospital beds
replace verdant grass*

all night lit and buzzing
the pharma skyscraper

*in Wuhan
a new uncertainty blooms
while we turn a blind eye*

by Roman Lyakhovetsky & Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

Distance 2020

WRITTEN BY MARIKO KITAKUBO & DEBORAH P KOLODJI

ruins
of Tokyo appear
in my dream . . .
a storm coming through
verdant freshness

heat lightning
the faces of those
I love

searching
for my favorite
earring . . .
voices in
an empty shell

volunteer tomatoes
the way my life
used to be

sun whispers
to my wings
where
is the rainbow
after green showers

darker skies
and yet . . . tadpoles
in the puddles

handful
of unfinished lives
we were
born from water
undying melody

*distant galaxies
the infinite music
of stars*

a comet
brought me
the memory
of blue inlet
before my birth

*shaky first steps
a baby's
mine after surgery*

when and
how many times
reborn anew
swimming
in the Milky Way

*a ray of dawn
across my pillow. . .
birdsong*

after
the long darkness
prayers
are falling—
resurrection horizon

*empty churches
we hold virtual hands
in online meetings*

by Mariko Kitakubo and *Deborah P Kolodji*

ripples from a drop of water

WRITTEN BY RÉKA NYITRAI & JACOB SALZER

quietude—
the sound of a cough
disturbs the blossoms

*ripples from a drop of water
the virus spreads*

craving to be held
—a sparrow pecks
bread crumbs

*old house...
the overgrowth of a plant
against the window*

to talk to her pet dog
she removes her flu mask

*social media—
the constant hum
of bees*

Réka Nyitrai, Romania
Jacob Salzer, USA

Blue Crab

WRITTEN BY RANDY BROOKS

Chesapeake Bay

his butterfly net raised

over the water

•

tide pool clears

a crab with its only claw

raised

•

holding the crab

from its back side

one pincher larger

•

stepping into the bay

after a crab

ghost

-

Kansas cousins

a quick crab

catches one

-

not so blue

the sautéed crab

on a bed of lettuce

Orange Monarch

WRITTEN BY DEBORAH P KOLODJI & BILLIE DEE

stay-at-home orders
a red admiral visits
my garden

*swallowtail bobbing
the slender stems*

emerging lavender
the daily number
of new cases

*passionflower
a fritillary lands
on her finger*

the orange of a monarch
basking in milkweed

*empty cocoon
slipping on my dead wife's shoes
I step outside*

- Deborah P Kolodji (Temple City, CA)
- Billie Dee (La Mesa, NM)

a moonless sky

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN & CLAYTON BEACH

in your father's dream
you play
the moon

*with the tender caresses
of an octopus in love*

predicting the future
we comb the beach
for gold

*what ill omens are read
in the plumes of a brushfire*

covered in bird liver
the bear becoming
a diphthong

*after the circus
Rustam returns
to his gilded cage*

with the clowns
feeding seeds to your heart

*a paper ark sails
down the drain
out of existence*

the ghost population's
scum ring

*one fiat currency
to rule them all;
a moonless sky*

Michael O'Brien
Clayton Beach

the makings of a man

WRITTEN BY CLAYTON BEACH & MICHAEL O'BRIEN

shoes soaked through—
how many cigarette butts
lie amid the tracks?

*the train north
your teeth lose their grip*

a skein breaks apart
coalesces back
to a semblance of order

*the makings of a man
just four grams of sugar*

measured in coffee spoons
the hours of the day
pass us by

*in the bitterness
of time
a grey wind*

a cold stone glitters
weakly in the twilight

*the flowers
in her father's garden
long gone*

from root to stem
traces of cesium-137

*feeling nothing
for the sunrise
you think of mushrooms*

Clayton Beach
Michael O'Brien

Altamira

WRITTEN BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN & CLAYTON BEACH

cave painting
coursing through your blood
a suicide

*albino crocodiles peer back
through the swamp of time*

below a thick canopy
an orchid feeding
off other plants

*a jar of soil saved
from the old country*

smashed lenses
a pack of wolves
lead the way

*faint flames
in the eye of a raven
who snatched the sun*

after the meal
the children find god

*no way to rinse off
the unwanted touch
of his hand*

recidivism
you put the candle out

*memories fade
in a hall of rock and sand
dusk falls early*

Michael O'Brien
Clayton Beach

Inheritance

WRITTEN BY JACOB SALZER & MICHELLE HYATT

whispers
through the branches...
my mother's voice

*catkins blowing in the breeze
an orb spider weaves her web*

grandma's blanket...
I wrap myself
in silence

*in the ancient ways
you teach me to walk
lightly...*

stairs spiraling into darkness...
the roots of my family tree

*buried bones
deep inside the earth
a faint vibration*

Jacob Salzer, Vancouver, WA USA
Michelle Hyatt, Ontario, Canada

Unspoken Stories - a tan renga sequence

WRITTEN BY JACOB SALZER & MICHELLE HYATT

all that's left
of my dream journal
morning rain

*pushing through the mud
a single lotus*

gaps in the conversation
the homeless man's
missing teeth

*unspoken stories...
hiding behind a forced smile*

teaching me
to be still...
deep forest

*my chanting becomes
evening birdsong*

Jacob Salzer, Vancouver, WA USA
Michelle Hyatt, Ontario, Canada

I Infection

WRITTEN BY JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

a temporary machine
gives us names
we don't understand

pockets of singing beetles
enough to penetrate
your skin of milk

in their jars
the clairvoyant children see
nothing but teeth

she came through the wall
juggling interstellar
plums

on a carpet of maggots
a conference on how to avoid
I infection

sleep, gentle nail,
in your wall of compacted
speeches

Norna's Blank Stare

WRITTEN BY JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

Norna stopped wondering
the threads she pulls from the lake
are endless

door-like neurons
you hide your self in a reed
and become ink

the spiral stairs in her rib cage
that's where she talks
to bees

we ripped robins
out of melons and
our alphabet withered

The Cougher grew time-beetles
in the jello windows—
his mother's eyes

the days we saved
by sleeping in the desert
are now apples

the purple bones
of unborn love may work
as guitars

and their strings held
between teeth in 777
skulls

Norna's Moths

WRITTEN BY JOHANNES S. H. BJERG

in her pain-hut
Norna ties hope-berries
to a moth

someone covered
the path with mirrors
refusing you

on borrowed feet
light sneaks into a swan
in a bottle in a lake

at dusk a mud-ladder
for your ambitions
to climb

we'll hide in the white room
as fruit flies, she says
to her mango self

by the end of this Yuga
Norna takes off in her flying cup
drawn by moths

TANKA

Editor: Jenny Ward Angyal

Jill Lange

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

all the Facebook
Christmas trees—
she cuts
paper stars
for her potted pine

Anna Cates

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 20 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

worn cobblestones—
pigeons wait for bread
at city center
she sits alone on the bench
while the last train whistles out

Iliyana Stoyanova

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)

so bright
this lonely birdsong
the moon keeps quiet
amidst the branches
of the cherry tree

Mary Davila

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

I grew complacent
and stopped watching
til today . . .
alas, the setting sun
has slipped into the past

breathing
his last in my arms,
an empty syringe
still in his vein...
tangled cat hair on my lap

Kristyn Blessing

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

sparrows
from the fifth floor railing
echo
this exam room
empty of students

Bhawana Rathore

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [India](#)

enough for today
I close the diary
chanting Om . . .
into the unknown
the sun disappears

Mary Singer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

though decades divide us
your gardener's hands
cultivate my life,
plucking weeds and pruning
the words in our poems

Keitha Keyes

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [Australia](#)

the old man
listens to his diagnosis
deciding
to plant an orchard
for his grandkids to harvest

Richa Sharma

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [India](#)

dreaming
i hold out my palm
to raindrops
how ripe his art
of exalting my eyes

Kathryn J. Stevens

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 13 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

lines of Goethe
a wish for hot coffee
a curse at the rain
great-uncle's war diary
Italy 1916

nothing
remains the same
in moonlight
the laughter of selkies
rolls beneath the waves

Carrie Ann Thunell

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 NOVEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

breathe in
breathe out and be
the breath
be here for each blossom
each rising of the sun

suraj nanu

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [India](#)

old passions—
I wonder
if they wait
in the craters
of coloured rocks

Marilyn Humbert

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [Australia](#)

night birds
call across the plains...
I hear echoing
the never-heard cries
of my stillborn son

James Chessing

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)

another false start--
the empty page
an endless sheet
of snow and ice
beneath a blinding sun

Gail Brooks

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 30 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)

stillness
eludes me
thoughts
like buds on a branch
eager to open

Jharna Sanyal

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 22 OCTOBER 2020

- [India](#)

every time
she puts on
lipstick
a hibiscus flirts
with the mirror

Ashish Narain

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 11 OCTOBER 2020

- [The Philippines](#)

where rocks turn
the blue sea white...
a gull's cry
caught between
two worlds

the tartness
of mother's pickles...
some days
full of the emptiness
of what was

Ishaan Singh Sarna

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [India](#)

trudging
through speckled stones ...
the fog rises
with sounds
of a morning raga

Cyril Ioutsen

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [Russian Federation](#)

coolness
in the air
nothing else
across the dark
meadow

familiar
scent
its absence
clearer
each time

Ryland (Shengzhi) Li

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)

spring twilight
winding around
the power pole
a hundred locks
of purple wisteria

Shackleton
locked in sea ice—
the carpenter ant
probes the pools
of last night's rain

Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 08 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)

moonlight falls
upon a quiet city
sometimes
a bit of magic
is so ordinary

another month
of social distancing
i share
my aches and dreams
with the curbside rose

Bryan Rickert

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 04 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)

late summer leaves
start to lose their green
this longing
to shave my head
and start life anew

in line
to view the body
cottonwood fluff
outside the church door
swirled by the wind

Janet Lynn Davis

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 01 OCTOBER 2020

- [USA](#)

heartache
upon heartache
these parched leaves
curl ever tighter
into themselves

spindly and bent
toward the sun ...
I prop up
this lavender plant
with a heart-shaped stone

Veronika Zora Novak

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [Canada](#)

deeply
rooted in mud
sister lotus
teach me the Dao
of blossoms

the music
of a billion stars
a sitar's mind
becomes the heartbeat
of this and the other world

Kinshuk Gupta

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [India](#)

a snake waits
at the 99th step
of each game –
another tumour
in her last chemo

every time
he touches my bare back...
a water drop
 sizzles
on the frying pan

Dru Philippou

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 14 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [USA](#)

with our love
we fill a bucket
to the brim
on this ink-dark night
it spills out stars

childhood meadow
where I learned
to soothe myself
in the slowed time
of whispering grasses

Vani Sathyanarayan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 04 SEPTEMBER 2020

- [India](#)

the origami
butterflies flit around -
finally my son
 learns to fold
his shirts and trousers

massaging my ankles
with camphor and oil
wish I was
 a toddler snuggled
again on grandpa's chest

Debbie Strange

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 19 AUGUST 2020

- [Canada](#)

we amble
along an esker's spine
gravel shifting
into small symphonies
underneath our boots

ghost moths . . .
mother's pale hands
f l u t t e r
around the light
of her memories

sacred waters . . .
we sleep among pods

of sperm whales
suspended upright
in the ocean's belly

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 AUGUST 2020

- [Indonesia](#)

autumn night
mother's smile
colder than
a sewing needle
I took from the drawer

Steliana Cristina Voicu

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 AUGUST 2020

- [Romania](#)

recovery after
the appendectomy –
the weight
of orange blossoms
beyond the window

(Romanian)
recuperare
după apendicită –
greutatea
florilor de portocal
dincolo de fereastră

look over there
at those ripe berries!
the cherry plum
in the neighborhood
fills with laughter

(Romanian)
uite acolo
fructe pârguite!
corcodușul
din vecinătate
se umple cu râsete

Stephen Toft

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 29 JULY 2020

- [United Kingdom](#)

opening
a train window
the conductor
lets in a single
flake of snow

Teji Sethi

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 29 JULY 2020

- [India](#)

the sun rises
above the horizon . . .
my guru teaches me
 to look
and look beyond

Alegria Imperial

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 28 JULY 2020

- [Canada](#)

between the rain
and my soaking feet
a lily petal teeters
on a heartbeat
that could be mine

on an empty trail
not a shadow not a name
not a word
only seconds as a breeze
puffs into night

Richard Grahn

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JULY 2020

- [USA](#)

toes to crest

between the sheets

my kisses climb—

as we embrace

arms wrapped

fingers twirl

in tangled vines,

across your back . . .

hands roam freely

hearts running wild

Inspired by the form, Parallel Haiku, pioneered by Johannes J. S. Bjerg

Richard Kakol

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JULY 2020

- [Australia](#)

the rowan tree
with its scarlet berries
a gift from you . . .
I mark the seasons
since you were cut down

all the fish
at the aquarium
sulking
in isolation
we need familiar faces

Malintha Perera

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JULY 2020

- [Sri Lanka](#)

heavy
with the silence
of the mountain
the mist walks
right through me

bumping
into fireflies
when it's the dark I seek
a handbell from the temple
flowers very slowly

walking to you
I slip
my robe
and bare the skies
I have travelled for you

stacey dye

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JULY 2020

- [USA](#)

nighttime
is my suitor. . .
his eyes, the stars
his fingers, the wind—
only the moon gives him away

branches droop
burdened with snow. . .
the weight
of my sadness
a fifty pound sack

Dave Read

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 JULY 2020

- [Canada](#)

almost noon,
my son's still asleep —
I open
the blinds
on his dreams

growing small
in the broad
prairie sky
a crow flies
into itself

Vidya S Venkatramani

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 10 JULY 2020

- [India](#)

temple bells toll
for evening prayers—
in the peepul
the parrots fall silent
screech by screech

David He

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 JUNE 2020

- [China](#)

the sun
rises in the east...
a beggar
watches his bowl
full of dreams

Lisa Alexander Baron

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 24 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

Tiny, black-and-white shells
in a wooden bowl
like a heap of bees –
feeling grateful your
dead words sting less

Hemapriya Chellappan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 18 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)

whale song
sometimes
I don't know
who is behind
this facade

Gail Brooks

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 17 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

the wooden puppet
stares at me each night
remembering
the pain of the whittling knife
while recalling the joy of his creation

Pravat Kumar Padhy

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)

a sparrow
flits from side to side
bright light
through a narrow opening
offers hope for the missing child

Michael Lester

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

this tug of war
between staying safe
and staying sane
our Australian sheepdog
squeezes through the doggie door

bound to the earth
by the force of gravity
yet I dream
of swooping over forests
perching on mountaintops

Kala Ramesh

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)

I browse
through the songs she wrote—
the words
she found after long searching
keep me awake for hours

as I age
I find myself talking
more and more
to trees and blossoms -
I'm sure they're listening to me

I walk
across a shallow river
that split-second glint
as the water
caresses a pebble

Roberta Beach Jacobson

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 15 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

bonfires
of midsummer's eve
we wait
for the fortune tellers
to whisper their secrets

summer breeze
caresses the meadow
I lie down
and become a sunflower
for an afternoon

Ed Baranosky

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [Canada](#)

it calls to your brush
the riptide surf, undertow
from an infinity of blues--
a taxi radio croons
Good morning heartache...

Neal Whitman

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

meditation
medicine for my mind
now more than ever –
the altar candle flickered,
but did not go out

on the chapel floor
was an art museum stub
dated yesterday –
what lines and forms did I miss
that could have reshaped my world?

Hazel Hall

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [Australia](#)

peat straw spread
neatly in the garden
a feather left
as if in payment —
beginnings of a nest

last sheafs
of sunshine slip
behind the silos
this celebration
of harvest in my heart

Lakshmi Iyer

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)

the dusk
in an inverted shell...
what matters
is the lost trail
of the sleeping moon

Priti Aisola

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)

her gift
a hand-embroidered bookmark
now broken skeins ...
what stories can one write
on shreds of paper

Pamela A. Babusci

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 12 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

if you
ask me to leave
i will
white dogwoods lost
in morning haze

Praniti Gulyani

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 JUNE 2020

- [India](#)

curving into the infinity
of your mouth. . .
every ripple of milk
in this ocean
beneath my breast

the dust
of an old bookshelf. . .
I take in

the fragrance
of another world

now I'm scared
of broken mirrors...
what it takes
to pick up the shards
and make myself again

Joanna Ashwell

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 JUNE 2020

- [England](#)

I remember a time
of bluebird song
and poppy fields
where we ran headfirst
into our dreams

night cradles
rock our dreams
to and fro
distilling them
into morning light

Jeanne Lupton

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

nessun dorma
my heart opens at high C
George Floyd is there
the sob of a wild turkey
the cry of a mourning dove

for my cat
who likes order
I make the bed --
at the SPCA
she knew I was her person

Naomi Beth Wakan

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 JUNE 2020

- [Canada](#)

at the clinic
I know everyone
in the waiting room . . .
growing old together
we now share diagnoses

a pile
of detective stories
by my chair
as if solving murders
can help me deal with death

Amelia Fielden

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 09 JUNE 2020

- [Australia](#)

wheelchair paused
beside the white clematis
he breathes spring
in this lavender air
a flutter of dove wings

through misty drizzle
a pigeon coo-cooing
coo-cooing ---
no clear idea now
of the best path to take

this is home
full of family photos
this is home
where a white dog lives
with our memories

Elisa Theriana

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 JUNE 2020

- [Indonesia](#)

no moonlight
but an army
of fireflies
my peace offering
in a cup of tea

an'ya

CATEGORY: [UTB 2020 - TANKA](#)

PUBLISHED: 07 JUNE 2020

- [USA](#)

at a crossroads
unsure which way to go
so I followed
the sweetest sounding path—
red-eyed vireos

waking
to a vanilla sun
in june
without you by my side—
coffee in a cracked cup

YOUTH CORNER

Editor: Praniti Gulyani

Jhanavi Purohit

lonely evening . . .
startled by caress
of nothing

Noyonika Pacheco

overcast skies . . .
already I smell
the petrichor

Three Haibun by Ishaan Singh Sarna

Triumphant Trauma

She rolls up the bed sheet and bundles herself up in the blanket. A hint of fear clouds her eyes. Her breathing quickens and the dim bedside lamp casts a ghostly glow on the deep wounds on her neck.

“They will come again, armed with grenades and AK-47’s. They will hand over these explosives to those young kids with freckled cheeks. They will kill us...”

I swatted it away by saying it’s just another anxiety attack. She’s been on pills lately; one dose before breakfast and another after lunch. Often, she charges into descriptions about the snaking roads, strewn with bloodied corpses and torn shreds of clothes; the children, huddled under the old bridge, their bodies trembling against the backdrop of military bombardment. I shush her by brewing a warm cup of ginger tea.

“Look behind you. They’re back. They’ve caught me. Save me, oh Lord. Go and get the rifle from the glass case and hide behind me.”

I ease her down and point toward the window behind her creaky bed. The plants are dappled with the warm, caramel glow of the evening sun, about to plummet into the crevices of the sky. The gardener shares a laugh with the watchman, that dwells upon the light brown stems of handpicked botany.

“Smoke. Smoke. I see smoke. I can’t breathe, I’m choking.”

Just the pressure cooker, I tell you. In the near distance, a gunshot ruptures the silence.

refugee camp...
the moon patiently waits
for my banter

No Place Like Home

“You know the story of my life is something very twisted”, she said, settling herself on the sofa, twirling the rosary beads. “I never had a home. Yes, I did get to live in a cramped apartment, when I arrived on this land. There was a kitchen, one bedroom with a dim bedside lamp, a kitchen and a bathroom - enough space for me, my two young sisters and the straining memory of my deceased parents, the burden of which weighed down upon us. The four of us even had a neighbour, Mr Gulzar, who we called ‘bhaiya’. At first, he was content to have found four ‘sisters’ but later asked us to call him ‘bhaijaan’. Everything was new to us: the altered plan of the house, the trees, the blood-splattered streets and deserted homes. What remained the same were the sights, sounds, smells.

“Gradually, as the future unfolded in front of our eyes, I eased myself into a much larger and palatial abode. There were three bedrooms, a shoddy living room and a kitchen, as large as my mother’s. But, I never had a home.

“All of this began and developed before I was even a teenager. I was clambering my way into the phase of teenage, teetering on the cusp of womanhood, the most significant part of a woman’s life. But, I didn’t have the joy of holding on to a baby that I could call mine, a father who could lull me to sleep, a mother who could tell me how gruesome being a woman could be at times.

“I was born on neither side of the barbed wire fence. I was born on the piece of land, that straddled the two named lands, which had no name itself.”

family album...
pressed beneath my fingers
mother's smile

Penance

They came today, again, the same set of officers who come everyday, telling us that we have to leave our home now.

“You don’t belong here!”, they bark everyday. Our chest tightens everyday, at the mere idea that all that is around is, will soon be burnt and devastated to nothing but broken fragments of stone. Plumes of smoke would rise and the lungs of those left behind would be filled with the dark juice of suffocation.

shedding tears
with each layer
chopped onion

What they, the hefty men stretching in their reclining chairs, don't understand is that they are waging destruction. They are waging that small, three lettered word, curling at the edges...

They don't understand that this destruction would seep deep into the soil, add to the bitterness of the stray dog's meal, deepen the veteran's wound.

War.

But, no... there is no peace without war. Let's pack our bags, now.

after the war...
every grain of rice
a bullet shell

Harshita Vazerla

times of change . . .
a pregnant tree
births flowers

Trisha Ghosh (age 16 years)

summer evening . . .
a spiral of gold
in the air

December fog . . .
I clutch a map
made of mist

Sharvari Poojaray (age 19 years)

open windows . . .
all those stories
in the breeze

Instagram posts. . .
a different me
every time

Kalhan Pathak (age 9 years)

out of a yellow world
swimming through the leaves -
a bee

Prathami (age 16 years)

summer night . . .
between my fingers
this mango moon

Maithili Khamkhar (age 14 years)

concrete jungle . . .
my eyes searching
for a speck of green

Akshaya Muralidharan (age 15 years)

long journey . . .
the rattle of the moon
by my window

Parnika Banerjee (age 15 years)

butterfly forest . . .
how every leaf
is a wing

Three Haibun by Sara Shah (age 14 years)

Hiraeth

There were too many signs, he should have noticed them. Like when she kept staring into the oblivion while the bread fumed in the toaster; like when the phone rang several times before her mind snapped back to present. He eventually realised that these inconsequential events were omnipresent.

She left her chores unfinished and often asked him in her quivering voice where her medicines were. "For the hundredth time, Amma, they're in the first drawer." She would then take them with apologetic eyes.

But that day, as she popped out the pills from the shiny aluminium pocket, her eyes glazed over.

photo album
a page yellower
than the rest

Weeks emulsified into months, the house never echoed with her voice. The silent creaking for her rocking chair and the rising aroma of her cooking became memories that filled the void she left. He could still hear her humming that favourite song as she worked and the softness of her lap under his head.

As the calendar flipped pages, the rocking chair found itself in a flea market, the house was littered with foils of take-away meals, no filmy songs ever played and he slept on his hard pillow each night.

a flute-seller's song
the depth of shadows
under his eyes

Crossroads

She twists her hair up into a knot and glances at the chipped-off wall mirror. She is met with the adamant stare of tired blue eyes set in a plain freckled face. Her hair is matted with dust grains at their roots. She has neither the time nor the inclination to care. She averts her eyes and pads softly across the room. In her diary she writes of a palatial home in place of her tin shed, of hours she could spend in vanity if not conceit, of days spent without harrowing labour but in the rhapsodies of paradise.

sullen skies—
the drumming torrent
in sync with her heart

She twists her hair into an elegant yet intricate braid and glances in the ornate framed mirror. She is met with sparkling blue eyes set in a delicate ethereal face. Her hair shine golden in the twists of her hairdo and is crowned with a gemstone-studded tiara. She averts her eyes and climbs down the spiral staircase, into a chamber lined with rich embroidered tapestries. As she sits under the elaborate chandelier with her journal, she pours her longing for lying in a meadow beneath the starry blanket rather than the confinement of the palace; of hours of working and having a satiated slumber; of skies beyond her golden cage and life in the rhapsodies of paradise.

rustling breeze
the scars hide
beneath her satin

Vicissitude

He rolls up his camouflage trousers and immerses his sore calves into the glacial tarn. He sighs as the water laps at his worn out flesh. The metallic sound of bullets as they ricochet from the man-torso dummies still rings in his ears. He glances at the water and for a moment, sees the young boy he had once been, before his cheeks caved in, his forehead furrowed and his face got riddled with scars. His eyes had been melting brown and never wore this steely glare.

The austere training had etched into his personality another man; someone he never imagined he would become. His musings surcease as he shifts focus on a bright pink lotus slowly withdrawing its petals.

forest canopy
the restless hoot
of a barn owl

Kakul Gupta (age 12 years)

adolescence . . .
the gradual withering
of a rose

labor room . . .
the many, many shades
of pink

Dinesh Srikar Mekala (age 10 years)

delayed bus. . .
a stray puppy sniffs
my lunch box

end of fall. . .
sweeping dry leaves
from my mind

Shreya Narang (age 19 years)

Waiting Room

It was two hours since the surgery. And thankfully, it was successful. But though he was awake I still had to wait for fifteen minutes to meet him. My left foot had gone numb so I was continuously shaking it to restore the circulation. No matter how hard I tried, it was impossible to get my mind off that crumpled note that contained words, coloured in the ink of disappointment, addressed to me. Those letters were flying before my eyes, suffocating me so much that I found it hard to breathe.

I took five rounds of the corridor before stepping into the Intensive Care Unit. So many questions surrounded me.

Was he okay? Was he still in pain?

As soon as I opened the door and saw his bandaged head I could suddenly hear his infantile cries, his heartbeat when I had held him in my arms for the very first time. Before I could gather myself and come back to the present I suddenly found myself asking,

"Why would you do something like that!!"

twilight...
the way the sky drowns
with the sun

Ishaan Singh Sarna (age 15 years)

strawberry moon . . .
the ever-changing glow
of mother's wrinkles

lonely evening . . .
a dog curls
into itself

dusky horizon...
the crescent-shaped echo
of the azan

screensaver...
the way your smile
fades away

Ustat Kaur Sethi (age 15 years)

parliament sessions. . .
the speaker is still ironing
his shirt

barren land. . .
a farmer's sweat moistens
the soil

Kinshuk Gupta (age 19 years)

summer noon. . .
the wavering shadow
of a palm

first chemo. . .
even the tulips
begin to droop

lockdown. . .
the shape of a curse
behind his mask

POETS' PERSONAL BEST

Editor: Kala Ramesh

Philip Whitley

- [USA](#)

the dog and I walk past your silence again

Failed Haiku 02.2019_Volume 4, Issue 39

Marion Clarke

- [Northern Ireland](#)

park concert
blossoms hover over
the wind section

Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival Invitational 2020
Sakura Award, (International Section)

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

- [Italy](#)

the clear sky
and the sea...
hugs of blue

Stardust Haiku - Issue 37 - January 2020

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

- [India](#)

way to graveyard
summer river lets us take
a shorter route

12th Yamadera Basho haiku contest

Małgorzata Formanowska

- [Poland](#)

autumn fog -
suddenly in front of me
a cathedral

World Haiku Review March 2018 (Neo-classical Haiku, Zatsuei - Haiku of Merit)

Mariangela Canzi

- [Italy](#)

gorse in blossom
a man in the sun
writing a card

Modern Haiku: Volume 51.2, summer 2020

Jill Lange

ink dark sky
the glow of wisteria
by lantern light

Cattails October 2020

Benno Schmidt

- [Germany](#)

flute wood the blackbird's bough sunlit

Chrysanthemum No. 27, April 2020

Réka Nyitrai

- [Romania](#)

cherry blossom night
the time-worn face
of my sleeping husband

Presence Issue 67, 2020

Ken Sawitri

- [Indonesia](#)

dragging light
from a matchbox
— the day darkens

Right Hand Pointing [#136, January, 2020](#)

Mike Gallagher

turning to gold
against a turquoise sky—
copper chestnut

Cattails, Autumn 2020

Kristyn Blessing

sunrise
fishing boats gather
the dawn

Asahi Haikuist Network May 1st, 2020

Debbie Strange

- [Canada](#)

frozen trough
I cup the warm breath
of my horse

[Sharpening the Green Pencil Haiku Contest \(1st Place\) 2018](#)

Keitha Keyes

- [Australia](#)

a crystal glass
on a granite bench —
no surprise
when it shatters ...
still my sister dies too soon

GUSTS 12, Take 5 Volume 3

Margherita Petriccione

- [Italy](#)

rows of grapes
the pregnant body
of my daughter

23rd Mainichi Haiku Contest 2020 - Second Prize

Iliyana Stoyanova

- [United Kingdom](#)

ghost town...
sakura blossoms
flutter in the breeze

[Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival, 2020 \(Honourable Mention\)](#)

Helen Buckingham

- [United Kingdom](#)

through being through

[antantantant](#) 2020

Carmela Marino

- [Italy](#)

his deep sleep
the milk of my breast
frozen

The 5th Annual H. Gene Murtha Memorial Senryu Contest 2020 (Honourable Mention)

Angiola Inglese

- [Italy](#)

deep roots
of the bindweed...
cicada song

The zen space, july 1 2020

Maria Concetta Conti

- [Italy](#)

july afternoon
looking at a cloud
he passes away

Mainichi - July 7, 2020

Keith A. Simmonds

In a huge conch shell
a sailor's widow brings home
the sound of the waves

7th Yamadera Basho Memorial Museum English Haiku Contest – 2015 (Grand Prize)

Lorraine A. Padden

- [USA](#)

leaking boat
tied to the dock
another round of chemo

Kingfisher Issue #2, Fall 2020

Natalia Kuznetsova

refreshing water
from a decrepit well ...
the old man's wisdom

The 22nd Kusamakura Competition, 2017.
Kumamoto City Award

Daniela Misso

- [Italy](#)

my wheelchair
passing through the grass ...
crickets jump

The Mainichi, September 18, 2020

Florin Golban

- [Romania](#)

confinement
the cock's song
in D minor

Caribbean Kukai, April 2020.

Adjei Agyei-Baah

- [Ghana](#)

dawn rumble
the moon rolling
on a train

Cattails October 2020

Maya Daneva

- [The Netherlands](#)

Sunday mass
the absent prayers of
the present

Failed Haiku, Volume 5, Issue 58, 2020

Mark Levy

another month
hair a wild fields of weeds
mind in the white clouds

Failed Haiku #56, August, 2020,

Colleen M. Farrelly

Captain's Log

March 25, 2525

Sanibee FOB, Alpha*11

Faz shot down a Wapaxi recon ship today. I performed an ultra-high altitude, high opening jump to administer the cauterization laser and reconstructive gel, per section 3.11B protocol under which enemy are resuscitated and taken as prisoners of war for intelligence purposes. It was too late, though.

last laugh—
impaled by
a life support pack

Jexa is still not returning my holotexts. I fear she may never speak to me again after volunteering for this post. Hopefully, the outpost garden's roses don't turn black in her matter reconstructor again. Of all the planets in all the galaxies, she had to land on mine...

methane clouds
veiling the twin suns—
relationships

The men are asleep as I keep watch tonight. So far, all quiet on the Kuiper Belt.

First published in *Leading Edge* and reprinted in *Night to Dawn*

Joanne van Helvoort

waving
till the train is out of sight -
summer grasses

Mainichi July 2020

Kat Lehmann

what remains
after the river is gone
this empty bed

Mayfly 68, 69 (cover), 2020
Haiku Commentary 6/5/20

Louise Hopewell

- [Australia](#)

smoke haze
over the cathedral
our prayers for rain

HUMAN/KIND, [Issue 2.1, March 2020](#)

Mark Gilbert

warm wind
the remains
of summer

[Stardust Haiku #43](#)

Roger Watson

- [United Kingdom](#)

cherry blossom shower
the pigeon
changing trees

The Mainichi 6 June 2018

Roberta Beach Jacobson

- [USA](#)

drums
of our ancestors
spirited rainfall

The Bamboo Hut, Number 3, 2020.

Radostina Dragostinova

- [Bulgaria](#)

subway window
within the old lady's reflection
a little girl waving

24th KUSAMAKURA HAIKU COMPETITION - 2019 - Second price (Tokusen)

Marietta McGregor

- [Australia](#)

three tiny bones
in my inner ear
meadow lark

[*The Heron's Nest*, Vol XXI, Number 4, December 2019](#)
[Shortlisted for The Haiku Foundation in January 2020 for a Touchstone 2019 Award.](#)

Tom Bierovic

melting icicle
a sparrow showers
drip by drip

Runner-up in the British Haiku Society contest in 2019

Milan Stancic Kimi

- [Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina](#)

i write haiku
like i smoke weed –
bloom after bloom after bloom

The Haiku Foundation, 22.04.2020

Keith Polette

- [USA](#)

thick morning fog—
the thousand year old call
of a red deer

“Best Haiku,” *Shamrock Haiku Journal* Readers’ Choice Award, 2018

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

prayers beads — counting dreams one by one

Otata # 37, January 2019

Eva Joan

- [Germany](#)

on his finger
the golden wedding band
of someone else

Failed Haiku Issue 34, October 2018

an seinem Finger
das goldene Hochzeitsband
der Anderen

Praniti Gulyani

- [India](#)

train window...
the shape of an apology
on her lips

The Heron's Nest, Volume XXII, June 2020

Anna Maris

- [Sweden](#)

sleet
our promise to stay
in touch

Museum of Haiku Literature Award, *Blithe Spirit* 30.1, 2020

Lisa Espenmiller

- [USA](#)

endless sky
telephone wires
make it bearable

Bones, Issue 6, March 15, 2015

Indra Neil Mekala

- [India](#)

war . . .
homes become
houses

[Grand Prize winning haiku in the 24th International "Kusamakura" Haiku Competition.](#)

Bruce H. Feingold

- **USA**

arrhythmia the unraveling of the republic

Mariposa, 37, Autumn/Winter, 2017

re published in *old song: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2017*

Zlatka Timenova

- **Portugal**

the snail is drawing
a silver maze
to hide himself

Traces of wind (Sledi ot viatar), haiku dialogue in three languages edited
by Ivoylova,A ;Timenova,Z (2019)

Larry Bole

- **USA**

the new graveyard
slowly the cleared field
regains its stones

Modern Haiku, Autumn 1979, Vol. X, No. 3, p. 7

Alegria Imperial

- **Canada**

grey sky
the gull's plaintive cries
fade into a wave

Fourth Place, Sea to Sky Haiku Canada Weekend contest, May 2019

Tsanka Shishkova

heritage
handwritten letters in
handmade box

Mainichi Japan - Haiku in English: Best of 2016

Rp Verlaine

- [USA](#)

one night stand with a shelf life half as long

Bones Issue 19

Srinivas S

- [India](#)

twilit beach
every ebbing wave takes
a little of the day

Frogpond, Issue 43:1

Irina Guliaeva

- [Russia](#)

frigid garden
I watch him growing
a double chin

#FemkuMag, issue 19, December 2019

Elaine Wilburt

[USA](#)

cicada holes—
after so many years
what's left behind

Hedgerow #128, Summer 2019

Veronika Zora Novak

- [Canada](#)

miscarriage . . .
cherry blossoms hung heavy
with snow

Mainichi Press on March 11, 2020.

Goran Gatalica

- [Croatia](#)

night jasmine —
her bloomed soul brings water
to a refugee

The Basho-an Award, Tokyo, Japan, 2019.

Steliana Cristina Voicu

- [Romania](#)

vineyard wedding -
the moon turns
into chardonnay

Asahi Haikuist Network, November 15, 2019

POETS' PERSONAL BEST

Editor: Kala Ramesh

Nitya Permanence / Anitya Impermanence

WRITTEN BY KALA RAMESH

PUBLISHED: 03 SEPTEMBER 2020

Nitya

Permanence

Anitya

Impermanence

It was such a pleasant surprise to win the first prize in the *8th Akita International Haiku Contest- 2020*. Of course it's not about winning the prize as such because contests and prizes are here today and gone tomorrow ... but working on the theme of 'Impermanence', which is not new to our haikai world, gave me the challenge of making the ku fresh and not using images and words that have been done to death!

It wasn't easy. So I did the next best thing, which was to show the impermanence by showing just the opposite! Let me give you an example: only when there is sunshine do you understand the beauty of shade and vice versa; lockdown vs. mobility and so on! To focus on impermanence, which in Sanskrit is *anitya* (*nitya* means eternal, permanent), I needed to show continuity, continuation and longevity. Simple! So the images in my haiku should have the brevity and impermanence that reflect the haiku spirit, but also allow the story to continue in subtle ways.

While reading about 'Noh' drama, I came across the term 'kire-tsuzuki' or 'cut-continuity.' The commonest example of this is the pause between every exhalation of air from the lungs and the next inhalation. Another lovely example is our walk- we move one leg, cut the movement and move the other leg- the two actions together get us moving; there is both a cut and a continuation. For life is all about that movement and nothing in nature is stationery or static. Most importantly, nothing in life exists in isolation or is unconnected.

This naturally led me to this beautiful concept called the *web of life*.

"Imagine a multidimensional spider's web in the early morning covered with dew drops. And every dew drop contains the reflection of all the other dew drops. And, in each reflected dew drop, the reflections of all the other dew drops in that reflection. And so on *ad infinitum*. That is the Buddhist conception of the universe in an image."

—[Alan Watts](#).

dewdrops in a dewdrop the dewdrop world

In both the Hindu and Buddhist scriptures, the image of “Indra's net” is used to describe the interconnectedness of the universe, and that is what I have tried to show in my haiku below:

**scented twilight ...
the reason dragonflies
pause in flight**

8th Akita International Haiku Contest - Feb 2020.

First Prize.

Line1: *scented twilight* is something that continues and is carried on the gentle breeze.

Lines 2 & 3: we all know dragonflies pause in flight. I have drawn a connection between this pause and the scent riding the breeze. The protagonist suggests that dragonflies pause to take in and enjoy the scent emanating from nearby blossoms. Thus the two images are juxtaposed to show the tension between the continuing twilight and the pausing dragonflies.

yours

in haikai spirit,

Kala Ramesh

*

Published in *Serow*, Volume 3 of the haiku journal of the *Akita International Haiku Network*, 22 May 2020.

Celestial Reference and Haiku Poetry

WRITTEN BY PRAVAT KUMAR PADHY

PUBLISHED: 18 AUGUST 2020

People mention with reverence the beauty and blissfulness of sun, moon, stars, etc as heavenly bodies since time immemorial. In literature, art, painting, and social traditions celestial references are often seen. The mention of celestial bodies has been associated with social and religious causes for long. The earliest Chinese farmer's calendar can be traced back to around 5000 B.C when the farmers used to determine their farming practices in accordance with the cycle of the moon. In the book, “*Yu Tu Bei Kao Quan Shu*” the motions of the sun and moon, the stars and constellations have been depicted. Jehoshaphat Aspin designed the astronomy cards of Zodiacal constellations which are dated back to the early Babylonian period to the Sumerian time. There has been a practice by Tibetans of portraying astrological *Thangka* in the home for protection from evil. The ‘*Thangka*’, a Tibetan Buddhist painting, is characterized by nine magic squares and symbols of the eight planets. The references of Astronomy are found in the *Rigveda*, the ancient Indian literature (1500-1200 BCE) of Sanskrit hymns.

In the Rig Veda, verses (*suktas*) in Sanskrit are written in praise of nature and divinity. Nature is beautifully and metaphorically described with celestial citations in the hymn of Rig Veda:

“By the first touch of His hand rivers throb and ripple.
When He smiles the sun shines, the moon glimmers,
The stars twinkle, the - owner's bloom.
By the first rays of the rising sun, the universe is stirred;
The shining gold is sprinkled on the smiling buds of rose;
The fragrant air is filled with sweet melodies of singing birds,
The dawn is the dream of God's creative fancy.”

(Rig Veda 1.6.3)

The sun, the eyes of the universe, is divinely placed
It rises with bright sunshine,
May we live to see it for a hundred autumns

Rig Veda:7.66.16 (Tr. Pandit Satyakarm Vidyalankar)

Many Indian poets with metaphysical and mystic tenor composed poems with cosmic citations. Conceptualising time and space, Sri Aurobindo (1872-1950), a saint-poet and a philosopher, in his epic poem *Savitri* writes:

All Time is one body, Space a single look:
There is the Godhead's universal gaze
And there the boundaries of immortal Mind:

(Savitri 660)

Tirtha Rama, the nineteenth-century saint-poet of India writes:

Pale stars yet twinkled on the valleys deep,
The sun just rolled hill tops in crimson blaze,
The yellow grass waved as golden hair of a sage.

(Rama Poems)

Rumi, a thirteenth-century Persian poet imagines:

From your chimney smoke
shape new constellations

(Tr. Coleman Barks).

There has been a multitude flavour of examples of celestial mentions in the poetry of Geoffrey Chaucer, William Shakespeare, John Donne, John Milton, William Wordsworth, P B Shelley, John Keats, W B Yeats, T S Eliot, W H Auden, and others:

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340-1400), regarded as the Father of English Poetry, had portrayed the celestial citations in his poetry. Florence M. Grimm University of Nebraska has described (in 1919) the 'Astronomical Lore in Chaucer'. He comments, "...It is not astonishing, then, that the great monuments of literature in the medieval period and even much later are filled with astronomical and astrological allusions; for these are but reflections of vital human interests of the times. The greatest poetical work of the Middle Ages, Dante's Divina Commedia, is rich in astronomical lore, and its dramatic action is projected against a cosmographical background reflecting the view of Dante's contemporaries as to the structure of the world. Milton, writing in the seventeenth century, bases the cosmology of his Paradise Lost in the main on the Ptolemaic system,.... The view of the universe which we find reflected in Chaucer's poetry is chiefly based on the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, though it shows traces of very much more primitive cosmological ideas...."

Describing the stars are elsewhere said to be like small candles in comparison with the moon, and Chaucer thus writes:

"And cleer as (is) the mone-light,
Ageyn whom alle the sterres semen
But smale candels, as we demen."

(Romaunt of the Rose, 1010-12)

Flurence further adds, "The relative positions of the different planets in the heavens are suggested by allusions to the different sizes of their spheres and to their different velocities. Mars is to hurry until he reaches Venus' palace and then advances as slowly as possible, to wait for her. Evidently, Chaucer was aware of the varying apparent velocities of planetary motions".

"That Mars shal entre, as faste as he may glyde,
Into hir nexte paleys, to abyde,

Walking his cours til she had him a-take,
And he preyde hirto haste hir for his sake."

(Compleynt of Mars, 53-56).

Indeed the poems written by the great poets of English literature are studded with celestial mentions:

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,

(William Wordsworth, *Intimations of Immortality*)

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

(John Keats, Bright Star)

'I'll love you till the ocean
Is folded and hung up to dry
And the seven stars go squawking
Like geese about the sky.

(W H Auden, As I Walked Out One Evening)

The Eagle soars in the summit of Heaven,
The Hunter with his dogs pursues his circuit.
O perpetual revolution of configured stars,
O perpetual reference of determined seasons,
O world of spring and autumn, birth and dying!

(T. S. Eliot, The Rock)

Japanese Astronaut, Naoko Yamazaki, placidly cites the beautiful reference of celestial objectives in his poetry:

We children of the stars children of space
born in the oceans and matured on land
have the history of the universe its hundreds of billions of years
etched on our bodies
Look! Today too somewhere a tiny light

Citation of heavenly bodies is often seen in the haiku by the Japanese Masters.

According to Basho, there are two planes in haiku: *fueki ryuko* ie. Eternal and Current. The cosmic plane relates to haiku that is associated with nature and

landscape. Shiki in his classification refers to 'Nature and Celestial and Earthly' aspects of haiku. The celestial bodies related to astronomy or heavenly phenomena (*tensoo*) have been included in the seven Japanese categories of haiku and related seasonal reference (*kigo*). In the World Kigo Database (WKD), Gabi Greve elaborated in detail about Astronomical aspects in haiku literature. The haiku Masters, Basho, Buson, Issa, and Shiki have cited stars, moon, Milky Way in their haiku.

The following classical hokku by Basho has a celestial reference.

nine times awakened
yet it's still the moon
before dawn

Basho (Tr. David Landis Barnhill)

The following haiku portrays how precisely and through simple observation, Issa imaged the space and beyond!

a sight to see!
from a hole in the wall
autumn moon

--Issa (Tr. David Lanoue)

Shiki in his classification has mentioned 'Nature and Celestial and Earthly' aspects of haiku. The great Japanese haiku poet, Kaneko Tohta (1919-2018) attributed the haiku as elicitation in cosmic sense (*Uchu-teki*).

Buson in his following haiku enumerates the beauty of the celestial play.

The canola flowers.
The moon is in the eastern sky.
The sun is in the western sky.

The book "The Stray Birds" (1916) by Nobel laureate Rabindranath Tagore contains more of monoku-like proverbial expressions with poetic lucidity having occasional references of celestial bodies:

If you shed tears when you miss the sun, you also miss the stars.

'Fireflies', the title of the poem, comes from the first verse of the bilingual Bengali version, 'Lekhan' (1926) by Tagore. It consists of 256 epigrams and short verses and some with poetic reference to the astronomical bodies.

*The stars of night are to me
the memorials of my day's faded flowers.*

Emmanuel Lochac published one-liners in French, with a reference of 'sun', under the title *Monostiches* in a literary magazine in 1929.

Voilier emportant le soleil dans les vergues

Schooner bearing away the sun in its arms (Tr.Breuning)

Poet Federico Garcia Lorca could come to know about haiku in early 1920 and when he was a student in Madrid, he aptly visualises about the space science and writes:

Some day...
You will leap from one star
to another.

Interestingly in the introduction to 'Haiku in English, 'The First Hundred Years' Billy Collins (2013) concludes:

"...I want to end by stretching an analogy between haiku and physics. Just as matter is composed of atoms, which give off a great energy when accelerated to the point of collision, so time is made up of moments, and when a single moment is perfectly isolated, another kind of cosmic energy is released. I like to think of the haiku as a moment-smashing device out of which arises powerful moments of dazzling awareness".

Yasuomi Koganei in his article, "Haiku Poems" published in Chrysanthemum No. 21. April 2016 says:

"Thus using haiku, an author can express his thoughts as well about a landscape not existing on the Earth to easily appeal to readers' neuron circuits. In April 2014, NASA found underground water on Saturn II Enceladus. It implies the possibility of life outside Earth. The universe is filled with scenery not existing on the Earth and haiku may well be able to describe it in advance of being actually recognized by scientific probe. In the future, sceneries in the universe may be normally described in haiku, and I would like to read them by my own eyes, if possible".

towards distant flashes
sailing along the Milky Way
reflected in the lake

Jane Reichhold in her book, "Bare Bones: School of Haiku" (2011) mentions the 'Celestial' aspect in haiku writing:

"You can organize your poems by the five seasons, divided by mention of the season or its attributes; celestial – all the haiku about skies, weather, stars, planets; terrestrial – references to parts of the landscape; livelihood – human activities common to a certain season including holiday activities; animals – ones associated with a certain season; and plants - that reflect the season. Within these categories one can arrange the subjects alphabetically".

She further adds, "Many of the kigo for the season/climate category (such as "bright skies" or "south wind") could more accurately fit into celestial phenomenon leaving a category free for emotional states, which to me, are as much a part of any season as a bird or flower".

The heavenly bodies are associated with social festivals, beliefs, auspicious occasions, protections from evils, etc. Man has savoured the beauty and fascination of heavenly bodies ever since his evolution. Astronomical references are also characterized by seasonal connotation. The followings are some of the examples in haiku literature where celestial mentions are elucidated with reference to various aspects. Here an attempt has been enunciated to classify them into the spectrum of the poetic inquisitiveness, scientific infusion, human psychology, historical events, spiritual credence, socio-cultural aspects, and linguistic humour.

Poetic Imagination:

The creative imagination in haiku has been widely experienced by many poets. Master Basho once said:

“Imagination is a journey of the spirit, a movement through space.
On this spirit journey, the poet can instantly encompass all time and all space.”

The splendor of space science has been often manifested through haiku. Poets often assimilate the mentions of celestial bodies out of creative inquisitiveness. The following haiku are some of the interesting examples showcasing the poetic spell:

in cold water
sipping the stars...
Milky Way
--Issa (Tr. David Lanoue)

The moon in the water;
Broken and broken again,
Still it is there

--Chōshū (Tr. R. H. Blyth)

meteor shower . . .
a gentle wave
wets our sandals

--Michael Dylan Welch

receding wave...
crab holes breathe
the milky way

--Kala Ramesh

earthrise
the blue soldier crab emerges
from a moonlit sand

--[Marta Majorka Chociłowska](#)

solar flares
a spill of buttercups
in the meadow

--Debbie Strange

her curves in the hands of the moon

--Don Baird

close to someone in the stars white seeps inward

--Marlene Mountain

romantic dinners
at the edge of the universe
outside of time

--Carol Raisfeld

earthworm
peeps from moist earth
to see a full moon ~
-- Narayanan Raghunathan

all the paths I didn't choose the Milky Way

--Beverly Acuff Momoi

blackberry moon . . .
midnight rain lingers
in a snail's shell

--Sandi Pray

night sky
one of those stars might be
the reset button

--Susan Antolin

last night's snow --
on the cedar tree branches
milky way

--Bali Igor

Twilight Venus
over the mowed garden —
the first snow

--Kiyoko Ogawa

deep space at the end of my sentence a blue dot.

--[Bouwe Brouwer](#)

summer stars
twinkle on the pond ~
Basho's frog croaks

--[Narayanan Raghunathan](#)

flying milky way--
a bevy of cranes between
the sea and the sky

--Pravat Kumar Padhy

Scientific Infusion:

Quite often it is observed that haiku writings unveil the unlimited scientific curiosity with celestial reference. Poet expresses his anxiety, fantasy, aspiration, and fulfillment about the mystery of outer space through scientific blending and curious ingenuity. This divulges greater inclusiveness in literary interpretation with the scientific perspective in the form of Astro-Haiku at large:

photographs from Mars
the sound of my grandmother
watering her plants

--John McManus

north star
she says we'll find
a way

--Joe McKeon

summer sun
a boy bounces a ball
against the house

--Brad Bennett

broken bones
of dinosaur's fossil --
milky way

--Teiichi Suzuki

space rocks the strange visitors near the entrance

--Pravat Kumar Padhy

reflecting pool --
our shadows floating
with unseen stars

--Mark E. Brager

fetching the bones
of the first colonists-
Mars rover

--Susan Burch

black hole--
mystery of the universe
gathers light

--Pravat Kumar Padhy

Human Psychology:

The observation of cosmic happenings arises a lot of psychological impulses and emotions. Many times, the poet captures those instant moments to unknot his feelings of love, anguish, grief, despair, anger, etc. David Steindl-Rast writes: "the one basic condition of the human psyche that accounts for genuine happiness is living in the now."

A lot of research has been carried out to know the haiku experience and its therapeutic effect. Haiku reading and writing have cognitive influence. Dr. Robert Epstein, a psychologist at the University of Harvard says, "a good haiku can work wonders on a tired soul." The close association of nature in the context of haiku experience has a deep zen-feeling and psychological influence. B R Cahn and J Polich in psychological analysis conclude that composing haiku poetry about nature increases sensitivity. Poets use the images of planets, stars, Milky Way to unravel their inner feelings:

I have even seen the moon -
now I can say good bye
to this world

--[Kaga no Chiyoni](#)

The sun sets
beyond the cosmos field:
I waited in vain

--Yoshihiko Suzuki

moon in the cold -
only my own footsteps
on the bridge

--Tan Taigi (Tr. Gabi Greve)

nagareboshi -
your life on earth
just so short

--Gabi Greve

(Nagareboshi means shooting star in the sky)

the moons of Jupiter this is a life I didn't know existed

--Melissa Allen

between wound and weapon the milky way

--Lee Gurga

snow on the sun navigating childhoods

--Alan Summers

s p a c e d o u t o v e r t h e e s c a r p m e n t t h e s t a r s
--Lorin Ford

stargazing
a moment alone
with my ancestors

--Tiffany Shaw-Diaz

The crow has flown away:
Swaying in the evening sun,
A leafless tree

--Natsume Soseki

Peace –
An extinct species
On planet Earth

--Dan Campbell

October full moon
moonshine is too white

for sadness
--Etsuko Yanagibori

sleepless night--
a homeless man studies
the Milky Way

--[Vincenzo Adamo](#)

the half moon
on her neck reminds of love
before departure

--Ram Krishna Singh

late summer moon . . .
the remnants of a gull's wake
floats on the river
--Bruce Ross

crescent moon--
the old man returns
from nowhere

--Pravat Kumar Padhy

Historical Association:

Haiku writings can also be correlated with the archival of the historical sequence, scientific events, etc. This signifies the memorable references of the scientific discoveries and milestones. This has signified another dimension of reference of celestial bodies in haiku writing:

Neil Armstrong--
baby's maiden walk
on bright moon day

--Pravat Kumar Padhy

stop press methane on mars has legs

--Helen Buckingham

Cadillac Mountain
Voices carried on the wind
Past our stargazing

--[Calvin Olsen](#)

Spiritualisation and Zen Feeling:

The philosophical endeavor kindles the delicate beauty between cosmic mystery and poetic ecstasy. The ethical self-realization (*zen* feeling) symbolizes the contemplation of spiritualism. The consciousness of self-being as a part of nature and imbibing spiritual feelings is another dimension of haiku literature. Rightly Blyth says, "haiku is a form of Zen". The central theme of haiku poetry reveals around nature and Zen Buddhism. Poets try to assimilate nobleness and sense of spiritual feeling in poetry with special reference to the heavenly bodies.

summer moon--
there's no such thing
as a flawless night
--Issa (Tr. David Lanoue)

this cold moon -
I meet a monk
on the bridge
[--Yosa Buson](#)

Yukitsukiyo
I read your Haiku
before sleep
[--Etsuko Yanagibori](#)

(Yukitsukiyo means [night with snow and a full moon](#))

the forest disappears into itself new moon

--Michael Rehling

Watching the twilight
a burning wish:
to fly by thinking of the comet

--Gabriel Ivanescu

first venus then star by star the night deepens

--Janice M. Bostok

full moon
keeping an eye
on the stars
--Ella Wagemakers

moonlit bridge -
my shadow checks the path
before my steps

--Origa (Olga Hooper)

time and space
life - a season of its
own garden

--Pravat Kumar Padhy

Socio-cultural Aspect:

Socio-cultural issues invariably occupy a major part in the literature. It reflects the quests for a better side of living. We can create an image of the cultural association through scientific propensity. Images of social gatherings, religious references, festivals, tribal culture, and others have been artfully imbibed in haiku.

There are brilliant haiku associated with the Tanabata festival in Japan. Tanabata, also known as the Star Festival, is a Japanese festival originating from the Chinese Qixi Festival. It is celebrated on the seventh day of Seventh Month. According to the legendary origin, two celestial lovers--the stars Altair and Vega--are separated by Heaven's River (the Milky Way). It is believed that the Altair-Vega couple can meet only once a year at the time of the Star Festival.

star festival night -
now autumn has really come
as the night begins
--Basho (Tr. Gabi Greve)

star festival --
such coolness and
a long hot bath
--Issa (Tr. Chris Drake)

Good Friday
fallen cherry blossoms
risen moon
--Johnny Baranski

tanabata stars
a lock of her hair
in Love, Poetry
--Chen-ou Liu

sending-off the souls -
the whole family watches
shooting stars
--Gabi Greve (composed during Bon festival, 17.8.2007)

Pushkar Fair-
after praying to Brahma
we watch camels race
--Angelee Deodhar

suspended
between heaven and earth
takstang monastery
--Sanjay Rajan

Moon Festival
over Taiwan and Toronto
the same moon?
--Chen-ou Liu

tribal dance--
the moon steps with
everyone
--Pravat Kumar Padhy

Aspect of Humour:

The sense of humour (hai) is an important part of literature. Basho, Buson, and Issa had written haiku with great humour. R H Blyth, Susumu Takiguchi, David Cobb, and others dealt humour and its importance in haiku parody. The use of linguistic humour with respect to the reference of celestial bodies is often seen.

Mushroom hunting
Assembled by my head
Moon on the peak

--Buson

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

--Issa

If it rains,
Come with your umbrella,
Midnight moon.

--Yamazaki Soka

the gods
are playing billiard -
shooting stars

--Hayashi Akira

leonids--
the sparkle
in her laugh

--Deborah Kolodji

geopolitics
the council bans gifting
other people's moons

--Dee Wallace

I shift my pillow
closer to the
full moon.

--Saiba (Tr. Hoffmann)

the small black clouds
drawing moustaches
on the moon's face
--Tomislav Maretic

early dawn hour
a gap in the milky way
first tooth fall

--Pravat Kumar Padhy

I feel emotional to read the verse, 'I Am' written by Benjamin Giroux, a 10-year-old kid from Plattsburgh, New York who is suffering from Asperger's disorder. Indeed his poetic vision dwells beyond the space when he pens:

*I am odd, I am new
I pretend that you are too
I feel like a boy in outer space
I touch the stars and feel out of place*

The poetic integration of celestial examples portrays haiku of subtle cadences. It also extends the horizon of haiku writings by enfolding Astro-science and unveiling added dimension of creative expressions. Albert Einstein intellectualises, "We are slowed down sound and light waves, a walking bundle of frequencies tuned into the cosmos. We are souls dressed up in sacred biochemical garments and our bodies are the instruments through which our souls play their music."

In the concluding remark, I wish to share my thoughts in the spirit of divine haikuism: "The essence of poetry nestles in the diligent fragrance of the flower, simplicity flow of the river, the spread of leaves with gentleness, the calmness of deep ocean and embellishment of soothing shadow. I aspire to present unison of poetic-scientific effervescence to usher in a pristine social renaissance and wish celebration of a beautiful tomorrow of the universal truism. I am merely a tiny part of the consciousness of the stretch of time and space. I am a tiny bird dwelling in my nest, and singing songs for others and to the surroundings!"

Brief-Bio:

Pravat Kumar Padhy has obtained his Masters of Science and Technology and a Ph.D from Indian Institute of Technology, ISM Dhanbad. His poetry has been featured in many journals and anthologies. His poems received many awards, honours, and commendations including the Editors' Choice Award at Writers Guild of India, Sketchbook, Asian American Poetry, Vancouver Cherry Blossom Festival International Haiku Honourable Mention, UNESCO International Year Award of Water Co-operation, The Kloštar Ivanić International Haiku Award, IAFOR Vladimir Devide Haiku Award, and others. His work is showcased in the exhibition "Haiku Wall", Historic Liberty Theatre Gallery in Bend, Oregon, USA. His tanka, 'I mingle' is published in the "Kudo Resource Guide", University of California, Berkeley. His poem, "How Beautiful" is included in the Undergraduate English Curriculum at the university level. He guest-edited November 2019 Per Diem Column, The Haiku Foundation, on the theme, "Celestial Bodies". His haiku collection, "Cosmic Symphony" is widely reviewed and is archived in the digital library of 'The Haiku Foundation'.

He has invented a genre of poetry, "*Hainka*", which is a poetic fusion of haiku and tanka, and is characterized by the image linking of the 'fragment of the haiku as the 'pivot line' of the following tanka.

He is nominated to the prestigious panel of 'The Touchstone Awards for Individual Poems', 'The Haiku Foundation'.