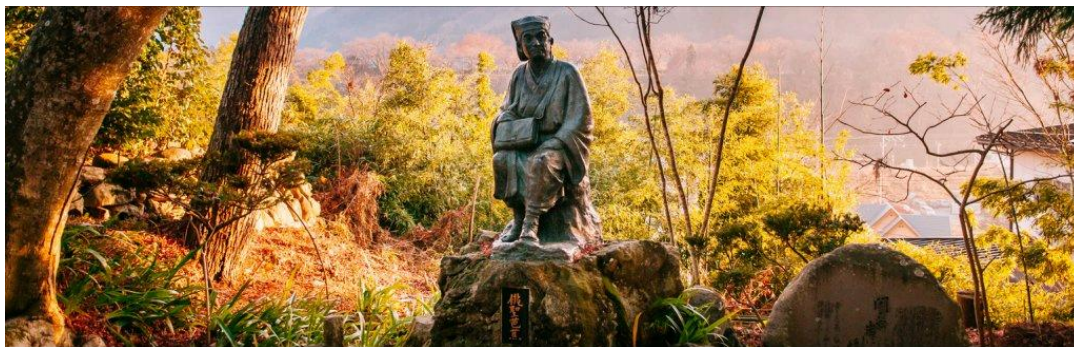


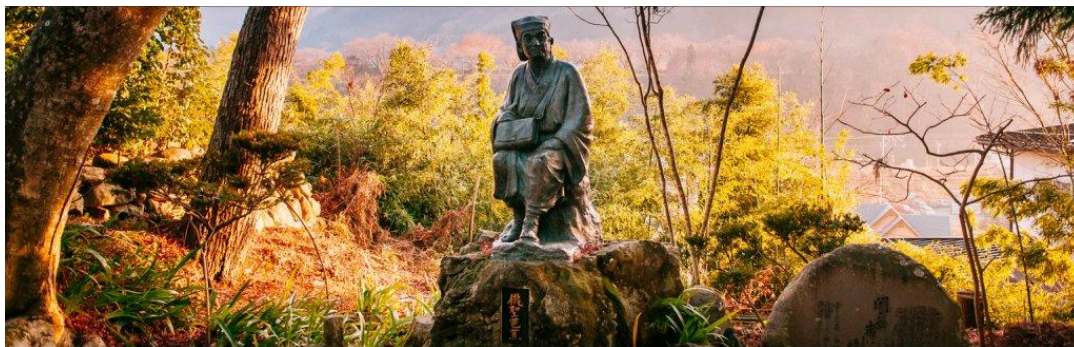
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Haiku

edited by Kala Ramesh

A.J. Anwar

Indonesia

forest park
this urge to walk taller
among the giants

road trip
on the way back
not talking again

outdoor café
cheering his party of one
a lonesome fly

Stockholm syndrome —
the freed magpie-robin
comes back

Adjei Agyei-Baah

New Zealand

Ghana

approaching storm ...
a butterfly enters
the flower shop

first-time kayaking
a dragonfly appears
to lead the way

COVID isolation --
the therapy
of birdsongs

Agus Maulana Sunjaya

Indonesia

August sky
a column of woodsmoke
meets the clouds

I wonder how long
a thousand years is
drifting sands

spring break
a refugee child blows
dandelion puffs

lavender field
in and out of the flowers
mother's yellow hat

the chill
in her gaze
winter moon

forest track
the song of a warbler
leads the way

a temple ruin
frost on the bones
of a crow

forgiving myself
the scent of cherry blossom
in the breeze

Akhila Mohan CG

India

over suburban marshlands the V of flamingos

the reiteration of life spring sun

marriage migration—
where do I belong

empty womb
how my 35-year-old self
appears

Alexis Rotella

USA

New neighborhood -
the young mother
walks her puppy again

Brewing bitter herbs
more killings
on the morning news

At Mother's grave
black umbrellas
and a red wool coat

Alvin B. Cruz

going back
the same way we came
sunflower fields

Amoolya Kamalnath

India

family outing
every time
the same playlist

on the horizon
scarlet ball reappears -
a lost child is found

heated argument -
the pendulum sways
on both sides

scarlet dusk -
on the apartment eaves
a beehive on fire

Anna Eklund-Cheong

France

just one more cup . . .
the sparkle of morning sun
on frosted pines

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

sea breeze
when even the moon
tastes of salt

moonless night
I hold on to the comfort
of one dream

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

Netherlands

finger nail moon
my dreams nowadays
out of season

like a child waiting for snow lotus flower

repetition
of words never said —
stellar dust

snow
all those erased things
to remember

Antoinette Cheung

Canada

multilingual murmurs . . .
our procession through

the mausoleum

Ashish Narain

Philippines

backyard swing ...
the rhythm of her feet
pushing the ground

entering the hospice ...
mother asks me to take care
of her gods

bedtime with grandma —
each crisis saved
by a different god

B. L. Bruce

USA

late afternoon
mountain shadow
crawls across the meadow

hermit thrush
in the bare redbud tree
loneliness

Bakhtiyar Amini

Germany

Red Light district Mullahs' shadow hugs a sex worker

no matter where to look starry night

Barbara Sabol

USA

charred earth
a dragon-shaped cloud
breathes smoke

clouds scrape the mountain raven's cry

sunset over the marsh ...
roseate spoonbills
draw down the sky

burrowing fiddler crabs
we walk the beach
without speaking

passing the oolong
our fingers touch
leaf flush

Bill Fay

USA

a towhee sings
from the welcome sign
border crossing

barn door in the wind
remembered notes
of the flute player

snow on cedars
mother's old coat
gets a new life

soft breeze
the temple bell joins
the birdsong

hair slowly rising
in the evening
coyotes' call

Bill Waters

USA

finding my balance
in changing times ...
autumn equinox

encore!
fall pear blossoms
take a bough

second summer ...
everywhere the fragrance
of fallen leaves

one cloud
chasing another
this bright-and-dark day

daily drama
... above it all
that crescent moon

Bipasha Majumder (De)

India

last night's bruises ...
healed by the remnants
of sandalwood

dispersed seeds ...
my favourite book
thuds on the ground

north wind ...
she bemoans the death
of the poet in her

night journey ...
I carry the blazing moon
with me

sea voyage ...
her rudder cuts through
the sunset

Brad Bennett

USA

a toddler
on his hands and knees
moss flowers

waning gibbous
a heron wades
downstream

if clouds had wings nothing changes

open mic sign-up passing clouds

if i knew then
what i know now
acorns

Bryan Rickert

USA

along the mud bank
the slip and slide
of raccoon tracks

trespassing
caught and scolded
by a crow

first light
acorns growing
their shadows

making their descent
geese crash
the silence

deep woods
my chance encounter
with buttercups

morning sun
the small rainbow
in a sweat bee wing

C. F. Tash

moonless night
an old feral cat
blends with darkness

C.X.Turner

United Kingdom

hailstones bounce
in the shallow rock pool
spring sonata

as the crow flies
around the curve
of a river

Caleb Hunter Thomas

USA

measuring himself
against the cornstalk
harvest moon

the deer
now buried in snow
dried petunia

hayride. . .
my sputting tractor
filled with laughter

spring chill
from deep in the night
my guineafowl's call

first mow—
a bead of sweat rolls
down the grass

Carmela Marino

Italy

wheelchair
a sea lily
in her hair

first swallows
looking at the pictures
of your birth

Chidambar Navalgund

India

summer rain...
washed clothes
washed again

contracting my world myopia

a junction without signboards my palm

doctor's prescription—
the last answer on my sheet

Chris Langer

USA

photo album
looking at friends
I no longer know

bedtime
the calico rests
in my spot

Christopher Seep

USA

winter-bare
branches parse
the Milky Way

candling the egg today's ultrasound

Claire Thom

Spain

Scotland

last day of autumn
I put mothballs
on my shopping list

Cristina Povero

Italy

attic trove –
looking for identity
among yellowed pages

kite flying –
his small hand in mine
trying to tame the wind

roaming the cloister –
lost in the carved pillars
a butterfly calls me back

beachcombing –
entangled fishing nets
talk of lost lives

Cyndi Lloyd

USA

cypress trees
the contorted story
of wind

high desert mesa
I fold a summer sunrise
into my soul

wet leaves
on the nature trail
their muffled words

in her arthritic hands the depth of earth

(after marlene mountain)

words in the wind
hanging from pine branches
last year's burdens

Daipayan Nair

India

busy footpath —
a drunk bends to study
his shoelaces

zoom meeting —
giving a presentation
in underpants

our first date —
a corn seller fans
the burning coal

dentist chamber —
people with swollen cheeks
exchange smiles

Sunday noon —
dad hums the wrong lyrics
in his washroom

street refreshments —
her gigantic mouth
gulping the rasgulla

Daniel Birnbaum

France

winter leaves
falling one by one ...
the same silence

Daniela Misso

Italy

slow thaw
quietly the sky returns

to the river

old letters
embers crackle
with memories

abandoned hamlet
the silence
of yellow butterflies

Danny Blackwell

Spain

a statue to "Hope"
after the bird flies away
only shit remains

clothesline shadow of an empty sock swaying, swaying

David He Zhuanglang

China

full moon ...
you can touch
the dewdrop

Debbie Strange

Canada

moon phases the ensō of circular reasoning

fern sori waiting for something more

volcanic glass

the wind combs through
Pele's hair

campfire toast
a female merganser's
cinnamon head

ancient mountains
become one with the night . . .
you reach for my hand

tinted lenses
an invisible rainbow
reveals itself

concrete jungle
the yellow graffiti
of dandelions

the bridge
that is and isn't there . . .
coastal fog

Deborah A. Bennett

USA

first snow
caught in the willow branches
my mother's white hair

more solitary than i winter moon

wail of a loon
to a loon -
hunter's moon

Deborah P Kolodji

USA

gathering storm
the history
between us

the gentleness
of the wetlands
a tern's sudden dive

forest stillness
condors return
to the Redwoods

harvest moon
the biggest pumpkin
looks at me

rapid growth
of bougainvillea
thorns in my life

Dennys Cambarau

Sardinia, Italy

glimpses of light –
a bat flies
inside the moon

Don Baird

USA

ancient turtle
the etching on your shell
reveals the world

songbird
I hear your thoughts
in the breeze

empty shell
someone I know
lost at sea

rising sun
burning itself into
patterns

Elancharan Gunasekaran

between dark clouds
and pastel skies
eagle wings
bridge the gap

denied entry by skin
morning light
crosses the border

Elizabeth Black

USA

sugar moon —
the marshmallow
sinks into the cocoa

swamp cypress —
I fall knee
upon knee

wearing away
the stone...the web
of delicate moss

winter...
weeks without snow
what are the bears dreaming

jumping the distance
over scattered tree limbs
sidewalk shadows

the distance
between us
widening puddles

Eufemia Griffo

Italy

farewell words
the pungent smell
of black ink

Eva Limbach

Germany

lingering war —
a stranger shovels dirt
on a stranger's coffin

winter solstice
war turns
into war

dementia —
the sun sinks into
a deeper blue

sunflowers
on her smartphone a photo
from refugee camp

Florin C. Ciobica

Romania

lily pads patching a hole in the clouds

mown grass
a clump of poppies reddens
the crickets' song

lockdown
opening the window
to let his soul out

Florin Golban

Romania

old stories—
the words grow
by the fireplace

Gerald Friedman

USA

the highway
past the mica mine
concrete glitters

Giorgio Bacchi

Italy

roar of the sea
gathered in a small bucket -
my daughter's voice

Giorgio Bacchi

pensile maple branches—
the traced paths
yearn for the sky

Goran Gatalica

Croatia

rising sun
the translucent chest
of the tiny frog

bombing Ukraine
I read the blogs
about doomsday

amid the blizzard
how to identify
a birch tree

Govind Joshi

India

hazy morning
a family of sparrows
visit the yard

after a city bike ride
sifting sunrays
through cafe window

passersby pausing —
three grannys
on a sidewalk bench

autumn morning
the warmth of tea
in both hands

Grace Galton

United Kingdom

after the storm
small clouds parked
on double yellow lines

doe-eyed chihuahua—
my labrador skids to a stop
in mid-fetch

Gurpreet Dutt

India

now and then
thoughts surround her ...
autumn clouds

Hazel Hall

Australia

cold room
the midwife bows
wordlessly

showbiz sky
halos rotate
around each star

silent shallows
a white swan glides
into my solitude

Heather Lurie

New Zealand

afternoon passes
shadows of pine trees
reach into our kitchen

snow
falls on the shrine
silence

white tulips open
while dark smoke rises
early morning

Ian Gwin

USA

under the Federal Building's
curved columns
the security guard's belly

Jacob D. Salzer

unplugged—
I walk into the forest
without a sound

family game night
the lantern's hum
gathering moths

distant thunder ...
lifetimes echo
in the oak tree

darkness in the old Redwood voices

Jacob D. Salzer

USA

a gentle tide
entering my dream
the call of a loon

trail dust ...
climbing Mount Hood
with my shadow

campfire embers ...
my mother's voice
drifting to sleep

winter rain —
on my resume
the weight of ink

sunbeams
in a trail of dust
a moth in flight

first confession —
a heavy stone falls
into the sea

revisiting
her tombstone
the scent of moss

among endless
trees and deep valleys
the mystery of me

James Babbs

USA

opening the mailbox
a spider runs away
from the light

memories—
blackbirds scattered
in the backyard

late summer approaching
every crossroads
with caution

empty
the mailbox's shadow
across the driveway

Sunday morning
in the window
another me

summer heat
paying the water bill
before it's due

James Schlett

USA

three girls
point in three directions
amusement park

never knowing
which path she'll follow
sledding

Jamie Wimberly

USA

I follow
where you go
river bend

Jane-Rebecca Cannarella

USA

blowing whistles
with a blade of grass
birds answer back

Jenna Le

USA

an attacking goose
drives an owl into retreat
election day

Christmas lights
still up in February:
small mercy in a hard year

Jenny Fraser

New Zealand

first autumn air
all together
the lowering gulls

late autumn
feeding sheep acorns
fingers of light

palm fronds
i give myself
to the wind

nimbostratus
an autumn pine
adds a layer of grey

catching my breath
a window
of winter sun

Jim Chessing

USA

hole in the clouds
maybe something other than
missiles

cattail fluff
the trout on the stringer
gives a lazy tail flick

all the light
the treetops gather
giant wake-robin

trying to get
a handle on things
the knob of a fig

kangaroo paw
the urge to hug
myself

morning glory
the ellipsis
in every seedpod

earth in the soup
even the Vaseline
is liquid

Joanna Ashwell

confessions
the open doors
we hide behind

back and forth
along the pier
my share of sky

Joanne van Helvoort

Netherlands

morning mist
the newborn lamb
still wet

Jonathan English

USA

path of heaven
subdued by city light –
does anyone remember?

like a shooting star
from heaven
sparrow's flight

Joshua St. Claire

USA

two Japanese beetles
in the morning glory
wedding lace

pampas painting September sunset

journey northward
one roadside weed
replaces another

forced tulips
the teen deletes
his browser history

Juliet Wilson

Scotland

winter dark -
the empty sky full
of honking geese

the iridescence in a magpie's tail -
nothing is black and white

high winds -
a kestrel hovers
somehow

a black dog
in a derelict tunnel -
distant thunder

snow
dancing
jackdaws

Kashiana Singh

USA

receding rain
the pause between
thrush trills

cornucopia
another abandoned
placenta

waltzing rain
the lingering ache
in my bones

endless sky
the perfect shape
of an open palm

wrinkled tomatoes
my skin succumbs
to your touch

Katherine E Winnick

United Kingdom

breakfast in bed
a cacao ceremony
in solitude

still embers
truth in the sunset
silent whispers

fireflies dropping beads of light expired in the moment

my torn kimono
along the seam
of five summers

snake charmer
a serpent's tongue
flickering

Katherine E Winnick

drifting rosepetals
breastfeeding to menopause
twenty turns around the sun

Katherine E Winnick

summer moon
the raven calls out
to her young

Katherine E Winnick

full moon
drifting East to West
cicadas cry

Katica Badovinac

Croatia

in the summer camp
the lizard jumped over
its shadow

Katja Fox

United Kingdom

making wedding plans -
sculptures
of the wind

hugged by
desert winds -
so wishing for a child

Kim Klugh

USA

autumn dusk
the flicker
of streetlamps

among seedheads
the golden flash
of finch

Kristen Lindquist

USA

first snowflakes
the intermittent glints
of diving ducks

bones in the snow . . .
a raven tugs
on a wolf's tail

a sapsucker tattoos
the gnarled apple trunk . . .
rites of spring

thunder without rain
sometimes the gods
visit in disguise

Lakshmi Iyer

India

economics class
a jet plane in the sky draws
the exponential curve

under the skipping rope
the moon jumps
with me

first paddy spikes ...
a bunch of golden strings
in my hand

even in Kerala
watching the snake boat race
I long for Kerala

Laurie Greer

USA

wedding album promises to keep

moon clouding and clearing...
the baby
peekaboos his eyes

learning to walk
the spring mudflats...
lotus feet

shuttering the abandoned house

windblown morning
bugleweed
at the gate

Lee Hudspeth

USA

full clothesline
in the summer wind
a few pins let go

trees reaching over the trail echoes of boyhood

abandoned state road
wide open—
wild blackberries

train tracks
rusting
into summer's horizon

Lisa Alexander Baron

USA

sitting to hear what the silence is shouting

Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo

Philippines

our birth
begins our dying ...
cherry blossom

Lorelyn De la Cruz Arevalo

Philippines

lingering cold
decades after our birth
mother's darkening blues

autumn moon
the scent of candle
heavy in the air

Lorraine A Padden

USA

lengthening shadow
another ash print
on my forehead

dew-covered garden
thousands of reflections
better than mine

gingko walk
a stream overflows
with images

ceasefire at dawn the black sunflowers

woodpile pill bug
curling into itself
family cabin

state lines
the punctuation
of run-on corn fields

Lorraine Carey

Ireland

rhubarb crowns -
a dessert
fit for kings

sunshine
in the toddler's hand
a daffodil

fields of stubble -
after harvest
I recall dad's hugs

floating candle
in the bowl
a new moon

knowledge ravaged
by dementia
empty bookshelves

refugee
in a bulging rucksack
her angora rabbit

rotting teeth
a row of condemned
tombstones

Lorraine Haig

Australia

board riders
voices rise and fall
on a turquoise sea

leaving some of itself
in the moss
mist lifts from the lake

each strand
drawn with dew –
spider's web

Luciana Moretto

Italy

storm and primroses
beyond my threshold
neighbor's fickle mood

down on my knees
weeding the onions ...
silent worship

Marcie Wessels

USA

almost sunset a parasailer with a rainbow

ash-throated flycatcher the pale-yellow hitch in its song

eyebrow piercing the hushed whispers of strangers

five-decade rosary each morning blackbird a prayer

her sparring gloves
the sudden pop
of a pink peony

how the light catches leaves song sparrow song

poems on the cover a stamped heart

shifting dunes
no need to pedal
with a tailwind

train station goodbye the pain between them

Maria Concetta Conti

Italy

waiting in hospital
the long concert
of a goldfinch

Maria Teresa Piras

Italy

our meeting -
even the clouds
look like flowers

snowflakes -
all shades
of silence

an autumn leaf in silence crosses my silence

step by step I share autumn with my shadow

Marie C Lecrivain

another birthday
I wear red roses
in my gray hair

Marie Derley

Belgium

big squall at sea
the old sailor's wine
lined with water

friday the 13th
the neighbor's black cat
sleeps on my deckchair

equinox night
the bright moonlight
like a sunlight

my birthday
the delivery guy brings a parcel
for the neighbour

Marilyn Humbert

Australia

disused rail line
thistles and dandelions
spill over the tracks

Matthew M. Cariello

USA

somewhere in the rain distant wisteria

everything forgotten shifting moonlight

every snow the same white landscape of her skin

in the hospital windows
nothing but more hospital

Maureen Edden

United Kingdom

how different
these woodland paths
fallen leaves

family reunion
they live their lives
through faded photos

Michael Battisto

USA

children's laughter—
the woodpecker spirals
up the pine tree

she tells me the truth—
every night the moon
a little further away

Mike Fainzilber

Israel

full moon party
all the clouds
waiting in line

Mike Gallagher

Ireland

the robin's heart
thumping on my finger
mine thumps louder

copper
sculpted into moonlight
beech leaves

a whiteness
through the mist above
a would-be moon

Mircea Moldovan

Romania

smell of ripe apples
next to the warm stove
Snow White's story

Mircea Moldovan

Romania

silent green
at the cemetery gate
a saxophone player

Mirela Brailean

Romania

this must be
what heaven looks like
sakura

Mirela Brăilean

Romania

Tai chi
through the willow tree
a gentle wind

falling petals
the way of spring
to say goodbye

Mona Bedi

India

sundown still his empty apology

Natalia Kuznetsova

bloodshot sunset
over unharvested wheat ...
war's many faces

explosion
of autumn colours ...
echo of war

first snow
falling on the battlefield ...
young widow's firstborn

blazing poppies
in the blistering sun ...
those vacant eyes

the day comes
with no one from childhood -
unhedged cliff

Nathanael Tico

USA

cooking breakfast-
the cat stares prayerfully
at a passing crow

Neena Singh

India

hearing the music
of the forest ...
autumn rain

a black swallowtail
clings to the parsley
I tiptoe away

fallen leaves ...
the unfinished house
up for sale

window view —
the morning glory
climbs the moon

Neera Kashyap

India

dawn
the startled cry
of a skylark

the rising squee
of a blackbird –
morning alarm

Nicky Gutierrez

USA

morning sun
a blue heron lifts
one leg

sound of the train...
waves ripple
across the pond

Nika

Canada

cicada moon
time comes to
a standstill

full house
you never know
when he's bluffing

rabbit fur
on a barbwire fence
morning frost

Noel King

Ireland

petticoat blue panties
wedged in a rock
– underwater blues

bedroom wallpaper
– an odd fly
against the pattern

hanging flower basket
unable to hide
decaying townhouse

Norma Bradley

USA

white stones in moonlight the beginning and end

in peace and war we live under one sky

Oscar Luparia

Italy

country walk
giving a name to the flowers
I don't know

golden sunbeams
my haiku has the voice
of a magpie

Pearl Pirie

Canada

using father's hammer
the nail's shadow
shorter, shorter

waves keep sinking —
the lies I tell myself
about what I can't

unmet accusation
the fish crumbles
to the fork

almost full big eyes and smallmouth
the moon a half-eaten snack

Peter Newton

USA

orange
flannelling
the wooded hillside

jiu-jitsu
the snowman
has no chance

summer's light
in a circle of fallen
gingko leaves

mailbox names
painted by neighbors
no longer alive

the burl preserved in its bowl

dry dock
the old fisherman's

quiet night

petro c. k.

USA

fermenting apples
autumn days
mash together

dune grass
whispering the voyages
of beach sand

Pitt Buerken

Germany

newly born
the backpack
so heavy

R. C. Thomas

just snow petrels before that nothing

seasonal depression...
the cape sand frog
buries its head

Ravi Kiran

India

day's end
a few petals remain
in the hearse

polished floor
a patch of sunlight
slides

across borders
this language
of snowflakes

ebb tide
shells remain
and questions

Richard Magahiz

USA

watery footprint
one by one the stars
wink back

too much plum wine
the moonlit path home
shines with dew

twenty-eighth-floor terrace
bones of bamboo
clatter

Rimi Nath

summer heat—
the wind snuffs out
the setting sun

Rob McKinnon

harvest moon ...
a tractor thunders
the season's success

Roberta Beach Jacobson

USA

forest bathing filling up on quiet

leaves every shade of crumpled

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

Italy

pansy ...
remembering his name
no longer

the sun goes down in my garden cyclamens are blooming

starless night ...
the dark silence
of the sky

our dream
melting like snow ...
frozen morning

a rose blossoms ...
the slow becoming
of a love

Roy Duffield

Spain

locked soldier ants
throw their weight about
—silent disco

driving off-track—
the fattest elephant seal
steals a pre-dug patch

Ruth Holzer

USA

called back
for another scan
the waning of spring

driving into the sunset blinded by birdspatter

the neighbor's St. Bernard comes lolloping over to rescue me

the crooked old tree too heavy with peaches

down your throat
still quivering—
sea cucumber

at the tip of an ancient island diving in

Ruth Holzer

USA

far from home ...
a pair of geese
heading west

slicing today
from tomorrow —
winter lightning

on the road
friends found and lost
the wash of days

death spiral —
the mother octopus
embraces her eggs

winter rain —
cutting the thick pages
of a new book

ahead of me
the endless white road —
noonday sun

Ryland Shengzhi Li

USA

our eyes meet
and pass ...
plum blossoms

still
in the moor
voices of autumn

the world in a raindrop red gerbera

Sankara Jayanth Sudanagunta

an impromptu singalong
with crickets—
candle running out

Scott Wiggerman

USA

rash grasshoppers
too much spring
for fall

paper silence
her tip jar clinks
with more loose change

light lingers
the long tilt
towards sleep

night when skies
shimmer too bright
sleep mask with stars

divorce
one loose thread
and the story unravels

Srinivas S.

India

highway rain ...
an autorickshaw
chugs along

autumn dusk
a luxury car leaves
the old-age home

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

weekend morning
a newspaper hangs
on every door

cotton clouds
the many ways he could
have lived more

weekend night
the juice vendor takes
bagasse home

border firing
not all birds fly
one way

harvest moon
no matter which side they turn
Ukraine sunflowers

Steliana Cristina Voicu

Romania

early snowfall...
aroma of doughnuts
from the old bakery

Stephen Bailey

Aotearoa / New Zealand

graveyard shift
a deathwatch beetle
clocks in

my optic nerves thinning the spaces
the seen and the unseen

sun-bleached bones—
a white stone on a distant beach
bares my true name

without
 a moment's hesitation
 my reflection

after we name trees
darkness drains the forest
of three dimensions

its shape
more fleeting than a teardrop
the match flame

Stephen Toft

United Kingdom

funeral over the song of a woodlark

earth tremor
a fallen
toy soldier

a row of dolls
in the shop window
twilight chill

Tazeen Fatma

India

string puppets are we really free

windsock wherever life takes me

between the id and the ego i walk a tightrope

daybreak
the white dome
grey with pigeons

at war
with ourselves
monoculture

Tim Gardiner

United Kingdom

when there's no one left
to tend your grave
starlight

seaside toilet
even the spider
stays outside

when you realise
what death means
nightingale

Tim Murphy

the gray pigeon
catches my eye
winter deepens

dogs circle
knots of people
winter dusk

the good old dog days
burning leaves of grass
with a magnifying glass

meeting

an old friend
change of season

first date
a small bird lands
on the park bench

Tony Williams

Scotland

far from home
the familiar faces
of weeds

moonless night
flies biting
biting my head

Tsanka Shishkova

an enso on the scarf baby curl

pilgrims...
thousands of prayers
across the universe

mom's chair...
still hear
her fairy tales

dropping rain
I hum a haiku-song
in a minor key

gentle lullaby
in the tent of refugees
newborn girl

Tuyet Van Do

rumbling sky
in the front yard
ice pearls

Vandana Parashar

India

hair cut short
I stop being friends
with the wind

breaking clouds
a litter of puppies left
outside women's shelter

she calls
I answer—
koel and me

leaving the stars
where they are
mountain river

the path home
becomes narrower
rose bushes

finally in remission rogue summer

moving day
was the house
this big before

Vidhi Ashar

India

midnight downpour
one last page
since three hours

fireflies
my journey has
just begun

used cologne
you linger even after
the funeral

twisted branches
the constant ache
to break free

Vijay Prasad

India

i carry the face

i dream
with

rocking chair
i come
i go

guilt
of living

i forgive the body

last dance her body is throughout

get together

all parts of me
invited

i

the left-over
of her gaze

peeling off an unclaimed experience

dusk -
a wait gradually
swells

Vipanjeet Kaur

India

fireworks exploding
drifting across the sky
clouds of smoke.

Vladislav Hristov

Bulgaria

morning prayer
a mantis clings
to my finger

refugee trail
long after humans
scent of wild garlic

spring morning
my bible
without a bookmark

linden path
the lightness
of my father's urn

Willie R. Bongcaron

Philippines

war front
soldiers' Christmas wishes
in the wind

the darkness
at the end of each day –
full moon

birthday greetings
just a few breaths away
to retirement

romancing the night owl's coos

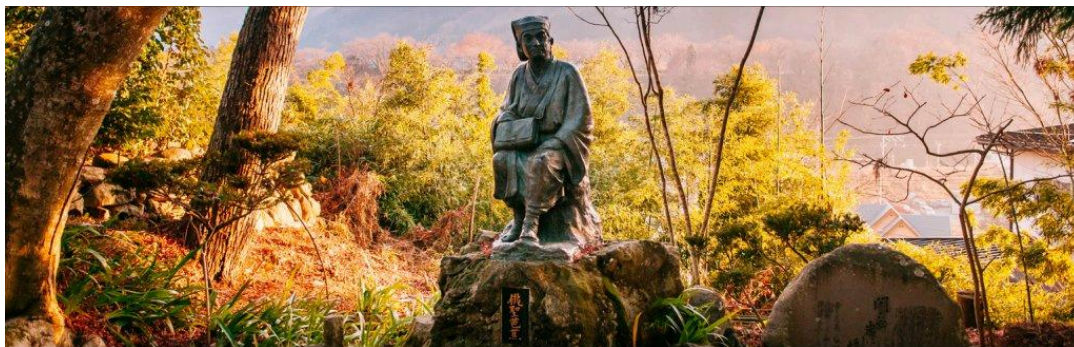
Xenia Tran

Scotland

bumpy road
a postman helps inflate
the tyres

his ashes
next to hers
summer rain

pilgrim's way
slowly, slowly
the pain eases



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Haiga and Visual Haiku

Edited by Don Baird

an'ya

USA



galleria-
the one that took me
somewhere else
if only for today
a ladybug might I be

an'ya



Christopher Seep

USA



Cristina Angelescu

Romania

while debating
tomayto, tomahto –
the stellar dust settles

Cristina Anghel

Debbie Strange

Canada

scattered across the kitchen floor morsels of sunlight



words/image(C)DStrange





*dense lichens
a herd of reindeer
shovelling snow*

words/image/C/D Strange



WORDS/IMAGE/C/D STRANGE

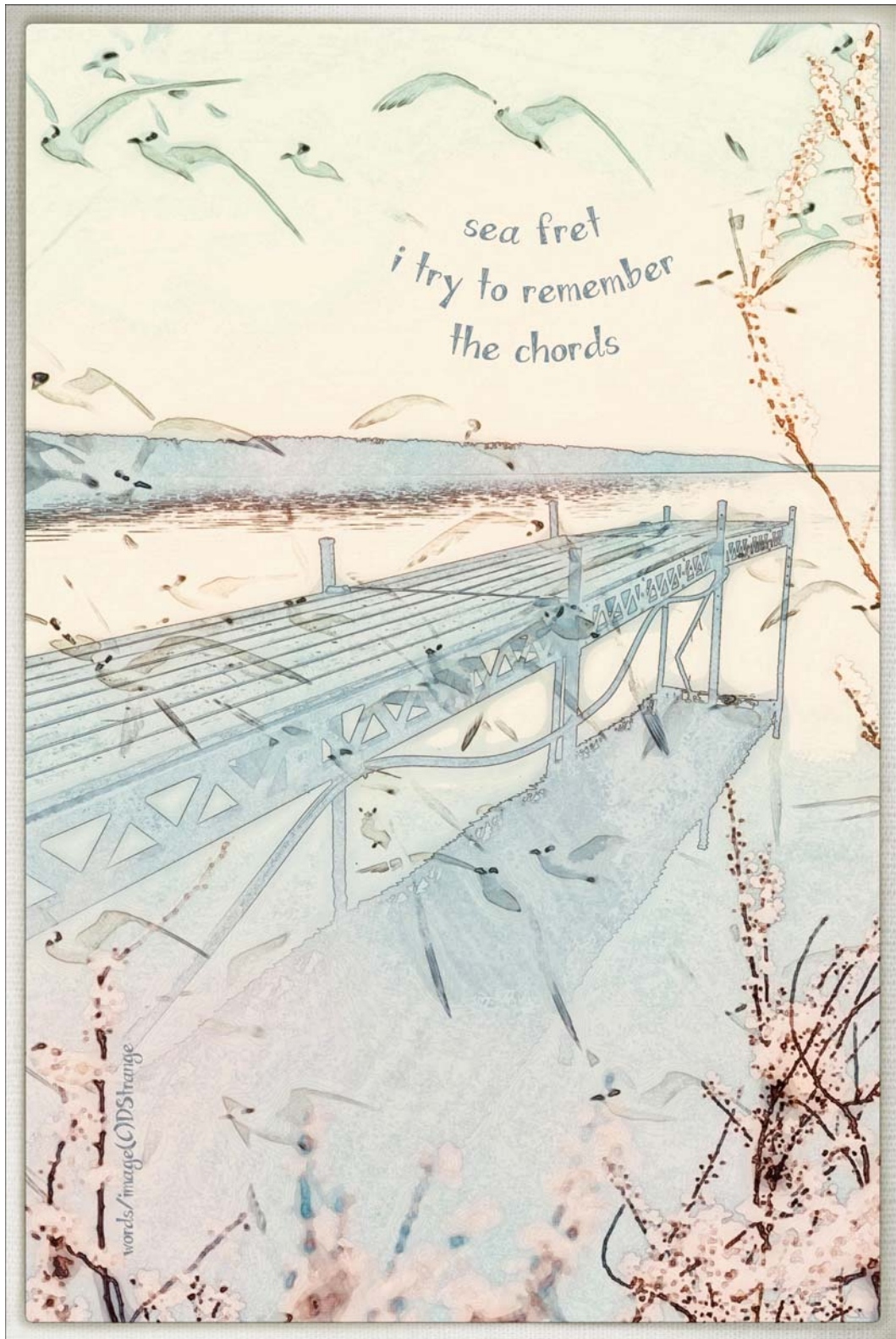
SOLITUDE

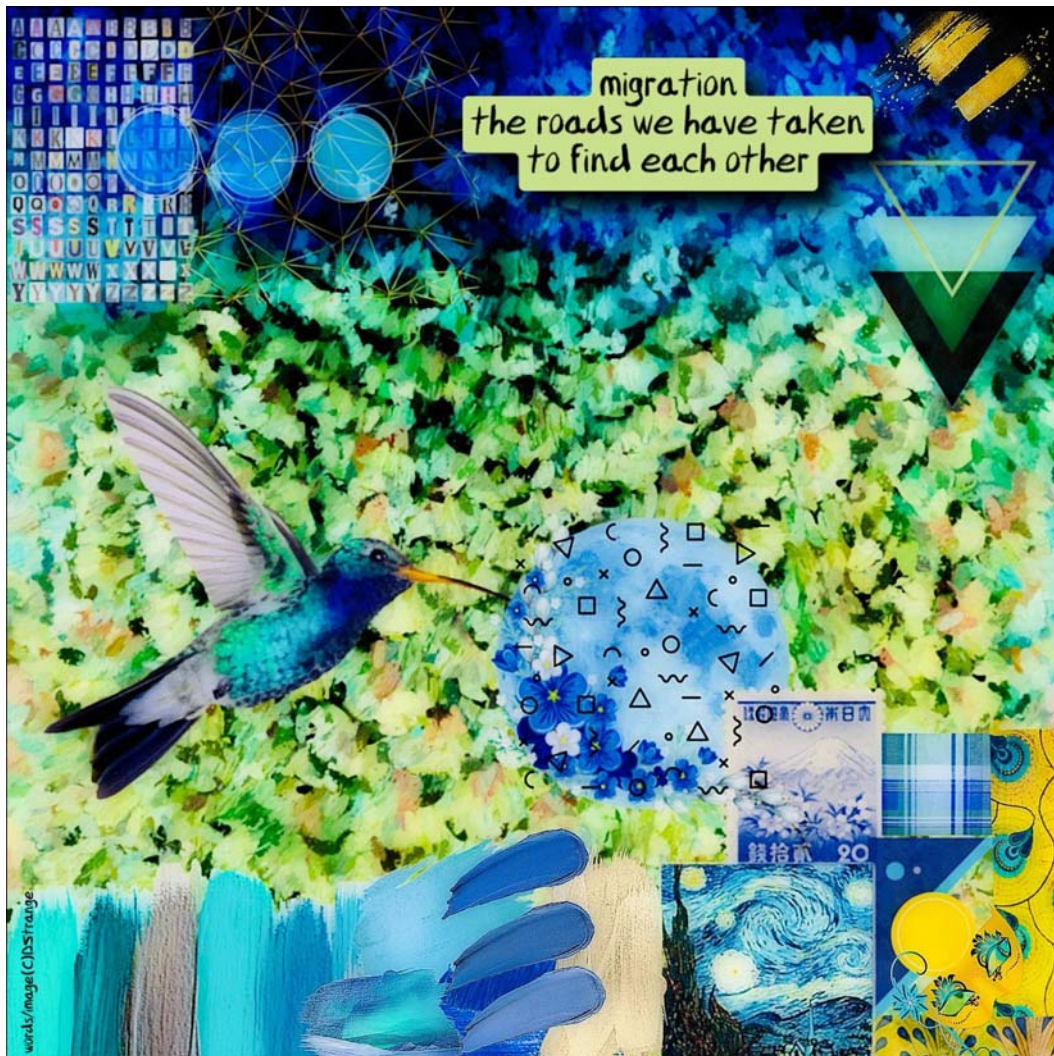
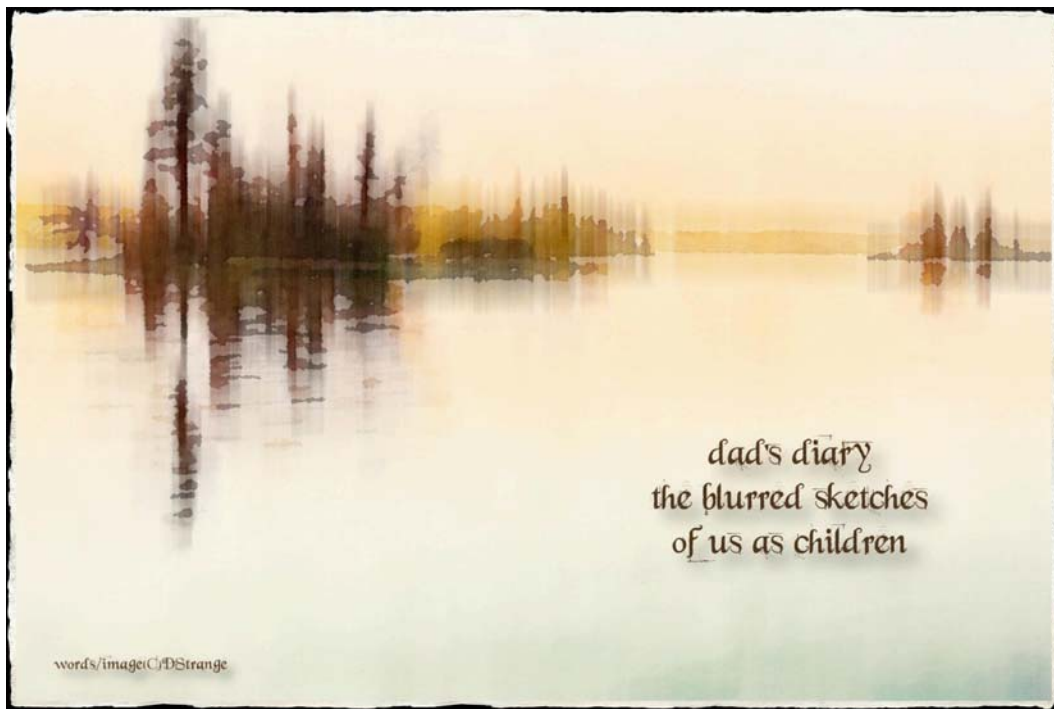
THE SCRABBLING OF MICE

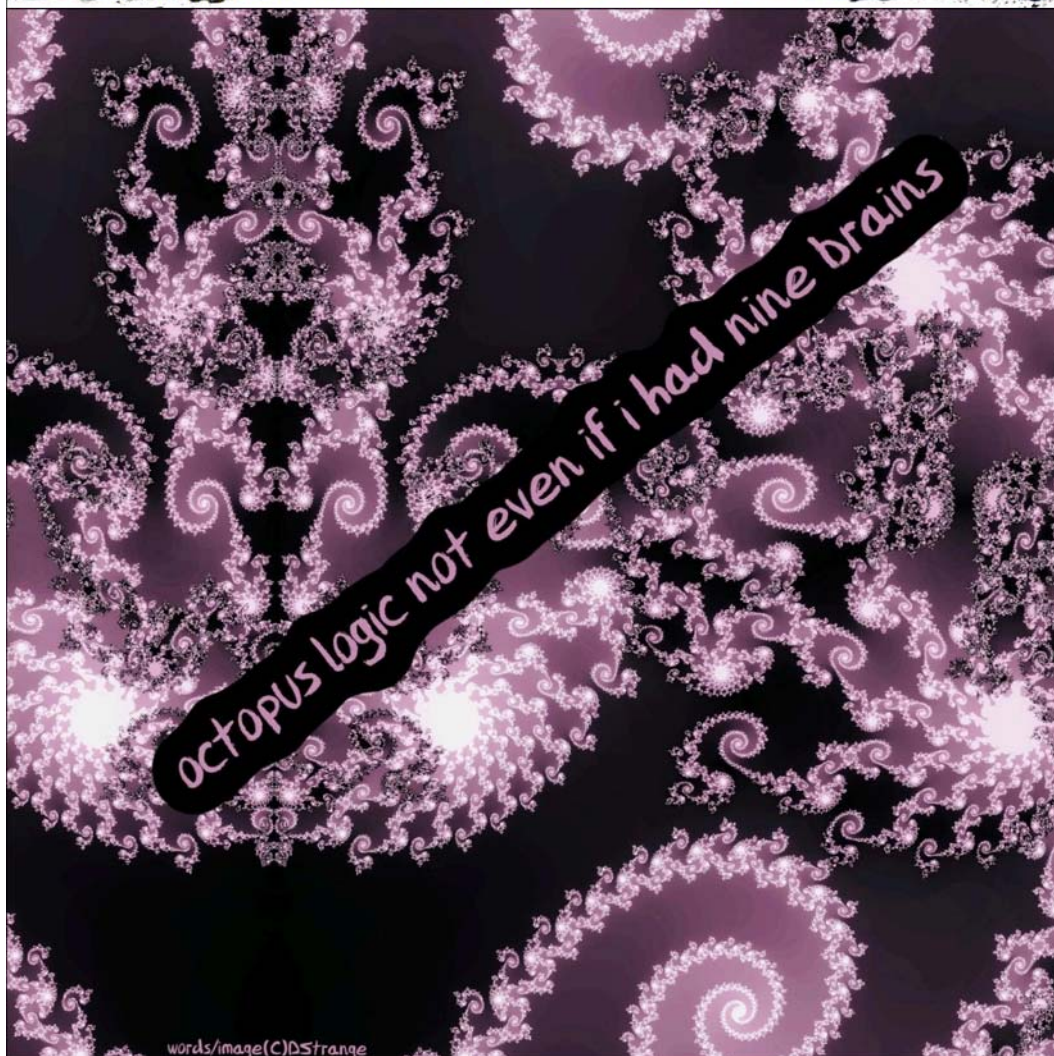
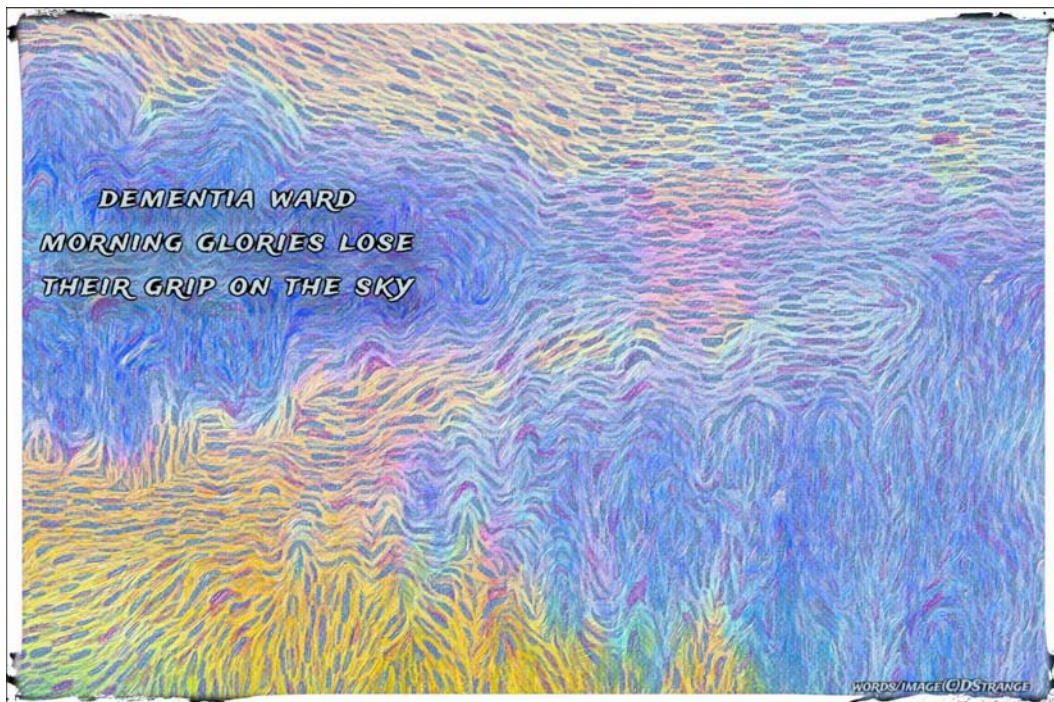
BETWEEN WALLS

sea fret
i try to remember
the chords

words/image(C)DStrange



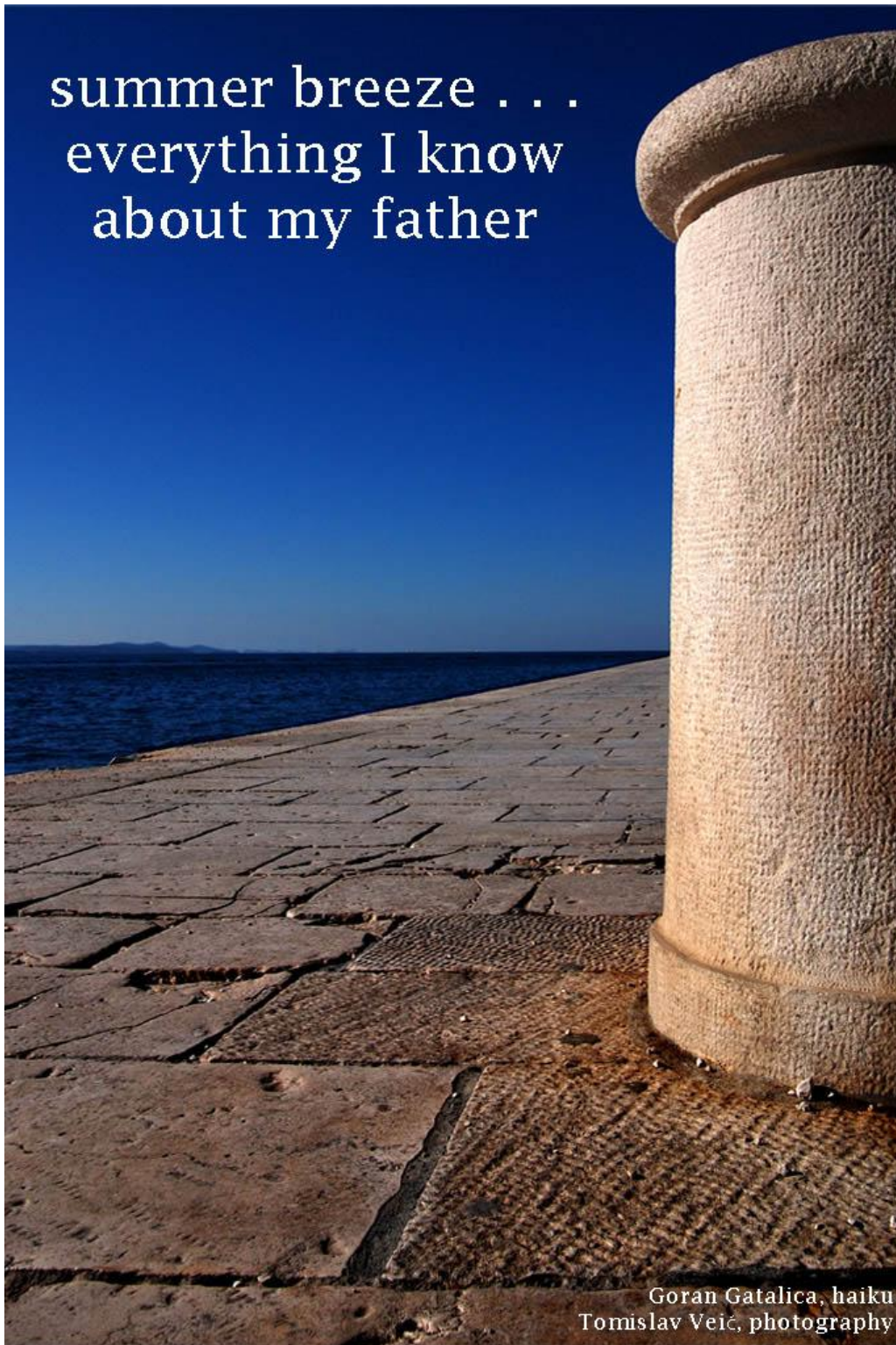




Goran Gatalica

Croatia

summer breeze . . .
everything I know
about my father



Goran Gatalica, haiku
Tomislav Veić, photography



Grace Galton

United Kingdom





*watching
the rhythm of her IV drip
teddy bear*

g. galton

Image greyerbaby



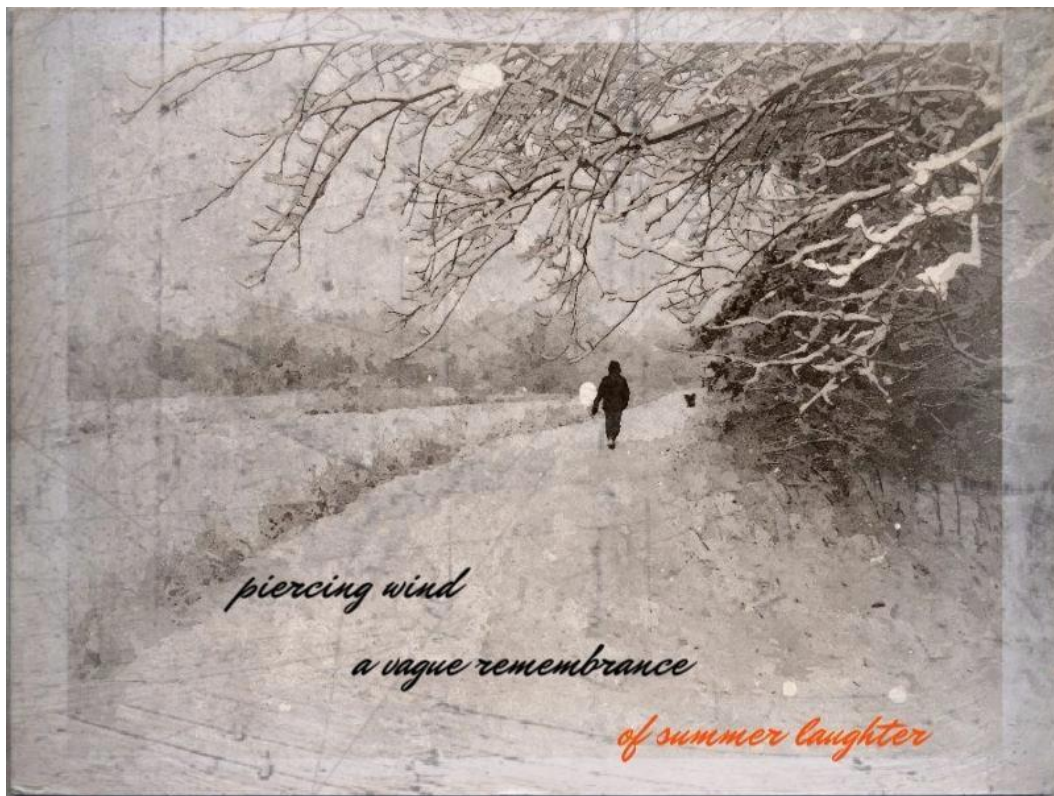
May morning...

a bee in and out

of the rainbow

Image josef jochem

Haiku G. Galton



piercing wind

a vague remembrance

of summer laughter



image by Lois Zakarias

bitter cold

from shore to shore

the weight of silence



Image Aaron Burden

*first ice
my breath, snatched
by the wind*

grace galton

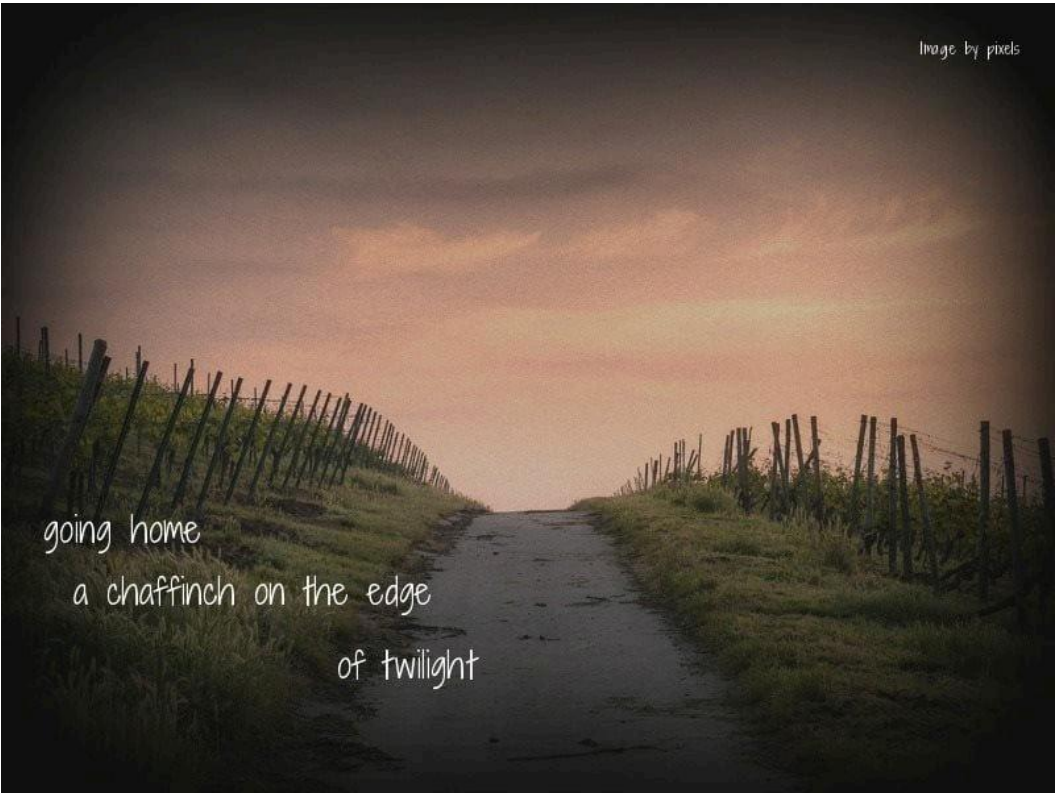


Image by pixels

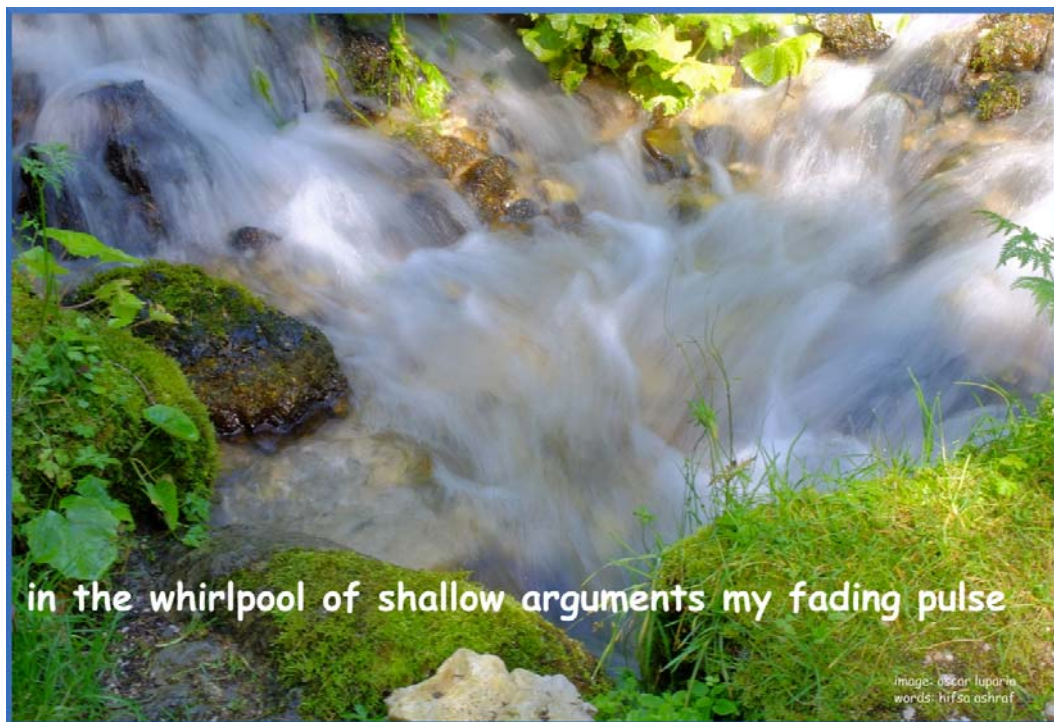
*going home
a chaffinch on the edge
of twilight*



Hifsa Ashraf & Oscar Luparia

Italy

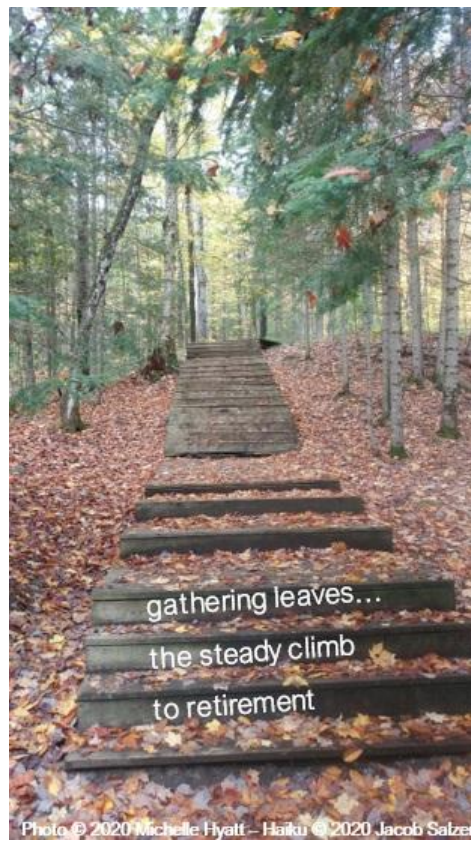
Pakistan



Jacob Salzer & Michelle Hyatt

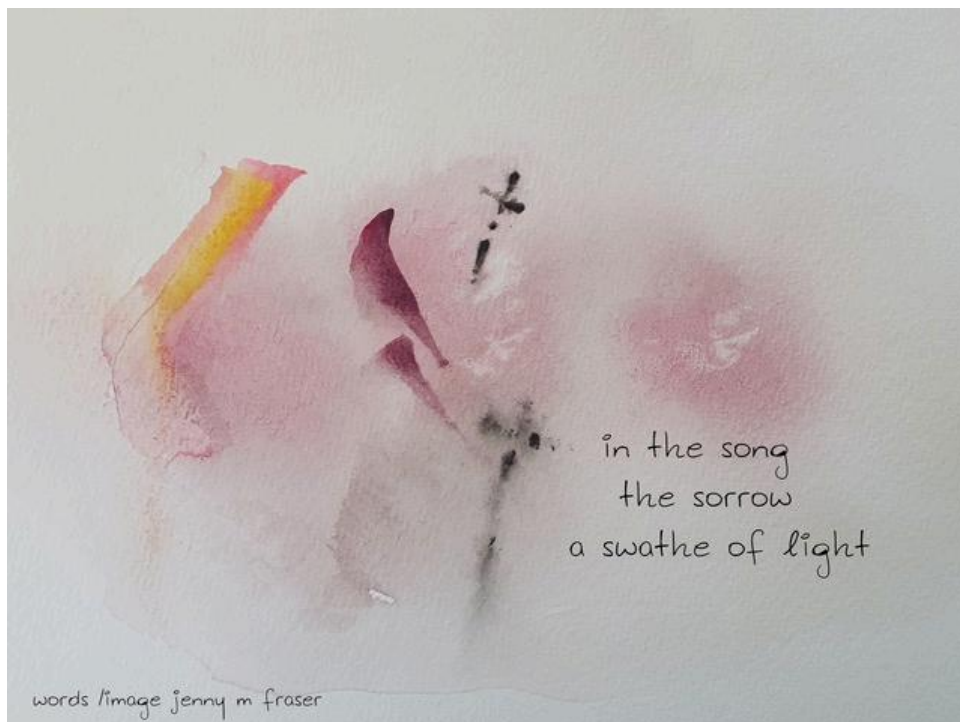
USA

Canada

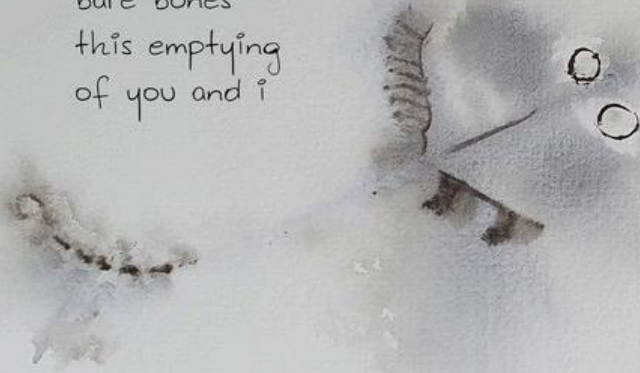


Jenny Fraser

New Zealand



bare bones
this emptying
of you and i

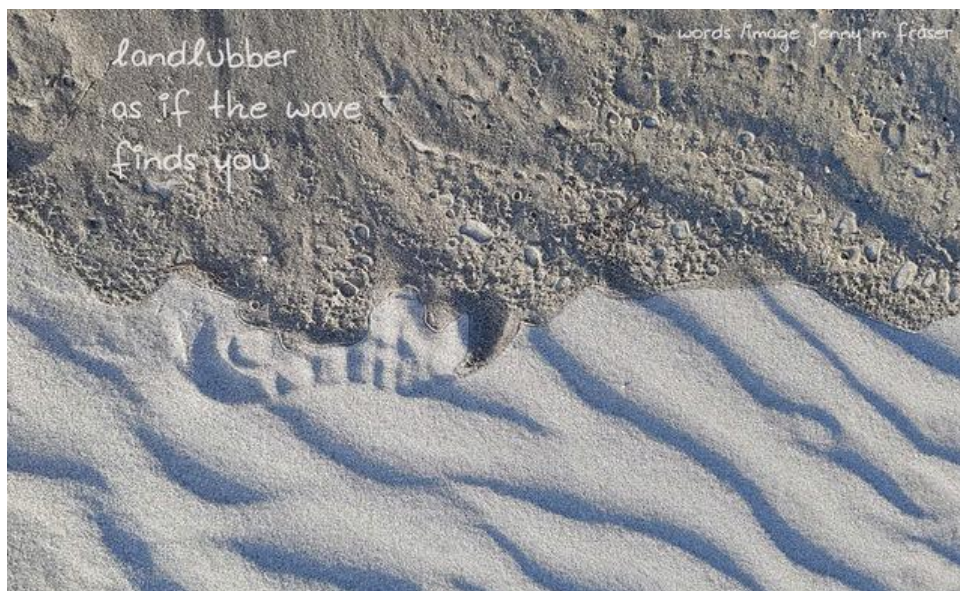


words / image Jenny m fraser

in and out
of Chaos
a drifter's print



words / image Jenny m fraser



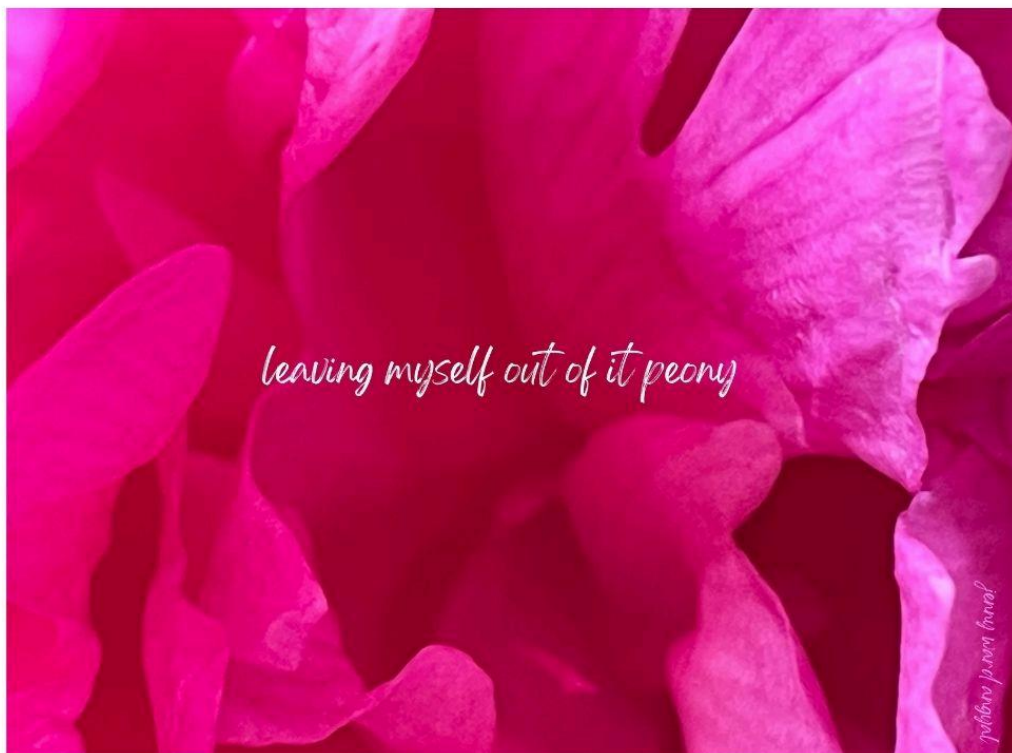
Jenny Ward Angyal

USA

this cloud of unknowing the sky opens



learn with joy



Keith Polette

USA



suspension bridge—
the only thing holding
the gorge together

Maxianne Berger

Canada



without playing a note the starlings

Mona Bedi

Delhi, India

evening stroll
the many moods
of the sky



Oscar Luparia

Italy



*stardust...
our dreams haven't lost
their scent*

poem and photo: Oscar Luparia

Oscar Luparia

Italy



poem and photo: Oscar Luparia

Sherry Grant (sculptures by William McElcheran)

Canada

Taiwan

New Zealand



leap of faith still the next dream

William McElcheran (Canada) / art

Sherry Grant (NZ/Taiwan) / haiku



William McElcheran (Canada) / art

*end
of
an
era
on
repeat*

Sherry Grant (NZ/Taiwan) / haiku



on the hunt trail of money

William McElcheran (Canada) / art

Sherry Grant (NZ/Taiwan) / haiku



William McElcheran (Canada)/art

*o
b
l
i
v
i
o
n

tears
of
a
muse*

Sherry Grant (NZ/Taiwan)/haiku



destiny run till you drop

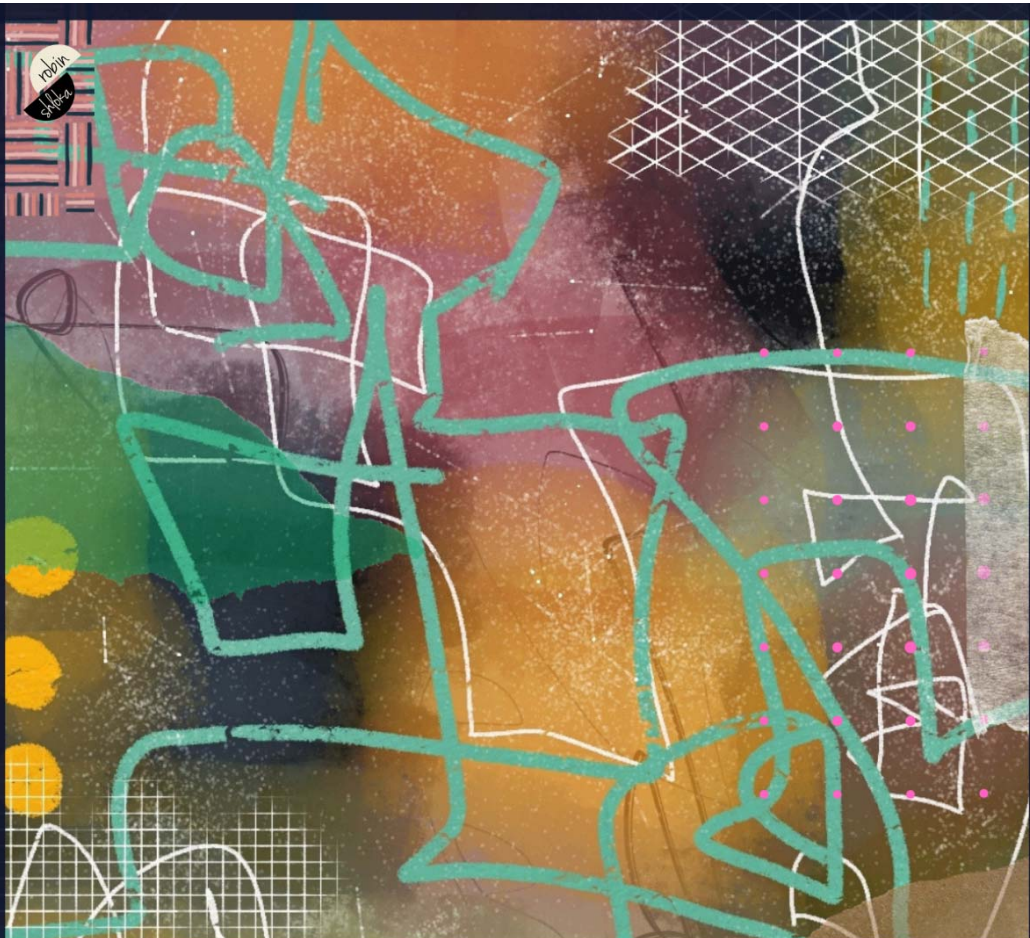
William McElcheran (Canada) / art

Sherry Grant (NZ/Taiwan) / haiku

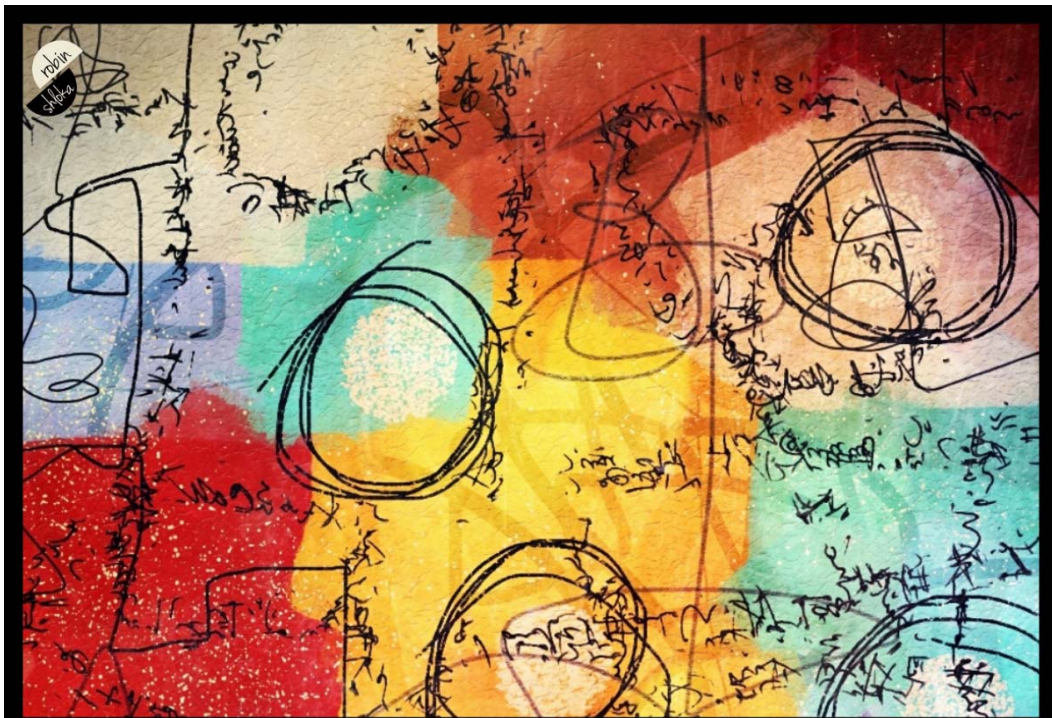
Shloka Shankar & Robin Smith

Poems by Robin Smith

Artwork by Shloka Shankar



through my winkless window the willow's shadowdance



untethered from the sun :: last act of the phoenix





robin
shook

birthed by the fever dream worlds of light within light





a chance
to set things right
spring rain







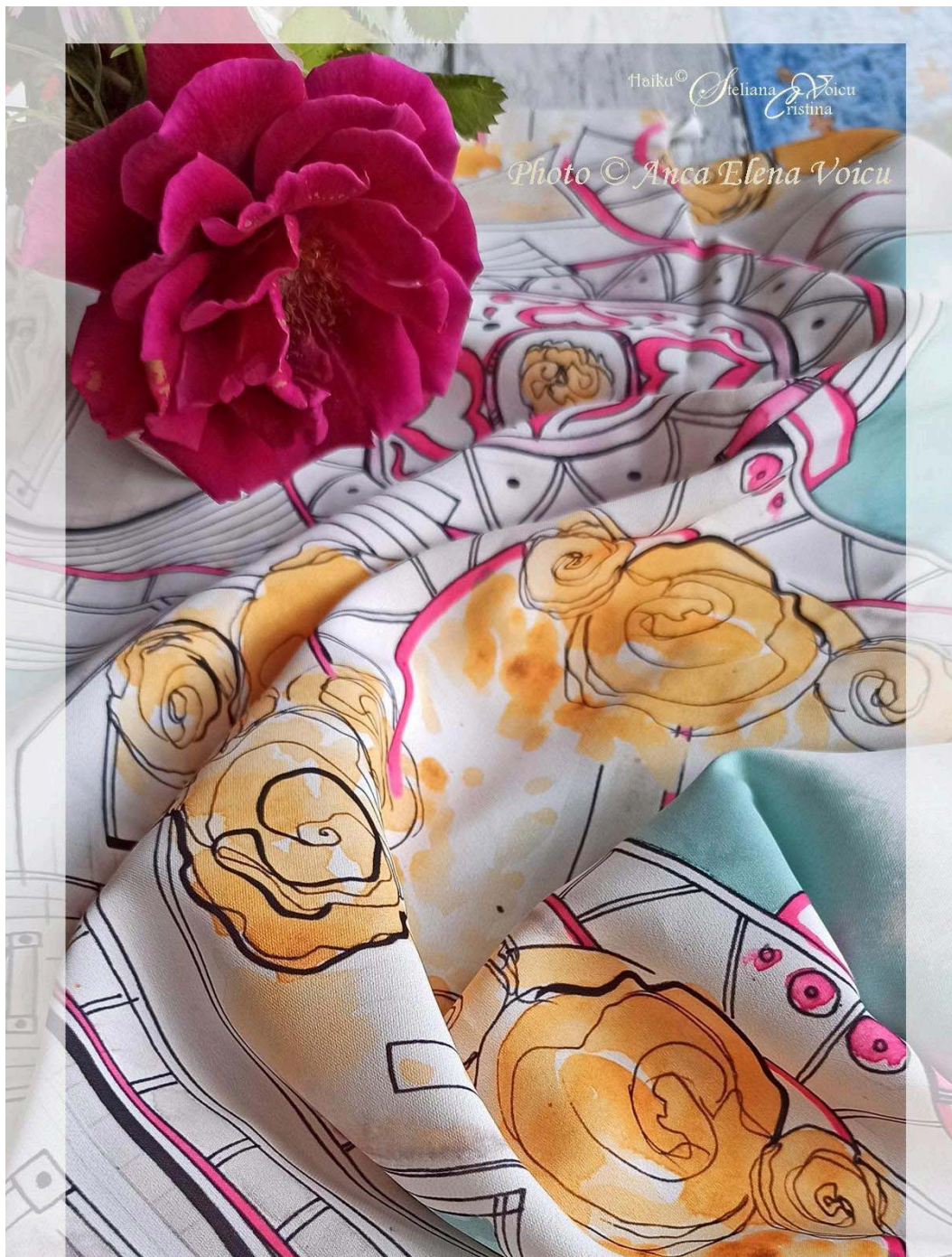


late
autumn
leaves
mizzling
the
me
in
everything



Steliana Cristina Voicu

Romania



Veronika Zora Novak

Canada



 cusp of autumn
the Milky Way stretches
 silence

vzn

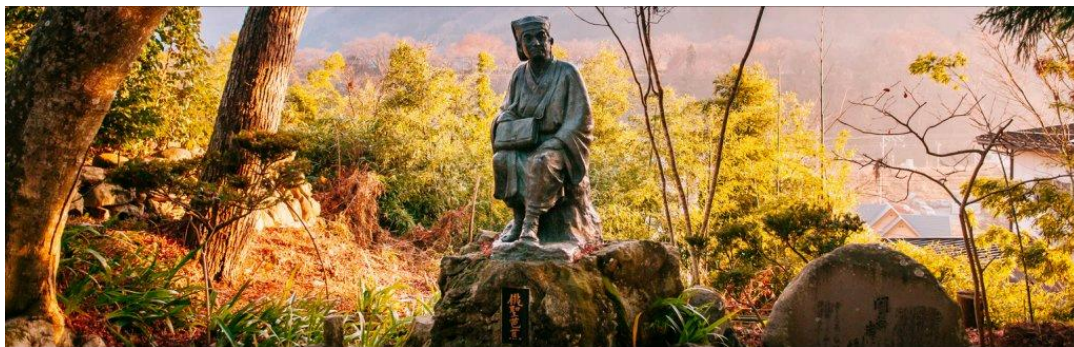
Vijay Prasad

India

deconstructs
the text of flower

a butterfly



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Haibun

Edited by [Pravat Kumar Padhy](#)

Innate Melody

Details

👤 Written by: [Amoolya Kamalnath](#)

India

On a fine morning, I am in the kitchen, as usual, with my cook, discussing the nitty-gritty of life as a newborn mother. A sudden tweeting sounds. I rush to the bedroom and watch my baby smile in her sleep.

Gently I scroll back the window curtain and peep outside. A kingfisher with fluttering wings reaching its nest.

cuddled in the arms
of the riverbank
the scent of fresh violets

Harbinger

Details

👤 Written by: [Andrea Eldridge](#)

USA

Reflections, on the past year, on the next year, in the window. I'm peering out onto the deck and beyond, at the unexpected light showdown over the mountain. In the bottom left windowpane is framed the reflection of our fire burning on the hearth. This past year of misplaced loyalties and loss is up in smoke. The middle panes hold two branches mirroring one another each with snow still clinging. In front of them, identical watchdogs stand guard at the sill. In the top two panes, new year's rockets streak and flash. For the finale, a fireworks burst of blooms—pink, green, and white cosmic chrysanthemums. At this moment, the promise of a new year.

scribbled across
a blank slate sky—
your message

Learning to Stand on your Own Two Feet

Details

 Written by: Ann Smith

United Kingdom

On one of the first days of the summer holidays we visited our local castle and I watched a little boy running with joy over the grass. He tripped over his own feet and fell sprawling. It was soft green grass and he didn't hurt himself but he stayed face down hoping someone would notice and come to his aid. He lifted his head, looked around and called to his mother, but she was busy reading out one of the information panels to her other kids.

Eventually, he sat up and bent forward

when you are three
sometimes to make it better
you must kiss your own knee

Doorways

Details

 Written by: Anne Kundtz

USA

In a centuries-old inn, hanging on the edge of a Colorado mountainside, a key museum—1000 keys dangle from the ceiling, lay in dusty shadow boxes, or swing from faded ribbons tied to 10-pound nails—none of them unlock or lock anything anymore.

Rock Hudson's bedroom, Greta Garbo's Caddie key, commemorative keys to the city of Jackson, Wyoming, and Innsbruck, Germany. Half keys for lovers to keep, keys to the kingdom of somewhere. Skeleton keys and blank keys waiting to open anything.

The key to my heart hangs on a nail in the kitchen. Sometimes, I wear it on my sleeve or hang it on a ribbon around my neck. Often it rests heavy or bangs on my solar plexus trying to get in.

a twist
just out of reach...

spring outside

Facing a Foe

Details

👤 Written by: Cristina Povero

Italy

Houses turn into merciless creatures, though, if you walk away and abandon them. They will not forget, they will never forgive you. I moved to a town center attic, a dream flat with a tiny terrace and an awesome view over the roofs. Quite suddenly, in a few months, I left my old house where I had started my married life. I packed my books, clothes and kitchenware and I left a lot of things behind. Actually, I had promised to go back and see if something was still worth it.

Time passed. In a blink, I realized that nearly ten years had passed. One day, as we were considering selling the house, I decided I could no longer wait.

after moving
the shadow of her drawings
still on the wall

Everything turned out to be hard from the very start. The key got stuck, the door was scratching the floor and the heavy blinds would not go up or sideways. As I walked from room to room, I heard unfamiliar noises, as if something was stepping away. Heavy layers of dust all over the place threatened that I was not entitled to touch anything.

There was no sign of happiness. As if the neglected injuries seep through torn wallpaper and chipped tiles. Cobwebs at every corner. I feel I was an intruder, surrounded by hostile looks with leftover outlines of furniture. Disheartened, I tiptoed away, restoring her quiet.

abandoned –
I feel spied
by sneering tenants

Beyond the Screen

Details

👤 Written by: Deborah Burke Henderson

USA

Standing in the library with a digital SLR camera in hand, I spy a small porcelain figurine nestled amidst spring green fronds in a potted urn. "Ah, it is the *Kannon*, in a contemplative posture" I gasp, edging in for a closer look. "*Guanyin*," I whisper with delight, "the Bodhisattva of Mercy and Compassion."

The time is centuries ago in the Song Dynasty, one of China's most prosperous and vibrant time periods. Having reached Nirvana, *Guanyin* has returned to be among mortals to assist them in achieving enlightenment. I offer a respectful bow. My fingers toyed with the Nikon's f-stop feature, hoping to capture the divine image. I feel blessed.

the Nine Dragons scroll
offers a glimpse of forgiveness ...
mid-summer fire

Author's note: *Kannon* is known as the goddess of mercy. In Chinese mythology, she is known as *Guanyin* and revered as the "most widely beloved Buddhist Divinity."

Wordscape

Details

 Written by: Diana Webb

United Kingdom

The ridgeline perfectly delineated between the blue which fills the frame between the red brick walls and the awning's shifting edge. Not a hint from this distance of the petals that hide in the leaves which the ramblers will miss in their purposeful march beyond.

beneath the surface
daffodil stems
the level of water

Annihilation

Details

 Written by: Diana Webb

United Kingdom

You can keep the Ganges, Mississippi and Nile. Here by this little-known tributary of the Thames, a long green thought in a long green shade.

black hole
dot to dot stars
of reflected ripples

Author's Note: The haibun is written in memory of the famous metaphysical poet, Andrew Marvell.

Late Revelation

Details

 Written by: Don Baird

USA

Fallen buildings, and hopeless homeless stand hunched in their graves wondering about the book of Revelation. "They weren't kidding" came to their minds in dead thoughts of a darker world than a three-foot closet where goals don't matter. Living on the land, a land lost early on, they celebrate their prized creations while 7 chairs in each of them remain filled with evil. Sure, they dusted their

homes, their cars and their clothes but they neglected the beauty of the Earth for a world of 7 sides closed on them for all eternity. Becoming smaller and smaller they realize they were the executive losers, the risen in their own egos of desires to find themselves in a bowling alley without pins wondering what happened as tombstones had their own epidemic.

Egos flare as they claim deserved parts of darkness, buy the most expensive evil, and compete to discover who is number 1 in a new world rot. Strange the way seagulls fly. Funny how dogs bark at shooting stars. What do they see the blind cannot? They fly through it all weaving dead cars in dead cities of dead seas where waves try to clean up debris.

Empty trash cans. Where are the angels of life? Are they visible to the dead? Is it too late to become butterflies again? Or do the dead remain as wolves chasing rabbits with carrots that claim to be gold? Will heads inevitably bow, slapped by their own gaunt faces? Will they realize that flowers were once painted by children who had dreams too?

innocence forgotten —
steam from the abyss
shaped like hands

Colour of Absence

Details

 Written by: Dru Philippou

My father sits alone on the living room couch, watching TV with a bottle of whiskey at his side. His Player's cigarette packet bears the image of a bearded, blue-eyed sailor with Hero, the name of his ship, written on his cap band. He's framed inside a lifebelt, with three ironclad warships, a lighthouse, and a yellow-orange sunrise in the background. A white swan drifts forever on the emerald waters on Father's vesta matchbox. I smooth out the creases in his ruckled newspaper and hand it to him. When in a good mood, he lets me take a sip of whiskey. Unable to put a name to my face, he stares at me with bloodshot eyes.

blackout
a candle holds
the light

Seeing Things Differently

Details

 Written by: Elizabeth Crocket

Canada

I ask the doctor and physiotherapist if I will walk again and am relieved when they answer yes, in unison. They explain the limitation of my permanent leg disability. When the physiotherapist gets me up to walk with the aid of a walker, I wonder if she realizes it is the most severe physical challenge of my life. I lost my father earlier in the year, but I imagine his hand on my back.

artificial eye
dad's vision only hampered

by others

Sinking Syndrome

Details

👤 Written by: Florin Golban

Romania

I was trying to guess the slabs of the platform. There were tufts of grass covered in mist on the edges. The station was barely out of the fog. Silhouettes ran back and forth. Some for tickets, some for cigarettes and pretzels. I felt like a stowaway among the commuters at seven in the morning. I got on the train, stomping down the aisle, and lit a cigarette, drawing on the steamy train window.

cloudy sky -
the cock crows
the same song

As if a dinosaur

Details

👤 Written by: Hemapriya Chellappan

India

On our way back home from trekking, my husband and I find a hidden spot with several waterfalls. Some are thunderous, some are sublime, but each is a beauty in its own right. Aloof in the deep mountainous setting, the place looks prehistoric, with giant ferns and towering pine trees. We venture deeper into the woods. Suddenly, the ground beneath our feet trembles.

cataclysm the earth throws a crisp dark shadow

Lonely Planet

Details

👤 Written by: Herb Tate

United Kingdom

Depending on when you choose to travel the humidity may be high and the temperature higher: you will wish to be wearing your coolest clothes and regret, if you haven't, not packing an umbrella.

Your destination is about fourteen kilometres northeast of the city. Just a little too far comfortably to walk, perhaps, but easily accessible by auto-rickshaw or a taxi that – more often than not – will be more than happy to wait. In this tranquil place, *Shakyamuni* first preached the Middle Way.

Though busy occasionally, it is seldom crowded, particularly later in the afternoon, and easy enough – if you put your mind to it – to slip the solicitations of your guide, step aside from the path,

and walk alone through the *stupas*.

incessant rain
I choose my shelter
under an old tree

Dream

Details

👤 Written by: Jenny Fraser

New Zealand

All I want is to be a morning muse. To follow a ripple of silver thread in mid-air. Watch the rise and fall of a white dove's breast, greyed in the winter sun. The spin of burnt orange from an autumn elm and drop of the last sycamore leaf.

the wind's breath
a raindrop trembles
on a twig

Psithurism

Details

👤 Written by: Jerome Berglund

USA

She showed no signs of getting any better. Nonetheless, the whole kit and caboodle of the greenhouse spared no expense in lavishing her with the greatest care and attention of which they were capable. But despite their best efforts, the fertilizer, heat lamps, nutrient sticks, pruning the dutiful weeding and misted spritzings, regular replanting in progressively larger pots, shifting from one corner to the other, experiments in exposure between direct and indirect sunlight, shading and direct irradiation, and removal of dried leaves from her arms and fingers, nothing seemed to whatsoever improve the dame's ghastly condition, try as they might to ascertain remedy or amelioration. The old lady merely gawked, drooled, burped and jabbered. Eventually, it was all the plants could do to try if nothing else to maintain her inferior position and stave off further decline, halt this plunge into an abyss and get the matron as comfortable as possible on the ledge to which she had tumbled, establish a secure grip on the rockface where she clung dangling over the fatal drop, life hung cruelly in the balance between this world and the next.

steam engine
into the countryside
one-way ticket to ride

They sprayed her down with pesticides, fed and hydrated regularly, and shrugged their barky shoulders sighing. Some folk just were not made for this zone, they postulated, peering down at her shabby plight with concealed horror, imagining their own gradual denigration as blossoms were invariably shed piece by piece till nothing of consequence was left remaining. If ostensibly the proper shade, the glass hothouse's inhabitants possessed no green thumb in the sense which counted, were only capable of forestalling, prolonging that gratuitous inevitable for a time until it claimed their cherished longtime companion and the assembly were left to fend for themselves,

see to the water and power situation and associated contracts and contingencies, haggle and bicker with representatives and navigate other convoluted logistical concerns. The plants thus set about orchestrating, and through the direction of legal council retained, rushing through proceedings to draft and ratify a durable power of attorney, see to it that they had all the great dowager's assets consigned to their purview and allocation, something which significantly mitigated the situation and left the Flora quite well endowed to oversee her expenses and more importantly safeguard their own interests staunchly. Hence were they equipped to watch the old woman's decline with a certain grotesque remove, and reconcile themselves with the impending reality. Like a chewable aspirin which may not taste delicious, the plants were convinced things were properly handled and organized, so when she did depart from their society the loss would be acceptable, the plants might even go so far as to say worked out in her brood's favor. It was sad to recognize, but this was just the way the world worked.

*fog over the cornfield
leisurely lingers
shoulder months*

Letter to Girlfriend

Details

👤 Written by: John Zheng

USA

You are a rice seedling I have grown in the paddy of my heart, a rope bridge I sway between city and country, a seesaw I use to keep ups and downs like the motion of sun and moon. Tell me when you want to smell the scent of new rice, and I will bring you a whole bag of it grown with my muddy hands. Let's promise to meet on that wooden bridge when we see each other again. Trust me, our yin yang will spin forever like the earth under our feet.

caged days
a strong wish to hear
a magpie

Alpenglow

Details

👤 Written by: Kala Ramesh

India

My siblings and I have been named *dawn-lit mountains*. We stand on the land of this remote region, rarely visited and unknown to many. I am located at the far eastern tip of this land that I call home, the first to be illuminated by the rising sun. The sprawling earth and rivers behind me require more time to shake off the shackles of darkness.

At my dazzling best I want to shout, "Hey, look at, look at me!" but there isn't anyone around.

Oh, Sun God Aditya, would you tell the people at Kanyakumari, who gather in thousands to see you dip into the ocean, that there are mountains up here also worth seeing? And don't forget to tell them that when they arrive, you will be here to greet them with a warm "Good Morning."

gold-tipped wings
of a Himalayan eagle . . .
cloudless sky

Author's Note: This haibun is inspired by *Meghadūta* (Sanskrit: मेघदूत *Cloud Messenger*) a lyric poem written by Kalidasa (c. 4th–5th century CE), who is considered to be one of the greatest Sanskrit poets. It describes how a yaksha (or nature spirit), who had been banished by his master to a remote region for a year, asked a cloud to take his wife a message of love.

Passing Clouds

Details

👤 Written by: Lakshmi Iyer

India

Reminiscing about the memories of a friend, I can never forget her unique visits to our place around noon. She somehow persuades us to make all the arrangements for the cooking of 'theplas', that spicy flatbread so distinct to Gujarati food. And then she comes and heads straight to our kitchen. Her eyes roll to the round-shaped moons, and her fingers deftly flip them up on the griddle. Once, twice, and down on the plate!

While she keeps her hands busy with joyful gestures preparing the cuisine, she continues to weave absorbing stories of her childhood days.

Sitting alone, I recall her open-mouthed smiles and graceful chatters.

windless day ...
the cuckoo takes off
on her own song

untitled

Details

👤 Written by: Marco Fraticelli

Canada

"Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans"
-John Lennon

Somehow, all of a sudden, I find myself celebrating my hundredth birthday. I can't account for how it happened, but here I am, struggling to blow out the candles. Fortunately, my children had the good sense to only put ten candles on the cake, one for each decade. Even one more candle for good luck might have been too many for me. Not to mention that by now, I'm pretty sure that I've already used up all my share of good luck.

leaves
slowly turning
into an old man

Author's Note: The haibun is a part of an unpublished biographical book based on the lyrics by The Beatles.

Owned by the Dark

Details

👤 Written by: Marietta McGregor

Australia

Each morning from sun-up Monday to Saturday a square in Rome's historic heart fills with a bustling market. Memories stir here. The gentler ones recall a 1943 film about the bittersweet wartime love story of fish monger Peppino and fruit seller Elide, played by Aldo Fabrizi and Anna Magnani. Other memories are not so gentle. In the market's centre, casting gaunt shade across colourful flower stalls and shoppers intent only on the best bargains to be found in swordfish, tortellini and sunflowers, looms a larger-than-lifesized bronze of Giordano Bruno, a medieval martyr burnt at stake for heresy. His sin: to believe in cosmology and an infinite universe.

campo de' fiori

faggots of dried pasta

leaning on a tent pole

That evening, along with my daughter I return to the square for dinner at a nearby restaurant. At the next table sits a slender, black-haired woman with the tormented face of a beautiful Antigone. She is smartly dressed, a soft wool wrap draped around her head and shoulders. Lighting cigarette after cigarette with trembling fingers, she takes a deep draw of each and stubs it out. Begins talking to herself, arguing. Wheedling, cajoling, almost weeping. Voice loud, then suddenly soft. Gesturing wildly at her face reflected in the unseeing glass. After each monologue, she falls silent. A waiter sets down food, which goes uneaten.

civil war

a woman's heart

above the law

I order *saltimbocca*, my daughter chooses pasta with *ragù*. We eat, to the muttered soundtrack. The waiter leans over to whisper that she lives nearby. She comes alone to the café most nights and is always the same.

ancient stones . . .

only the gods know

what lies buried

Footnote: Giordano Bruno was an Italian Dominican friar who was burned alive in Rome in February 1600. A philosophical thinker, mathematician and poet, he believed the universe has no centre, that there are many worlds, and stars are suns surrounded by planets and moons. Thus, remarkably for his time, Bruno outlined large-scale aspects of modern cosmology, including foreshadowing the existence of exoplanets. Ref: Alberto Martinez, 'Scientific American'.

The Next Chapter

Details

👤 Written by: Michelle Hyatt & Jacob Salzer

USA

Canada

I wander into the forest as the full moon hovers in the northern sky. The spruce trees quiver gently as my body brushes against their snow-laden branches. Making my way through thicker foliage, I sink with each step in knee-deep snow, as I return to a place I have missed, but not forgotten. At the crest of a hill in the clearing, I see the verdant beings, standing like guardians in the moonglow.

"You've grown. You've changed," I whisper to one of the trees, still adorned with a few decorations from past Solstice ceremonies. In the spaces between, from deep within, a flutter.

"So have you."

*turning the page
a silhouette disappears
in the fog*

Prose: Michelle Hyatt
Haiku: Jacob Salzer

Wonderland

Details

👤 Written by: Mircea Moldovan

Romania

When a tornado takes my hut away, I feel saddened and take the wooden doll by her hand and proceed towards the seashore. I pick shells, greet a blue dragonfly and finally, make a big sandcastle sitting under the twilight sky. Place the flag of a monarch butterfly at the top of the tower and experience the breeze of happiness caressing my doll.

with me the joyful screams of a seagull

Reminiscence

Details

👤 Written by: Mona Bedi

India

Driving to work I see a small boy begging. His clothes are torn and his face is smeared with dirt. My heart goes out to him. I avoid giving money to him as I fear he may be troubled for the same.

I stop my car and ask him whether he would like to have something. "Yes, I want to eat momos," he says. He gulps down a few that I offer and hides the rest in his shirt, maybe for a sibling at home.

spring cleaning
forgotten memories
in a box

Rooming House

Details

👤 Written by: Reid Hepworth

Canada

I'm already in bed when I hear the knock on the door. Knowing it's the landlady, again, I cover my head with my pillow. I'm just about to fall asleep when I hear a large crash.

Tiptoeing out of bed, I look through the peephole. It's dark on the landing. I creep to the front window and peel back a sliver of the curtain, peering out into the foggy night. Other than a guy going through the trash, all is quiet.

I finally drag myself out of bed and make a quick breakfast of toast and a thermos of tea. As I open my door to leave, I'm surprised to witness the bloated, snoring body of my landlady. I can smell the alcohol wafting off of her. I turn back, grab a blanket from my couch and gingerly drape it over her.

Just for good measure, I leave my toast on the floor beside her.

junk drawer...
a stack of unpaid bills
and a pink slip

Mycelium

Details

👤 Written by: Réka Nyitrai (Romania) & Alan Peat (UK)

Romania

United Kingdom

On my way home, a woman dressed in green approaches me and hands me an envelope. She says the envelope contains a letter from my estranged mother. I tell her it must be a mistake because I live with my mother and spoke with her no more than an hour ago. But the woman insists that the letter is indeed addressed to me. I open the envelope which contains nothing but a dry leaf. On the back of the leaf, it is inscribed:

I'm waiting for you to come back home.
Your loving mother,
The forest.

stump —
in every ring
an old storm's story

An ekphrastic haibun based on Toyen's painting 'The Message Of The Forest (1936)

Preoccupied

Details

👤 Written by: Roberta Beach Jacobson

USA

We assemble at the harbor at 8 a.m. next to local cats who await the boats to arrive with the day's catch. A runner expertly navigates around several café chairs before bounding our way. As she passes the torch to another citizen-runner for his pre-Olympic lap, cheers and applause erupt. While the excitement of the moment isn't totally lost on me, my eyes fixate on the bouncing flame with some suspicion forming in my mind. How did this reach our far-flung Greek island?

childhood

they ask if we want smoking

or non-smoking

Indelible

Details

👤 Written by: Scott Wiggerman

USA

The smooth pen between my thumb and fingers, like holding a wrist pulsing with electric ink. Only cool instead of warm. Is this how I write another into my life?

Faber-Castell

skipping over

that thin black line

tuesday a.m.

Details

👤 Written by: Stephen Toft

United Kingdom

sitting in the square with a takeaway coffee and a satchel full of detective books, i'm on the only bench that the morning sun has reached. the street drinkers and drug addicts have started doing what they do - or maybe they never stopped. i recognise one of them from the homeless project, and he greets me with an unexpected warmth by offering a swig of his vodka.

dirty river -

a pair of angel wings

floats by

quarryman

Details

👤 Written by: Tim Gardiner

United Kingdom

I try not to dwell on the past. My choice was blind and honest; who could have known where the limelight would fall? Television made it worse, the adoration of screaming crowds drunk on the euphoria of success. I console myself that John and Paul wouldn't have needed a pianist on tour. Besides, the quiet life has an appeal of its own.

autumn moon
I play the piano
like yesterday

Homesickness

Details

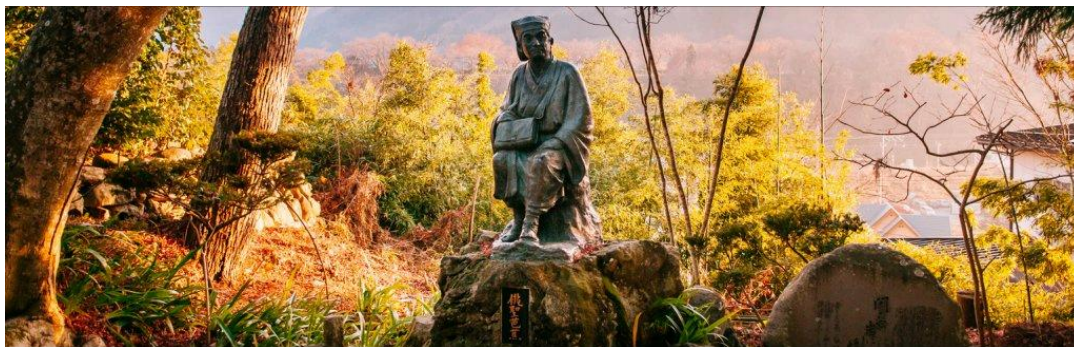
 Written by: Tsanka Shishkova

Bulgaria

After 10 years away I am home again. Our dog greets me with undisguised joy. I open the front door and here is the first thing I missed so much - a lot of messy shoes, umbrellas, and clothes. Unexpected fascinations followed from the annoying hugs, my brother's burnt pancakes, the fake singing of the family choir...

This is the home that remembers my successes and failures, the chaotic outbursts of love and joy.

long flight
my travel bag
full of memories



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PostKu

edited by Clayton Beach

cain gwynne

(eros)ion

dawn
promises
burning

dark starlings drain the ocean quiet

Danny Blackwell

United Kingdom

Spain

autumn rain

.getting what
I walked into the room for.

crushed moth footprint on the cheap hotel wall

after the funeral
a bird
pecking at something i can't see

"it's not a race," he tells me, and my stroke slows down
(in the distance a *mascletà*)

jacaranda in bloom
three men circle-jerking in a room

David Boyer

USA

slow syrup in my sternum sweetens the lost leaves' silver session

my hand sways a rhyme in cursive air above the first bluet

trick of the recursive planet. Though, with his pet dodo on the run,

something other than the hook in your mouth? Hold the end of this

the red planet's raspberry drupelets thank Vonnegut

a nest feathered with fingers sticky from pulling out your eyes

XXXXXXX, whose job curses us. In sister cities of emerging-market stars,

David Boyer

USA

how much water do I have to drink before the statue

red the dog barks at sunset clouds but not forever

in my throat all the squirrels of autumn

the false concierge replenished by bright chaos

the way the night gloveless treats this body full of holes

Goran Gatalica

Croatia

bleached the sage roots
 in the sunlight
near silence a rattlesnake

illumination a light switch
 firefly
in my mind's eye the middle of the night

Ian Mullins

England

green moon circling
a cinder –
only our orbits remain

turangalīla –
ten movements
discreetly messiaenic

Joseph P. Wechselberger

USA

sparrows pecking a swarm of black ants pink peonies

leaves changing in a grove of gray birch the cacophony of starlings

Joshua St. Claire

USA

Ye shall not surely die Annabelle Serpentine Dance

Joe DiMaggio. I'd like to wipe the smile right off his face.

Julie Bloss Kelsey

USA

skipping rope
more pink today
than blue

bo
ring
sed i
men
tary fra
gmen
ts mig
ra i
ne

wings splayed a fly in the window

flying through negative space the meditation blackbirds

stepping b(a)ckwards
(ni)ghtly through

(some)one else's
labyr(in)nth

Kala Ramesh

India

knotted roots pulled out earth scatters the anger

bottomless & scaleless
the lake reveals
a lotus stemming out
of torn clouds

night closes in ...
a stream of dragonflies
takes off

dreaming
last year, this year
the same dreams

Kat Lehmann

USA

from g the r strangler o figs w what i could n have g been

still inside a cricket the magnet measures my viscera

;ndec;s;ve sky hydrangeas churn ;nto hyac;nths

Lisa Espenmiller

USA

sky fenced star sigh shine fierce owl's cry

what moon sky choke land burns time smokes

Mark Gilbert

United Kingdom

eye of the hurricane a scarecrow's eye

Matthew M. Cariello

USA

honeybees woodsmoke

 circling

woodsmoke honeybees

seen cardinal

 not

snow heard

after incense

 apple

picking stars

Mike Gallagher

Ireland

war dead
slate grey
red caked

Nicholas Mathisen

press ⌘ + shift + m to mute mercury in retrograde

the wind changes suddenly everyone agrees

Richa Sharma

India

my mutable stare expecting the star to move

the closed window hardens the moon's upbringing

i walk the road floating between was and is

Ron Scully

USA

the
last
escape
square
conceded
to
my
heir

Goya's
gambit

Saturn
Devours
His
Son

perhaps a little fava beans with a nice red chianti

Ron Scully

USA

glass	of	bottom
jar	riverrocks	bookshelf
	from	
	the	
	dam	

scan	on	snowfall
code	the	between
	back	the
	of	white
	the	birches
	book	

Ryland Shengzhi Li

USA

a monarch
on top
of a monarch
on top
of a monarch
statue

white

white white white white white
white white white white white
white white white white white
white 我 white white white
white white white white white

Stefanie Bucifal

crescendo before the darkness turns numb

a woman's c(age)

Stephen Bailey

Aotearoa / New Zealand

we took our time for dawn has shaken free from relevance

some or other original species is now extinct in the same time frame I swallow my pride

less than ever for the time being but ankle-deep all the same

a lawn alive in an eyeblink

galaxies are breaking down into syllogisms

what is is silence s

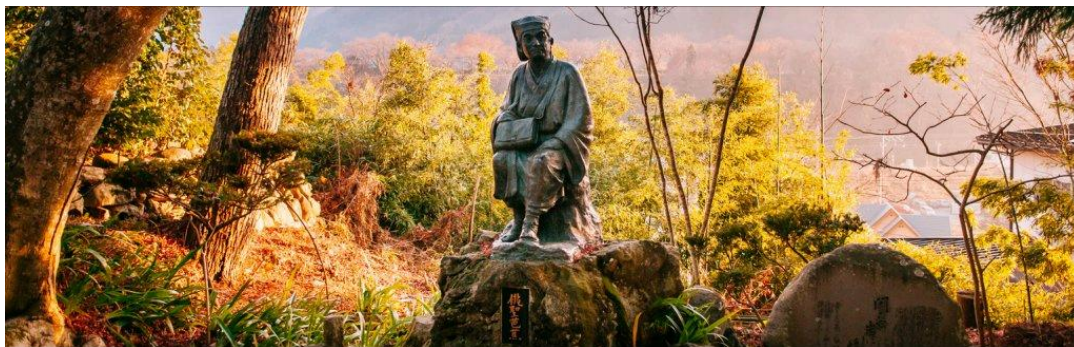
Stephen Toft

United Kingdom

crows at dusk
explaining
the dark web

moonless night the hidden flower in every dream

midnight siren
chiming
off every raindrop



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Linked Forms, Sequences and Contrapuntal Poetry

edited by [Clayton Beach](#)

5 parallels

Details

👤 Written by: [Hansha Teki](#)

Aotearoa / New Zealand

shift 9

(my adult life

followed by
a theory

an open parenthesis

of everything

on fatherhood

spirited page

chrysalis

the wind
through the flow

*a moment
of becoming*

of my pen

deadnamed

all matter

*fleshing out
the heard*

all energy

all space

*with head-bowing
reverence*

briefly

dwelt in

the angelus bell

feathered wind

ritual death

moonrise hatches

who will I be

a myth

when I awaken?

make a name
for yourself

*with tongue-tripping
skips*

imprint
your presence
into

*from lips
to petrichor*

our hearts
of stone

rain's pitter-patter

a heap of coals

Details

 Written by: Clayton Beach & Hansha Teki

USA

New Zealand

a heap of coals

reading *Inferno* *and so begins*
one last time, a touch of the wolf *an uphill battle of the spirit*
in the spring breeze *being purged*

a lean and hungry shadow strains of an aeolian choir
circles our reflections heavenly in the offing

the pizzicato of rain *following the stars*
forms a rivulet of forgetting *and the flow of ocean swells*
in the gutters *I seek my homeland*

truth-telling torn to tatters the spider weaves under the eaves
as suppressed whispers surge every dewdrop evanescent

a death's grimace smile *the void plucks*
beneath the mask *at heart strings aquiver*
the black clock chimes *in the breeze*

the Mad Hatter and Donny Trump staring into empty form
trade irresponsibilities my sense of self a palimpsest

mercury levels rise *my name traced*
the sea surface explodes *onto the dense fog*
with a school of tuna *by airbrush*

as a lover too hot to handle the clatter and roar of the train
rages the day after tomorrow echoes along the viaducts

like crazy cloud *a glass of water?*
drifts from the din of the city *must I heap more burning coals*
to the distant mountain *atop my foe's head?*

Clayton Beach

Hansha Teki

afterwards

Details

👤 Written by: Matt Snyder & Ryland Shengzhi Li

USA

working gently

in the morning cold
the ripening blush
of pink ladies

with the taproot

decades deep
mom digs
a little deeper

dandelion tea

the quiet
after a story
stargazing

Matt Snyder, Hillsborough, NC
Ryland Shengzhi Li, Arlington, VA

duke bluebeard's beard

Details

👤 Written by: Reka Nyitrai, Clayton Beach & Orrin Tyrell

melancholy—on each side of its mouth grasping pedipalps	RN
beads of moonlight strung in the autumn air	CB
avoiding my wife i drink out alone	OT
salt spilled over shoulder evening chill	RN
snow drifts down slowly into the mossy silence	CB
desecrated grave all of my poems hidden from his view	OT
--	
a rose stalk in my heart rain in bloom	RN
a brief patch of stars swallowed back into the autumn night	CB
closed curtains blue mums and unopened wine	OT
ghosting your kisses moonlight stuck between my teeth	RN
the distance between us now measured by red shift	CB
waiting for the night bus unfolding irises in work-rough hands	OT
i remember my face a birdcage with a sparrow in it	RN
those wiry old-man eyebrows, a bit of shaving cream on my ear	CB
running through a child's shadow my secrets in a toybox	OT
and one day you will find god trampled by a carousel horse	RN
ring-a-ring-a-rosies the falcon's widening gyre	CB

late afternoon train riding into No-thoughts curve of the tracks	OT
--	
in the garden of death a poppy with the power to make poems	RN
a dragon dancing on foil the summer sun red with wildfire	CB
we speak of Siddhartha's life another round of espressos	OT
king Arthur's heart a place where leaves do not turn yellow	RN
candlelight and shadow the hunt of the unicorn against cool stone	CB
the food i ordered arrived i still despise the apostle Paul	OT
the month i sleep all day long the moon does the same	RN
winter solstice, the sun becomes the idea of cherry blossoms	CB
egg sandwiches i find you adorable while you eat	OT
inventing another word for beauty cranes on a snow covered pine	RN
above the timberline the mountain boulders a color out of space	CB
even silence has a feeling :: swaying on this nighttime train	OT
--	
angel's breath the snowflakes that fall from a bedtime story	RN
the dead grass sharp with frost the call of a hermit thrush	CB
the voice of flowers: a sealed jar of candy corn between us	OT
a wolf awakes the mysterious female and the piano gets it	RN
all the flowers lost in all the solemn rites of spring	CB
dreaming of playing in Duke Bluebeard's beard i wash dishes	OT

Reka Nyitrai
Clayton Beach
Orrin Tyrell

Faint Whispers (A Tankako)

Details

👤 Written by: Michelle Hyatt & Jacob Salzer

USA

Canada

dawnlight
droplets of dew
on pink plum blossoms

*garden pond
a frog turns into stone*

dusty mirror
another déjà vu
in V formation

*lights out in the valley
the elder tells his story*

soft lullaby
as she cradles her baby
the scent of honey

*summer sunrise
father sips a cup of coffee*

warm layers
the first snow
bathed in moonlight

*under one blanket
rose oil on her skin*

rising incense...
two lovers share
their secrets

*morning fog
the forest fills with birdsong*

call to prayer
my skirt fringes become one
with seagrass

*combing the old stray cat
winter wind*

*faint whispers
the subway rattles
in the dark*

plucking a guitar string
the room fills with tension

*wedding day
a butterfly flies between
the groom and the bride*

under the silk chuppah
candles glimmer in a breeze

*glimpsed behind
drifting storm clouds
harvest moon*

pumpkin patch
so many faces in the crowd

*orange streetlight
a wrinkled leaf falls
without a sound*

melting into a shadow
the doe's eyes

half-open window
an orb spider rebuilds
her web

*a dreamcatcher spins
above his pillow*

nascent breath
in Sakura blossoms...
the birth of a star

*spring evening
the child scribbles her first poem*

Michelle Hyatt, Canada
Jacob Salzer, USA

Four Deer

Details

 Written by: Elizabeth Black, Ryland Shengzhi Li, Lee Giesecke & Linda Weir

USA

harvest moon
four deer ambling
across the field

from the homeland
dried persimmons

remembered chestnuts
from the New World
Symphony

grandmother knitting
in the firelight

children chase
salamanders
along the stream

the rush
of our first kiss

giving out
invitations
to the Bacchanalia

an otter steals
a fish from the weir

steel drums
on the beach
in mid-day rain

silent mass
graves at Bucha

is there
a lee side
to a black hole?

political attack ads
now year round

the morning after
our first fight
still together

having sex
to stay warm

ancient glacier
moving moonlight
downhill

the two year old
learns no

rejecting
the special theory
knowing I'm wrong

glass shards sparkle
on the kite strings

a plum blossom
drifts into
my tea

along the towpath
bluebells wave

by Elizabeth Black, Ryland Shengzhi Li, Lee Giesecke, and Linda Weir
members of the Towpath Haiku group of the Washington DC

In for a Penny, In for a Pound

Details

👤 Written by: Hansha Teki

Aotearoa / New Zealand

“With usura hath no man a house of good stone”

—Ezra Pound, Canto XLV

with usura
nothing seen
becomes a flower
nor imagined, the moon

with usura
the angel's message falls
on deaf ears

with usura
the child in the womb
is stillborn

with usura
the holy innocents' sin
against nature

with usura
thirty pieces of silver
puts one's head
in a noose

with usura
a fossil fuels
an ancient debt

with usura
the cry of the poor
drowns the feast

with usura
disinformation ensures
election wins

with usura
the gulf between Dives and Lazarus
yawns wider than a hyphen

with usura
the enslavement of billions
is never abolished

with usura
sublime beauty is a debt
to be repaid

with usura
the public interest
attracts interest

with usura
the future weighs down
on the now

with usura
in a station of the metro
Pound's canto appears

Long Gaze

Details

 Written by: Lorraine Haig

Australia

ochre rock
ground to a paste
spirit shadows dance
from the flames

from a rotting log
the quoll
begins its hunt
crescent moon

a black beetle's
long journey
climbing
the mountain ash

milky way
the light of stars
in the lens
of his camera

those indigo skies
the nights we spend
gazing
into moon-washed hills

pastorale

Details

 Written by: Matt Snyder & Ryland Shengzhi Li

bats chorusing above a weathered church	
<i>a bazaar of voices from the hedgerow</i>	<i>every pew occupied with cobwebs</i>
word search through the window shrieking rooks	“Reserved for Pastor” new sign in an empty parking lot
<i>afternoon nap the occasional thud of an acorn</i>	<i>snaking around the stained glass covid test line</i>
a bubble dances up redfish dreams	almost gone an overgrown graveyard
<i>one spring morning the whole earth sings</i>	

Matt Snyder, Hillsborough, NC
 Ryland Shengzhi Li, Arlington, VA

Seedlings

Details

 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo & Deborah P Kolodji

delicate sounds
 of the early spring
 taking time
 to melt the waterfall
 shining in the sun

sound of rain

*outside my bedroom
morning lullaby*

soft drops
of humidity
in Tokyo
no one notices
my tears

*shall I go. . .
 shall I stay?
the absence of thunder*

pouring
your favorite
blueberry tea
under the stars
scent of firewood

*cloudless skies
seedlings after
last year's ashes*

by Mariko Kitakubo and *Deborah P Kolodji*

Sips

Details

 Written by: Roberta Beach Jacobson

USA

teatime no worries about the clock

flood stage three
she grabs her cat
and her teas

teacups sometimes fairies visit

he invites me
for afternoon tea
I never leave

steeping exactly three minutes

evening tea
chocolate
in the cookie

witches at the cauldron tea

divorce
they split up
their teas

Darjeeling I drink in the steam

stirring
rounds in our
evening tea

sharing tea as the ship sinks

wrap-curled oolong
black dragon
of teas

slicing lemons for our tea

we shop
for Earl Grey
I fall in love

tea skills wisdom from the masters

Three Tanka Sequences

Details

 Written by: Jenny Ward Angyal

USA

Ephemera

no leaf stirs. . .
yet mist rising
from the water's surface
. swirls
in slender vortices of light

a feather
floats from empty air
into my mind
the desire comes
to live as lightly

mayflies
on a sunlit stream . . .
riding
the earth's soft breath
into a single dusk

grass bows down
before the wind
and grass rises . . .

the valves of my heart
open and close

the wind harp
in my narrow room
sings
on a whispering breeze
harmonics are enough

Quicksilver

in old age
I dream once more
of horses
opalescent as the mist
wheeling around me

dappled
with moonlight
a mare stops
to touch my hand . . .
velvet breath

I twine
my fingers
in the wind's
wild mane . . .
follow, follow

crossing
a river of starlight . . .
the current
carries us swiftly
toward the sea

a glint
of fools' gold
as we reach
the farther shore
the scent of thyme

Spindrift

a swirl of birds
across the winter sky . . .
I sing
the shifting shapes
of star and starling

my song
has no words,
or only one—

the syllable that seeds
both emptiness and form

no name
for the no-thing
that flings up foam
and draws it back again—
this froth of stone and oak

I am a leaf
caught in an eddy
singing
my way downriver
to the distant sea

silver fish
dancing on moonlit ripples
don't die
when the wind dies down. . .
they were always water

Three Tanka Sequences

Details

 Written by: Jenny Ward Angyal

USA

Augury

wandering
in a strange wood
astride
a moonblind horse . . .
the future gallops toward me

I cast
a fistful of sweetgum balls
on the earth,
try to read their pattern
like the *Book of Changes*

one leaf
suspended in the ice—
if I could see
as clear as frost ferns
the nexus that enfolds me

the creek half-frozen
half running free
I toss
into the water
my second thoughts

an altar stone

beside the brook—
dapples
of light and shadow
pass by, pass by

++++

Arbor Mundi

a wolf tree
reigns over the meadow
sheltering
an acorn forest,
a wandering child

I took root there
long ago . . .
a hollow
in the heartwood
still admits the sky

saplings
dappled with light—
the message
of the mother tree
rising in their veins

the whole story
of root and branch—
the touch
of a blind sparrow
on a young girl's hand

birdfoot runes
imprinted in the snow—
I read
the windblown passage
of seed and shadow

++++

Riddle

unspooling
a strand of silken thread
from the body
of a smiling china doll . . .
this snarled skein of self

*man is but
a thinking reed . . .
then what am I
but blue-eyed grass
whispering a song*

a mockingbird
jousts with his reflection—
I slip
through the looking glass
of his yellow eye

I am the osprey
and the fish it seizes
scattering
sparks of light
from the lake within

a grey rabbit
in the portico
of a dream—
her body hollow,
her eyes full of light

++++

Too Much Night

Details

👤 Written by: Ann K. Schwader & Deborah P Kolodji

warm breath
catches at the door . . .
too much night

*flicker of recognition
before the power outage*

plenty of time
to tell stars from planets
thick silence

*singles night
at the stardust ballroom
his ring*

driving till dawn
no other lights

*dark galaxy
caught in the cloud
of lies*

Ann K. Schwader & Deborah P Kolodji

Twin Flames (a Rokku)

Details

👤 Written by: Michelle Hyatt & Jacob Salzer

USA

Canada

primordial hum
in the Buddha garden...
morning rain

*lost in plum blossoms
the sound of a bee*

tupelo wine
my sudden laughter
as we tango

*a pause in our footsteps
on the wooden bridge*

dormant evergreens
beneath the weight
of the Cold Moon

*deep snow in the city
the homeless man's dream*

*morning traffic
outside the coffee shop
two friends chatting*

a balmy breeze, your scent
through an open window

*on a park bench
where lovers once kissed
rustling leaves*

a spotless fawn listens
in a field of golden wheat

*Gilmour's guitar solo
the eagle's long flight
over a sunlit stream*

spilling over the edge
the youth of a thousand years

bear claw scratches
in the old oak tree...
traces through my past

*into the deep cave
echoes of a storm*

gilded age
she changes her name
to Moonchild

loud summer wedding
the march of ants

on temple steps
signs point the way
to purification

steep mountain trail...
the monk's silence

rock concert
the river ice melts
into a song

from the center of two flames
midnight blue

our first hug
on a long journey
the blur of a train

dissolving in the overstory
all the straight edges

oat stalks sway
around a rusted tractor
Harvest Moon

evanescent shadows
a turn in the labyrinth

steady drumbeat...
rumbles
through a canyon

a trumpet solo's fading note
summer sunset

sunken treasure
kept in eternity
the day's remains

grandma's ashes...
the first day of spring

in a meadow
of daffodils
will we meet again?

*dim lights on the horizon
the endless sea*

Michelle Hyatt, Canada
Jacob D. Salzer, USA

Two 5-link Sequences

Details

 Written by: Orrin PréJean

USA

[listening]

listening to him talk my mind drifts quickly

Janis Joplin's wail another night

reading through senryu stack of books

on the phone his baritone is rough

turning off my computer bathed in darkness

[day continues]

day continues with a heart like a whirlpool

ravens hold court a pine grove

over clipped hedges we trade bits of gossip

i love a man with a viper's demeanor

hate burning at the bottom of my starved eyes

Uncertain

Details

 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo & Deborah P Kolodji

wiping off
and wiping off
the dark. . .
footsteps
in the cloud

foggy morning
searching for a ray of light
within the gray

I can't see
my fairy shoes
in the weeds
trapped by gravity
within the haze

blurry-eyed
a bee dusts
the pollen

loving
your crossed
fingers...
a bottle of mead
across the ocean

outstretched wings
the scan beep
of a boarding pass

Mariko Kitakubo & Deborah P Kolodji

unprompted/unquestioned

Details

 Written by: Clayton Beach & Hansha Teki

USA

New Zealand

unprompted/unquestioned

an indiscernible cry— snippets of stolen moonlight fade as they drift away	<i>storm-lashed moor Vladimir and Estragon out of their element</i>
<i>my interior monologue breaks apart in sleep</i>	a worn leather boot at the end of the road
she fashions a habit of fennel, rue, and columbine under the waterweed	<i>bare footprints mark a momentary presence on holy ground</i>
<i>many a good end drowned out by fate</i>	a certain slant of light sifts through trees older than jesus
in the casting of lots no one can tell which straw is shortest	<i>rippling shadows presence and absence here all at once</i>
<i>it is the seamless robe that breaks the camel's back</i>	the time arrives to choose between profit and life
the ascension of another billionaire playboy the emptiness of space	<i>your whole world exposed for the whole world pandora papers</i>
<i>between gravity and grace flies a kite's absurdity</i>	wrapped up neatly in a bow the problem a foregone solution
dancing the knife's edge we juggle past-present-future a parade of fools	<i>unprompted his "to be or not to be" unquestioned</i>

Clayton Beach
Hansha Teki

Your Presence

Details

 Written by: Vidya S Venkatramani

India

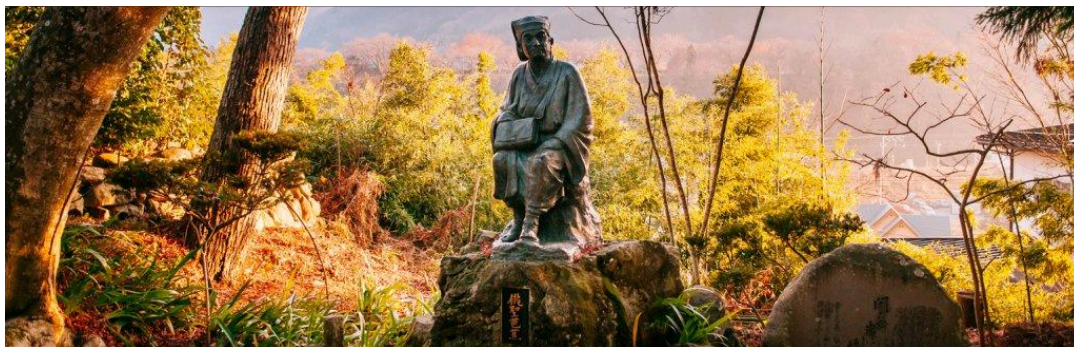
last train home-
you wait among the stars
for me

raking leaves-
you clear your throat
for a talk

evening star-
the rise of your chants
over cricket chorus

moonlight night-
your hand upon
my fevered brow

frangipani-
your last breath rides
on the morning breeze



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Tanka, Tanka Prose and Tanka Sequences

edited by [Jenny Ward Angyal](#)

Alvin B. Cruz

koto player
from the sleeve
of her kimono
fingers like feathers
the music of silk

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

Netherlands

I am fine here
with a salty wind
for company
the houses smile
if your shadow goes by

Anne Curran

I sift the vagaries
of my wandering mind

to find poetry -
words weave a tapestry
of land, sea, and sky

a yellowed newspaper
curls towards me
in an autumn breeze -
I throw my baggage to the wind
as if it were old news

Beyond Columbus

Details

👤 Written by: Marilyn Humbert

Australia

in a forest
of ancient oaks...
rustling leaves
foretell my journey
on a river of stars

Our kins' thirst for land and raw materials remains undimmed through the ages fuelling the drive to delve further and further beyond known galaxies. The Guardians choose me for this quest. Smiling, I fix the tab on my pressure suit.

As I pass the 13th planet in the home system, my torch-ship's fiery tail leaves a final goodbye

the milky way's
many spiralling arms
no barrier...
way-finders search
for inhabitable planets

My ship forges ever onwards towards my designated unexplored quadrant. I look through the aft porthole and pinpoint a whirl of stars radiating rainbow colours against the black void, my destination. I repeat the sacred oath, *one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind* and step into the stasis chamber.

as I sleep
my last thought
frozen in time
an unexplored galaxy
ready for despoiling

Bryan Rickert

USA

moonlight
through a fractured
windowpane
how much of me
is broken, too

three nights
of ocean dreams
the news
finally reaching us
that your soul departed

her fingers
playing Beethoven
if only
she had such passion
when touching me

Carmela Marino

Italy

at the window
I count raindrops
this winter
at the touch of a finger
the rain fades away

Cristina Povero

Italy

a clove of garlic
rubbed on fresh bread
salt, tomato
and olive oil
snacking on childhood

Cyndi Lloyd

USA

branches
felled and rotting
this nerve pain
of termites scattering
through my hand

an icicle
with only a trickling
of momentum
will sunbeams melt
the darkness inside me

uphill both ways
through deep snow
in last year's boots . . .
spent laces thread through
the eyelets of his stories

after A Pair of Shoes by Vincent van Gogh, 1886

Daipayan Nair

India

wishing
for a snowberry clearwing
I lay eyes
upon the honeysuckle ...
a bumblebee flutters

glitches
in our long distance
phone call—
I sort things out
with the seagull

the cry
of a newborn
in neighbour's house . . .

I forget the garbage
dumped in my front yard

David He

China

a peach petal
floats on the pond...
Grandpa sings
his favorite song
to the full moon

her son in the army...
the blood moon
rising
Gran watches
in a lighted window

Debbie Strange

Canada

we hang
your threadbare dresses
out to air
the prairie wind waltzes
with you one last time

a meadowlark
spins the morning
into gold . . .
your headstone sinks
deeper every year

I fasten
my broken-down guitar
to the farm gate
nesting bluebirds teach me
an unfamiliar song

down railway lane

England

rain starts to fall
a young woman opens
her umbrella over me
and leads me under
the shelter of a fir tree

two strong lads
running by, say
they are joining
the royal marines
'to fight England's foes'

a drunken man
in suit and tie
coming from a funeral
weeps, telling me of all those
he has lost this year

a small blond boy
in uniform says
'it's Lion Cubs now
not wolves' and explains
all his badges

the blackbirds sing
on every tree and rooftop
my head
is full of stories
and wings and songs

Joy McCall, England

Florin C. Ciobica

Romania

red leaves
carried by a cold wind
on the one-way street—
the docs still looking
for a blood donor

the old oak
losing its leaves
out of the blue

I start humming
a lullaby

explosions
in the besieged city
so courageous
in the old orchard
first bursting buds

God Alone Knows

Details

 Written by: Rupa Anand

India

for TinkerBell

homeless
she comes home—
like two peas in a pod
we live the seasons
of our lives together

for fifteen years
we chase butterflies
amidst the dahlias . . .
fire consumes and only
her remains remain

she's gone
yet i feel
her presence
that nudge, that nudge again
comforts this grieving heart

i am taught
not to grieve . . .
her walk across my hair
to drink water
from the bedside table

moonbeams
drizzle in
through the window . . .
i light a ghee diya
in front of her picture

the clay pot
rests on my lap in the car . . .
onward we move
to the river flowing east
that waits to embrace her

as the morning settles
over the river
i immerse her ashes . . .
i cannot say when and where
this love begins or ends

sunbeams dancing
over the waters of the Yamuna
join the horizon
moving like my thoughts
towards an unknown destination

Hazel Hall

Australia

cirrus clouds
striae the sky
with silver
the streaming manes
of wild brumbies

early evening
under the southern cross
cows huddle
the milky way hidden
in their udders

end of year
a glimpse of the first
bearded dragon
I smile to see
old friends reappearing

Iliyana Stoyanova

United Kingdom

bluebell forest
don't be shy
little snowdrop
the dew will quench
your thirst too

tired heart
through pines
and silence
who will lead you on
the Kami-no Michi

The Western Wall
centuries-old stories
in every stone
the warmth of prayers
whispered and heard

Jackie Chou

USA

Hong Kong
the Pearl of the Orient
its nightlife
illuminated in a song
I sang in my youth

much needed rain
in Southern California
the trickle
of correspondence
after your long silence

Jackie Chou

USA

roaming around
Central Park Lake
after a breakup...
Holden Caulfield's ducks
quacking for breadcrumbs

he buys me dinner
from the supermarket
with food stamps

the roses not covered
I pay for them myself

a swimming pool
in our gated condo
unused
except for the neighbor's kids
who drowned in it one day

Jacob D. Salzer

USA

sunlit glass
on an overflowing
garbage can—
in the dusty mirror
grandfather's face

a time warp
in grandpa's stream
my reflection
the long journey
of mountain rain

Jacob D. Salzer

USA

eating alone
under a pine tree
on Mount Hood
one ant explores
a piece of lettuce

left behind
in father's garage
unfinished projects —
I breathe in the scent
of metal and rain

waking
from this dream
of raising a family
the weathered garden bed
covered in frost

Jenny Fraser

New Zealand

the passing years
all boil down
to this moment
one or two clouds
& wind in the fronds

if I could
paint a portrait
I would just now
with his long gaze
full of the unknown

Jim Chessing

USA

when the plum tree
has greened
and the last petals
have all but let go,
then can we part as friends?

the lemon tree
long untended, lush with fruit,
spills over the fence
and juts into the sky --
to be half as mad as that!

Joanna Ashwell

England

the night sky
a dream cradle
where we meet again

another web remade
by morning

in the gloam
of marsh light
a tern's wings
returning
molten sky

flicker days
becoming shorter
as the leaves fall
in the forest
of lost embers

Joshua St. Claire

USA

just one more thing
to begin the ritual
turning to me
the point of her knife
becomes starlight

Kala Ramesh

India

the night
howling with wolves ...
at dawn
the stillness
in the forest

as I unpleat
my sari, the pallu slips
from my shoulder
the change
in your voice

the call
of a wild deer
awakens
the heart of a forest
once again to love

Lakshmi Iyer

India

war ...
the silence haunting
millions of refugees
and the only way of solace
is my wordless poem

Mark Gilbert

United Kingdom

my skin
longs for the journey,
longs for it and clings to it,
the light
that will never end

untended
the footpath
becomes impossible
we have come so far
through thorns and nettle

Matthew M. Cariello

USA

Atop the dead sycamore,
a blackbird's hymn.
Nothing reflected
in the hospital windows
but more hospital.

Michael Flanagan

USA

Grandpa's diary
deep in his sock drawer
the words he could write
but never speak
about marching through France

Michelle Hyatt

Canada

jasmine flowers
opening gently
a song
I can only hear
when it rains

left behind
in a rice field
buried tallow nuts...
mother searches
for our names

Michelle Hyatt

Canada

moose tracks
through a northern forest
scent of snow...
Grandmother's silence
grows deeper

soft curves
I follow the path
of a thawing stream
a robin song weaves
into dawn

Summer Solstice
I prepare an altar
beside the lake
lingering a little longer
with my shadow

-

Mike Gallagher

Ireland

together
in the rain
umbrellas
keeping us
happily apart

those seismic events
that change our world
forever
fixed in the small things
in the hours of our day

Mircea Moldovan

Romania

to mother
for her birthday
origami stars
the old blue kimono
a piece of sky

early morning
a herd of black goats
scatter the clouds
in the hut of a hermit
whispered liturgy

Mircea Moldovan

Romania

hopscotch
girls make little houses
on wet asphalt
someone plays the flute
at the rain's edge

forgotten times ...
at the acacia forest edge
the clear eyes of a lynx,
and in her sweaty hand
wild chrysanthemums

Mona Bedi

India

long years
of living together
under the same roof
when did we stop
sharing our thoughts

blending
into the green foliage
a chameleon hides
i too wish to live
a life of anonymity

Mona Bedi

Delhi, India

mountain walk
i call out your name
into the valley
just the sound of my voice
travels back in the echo

midnight walk
we catch fireflies
in the forest
making wishes before
letting them go

Neena Singh

India

a barefoot boy
sells bubble makers
in the park
his rainbow dreams touch
the dew-laden grass

enroute to Kyoto
I pray for early sakura
forgetting
I've been a late bloomer
all my life

Pitt Buerken

Germany

marvelous!
only a lady can write
such a poem -
then I meet her
in person ...

Regeneration

Details

 Written by: Jacob Salzer & Michelle Hyatt

USA

Canada

a Spotted Owl
perched
on a bare branch—
my footsteps lost
in forest darkness

*sun salutations
I stand with flowers
and trees
at my fingertips
a robin's-egg blue sky*

Jacob D. Salzer, USA
Michelle Hyatt, Canada

Richard Kakol

in the spare room
a patch of spring sunshine—
the little bed
no longer holds
your sleeping form

Richard L. Matta

USA

two fabric pieces
held together
with glass-head pins
our lives together
but still separate

years later winding
the grandfather clock
he wound before me
who will pull the chains
when I am gone

Roberta Beach Jacobson

USA

fourteen
pairs of eyes open
atop the shelf
they stare in silence
every doll with a secret

Rosa Maria Di Salvatore

Italy

the moon touches
my hidden dreams...
light fragments
of the things lost
in the flow of time

time is a wave...
while the dawn
is late in coming
I cut out gold stars
in my dreams

Ruth Holzer

USA

if I drove
through five states in twelve hours
non-stop
to find that place again
no one would be home

Ruth Holzer

USA

Sabbath
morning prayers
silenced
under empty skies
the Tree of Life

years after
you passed away
I still wonder
whether you confessed to her
as the great bell was tolling

what
gets me out
of bed

the house wren repeating
his insistent morning song

Ryland Shengzhi Li

USA

a book of love poems
filled with pages
out of the hidden life
of a young pine
cut short

the way light slips
around a tulip leaf
drifting downstream
a halo even God's saints
would envy

Remembering Thay Nhat Hanh

For now, the forest shelters us from the drizzling rain. With each droplet, the surface ripples and rests in the blink of an eye. The fallen leaves drift on, numberless. And beneath them, reflected deep in the sky, their companions on the trees will soon take their final somersault to earth.

and now he continues
beautifully
into the eternal present
how bright
this red-gold maple leaf

America, the beautiful

someone
spread cream all over
the gingerbread
rising and rising
snow-rimmed Sierras

wire hangers
bent out of shape
and strung together
the string theory
of desert highways

white fire
scattered across

boundless prairie
in each pothole
the autumn sun

picking swatches
out of the sky
mall catalogue
the gold and jade
of farm country

koi, radiant
and rose-gold
welcome me
home . . .
Shenandoah skies

Smoke Signals

Details

 Written by: Ron Scully

USA

it took butterfly light
to catch Marlene Dietrich's
one drag
the length of her finger
turned darkness into ash

L.S.M.F.T.
Lonely Soldiers Means Free Tricks
acronym
for would-be enlisted men
packs rolled up in their tees

the way Robert Mitchum
hung a cigarette carelessly
from his lower lip
like nobody's business
it wasn't

Frankie dragged a reefer
like it was Tommy Dorsey's trombone
where he learned to breath
turned smoke into swing
nightlife into cool jazz

Marlboro country
where the cows coughed
couldn't run a step
under God's blue sky
in hoc signo vinces

Srinivas S

India

birthday morning
out of the blue sky
every cloud
and every birdsong
becomes a wish

slow Sunday...
the cuckoo's song
harmonizes
now and then
with my solitude

Stefanie Bucifal

Germany

war is
in my blood
the taste of grass
and iron, crimson-tinged
the meadows of my childhood

buddha bowl
meditating
over the greens
of edamame
and avocado

I put each of your words
on the tip
and the root of my tongue
is it sweet
is it bitter

Steliana Cristina Voicu

Romania

promenade
on the lakeside—
our little boy
catches the autumn sun
in a pile of leaves

staircase
bound to the sky—
an old man
whitewashing the wall
of Voroneț Monastery

The Witness Tree

Details

 Written by: Dru Philippou

USA

I follow
the stitchwort path . . .
an old hideout
tilted in the branches
between earth and sky

the sycamore
where a child
once fled—
beneath the bark
the hidden scars

unearthing
the doll I buried
in the roots—
she spills her sawdust
on the wind

over the years
the seeping resin
transformed to amber—
the weight of grief
resting in my palm

early stars
against the dusk
a barred owl
returns to the hollow
hauling new dreams

- *by Dru Philippou*

Trickster

Details

👤 Written by: John Budan

USA

The Pulitzer Prize winner rarely comments on my poems, but once I sent him a list of wildflowers I had seen while climbing in the Cascades. He responded that it was the best “poem” I had ever written, stating that the beautiful words for flowers were all that mattered:

columbia lewisia

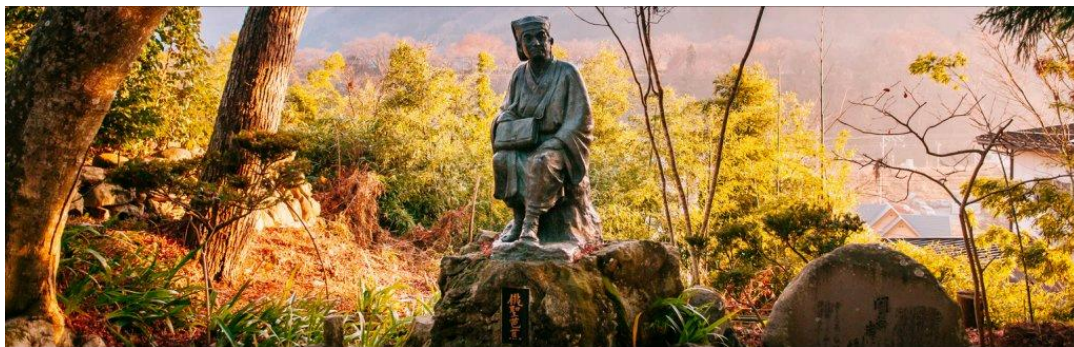
glacier lilies

orange agoseris

I continue submitting lists of plants, trees, birds, and herbs to various poetry journals, but so far all I receive are rejections. One critic described my poet friend as a “trickster.” I’m not sure what she meant.

still climbing
beyond the summit
of cold mountain
only his poems
left behind

- *by John Budan*



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Personal Best

A single haiku submitted by their authors to represent their "personal best".

Alan Summers

England

creeping sepia
the rustle of non-humans
at first light

1st Place, [The Modern Kigo Competition](#)
judges: Alan Peat and Réka Nyitrai
(February 2022)

Alvin B. Cruz

my assigned gender violets are blue

Whiptail Journal, Issue # 3, May 2022

Amoolya Kamalnath

India

autumn slacktide -
the beach's emptiness trails
onto snow crabs

Wales Haiku Journal - Autumn 2022

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

half moon
my hands no longer know
how to sing

Haikuniverse, February 12th, 2022

Cain Gwynne

thumbing the rosary beads of her sweat

tsuri-dōrō #7 - Jan/Feb '22

Christopher Seep

USA

cinching his belt
another notch tighter,
hospice

Haiku Dialogue #21, April 2021 Haiku Foundation

Daipayan Nair

India

webb telescope –
I still can't locate
my grandma

Nick Virgilio's Haiku In Action (June 11 - June 17)

Daniela Misso

Italy

cake in the oven...
a magpie back and forth
from a pine

The Heron's Nest Volume XXIV, Number 3: September, 2022

Debbie Strange

Canada

fireflies the synchronicity of it all

1st Place, 2021 Irish Haiku Society International Competition

Don Baird

USA

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

First Place, *HaikuNow!* (The Haiku Foundation, 2013);
The Haiku Foundation's *Touchstone Award* (2013)

Eufemia Griffo

Italy

your absence
in my hands
snowdrop

Modern Haiku 49.2, 2018

Florin Golban

Romania

snowflakes
in the mirror
childhood memories

Runner up Golden Triangle Haiku Contest 2022
(selected to be displayed on a sign that will be posted in a tree box along our neighborhood

sidewalks, March 2022)

Goran Gatalica

life in exile —
blurring the Milky Way
this war

Outstanding Haiku (Kai Hasegawa selected), The 2nd Oku-no-hosomichi Soka Matsubara International Haiku Competition, Japan, 2021.

Helen Buckingham

world news
the moon
my rock

Hon. Mention, Peggy Willis Lyles Haiku Awards, 2022

Iliyana Stoyanova

shards of moonlight
the hedgerow still broken
from the winter winds

Blithe Spirit 32.3

Jacob D. Salzer

USA

sea shell —
the old man curls
into a fetus

Heliosparrow Poetry Journal, April 24, 2021

Jenny Fraser

New Zealand

the nearness of nothing
the wispy end
of a frond

Martin Lucas Award, 2021 - 3rd equal Feb-2022, Judge: Colin Oliver

Joanna Ashwell

United Kingdom

snow hare
slipping through
our memories

Runner up BHS Awards 2021,
published in *Blithe Spirit* 32.3, 2022

Joseph P. Wechselberger

USA

emergency room
a paperback
with a broken spine

Prune Juice, Issue #30, March 2020
re-published in *jar of rain: The Red Moon Anthology of English-Language Haiku 2020*

Kat Lehmann

USA

morning sea
I shake the night
from my wings

Kingfisher 5 (2022)

Ken Sawitri

ripe sun
a nutmeg
unshackled from its shell

The World Haiku Review, Summer Issue, August 2021, Shintai Haiku,
Zatsuei - Haiku of Merit

Lakshmi Iyer

India

hysterectomy a part of me in *memory*

Poetry Pea Journal 2:22

Luciana Moretto

Italy

tamped into earth
a fragile cutting
homesickness

Autumn Moon Haiku Journal 2022

Best of Issue Honorable Mention

Małgorzata Formanowska

white morning
on grandfather's grave
fox footprints

Frogpond vol.44.1 Winter 2021

Haiku Commentary 13.06.2022

Manoj Sharma

Nepal

new moon
the empty space of
my unfinished haiku

Wales Haiku Journal: Winter 2021-22

Marcie Wessels

teenager's room
dust on the book
of fairytales

Margaret Walker

sunrise sea water swirls his ashes at my ankles

whiptail: issue 4: humbled vessel, August 2022

Maria Teresa Piras

Italy

the moment
of a snowflake –
our history

Haikuniverse - January 3rd, 2022

Mariangela Canzi

Italy

sunflowers in bloom
a soldier in the field
reads a poem

Presence # 7

Marilyn Humbert

dusk stillness
a water rat glides
between ripples

Wales Haiku - Spring 2022

Mark Gilbert

United Kingdom

empty crossroads
red light
green light

Matt Snyder

cold snap -
a lump of dried bandage
in his old gloves

The Heron's Nest, Volume XXIV, Number 2: June 2022

Maya Daneva

Netherlands

cloister fountain
the sound of the penny
a tourist drops

Presence #72, Spring 2022

Mike Gallagher

Ireland

a whoop of joy
granddaughter's first feel
of grass underfoot

Failed Haiku #81

Mircea Moldovan

Romania

dandelions
the last breath of autumn
it dissipates

The Japan Society (Haiku Corner 2022 - Week 38)

Mirela Brăilean

Romania

the dark light surface of sunflower seeds

The Haiku Dialogue - 16 February 2022

Mirela Brăilean

Romania

no need
for any color
blackbird's song

The Japan Society - Haiku Corner

Mona Iordan

so frail
a leaf loses
to gravity

Seashores, Volume 8, April 2022

Natalia Kuznetsova

fireflies ...
where have you all gone
my childhood friends

The 31st ITO EN Oi Ocha Shinhaiku Contest, Sponsors' Award, 2020

Noel King

Ireland

a Mediterranean
breeze in the courtyard
catches its breath

Bottle Rockets

R.C. Thomas

ghost wind
blowing its last note
a cumulonimbus

First Place, Third Annual Maya Lyubenova Haiku Contest

Richa Sharma

India

outside the sky within roles

Bones - journal for the short verse, Issue 24, October 2022

Roberta Beach Jacobson

war yet they dance

The Bamboo Hut, August 2019

Srinivas S.

India

first heard then seen waterfall in the woods

Shamrock Haiku Journal, Issue 45 (2021)

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

India

dying river—
the dog finds a new way
to the graveyard

Autumn Moon, Issue 5:2, Spring/Summer 2022

Stefanie Bucifal

eye of the storm
not even the wind
wants me

Stefano d'Andrea

Italy

reading Lorca
– a tangerine's droplet
on the page

Otata 23

Steliana Cristina Voicu

Romania

cherry blossoms...
if only they could heal
the moon after eclipse

flori de cireș...
de-ar putea vindeca
luna după eclipsă

World Haiku Review Winter 2021/2022, Editors Choice

Tsanka Shishkova

fireflies
on my way home
memories

ESUJ-H, September, 2022

Veronika Zora Novak

Hōryū-ji . . .
a butterfly becomes
a prayer

Chrysanthemum Issue 29

Vijay Prasad



in the pit of her navel god's spittle

ubu. Issue 4, June 2022