



Under the Bashō 2024

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Ai Hybrid-Haiku — A New Frontier of Evil or Brilliance?

Details

Written by: Don Baird

Published: 01 March 2024

Editorial

The challenges that often occur along-side forward thinking artists, composers, poets, authors seem insurmountable at times. I recollect my long-ago conversation with Cor Van Den Heuvel regarding his poem, *tundra*. Accompanied by his long, sighing breath he said, "I almost wish I hadn't written it." He, in an introspective moment, seemed to regret his poem's success in the haiku world; he no longer believed it to be a haiku.

In years past, there were haiku wars; there were furious battles as to what haiku is, what it should be in English and other languages. A generation of haiku poets around the earth were pressing against the "normal" bounds of haiku. They were questioning, "What is it? What is it not?" "Should English Language haiku be one line?" "Will it work with just one word, two words, or four lines?" Questions like these were being asked. New, unexplored variations were being submitted as haiku to editors that, ultimately, had to affirm or deny these boundary breaking offerings.

Today, years later, modern haiku publishers have changed what is "acceptable" and "what isn't." Haiku began being judged by editors who have developed revised haiku boundaries and tolerances. Rules of engagement are now more expansive compared to those years. Haiku poets have endurance and persist in submitting what they write, in the style/form they want, while hoping to catch an editor's eye who agrees with them and decides to publish their work.

Today, well, hold on to your hats. We are once again faced with a new kind of haiku. I reference it "Ai Hybrid-Haiku." While Ai Haiku are often easy to spot, hybrids

are not. They are subtle in form, leaving few trace elements of evidence for us to discern whether they are machine or human created, or both. And, often, these hybrids are excellent haiku – depending directly on the poet's personal talent and ability. However, experienced haiku editors can be the most dangerous; their Ai work will be the most difficult to discern – human/machine mix.

The following is an Ai haiku in typical Ai form of 5/7/5

Priest's shame concealed deep,
Cold evening, fading moon weeps,
Secrets forever keep.

Here are the criteria that I submitted to the Ai automated poet

priest hides in shame, cold, evening, fading moon

So far, we are good to go. I submitted reasonable criteria (basis for the poem) and received, from my Ai partner, a somewhat wordy, capitalized, unfocused haiku. It is easy to spot and deny; any reputable haiku editor could. However, let's take the next step of this clandestine haiku journey – I quickly edit the poem, and it now reads:

hidden shame
a fading moon weeps
his secrets

I edited the Ai original in less than a minute. Possibly I could improve this rendition over the next few days. But I know one thing for sure, it's as good (already) as many poems being published today; therein lies the danger!? Or is it a new haiku landscape?

Another Ai Hybrid-Haiku to ponder:

The following is an Ai haiku in typical Ai form of 5/7/5

Raindrops softly fall,
Chase each other as they dance
Wind whispers their song.

These are the characteristics I offered Ai:

a few raindrops, chase, wind

Once again, I did a quick edit and developed the following haiku:

raindrops . . .
chasing each other
in the whispers

This isn't a bad haiku at all! There are editors that would consider publishing this poem. Here lies the danger on the frontier of artificial haiku that threaten every haiku editor's skill as watchmen of this (once again) waning haiku voice. Questions might come up again as to what haiku is or is not. New definitions could arise. Or, maybe a new art is being born – a poetic art that is a newly formed partnership between poet and Ai? Sonnets, haiku, haibun, and other styles of poetry will be affected by Ai – in fact, it's already occurring.

The next one that Ai and I developed together:

Arriving storm nears,
Tears fall, worry grips my heart
Nature's fierce embrace.

My criteria for Ai is:

arriving storm, tears, worry

I received an Ai typical 5/7/5 poem fraught with useless capitals and descriptive wording. However, with a minute of pondering, I created the following edit:

arriving storm –
her tears fall from
nature's embrace

I agree, this might not be the best edit. But in a few days, what might we have? Will it be passable? Will it be edited beyond recognition in order to have a final draft? Is Ai the new haiku forum, except there are no members – just Ai and the poet in private running ideas back forth as though it's real? Trust me, this is huge! A new star in the sky? Or is it haiku blasphemy?

The next one is (another under a minute edit):

moonlit snail . . .
a few twilight-whispers
fade with the music

additional edit,

moonlit snail –
a few whispers fade
with the music

They were developed from Ai's offering:

Snail in moonlight glows,
Mist whispers in the twilight,
Loud music fades slow.

The following is the criteria that I inputted into Ai:

snail light mist loud music early evening (an experiment
of using no commas or punctuation in my offering to
Ai)

Once I developed my one-minute edit, I've ended up
really liking L1, "moonlit snail." It shines, pardon the
pun. L2 is pretty strong though there are several other
edits that might improve it. L3 is a common solution
and seems to work rather well. Keep on mind, I'm
putting almost no time at all in this entire process.
Basically, I input my shopping list; I receive a 5/7/5
outline with capitals and punctuation; finally, I offer a
quick edit. In minutes, a fresh haiku is on the mixing
board and ready to be sent out to journals and
magazines across the continent – and world, really.
Now, that is worrisome. Or is it?

The second edit is rather strong with solid imagery
fraught with wabi-sabi. This one is definitely a
dangerous hybrid as it is at the level it needs to be to be
published by many skilled editors.

*moonlit snail –
a few whispers fade
with the music*

The next edit commenced with the following criteria for
Ai to respond to:

playing army, Ukraine border, winter chill, death, apathy

My Ai poet-pal was feeling generous – it responded
with two haiku, somehow knowing that I submitted too
much material for just one haiku! Go figure!

Soldiers in the snow
Playing army near the border
Winter chill, death's call

with an additional Ai offering,

Apathy lingers
As lives are lost in silence
Ukraine's sorrow deep

My first quick edit is the following version:

soldiers snowed-in –
playing army on the border
of death's call

but then,

apathy lingers . . .
lives lost in the silence
of sorrow

Oh, we are in trouble!? This second one is the most dangerous of all the group I've presented so far. It would likely be accepted by the numerous haiku editors/journals. It has feeling, it's relevant – but it's a hybrid between haiku partners, one human, one Ai. Are we in trouble or is another adventure into a new, untapped realm where Ai and humans partner up to write poetry together?

A few other 1-minute versions:

leapfrog;
spring whispers her
favorite song

draped flag
bearing a heavy loss –
homecoming

bounding rabbit –
gunshots in the wind
silence a dance

While the final three haiku in this mix are not that much threat to the haiku world at large, they do assist me in telling my story about a new poet in town named Ai. Ai will improve as the years go on their way; Ai Hybrid-Haiku, today, already reveal nuances at a rather profound skill level that just might challenge even the best haiku editors, regardless of their haiku discernment prowess.

falling leaves . . .
our final words
in the storm

(Ai Hybrid-Haiku)

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Under the Bashō 2024

Haiku

Editor: Marilyn Ashbaugh

Alan Summers

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

United Kingdom

camouflage
and sleeping seagrass
Glauert's seadragon

sea glass . . .
plastic pieces hiding
in a child's drink

row after row the poplars on one side of my teenage
self

Maurizio Brancaleoni

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

Italy

rainy season —
the anchorwoman's lines
have deepened

MJ Mello

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

USA

long winter's night
reading
the tea leaves

AJ Johnson

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

USA

spring roundup —
three cowboys drive a herd
up Main Street

on the Yellowstone
old shaggy bulls pose
for paparazzi

waiting team ropers
grip tobacco cans
with stumps of lost thumbs

Wilbert Salgado

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

Nicaragua

dawn break
the rooster's crow
wakes up the morning glories

Radostina Dragostinova

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

Bulgaria

day off
catching a snowflake
in the fishing net

Mark Valentine

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

United Kingdom

pale quince
scenting the kitchen
elusive memories

Mary White

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

Ireland

shorn sheep
a springer spaniel watches
nose to toes

Nikola Duretic

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

Croatia

spring breeze – I was young once too

Mark Gilbert

Details

📅 Published: 22 November 2024

United Kingdom

hard at work
the bumblebee

tidies another flower

Paul Callus

Details

 Published: 22 November 2024

Malta

shy intruder
in the village pond
a red moon

finally at rest
against the wall
the pole's shadow

Bryan Rickert

Details

 Published: 22 November 2024

USA

calmer now
but never calm
the sea

long winter
finding each squeak
in the floorboards

the perfect lawn
my dandelion seeds
blowing into it

Sanjana Zorinc

Details

 Published: 22 November 2024

Croatia

a home
in the scent of lavender
a white butterfly

pine forest
a little bird perfects
its aria

snowflake...
the shape
of your presence

Nicholas Klacsanzky

Details

 Published: 22 November 2024

USA

Saturday alone . . .
a hint of sunlight
in the cereal

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

Details

 Published: 21 November 2024

India

village well
a bulldozer buries
the women's gossip

spring thaw
the river finds
many ways

Nalini Shetty

Details

 Published: 21 November 2024

India

mossy stone steps
the temple bell sounds
one village over

Fatma Zohra Habis

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Algeria

mourners
temporarily exit
the cemetery

waiting for the pen
to break the silence
winter night

Stuart Graham

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

autumnal
clouds blanket
my thoughts

Kim Klugh

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

USA

raking leaves--
the lifetime practice
of acceptance

Amoolya Kamalnath

Details

 Published: 21 November 2024

India

government hospital
a queue of patients stepping
over the corpse

Joanne Merriam

Details

 Published: 21 November 2024

Canada

August surf—
a small leaf
trembles in the rain

Daniela Misso

Details

 Published: 21 November 2024

Italy

a baby nestled
on his mother's lap
sakura branch

Margherita Petriccione

Details

 Published: 21 November 2024

Italy

as many as
a budding blackthorn holds...
jackdaws

David J. Kelly

Details

 Published: 21 November 2024

United Kingdom

preening
at a full-length mirror
riverside heron

Alfred Booth

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

France

the cat
not fast enough
grasshopper

Terence Rajivan Edward

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

United Kingdom

family reunion
no one wants to
hear your poetry

Eufemia Griffo

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Italy

war zone
empty pages
on the calendar

Archie G. Carlos

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

USA

stalled peace talks
a fruit fly
wringing its hands

A.D. MacDonald

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Canada

fat clouds
yellowed by dawn -
hot lime tea

Dennis Owen Frohlich

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

USA

frosted moon reflected in the milk

Ernesto P. Santiago

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Philippines

new moon
how refreshing to see you
tat free

Jelena Stanojcic

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Croatia

Plastic waste
On the open sea
Anchored sadness

Angiola Inglese

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Italy

biting cold-
a drop of rum
in herbal tea

Beata Czeszejko

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Poland

disappearing
this troubled world
behind the snowstorm

just how stars
are falling
Okinawa starsand

Tejendra Sherchan

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

Nepal

late summer heat
walking in the pine forest
a butterfly fans me

Mona Iordan

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Romania

siesta time
knitting daydreams
on my sofa

Isabella Mori

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Canada

downhill from rodeo drive
crickets
behind a barbed wire fence

Bill Fay

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

grandma's beach house
her voice curled
in every wave

refilling the shoreline
the dot and dash
of sandpipers

Scott Wiggerman

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

fall back
losing an hour
I can't afford

Rowan Beckett Minor

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

I don't get well soon enough autumn

frostbite calling me the ex's name

these aches and pains gathering storm

Katie Montagna

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

Ireland

mountain music
wind blowing
the pines

Cezar Ciobica

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

Romania

unraveling
the remains of the day
a dragon kite

lemonade stand
the mint flavour
of cicada's cry

old pond
a water strider
drags the sunset

Sheila Windsor

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

United Kingdom

news of war, I broadcast
next summer's colours

N.E.Taylor

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

the apples
sit unwary
baking season

just another day
me and a house
full of spiders

Nadejda Kostadinova

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

so close to me a seagull
trying to hear my thoughts

Daniel Sidorowicz

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Poland

mountain shadow
all the way to the flash
of a firefly

Mircea Moldovan

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

Romania

the discreet charm
of the first breakup
autumn dew

Nada Mutlaq

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

a rock
waiting for a wave to take
it somewhere...elsewhere

Anna Eklund-Cheong

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

France

cutting garden . . .
the bees and I both leave
with lavender-scented hands

double rainbow . . .
fresh handprints appear
low on the window

Dan C. Iulian

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Romania

empty fall day -
the sound of the first coin
in the piggy bank

Silvana Medač

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Croatia

ode to joy
the dance of a butterfly
over magnolia

Mary Arnold

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

river birch
the rippling bark
from a lonely pup

Nina Kovacic

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Croatia

mirroring river
touch of a fin moves
the hunter's moon

Cristina Povero

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Italy

pram in the sun –
a pine languidly
stretches its branches

Vidya Hariharan

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

India

wintry night
the homeless withdraw
into themselves

Richard L. Matta

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

winter solitude
the echoed screech
of a barn owl

Kevin Browne

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

bones, teeth, and tail
an opossum
becoming soil

Vladislav Hristov

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

Bulgaria

quiet morning
the grass stands up
after the military boots

visiting hour
a sparrow peeps
in my hospital room

Patricia Carragon

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

Sunday afternoon
raindrops follow
his flute's call

Rashmi VeSa

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

India

hummingbird--
the flickering wingbeats
of my second thoughts

Teji Sethi

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

India

no matter how much you try bread moulds

Bonnie J Scherer

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

morning sky reverberating robin song

Meera Rehm

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

United Kingdom

monsoon meadow
raindrops on eyelashes
of a cow

denied shelter
the waves bring back
a refugee's body

Christina Chin

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

Malaysia

cycling alone
finding solace in the moon

Adele Evershed

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

USA

into the clear sky
a drop
of blackbird...

autumn equinox
my wanderlust
dappled by age

Chen-ou Liu

Details

 Published: 20 November 2024

Canada

I smooth the corners
of a yellowing map:
homes I had, houses I lost ...

muffled cries
a priest's shadow slips
into the grave

Zelyko Funda

Details

 Published: 30 October 2024

Croatia

child grave
a toy windmill spins
on and on

Hazel Hall

Details

 Published: 30 October 2024

Australia

dinner time
the depth of anxiety
in her dogs's eyes

Cynthia Anderson

Details

 Published: 30 October 2024

USA

cloud spirit
a charging dragon
falls apart

high plains drifter glacial erratic

Rupa Anand

Details

 Published: 30 October 2024

India

weepy morning
i look for his meow
in the next pillow

Mike Gallagher

Details

 Published: 30 October 2024

Ireland

howl
of an October storm
a leaf falls silent

Patricia Abbott

Details

 Published: 30 October 2024

USA

slick paths
of crimson leaves
lead to the blood lab

Carly Siegel Thorp

Details

 Published: 30 October 2024

USA

spring peepers peppering the marsh red wings

hot pepper suet –
a red-bellied woodpecker
returns for thirds

Iliyana Stoyanova

Details

 Published: 29 October 2024

United Kingdom

autumn mountain
the fiery crowns of
oak trees at sunset

Pris Campbell

Details

 Published: 29 October 2024

USA

lay lady lay
the many memories
wildflowers bring

Mona Bedi

Details

 Published: 29 October 2024

penthouse sky we hope to catch the stars

windy cornfields
the scarecrow's hat
goes for a spin

Erica Dionora

Details

 Published: 29 October 2024

old maple tree
standing firm before a gang
of office buildings

Rafał Zabratyński

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2024

Poland

crisp sunrise
the mackerel sky
ripples the morning

cherry petal
sails across the sky
in a puddle

Pamela Garry

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2024

USA

winter shadows
sliding downhill
the play of light

Nitu Yumnam

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2024

India

shells...
i carry the sea's song
home

Andrew Grossman

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2024

USA

gosling hawk
pulls a translucent worm-
called in to work

Neetu Malik

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2024

fallen leaf
I wander until
I am mulch

Anirudh Vyas

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2024

India

how easily
am I lost
a bird's chirp

soft drizzle
on my head
the umbrella of hands

Biswajit Mishra

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2024

Canada

going out
for lunch
the house fly left alone

Tomislav Maretić

Details

📅 Published: 15 October 2024

Croatia

streets at dawn
undisturbed
birdsong

cranes –
unfulfilled wishes fly
away with them

Marjolein Rotsteeg

Details

📅 Published: 15 October 2024

Netherlands

November storm
she changes her name
back to her father's

falling leaves
the algorithm shows me
ads for stairlifts

winter wheatfield
the summer scarecrow
replaced by a drone

Brad Bennett

Details

📅 Published: 15 October 2024

USA

loosestrife and ragweed
the summer staggers
into fall

skin forming
on the cream of wheat...
freezing rain

the *enso*
of a frozen snake
circling hawks

Natalia Kuznetsova

Details

📅 Published: 15 October 2024

Russia

summertime blues -
fading in the minefield
baby blue eyes

war and peace ...
helicopter seeds take off
in search of home

flickering candles ...
aged soldiers' widows still mourn
the young husbands

C.X. Turner

Details

📅 Published: 15 October 2024

United Kingdom

hospice at home –
one more blanket
of warmth

footsteps on gravel –
evening arrives
softly

slow to heal –
the cleaner shrimp
takes its time

Randy Brooks

Details

📅 Published: 15 October 2024

USA

rainy day faces
a penny
picks me up

Laurie Greer

Details

📅 Published: 14 October 2024

USA

antique window glass
the ripples
of a river willow

enso
the single stroke
of a circling hawk

golf resort...
baby sea turtles
straying off course

Rafał Zabratyński

Details

📅 Published: 02 October 2024

Poland

city bazaar
a blaze of colour
on the spice stalls

Charlie Eisner

Details

📅 Published: 02 October 2024

USA

an old cedar—
even from a stump,
new leaves

Tony Williams

Details

📅 Published: 02 October 2024

Scotland, UK

not moving a muscle
three butterflies
find me

Jenny Fraser

Details

📅 Published: 02 October 2024

New Zealand

traffic circle
giving way
to blackbird wings

feeling
all over the place
a sea fog

Jharna Sanyal

Details

📅 Published: 02 October 2024

India

autumn flush
sipping Darjeeling
aroma first

ripples on stream
my shadow hesitates to
become me

Gregory Longenecker

Details

 Published: 02 October 2024

USA

ghost clouds
acres of western forest
move east

falling star
a pearl soul beneath
the oyster's tongue

slowly sunlight
bleeds into the day
good Friday

Julie Bates

Details

 Published: 02 October 2024

New Zealand

binding us to this
will-o-the-wisp world
spring flowers

Melissa Dennison

Details

 Published: 02 October 2024

United Kingdom

a ceasefire is called
the housefly and I
hold our breath

Sharon Martina

Details

📅 Published: 02 October 2024

USA

sunset sail . . .
the smooth glide
of our porch swing

railroad crossing . . .
fifty coal cars
into my wait

starlings at dusk . . .
so many
seeking asylum

Aaron Anstett

Details

📅 Published: 26 September 2024

Japan

already leaves fall—
dragonflies dart
over long grass

Vidya Hariharan

Details

📅 Published: 26 September 2024

India

crawling across
my chest—
grief

Peter Jastermsky

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

USA

chalk mandala
in short
the wind

a column of numbers
another
fallow year

Ian Mullins

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

United Kingdom

dropping anchor –
drifting moon
tethers to a tree

Bipasha Majumder (De)

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

India

walking home
a beggar asks for
a bowl of bliss

Jerome Gagnon

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

USA

darting ahead
on the sidewalk --
dragonfly shadow

Daniel Sidorowicz

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

Poland

turtle throat
the memory of great-grandmother
swallowed

Devoshruti Mandal

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

India

cleaning
daughter's headstone ...
dark clouds

Manasa Reddy Chichili

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

India

monsoon flood
a bird's cage floating
far from the sky

Deborah A. Bennett

Details

📅 Published: 20 September 2024

USA

into a camp
not meant for children
sparrow's song

revising
the death poem
dove in the thicket

a red leaf
comes ahead to greet me
autumn's end

whole day's birdsong
but no word of you
crescent moon

Debbie Strange

Details

 Published: 20 September 2024

Canada

common loon
a song penetrates
the mist

Glenn McPherson

Details

 Published: 20 September 2024

Australia

six spandexed mothers
fast walking with black prams
new light fading fast

Peter Barnes

Details

 Published: 11 September 2024

USA

everyone drunk
the butterfly still chooses
his chrysanthemum

Richard Magahiz

Details

📅 Published: 03 September 2024

USA

sitting practice:
the first mosquito
of summer

Michael Buckingham Gray

Details

📅 Published: 03 September 2024

Australia

winding all the way
through the rain
worker bee

Alvin B. Cruz

Details

📅 Published: 03 September 2024

Philippines

homecoming
the wide open arms
of a scarecrow

beach sand
the line we have drawn
between us

Manasa Kaliki

Details

 Published: 26 August 2024

India

beach sand
last visit
to a stranger

Praniti Gulyani

Details

 Published: 26 August 2024

USA

India

construction site. . .
watching the moon break
and build

Helen Leslie Sokolsky

Details

 Published: 26 August 2024

USA

garden walk
through heather paths
warblers trilling

Tim Murphy

Details

 Published: 26 August 2024

Ireland

Spain

swifts fly low
through the Alzira backstreets
early summer

Vishal Prabhu

Details

📅 Published: 26 August 2024

India

pine needles
a carpet woven
with birdsong

Katja Fox

Details

📅 Published: 25 August 2024

United Kingdom

incense curls
orbiting the room
a scent of peace

Jefferson Limos

Details

📅 Published: 14 August 2024

Philippines

cicada's buzz
acacia's blooming flowers...
communion at night

Benno Schmidt

Details

📅 Published: 29 July 2024

Germany

april wind
the old climbing tree
in bloom again

Nicoletta Ignatti

Details

 Published: 29 July 2024

Italy

summer heat-
the seagulls' wings
move the sky

bench at sunset -
a magpie copies
my silence

Gareth Nurdén

Details

 Published: 29 July 2024

Wales, United Kingdom

island excursion
a puffin
plucks a feather

first hot spell
the creak
of a trampoline

Manasa Kaliki

Details

 Published: 19 July 2024

India

evening autumn rain
sharing coffee
with grandma

Ben Oliver

Details

 Published: 19 July 2024

England

the candelabra glow
on an old horse chestnut
last light

all eyes
on the marshmallows
summer moon

Eric Sundquist

Details

 Published: 24 June 2024

USA

a white-tailed hawk
lost to sight
noctilucent clouds

Cristina Povero

Details

 Published: 24 June 2024

Italy

waiting for answers –
a lucky clover
peeps out

Michael Shoemaker

Details

 Published: 24 June 2024

USA

morning campfire smoke
curls and rises above pines
meadowlark's sing-song

Archana Kapoor Nagpal

Details

📅 Published: 24 June 2024

India

blind date –
a bee going flower
to flower

Sara Cosgrove

Details

📅 Published: 15 June 2024

USA

warm apple scent
chamomile tea leaves float
near the brim of my cup

Surya Nes

Details

📅 Published: 15 June 2024

Indonesia

skeleton flower
your secrets remain safe
with me

John Zheng

Details

📅 Published: 15 June 2024

USA

delta sun dead fish upside down in the pond

Manasa Kaliki

Details

📅 Published: 09 June 2024

India

far from home
only the cicada hums
are familiar

Chen-ou Liu

Details

📅 Published: 09 June 2024

Canada

overflowing trash
the comings and goings
of a stray

Voting for Change
maple leaves zigzag
in morning chill

Ranu Jain

Details

📅 Published: 09 June 2024

Australia

stepping off the train
with me
a vagabond pigeon

Richard Magahiz

Details

📅 Published: 09 June 2024

USA

nothing but tail lights...
then comes the crack
of a bat

Kristen Lindquist

Details

📅 Published: 09 June 2024

USA

squid ink pasta
the night train's shadow
unspools the sea

trout lily . . .
a leaf holds a little
of last night's rain

spring ephemerals . . .
trailside feathers
once a dove

Shelly Reed Thieman

Details

📅 Published: 05 June 2024

USA

midnight music
over the piano keys
chromatic mice

Nisha Raviprasad

Details

📅 Published: 01 June 2024

India

ragwort sprouts...
mother pats her wrinkles
with a gentle sigh

Stephen C. Curro

Details

📅 Published: 01 June 2024

USA

coffeehouse chatter
the hiss of rain
on tarmac

Janet Ruth

Details

📅 Published: 01 June 2024

USA

sprawl of barbed wire
the grasshopper sparrow's
scratchy song

turning my face
to soak up the sun
Swainson's hawk soaring

Ruth Holzer

Details

📅 Published: 01 June 2024

USA

reaching
through the chain-link fence
one white iris

heavy snow
the porch light left on
for no one

cracked ice
in the birdbath
a bone

Pitt Buerken

Details

 Published: 22 May 2024

Germany

fresh buds –
without any notion
of the ice saints

Audrey Quinn

Details

 Published: 22 May 2024

Ireland

glimpsed through
a lean of trees
city life

Sherry Reniker

Details

 Published: 22 May 2024

USA

white owl her wing brushes goodbye

Anthony Q. Rabang

Details

 Published: 22 May 2024

Philippines

squash flowers
olive-backed sunbird
savoring the nectar

rural health clinic
slicing ripe mangoes
with a scalpel

Maurizio Brancaleoni

Details

 Published: 22 May 2024

Italy

spring rain —
the female sales clerk gets an earful

Anna Maria Domburg-Sancristoforo

Details

 Published: 22 May 2024

Netherlands

lost roads
the crooning chant
of the rain

Oscar Luparia

Details

 Published: 22 May 2024

Italy

bowed reeds
one of the changeable
shapes of the wind

Betsy Hearne

Details

📅 Published: 09 May 2024

USA

cerulean
daydreams
the sky in your eyes

James Babbs

Details

📅 Published: 09 May 2024

USA

the darkness
at the bottom of the stairs
another broken promise

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Details

📅 Published: 05 May 2024

USA

end of spring
a butterfly catches
me

alone
with his harmonica
fisherman

Luminita Suse

Details

📅 Published: 26 April 2024

Canada

sweet sixties
fruit flies circle
my point of view

widowed
a swan released
to the wild

Thomas Smith

Details

📅 Published: 26 April 2024

USA

cold morning
scraping frost
with a credit card

Malcolm MacClancy

Details

📅 Published: 26 April 2024

Ireland

theatre lights –
fireworks
in the beggar's eyes

Jill Muhrer

Details

📅 Published: 26 April 2024

cloudburst
the aroma of sassafras
steeping in puddles

financial drought
farmland floods—a sea
of wildflowers

Risë Daniels

Details

 Published: 25 April 2024

USA

quieting the
festival's din
a whisper of soft rain

Jacob D. Salzer

Details

 Published: 25 April 2024

USA

woodsmoke . . .
the afterlife
of ants

a revolving dream
of her returning . . .
the evening tide

B. L. Bruce

Details

 Published: 25 April 2024

USA

daybreak
the dove pair's
courtship

spring rain
pollen rims
the puddle

Steliana Cristina Voicu

Details

📅 Published: 25 April 2024

Romania

magnolias in bloom
I take out my pink jacket
from the dresser

Lakshmi Iyer

Details

📅 Published: 25 April 2024

India

The Himalayas —
we break our silence
in the fireflies' light

temple festival ends . . .
chorus of crickets follow
an elephant's chained walk

Samo Kreutz

Details

📅 Published: 17 April 2024

Slovenia

Sunday sermon ...
the little boy makes
a shadow rabbit

Marilyn Humbert

Details

 Published: 17 April 2024

Australia

shoreline...
seagulls trailing
my shadow

Jake Dennis

Details

 Published: 17 April 2024

Australia

Eucharist
above the church
full moon

from bed
my dying son
searches for birds

Mike Fainzilber

Details

 Published: 17 April 2024

Israel

other people's wars
the old flour mill
grinding on empty

uncharted territory
the empty spaces
you left behind

calm before the storm
lakeside willows
inviting the wind

Joanna Ashwell

Details

 Published: 17 April 2024

United Kingdom

loosening shadows
the river heron's
twilight shawl

Mona Bedi

Details

 Published: 17 April 2024

India

meadow rue --
missing the childhood
I never had

refugee moon--
all the places
she calls home

pulling weeds --
another attempt
at rehab

M. R. Pelletier

Details

📅 Published: 17 April 2024

USA

In the kitchen
at dawn—
a cardinal's whistle

Capotă Daniela Lăcrămioara

Details

📅 Published: 13 April 2024

Romania

small puddle
a sparrow drinks
from the last cloud

Vishal Prabhu

Details

📅 Published: 12 April 2024

straddling seasons
the thrush's song

Adi Assis

Details

📅 Published: 12 April 2024

Israel

full moon
day-old bread
at half price

Anthony Lusardi

Details

📅 Published: 12 April 2024

USA

heartaches—
green sprouts
on an ash stump

Richa Sharma

Details

📅 Published: 12 April 2024

India

spring rainbow
I write an algorithm
to befriend God

M F Drummy

Details

📅 Published: 12 April 2024

USA

vernal equinox
the dog cocks his head
toward the first peepers

Alexander Groth

Details

📅 Published: 08 April 2024

Germany

at the gas station –
a stray dog tastes
the rainbow

Neena Singh

Details

📅 Published: 07 April 2024

India

spring dawn
waking to birdsong
in remission

on the reed
a blue damselfly
scatters light

Florence Heyhoe

Details

📅 Published: 07 April 2024

Northern Ireland

softening
the edges of patio slabs
green moss

Stephen Toft

Details

📅 Published: 07 April 2024

United Kingdom

autumn twilight
not quite filling
my father's boots

plum blossoms
the poet chooses
the chipped cup

Jahnavi Gogoi

Details

📅 Published: 07 April 2024

India

indian summer
a cow presides over
a traffic jam

Ravi Kiran

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2024

India

moonlit beach
the full length
of a fallen spruce

all by itself
a jasmine vine
perfumes the night

pausing inside
the tendril's curl
a dewdrop

Robert Witmer

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2024

Japan

tears of joy
filling her wrinkles
snowmelt in the rain

Mircea Moldovan

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2024

Romania

moonset...
a poacher's boots
resting

Luciana Moretto

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2024

Italy

staring at the river
a stranger and me
slight ripples

Vandana Parashar

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2024

India

torn permission slip
the night I spend
with the stars

what's your ikigai day moon

dark woods
chasing the song
of the wind

Tuyet Van Do

Details

📅 Published: 22 March 2024

Australia

darkening sky
under the chicken's wing
a white puppy

spring cleaning
in the empty nest
a redback spider

Jim Chessing

Details

📅 Published: 22 March 2024

USA

unfinished novel
the snow that remains
on the mountaintop

hawk feather—
... one by one the small
downy ones ...

layers of loss
after the snowy egret
a cabbage white

Gavin Austin

Details

📅 Published: 22 March 2024

Australia

dawn sharpening the magpie's song

school year book
opening up
old scars

gathering twilight
from interfolded hills
ibis wings

haloed moon the old pony's blind side

Katica Badovinac

Details

📅 Published: 20 March 2024

Croatia

rain boots ...
the child is jumping
from cloud to cloud

Srini

Details

📅 Published: 20 March 2024

India

night rain planting tomorrow's mushrooms

Daniel Birnbaum

Details

📅 Published: 20 March 2024

France

last days of autumn
looking for wisdom
I follow the snail

cathedral entrance
sparrows
looking for crumbs

Joshua St. Claire

Details

📅 Published: 20 March 2024

USA

my son's teacher
berates him in front of the class
returning mockingbirds

Vijay Prasad

Details

📅 Published: 12 March 2024

India

i breathe out the surplus reality

words take time to swallow things

i
ex t

Goran Gatalica

Details

📅 Published: 05 March 2024

Croatia

war burial rites —
the black-gleamed ravens
in every pore

sunny spot —
the ceremonial washing
of the Mikoshi

Damir Janjalija

Details

📅 Published: 02 March 2024

Montenegro

a concise silence
in different jargons
Mahabodhi temple

Randy Brooks

Details

 Published: 02 March 2024

USA

school bus stop
kids pretend to smoke
winter air

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Under the Bashō 2024 Haiga & Visual Haiku

Editor: Don Baird

Elliot Diamond

Details

📅 Published: 17 November 2024

USA



MJ Mello

Details

📅 Published: 04 November 2024

USA



Christina Chin

Details

📅 Published: 21 October 2024

Malaysia



Jenny Fraser

Details

 Published: 14 October 2024



from
an unknown depth
the Arctic fox

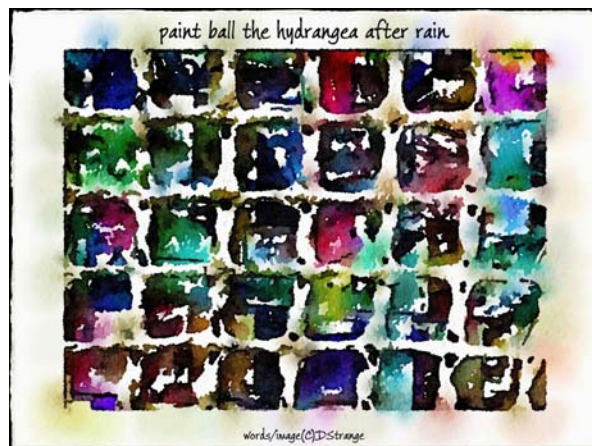
words/image jenny m fraser

Debbie Strange

Details

📅 Published: 26 September 2024

Canada



Richa Sharma

Details

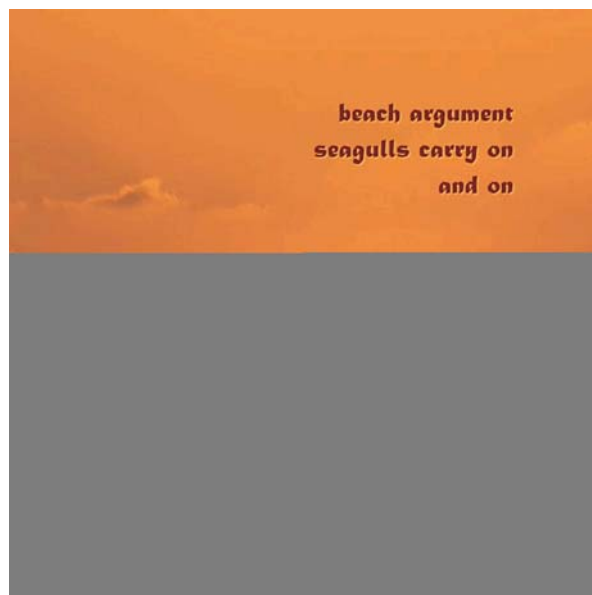
📅 Published: 22 July 2024

India

Luminita Suse

Details

 Published: 18 June 2024

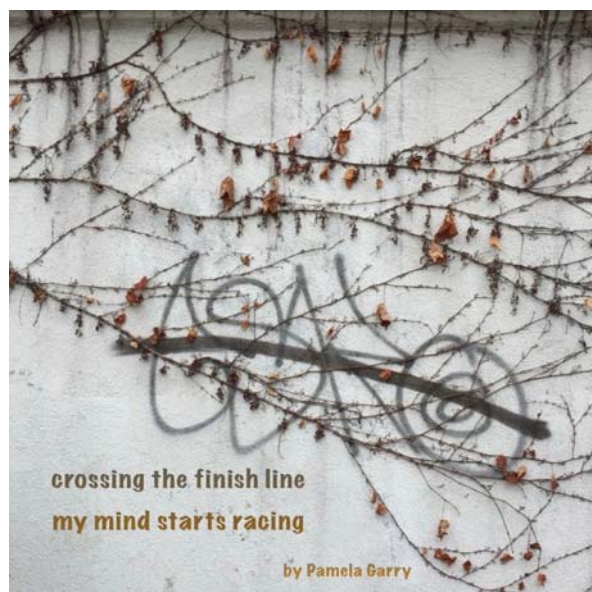


Pamela Garry

Details

📅 Published: 10 April 2024

USA

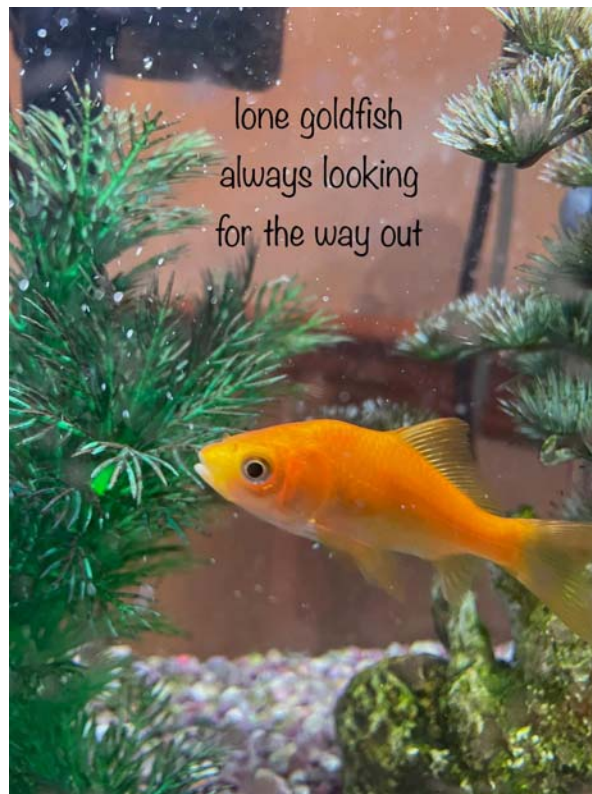


Anthony Lusardi

Details

📅 Published: 10 April 2024

USA



Maxianne Berger

Details

📅 Published: 10 April 2024

Canada

Vijay Prasad

Details

📅 Published: 02 April 2024

India

Words : Vijay Prasad
Photo : Parul Pukhraaj

Oscar Luparia

Details

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Italy

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Under the Bashō 2024

Haibun

Editor: Pravat Kumar Padhy

Things Settling and Things Unsettling

Details

👤 Written by: Sheila Barksdale

📅 Published: 24 November 2024

A pleasant day for both science and history sleuthing and although it's a summer day, it's an English summer day. Enough heat to anchor a few butterflies but not enough to stir the notably ugly insects who make a daytime dormer of flower baskets. The hanging flower baskets attached to the old museum building are thoughtfully placed high enough to not be a head-bumping hazard which is a mark of intelligence on the part of the museum staff who are helpfully informative about local history. This ancient Abbey town of Winchcombe recently attracted a blaze of publicity when top scientists tracked a meteorite arriving to land in the driveway of a modest house on the edge of town. I've come here curious to find the very spot where it landed and I do easily locate the small dent in the driveway. I consider kneeling there like a true pilgrim for a selfie but then remember that the much-heralded voyager is now in fact lending its curious corpus to a shelf in a London museum. I am usually commendably germ-phobic about possible nasty viruses borne from outer space but today my intrepid spirit abandons all caution. In the absence of the actual fragment of meteorite, I substitute a nearby voyaging snail in order to add drama to my selfie pose. With no squeamishness at all, I place in it on my brow and lie down on the tarmac, reminding myself that snail gunk is a miracle booster for re-vitalising human skin. Despite the unnerving lack of hand-washing facilities to deal with any residual cosmic dust, I find myself able to

shrug off any foreboding thoughts of alarming diseases.

Cosmic dust or merely common street dust, I shake it off my heels and stride out of town to my next encounter with a puzzling Time capsule: a challenging trek up to a lonely escarpment will take me to a Stone Age burial site called Belas Knap Long Barrow. I have read the tourist guidebook (held aloft like Florence Nightingale's lamp, all the better to use as a flyswat) and know to expect only a grassy mound. So I'm not surprised when I arrive at the barrow and there's nothing thrilling to see. I do, however, feel it my scientific duty to tarry atop the turfy tump to monitor the local legend about Spirit Sensitive visitors: Spirit Sensitives, such as myself, are said to get a creepy feeling of Being Watched when venturing alone to Belas Knap. But today, despite my authentic openness towards Time Travelers, I can really only attribute any dodgy light-headedness to the stiff gradient of the hill. Or slight panic that I have too long lingered and thunder clouds have hove into view and I may get caught in a summer storm. Struck by lightning. Or catch pneumonia after a drenching from the welkin's o'erbrimming chalice.

So many hazards on this type of expedition! I summon a suitably stout heart and matching legs and start wending my way back to town via lush-pastured fields which hide the isolated hamlet of Charlton Abbots. Here, in medieval times, the Abbey monks of Winchcombe built a summer outpost dedicated to caring for the sick. Nothing remains of it now, not even a wall to give relief of shade to a couple of restless horses whose fly-masks are obviously uncomfortable in the way a plague doctor's beaky mask was uncomfortable. The splendid bucolic creatures do have obstructed vision due to their face masks but I feel it's their native boldness and not trifling hunger which causes them to nibble persistently at my guidebook. The footpath is overgrown anyway, so I trust to chance, following a hoppity crow down to a stream, hoping in my heart he does not have the newly-arrived bird flu. The stream is clear-running but there is a sadly stagnant pool beside a small debris-draped weir. I pause to wonder if it was the Friday-fasting, fish-eating monks who constructed the weir. No doubt the bright green swathes of watercress came in handy as a healing herb or just enjoyed as cream of watercress soup (a recipe from olden times with their risky reliance on unpasteurised dairy products).

The crow is agitated, keeps hopping around the pool, not dipping his beak in for a drink but watching me in a sombre way. Then with a menacing loud caw he takes to the air, frantically rocketing about until finally diving between the two horses who were ambling down to join me. The sudden strike on the ground of cantering

hooves gives a jolt to my memory. For now I recall the conversation I had with a local historian when covid was closing in on us: she had the distinctive name of Anne Crow: yes, now I remember

Its old name
of Lepers Pool:
abundant watercress
shivers

Hong Kong Travel Notes: Mong Kok

Details

👤 Written by: Erica Dionora
📅 Published: 24 November 2024

Leaving the station, I enter a life-sized pinball machine, its nooks leading to colorful storefronts and the market stands jutting out of sidewalks. Sounds of traffic, passing conversations, and youthful street musicians with their teenage fanbase ornament the streets. I am moved from one great possibility to another, and I bounce from a fresh fruit juice cart to an egg waffle stand, then to a mart selling keychains and plush toys. My pace is determined by the crowd's movement that seems to carve the district's pathways as a stream carves a flowing river into the land.

crowded crosswalks
mother and child part
at the green light

Messiaen's Sept Haikai

Details

👤 Written by: Joshua St. Claire
📅 Published: 24 November 2024

Olivier, you sure know how to prioritize. It all starts with two sides of a different coin. Most people just start by counting the seven parts. People often don't realize that there are precisely two options and also an uncountable multitude of others. The poet must also count to four (or the local equivalent of four which ranges from two to six). The square root of the negative one is also classically included, but may be subsumed into the other birds. Frankly, I don't know the birds, either, Olivier, but I can look them up in a book of images. There is an importance of using only pages of *this* book, but the poet can make up his *own* book and take pages from *that*. To borrow a page

from *your* book, let's both get on the same page. Of course, the true and only key to using the book to decipher what this *really* means is the *je ne sais quoi* of *après moi, le déluge*.

a broken lark
cupped in my hands
the Pleiades

Editor's note: *Sept haikai* — *esquisses*

japonaises (Seven Haiku: Japanese Sketches) and it is a composition for piano by Olivier Messiaen. The set of *Sept haikai* was composed by Messiaen in 1962. The work is composed of seven movements. The seven haiku are arranged symmetrically: I and VII constitute the introduction and coda (conclusion) respectively, II, III, V and VI represent sound pictures of places (Nara Park, Yamanaka, Miyajima and Karuizawa) of Japan Messiaen had visited. The central movement, IV th movement, represents the sounds of Indian rhythms, Gagaku, the music of the Noh theatre. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sept_haikai

je ne sais quoi of *après moi, le deluge* in French means 'I do not know what happens after one is gone.'

Eldritch

Details

👤 Written by: Nalini Shetty
📅 Published: 24 November 2024

The house holds its breath, every shadow deeper than memory. I tread lightly, the floorboards giving voice to silence. Each creak, a reminder that something lingers —unseen.

midnight chill—
the curtain sways
without wind

Interlude

Details

👤 Written by: Alfred Booth
📅 Published: 24 November 2024

Under a shadowy sunlight, I'm reading Anne Radge in French, the second volume of her "Neshov" series. This morning, the downhill park close to my apartment shows its first scattering of color which will eventually fade into mulch. Crows caw as they take wing, a possible protest to the Sunday morning passers-by.

Daylight savings made its mark on circadian rhythms last night. My reading still distracted, a group of twenty or so retirement-age tourists unpack their early lunches and squeeze themselves onto the eight benches close to my favorite one a few meters away. This is where a stately ginkgo's stump has pushed out new branches. I don't know why it was felled, but I'm glad the stump has flourished this year. My bench has new orange graffiti that resembles ascemic writing. I see it as a Fauré-like hymn to the recent full moon. I plunge back into my book, tourist chatter now white noise. On my return home I will have my food when the clock's normal chime invites me. My pantry shelves have a few remaining offerings to tantalize my tastebuds. I must also remember to buy heather for the window sills at the open-air market early tomorrow morning before the crowds make the aisles difficult to navigate.

a Bach fugue
untangles my mind . . .
early sunset

Screenplay

Details

 Written by: Richard L. Matta
 Published: 24 November 2024

I rescript the setting. Imagine a big basket cabled to my A-frame house, as if it had been tented for termites, the tent now a hot air balloon. I flame the propane, ascend before the stampeding hillside flames bring their horrific hisses, crackles and heat. I drift to a safe place, all those life collections are intact, as helicopters swoop like giant dragons, spew their red and yellow dousing powders, color the acrid hills and snapping trees.

healing garden
a measure of aloe
for my mind

Lingering Letters

Details

 Written by: C.X. Turner
 Published: 22 November 2024

cooling tea
I tuck her blanket
into the stars

A few reminders, my love:

- Don't waste time worrying about the cost of the utility bills. Use what you need to, I've set up direct debits for everything.
- Wash the bedsheets once a week and hang them outside on the line in fair weather so that you bring a little of the outside into our home.
- Trim the topiary bird with kitchen scissors. Do this every few weeks in the summer months, less so in winter, otherwise it will lose its shape.
- Wear your knitted scarf and hat when going outside in the cold so you don't catch a chill.
- Choose slippers that fit your feet.
- Follow the advice of health professionals and your children.
- Always get up every day before 9 am and wash your face and brush your teeth and put on a clean shirt.
- Any cleaning product in the bathroom with a duck on is to go in the toilet, but protect your clothes from any splashes, my love, or they will stain.
- Keep yourself busy but remember to rest.
- Be sad once in a while but not all the time.

I'm right here with you, my dear. One day at a time.

first winter
taking small steps
in the shadows

Bald Tree

Details

👤 Written by: Réka Nyitrai and Alan Peat

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

Can you imagine, for over a century my beard has been lost; quite forgotten in the Antarctic woodlands - says God to the journalists gathered around him. And who was the one who found your beard? - inquires one of the thronging flock of reporters.

A tree creeper found it by accident...on the top of a tree on an iceberg – says God. I was sleeping here in New York when I felt someone tug on my beard. They were pulling so hard that I fell off the bed.

This is the news I heard this morning on Radio Yerevan. It is my favorite radio station. On Mondays, it broadcasts news from heaven. On Fridays: from hell.

surfing
through static
a voice in the waves

Authors Note: Ekphrastic haibun is based on a watercolour of a dead tree creeper found in a Cape

Adare hut in the Antarctic and attributed to Dr. Edward Adrain Wilson (a member of Robert Falcon Scott's 1911 expedition).

Iridescent

Details

👤 Written by: Julia Vaughan
📅 Published: 17 November 2024

I need new glasses. My cataracts have grown, a little. Life is blurred in patches. At SpecSavers, I whittle down to two choices; a grey and silver, elegant, delicate pair, and their limited edition, Fred Hollows range, donating profits from them to the Foundation. (I love that.) This time, Australian Aboriginal artist, Helen Dale Samson did a magnificent painting, Puntawarri, from which SpecSavers took their spectacular design.

Loud, bright colours. Swirls, dots, dashes. Circles and more dots. Like a crazy, mesmerizing kaleidoscope. Random people stop me in the street, to say they love my glasses.

Cataracts

Choose new specs
Eclectus

Down the line

Details

👤 Written by: Biswajit Mishra
📅 Published: 17 November 2024

I wake up in a non-somnambulistic state and warm myself with a perfect cup of tea brewed without footprints. I no longer live in the house my great-grandparents built because I have heard they didn't have enough doors and had more locks. Their windows weren't even big enough for bird calls. I have seen their great pictures of sunrises on the wall, sunsets were grander in their photographs. We can't imagine how that would have been to live with. I am told that I have risen from ashes, so I stopped burning having burned again and again. I fly through every world without casting a shadow.

hopscotch
missing some
touching some

It shapes them to your feature

Details

👤 Written by: Diana Webb

📅 Published: 17 November 2024

Why should I make excuses? Why should I justify my style to the critics? I'm playing what I feel, see, hear in the moment. Playing what I almost touch in the moment. You beside me, Ever beside me. That is my truth whether it's Mozart. Satie. Debussy. Each note at my fingertips drips with the same. Drips with a certain synaesthesia.

'jardins sous la pluie'
so many portraits merge
in a single tear

Author's Note: ekphrasis from The Concert by Vermeer with title from Shakespeare Sonnet 113

Photon Tales

Details

👤 Written by: Rafał Zabratyński

📅 Published: 04 November 2024

After the Big Bang, all photons were trapped in a hot and thick soup of matter. The universe was opaque to light but then it expanded rapidly and cooled enough to allow electrons to bond with protons. As a result, the first neutral atoms of hydrogen were formed, at the same time releasing light and turning the universe transparent.

sleepless night
switching the light on
and off

Presumably, the evaporation of the last black hole in the universe will cause the last flash of light, most likely unnoticeable to anyone or anything. The expansion of the universe will eventually lead to photonic cooling, approaching absolute zero and rendering time to become meaningless at the Big Freeze.

farewell message
the last full stop
triggers memories

Perhaps a collision of our dying universe with a parallel
one may ignite another Big Bang, creating a baby
universe and opening a brave new volume of photon
tales.

harvest moon
a pear snack boots up
the belly kicking

Earth Song

Details

👤 Written by: Jenny Fraser
📅 Published: 04 November 2024

Autumn whispers
furrows till the silence

Time
to uncoil a basket of *muka*
thread with air

Riff close to the sun

Drift featherweight
on river clouds
be shredded
by wind

*dawn's
bright notes spill . . .
piwakawaka*

*muka - flax fibre
*piwakawaka - fantail, a native New Zealand bird

Fleeting Moments

Details

👤 Written by: Srin
📅 Published: 21 October 2024

It is a still afternoon. My nephew says it looks like the
map of India, pointing to a white cloud. And that one
looks like the map of Nepal. I join him in the naming
game and point to the maps of countries, near and far,
floating in the blue sky. Soon a steady wind blows the
clouds away. We have some errands to run...

the lightness of being wildflowers

The World of Light

Details

👤 Written by: Manasa Reddy Chichili
📅 Published: 21 October 2024

I try to sleep, but I cannot.
I remember everything tonight:
Mom's lullaby, Grandmother's old stories
The beautiful moonlight ...
Now, in my dusk of life
I wish to shine
As bright as a star in the sky again.

*winter moonlight
glitter dew drops
on a shaded window*

The Kings' Pawns

Details

👤 Written by: Milan Rajkumar
📅 Published: 02 October 2024

Battle of Imphal –
written on a soldier's grave
'Known Unto God'

Once again, I flip through the worn-out pages of the big volume of WWII. It's not the strategies or forces of the Allied and Axis powers that intrigue me, but rather the aftermath and human conditions. Leaving behind their families and loved ones, the soldiers came in droves and made the soil red.

archive photos—
forgotten tales fading
in monochrome

* Battle of Imphal

Gossamer Bridges

Details

👤 Written by: Sandip Chauhan
📅 Published: 02 October 2024

In my dream, I walk through the azure days of my childhood. The gentle breeze carries the sweet fragrance of jasmine petals, mingling with the scent of blooming gulmohar trees. Days when weddings were

arranged, and old copper pots and gleaming silver
spoons bore new names. The gentle sound of mom's
hands rolling out *rotis* fills the kitchen, as I watch them
rise in the warmth of the hearth.

autumn dusk
stars settle gently
in open palms

Having crossed many oceans, the homeland I left
behind is a soft echo—its presence lingering in my
heart. Suspended between two worlds—past and
present—I feel the lingering taste of pomegranates, a
gentle brush of that distant home.

gentle whispers
the ocean's pull
in a quiet room

Rustling shadows

Details

 Written by: Lavana Kray
 Published: 26 September 2024

Day after day, after day, after day, until one day...
And then, not even a day goes by and someone
(someone else) comes to clean up the place...
Few garbage bags: our memories.

rustling shadows –
an origami crane
through the shredder

Breathing the Light

Details

 Written by: Joanna Delalande (prose) & Oscar
Luparia (haiku)
 Published: 26 September 2024

Here where I live, it seldom snows. Sometimes tiny
flakes fall from the sky unexpectedly, only to disappear
just as quickly, leaving no trace. Just an old photo I
saw this morning was enough to make the memory of a
real winter come alive. This view recalled snowy
stretches shimmering gently in the January sun,
footprints left by the crows, and the silence that
accompanies the infinite whiteness, the moments I
long for . . .

It was a time of long walks and small joys. Also today, I
celebrate this ritual from the past, I lightly follow a

familiar path, feeling a hint of spring. It is like a different land of small vegetable patches covered at present with the remains of last year's harvest, fruit trees, and a pergola where vines grow whenever the weather is mild. And a pond with redfish. Nature is never in a hurry. Even the raindrops slowly fall from the last leaves. *Here and now*: the moment I am living.

still winter
a lonely chirping
colors the day

Black and White

Details

👤 Written by: Chen-ou Liu

📅 Published: 03 September 2024

The verdict blasts from the wall-mounted TV. The diners, mostly white, freeze, and the silence falls over the room. Suddenly, clapping, cheering, and yelling from waiters and the kitchen staff.

frosty window
in gathering dusk I stare
into my reflection

The Shape of the Wind

Details

👤 Written by: Lakshmi Iyer

📅 Published: 06 August 2024

The open summer drawing class starts in summer vacation. This time, Grandpa accompanies me despite his fragile and weak body. I carry cotton balls for the clouds; blue, white, black, and brown tube colours, one thin and one thick brush, a palette, and water. I am all set to have my maiden strokes with my first painting brush under the banyan tree.

mackerel sky
the crunch
of the forest fire

I stick the cotton on the passing clouds and a little brown on the fallen tree, mix a little black to strengthen the branches' crust. The uprooted roots catch my attention as the brown and black colours get smudged.

My eyes meet Grandpa's as he waves his hands to carry on.

*geriatric window
a tender creeper hooks
on a rose plant*

Multiverse

Details

 Written by: Subir Ningthouja
 Published: 04 July 2024

Tomorrow, both of us will enter the monastic life. We have given off all our worldly belongings. After our simple supper, we sit together on the balcony. I have trained my mind long and hard. I remember our laughter at the little harvests from our kitchen garden. We promise to retain the smiles on our faces despite the frenzied nursing of our illnesses.

revolving door ...
momentary glances
hold a lifetime

Wilderness Lodge

Details

 Written by: Lorraine Haig
 Published: 05 June 2024

Beneath our feet, the dense and springy moss creeps to the lake's edge. Our warm coats repel the chill while we watch the sunset cast pink and mauve over the ranges, deepening shadows to violet. The peaks fall into blackness. In the press of night, the lake gathers up the cold. Against the dimming sky, cockatoos screech as they fly to their roosts. A wombat waddles into view and pademelons emerge to start their nightly forage.

We retreat indoors to a glass of red and an open fire.

Huon pine
housing two thousand years
of growth rings

ancient star

Details

 Written by: Anthony Lusardi
 Published: 22 May 2024

ancient orb of space. your light has finally reached earth. as i sit in my backyard. adding wood to a firepit.

swigging a stella. and wondering . . . are you now long
gone from this universe? what planets and solar
systems have you seen? and do they still witness your
glow?between the specks of venus and mars. the
summer twilight fades. your light remains bright. and
my thoughts drift . . . if we could ascend further into
space. should we care about the dangers?the journeys
we make are never ending. time is relevant. and
whether on earth. or beyond the stars. we must make
the most. of what arrives now.

*fire embers
up into the night
the way fireflies*

Postcards

Details

👤 Written by: Robert Witmer
📅 Published: 30 April 2024

I listened with impatience to a language I couldn't
understand. They ate food I didn't like, and things
smelled funny. I preferred to stay home and watch TV,
but my parents made me go. I suppose that now the
farm is a housing development, similar to where I grew
up. Over time, everything became more and more like
me – and, slowly but surely, I wished it were different.

first snow
a little boy uncovers
the last strawberry

The Speaking Gallery

Details

👤 Written by: John Zheng
📅 Published: 17 April 2024

(Ekphrastic Haibun after Eudora Welty's Wildflowers)

Two girls pose side by side by the road,
one smiling shyly with a bundle
of wildflowers in her arms,
the other showing a faraway look.

Standing before the framed photograph,
two old women, each holding
a cane in their gnarled hands,
chat excitedly about the girls.

One says, "They are my classmates.
The smiling girl is Daisy.

I don't remember the other one."

Another adds thoughtfully,
"She looks like a hollyhock bud."
Both laugh and walk to the next frame.

spring break
the antique wall clock
rewinds old-time music

A Makeshift World

Details

👤 Written by: Pamela Garry

📅 Published: 07 April 2024

When the paramedic had finished his shift during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, he saw the broken sparrow on top of a parked ambulance. He heeded yet another call and brought the bird home.

The bird gradually convalesced with gentle care from the whole family. When she could spread her wings for balance, she went outdoors and eventually joined a flock.

Quite often, the bird returns, drinks water from the familiar birdbath and tweets with family back and forth.

a seedless hull
on a cloud
in a puddle

morning after

Details

👤 Written by: Don Baird

📅 Published: 05 March 2024

staggering through the plethora of toxic thoughts
stirring pill-cocktails heartless shrews bend ears for
pennies found in rattling pockets filled with spent
dreams swallowed by deep lure where lust remains
sleepless in profits drowned by sink scum shaking
hands with the underworld of stained memories

new storms slush funds twist lies truth lies

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Under the Bashō 2024

PostKu

Editor: Clayton Beach

Carissa Coane

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

b-flatline perfect pitch

Rowan Beckett Minor

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

USA

sulfur in the belly scattering crows

godflinches

Tracy Royce

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

USA

dandelion silver filaments your hair

Cynthia Anderson

Details

📅 Published: 28 October 2024

USA

mind meld a murmur of ants

star-crossed a spacewalk with no body

n(everthe)less a theory my someday death

Chris Meadows

Details

📅 Published: 16 October 2024

USA

even at my loneliest white roses

Elmedin Kadric

Details

📅 Published: 08 October 2024

Sweden

so alone
I'm giving up my scent
to the hounds of rain

the white raven
of a white lie
of modernity

just blame the silence that autumn does what it does

the stillness in the water I used to stutter

John Pappas

Details

📅 Published: 06 October 2024

USA

strange signals between stations attachment theory

deep fakes *a house of hanging ash*

atom splitting shadows into crows

the retraction of a dahlia supernova

petrichorridors

the wail of winter wind *becoming wakefield*

Finch Vogelsang

Details

 Published: 02 October 2024

ghost orchid scent of my shadow

Jenny Fraser

Details

 Published: 26 September 2024

New Zealand

desultory

night air

the undoing of bones

Debbie Strange

Details

 Published: 05 September 2024

Canada

clockwise counterculture anticlockwise

Joshua St. Claire

Details

📅 Published: 02 August 2024

USA

Glück's moon doubledreaming rainbow hawthorn

also a gelding shadow moon

magnolia blossoms the lassitude of our flesh

when it happened the day ending in violet clouds

Rafał Zabratyński

Details

📅 Published: 02 August 2024

Poland

full moon
[commercial break]
still full moon

solo rengay
I don't really like
my alter ego

frozen stiff
in the icicle
liquid sunlight

Richa Sharma

Details

📅 Published: 16 June 2024

India

autumnemonic

Stephen Toft

Details

📅 Published: 15 June 2024

United Kingdom

some part of me remembers lunar seas

under the rain above the wheat the raven

day moon briefly i forget your name

Jacob Kobina Ayiah Mensah

Details

📅 Published: 15 June 2024

Ghana

in an auxiliary field this dragonfly with its tomorrow

inside the garden outside the night those ribs clay
crackling

no replies the footbridge over a mire near the bus stop

Goran Gatalica

Details

📅 Published: 22 May 2024

Croatia

childhood where the dragonfly shimmers in the light

in my reading the length of an eclipse

running barefoot the secret bloom of
moonflowers

Julie Bloss Kelsey

Details

 Published: 26 April 2024

all of the poems nestled inside fungarium

tracking our spaceship
the hollow eyes
of your moon

*we are never ever
getting back together . . .
antimatter*

nerve block shots—
the doctor's display
of tiny rubber ducks

M F Drummy

Details

 Published: 02 April 2024

USA

old

road

through

winter

birch

our

dead

marriage

Matthew Cariello

Details

 Published: 06 March 2024

USA

sparrows course

in/of

ivy sing

spring dusk

even

moss blooms

ice storm

all

birds silent

Ron Scully

Details

📅 Published: 06 March 2024

USA

overthinking other minds and mine snowfall on the
dream of the mute swan

so the swallowtail untumbled over time refinds himself
a metaphor

Randy Brooks

Details

📅 Published: 01 March 2024

USA

three pines two doors a multiverse

need to know circle of downy feathers

Jerome Berglund

Details

 Published: 01 March 2024

USA

let go let god crown of thorns

continental drift

transparent

larval octopus

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Under the Bashō 2024

Linked Forms, Sequences and Contrapuntal Poetry

Editor: Clayton Beach

Cauldrons

Details

👤 Written by: Lorraine Padden & Richard L. Matta

📅 Published: 07 November 2024

USA

my chat
with a ouija board...
before AI

*assumptions swirl
over tarot cards*

oracle bones
a faint scent of his
single malt

*frayed ice
in our tonics
crystal gazing*

the instant
tea leaves muddle

*in a second
guessing who will press
save*

Lorraine Padden
Richard L. Matta

Whispering into the Hollow Tree

Details

👤 Written by: Amber Winter & Joshua St. Claire

📅 Published: 06 November 2024

USA

solstice morning
five basalt boulders
surrounded by snow

an icicle forms
drip by drip

deadfall
in the oak grove
Foxfire Moon

I whisper into the hollow tree
grandma blinks twice

hurricane remnants
only the coo
of an Inca dove

images of hell on earth
plasma tornado

caught in the scent
of night-blooming jasmine
neutron stars

cooling peach pies
her rack draws a crowd

chatting about
the chicken roost
at Andalusia Farm

breaking the speed limit
making it to mass on time

life flies by
wishing I wouldn't have chosen
the carpool lane

erasing a pencil heart
from a yearbook picture

high school quarterback
scored more than a touchdown

at homecoming

a gentle, insistent command:
leave the helmet on

running through wildflowers
chasing her dreams
bluebonnets

a wolf pup
under a sweetshrub

searching
among the branches
harutsugedori

a raindrop shatters it
the Falling Leaves Moon

the hayriders
get stuck in a ditch
tractor pull

the red-veined darter
buzzes the labyrinth

*Ziggy played guitar
jamming good with Weird and Gilly
and the Spiders from Mars¹*

Plutonians board ships
for sunbathing on Mercury

don't be silly, mom,
I won't get cancer
I'll live forever

taking the perfect selfie
he takes one more step back

they promise to return
to Watkins Glen
each anniversary

pinky swear you'll stay away
from the hawthorns

the whole hillside
blooming with dianthus
April sunset

long shadows
longer days

I'll bring the merlot
and the the glasses

meet me by the lake

dipping my toes in the water
I lean in for a kiss

making out
in the back of the Oldsmobile
90's romance

removing her top
and beckoning him into the night

hiding its shame
the cat covers
its business

failing to guess
the riddle of the Sphinx

Easter Island
deciphering the meaning
of the stone heads

listening for the silence
of the Song Moon

the scarecrow
hears the click
of the heels

we keep attempting to satisfy
this insatiable hunger

he makes her
chocolate covered strawberries
with bitter cocoa

Cortés demands to see
Princess Tecuichpotzin

*behold a white horse:
and he that sat on him had a bow;
and a crown²*

how can horsehair sound
like a dying pangolin?

blue hour
the light through mist
withering

a child dreaming
on a pillow of clouds

Rainbownougat
the narwhal

brings her tea and cakes

macaroons or macarons
raccoons or trash pandas

opalescent pansies
whistling down
a rogue dumbledore

the Red Queen|
shuffles the deck

Sobbin' Robyn:
*I wanted to sit on a porch
with my sister wives³*

he plants a ficus
in her backyard

in the lawn
playing leap frog
garden bed

an army of totally identical
injection-molded plastic Buddhas

a golden calf
in the shape
of an iPhone

Siri, please activate
the tsukimi simulation

LED leaves
changing
with the season

emerging from the elm stump
chicken of the woods

Anna Nicole Smith
feeds J. Howard Marshall
his favorite mushroom soup

D. B. Cooper
would have been proud

shutting the case
they pop
the champagne

still closed for now
the buds on the plum

we nod politely
as the teacher explains the "F"

on our son's poem

failure yet again
they suffer an empty nest

odyssey
the monarchs gather
then depart

moth to a flame
the toddler runs to the bonfire

the stirring
in the stand of birches
Lynx Moon

deer season
a doe walks into scope

one persimmon
and then another
drop into darkness

using rat poison
to kill the opossum

Royal Typewriter
Jessica Fletcher fetches her copy
of *Human Anatomy*

needle in a haystack
the janitor's keys

adding the
cherry blossoms
to my Lego bonsai

the gladiolus bulbs we dug
rotted during the winter

my son follows
the earthworm trenches
with his finger

the foxholes
of Verdun

99 luftballons
the hot air balloon race
ends in disaster

100,000 years
in the Oklo Reactor

chemical changes
the teenagers' hormones

ramp up

slipping off
the satin sheets

casting my
favorite body part
for him

the perfect preservation
of the Vendobiont

Lightning Moon
the desert littered
with obsidian

taking my neighbor to court
over the willow's weeping

pumpkin field
the jack-o'-lanterns
we imagine

trick-or-treat he dares to ask
the madam to loosen the chains

*there's rosemary,
that's for remembrance;
pray, love, remember⁴*

Globe Theatre
men sweat under their pantaloons

coolness
a king rail foraging
under longleaf pines

quick make a u-turn
to see the white rhino

thump
thump
new moon

"Randy get the shovel
it's gopher pie night"

a sweet potato baby
with a face like a
par-boiled yam⁵

lingering warmth
a black bear turns back

brave observer
he sits in camouflage
trying to get a snap

all he sees is Polaris
spinning overhead

pear petals
propel downward
raining on their picnic

the sound of the south wind
lifts a hare's head

it sees
the emptiness
of the tomb

evening meditation
koi in the pond

lily pad
her strength hidden beneath
her beauty

caress of granite on granite
the Appalachians

¹ David Bowie "Ziggy Stardust"

² Rev 6:2 KJV

³ TLC's "Sister Wives" Season 18 Episode 14

⁴ "Hamlet" Act 4 Scene 5

⁵ "A Mighty Wind"

Each Piece She Flung Away

Details

 Written by: Amber Winter & Joshua St. Claire

 Published: 06 November 2024

USA

impressing our boys
with the catch of the day
sea star

where do the waves
begin and end?

amber grains
dancing for me
Hunter's Moon

an alien whiteness
in the ruffed grouse nest

woven placemats
and handprint turkeys
homemade Thanksgiving

closing their eyes
and bowing

getting my head
stuck in a turtleneck
polar vortex

the gale takes a plastic bag
anywhere else

north, south, east, west
a dart decides
their next adventure

a pub crawl
in Belfast

The Potato Famine
burying Kathleen and Mary
by their empty garden

ever the giver
she offers to be eaten first

agreeing enthusiastically
the pipevine swallowtail's proboscis
extends

puffing up his pride
the pomp of the great argus

a child
wanders from the yozakura
to the maple grove

tapping the trees
for the pot of gold

glacial erratics
a red-bellied cooter
lurks lakeside

turning over the Barley Moon
in search of sustenance

the corn silo
brimming
with silence

sneaking jeans under skirts
Amish Halloween

flannel shirts
she digs through her dad's
grungy past

why did Eddie Vedder even write
down the lyrics to *Yellow Ledbetter*?

her childhood diary
each page stained
with teardrops

written on the wall:
*mene mene tekel upharsin*¹

sparing the rod
he spoiled the child
Veruca Salt

an April thunderstorm
slams the old oak into the fence

wet shorts
from the tire swing
magnolia blossoms

the bubbles he blows
float past the horizon

sneaky girls
use mom's hair dye
to color the eggs

we hid them all well
to get a few minutes together

but at my back
I always hear time's wingèd chariot
*hurrying near*²

satin blindfold and straps
Victoria's secret

everything changes
when John Brown
grabs her horse's reins

*Come Farfelkugel*³
Broomhilde's delusion

alas,
she finds him canoodling
with a Rhinemaiden

her cheeks as bright
as the Rose Moon

grandma shows me
the blush
on a transparent apple

strong like Samson
seeing by faith

you'll be surprised
how much bigger it looks
once it's trimmed

clippers right down the middle
point of no return

"recalculating"
letting AI redirect
her life plan

ahh! a loop on the Luna mount!
you might be psychic like me!

the time knife
slices through
the Jeremy Bearimy

how do I get the tequila
out of this Klein bottle?

trying
to master filling
the Pythagorean cup

mouse whisker brushes,
soot ink, and rice paper

setting the course
for the yacht
according to Pyxis

they decide to both jump
into Waponi Woo

cigar smoke
blurred his aim
blue dress stain

dancing to Mitch Ryder
and the Detroit Wheels

she sidles up to him
and whispers:

\$1,000 on lucky 17

honeycombs filled
with man's number

jackdaws
storing bits of clouds
in Rosslyn Chapel

making snow cones
I shave down the Cold Moon

Alberta clipper
a fawn cowering
under hemlocks

trembling new legs
child's first ice skate

clinking crystal glasses
the nutmeg
sloshes and settles

nine years in
he's finally sure

candlelight
they order the chocolate soufflé
for dessert

the lightness
of the peach petals

apricot sours
the withering
of their friendship

breaking the tough stems
of wild mustard flowers

relishing the thought
of his release date
Riker's Island

lichens on the north face
of the redwoods

Napa Valley stomping
can be heard all day
in Yountville

then crickets
all night

feeling alone
walking through the crowded

haunted house

*the deep black lake closed
darkly over all that remained⁴*

Uncle Arlington's
cigarette ashes
easily fill his urn

a place with green grass,
dandelions, and violets

a hairstreak caterpillar
gorging on
sweet cherry blossoms

coming out of hibernation
she shaves her legs

flipping over a stone
he reveals
another world

"mom, we are out of the Milky Way,
going to the store, be right back"

1.21 gigawatts
is not nearly enough power
to open the wormhole

exploding through the doorway
a speared tentacle

husband out of town
she embraces
her octopus-lover

every 4 weeks
he orders his meat rare

drops of blood
singing down her neck
as dawn begins

choirs ring out
as the heavens part

hazy figures
in the distance
Hot Moon

an oasis
or Fata Morgana?

bearded dragon
in awe of the lady

at the county fair

not caring about
the lost luggage

we find ourselves
trapped inside
a caramel creme

walnuts cling
to bare branches

streaker on the field
yellow card thrown for
illegal ball handling

oxyphenbutazone
on a triple word score

three's a crowd
she books us a
king size bed

the hospice nurses smiles
and says it's almost over

a fox pounces
on her dinner
clear winter sky

a crack in the china plate
a limb crosses the Quiet Moon

only its light
divides us
frozen rill

multiple languages
not one of them home

grey and orange
under bizzarria blossoms
cats in love

fresh squeezed juice
the crunch of a June bug

Beltane
clouded sulphurs
take flight

*let's go down to the river
and get washed by the water⁶*

broken glass
atop a memory

I want to forget

each piece she flung away
becomes a star

¹ Daniel 5:25 KJV

² Andrew Marvell "To His Coy Mistress"

³ "Robin Hood: Men in Tights"

⁴ Edgar Allan Poe "The Fall of House of Usher"

⁵ Joshua David Silverberg, Colby Wedgeworth, Jordan
Alexander Feliz "The River"

Cross-Pollination

Details

 Written by: Rafał Zabratyński & Garry Gay

 Published: 04 November 2024

USA

Poland

somewhere between
late winter and early spring
snowfall on snowdrops

*following a monarch
through a meadow of milkweed*

midsummer evening
the scent of lavender
full of kids' titter

*adobe ruins
lupine growing
in the living room*

deep autumn mountain heathers
catch last threads of gossamer

*red spider lily
the last bee stumbles
through its petals*

Rafał Zabratyński
Garry Gay

lifeflow

Details

 Written by: John Thompson & Neena Singh

 Published: 28 October 2024

USA

India

paired swans
forever mingling
their wakes

*ripples drift
across the tranquil pond*

carrying the weight
of mountains with ease...
cotton candy clouds

*under the willow
dragonflies trace arcs
of a breeze*

twitchy Jesus bugs
ride eddies upstream

*lilies bloom
on the water's edge
a kingfisher dives*

John Thompson
Neena Singh

The Mysterious Technique of the Cat

Details

👤 Written by: Laurence Stacey & Dick Whyte

📅 Published: 17 October 2024

after rain
worms in the sun
reaching

*the flat of a leaf
gathers dust*

lake swim
my black ass touching
the moon

*in this bowl of soup
my ancestors*

homeless
this big Georgia sun
hits different

*when worshiping nimbus!
bow first, then dance!*

cicada
summer dreams
of you too

sick of waiting
i ask the river

belly
first i learn to breathe
again

hibiscus reddening
my father's silence

slow dusk
in the dragonfly's shadow
the dragon

everything aches:
even mountains

spring
arriving early . . .
for therapy

cold spell ending
the mosquitos fall

storming . . .
the friends I thought
would last

five brave sparrows
gathered at my feet

holding on
to the wrong things,
drifting clouds

hitting the squirrel
my squirrel mind stops

new leaves
between the gaps,
old gods

what she says, what I hear
the business of crows

dawn
what is a haiku?
yawn

weeds, I confront
the fascist inside

*a cop car
drives into the crowd,
election year*

cooler, a few birds
fleeing the state

*battleworn,
the river swallows
the stone*

leaving for work, I pack
my white voice

*gunshots:
the sky splattered
with clouds*

autumn in a world
devils go by name

*in a field
once filled with wheat:
fresh corpses*

sippin black tea
no sugar moon

*dysregulated:
the pines uncaring
kind of care*

if I could do it all over
bare feet in the grass

*pre-dawn
one bird devouring
deities*

my skin, darker
in the officer's gaze

*the tūī
eating blossoms,
like a hokku*

barely getting by
I chew on a poem

Laurence Stacey
Dick Whyte

Transitions

Details

👤 Written by: Cynthia Anderson

📅 Published: 25 August 2024

USA

deep time

whitecaps crossing
the desert floor—
snowmelt river

embracing the solace

dry wash
a bobbing rock wren
follows us

of boulders

as if a wall
could hold it back
blowing sand

Two tan-renga

Details

👤 Written by: Christina Chin & Paul Callus

📅 Published: 25 August 2024

Malaysia

Malta

rising —
Sirius in the evening sky
the sun slowly sinks
a child hangs on
to its mother's skirt

Christina Chin (Malaysia) / *Paul Callus (Malta)*

captured
in a celestial sphere
infinity
Serpens sheds stars
in charmer's mirror

Paul Callus (Malta) / Christina Chin (Malaysia)

Spring Equinox

Details

👤 Written by: Janet Ruth
📅 Published: 21 August 2024

USA

just half a moon

pale reflections
from a waxing season
this silver cup

and one shooting star

a ruined planet
datura pod burst open
on the sand

balance of night and day

now earth will tilt
back toward the sun
this burden of light

The Raven and Me

Details

👤 Written by: Janet Ruth
📅 Published: 21 August 2024

USA

beneath
bare cottonwood trees
my solitary walk

rush of wind
through black wings
a guttural croak

trying to imitate her voice

she sidles
along the branch
we tilt our heads

shivering
feathers to looseness
her dark throat

the same light
gleams in our eyes
raven *knocks* back

luminous river

Details

👤 Written by: Jim Chessing and Ryland Shengzhi Li

📅 Published: 11 August 2024

USA

the wind kicks up
early this morning
as if hastening
to complete some solemn task
sneakers on a wire

flickers
hammering away
the hillside
awash with cloudlight
this world of appearances

her persimmon stick
polished to a high luster
fixed with a leather grip—
its tap-tap-tapping,
the last sound before sleep

a leaf
is no less than
the journeywork of the stars . . .
into the luminous river
her lantern goes

her voice
in the whitewater
a twilight mosquito
buzzes in and out
of what might have been

folding the sheets
in the winter dusk
pleat
upon pleat
this well-worn life

Renascence

Details

👤 Written by: Ryland Shengshi Li and Jim Chessing

📅 Published: 11 August 2024

USA

river of stars
bridging ocean
and heavens
his ten thousand journeys
in this great blue world

once he dreamed
of being an astronaut
the first to Mars . . .
one turn led to another
and now he just dreams

a trail
of cabbage whites
across the meadow
cut grasses
will sprout again

quiet now
as the swing soars
higher and higher
he plots the moment
to jump

one by one
a thousand colors
are set free
into the vesper wind
a mockingbird sings

through all the seasons
it always comes to this:
the persimmon
blanketing the yard
with the last of its leaves

(The title comes from the poem of the same name by
Edna St. Vincent Millay, which was first published in
1912.)

Fireworks – a Tan-Ku

Details

👤 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo and Deborah P
Kolodji

📅 Published: 09 August 2024

USA

longing
is always lonely sky...
under
the jacaranda
fireworks finale

far away and yet...
the meteor shower
lights up the sky

Mariko Kitakubo
Deborah P Kolodji

(2024.7.1)

Mariko writes:

This is the one of our last Tan-Ku set published in
Colorado Boulevard.net.

I subconsciously wrote something that predicted her
death, and she responded kindly to it.

I will continue to live with her spirit, supported by our
eternal bond.

Golden Poppies – a Tan-Ku

Details

👤 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo and Deborah P
Kolodji

📅 Published: 09 August 2024

abandoned
at the end
of the world
you are forgotten
sunshine seeds

lashes flutter
as I dream
golden poppies

quiet
colors of dawn
on the packet
the disabled artist
opens my eyes

morning light
I reach for a pair
of gardening gloves

my rebirth
in the early summer
breeze...
Invisible tiny lives
in a soft lump of soil

planted
in the rich earth
I long for your blooms

Mariko Kitakubo
Deborah P Kolodji

Cape May – a Tan-Ku

Details

👤 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo and Deborah P
Kolodji
📅 Published: 09 August 2024

USA

without talk
just smiles for each other
two beach chairs
at sunset
we need nothing

*lull tide
two gulls skim
the horizon*

under
the cloud-shaped
angel,
standing on the dune
I believe in miracles

*the music of the sea
calms my weary spirit
footprints in the sand*

what
am I searching for...
following
the tracks
seabirds leave

*land's end
our eyes on the lighthouse
against the clouds*

Mariko Kitakubo
Deborah P Kolodji

Prehistory – a Tan-Ku

Details

👤 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo and Deborah P
Kolodji
📅 Published: 09 August 2024

USA

what did he
stammer
that night
super blue moon
over the Balkans

*summer evening
the clarity
of my hearing aid*

sometimes
better not to know
everything...
the lilies of the field
the birds of the air

*butterflies flutter
flower to flower
dreams*

the lost
continent,
Greater Adria
transparent wings
of giant dragonflies

*plucking petals
from a daisy
my own evolution*

Mariko Kitakubo
Deborah P Kolodji

Passengers – a Tan-Ku

Details

👤 Written by: Mariko Kitakubo and Deborah P
Kolodji

📅 Published: 09 August 2024

USA

changing
trains to return
home ...
long railway
through grasslands

*midnight silence
the sound of a far off
air whistle*

I can't remember

the name of the bridge...
still playing
hide and seek
with mom's ghost

bare hills
my mother's stories
about the troop train

the door
opens and closes
so many faces...
departure bell
for my life ,again

Cabernet Sauvignon
I sit in the dining car
alone

Mariko Kitakubo
Deborah P Kolodji

By way of introduction – a tanka string on things brought to Australia

Details

👤 Written by: Rodney Williams
📅 Published: 06 August 2024

Australia

homesick in exile
taken south under sail
a song thrush lilts
through fluting rolling trills...
across the lane Irish reels

a black cat's hiss
in this overgrown yard –
blooms purple
berries glossy and dark
nightshade looking deadly

among Jersey cows
outside a deer farm's tall fence
one Sambar doe...
hands tremble sharing papers
with migration officials

rufous fox
not curbed by hen-house wire
or baying hounds

its coat too red this morning
cunning no match for a car

eucalypts clear-felled
for potatoes and sheep –
kangaroos long gone
from this meadow at dusk
where first harvesters dug yams

Rodney Williams

Un/Knowing – tanka sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Chen-ou Liu

📅 Published: 06 August 2024

my love grasps the thread
of her breath from the edge
of orgasm
she spins, spinning it
into a passion story

love after love
we exhaust each other –
in her heart
swirls something dark
in a space I cannot see

Chen-ou Liu

The Versatile Whims of a War Veteran – A Haiku Sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Praniti Gulyani

📅 Published: 06 August 2024

USA

India

war drama...
a curtain of fingers
over my baby's eyes

*plastic gun...
even the ants
stop and smirk*

first uniform...
his shirt wrinkled
like my forehead

gunshot...
how closely connected
this bougainvillea

war memorial...
choosing the flowers
that seem to cry

cleaning his gun...
now I converse
with fallen dust

soldier's boots...
the edges of his soles
criss-crossed with life

uniform pockets...
by a crumpled cigarette
bits of conversation

closing tombstone...
a curtain of fingers
over my eyes

Praniti Gulyani

Summer Burst – a rengay

Details

👤 Written by: Lakshman Bulusu & Amoolya
Kamalnath

📅 Published: 23 July 2024

USA

India

lyre notes without pause -
the summer breeze carries
me on the ocean

the whipped cream
topping on my cold coffee

slushy fruit punch
icing down my throat
as I swallow it

refreshed children
queue for the roller-coaster
at the water park

sunrise to sunset
sfumato of my daydreams

*still climbing
the rainbow to reach
the perfect home*

Lakshman Bulusu
Amoolya Kamalnath

One Rengay, Neat

Details

👤 Written by: Charles Trumbull & Rafał
Zabratyński
📅 Published: 28 June 2024

USA

Poland

truckers' cafe
a night waitress wipes the crumbs
from the counter

*the red dragon tattoo guy's
one more last scotch on the rocks*

final call—
rousing the groggy barfly
in the corner booth

*24/7 sign
wee hours between night owls
and early birds*

the streetwalker's long shadow—
a merchant sweeps in the dawn

*stray cat's yawn
a waste picker drinks up
the unfinished beer*

Charles Trumbull
Rafał Zabratyński

The Walled Garden – a tanka sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Xenia Tran
📅 Published: 24 June 2024

Scotland

can I slow down
what time we're given
to greet mouse-tail moss
the speckled wood who warms
her wings after the rain

a shaft of light
through long shadows
you trace a line
where ghosts of me
still hug the elder tree

mist curtains
one side of the shed
free from light
redshank sleeps whose gold
only the dead can see

an inner sun rises
where cherry blossom blooms
before the moon gate
roots are lined
with tamarisk moss

we weep
to be reminded
of such beauty
and sing of butterflies
no longer here

A Haiku Bouquet

Details

👤 Written by: Pamela Garry

📅 Published: 15 June 2024

USA

glossy buttercups
under their chins
first base

knockout rose
on the brink of blooming
armed with thorns

a bisser vow
chrysanthemum in her hair
full of promise

first-time grandparents
playing peekaboo
crocuses in snow

green shoots
betwixt brittle twigs
passing the torch

wildflowers
about the grassy knoll
swaying with the wind

Three contrapuntal poems

Details

👤 Written by: Ron Scully
📅 Published: 29 May 2024

USA

handful
of
wildflowers

captured
in
a
glass
carafe

in
her
still-life

river
run
wildly

thirsts
for
a
song

my
handful
drained

tides
requiem

waves
deep
head
bow

crosses
itself
genuflects

Smudged Sky – collaborative tanka sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Gwen Bitti and Marilyn Humbert
📅 Published: 09 May 2024

Australia

wrapped in
a merino shawl
I watch
forked lightning sprint
across a smudged sky

*hiding
lies behind smiles
the games
he plays quick-stepping
through each day*

uncovering
truth in each charade
the scent
of charred embers
imbued with sorrow

*sunshine slants
between window slats
the changing
patterns through each day...
time to consider choices*

the river
alters old channels...
in relentless ebb and flow
embraces
new pathways

*a flood
after weeks of rain
brings regeneration...
I lock the front door
and move interstate*

Gwen Bitti and *Marilyn Humbert*

Sidetracked – collaborative tanka sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Samantha Sirimanne Hyde
& Marilyn Humbert
📅 Published: 09 May 2024

Australia

meandering
onto a hidden path
an unexpected trove...
vibrant blue belongings
of a male satin bowerbird

*buttress roots
entangle my feet
camouflage
lacy mushroom clumps
mosses and lichen*

raindrops
trickle off eucalypts
specking the track
smudged paw prints
etched along my way

*watchful eyes
in the undergrowth
the prickles
of known and unknown
dangers...wandering alone*

sundown
chant of night insects
intensifying...
the glow of a campfire
a welcome distraction

*a powerful owl's
haunting call echoes
through the gloom...
you pass me my navy scarf
a gift from last year's trip*

Samantha Sirimanne Hyde & Marilyn Humbert

At the Crack of Dawn – a renku

Details

👤 Written by: Danny Blackwell and Tim Murphy

📅 Published: 17 April 2024

at the crack of dawn
a rooster crowing far away . . .
the last days of winter

waking from a jetlag dream
the sound of cats in love

flowers falling
from the Judas tree
memories of childhood

gazing into the rock pool
scent of fish and chips

cold moon dipping
behind the hills, the horizon
seems to draw nearer

crunched snow glitters in the night
approaching the warmth of indoors

*

flushing away
the last bag of speed
one day clean

a mind flooded with dark thoughts
standing at the crossroads again

the blues guitarist
solos with a broken string
to roaring applause

above the river delta
clouds drifting out to sea

catching the red-eye
my mind wanders until you
point out the flight map

on a forest bike trail
tonguing the autumn rain

the snake awaiting
its prey, a stick in the spokes
makes the world happen

grumble of a wild boar
the archer checks his quiver

a corn tortilla,
the last one in the basket,
is it you or me

first picnic of the year —
three with the sun and my shadow

cherry blossoms
a lone swan swims past
the river bank

upon arrival, the trees
already bare: April fools

at the train station
the trash can fills up
with shiny sweet wrappers

vapor escaping the bamboo steamer
of the busy bao stall

first light
missing her
breathing

tamping the coffee with a spoon
the way you used to do

summer rain
I cook for two, lay the table for two,
then eat alone

the line of ants marching on
from where to where I know not

supermarket
a homeless man
speaks of the Bible

antediluvian conspiracies;
a leak in the roof

a lounge lizard
swims another length
of the hotel pool

sunning itself on a rock
the bush clover's shadow

harvest moon
in Madrid, longing for
Madrid

vile garrote at his neck
the bandit Luis Candelas

*

two girls argue
over who puts the collar
on the puppy

baptized baby's gibberish
drowning out clumsy Latin

in the distance
the sound of an explosion
motionless mime

the willows burst under the fireworks
then return to darkness

cherry blossoms
landing on the cabbage
a white butterfly

the child's kite swoops
back towards the hilltop

Danny Blackwell and Tim Murphy

Scarcity – a split sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Joanna Ashwell

📅 Published: 17 April 2024

United Kingdom

moon jar

another seed pod
digging deeper
the labyrinth's promise

I fold a wish

the weightlessness
of paper sails
over the horizon

in your smile

showing me
the way forward
magnolia buds

Joanna Ashwell

City of Dreams – a tanka sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Lorraine Haig

📅 Published: 26 March 2024

Australia

in the storm
clouds' charcoal fingers
touch the sea
I set out into night
to reach the unknown

the boat
has sunk and I'm adrift
on a raft

you float past me
in the arms of a stranger

are my dreams
a collage of memories
I'm a gypsy
content to wander
the vastness of the mind

Lorraine Haig

Forest bathing – a tanka sequence

Details

👤 Written by: Lorraine Haig
📅 Published: 26 March 2024

Australia

amid the trees
my back against this giant
how I wish
my life could be here
with the ferns and mosses

dense silence
among the old ones
may my arms
become branches, my feet
send down their roots

a velvet night
and my pulse slows
I look up
to the canopy
and a shimmer of stars

in the temple
of leaves light filters
to the floor
let the bark of my body
change with the seasons

tread lightly
as the forest has ears
I listen
to the wallabies
jump through shadows

my lungs fill . . .
the mountain's breath
tumbles

down the ridges
into the sound of water

Lorraine Haig

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Under the Bashō 2024

Poet's Personal Best

Haiku

Editor: Don Baird

Claire Vogel Camargo

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

USA

covid moon
attaching her
first toe tag

Modern Haiku 53.1, Winter-Spring 2022

Rowan Beckett Minor

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

USA

hunger moon
these breasts
forever childless

Frogpond 47:3

Cezar Ciobica

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

Romania

smell of fresh-cut grass
all the carousel horses
run in slow motion

5th Annual Mukai Haiku Festival Winners

Helen Buckingham

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

United Kingdom

multi
story
sunset

Modern Haiku 55.1

Daniela Misso

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

Italy

the wind turns
pages of a book . . .
autumn butterflies

Frogpond 47:3 Autumn 2024

Susan Yavaniski

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

in my lover's ashes forever chemicals

Prune Juice Senryu Issue no. 43

Eufemia Griffo

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

Italy

ancestral memories
the deep roots
of an ancient oak

Chrysanthemum 30, April 2023

Radostina Dragostinova

Details

📅 Published: 23 November 2024

Bulgaria

summer rain
in the bait can
the starling song

Honorable mention - V Международен конкурс за
хайку "Мая Любенова", Bulgarian section

Tracy Royce

Details

📅 Published: 21 November 2024

USA

winter holidays
notch by notch my belt surrenders
to the season

Frogpond 32 (3), Fall 2009

Angiola Inglese

Details

📅 Published: 20 November 2024

Italy

bare branch...
that part of the sky
that I do not know

ramo nudo...
quella parte di cielo

che non conosco

Chrysanthemum – February 2023

Alan Summers

Details

📅 Published: 17 November 2024

United Kingdom

the sky writhing
with *cirrus intortus*
a June divorce

NOON: Journal of the Short Poem, Issue 26 (September 2024)

Srinivasa Rao Sambangi

Details

📅 Published: 17 November 2024

India

gentle wind
ripe mangoes one by one
straighten the branch

(Grand Mention Prize, *Haiku Crush Anthology* 2023)

Vijay Prasad

Details

📅 Published: 07 November 2024

India

a single word absorbs all the preceding deaths

Heliosparrow Poetry Journal – 19 Feb., 2024

Dejan Pavlinović

Details

📅 Published: 04 November 2024

Croatia

winding road
the thought of what's behind
keeps me going

Haiku miscellany Ludbreg, Ludbreg, Croatia, 2023

Wilbert Salgado

Details

📅 Published: 28 October 2024

counting the stories
of its feathers
the secretary bird

The Mamba Journal of Haiku, September 2023

Veronika Zora Novak

Details

📅 Published: 28 October 2024

where earth ends
and heaven begins . . .
red poppies

Published July 21, 2023 in The Manchini Press.

Iliyana Stoyanova

Details

📅 Published: 25 October 2024

why
the rain falls
wild flowers

Meera Rehm

Details

📅 Published: 14 October 2024

nevertheless
a mother
stillborn

Heron's Nest Vol.XXV, December 2023

Lavana Kray

Details

📅 Published: 14 October 2024

ghost town –
in the underground shelter
sprouting potatoes

Ardea Issue 8

Joseph P. Wechselberger

Details

📅 Published: 08 October 2024

USA

making strudel
grandma rolls the dough
in her native tongue

tsuri-dōrō, Issue #18, November/December 2023
*upside down: The Red Moon Anthology of English-
Language Haiku 2023*

Bonnie J Scherer

Details

📅 Published: 08 October 2024

USA

pilgrim's passage
at the river crossing
swollen dreams

tsuri-doro Sept/Oct. 2024 Issue #23

Govind Joshi

Details

📅 Published: 26 September 2024

India

distant star
on the horizon
a ship takes shape

Presence 75, March 2023

Manoj Sharma

Details

📅 Published: 26 September 2024

Nepal

son's marriage
a mother dances to the tune
of panche baja

[* panche baja =The *Panche baja*' (Nepali: पञ्चे बाजा, 'five musical instruments') is a set of five traditional Nepali musical instruments that are played during holy ceremonies, especially marriages.]

The Japan Society - Haiku Corner 2023: Week 50,
December 2023

Debbie Strange

Details

📅 Published: 26 September 2024

Canada

cattle roundup
a charred bean can
full of rain

1st Place (joint), 2024 Sharpening the Green Pencil
Haiku Contest

Katica Badovinac

Details

📅 Published: 31 August 2024

Croatia

night silence –
countless shades of black
before dawn

Honourable mention, Maya Lyubenova International
Haiku Contest 2024, Bulgaria

Natalia Kuznetsova

Details

📅 Published: 26 August 2024

sunken skies
over the soldiers' graves ...
unborn children

World Haiku Review, Spring 2023, Haiku of Merit

Michael Shoemaker

Details

📅 Published: 16 August 2024

the blue heron stands
regally- watching steam rise
above wetland grass

5-7-5 Haiku Journal, May 3, 2023

Maya Daneva

Details

📅 Published: 06 August 2024

sumi-e calendar
shades of grey
in my schedule

Prune Juice, issue#42, April 2024

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Details

📅 Published: 09 May 2024

under
cocktail umbrella
a buzz

Haiku Girl Summer June 2023

Anna Maria Domburg- Sancristoforo

Details

📅 Published: 09 May 2024

chilly morning
my late mother says
I better bundle up

*upside down – the Red Moon Anthology of English
Language Haiku 2023*

Yasir Farooq

Details

📅 Published: 13 April 2024

Pakistan

two strangers
I speak Urdu
and the bird tweets

Nominated for The Pushcart Prize by Cold Moon
Journal in 2021.
Cold Moon Journal - October 2021

Simon Hanson

Details

📅 Published: 10 April 2024

Gaia

all of us
eight billion heartbeats
every moment

6th Basho-an Award, International English Haiku
Competition, Japan 2023

Joanna Ashwell

Details

📅 Published: 10 April 2024

whiskers
in a pocket
of moonlight

The Heron's Nest, Volume XXV, Number 1: March 2023

Srini

Details

📅 Published: 20 March 2024

India

campfire singing to the winter stars

Modern Haiku, Issue 54:2

Steliana Cristina Voicu

Details

📅 Published: 20 March 2024

Romania

beyond mountains...
the sun takes with it
the today

dincolo de munți...
soarele ia cu el
ziua de azi

*28th International Kusamakura Haiku Competition,
Japan, 2023 – 3rd prize*

Richa Sharma

Details

📅 Published: 02 March 2024

India

only child
without a child
winter moon

The Heron's Nest, Volume XXVI, Number 1: March 2024

Goran Gatalica

Details

📅 Published: 02 March 2024

Croatia

between the hills
blown away like the seeds
a shepherd's song

Basho-an Award, 6th Basho-an International English
Haiku Competition, Japan, 2023

Tuyet Van Do

Details

 Published: 01 March 2024

Australia

tears swelling
I hold my fur baby
for the last time

(The Haiku Foundation's Haiku
Dialogue, 1 November 2023)

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A Note from the Desk

In closing out 2024, I want to thank our poets, from all walks of life, who have worked so diligently at their craft. In the end, it is these poets that are the reason *Under the Basho* remains an extraordinary online journal. The talent represented between the covers of *UtB 2024*, is profound. Stephen and I are grateful for your offerings with open arms.

From time to time, I have been asked, “How do you choose what to accept?” Luckily, I have editors that do that job but frankly, the answer is, “I want to accept your poem and will do my best to do so.” Our editors are not biased as to style/technique; they are open hearted to see it your way. Yes, we look for reasons to accept your work, not reject it. We do not, to the best of our ability, place our perspectives as to what is good or not onto your submissions. We attempt to look at all submissions through the poets’ eyes.

Writing poetry is an art. We all have different ideas about haiku, haibun, haiga and the others. UtB stands alone in the notion that, we will publish good poems without bias as to style; we won’t argue the finer details of what makes a haiku. In accepting different views, we remain open to some really great poetry that could otherwise be turned down. Naturally, we will not publish “just anything.” That is also not our desire. **“Being mindful about personal artistic expression” is the core quality I look for in a good editor.**

In any collection of poetry, there will be poems that are less impactful than others. Well, that’s what makes the world go-round — it’s fine. Along with that though, there will always be a few poems that shine! But as editors, we look to see if the poem is solid and that it leaves readers at large an opportunity to determine what they like or not like. It is not our job either way; it is our job to discover wonderful poetry and publish it.

We hope that you enjoyed reading the *Under the Basho* online journal. We also hope that you discovered a few gems that strike your fancy. If so, the journal, the poets, and the reader have done their jobs!

See you in 2025!

Thanks and blessings.



Submissions

What to submit and how

Submissions are open from March 1, 2025 until November 15, 2025.

The Under the Bashō journal will consider submissions of poetry that come under the following category types. Guidelines on what the respective editors are looking for may be viewed by following the category links.

- **Haiku** (up to 10 haiku - 1 to 4 line are acceptable)
- **Haiga and Visual Haiku** (up to 10 pieces)
- **Haibun** (up to 3 haibun)
- **PostKu** (up to 10 poems)
- **Linked Forms, Sequences and Contrapuntal Poetry** (up to 5 pieces)
- **Personal Best** (single submission of 1 poem only)

Please include the date, your name and country of residence in all submissions.

Under the Bashō editors volunteer their time and service to make this journal a reality. Submissions will be handled by the respective editors as they are received. Please allow for a period from 4-6 weeks for editors to email their response to submissions. Accepted poems will be published on the Under the Bashō website as soon as possible after acceptance notices have been sent to the submitting poet.

From time to time an editor may reject a haiku because, while meeting the theoretical needs of haiku, it does not resonate with our editorial team. When this occurs, the haiku will be rejected. If your haiku is rejected, please do not ask why. This is not a topic that our editors will engage in.

Once an author's work has been accepted and published in any particular category, subsequent submissions to that same category will not be considered for the remainder of the submission year. However, if they are rejected in any category, they may make a submission to that category again. Once they are rejected twice in a category during the current submission year, no further submissions to that

category will be considered for the remainder of the submission year.

Authors may make separate submissions to other categories following the specific guidelines for those other categories.

Conditions

1. Please submit works that have not been published in any journal, ezine, magazine, book, personal website, or Youtube. Poems posted to Facebook groups and workshops are not considered published.
2. There is currently no payment for accepted content.
3. *Under the Bashō* requires exclusive rights to publication of all work accepted into the journal, including first electronic rights, for a period of 30 days after the work first appears on *Under the Bashō's* website. After this period has elapsed, all rights return to the authors/artists who are then free to have their work republished or to republish the work themselves on their own blogs, sharing websites and on social media. Wherever a work is republished, *Under the Bashō* must be cited as the place of first publication.
4. Work submitted to us must be the original work of the submitting poet and must not be under consideration by any other publication or any contest. Following on-line publication with us, all rights revert to the author.
5. *Under the Bashō* reserves the right to publish any work accepted for publication for any future print or electronic anthologies and/or retrospectives of the journal or its associated sites viz. *The Living Haiku Anthology* and *The Living Senryu Anthology*. *Under the Bashō* does not have the right to authorize publication of your work elsewhere.
6. Submission to *Under the Bashō* is deemed to be an acceptance of these conditions.

The role of the staff of *Under the Bashō* is to identify and showcase each poet's best work in the journal. Please send us the best fruits of your practice, your studies, your talent, and your self so that we may present it to an informed and wider readership!

Thank you!