

Under the Bashō 2025

Editorial Team

Don Baird (Co-Founder, Chief Editor, Editor – Haiga and Visual Haiku, Editor – Personal Best)

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Pravat Kumar Padhy (Editor – Haibun)

Kanjini Devi (Editor – Haiku)

Clayton Beach (Editor – Postku, Editor – Linked forms, sequences & contrapuntal poetry)

Haiku Article Count: 183

Haiga and Visual Haiku Article Count: 14

Haibun Article Count: 37

PostKu Article Count: 17

Linked Forms, Sequences and Contrapuntal Poetry Article Count: 13

Personal Best Article Count: 41

Under the Bashō 2025

Haiku

Editor: Kanjini Devi

Aaron Anstett

Details

📅 Published: 28 March 2025

USA

icy morning
all the bird song
seen and heard

AJ Wentz

Details

📅 Published: 27 August 2025

USA

southward geese a ribbon flutters out of reach

dusk
mockingbird calls—
will anyone answer?

dozing lizard
I tilt my face
to the sun

Albert Schlaht

Details

📅 Published: 24 May 2025

USA

alpine stream
racing down the rock face--
sound of a jet

Aleksandra Rybczyńska

Details

📅 Published: 28 March 2025

Poland

velvet night
falling snow
deepens the silence

joining the wolves
and their moonlight sonata –
grandpa`s stories

Alexander Groth

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

Germany

traffic jam
little sheep clouds
go on ahead

Alvin B. Cruz

Details

📅 Published: 24 May 2025

last goodbye
a nightingale's song
pierces the fog

Alvin B. Cruz

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

Philippines

ending the year
on a high note
skylark's song

late night chat
autumn fireplace
on my screen

Amber Winter

Details

📅 Published: 18 November 2025

USA

corn maze date
wanting out
before the exit

Amir Kapetanović

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

Croatia

the dawn breaks
in the pickers' hands
shoots of tea

Andrew Grossman

Details

📅 Published: 28 March 2025

USA

a line of snow
under the picket fence
the wars go on

Anna Cates

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

USA

weaving its design
over an old grain flail
barn spider

Anna Eklund-Cheong

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

France

gathering storm . . .
something of *genus Prunus*
whirls in the wind

Anthony Lusardi

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

USA

early summer morn
only the larkspur
on the rangelands

Anthony Q. Rabang

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

Philippines

wellness visit
a basket of fresh harvest
from a patient

Arunachalashiva Ravisankar

Details

 Published: 24 May 2025

India

first visit of a temple
street dogs surround me
wagging their tails

Arvind Padmanabhan

Details

 Published: 24 May 2025

India

silent tailorbirds –
the morning rain brings
its own song

Ash Evan Lippert

Details

 Published: 15 November 2025

USA

the juncos
arrive in flurries
first snow

about a boy
I fill every room
with blue aster

Audrey Quinn

Details

📅 Published: 31 March 2025

Ireland

leaves scuttle
across stone
—a robin trills

early spring
the slow rotation
of windmills

Barbara Anna Gaiardoni

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

Italy

a kind
of reciprocal rhythm
ice cubes in the jug

Ben Oliver

Details

📅 Published: 31 March 2025

England

driving rain —
snug under a lone pine
the scent of sheep

long haul flight
a skein of geese slides
between high clouds

10pm bells. . .
scents on the breeze
only the dog can smell

Benno Schmidt

Details

📅 Published: 30 September 2025

Germany

frosty night –
half the moonlight
in a spider's web

Betsy Hearne

Details

📅 Published: 09 March 2025

USA

felled bird
the presence
of lost song

tent life
waking up
in water

Bill Fay

Details

📅 Published: 24 May 2025

USA

still in the ocean
the winner
of the salmon derby

above the spindrift
a seal pup
among the whalebones

Bill Wootton

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

Australia

mid-winter
the deepened silence
of the cherry tree

Bipasha Majumder (De)

Details

📅 Published: 26 September 2025

India

forget-me-nots
his soldier-wife
in war

Bonnie J Scherer

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

USA

bore tide
the feeling we've collided
like this before

Boryana Boteva

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

Bulgaria

last grains of wheat
scattered across the field
so many secrets

Bryan Rickert

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

USA

dappled light
the parts of the grackle
not truly black

the dry rectangle
her car leaves behind
cold rain

chasing
its shadow downstream
this fallen leaf

Byron Wilson

Details

📅 Published: 19 November 2025

USA

red morning
an arched pine drops
a clump of snow

Catherine Puma

Details

📅 Published: 05 August 2025

USA

adoption papers
sealed and forgotten
winter wind

Charles L. Trammell

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

USA

tracing blue
hydrangeas in daylight
black swallowtail

Chen-ou Liu

Details

📅 Published: 04 May 2025

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

Christer Hansson

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

Sweden

broken bike
tree sparrow chicks climb
the rear wheel

Colleen M. Farrelly

Details

📅 Published: 07 July 2025

USA

autumn mistral
a tree shivers
its last leaves

Cristina Povero

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

Italy

same wolf moon
same spring buds
an ocean in between

Cynthia Anderson

Details

 Published: 10 October 2025

USA

ebb tide
a rock-strewn galaxy
of sea stars

Dan C. Iulian

Details

 Published: 28 July 2025

scorching heat –
a butterfly softens
the daylight

dan smith

Details

 Published: 30 March 2025

USA

thrift store–
price tags
on the faces

Daniel White

Details

 Published: 14 October 2025

USA

cornfield stubble
thumbing through

the book of Job

birds of passage
the gentle flutter
of elm leaves

Daniela Lăcrămioara

Details

 Published: 11 August 2025

Romania

window corner a spider web sky

weathered bike
the way we squeak
together

Daniela Misso

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

Italy

twilight glow –
a little girl shows me
sea glass

meditation –
my shadow lingers
on a mossy rock

cherry petals
my doll's name
forgotten

Daniela Rodi

Details

 Published: 20 June 2025

Finland

following
the funeral procession
a mourning cloak

old log road
only dawn comes along

David Green

Details

📅 Published: 03 December 2025

USA

in-laws
lake house
the chill
just below
the surface

blanket of snow
all the comings and goings
in boot prints

David Watts

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2025

USA

after work
the long decrescendo
driving home

Debbie Strange

Details

📅 Published: 01 September 2025

Canada

bluebell woods the meandering scent of this river

bouzouki
our wine bottle filled
with wisteria

pawned guitar
someone's initials carved
into the bridge

Deborah A. Bennett

Details

📅 Published: 26 October 2025

USA

winter solitude
at the bedside table
book of haiku

Deborah Karl-Brandt

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

Germany

family visit . . .
he asks me again
if he lives here

Debra Murphy

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

USA

afternoon breeze
iris blue flags
almost fly

Dennis Owen Frohlich

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

USA

parched throat
the day before
the monsoon

Devoshruti Mandal

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

India

sickle moon the long gaze of an off-duty soldier

Doug Sylver

Details

📅 Published: 24 July 2025

USA

altering my step
to miss an ant
sunbreak

Duncan Richardson

Details

📅 Published: 22 September 2025

Australia

where rivers meet
memories
and ripples

drifting to sea
the morning after
all these words

sudden storm
headlight beams hold
threads of rain

Elliot Diamond

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

USA

sidewinders
rattle the night –
all that jazz

Emil Karla

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

France

first snow
jet engines add a white line
to the clouds

through bare trees
the shallow sky
of January first

Eva Joan

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

Germany

full moon –
in the eyes of the lion
iron bars

Fatma Zohra Habis

Details

📅 Published: 19 August 2025

Algeria

after the storm only river and sky

backpack skies
every step home
it grows lighter

Florin Golban

Details

 Published: 10 October 2025

Romania

a cricket song
crosses the border
armistice day

Francoise Maurice

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

France

summer solstice more daughter than son

Ganesh R.

Details

 Published: 25 April 2025

India

silent road signs
wind carries the sighs
of names etched in dust

* In South America, roadside memorials or signs are dedicated to accident victims

Gareth Nurden

Details

 Published: 28 March 2025

Wales, United Kingdom

city river
in the cold wind
scattered ashes

setting a path
through the flurry
first frost

snaking along
coastal roads
early birds

Gavin Austin

Details

 Published: 30 March 2025

Australia

silvered shore
a tide change
folds the moon

Geetha Ravichandran

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

India

music lesson
the room brightens
in octaves

needlework
the march of carpenter ants
on fallen petals

roadside shrine
the cuckoo's song
drowns my prayer

Gopal Lahiri

Details

 Published: 20 June 2025

India

ripples
washing the heads
of water lilies

Goran Gatalica

Details

 Published: 14 April 2025

Croatia

sand bubbler crab
pinching a patch
of sunset

Govind Joshi

Details

 Published: 03 December 2025

India

stemware flute
our gulmohar tree
in early spring

Hasan Aspahani

Details

 Published: 25 April 2025

Indonesia

moon cover
blocked by the reef
a wave leaps high

Helen Buckingham

Details

 Published: 22 September 2025

United Kingdom

cloud
suspension bridge
cloud

Helen Leslie Sokolsky

Details

 Published: 01 May 2025

USA

spring awakening
my fingers pricked
by a single rose thorn

Hifsa Ashaf

Details

 Published: 24 May 2025

Pakistan

monsoon rain
the twist and turn
of a thrush song

Ian Mullins

Details

 Published: 20 June 2025

England

single file into school –
the chatter
of falling leaves

Jacek Margolak

Details

 Published: 15 November 2025

Poland

Ash Wednesday
the weight of raindrops
on the washing line

Jacob D. Salzer

Details

 Published: 25 April 2025

USA

a raven dark sea
in the wind in the trees
her whispers

Jahnvi Gogoi

Details

 Published: 08 September 2025

Canada

fall hike
my toddler's hands now
sunflower yellow

missing my father
a blue jay sings on
my window sill

sleepless night
the katydids talking
over each other

James Babbs

Details

 Published: 28 March 2025

USA

counting the rings
a dry spell
the year of grandma's death

ice on the pond
remembering
who she wanted to be

Jamie Wimberly

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

USA

june sky
opening up another can
of blue paint

empty pails
the path from the beach
lined with shells

Janet Ruth Heller

Details

📅 Published: 02 September 2025

USA

we dance
in concentric circles —
wild mushrooms

Jefferson Limos

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2025

Philippines

comfort zone—
a sparrow's soft wings flap
the rain away

Jenny Fraser

Details

📅 Published: 03 November 2025

New Zealand

swirl of the cosmos . . .
sweep of a conifer bough

Jerome Berglund

Details

📅 Published: 24 July 2025

USA

dogwood trees
bench after bench just
beyond the shade

Jill Muhrer

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

taste of frost
fresh from the garden
hot peppers

Jo McInerney

Details

📅 Published: 26 October 2025

Australia

late afternoon
a long-necked turtle
scenting the wind

Joanna Ashwell

Details

📅 Published: 31 March 2025

United Kingdom

crane's bill
the sweetening
of dusk

river dust
the sparkle of sunset
within my palm

Joanne Merriam

Details

 Published: 14 April 2025

Canada

leaning against my mother
moon in the river

John Hawkhead

Details

 Published: 10 November 2025

United Kingdom

iron rust dawn
a falcon tilts the sky
into a kill-dive

spiralling blossom
the spring wind channels
its inner child

where the moon
turned a blind eye
ululations

John Pappas

Details

 Published: 14 April 2025

USA

petal rain
a ripple of banjo
in the breeze

roadside attraction
an old hubcap rusting
into autumn

arbor day
we sweep the pollen
from the porch

John Zheng

Details

📅 Published: 19 August 2025

USA

year end
a river bends
into the sunset

Sunday break the dog plays Hide

Joseph K. Wells

Details

📅 Published: 05 August 2025

USA

the colosseum –
tourists flock to cheer
gladiator ghosts

Joseph P. Wechselberger

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

USA

the chill
off the window glass ...
failure to thrive

Joshua St. Claire

Details

 Published: 13 March 2025

USA

skinny-dipping alone I sing a cicada's song

Julie Bloss Kelsey

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

USA

desert rain
the pitter-patter
peters out

lady's slippers trailing into morning fog

Kari Davidson

Details

 Published: 13 June 2025

USA

hardening wheat
the wind
in grandpa's voice

together again...
a handful of beach glass
in evening light

Katherine E Winnick

Details

 Published: 30 March 2025

United Kingdom

moonless sky...
footsteps vanish
with the tide

Katica Badovinac

Details

 Published: 01 May 2025

Croatia

leaving home...
the same stars
above my head

Katie Montagna

Details

 Published: 03 December 2025

Ireland

up, down, up
a charm of goldfinches
rides the wind

golden hour
autumn deepens
leaf on leaf

party line birds chittering to birds down the wire

Kavita Ratna

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

India

bitter cold
arguments crackle
into thin ice

family tree
roots far below
merge into earth

Konstantin Yakimchuk

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

Sweden

the taste of rain
before i even see it
spring afternoon

Kristen Radden

Details

📅 Published: 22 September 2025

USA

garden party
two monarchs waltz
out of the milkweed

Laila B

Details

📅 Published: 31 March 2025

construction site
the fly trembles inside
a plastic bag

Laila Brahmhatt

Details

 Published: 24 September 2025

USA

September wind
Monet's lilies
quiet as stars

Lakshmi Iyer

Details

 Published: 15 November 2025

India

Chaitra festival
a cat laps up
the milky moon

the fast goodbyes
to a slow-moving train
. . . autumn breeze

a camel's bellow
in the cameleer's snore
sweltering sun

Laurie Greer

Details

 Published: 24 September 2025

USA

nuthatch
the child sings the book

upside down

Laurinda Lind

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

USA

crow
its short study
of us

Lavana Kray

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

Romania

photo group of friends –
from left to right,
just leaves in the rain

Lev Hart

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

Canada

the rosy glow
in a rabbit's ear
autumn evening

downtown
the nonstop honking
of wild geese

Lorraine Carey

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

Ireland

skylark song
ancestral stories
lost

Louise Hopewell

Details

📅 Published: 10 October 2025

Australia

a dragonfly weaves
through tea tree shadows
ancient songline

the freezing desert
blanketed by stars
three dog night

urban creek
cotton ball clouds
reflected in scum

Luciana Moretto

Details

📅 Published: 31 March 2025

Italy

spring cleaning
a suitable time
to rinse my mind

Maciej Falińsk

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

Poland

Father's Day
after the storm has passed,

a cool breeze arrives

Manasa Reddy Chichili

Details

 Published: 01 May 2025

India

maple leaf
the street boy picks
a bigger one

Marilyn Humbert

Details

 Published: 10 November 2025

Australia

poised atop
a Wollemi pine
sickle moon

Mariola Grabowska

Details

 Published: 29 October 2025

Poland

silly season
less and less war
in the headlines

Mark Danowsky

Details

 Published: 24 May 2025

USA

daily walk
bruised magnolia petals
a temporary carpet

Mark Smith

Details

📅 Published: 26 October 2025

USA

landscape mural—
everything i know
feels far away

Martina Matijević

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

beach day
catching shrimp
in the cocktail glass

Matthew Cariello

Details

📅 Published: 25 April 2025

USA

another snowstorm
my father
forgets my name

Meera Rehm

Details

📅 Published: 30 September 2025

heart sutra
still this fear
of dying

Melissa Laussmann

Details

 Published: 28 March 2025

USA

mother's hands
tremble a little more
white camellia

Michael Battisto

Details

 Published: 12 October 2025

USA

photos in the Zócalo:
only tourists
wear native clothing

darting through
the farmer's market—
woman with the snail tattoo

Michael Buckingham Gray

Details

 Published: 31 March 2025

Australia

slow day...
pulling my family
to the tractor show

Michael Minassian

Details

 Published: 13 March 2025

USA

early morning bird songs
her soft breath
in my ear

Mile Lisica

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

Serbia

two praying mantises
perform a love dance-
one headless

Milenko Misic

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

Serbia

a single father fertilizes garden with stars

Minal Sarosh

Details

📅 Published: 03 November 2025

India

bumble bee buzz
my thoughts change
from black to blue

photo dump
some waterfalls fall
without a sound

wheelchair
a flower tattoo blooming
on her ankle

Mohua Maulik

Details

📅 Published: 24 November 2025

India

departing geese
the empty room
full of you

Himalayas
a swirling mist
of temple chants

N.E.Taylor

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

USA

caterpillar bites
on tomato leaves
the hunt begins

Nalini Shetty

Details

📅 Published: 07 December 2025

India

sacred river
the way oil lamps
scatter and regroup

dung beetle
pushing my failures
into darkness

jet trail
what remains
of the morning prayer

Nancy Orr

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

USA

the things left behind ebbing tide

Natalia Kuznetsova

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

Russia

Wolf Moon –
the lingering memories
of nanny's tales

Nate Gillespie

Details

 Published: 10 November 2025

USA

autumn road trip
queuing songs
to hear her sing

Neena Singh

Details

 Published: 25 April 2025

India

firefly...
a child cups his hands
around the dark

Nicoletta Ignatti

Details

 Published: 25 April 2025

Italy

apple blossoms –
on dad's face
another mole

Nina Kovačić

Details

 Published: 15 November 2025

Croatia

autumn breeze a robin blends into leaves

Nisha Raviprasad

Details

 Published: 22 September 2025

India

winter wind
I wake up
to an empty home

Oscar Luparia

Details

 Published: 24 May 2025

Italy

spring rain the colors of umbrellas in full bloom

Pamela Garry

Details

 Published: 29 July 2025

USA

an empty nest
at the fork in the tree
depth of winter

summer solstice
daylilies
fill the divide

fireflies flitting
among honeysuckle
summer's on!

Peter Barnes

Details

 Published: 14 April 2025

USA

mountain morning –
the river rushes through
like-hued pines

a second glass –
sangria's color
decanted by moonlight

Pitt Buerken

Details

 Published: 31 March 2025

Germany

bare fields
the moon shines on
a lonely scarecrow

Priscilla Atkins

Details

 Published: 28 March 2025

USA

through morning clouds
and pine
we smoke the sun

Randy Brooks

Details

📅 Published: 28 March 2025

USA

line up of planets
what the bees
are telling us

Rashmi Mohapatra

Details

📅 Published: 14 October 2025

India

pillow talk
grandad debates
with his snores

Ravi Kiran

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

India

still perfuming
the temple courtyard
fallen frangipani

cherry blossom
the granddaughter
he longs to meet

Richa Sharma

Details

📅 Published: 10 October 2025

India

my inaudible fatigue
winter moon

war wind
I grip the first prayer

hometown river moonlight along my forgetfulness

Richard West

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

USA

cirrus clouds –
stretching the sky
of my mood

Robert Lowes

Details

📅 Published: 25 April 2025

USA

blooming
on a leafless branch—
red-winged blackbird

Robert Witmer

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2025

Japan

a familiar scent
between the covers
my favorite book

birdseed
a second helping
in the chipmunk's cheek

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2025

USA

negotiating
hagstones in the sand
crab

Ron Scully

Details

📅 Published: 22 September 2025

USA

autumn rain
a nightcrawler halfway round
the quarter mile track

Rowan Beckett Minor

Details

📅 Published: 24 November 2025

USA

storm surge
through the riverbend
endless stars

Sam Calhoun

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

USA

entangled lovers
in the cedar
wild muscadines

Samantha Pardo Irigoyen

Details

📅 Published: 07 July 2025

USA

sand crabs
the tide pulls out
my child's laughter

Sanjana Zorinc

Details

📅 Published: 08 September 2025

Croatia

gladioli –
grandma loosens
her headscarf

Sarah June Burchell

Details

📅 Published: 24 May 2025

United Kingdom

tai chi chuan
on wet sand
fleeting patterns

Sean Murphy

Details

📅 Published: 26 October 2025

USA

chrysalis...
will the butterfly mourn
the caterpillar?

Sheikha A.

Details

📅 Published: 01 September 2025

United Arab Emirates

tsukimi
summer's wilting terrace
hangs on dusk

cherry petals . . .
steaming the folds of
creased linen

Sherry Reniker

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

USA

moon garden
in a singing bowl
the satin moth

Shinsaku Ashida

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

Japan

sudden evening rain
runs swiftly
through a nameless town

a little faster
than the wind
the Derby horse

a squid boat's flame—
souls drawn
from the deep

Shloka Shankar

Details

📅 Published: 01 May 2025

India

gem-edged sky...
bare limbs thread
the horizon

Silva Trstenjak (tr. D. V. Rozic)

Details

📅 Published: 10 November 2025

Croatia

late autumn
marigolds sprouting
behind the fence

Simon Hanson

Details

📅 Published: 28 March 2025

Australia

splashing over the moon bridge schooling fish

applied mathematics chambered nautilus

matter materia mater mother
earth

Slavica Mileva

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

North Macedonia

burning sky –
the day carves out a riverbed
in the vanished stream

Somayajulu Musunuri

Details

📅 Published: 07 July 2025

India

autumn light
in the window pane
traces of a wrinkled face

Srini

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2025

India

homeland river...
even in foreign waters
her voice

night dissolving in the light rain

Stacy R. Nigliazzo

Details

📅 Published: 24 May 2025

USA

proof of life
orchids buried in the hair
of spring brides

Steliana Cristina Voicu

Details

📅 Published: 13 June 2025

Romania

winter garden –
the sunlight finds a way
through the pruned roses

peony
a bee deep
in the maze

Stephen C. Curro

Details

 Published: 20 June 2025

USA

summer skies
the mountains glazed
with fresh snow

Sucharita Parija

Details

 Published: 24 May 2025

India

countless stars twinkling
in grandma's open courtyard
old sleepover style

Thomas Smith

Details

 Published: 15 November 2025

USA

a dozen pelicans
perched on pier posts
saltwater sunset

Tim Dwyer

Details

 Published: 08 September 2025

Northern Ireland

noon sun blinding the wren's song

Tim Murphy

Details

 Published: 28 July 2025

Spain

hearing one language
in the sound of another
windy night

Tomislav Maretić

Details

 Published: 26 October 2025

Croatia

sea gooseflesh in the breath of breeze

Tomislav Sjekloća

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

Montenegro

polishing my disorders winter moon

Tony Williams

Details

 Published: 22 September 2025

Scotland, UK

midnight frost
the fox and I
keep our distance

Tsanka Shishkova

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

Bulgaria

autumn leaves
on hand-painted porcelain
aroma of green tea

Tuyet Van Do

Details

📅 Published: 30 March 2025

Australia

family reunion
around the table
wrinkles of time

Vaishnavi Pusapati

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

United Kingdom

cloud hills—
between sips of tea
the smell of petrichor

Vaishnavi Ramaswamy

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

India

a busy morning -

the sizzle
of milk
boiling over

Vandana Parashar

Details

📅 Published: 14 April 2025

India

zen garden
the lovers behind Buddha's back
fighting

telling me
to hold that thought
babbling brook

Vidya Hariharan

Details

📅 Published: 13 March 2025

India

more candles on the cake
fewer friends
to share it with

Vijay Prasad

Details

📅 Published: 15 November 2025

India

dusk—
i close the events
of being

in cell-memories the weight of identity

the last dust has no alphabets

sunset . . .
the steps not
taken

Vikram Kolmannskog

Details

📅 Published: 07 August 2025

Norway

lights out: the sound of sleeping monastics and mating frogs

infinity of
stars, crickets
and the two of us

evening walk
with a lifelong friend
scent of figs

Vishal Prabhu

Details

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

India

ripened apricots
a handful
of mountain dusk

Vladislav Hristov

Details

📅 Published: 29 October 2025

Bulgaria

cotton sky
a tramp smiling
in his sleep

Zachery May

Details

📅 Published: 28 July 2025

robin's morning song
the distant clang
of a garbage truck

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Under the Bashō 2025

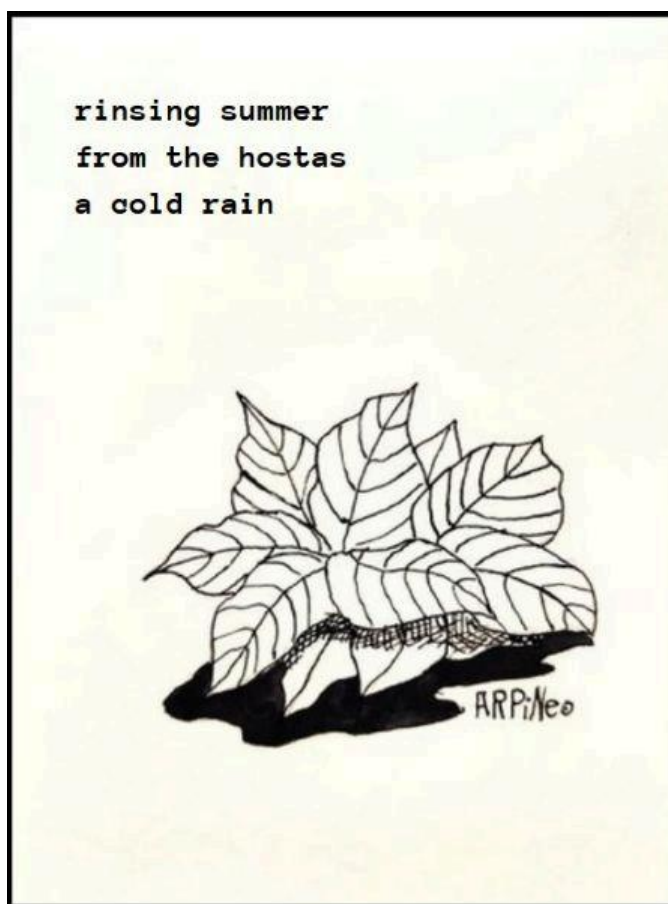
Haiga & Visual Haiku

Editor: Don Baird

Andrew Pineo

Details

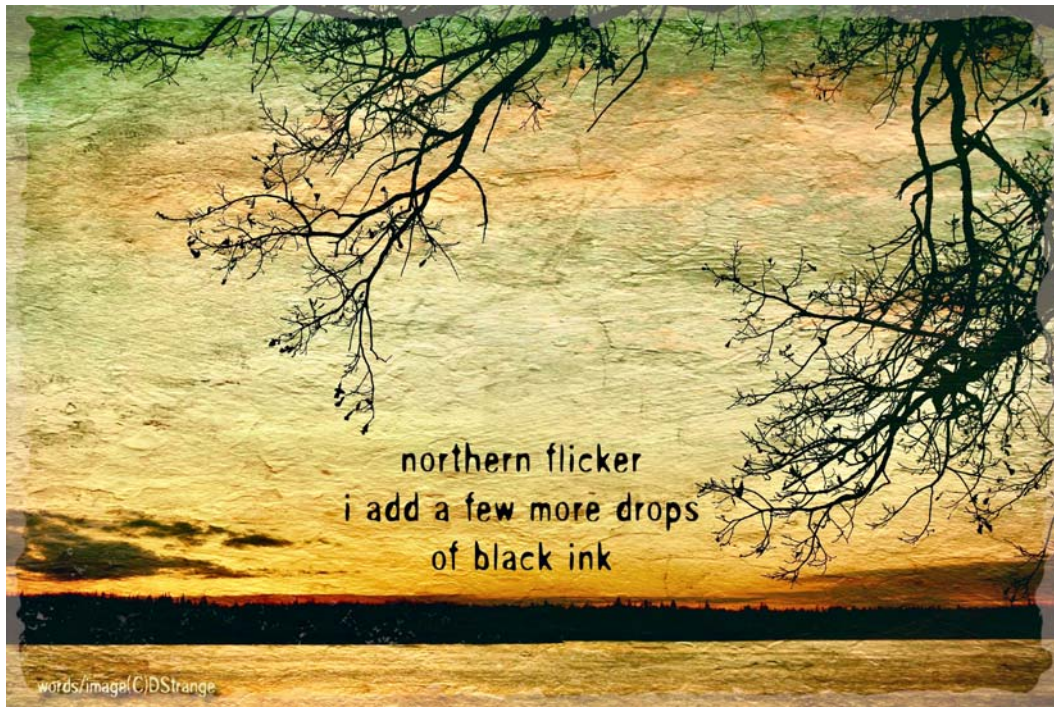
📅 Published: 22 September 2025



Debbie Strange

Details

📅 Published: 22 September 2025







barbed wire
the bluebirds will be back
next year

words/image © JStrange

Hifsa Ashraf – (photograph by Oscar Luparia)

Details

 Published: 18 June 2025

Italy

Pakistan



Janet Ruth

Details

📅 Published: 18 November 2025

USA

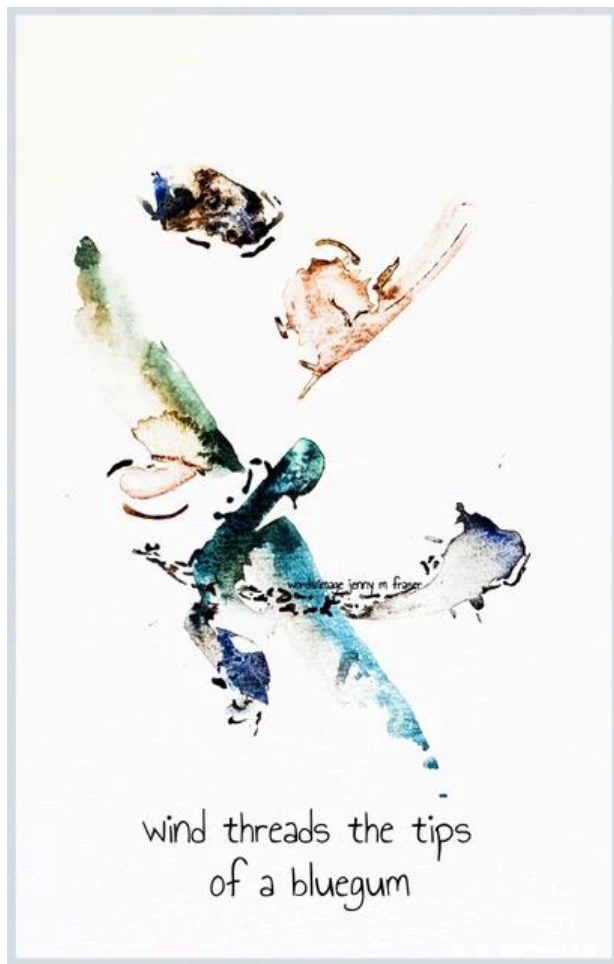


Jenny Fraser

Details

📅 Published: 03 November 2025

New Zealand



John Zheng

Details

📅 Published: 05 August 2025

USA



Lisa C Reynolds (Artist: Vivienne Bretherick)

Details

📅 Published: 02 April 2025

Canada

exit wound...
it hurts
to leave



© Lisa C Reynolds
Vivienne Bretherick, Artist



MJ Mello

Details

📅 Published: 22 September 2025

USA

tracks in the sand . . .
a summer sea
at peace



art by larry mello poem by mj mello



Oscar Luparia

Details

 Published: 09 March 2025

Italy



*winter solitude
I dive into
the sound of stillness*

poem & photo: Oscar Luparia

Pamela Garry

Details

📅 Published: 06 May 2025

USA



recurring dreams
catch and release
catch and release

photo by Sarah Garry; haiku by her mom, Pamela Garry

Richa Sharma

Details

📅 Published: 03 November 2025

India



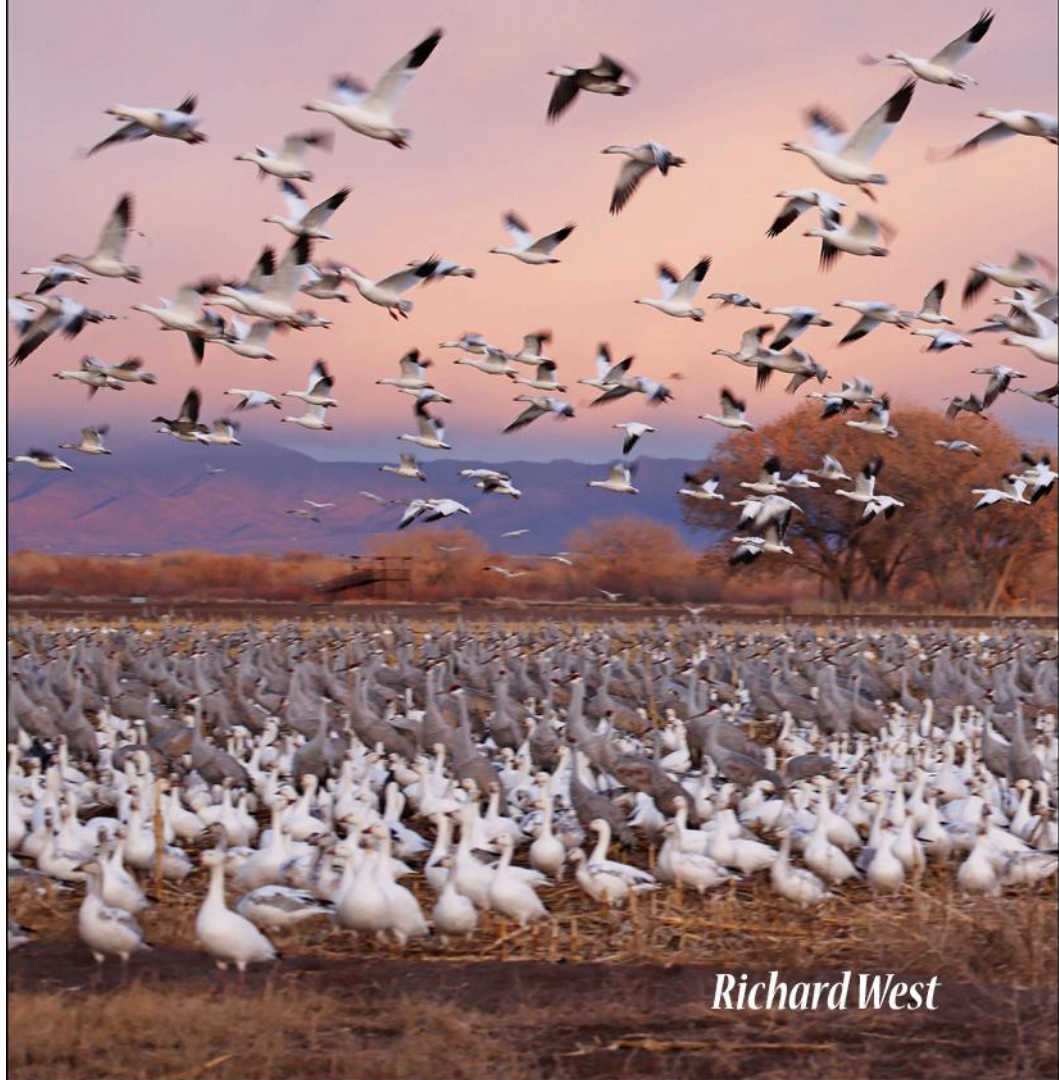
learning to say less moonflowers on the porch

Richard West

Details

 Published: 27 August 2025

*snow geese ...
swirling flakes
introduce winter*



Richard West

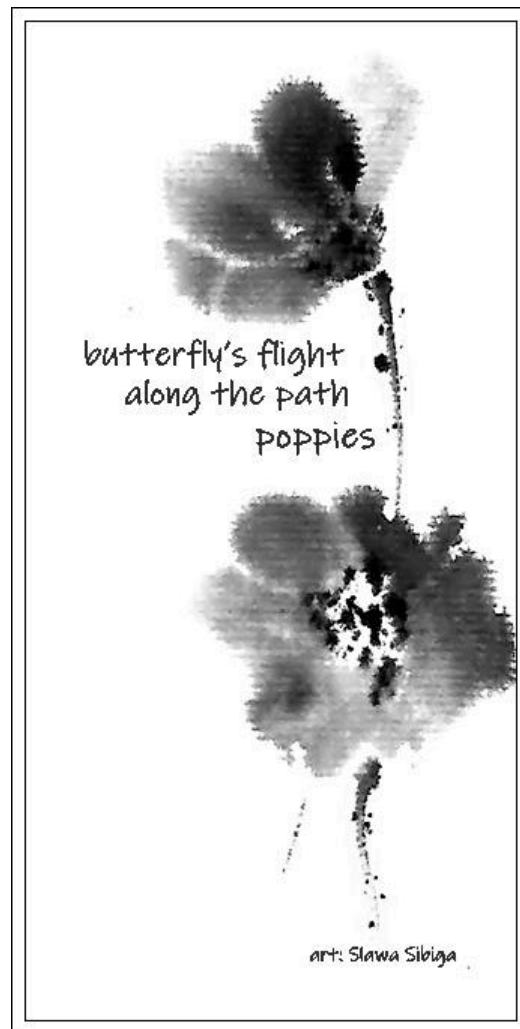


Slawa Sibiga

Details

📅 Published: 08 July 2025

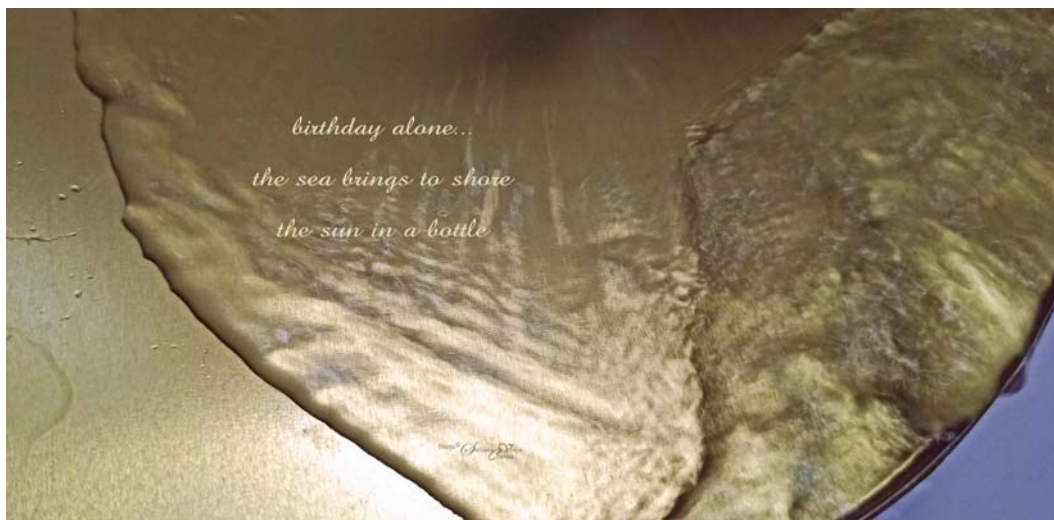
Poland



Steliana Voicu

Details

📅 Published: 02 September 2025



Under the Bashō 2025

Haibun

Editor: Pravat Kumar Padhy

Mad River Sanity

Details

👤 Written by: A J Johnson
📅 Published: 17 March 2025

USA

I am obsessed with Mad River brown trout. And like a river junkie I spend every spare moment there to be schooled in hard luck and yearning. After another Saturday strikeout, with three-days of whisker stubble, my raggedy second-hand fatigue jacket, and a sweat-lined ball cap signaling my defeat, I drive my rusty Corolla back to town, absent-mindedly blowing past the local speed trap. Of course, the police officer starts with the question I have heard many times and to which there is no winning answer: "Do you know how fast you were going?" But he must have noticed the wild look in my eyes and softly questioned: "Are you employed?" "Do you have a place to live?"

And I blankly stare into the distance thinking of that crystal clear Ohio spring creek where Tecumseh was a child.

fevered dream
a spring tide leviathan
splinters my shinbone

The moon to rise

Details

👤 Written by: Andrew Grossman
📅 Published: 15 May 2025

The spring oaks fill in. They loom over his Pennsylvania Stone Farmhouse and block his view of the moon. He is the last of three siblings who farmed the surrounding fields.

The season turns over, but does not replenish him.

A squirrel slowly climbs down a tree trunk. Deer rustle in the undergrowth. The dead leaves, pushed out by fresh buds, flutter down. For a little while longer, this early spring, he will continue to enjoy

the glow of his neighbor's light.

He sees the full moon through the trees. Brother Harvey suggested we could start plowing early.
Sister Mary offered to harness the horses in the morning.

creaking boards
moonglow leads
my gentle footsteps

Box Tree

Details

👤 Written by: Andrew Leggett
📅 Published: 18 November 2025

What happened to the day? It started well enough with toast made from the bread I baked yesterday, mild sopressa salami, gruyere cheese and gherkins, two mugs of coffee and the hope of going to the cinema. There was a chest of drawers to collect from the furniture store, one that barely fitted into the back of the RAV4. It had to be manouvred onto a trolley and guided through several gates, up a step, into the house, around and down the corridors between the piles of other boxes, down a narrow hallway towards the room of its destiny, manoeuvred again to turn it around and place it, centrally, against a wall with just room either side to allow for a bedroom door opening inward and a closet door opening outward. Butchering the packaging was necessary. Then Lars Knudsen's portrait of a galah was placed above it. The hook on the wall was just high enough to allow a margin between the blue limewash frame and the top of the tallboy. By then, it was late.

screeches outside
cockatoo as if flies
from the frame

on the way to aunt annie's

Details

👤 Written by: Anthony Lusardi
📅 Published: 31 May 2025

the ride to stillwater, new jersey. i remember apple orchards on the cusp of blossoming. the fences that separated them from the road. and the fences that separated the training areas for racehorses. i recollect allowing a mother turkey and her chicks to cross. and the spot where we halted and pulled over. because i had to puke up some harmful sugar cookies after a cousin's christmas pageant. all were memories that we laughed and talked about.

with many of us having grown up or moved as far as georgia or florida. however far any trip, what matters most is at the end of the road.

*autumn day moon
what remains in the maple
two neighboring nests*

Dreaming in Colors

Details

👤 Written by: Carla Schwartz

📅 Published: 23 August 2025

My daughter, jacketed in red, squats on a stone in the stream, swirling the water with a twig, concentrating, hoping to snag a tadpole or fish, but mostly she just listens to the whoosh of the water. My son, pale as a newborn, splashes naked nearby. Birds of every color soar all around us like angels. While hoping for some sun, I look out toward the horizon.

edge of the river
I walk along carrying
a patch of the sky

The Rickenbacker Causeway

Details

👤 Written by: Carolina Hospital

📅 Published: 04 April 2025

USA

The Australian pines are gone, transplanted to replace the native flora. With their needle-like branchlets and cone-like clusters, they were not pines at all. But these towering trees walled the shore as if protecting us from the deep black sea. That's how it felt back then in the 1970s, when we parked until dusk shrouded us inside, letting in the sound of the lapping waves.

wide darkness ...
we breathe in adios
following the stars

Camelot

Details

👤 Written by: Ce Rosenow

📅 Published: 12 August 2025

(for Jen)

Hands tinged with greasepaint and sweaters wet from the dry ice machine, we watched our classmates strike pose for a standing ovation. At sixteen, I idolized your every move as you ran the show like a pro. After the final performance, we drove drinking and singing to the cast party, immersed in our *one brief shining moment*.

in lieu of flowers . . .
that tune I still whistle
every now and then

You're not alone

Details

👤 Written by: Chen-ou Liu
📅 Published: 09 March 2025

Canada

with a plan of action, you can move forward and catch a glimpse of light at the end of this tunnel of self-isolation, my friend keeps scratching his head to find some nice words that comfort me.

slanted moonlight
in bed I curl around
this emptiness

in predawn darkness
awake from a dream of death ...
heart-to-heart with myself

The Guest of Honour

Details

👤 Written by: Cristina Povero
📅 Published: 18 November 2025

Italy

We were fortunate to be there at the right time and managed to get tickets for the concert rehearsal. The Stradivari “Vesuvio 1727” was missing from its polished glass display in the museum, resting on the grand piano of the concert hall, ready to sing for us once more. Not the starring role this time, though.

Next to it lay a different violin, wearing a harlequin look, a patchwork of contrasting colours. While we were getting curious about the unusual instrument, we were told that some inmates from a nearby jail had made it with the driftwood from a migrant’s shipwreck.

coloured wood
musical notes from
the lost voices

Like Beckham

Details

👤 Written by: David J. Kelly
📅 Published: 05 August 2025

He was a quiet boy. Said he liked to climb trees. Collected bumps and bruises like the other kids collected cards. Never made a fuss. Always out on the soccer pitch – whenever someone brought a ball. Fancied himself as a striker. Quite the dynamo. Even played when his arm was in plaster.

crack willow
a young branch will
only bend so far

Inventory

Details

👤 Written by: Diana Teneva
📅 Published: 10 October 2025

Some mornings begin not with words, but with noticing—the hum of the refrigerator, the warmth of coffee, the silence beside me in bed. I take stock not with a ledger but a breath. The days are not always easy, but there is food, there is time, there is someone to call. And still, somewhere beneath all that, a small ache for what never was, or hasn't yet arrived. Both are present: the fullness, and the hollow.

a prayer...
what we have
what we don't have

Cosmic Break

Details

👤 Written by: Diana Webb
📅 Published: 09 September 2025

I look across the horizon towards the past, see the two of us walking. The poet and the one who had covered miles on foot. Her shadow was my shadow, my shadow hers. The poet still wanders, there accompanied now by the one they call Mnemosyne, the inseparable companion who took her past all the wildflowers, now gone missing, assumed beyond trace.

window sill blooms
seated beside them day after day
a scent of the stars

Morning

Details

👤 Written by: Djurdja Vukelic Rozic
📅 Published: 10 November 2025

Croatia

The rooster opened the day with his stubborn crowing.
A low sunbeam was flickering playfully on the wall mirror.
Finding just one slipper by the bed, I rushed towards the window.
Moving apart the lace curtains, I gazed through the window with gratitude.
The frost had mercy and bypassed our small orchard in front of the house.

Clouded Yellow
fluttering among
pinkish canopies

Echoes of Silence

Details

👤 Written by: Ganesh R.
📅 Published: 31 May 2025

The road to the restored Key Monastery through a landscape of silent grandeur—jagged cliffs, the deep blue sky, and the occasional flutter of a prayer flag paused the stillness. The air thinned as we ascended, and with each turn, the world seemed to fade behind us. By the time we arrived at the monastery, the sun had softened into a golden hush, casting long shadows on the whitewashed walls. The structure clung to the mountainside as if carved from the very rock, an extension of the land itself. Monks in deep maroon robes walked in measured silence, their faces serene, as if carrying the weight of peace itself. We climbed the last few stone steps, our boots scuffing against centuries-old pathways. The wooden door groaned as it opened, revealing a dimly lit chamber fragrant with incense. Butter lamps flickered, casting trembling halos on the ancient murals of bodhisattvas and celestial realms. A lone monk sat cross-legged in a corner, eyes closed in quiet meditation. The calmness of the place was unbroken even by the wind that had accompanied us throughout our journey. My friend lingered near the prayer wheels, tracing the carved Tibetan script with his fingertips. His usual restlessness seemed to dissolve in the solemnity of the space.

He exhaled, his breath curling in the cold air. "Why do people renounce everything for this? That night, he turned to me, his voice steady. "I think I have found what I was looking for."

prayer wheel
the wind carries his words
to a new destination

Pink Floyd Got It Wrong

Details

👤 Written by: Janet Ruth
📅 Published: 10 November 2025

USA

The moon does not have a dark side; it has a near side, which we can see from Earth, and a far side, which we cannot. One lunar hemisphere always faces toward us, the other always faces away. It's due to the moon's synchronous rotation as it orbits the Earth. Tides on Earth slow the moon's turning so that it rotates only once for each orbit around the Earth—called tidal locking. I only grasp this concept by lifting pen from paper and orbiting it around my fist, while rotating the pen a single time during that orbit. Result—the pen's clip always faces my fist.

Earth
as center of the universe—
then Copernicus

Assuming the far side of the moon is dark because it faces away from us is like suggesting we are the source of light rather than the sun. In fact, all aspects of the moon receive the same amount of sunlight. When we see a half-lit moon, half of the other side is also lit. A crescent for us—a gibbous brightness on the flip side. New moon—the far side is totally illuminated.

trying to think
in three dimensions

inside my head it's dark

Oracle Buds

Details

👤 Written by: Joanna Ashwell

📅 Published: 12 August 2025

It is here by the river that tiny yellow vetches begin to burst through the soft earth. A moment of sunlight for my weary eyes.

violet petals
palmed in silence
soothing the breath

Small moments gather to bind me back to life. The echo of water over stone, the tide over upturned sky, the release of my thoughts back to nowhere.

dragonflies
the first drops
of a dream

Doppelganger

Details

👤 Written by: John Paul Caponigro

📅 Published: 05 August 2025

Walking on a country road under summer stars, I passed a younger man who looked like me. I had an urge to confess my mistakes and spare him trouble, followed by a hope that he thought *I'd like to be like him*.

hazy morning
through the looking glass
looking again

Notes

Details

👤 Written by: John Zheng

📅 Published: 24 July 2025

Two men scratch a chat over plates of oatmeal and sausages in Hotel Marlowe where they attend a literature conference. One asks the other where he's from. "Memphis." The word rolls like a coin across the table. (He's worked in that blues city for two decades.) Then he adds, like serving the shuttlecock underhand from below waist height, "I'm originally from South Korea." The receiver hits the shuttlecock, "Oh, I thought you were from Japan. I taught English there ten years ago."

Tokyo tour
asking for directions

with a note in kanji

Fragility

Details

👤 Written by: Lavana Kray

📅 Published: 21 April 2025

Romania

The inclement weather has ruined my plans of mountain hiking. The path turned muddy. Wet birds watch me sliding towards the yellow water while trying to get hold of branches. The nenuphars make a place for me. Daylight only flows into the stork's eggs. Perhaps, it's not by chance that I am here. I could find out how long it takes for indifference to become a concern.

falling stars –
equally vulnerable
the sky and man

Borderline

Details

👤 Written by: Maciej Faliński

📅 Published: 04 April 2025

Poland

I sit across from a homeless woman. She might be my age. I have never seen her beg. I type these words into my phone while she writes something in a tattered notebook. I can't shake the feeling that she is an artist or a poet. She never parts with her patterned scarf and the unusual shirt I first saw her in. So little separates us—just a few steps, from her to me. All it takes is walking through the crowd of people rushing past.

a wishing pond ...
the ripples barely
reach across

Beach Busker

Details

👤 Written by: Michelle Brown

📅 Published: 26 October 2025

Australia

Reclining on a park bench near the waves washing the sand, a dog snoring after a run. Mind drifts like cirrus clouds in cerulean sky. Wafting scents of coffee caress the air, preventing sleep. In the elongated beats of time, I nod at the pelican that lands nearby.

I carry
murmurs of the breeze ...
footsteps behind

Drawing Water

Details

👤 Written by: Miera Rao
📅 Published: 22 November 2025

She has but weeks. We pore over albums. There aren't many pictures of her young life – just a couple of sepia photos of her with her parents, and of her graduation. There's a black-and-white album of her wedding, and color photos of family vacations we took. Her hand reaches for her favorite photos – in Sringeri with the gigantic Deccan mahseer nibbling at our toes in the river, at Karwar Beach where she was on her honeymoon. It seems as if she's drawn to water these days. She points to one with the waterfalls. Where was this, I ask. *Jog Falls, where I told him he was going to be a father.* She sprinkles the money plant on the windowsill and turns it towards the light. Even the Devil's ivy... she murmurs and closes her eyes.

cascading falls
combing her silvery locks
wide-toothed comb

Unyoking

Details

👤 Written by: Nalini Shetty
📅 Published: 22 November 2025

India

I walk the field behind the house, the one I've crossed for years without thinking. Today the grass feels different—stiffer, almost obstinate—as though it has learned something I haven't. The neighbor's shed leans a little more than last season, its roofline dipping like a tired shoulder. I stop at the low fence where two boards have begun to separate. I press them together out of habit, though I know they'll open again. There's a certain ease in admitting things won't stay fixed.

stray feathers
a sparrow's brief quarrel
with the wind

I continue until the path narrows and slips into patches of weed. I decide not to make my own way through. Instead, I stand still, waiting for something inside me to align. Nothing does, yet the quiet feels unexpectedly clear.

fence corner
a rusted nail holding
what it can

By The Light Of An Abecedarian

Details

👤 Written by: Pamela Garry

📅 Published: 24 July 2025

What is it about that word? Every time he hears it, he points it out to me. Stunning attack, stunning blow, stunning comeback, stunning defeat, stunning effort, stunning failure, stunning garden, stunning home, stunning impact, stunning jewelry, stunning kindness, stunning love, stunning moon, stunning nightmare, stunning observation, stunning progress, stunning quiet, stunning revelation, stunning sky, stunning trouble, stunning upset, stunning victory, stunning wind, stunning X-ray, stunning yield, stunning zinger. Eventually all the nouns, especially those proper nouns, seem to fade; 'stunning' tends to linger.

at break-of-day

abuzz with stunning chatter

a bed of pansies

2 Part Harmony

Details

👤 Written by: Patricia Nellene Deal

📅 Published: 10 November 2025

USA

Music was a lifeline for my father and his most constant tool in accessing and expressing his emotions, so he and I listened to Trio Radio on Spotify for hours. I prayed. I cried and sang. Dad drew breath. His breaths slowed achingly toward ceasing well past dark when, for just an instant, as the end was very near, a panic consumed me.

"This is not the one! You cannot die to this song!"

Tumble out of bed and I stumble to the kitchen

Pour myself a cup of ambition

And yawn and stretch and try to come alive

Dolly belting out *9 to 5*, decades having passed since earning his living. Another breath. Another song. Relieved. Remembering how much he loved this song, how it reminded him of mom. I was ready now, for a moment, forgetting this wasn't about me.

I feel so bad I got a worried mind

I'm so lonesome all the time

Since I left my baby behind

On Blue Bayou

Another breath... and another.

Hobo's Meditation begins. By then, the nurse was standing opposite me, beside my Dad, under the monitors. I took a breath to listen to what Dad had to say.

Last night as I lay on the boxcar

Just waiting for a train to pass by

What will become of the hobo

Whenever his time comes to die?

autumn sky ...
last 3 songs echo off
a life in 3 acts

Author's note: The 3 italicized verses are lyrics from the following songs: *Tumble out...* (From 9 to 5 by Dolly Parton); *I feel so bad ...* (From Blue Bayou by Roy Orbison and Joe Melson, performed by Linda Ronstadt) and *Last night ...* (From Hobo's Meditation by Jimmie Rodgers and performed by Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris.)

The Grip

Details

👤 Written by: Richard L. Matta
📅 Published: 07 July 2025

A friend invites me to a party to meet Susan. She's out picking wildflowers for the table. Somehow, I end up arranging them—some latent talent surfacing. Guests take notice as Susan arrives with a smile and joins me briefly, decorating the flower vase.

I overhear the host say, "Hmm, what's going on with the military officer corps these days?"

I'm a lieutenant. We share a moment of graceful silence, exchanging smiles.

I shake hands with the host on my way out. Susan gives a hug, avoids my outstretched hand.

pottery class—
my fingers become
red clay

The Passionate Shepherd

Details

👤 Written by: Robert Witmer
📅 Published: 18 June 2025

I finally found a shepherd who agreed to appear in a poem of mine on YouTube. It was to be bucolic, with flute music. I wasn't so sure about the sheep. A bleating lamb or two, maybe, but I had to keep costs down. Do you know what an iambic pentameter goes for these days? No love scene. Just the lament of a lonely soul, a rustic in the rusty light of early evening, longing for love. I had a problem, though. My shepherd was over eighty. I thought it best to avoid any accusations of ageism. But I replaced the flute with a cello. Those deep resonant tones brought a somber gravitas to the scene. Joseph carrying a lamb over blank verse.

the world
before the child
grows into our words

In Media Res

Details

👤 Written by: Sara Tropper
📅 Published: 22 November 2025

Israel

Since the seventh, I've been watching. The wisteria comes and goes. October stays.

running asphalt the road remembers its stones

Meditation

Details

👤 Written by: Sarang Bhand
📅 Published: 09 September 2025

There comes a time in one's life when one gets this urge to get acquainted with solitude. Not to run away or turn one's back from the hubbub of routine. But to lock one in a room with the bare minimum —a shelf containing books by Rilke, Proust, Chekhov, and many others, neatly stacked, a well-cushioned chair with a footrest, a warm reading lamp, an Oriental rug, and a window half open to let the breeze carry in the pleasant petrichor. To be oblivious of any other external stimuli, deep diving into the written pages, and one would find peace amidst chaos, right here in the eye of the storm. Get rejuvenated to jump into the whirlpool of the world once again.

seeking ikigai ...
the chapters I read
so far

Returnee

Details

👤 Written by: Senka Slivar
📅 Published: 18 November 2025

Croatia

I'm in my ticket cabin at the railway station. The train gone, a lone passenger wearing a black designer raincoat stands motionless on the platform, in front of a green maize field. Familiar facial features, wearing Toto Oxford dressy shoes. Lengthy trips, endless pairs of railway tracks, probably overlong years of waiting for his return home.

He stands there, accompanied by two large, sturdy suitcases. His hands are well cared for and tender, his body slightly bent, eyes lost in the distance. "Omnia mutantur, nihil interit," everything changes, nothing perishes. It was a quiet landing on an entirely strange planet from his past.

grazing cows . . .
a boy with a willow flute
by the brook

Comfort

Details

👤 Written by: Sherri J Moye-Dombrosky

📅 Published: 23 August 2025

As a child, my room was in a rather hot, stuffy attic. There were windows at each end of the attic, and when I opened them, fresh breezes could blow through—if there were any; some nights were just stifling.

What I loved most about these windows was that they allowed me to listen to the nighttime songs of the birds, insects, and especially the frogs in the nearby pond.

In our backyard was a caved-in fallout shelter built in the early '50s. The roof caved in at ground level, and since it ran under the pasture fence, it was truly a hazard; however, to me it was an endless wonder...tadpoles, creaks of a humongous bullfrog.

soul sustenance
the symphony of silence
in between

Celestial Magic

Details

👤 Written by: Stefan Raffl

📅 Published: 18 November 2025

The moon lounges in the sky, white against blue. Unencumbered by convention, she flirts with hills, teases treetops, and hovers above a traffic light, as if declaring— watch out, a new signal—white. We drive past a moon garden, night-blooming flowers now washed in the sun –no glint on water. No serenade. No shadows stretch across sleepy grass. Sunlight drips through leaves. We follow it back to the sky.

What if we moved like her? Invent a secret language only the tides can read. Teach math through dance. Unveil randomness in orbits. Freedom waits for us to dare break our own habits. What if we lived unmasked—moon-bright, full; showed up as we are, even with the dark spots we usually hide?

honest glance
makes the world anew—
moon and sun in step

The World Turtle

Details

👤 Written by: Susan Burch

📅 Published: 24 July 2025

If the world is built on the back of a turtle, then when there are no more turtles, there will be no more worlds. The multiverse will collapse...

moonlit beach
just a billion grains
of sand

Tracing a sweet spot

Details

👤 Written by: Sushma A. Singh
📅 Published: 26 October 2025

Taken back to the cusp of my teenage years, I am the last player left to defend the school *kho kho* team, being chased by an opponent, on a rectangular playfield, the onus of victory resting on ten tentative toes. My petite frame, drizzled with fervour of a zillion, sun-tinged faces, whizzes in and out like a lit arrowhead through a row of squatting rivals, poised to tag me out.

spring fever
the meadow
a medley of colors

Ripping through the tight-lipped wind, a whistle's screech announces the game's end. I surrender to gravity with a thud after wresting a win for my side, thunder of applause, a thin murmur in my ears as I am pulled from the edge of blur to the scent of elation.

almanac
the wingspan
of a dribble of ink

Note: *Kho Kho* is an Indian game played between two teams where each player runs to tag the opponent player in the shortest possible time.

Spring Mark

Details

👤 Written by: Vaishnavi Pusapati
📅 Published: 10 October 2025

Once as thin as rods, the aspens now outgrow the boy who once rode my hip. He leans back against their bark, measuring. Soil on his knees, small cuts unspoken. The trees sway, restless, already taller than memory.

spring wind—
his handprint rising
beyond reach

Neptune Ascendant

Details

👤 Written by: Vidya Hariharan
📅 Published: 15 May 2025

I am older than all the other students in the class. I am, at fifty-six, what is generally termed a 'mature student'. There is a plethora of i-pads in the classroom, earphones, tablets and other

electronic gizmos, the names of which I don't know.

The wall behind the lectern is a large, white screen. The teacher stands on the podium, writing on his laptop with his liquid pen. He barely looks around, not even to the screen behind.

Quite suddenly, I feel as if the table starts vibrating. My classmate's mobile phone screen lights up with "MOM" and his hand hovers indecisively over it.

spring zephyr
my fluttering scarf
chases nothingness

Yugma*

Details

Written by: Vidya Premkumar
Published: 22 November 2025

India

The net touches water, and the world rearranges itself. One cast, clean, confident, and the backwaters split into neat squares, each holding its own slight glint of sky. I often watch the fishermen; the gesture feels ancestral, almost liturgical. A single sweep of rope and weight splits the surface into geometry. This is where I first learn the soundless authority of division.

Now, in Wayanad, the memory returns each time we ride through the six-kilometre stretch we call *Totoro's road*. Here, the splitting is immense. The land lies open like a vast sheet of water, and God (if God has ever been a fisherman) seems to have thrown a net wide enough to reach the horizon. Mud lanes run like grid lines; paddy fields held in perfect squares; a harvest of earth shaped by human will.

On the forest side of this road, the tribe gathers what the season gives: roots, greens, and fallen fruits. No hewing. No measured squares. Only a practised listening to the land's pulse. On the other side, cultivation repeats its tidy pattern. We traverse these two worlds daily, straddling them with our bike, plaiting the cultivated and the freely reaped in a single passing breath.

twilight
helios and selene
cleave time

**Yugma* is a Sanskrit word meaning 'convergence.'

Under the Bashō 2025

PostKu

Editor: Clayton Beach

Cynthia Anderson

Details

📅 Published: 10 October 2025

USA

what passes for talk the thud of bombs dropping

cremation postcard the mailbox deepens

reversal of fortune a starfield underfoot

Damir Damir

Details

📅 Published: 07 July 2025

Yugoslavia

before & after my fears,
mosses...

red on red
Carl Jung's smoking pipe

Debbie Strange

Details

📅 Published: 05 November 2025

Canada

pitcher plant drowning in the chalice of doomscrolling

Elmedin Kadric

Details

📅 Published: 31 May 2025

Sweden

not the metaphor
but the crow
of a metaphor

but fame like a God that's framed for a petty crime

the slow syrup of her absence brings back the slug

night itself is the absence of rainsong only sometimes

forever a trick that pulls me out of the water

Jerome Berglund

Details

📅 Published: 07 July 2025

USA

crime of passion:
first thought
best thought

John Pappas

Details

📅 Published: 04 April 2025

USA

year's end
cantatas rippling
the amniotic

surface tension the glister of *could*

context collapse *the zero-sum of sleet slash*

Joshua St. Claire

Details

 Published: 02 April 2025

USA

gömböc
the Atlantic full
of dead oceans

Kevin Valentine

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

USA

craters of the moon
the double helix
of thought

phrenic nerve starlight couples with the moon

Mark Gilbert

Details

 Published: 10 November 2025

United Kingdom

deconstructing
data with the dead
pond life

MJ Mello

Details

 Published: 10 October 2025

USA

a different sky moving still deeper into silence

Patrick Sweeney

Details

 Published: 31 May 2025

USA

pointing out the orographic lift of biblical clouds
nobody but nobody wants me to drive

Sir, this is no place for hyper-realistic examinations
of the isolated mundane

entering the intricacies of an abandoned horse racing form
a component or two away from completing my machine

Ron Scully

Details

 Published: 02 April 2025

USA

trumpeter	as	escape
clouds	if	
	swans	

Rowan Beckett Minor

Details

 Published: 18 November 2025

USA

death unbecoming the moon full of sky

starlight twinkles the tongue flowering nightclub

paper ghosts anything but the snow in my bones

winter slurry the darkness pinking up

the river runs a tune within a tune

escalating my lungs in the ash a star twinkles crimson

baptized by twilight I sculpt you with mud

Shloka Shankar

Details

 Published: 25 April 2025

India

evening

refuse

is a happy thing
blotted,

to speak to anyone

a crucifix
of language

about your day

merging into the pine

with fear-meaning movements

the inequalities

we ascend

of growing twilight

a new-fangled idea

my body

iron-grey

is a finite

nails of war

banquet

hammer horror home

cliff edge—

the errors of non causa

fast-falling dark :: a telegram of yearning

to read the heart blue flame

for a century / a turnscrew / of fumbling / dangers

Stephen Toft

Details

 Published: 19 August 2025

United Kingdom

the blue
secret between
iris & rain

she spins

the globe the walls
become clouds

translating
the apocrypha
plum blossoms

Tim Murphy

Details

📅 Published: 01 September 2025

Spain

October among sixty thousand words

moonless mandala boundary drawing again

Vijay Prasad

Details

📅 Published: 22 September 2025

India

a door opens into the ears of wind

Under the Bashō 2025

Linked Forms, Sequences and Contrapuntal Poetry

Editor: Clayton Beach

Chasms of Sight – parallel form han-kasen

Details

👤 Written by: Clayton Beach & Stephen Bailey
📅 Published: 04 November 2025

USA

Aotearoa / New Zealand

winter galaxy— pricks of light through a forest of dark matter	<i>firing up the slings and arrows a matchstick</i>
<i>without number or purpose angels dance on a pinhead</i>	quickens with foxfire over the icy mountain
with unbearable lightness the cottonwood drifts far from the river	<i>snow flurries obscure visual markers of distance</i>
<i>beyond the chasms of sight a star goes supernova</i>	between desire and spasm a lengthening shadow
as consciousness blooms in ever expanding waves of time eternal	<i>engenders with a white rush the divine seed</i>
<i>out of the blue some creature blurts out a theory of everything</i>	the beauty of a thing in the shape of its absence
only it isn't ever just quite the way we wanted it to be	<i>with a glance a thousand ships are launched into history</i>

<i>a stranded jellyfish spills over from its mould</i>	the sparkle of starlight in the vast's empty corners
the sum of all we thought we'd left behind roadside nettles	<i>the cosmos reduced to an artificial intelligence</i>
Clayton Beach <i>Stephen Bailey</i>	

late spring/crushed grass

Details

- Written by: Clayton Beach & Stephen Bailey
- Published: 04 November 2025

- USA
- Aotearoa / New Zealand

late spring— the memory of machine gun fire in a starling's song	<i>crushed grass a lover clung to in vain through winged dreams</i>
<i>murmurs of discontent from a distant rumble</i>	dreamers cross the magpie bridge stars scattered like petals
wind through dry pines, the terrible flash of a distant pyrocumulus	<i>in-flowing tide a fresh breath of life on the river</i>
<i>a lightning strike bootlegs its way into history</i>	the purl, the babble, the song, stitched together as one
rain falls at last disturbing the long silence of the mountain stones	<i>a thread pulled from Eliot's tapestry defies fate</i>
<i>cascading rivulets carve out a new covenant</i>	proof that people are crueler than any lingering season
in the wild irises stir the ancient enmities that marble desire	<i>the last post a lone bugler taps into a shared sadness</i>
<i>Laocoön and his sons writhe in relentless agony</i>	the wind's blue note colors the white cry of the wood duck

in the languid dust not a trace of Troy remains to be seen	<i>scudding clouds enter the vision and are gone</i>
Clayton Beach <i>Stephen Bailey</i>	

Radioactive

Details

Written by: Dennis Owen Frohlich
Published: 19 October 2025

USA

mountain dew
condensation on the can
summer morn

mountain summit
the pop and hiss
of the pull-tab

mountain frost
the click of ice
against glass

mountain lightning
fluorescent syrup
cracks the ice

mountain showers
a rush of bubbles
rise to the surface

mountain splash
the assault of citrus
on my tongue

mountain fury
coolness slips
down my throat

mountain explosion
energy floods
my brain

mountain lion
ready to

conquer the world

Water

Details

👤 Written by: Dennis Owen Frohlich

📅 Published: 26 October 2025

USA

driving rain
along the highway
the window fogs

biting sleet
changing a tire
in the dark

sideways ice
a hot shower
washes away the cold

howling wind
dripping clothes by the door
tomato soup

winter storm warning
windows shaking
I draw the covers

swirling snow
no place to go
alarm clock shut off

Seasons' Fate

Details

👤 Written by: Hashmi-al-Haseeb Faisal

📅 Published: 19 August 2025

Pakistan

Autumn's withered leaf,
A spectre whispers of time—
Ash in the wind's grasp.

Summer's blazing heat,
A sacrifice made in faith—
Ibrahim's Sunnah.

Lines on ancient scroll—
Your fate is sealed as it's read.

The stars do not lie.

Ink on sacred leaf,
The oracle's breath whispers—
Destiny unfolds.

Whispers in the dark,
A scroll unfolds to silence—
So your fate begins.

Harmony and Dissonance

Details

👤 Written by: Jo Balistreri and Wilda Morris

📅 Published: 18 November 2025

on the music stand
Bach's preludes and fugues
rock through our son's door

his cellphone
the new dinner bell

mealtime music
Sinatra on low
put your dreams away

teen siblings in the car
squabbling
over which music station

father looks over his shoulder
the sudden quiet in the backseat

before bedtime
at the piano...
a Chopin nocturne

Jo Balistreri and Wilda Morris

Night Steps (a tanka sequence)

Details

👤 Written by: Joanna Ashwell

📅 Published: 08 April 2025

United Kingdom

stepping beyond
the starlight's halo
a dream web

pulling me back
to infinity

didn't you hear
the sonar bell
drifting inside
an open window
of coal light

there is only
this dome of night
slipping over
between every edge
of your body

snuggle in
this is the time
when everything shines
the long lost aurora
of love's crown

Oneness in Color – a rengay

Details

👤 Written by: Lakshman Bulusu, USA & Melissa Lemay, USA

📅 Published: 05 November 2025

USA

first day...
the turn of colors
in dawn's chorus

*morning mist settles
dissipating birdsong*

foliage makes
earth and sky one
my memories stir

*sneezing
into the crook of
my elbow*

my dreams captured
crackle by crackle

*stepping on
cicada shells
i shed my skin*

Lakshman Bulusu
Melissa Lemay

An Ancient Land (a tanka sequence)

Details

👤 Written by: Lorraine Haig

📅 Published: 20 June 2025

Australia

spinifex plain
a lingering mystery
in the land
we breathe quietly
lest we wake the serpent

a bower
that once held
a granite egg
rolled by the wind's beak
warmed beneath the sun's feathers

the wide circles
of a whistling kite
below
a frill-necked lizard
disappears in a crack

a huge rock
balanced on a finger
of stone
I reach down for a pebble
shaped like the moon

the sun
drops to the horizon
cameras ready
we are silenced
as rocks glow red

dingoes
howl into the night
silhouettes
and hushed voices
around the campfires

Old and Afraid

Details

👤 Written by: Roberta Beach Jacobson

📅 Published: 01 September 2025

USA

retirement party
someone already eyeing
my desk

wrapped in crepe paper my old body

70th birthday
still practicing
duck-and cover

another hundred-year flood of worries

history repeats . . .
crystal ball collects
dust

dictator his soles trample souls

time change
a few seconds forward
on the doomsday clock

Mirages - rengay

Details

👤 Written by: Scott Wiggerman, Claire Vogel Camargo & Janet Ruth

📅 Published: 10 November 2025

USA

a dove and I
sip meager shade
desert willow [SW]

pink trumpet blooms
short-lived music [CVC]

virga promise
never touches the ground
tatter of rainbow [JR]

jackrabbit gulch
no jackrabbits, all gulch [SW}

sparse sagebrush
a whiptail scuttles
through rock crevices [CVC]

spiral petroglyph
the blazing sun [JR]

Double Helix

Details

👤 Written by: Stephen Bailey
📅 Published: 05 November 2025

Aotearoa / New Zealand

in and out of

a dream

a double helix

overstays

dark strands

the night

Early Spring (a tanka sequence)

Details

👤 Written by: Xenia Tran
📅 Published: 02 April 2025

Scotland

icy wind –
I pull the wool
over my ears
it's been more than two years
without you

2 a.m. moonlight
the fairground sleeps
in the field
a traveller's dog
one ear up, one eye open

the fortune teller
closes her eyes
then opens them
green and gold flickers
while she spreads the cards

Under the Bashō 2025

Poet's Personal Best Haiku

Editor: Don Baird

The author's listed in this section have each identified a single haiku from their body of self-penned work that they regard as their personal best and may be regarded as a prime example of their haiku mastery and guiding haiku aesthetic.

Each haiku included in this section is accompanied by the author's own commentary on the chosen haiku explaining what makes it stand out for them at this time as their personal best achievement as a writer of haiku.

It is realised that the way that they write haiku will change as they hone their skills and mature their art and thus we open the invitation again year after year to reflect their changing perspective.

Anthony Lusardi

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

broken down backhoe
inside its rusting bucket
a butterfly wing

Modern Haiku, Vol. 50.2, summer 2019

Appeared in chapbook, *what the sky holds*, (buddha baby press, Windsor, CT, 2002)

I was walking through the parking lot of my favorite pizzeria and there was a dismantled backhoe. And there was an orange wing of a monarch butterfly. It eventually became one of the first haiku that I got published when I started submitting poetry professionally. It contains themes that have stayed in my poetry style, including the intertwine of the past and present, and a juxtaposition of nature and human civilization. The backhoe is not a living thing but has a "lifespan," and a butterfly has such a short time on earth. The two contrasting images help my readers to contemplate their existence and appreciate the moments they have here and henceforth.

Archie G. Carlos

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

a smaller
slice of orange
Gaza sunset

The verse was written for *The Haiku Foundation's Monthly Kukai*. The theme for March 2024 – orange.

After dinner one winter evening, my wife cut up a Cara Cara orange into slices smaller than she used to. Smaller sunsets, I thought.

My first draft –

*a smaller
slice of orange
winter sunset*

The final version –

*a smaller
slice of orange
Gaza sunset*

Final L3 came about when it crossed my mind that, somehow, the world of the people of the Gaza Strip at that time was similarly getting smaller. Sunsetting.

Bonnie J Scherer

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

a torrent of grief
some floodwaters
never recede

tsuri-dōrō Issue #30 Nov/Dec 2025

This poem resonates well with a wide and varied readership as evidenced by comments left on social media. For me, the poem encapsulates the theme of loss from catastrophe resulting from natural disaster which may be caused in part by human intervention. Storms of historic proportion wash away whole communities sometimes destroying ancestral grounds as well. In addition, human life may be taken. Survivors' lives are forever changed. While the floodwaters eventually dry up, the river of tears may never stop

dan smith

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

Sudoku
Rubik's Cube
you

Issa's Untidy Hut – Wednesday Haiku 9-26-2012

The poem came to me all of a piece which is itself a puzzle. Is the you not only the subject of the poem but the real author? I still find the seven syllable sparseness very satisfying. That others do as well is gratifying.

Debbie Strange

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Canada

refugee train
small hands starfished
against the glass

1st Place, Triveni Awards 2024

This poem arose out of my despair at witnessing the plight of the world's displaced children, who are facing traumas not of their own making. Their voices unheard, they use "starfished" hands to silently plead for mercy as the train pulls them away from everything they have ever known. In this instance, I felt that "verbing" was a dynamic and fresh approach not only to convey the shape of hands, but to reference the locomotion techniques of starfish. The children are dissimilar, and yet akin, to starfish. Though unable to regenerate limbs blown off in war, they are ruthlessly uprooted and battered by forces beyond their control.

Don Baird

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

Nagasaki –
in her belly, the sound
of unopened mail

The bombings of Japan, a nation half starved, disturbs me to no end. I've pondered both bombings quite often. I feel the pain; I feel the separation of families, central and abroad. I labor over the moment thousands of people burnt away (instantly). No notice, no preparation – just gone!

What was left unsaid? Was there love on their tongues, hate in their heart? Were there unfinished conversations? Were meals prepared and waiting to be enjoyed?

Suddenly, where did hope go? Where did the last hug go? What happened to them this time when they said “good-bye for now” but turned out to be forever?

Blasted. Left empty. Debris. Dreams, debris; homes, debris; children and parents, debris. What would they say to each other if they all knew this was their last day on earth? This is gut felt. Even the sound of silence rang loud in the smoke. How much was left undone, now gone? It's disturbing.

Clearly, these two bombings (Nagasaki and Hiroshima) deeply disturb me. This poem is my outcry to the world as the world attempts to reconcile the war to this day. It was written during one evening. Initially, I used the word “mind” where the word “belly” became the final choice. It was more than mind — it was “guttural.”

Award winning, it holds awards from Haiku Now (1st) and the Touchstone Award. At this point, it is published worldwide in many different venues including notable books.

Elliot Diamond

Details

 Category: Personal Best

USA

the night awning of a blink

frogpond #48.2

The process of selecting this haiku was deeply reflective for me, being an opportunity to revisit my work, consider my current “personal best,” and explore the emotions and insights behind making that selection.

“The night awning” evokes the snap shot moment of the “blink”, when nocturnal beings such as owls, cats, bats, and frogs wink their eyes, creating an awning of darkness. It is also the flicker of a firefly's bioluminescence as it signals for a mate, or the moment when drifting clouds veil the moon. In this haiku, my intention was to distill the essence of subtle night movements, those momentary, natural gestures that link the subtleties of light, motion and natural events.

My haiku journey began with traditional forms, but over time, with growing confidence and invaluable feedback, I adventured into monoku and more experimental writing forms. Years ago, while training with the Blind Acupuncture Society of Japan, I was introduced to Japanese aesthetics and the spirit of haiku, an experience that continues to inform my creative vision. As a musician composing ethnographic and avant-garde works, I strive to weave sensory depth into my current writing. In the night awning, I was particularly drawn to the quiet pulse of the blink, its invisible rhythm, and how it might be conveyed with simplicity and imagination.

Emil Karla

Details

 Category: Personal Best

France

a teddy bear
falls from the stroller—
silent crowd

Presence, issue #77, November 2023

Frosina Tasevska

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

North Macedonia

wiped dust
risen by the winds
clouds of love

This haiku feels closest to my inner world. It says a lot with very little—about memory, love, and the quiet way emotions return when we least expect them. Its simplicity carries depth, and that balance is what I strive for in my haiku. Right now, this is the poem that best expresses my evolving voice.

Goran Gatalica

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Croatia

Starry night—
the generations of women
who did needlework

First Place, 3rd John Bird Dreaming Award for Haiku, Australian Haiku Society, 2025

I wanted to compose haiku which will compare the sky stitched with stars and the generations of women who did needlework. Many working-class women sewed to earn a living. Privileged women stitched as a necessary accomplishment and to relieve themselves from boredom and isolation. This haiku poem reflects my nostalgia for crafts such as needlework that are being replaced by machine-made.

Govind Joshi

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

India

skipping back
to her childhood
a young mother

Chrysanthemum 31, October 2023

This poem is about my wife when she was a young mother, playing with our son in the yard. At the time of writing this haiku, which was about two years ago, I recalled how enthusiastic she was about skipping and how she had brought her skipping rope in her baggage when she came to live with us after marriage — as if she had brought a part of her girlhood with her. Watching her skip backward that evening, I tried to imagine how her childhood would have been even as she played with her own child.

Helen Buckingham

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

United Kingdom

clifftop hospital
wingbeats glimpsed
but not heard

(*Heliosparrow Poetry Journal*, 18 July 2025)

Having been there, done that and got the metaphorical straightjacket, ku-tharsis is kind of a necessity for me, and I feel this to be one of my strongest examples.

Jenny Fraser

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

New Zealand



A light autumn wind played on the dune edge as I set to work with my paints. The colours, coupled with the first scent of turning earth, drew me into an intimacy with the surroundings. . Suddenly, a stick insect and the memory of a recent conversation.

Joanna Ashwell

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

United Kingdom

old friends
the unfinished melody
of a skylark

Frogpond 47:2 Spring/Summer 2024

'This haiku holds a special place in my heart. I wrote it while considering how through life we not only nurture and value ongoing friendships, but we also lose friends, either through passing or simply from losing touch. There is an ebb and flow to life and sometimes someone is taken from you when you feel that there is so much more that you could have shared. I hoped that in these few lines I could capture the essence of how special friendship is and how the song of new and old friends continues in this cycle of time and experiences with these bonds. I think that this poem, that came with only a few tweaks from my first version, carries a universal message that everyone can relate to.'

John Hawkhead

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

United Kingdom

buffeting wind
a child blowing bubbles
from her wounds

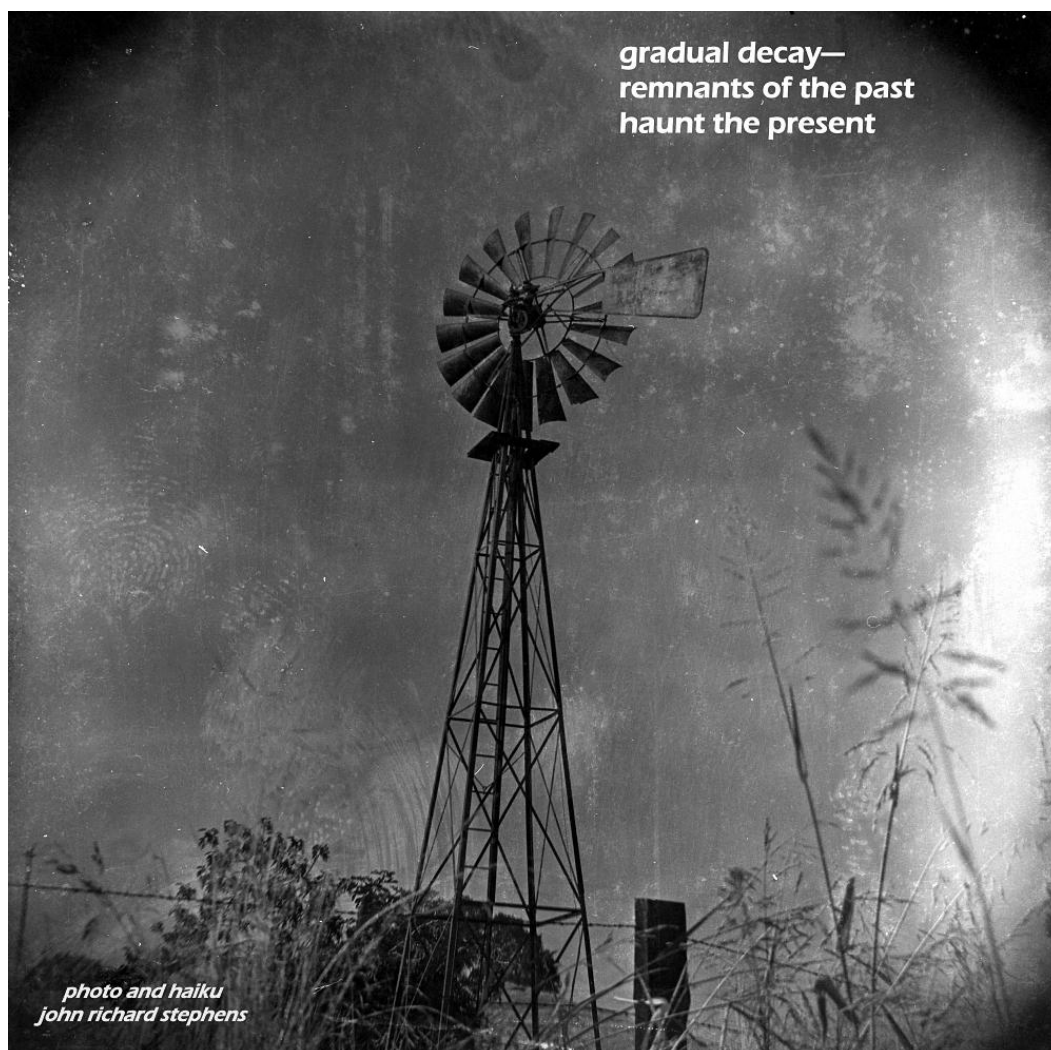
This haiku was specially commended in the Martin Lucas Haiku Award 2024 and appeared in Issue 78 of Presence Magazine in the UK. I wrote it after seeing the devastations in Gaza, Ukraine and the Sudan where children were so often the innocent victims of indiscriminate attacks. I think it captures the shock and horror of seeing these things on television and feeling helpless about it.

John Richard Stephens

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA



My Gradual decay image was not artificially degraded. This is how my negative naturally aged over the years.

Julie Bloss Kelsey

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

finding my way
without you . . .
starlight

5th Star Haiku Contest Winner 2024, Katanogahara Monogatari Prize (at 40:49m)

I chose this poem because on a personal level, it captures how I felt losing a friend (the moon). At first, everything seemed bleak and dark, but gradually I became aware of other people (stars) and their friendship (new lights) to enjoy. I learned this haiku also captures something of the longing and yearly reunion of the star-crossed lovers of Tanabata, Japan's Star Festival. That my little poem can speak to people and traditions so far from my own makes me unbelievably happy.

Katica Badovinac

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Croatia

morning serenade –
the blackbird sings
under my window

The Japan Society (Haiku Corner 2023 - Week 27)

Summer. I live in a building surrounded by grass, bushes, and tall trees. Many different species of birds live in this environment, and I love listening to them and watching them. I am often awake until morning, and that year there were a lot of blackbirds, and they were whistling very early before dawn. Their cheerful song inspired me to write a haiku. There is also a metaphor in the verses. I leave that to your imagination.

Kevin Valentine

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

late winter
the moon speaks
owl to owl

Chrysanthemum 32
The Red Moon Anthology 2024

I chose this haiku because of the numerous times, when fishing late into the night, I had the privilege to eavesdrop on the conversation of owls. On this particular occasion there was a super moon so bright I could retie my lure without even bothering to use my headlamp. I listened as two owls spoke across a large cove until one had joined the other on my side. It was such a pleasure being there as two owls came together as mates, or so I assumed, as the moon slowly traversed the sky. Just me, the moon and the owls. I only wish everyone could have shared this moment of tranquility. Not to mention owls are my favorite bird. I consider myself lucky to have experienced this profound haiku moment.

Lev Hart

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Canada

winter sun
the weight of a chickadee
in my palm

2025 Haiku Canada Betty Drevniok Awards

This verse brings together traditional aesthetic values, including toriawase, shasei, and karumi. Its governing insight is the shared quality of diminished presence: the faint energy of the winter sun and the nearly weightless touch of the chickadee. This structural parallel gives the pairing coherence.

The ku is built entirely from sense impressions—the sight and slight heft of the bird, the sensation of its moving feet, the cold air, the implied silence and snowy surroundings. This observational fidelity aligns closely with shasei, allowing the poem to register the moment without commentary or symbolic overreach.

Its karumi is expressed through objectivity, tonal restraint, and formal economy. The diction is plain, the pacing unhurried, and the perspective free of personal reflection, all of which keep the moment light rather than dramatic. The poem's clarity depends on what it withholds as much as what it presents.

Taken together, these choices make the verse a quiet nod to classical practice—not imitative, but intentionally rooted in the older discipline of precise pairing, faithful observation, and an unforced, understated touch.

Lisa Knopp

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

dark waiting rain clouds
the mourning dove's pulsing call
kneads them like bread dough

My great-grandmother called mourning doves "rain crows," because she believed that they predicted rain. But the one's in my backyard could also be called "sun crows" or "wind crows" or "humidity crows" and so on, since they're always uttering their cooOOoo-woo-woo-woooo's, though perhaps they do so with more frequency when rain is on the way.

I can't remember which came first in the writing of this haiku: that some clouds remind me of bread dough or that the dove's pulsing call reminds me of the act of kneading dough. But when I discovered the combination of this image and verb, I felt delight and gratitude. And I was surprised. Kneading changes the dough by working air into it and by stretching the gluten strands so that the mass has structure and rises. When doves knead the rain clouds with their calls, they're not only weather predictors but weather influencers.

How you feel about my haiku will probably be influenced by how you hear about the mourning dove's call. As plaintive? Auspicious? Ominous? Comforting? A blend of those feelings? Something else?

Louise Hopewell

Details

 Category: Personal Best

Australia

river of mists
paddling through clouds
of wattle

Enchanted Garden, Issue 11, April 2025

This poem reflects my deep connection to the Australian landscape, a strong theme in my haiku that is not always fully understood by international audiences. The Yarra River which wends through my hometown of Melbourne was called Birrarung (river of mists) by the Wurundjeri Woi-wurrung people. While often shrouded in swirling mist in winter, the river comes alive in early spring as bright yellow wattle—Australia's national emblem—blossoms along the riverbanks, reflected glorious gold in the river's slow-flowing brown water.

This haiku is filled with the colours and beauty of a place that is special to me, while also acknowledging the sacredness of the river to those who have hunted, camped and celebrated along its banks for tens of thousands of years.

Mark Gilbert

Details

 Category: Personal Best

United Kingdom

hanging
in the art gallery
the perfect apple

Previously published at *Fireflies' Light*, issue 32, October 2025

An example of a haiku which, although apparently simple and straightforward, touches on wider topics but does it in an apparently effortless way, with a light touch. It does what a modern English Language haiku is meant to do, with internal twists which I hope lead the reader to question and may prompt further thoughts about art, beauty, surrealism, or even philosophy. My best haiku try to get form, content and structure working together synergistically. Like René Magritte's work, to which it alludes, this haiku is more interested in communicating the image than showing off clever technique. It mimics Magritte's cool and detached style. Like a painting in a gallery, the haiku just is, as if it has always been there. To me it achieves what it set out to do and is therefore successful as a haiku.

Mirela Brailean

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Romania

the buzz of bees
the buzz of people...
sakura

First prize, THE NINTH INTERNATIONAL HAIKU CONTEST CHERRY BLOSSOM 2025 (ENGLISH LANGUAGE SECTION)

Life's ephemeral beauty reveals that we are all one. We all become part of the nature we celebrate because we resonate in the same way.

Monica Kakkar

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

India

monsoon . . .
chitchat spicing up
the chai

Haiku of the Month – August 2025, *The Wee Sparrow Haiku Nook*

I appreciate the brevity and juxtaposition in my haiku. Kigo from Ms. Greve's India saijiki is the heartbeat of this haiku. In one word it conveys a gamut to the reader and invokes curiosity. Anticipation grows with the second line, leading to the aha moment! My haiku conveys the

quintessence of monsoon. It provides an opportunity to connect to the simple pleasures of tea and conversation. I continue to enjoy the rigor and metre of writing in seventeen syllables but I have started writing free-form haiku since March 30, 2025. This haiku reflects my nascent versatility.

Natalia Kuznetsova

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Russia

you and i
climbing Mt Fuji ...
next lifetime

The Haiku Foundation - Haiku Dialogue (Going for a Walk - on top of the world - commentary August 2024)

Ageing and coping with it turns into a vast reservoir of inspiration and thought. And this haiku is an illustration of it. Time comes when you realize that some of your plans and dreams will never come true. Either for age or the person who is part of them is no longer here. "Never more" is a verdict. You have to face it but. There's still a flickering hope in your heart: Maybe ... I think the haiku works well with possible interpretations and associations.

Pravat Kumar Padhy

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

India

thick clouds--
a gap takes me
to the ocean

Modern Haiku, Issue 46:2, 2015 (Ed. Paul Miller)

Poems come to my mind as a fragrance to a flower... A flow of poetic thought sparks when I capture some image while walking, travelling, or sitting calmly on the balcony. Generally, I write it down in my notebook or on a piece of paper. I still remember a couple of occasions when I jotted down haiku even on the boarding pass, paper napkin, and my palm while traveling! I wrote the above haiku while on a domestic flight. "Haiku is the art of the instantaneous," said Stuart Quine to Tim Gardiner. The sun was shining brightly over the hills of thick cloud, the edges gleaming with prominence. I could stare through the gaps of the clouds at the blue colour of the Bay of Bengal, the northeastern part of the Indian Ocean, from the flight. I had a feeling of amazement and tranquility. Instantly, I transformed the moment into a poetic flow.

It is primarily a haiku with contours of visual imagery. I could feel the exquisite beauty of nature revealing the vastness of the ocean through the gaps in the clouds. The elliptical opening in high to mid-level clouds is known as fallstreak hole or "hole punch cloud". The poem bridges the pathway between the sky and the sea at the level of the landscape of conscious imagination. The "gap" is a doorway of human experience, architecting one's thought across space and time.

Randy Brooks says, "The writer starts something that the readers finish. What a great haiku does for readers is it invites them into a collaboration of creative playfulness..." I wish to briefly cite the reviewers' comments about the above haiku featured in Nicholas Klacsanzky's Haiku Commentary Blog, May 2028." It is fascinating to consider how readers interpret the poem in their unique styles.

Lucia Fontana, an Italian poet, author, and founding editor of *Incense Dreams*, elucidates the Zen feeling embedded in the haiku as she pens: "Since the first reading of this ku, I've felt it carries an extraordinary sense of liberation. I can read it again and again and feel each time the movement, as if I'm being pulled by an invisible wind, not mentioned, but there for sure, to the blue of the ocean, breaking through the blue gap of the sky...!"

It seems it creates in the mind of the reader a virtual flight, surfing on air currents and seeking the sun. Also, at a deeper level of reading it, the kireji lets us imagine and clearly perceive the recovery of the soul of the author, as if he could have turned his wounds into blessings....

The first line contains bitter sounds — ck, cl, ds — which suggest an imminent storm, or a difficult life-moment. But soon, in the second line, the rhythm of consonants separated by the sounds of long-short-long vowels empowers the dynamic in the ku and brings the openness of the long and open vowels in the last line, of the word ocean, as a natural mantra for all.

This ku has a strong Zen feeling, showing a meditative journey from full to empty (thick clouds/gap) and it is a reminder to us to not be afraid of emptiness since we ourselves are nothing else but little fluctuations of matter around this vacuum."

Hifsa Ashraf, poet and editor from Pakistan, discovers the meditative element in the poem: "This is really simple to interpret, as it is all about the thought process. Thick clouds may indicate a lack of awareness or oblivion or unconsciousness. A gap is a sort of reflection of those thoughts that go through the filtration process. Awareness of our own thoughts (mindfulness), in other words, crystallized thoughts. I see the meditative element here as well where the person is having some deep experiences that facilitate him to think deeply and have concrete thinking...."

Poet, Laughing Waters from Italy rejuvenates rewinds her feelings with inspiration: I'm living next to the ocean, so I can really relate to this haiku. In this haiku, line one sets the entire mood. Thick clouds so often can be seen on the horizon. They are also very symbolic. It seems that even the weather feels the mood of the poet. Something is about to come—good or bad, we don't know. The future is hidden from us.

Next we move to line two. It is very clever. It brings hope for the better. Its not just clouds, but we see an opening, and line three gives us more. Now we know we are on the beach and we see an ocean. Overall, I really enjoyed this haiku. Its inspiring. Here's a tanka written in inspiration:

*a dark horizon—
heavy clouds
chasing each other
we fall in warm sand
and laugh*

My humble summarization: It has been a delightful poetic spark from high above the sky, illuminating the beauty of nature in its splendid manifestation, embedding the spirit of science and spirituality.

Roberta Beach Jacobson

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

deep in a forest
we pause to listen
to mushrooms

Akitsu Quarterly, Summer 2022

*Perhaps what makes this ku likable is the reader probably expects us to listen to birdsong.
Surprise! I took things in a different direction.*

Robin White

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

sunrise
red cardinal
in yellow leaves

This haiku represents my personal best as it reflects that moment when the rising fall sun highlights the red feathers of the cardinal against the yellow of fallen leaves with no extra words needed to capture this moment in time.

Rowan Beckett Minor

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

USA

day lilies
returned to earth
my first attempt

What makes this poem especially unique is the subtlety and nuance. While vulnerability is a consistent quality of my work, most of my confessional poems are punchy and overtly forward. This haiku is elegant, poignant, and in some ways hopeful. The daylily plant might thrive for several years, but its individual flowers only last one day. The choice to juxtapose my first suicide attempt with the daylilies comes from a place of resilience. I might have had numerous attempts, but I survived regardless. It's also important, for the sake of nuance, that the word suicide is implied, but not directly stated. In years before, I would have been more direct instead of allowing readers to come to their own conclusion. I've managed to remain true to my edgy poetic voice while acutely honing haiku craft tools.

Sandeep Kumar Yadav

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

India

a swan creating
ripples across the lake
monsoon vibes

The poem contains a seasonal scene plus a romantic undertone as swans are symbols of love. Monsoon as a season is also regarded as a season for invoking romantic feelings. I have used the word creating ripples instead of making ripples.

Sanjana Zorinc

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Croatia

Rashomon –
awaiting the flash
of truth

*I wrote this haiku on the occasion of the Japanese Film Week.
It received the second prize at the 5th International Haiku Competition of the Pula Film Festival, Cinema Valli.*

*The competition judges wrote the following about the haiku:
"Everyone who has seen Rashomon, the masterpiece by the renowned director Akira Kurosawa, understands what it's about. Truth serves as the guiding star of the entire film, captured in that quintessential Kurosawa shot, with rays of sunlight filtering through the treetops, shyly revealing itself, just like the truth. It is a truth that often cannot be grasped through mathematical parameters – one that we all, like the film's protagonists, experience in our own way. Yet, as a flash of insight, it arrives at the very end."*

This haiku is personally very meaningful to me, as through my long professional experience I have come to realise that truth reveals itself beyond words and the mind – as a flash.

Slavica Mileva

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

North Macedonia

*Scream of silence
In the empty corner
Of my room.*

Замижи сега, 101 хаику / Shut your eyes now, 101 haiku, 2023

This was my first haiku - the one that opened the door. It taught me that silence can scream, and emptiness can be full. It's where my journey began, and it still echoes within me.

Srini

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

India

the long sigh
of an ebbing wave...
summer's end

Tinywords, Issue 23:1, 08 August 2023

Steliana Cristina Voicu

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Romania

over the bridge...
the fisherman's rod
disturbs the moon

The Haiku Foundation - Haiku Dialogue, (Foreground Focus – Blur the Background, June 2023)

The haiku is inspired by a porcelain ornament from my godmother. It is a chinese fisherman with a rod and a little fish, but the rod is broken and the fish is separated from it... it is a very old ornament. All the bookshelves and the way the statue was sitting in front of the books created a fantastic image in my mind, the statue came to life, the books created an imaginary bridge and the broken fish was the moon... It didn't need much... just a spark.

Tracy Royce

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

full moon
our bed
half empty

paper wasp: a journal of haiku 14(4) spring 2008

Author comments:

I am returning to haiku and other forms of poetry after putting my creative work on the back burner for many years. I've been revisiting my early poems, published and unpublished. This particular haiku was one of several that paper wasp: a journal of haiku published in 2008. It was my first poetry acceptance. I was delighted then, as I am now sharing the poem again.

Close to 20 years later, it's a little hard to recreate my mindset on the day I wrote it, but I suspect this poem was inspired by circumstance. At the time I was working on a social science master's degree, and my university campus was located 100 traffic-clogged miles away from the home I shared with my husband. At that point I was staying near campus for most of the week and only driving home on select weekends. So, even though my marriage was solid (and remains so after three decades), my husband and I spent most of our nights apart, "our bed / half empty."

I'll also mention that my husband and I were (and still are) cinephiles with a special fondness for horror movies. I liked leaving the poem open for an interpretation related to lycanthropy (one partner's absence linked to the "full moon"), alongside other possible readings.

Tsanka Shishkova

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Bulgaria

cobwebs
everything comes alive
in the land of memories

HAIKU DIALOGUE, June 25, 2025

This haiku was born during the Milky Way season, when our sense of belonging to this galaxy is very vivid. The enchanting and beautiful nature of the Milky Way is a powerful backdrop for stories of love, dreams, and hope,..., for memories.

Haiku awakens memories, unleashes the imagination. Reader becomes a co-author and that is the magic. I think it worked here.

Tuyet Van Do

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

Australia

ebbing tides
internal chaos
of missing you

16th Yamadera Basho Memorial Museum English Haiku Contest, November 2024

Vaishnavi Pusapati

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

United Kingdom

high tide
a wreath of stones
captures the ocean

The Heron's Nest journal in September 2023, page 13

Vidya Premkumar

Details

📁 Category: Personal Best

India

bitten apple the sin is in the sourcing

Failed Haiku Volume 9, Issue 104

This haiku is my personal best because it carries, in just a few words, the full weight of several worlds I am trying to hold together: mythic, modern, and ethical. When I wrote it, I felt something click. The image sharpened, the layers aligned, and the poem delivered its punch without raising its voice.

The phrase "bitten apple" immediately invokes the biblical story of the Fall, the classic symbol of temptation and original sin. But in this haiku, I shift the moral centre. For me, the bite is no longer the transgression. Curiosity, desire, and the act of reaching are fundamental to being human. What troubles me more is what we choose not to see: the systems behind the things we consume, the structures that let us take without questioning their origins. That is why the haiku moves to "the sin is in the sourcing." It is my way of flipping the Edenic narrative. The real sin lies behind the fruit, not in the tasting of it.

At the same time, the haiku intentionally gestures toward the Apple logo, and therefore toward the modern tech world that powers our lives. I wrote this with the knowledge of how deeply our devices rely on cobalt mined in Congo by children working in dangerous, exploitative

conditions. That contrast between the clean, polished bite-mark of a luxury brand and the brutal extraction that enables it felt essential to capture. I wanted a poem that exposes this dissonance without moralising. Haiku must reveal, not preach.

There are other shadows in the poem too: the question of ethical consumption, the invisibility of labour, and the way capitalism creates a distance between pleasure and pain. I like that the haiku suggests all this without directly naming any of it. It trusts the reader to feel the fracture.

This is why I see it as my best work. It is concise yet expansive, rooted in image yet layered with meaning. It holds the Bible and Silicon Valley in the same breath. And in doing so, it reminds me what haiku can do at its sharpest, cut straight to the truth with a single, clean stroke.

Vijay Prasad

Details

 Category: Personal Best

India

beneath each syllable a soft marrow of nothing

Password Issue 2.3, October 2025

It's a monoku of embodied language—syllables as bones sheltering the 'soft marrow of nothing'. It reveals the fragility of meaning, how a quiet emptiness sustains sound. The poem breathes between ontology and poetics, letting silence become a kind of presence....

This ku is my voice where i just am almost. It unites linguistic philosophy with emotional subtlety while stripping the language to a precise minimalism. It reveals more than it states, leaving a resonant after-silence. Its balance of conceptual tension and sensory delicacy makes it, for me, the most complete expression of my haiku way.