

EarthRise Rolling Haiku Collaboration 2016

Foodcrop Haiku

Seed Poem:

where culture
begins — a rustic
rice-planting song

— Matsuo Bashō (1644 – 1694) (translation J. Kacian)



Poems appear in order posted.
Poems in response to poems other than
the seed poem appear below and
to the right of the inspiring poem.

the face of hunger
behind barbed wire
Hunter's Moon
— Johnny Baranski

*

hungry birds
arriving with the dawn –
my new garden . . .
— Garry Eaton

waning crescent
a blackbird takes off
with half a worm
—Polona Oblak

vegan's breakfast
a half-wiggly garnishes
swiss muesli
— Pratima Balabhadrapathruni

*

quinoa sprouts
in the cereal bowl . . .
spring morning
— Judith Hisakawa

quinoa in the soup
. . . again this thought
of worms
— Maya Lyubenova

quinoa congee:
just swap water with
rice wine
Pratima Balabhadrapathruni

soybean sprouts
trying to worm
information out of you
— Olivier Schopfer

shh, Sojamilch
ist verärgert
bittle alle Achtung!
Pratima Balabhadrapathruni



autumn wind
the crow drops a walnut
on my tin roof
— Maya Lyubanova

what
a
crow
dropped
sinks
the
river's
darkness

— Polona Oblak (*Daily Haiku Cycle 20*)

autumn leaves...
the road winding in fields
of winter wheat
— Maya Lyubanova

endless wheat fields
how to capture
the larks' song?
— Iliyana Stoyanova

dusty . . .
miller grinds
his grain
— Pat Geyer



a partial sunset over the suburbs
the rest is a root
deep under ground
— Johannes S. H. Bjerg

*

long rains fall
from one rice seed
thirty stalks grow
— Connie Donleycott

*

rice harvest the dance of a dozen scythes
— Billy Antonio

*



morning fog spreading slices of rye bread with extra butter
— Olivier Schopfer

evening mist again I forget the boiling pasta
— Tim Gardiinwe

cooking rice
layers of mist
slowly dissipate
— Olivier Schopfer

distant lightning
after a hot curry
my stomach rumbles
— Tim Gardiner

rice under a glass cover
I explain to my son
Earth's water cycle
— Maya Lyubanova

wind waves
through the cornfield
thunder resounds
— Olivier Schopfer



so graciously
filling my wish list —
a bowl of rice
— Ernesto P. Santiago

*

early potatoes:
just enough weight
to prove they exist
— Diane Mayr

*

Hi people, a little bit of India to share.

battered pep-
per in Kattu Pongal
mum's love
— Pratimat Balabhadrapathruni

(Kattu Pongal is a Khichdi made with lentils and rice.)

chickens
knock Rabi off wheat stalks
harvest
— Pratimat Balabhadrapathruni

*Rabi is a word from Arabic and means Spring. Crops grown in Winter and harvested in spring are Rabi crops. Kharif crops are grown during the monsoons.

*



fertility rite
a woman walks barefoot through
pulse grains in the sun
— Ernest P. Santiago

*

first rays
of sunlight – the endless journey
of rice
— Ernesto P. Santiago

the day moon hides
in the long swaying grass
— Tomislav Maretic

we guess
what crop is what
tourist bus
— Lynette Arden

early sunrise
the echoes of
a rice-pounding song
— Billy Antonio

*



deep in summer's maize a single blue bowl
— Sandra Simpson

Good morning from New Zealand.

early spring
vase with flowers
from a store
painted with fruit
— Ellen Grace Olinger

biting into the fig
how red
his heart tattoo
— Sandra Simpson (*The Heron's Nest* 8.3)

*

slowing down to the strobe of corn rows
— Peter Newton

Monsanto's harvest
. . . children of the corn
hold their breaths
— Maya Lyubanova

*



eating the skin of the potato
dirt under
my nails

— Patrick Sweeney

end of summer
too hard to swallow
grape seeds

— Olivier Schopfer (*Presence* 22)

harvesting potatoes
our hands touch
under the warm soil

— Sandra Simpson (*Simply Haiku* 3.3)

*

rice noodles
our four year old
tries chopsticks

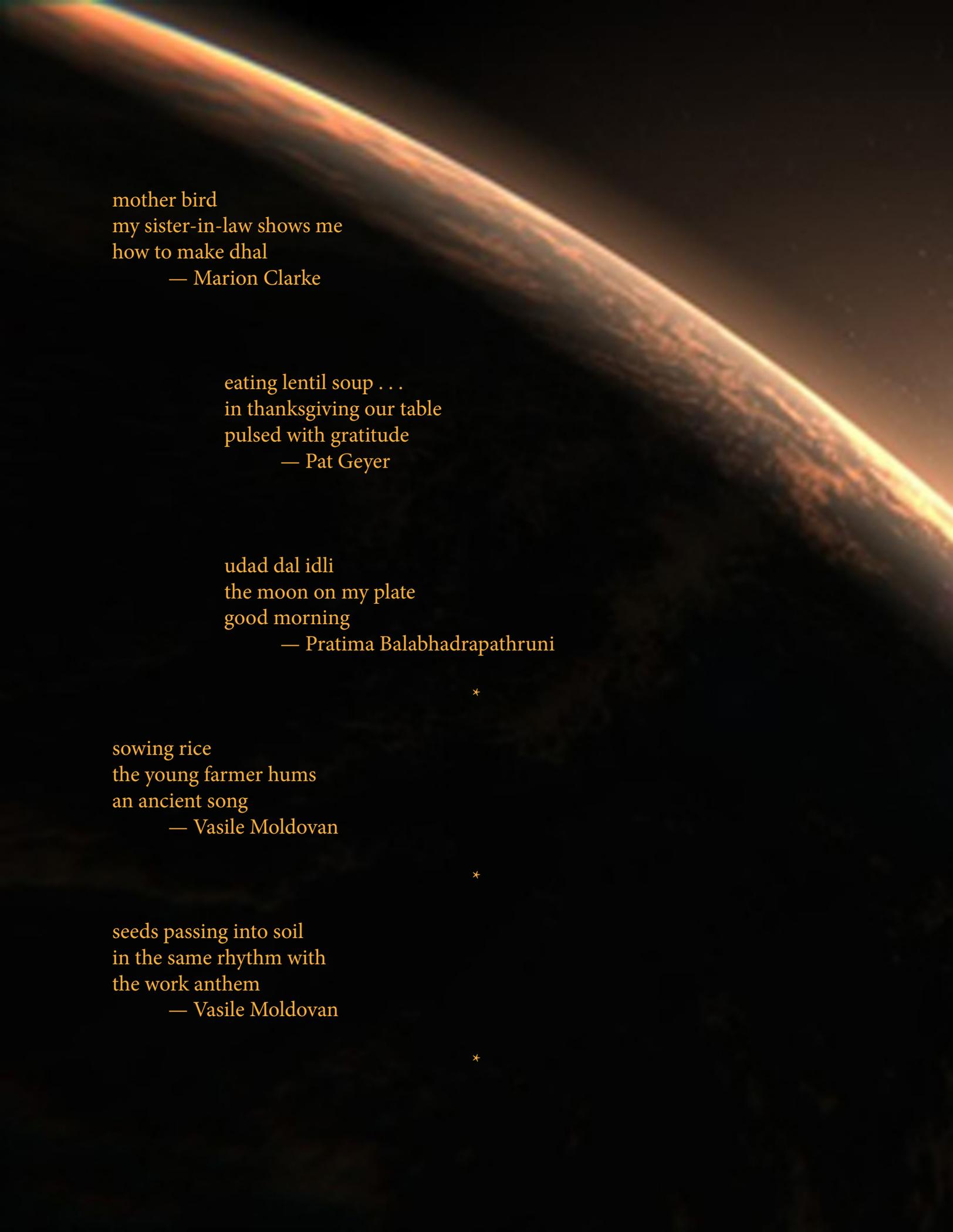
— Simon Hanson

*

crows rise off the corn stalks am I a scarecrow?

— Aalix Roake

*



mother bird
my sister-in-law shows me
how to make dhal
— Marion Clarke

eating lentil soup . . .
in thanksgiving our table
pulsed with gratitude
— Pat Geyer

udad dal idli
the moon on my plate
good morning
— Pratima Balabhadrapathruni

*

sowing rice
the young farmer hums
an ancient song
— Vasile Moldovan

*

seeds passing into soil
in the same rhythm with
the work anthem
— Vasile Moldovan

*



breaking bread the work of many hands
— Simon Hanson

*

winter wheat
after April rains
the killdeer
— Albert Schepers

*

morning darkness
dollop of butter
melting into oatmeal
— Just Schrode

*

channel country
a sash of sky
divides a wheatfield
— Marietta Jane McGregor (*A Hundred Gourds* 52)

*



pallid daymoon
the pumpkin vine
withered

— Nathalie Buckland (*Mainichi* Hon Mention, Haiku Registry)

the hammock's rhythm —
every day the pumpkins
a little more round

— Sandra Simpson (Third, *Haiku Magazine* Contest, Romania, 2011)

*

left-over dust
on the polished-off
rice bowl

— Michael Virga

*

eating daily
dirty rice leftovers
two more meals

— Ann Schechter

*

ground frost
the gardener
sorts seeds

Bodenfrost
der Gärtner
sortiert Samen

Chrysanthemum 17

scented summer breeze
straws of rye sway together
before the harvest

ljum sommarvind
grässtrån vajar tillsammans
innan slåttern

Honourable Mention, the 69th Anniversary
of Honourable Matsuo Basho Awards, City of Iga.

at the edge
of a round-up crop field
cornflowers

Daily Haiku Cycle 20

— Anna Maris

*

rainy summer
I cut into strips
the porcini

— Gergana Yaninska

autumn drizzle
the smell of moss
and mushrooms

— Olivier Schopfer (*Presence 18*)

*



conversations
with mud splattered survivors
empty rice bowls

long rains fall
from one rice seed
thirty stalks grow

earthquake —
dripping with water droplets
Volunteers make weak tea
— Connie Donleycott

*

harvest moon . . .
the cat's whiskers sparkle
with grain dust

cattails, January 2014

bumper crop
a grasshopper sky
all that remains

cattails, May 2015

empty chrysalis . . .
the summer snap
of sugar peas

Akitsu Quarterly, Summer 2015

a quiet field
and the loudness
of pumpkins

Prune Juice 14

— Debbie Strange

*



El Niño
a housing development
where sugarcane was
— Cymthia Rowe (*Prospect 5*)

smoke haze
over the beach front
sweet sugar town
— Lynette Arden

*

before and after the wasteland white butterflies
— Shloka Shankar

my backyard
full of butterflies
westringia bush
— Lynette Arden

*

the old plough horse
resting
in the far paddock
— Simon Hanson

the rusted tractor
in the brown field
walked-off-farm
— Lynette Arden

*



chill wind the smell of roasted sweet potato
— Billy Antonio

*

autumn dawn
the apple tree
ripe with robins
— Dave Read (*A Hundred Gourds* 5:3)

*

my pole beans grow
rapidly — their willow rods
leafing out too
— D. V. Rozic

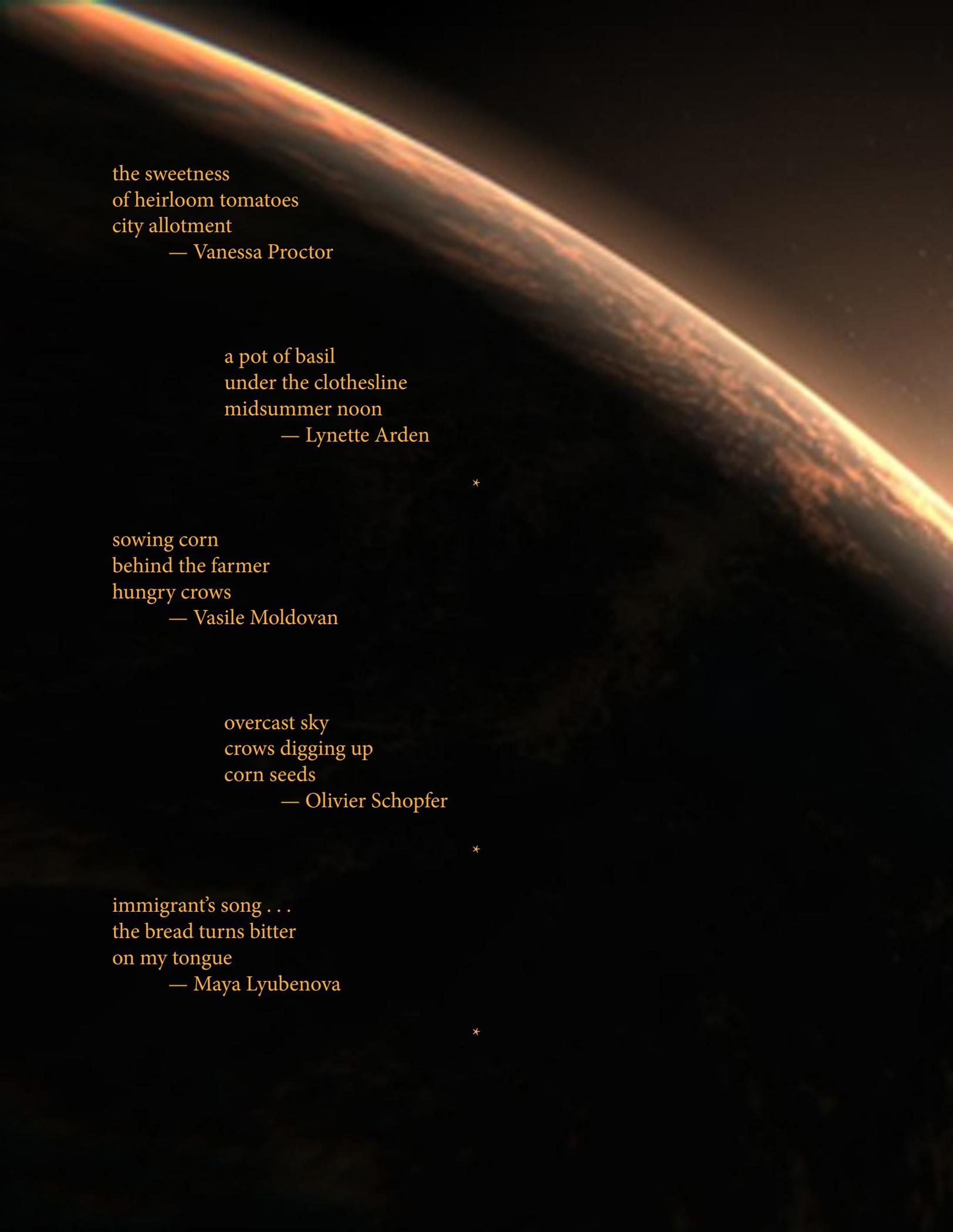
*

after the harvest
the duskiness that surrounds
sunflower field
— Maria Tomczak

*

earthquake
the seed in the child's
open palm
— Stella Pierides

*



the sweetness
of heirloom tomatoes
city allotment
— Vanessa Proctor

a pot of basil
under the clothesline
midsummer noon
— Lynette Arden

*

sowing corn
behind the farmer
hungry crows
— Vasile Moldovan

overcast sky
crows digging up
corn seeds
— Olivier Schopfer

*

immigrant's song . . .
the bread turns bitter
on my tongue
— Maya Lyubenova

*



tOmatOes On the windOw sill sO red sO plump
— Larry Kimmel (*RAW NerVZ Haiku VII:2*)

*

just plucked —
the apple warm
clear through
— Larry Kimmel (*Frogpond XXII: 2*)

trekking's end
never has an apple
tasted better
— Olivier Schopfer (*Presence 19*)

*

vegan . . .
waiter rolls his eyes
heavenwards
— Madhuri Pillai

*

tired from a day
in the field, I close my eyes
apple blossoms
— Larry Kimmel (*still two*)



war memories
mother reminds us
to finish our rice
— Christina Sng

*

the ruby leaves
of my lettuce garden
autumn sunlight
— Lynette Arden

*

once again
the scent of quinces
warming the kitchen
— Lynette Arden

spots of sunlight
scent of quinces
in the room
— Maya Lyubenova (*Flecks of blue*)

quince jelly
a rose coloured memory
of my grandma Ruby
— Simon Hanson

her jar of quince jelly the flavour of friendship
— Lynette Arden

*



at the ferry
the scent of sugarcane
from passing barges
— Lynette Arden

*

the neighbour's peach tree
grows into my plum
sharing flavours
— Lynette Arden

*

I mark each day
in the veggie garden
lengthening shadows
— Lynette Arden

*

lost acorn
taller now
the squirrels gone
— Robert Kingston

*

coffee with a friend
I hand over my gift
of ripe quinces
— Lynette Arden

*



my kitchen garden
overrun with orange pumpkins . . .
the weight of summer

— Marietta Jane McGregor (*Wild Plum* Haiku Contest 2015)

*

dry heat —
a seeder churns the dust
into galahs

— Marietta Jane McGregor (*Paper Wasp*, Summer 2016)

*

lycium —
i forget all low-fat
diets

— Diana Teneva

*

dengue fever
grandma asks for
more lentil soup

— Samantha Sirimanne Hyde

*

in my dream
the symmetrical lines
of paddy fields

— Samanthat Sirimanne Hyde

*



brewed rice
the push of the press

saké
— Michael Virga

*

S u n r i s e

honeys the wheatfields

bread of life

— Michael Virga

an armful
of sweat-scented wheat
gold sunbeams
— Maya Lyubanova

*

I found the golden egg
to be purple
& priceless
— Michael Virga

*



dark rye . . .
the sky this morning
and my toast
— Jayashree Manayil

sunset
the burnt hills
lean into the sky
— Lynette Arden

*

the old limb
sags
with a new hive

all the humming
rouses the bear

H o n e y
— Michael Virga

*

empty lunch box —
a plough leans
against itself
— Jayashree Manayil

rusted plough
the barley field dusted
with thistledown
— Tim Gardiner

*



eating Cheerios
with chopsticks

Breakfast of Global Champions
— Michael Virga

*

free trade . . .
on my compost tomatoes
a handful of flowers
— Marietta Jane McGregor (*cattails*, January 2016)

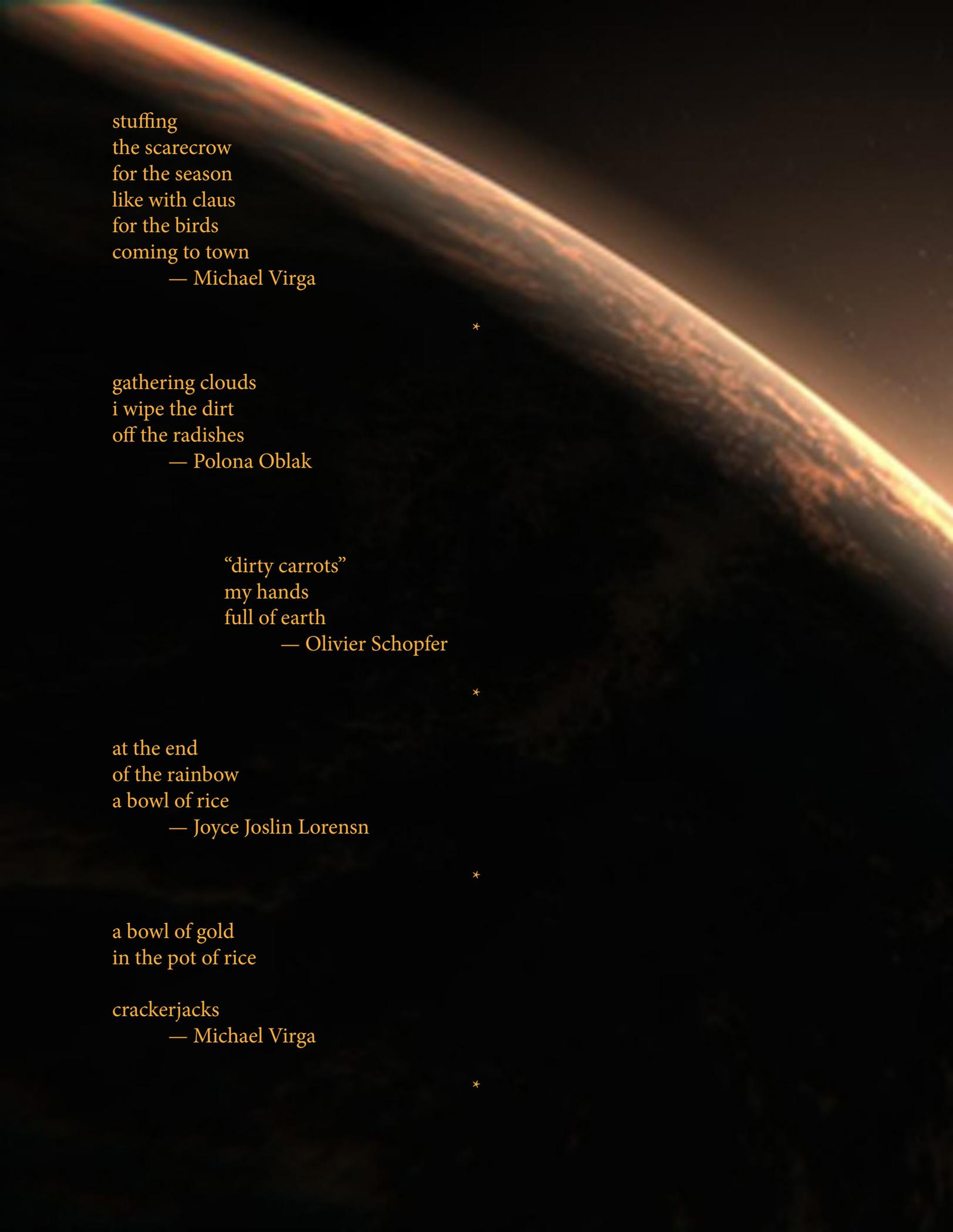
*

sunflower seeds
on the window sill
two sparrows
— Vessislava Savova

gray sparrows
in the light of December
the tramp's face
— Maya Lyubenova

Summer cardinal
Fledgling cry, red streak arrives
Suckling baby wakes
— Michelle Wooten

*



stuffing
the scarecrow
for the season
like with claus
for the birds
coming to town
— Michael Virga

*

gathering clouds
i wipe the dirt
off the radishes
— Polona Oblak

“dirty carrots”
my hands
full of earth
— Olivier Schopfer

*

at the end
of the rainbow
a bowl of rice
— Joyce Joslin Lorensn

*

a bowl of gold
in the pot of rice

crackerjacks
— Michael Virga

*



green wheat field
in the purple twilight
waving slowly

the blue eyes
of the wheat fields;
two cicories

at the end of the field
anew liturgy for
the harvest sanctified

bringing offer
under the icon of Virgin Mary
a crown of wheat ears

drinking together
a cup of sake in the honor
of new harvest

— Vasile Moldovan

*

picking over lentils —
quiet
of the evening hour

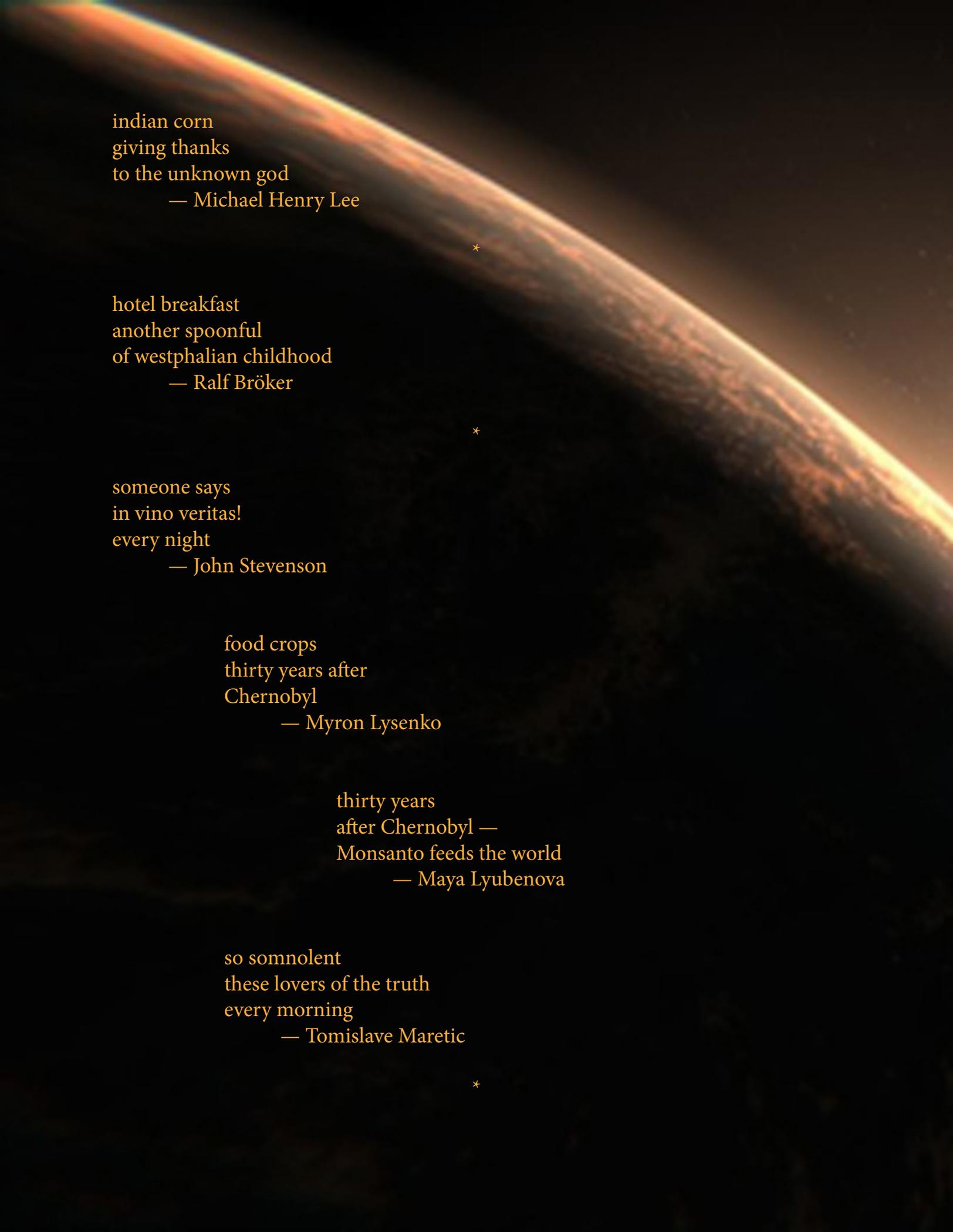
— Stella Pierides

*

wind rustling the leaves of tall corn mimics the sound of RAIN!

— Susan Diridoni

*



indian corn
giving thanks
to the unknown god
— Michael Henry Lee

*

hotel breakfast
another spoonful
of westphalian childhood
— Ralf Bröker

*

someone says
in vino veritas!
every night
— John Stevenson

food crops
thirty years after
Chernobyl
— Myron Lysenko

thirty years
after Chernobyl —
Monsanto feeds the world
— Maya Lyubanova

so somnolent
these lovers of the truth
every morning
— Tomislav Maretić

*



changing seasons
I make a stick friend
out of potatoes
— Alan Summers

a potato
in its jacket
chasing winter blues
— Lynette Arden

*

puff of smoke surveillance cameras supermarket dumped food
— Alan Summers

*

Kogarashi
the new stamp signature
from a friendly potato
— Alan Summers

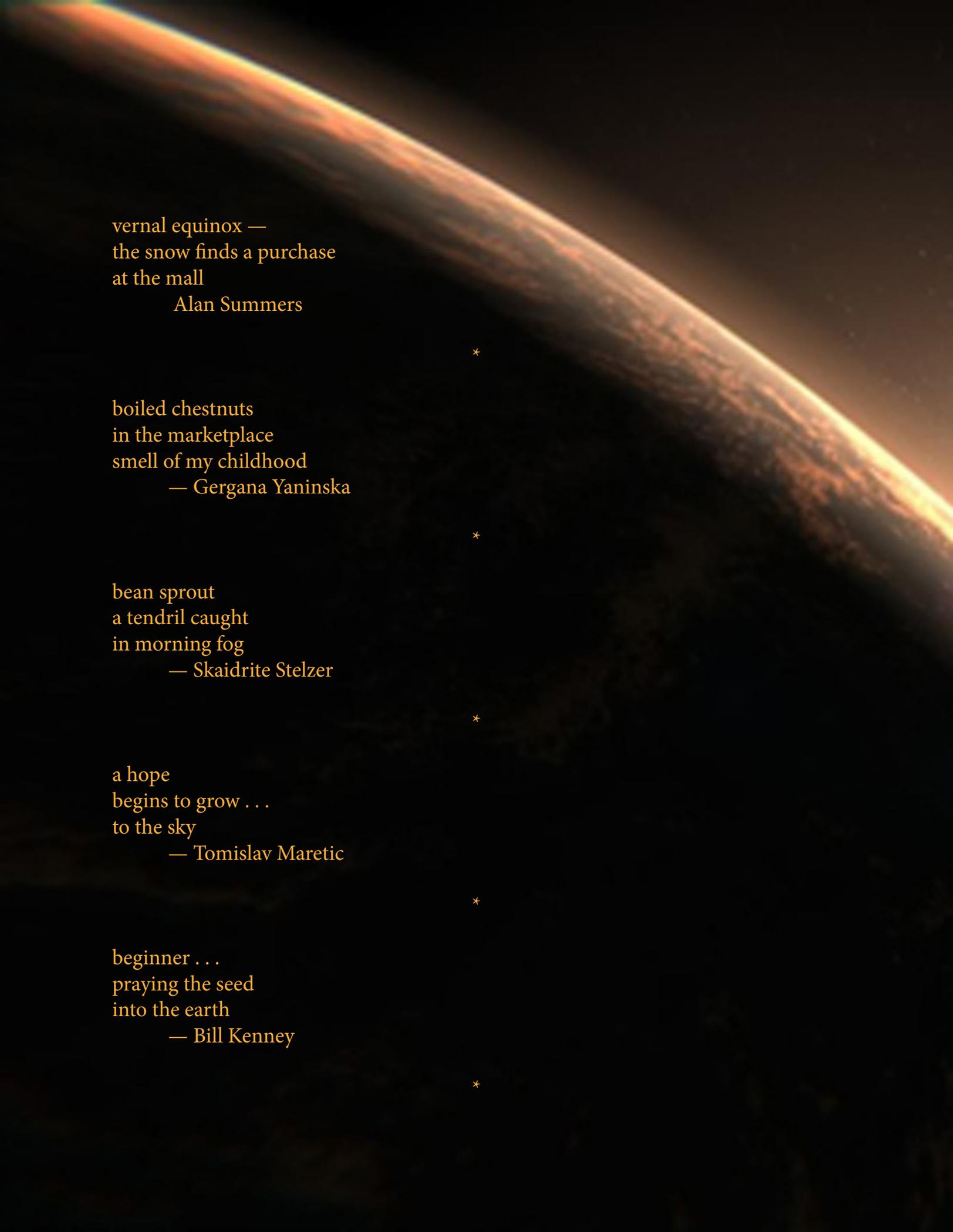
*

Itadakimasu
love letters on blue paper
to every soul fed
— Alan Summers

*

a breath smiley
below the astronaut's nose
fields of world food
— Alan Summers

*



vernal equinox —
the snow finds a purchase
at the mall

Alan Summers

*

boiled chestnuts
in the marketplace
smell of my childhood
— Gergana Yaninska

*

bean sprout
a tendril caught
in morning fog
— Skaidrite Stelzer

*

a hope
begins to grow . . .
to the sky
— Tomislav Maretic

*

beginner . . .
praying the seed
into the earth
— Bill Kenney

*

two boys giggle
as he enters the bike shop . . .
the onion seller

— *Stepping Stones: a way into haiku* (British Haiku Society 2007)

summer wind
a sparrow re-rights itself
at the peanut cage

Wing Beats: British Birds in Haiku (Snapshot Press 2008)

yellowing fields
hovering not hovering
the nankeen kestrels

sundog haiku journal: an australian year (sunfast press 1997 reprinted 1998)

steak & mushroom pie
my new-found uncle insists
I call him brother

Blithe Spirit 19:4

— Alan Summers

*

seedling —
it starts its life
bowing to the earth
— Bill Waters

harvest time
once more rice farmers
bowing to the earth
— Billy Antonio

*

GAENG MUSSAMAN — Rengay

spices in my pot—
cardamom, cinnamon,
cloves, mace, and nutmeg
— Alvin T. Ethington

for special guests
I lay the whitest cloth
— Maya Lyubenova

bouquet of plum wine—
hands full as one peanut
rolls out of reach
— Melinda Beth Hipple

Asian perfumes waft through home
Japanese, Indian, Thai
— Alvin T. Ethington

sliced beef and potatoes
steam on the cooker...
mom wipes a tear
— Maya Lyubenova

linen napkins
old stories weaving in midair
— Melinda Beth Hipple



rice field
a woman reaches for
the setting sun
— Magdalena Banaszekiewicz

her voice comes
and hovers from distance
over the waters
— Tomislav Maretic

a glass of water
during the harvest
for everyone
— Tomislav Maretic

*

the shape the bean left crescent moon
— Sheila Windsor

*

ripened grapes
the midday sun
closed inside
— Maria Tomczak (*cattails*, September 2015)

*

mice-nibbled sack—
edging closer to
the real
— Stella Pierides

*



a burlap bag
full of mesquite beans
my mother's smile
— Lisa Frank

*

the in-between season
I follow the Mogami River
by riceboat
— *The In-Between Season* (With Words Pamphlet Series 2012)

the blue
of the aubergine
a spider is caught
in the netsuke
— *Snapshots Seven*

into the evening a tractor harvests
willywagtail song
— *Azami Special Edition* (1998)

trampling each other
over pawpaw and mango
chooks & pigs
— *Blithe Spirit* (1995)

toast & marmalade
I put the buttercup
under my chin
— 2011 BHS Members Anthology submission 'gift'

— Alan Summers

*



rice planting
not one woman
singing

— Roberta Beary

*

last mourners gone . . .
I replant your favourite herbs
between the stars

— Sheila Windsor

*

first thump
shelling peas
on the back porch

— Joyce Joslin Lorenson

*

her last meal
a sip of water with
a smile

— Jane Reichhold

*

a short event
packing foodcrop seeds;
lunch and a nap

— Christopher Patchel

*

seedlings
on the windowsill —
he tills the snow
— kjmunro

*

tasting green
in a lava breakfast . . .
the dew falling
— Alan Summers, “the dew falling” after *Under Milk Wood*

Lava or Laverbread is a fantastic Welsh core “crop” food of seaweed containing vitamin B12, iron, iodine etc . . . initially for hard-working miners, and also people recovering from ill-health.

*

Quarrels —
Always after the failed
Wheat harvest.
— Mathar

*

supper cooking —
a wind with storm in it
comes through the wheat
— Billie Wilson, *The Heron's Nest V:8*

*

april rain
a smatter of mustard flowers
on the building site
— Claire Rosilda Norman

*

ninety years old tomatoes planted today
— Marina Bellini

blustery wind
I dip deep
into the red pepper hummus
— Marilyn Appl Walker

end of the harvest
a scarecrow
gazing at stars
— Gabriel Sawicki

blackberry picking
blue tongue
empty basket
— Olivier Schopfer

brussel sprouts
the bitter pills we all
must swallow
— Michael Henry Lee

frost lingers
I clean brussels sprouts
in the kitchen sink
— Polona Oblak (*Daily Haiku Cycle 20*)



lullaby of rain
another pinch of saffron
in the pumpkin soup
— Editors' Choices, *The Heron's Nest XIV:4*

Silver spoon sugar
the maple moon reflected
in its own shine
— *Asahi Shimbun* (2012)

green clouds
the scarecrow worries
a loose thread
— *Asahi Shimbun* (2012)

Maple moon
Grandmother's recipe
settles in the pan
— *Asahi Shimbun* (2012)

— Alan Summers

*

quinoa bowl
all the things still left
to learn
— Michael Henry Lee

*

no last meal desired

her thirst quenched
with the Light
— Michael Virga

*

roots on earth
with hidden flavours
rape flowers
— Ernesto P. Santiago

*

corn chaff realising oil as one colour
— *LAKEVIEW International Journal of Literature and Arts* 1:1

field of dreams an unborn child's color isn't rapeseed
— *Does Fish-God Know* (Yet To Be Named Free Press 2012)

sunflower heart
the chiffchaff sings
its name
— *tinywords* 13.2

epidermal tongues —
she scales my 200 bones
on a banana leaf
— *Pulse—voices from the heart of medicine* 2014

The harvest moon —
we try to break through
a hill of silhouettes
— *Asahi Shimbun* (2013)

Father's Day
a child circles the tree
in his own John Deere
— *Scope* 60:4 (Fellowship of Australian Writers Queensland magazine)

blue moon —
my sweet potato curry
song to the moths
— *Scope* 60: 9 (FAWQ magazine October 2014 Australia)



corn moon
the jackdaw shifts
its iris

— *Asahi Shimbun* (International Haiku Poetry Day April 17th 2015)

700,000 olive trees remember the butterfly

— *Bones – journal for contemporary haiku* 7

— Alan Summers

*

blind date
not enough spice
in the ratatouille

— Sondra J. Byrnes (zen space showcase, summer 2013)

*

his cracker crumbs
when did i start
to notice?

— Sondra J. Byrnes

beer sales
in the corridor
glass fiber cable
— Rob Flipse

*



an old argument —
dry beans soften
in the pot

aching back —
I bring kidney beans
to the boil

earthquake —
checking the expiry date
of the dried beans

washing the grit
from black-eyed peas
sleepless night

making hummus —
one of Rumi's chick-peas
leaps from the pot

dinner party —
trying to choke down
the lima beans
— Carole MacRury

*

cooking with dashes
of compression —

Emily Dickinson
— Michael Virga

*



the sound dome of bees
how many shades of color
can a human see

— *Mainichi Shimbun* (7/7/15)

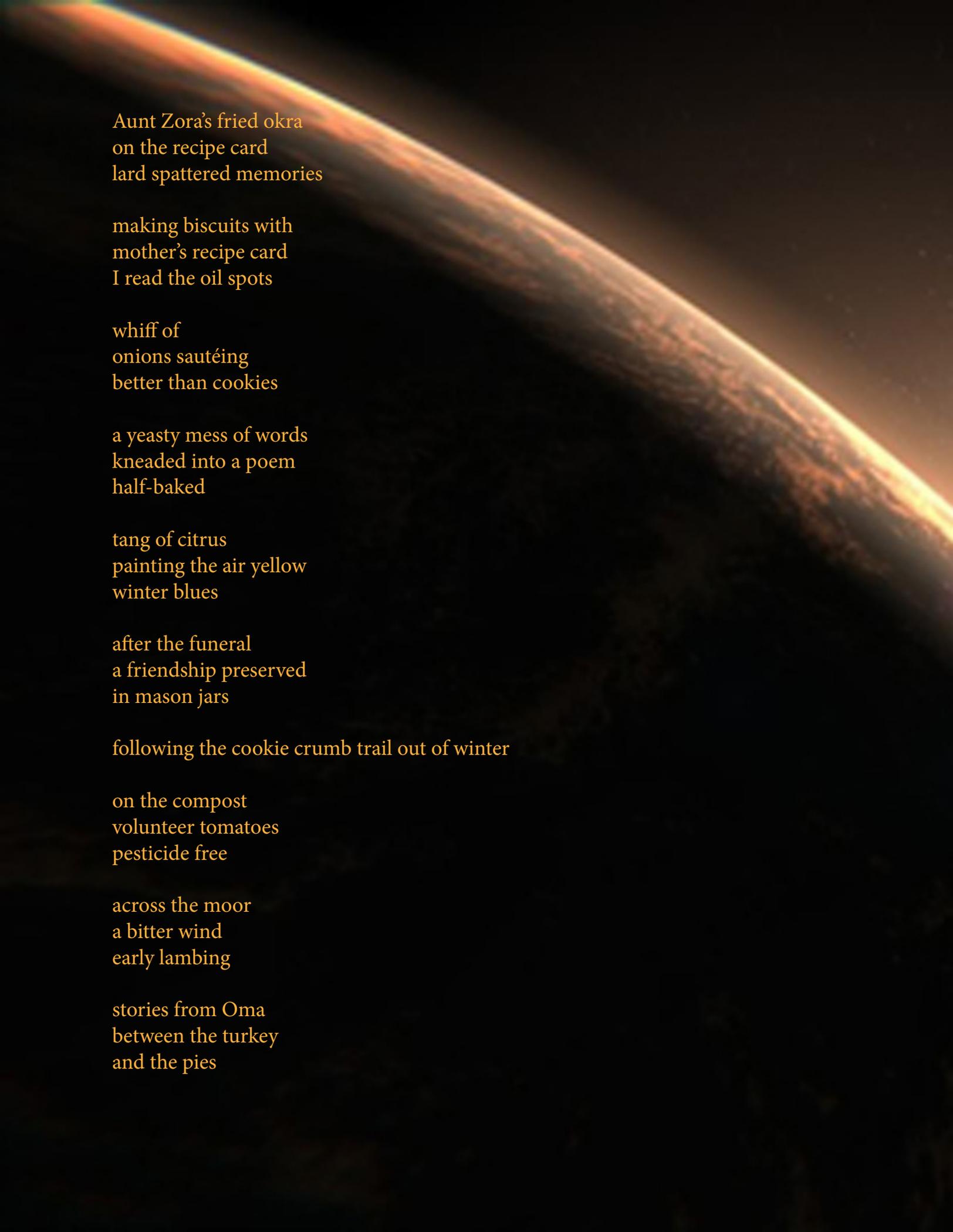
a red kite whistles haymaking tractors
— *Muttering Thunder* 2

seed moon
the other side
of the wind
— *Frozen Butterfly* 3

old seed packets
the summer names
of war
— *Blithe Spirit* 25.4

wheat fields . . .
some of the crows change
their colours (after van Gogh)
— *Blithe Spirit* 26.1

wasp nest
the boy in a corn field
becomes a maze
— *Right Hand Pointing* 95



Aunt Zora's fried okra
on the recipe card
lard spattered memories

making biscuits with
mother's recipe card
I read the oil spots

whiff of
onions sautéing
better than cookies

a yeasty mess of words
kneaded into a poem
half-baked

tang of citrus
painting the air yellow
winter blues

after the funeral
a friendship preserved
in mason jars

following the cookie crumb trail out of winter

on the compost
volunteer tomatoes
pesticide free

across the moor
a bitter wind
early lambing

stories from Oma
between the turkey
and the pies

ripe tomatoes
who knew
red is a flavor

after monsoon rains
new rice sprouts —
but still her tears

— Peggy Bilbro

*

dinner for one —
she reheats the
argument

— Sondra J. Byrnes (*tinywords* 14.2)

*

cauliflower fractals
my brain repeats
itself

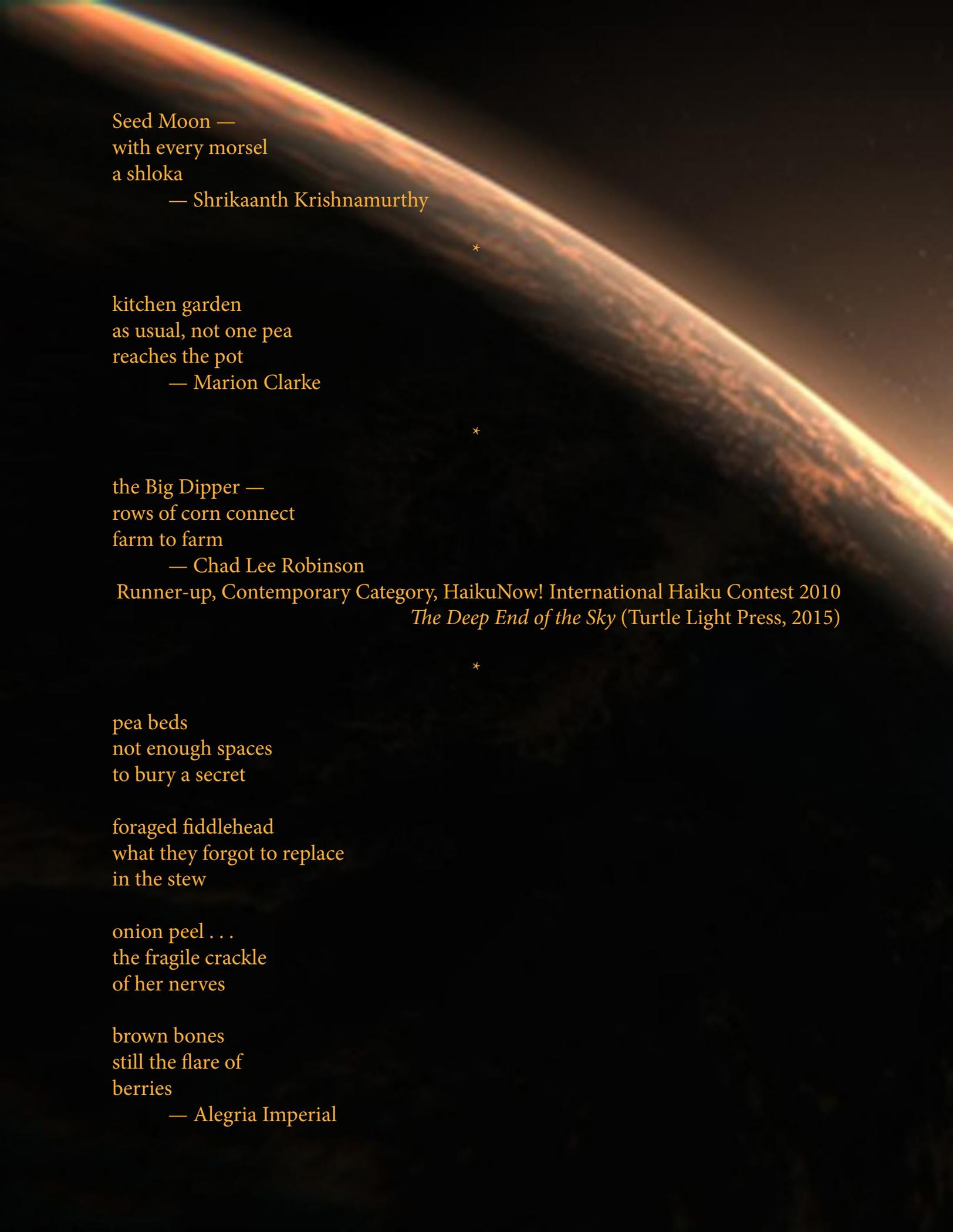
— Sondra J. Byrnes

*

at the back
of the late night bus
whiff of wild garlic
— Stella Pierides

spring woods
the lingering scent
of wild garlic
— Olivier Schopfer

*



Seed Moon —
with every morsel
a shloka
— Shrikaanth Krishnamurthy

*

kitchen garden
as usual, not one pea
reaches the pot
— Marion Clarke

*

the Big Dipper —
rows of corn connect
farm to farm
— Chad Lee Robinson

Runner-up, Contemporary Category, HaikuNow! International Haiku Contest 2010
The Deep End of the Sky (Turtle Light Press, 2015)

*

pea beds
not enough spaces
to bury a secret

foraged fiddlehead
what they forgot to replace
in the stew

onion peel . . .
the fragile crackle
of her nerves

brown bones
still the flare of
berries
— Alegria Imperial

creme brûlée
his mouth
gaping at me

— Failed Haiku April 1, 2016

early darkness —
the dough yields its breast
to my hands

— *cattails* January 2015; *Under the Basho* my personal best 2015

spring rolls . . .
grandma unwraps
my childhood

— *The Mainichi Daily*, June 19, 2013

turtle pond
a girl shares unshelled
peanuts

red lobster —
her prying glance
through the mist

— *DailyHaiku* Cycle 14

inururot
a pagay
tedted ti lulua

pulled strands
of rice grain
tear drops

Iluko is one of four major among 87 dialects in The Philippines, spoken in the northern tip and mountains of the archipelago. This haiku summarizes a Filipino belief that even just a grain rice fallen on the ground or wasted on a plate would cause suffering.

— *LYNX* XXIV

— Alegria Imperial



love triangle
yet another slice
of pizza

in the pizza pan every cut you or me
— Sondra J. Byrnes

*

pounding rice . . .
the rhythm of her hips
his song

chopped beets
i wash the knife
of traces

biting
into egg rolls, do I tip
the axis of life?

cloudy day
in clumps
my cold soup

tight lipped
mom brewing her own
spiked beans

robois sky
alone she tends
the rattling kettle

— Alegria Imperial



pumpkin pie
still my favorite
birthday cake

— Nancy Brady

queensland blue
the aroma of Mum's scones
at morning tea

— Lynette Arden

*

he smooth talks
his way through breakfast
hairy raspberries

— Sondra J. Byrnes

*

a small cold breakfast
makes a joyful noise

snap crackle pop

— Michael Virga

*

pickled at breakfast
the daikon platter and
my siblings

— Barbara A. Taylor, Haiku World Shiki New Year Food kigo jan 2014

*



snowdrift descent
her sticky-rice dumplings
on my mind

— Barbara A. Taylor, *Asahi Shimbun* 2014

*

over night
a little more pumpkin
disappears

— Barbara A. Taylor, *Kokako* 2011

*

Thanks my brothers & sister around the world
“on earth as it is in Heaven”

the last supper was late
night – was salad bar —
all the produce on ice

Easter breakfast —
white eggs yolk-free
and not hard-boiled

hot cakes
heart-shaped
with healthy multi-grain

the orange
in the hands of a child
a grapefruit

— Michael Virga

*



all seeds accounted for dawn chorus
— Stella Pieridea

*

moist clouds
sticky stains
boiling maple sap
— Joyce Joslin Lorensen

*

morning's dig
the earthy taste
of vegetable soup
— Joyce Joslin Lorensen

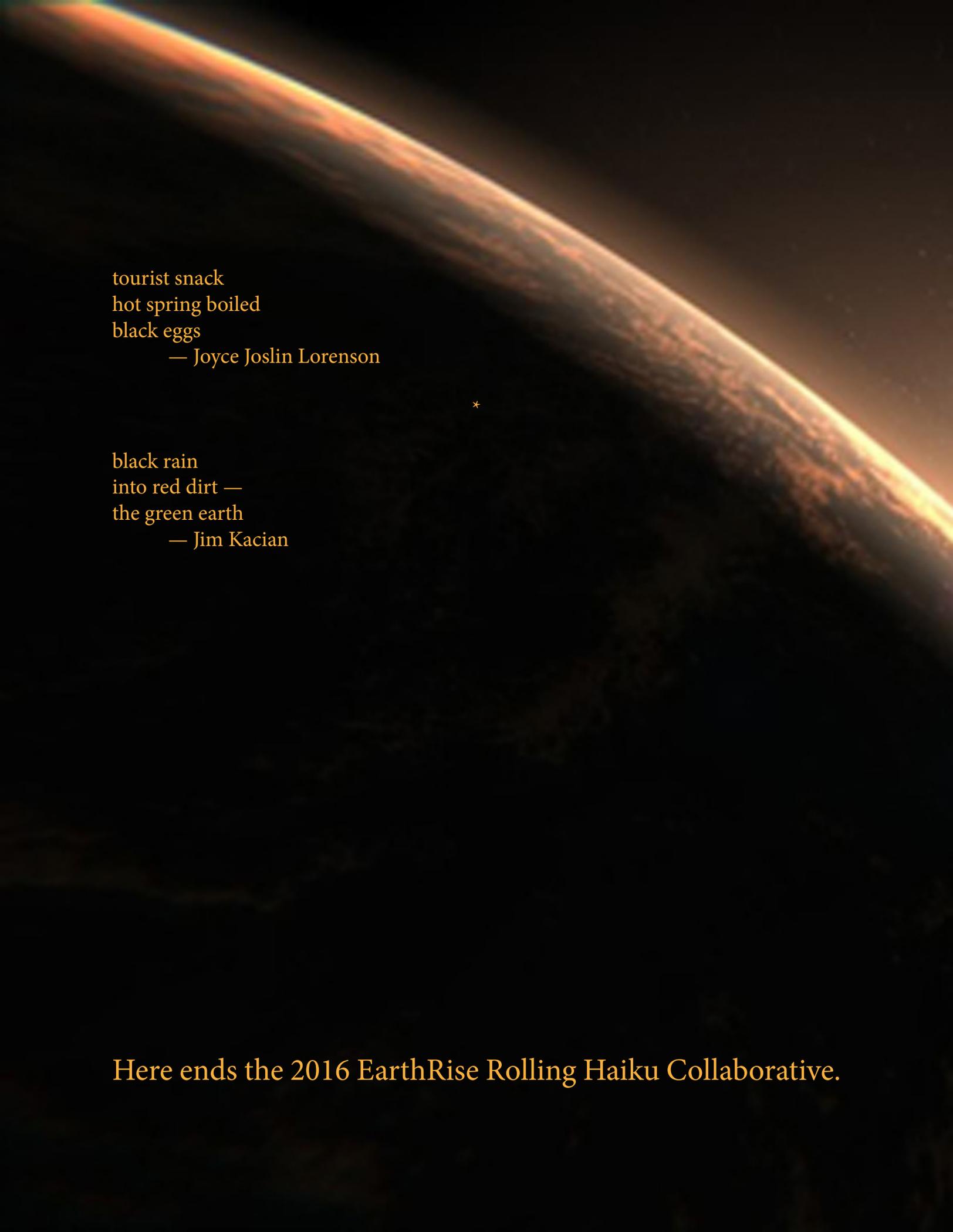
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summer days
a simple meal
sweet corn and tomatoes
— Joyce Joslin Lorensen

*

apple orchard
a scent of the blossoms
in the sauce
— Joyce Joslin Lorensen

*



tourist snack
hot spring boiled
black eggs
— Joyce Joslin Lorensen

*

black rain
into red dirt —
the green earth
— Jim Kacian

Here ends the 2016 EarthRise Rolling Haiku Collaborative.